

# Chapter : Introduction

This is... How many times have you been to Japan? I haven't counted.

I have always liked this country because it has just the right weather—not too hot, not too cold, and not just a little hot—unlike the weather in Thailand, which doesn't offer much variety. Everyone here makes me want to look up to see if anyone is breaking the rules, like crossing the road before the red light starts blinking, cutting in line or selling food on the side of the road like we do in our own country.

But that doesn't mean I like everything here. If I had to choose between living in Thailand and Japan, I would still choose to go back and live in my home country. I appreciate the courtesy, the negotiable price of things, and the flexibility. Even though there are some things that shouldn't be compromised on, I still let them slide. And it seems that many Thais think the same way I do. Everyone escapes the hot weather to travel to this country, which is a five-hour flight away. It turns out that visiting the famous temples of Tokyo has become a mini-Bangkok.

I thought this was Wat Pho. It's crazy. I can't gossip about anyone because everyone knows what I'm saying or complaining about since everyone is Thai.

“Look at these signs. They’re all written in Thai handwriting.”

My travel companion, who has been dating for over three weeks, pointed out a sign hanging on a board for those who come to make a wish. Everyone writes short words and sticks them on it, as if the Japanese gods can read them or something.

"Well, there are really a lot of Thai people, that's it."

"Shall we write some signs?"

“Are you going to make a wish?”

“I know you don’t believe it, but it won’t hurt to write it down.”

"No, you go ahead and write. I'll just walk around."

A young man who loves to travel walks to pick up a wooden board to write and draw while praying for something, which is probably good health, wealth, success in one's career, or something like that. As for me, who didn't plan to write anything anyway, I walked around looking at each sign with interest to see what people were writing.

I hope to come back and visit again next year...

May the two of us live together until we grow old.

May the world be peaceful.

Oh...you're writing this in front of your boyfriend that you just had the night before. You want to look pretty and let the world know...oh well.

*“I want to be happy.”*

This sign made me pause in interest. The handwriting was close together.

It was neat and tidy, indicating that he was a careful person in using money. There was still a lot of space on the plaque to write, but the person who wrote it only chose this much text, without signing anything, as he did not want anyone to know where he came from.

I smiled a little mischievously and went to ask for a pen from the young man that I would soon throw away because his writing was too plain.

"Didn't you say you weren't interested in asking for blessings?"

"I just want to write for fun."

Without permission, I picked up a pen and wrote on the sign, "I want to be happy."

"Is it really okay to write someone else's wish like that?"

“He didn’t write it here. It’s okay.”

“So what are you going to write?”

"Wait and read."

I smiled at the young man and turned back to continue writing the line below where the previous owner had left off.

**“If we meet, I will make you happy.”**

# CHAPTER 1 : Left-Skewed

It is unbelievable that I would have this day, the day I could build a house in an area of 100 square meters, with a budget of about ten million baht left for interior decoration. For rich people, it may not seem like a lot of money, but for someone like me who started from being in debt, it is something to be proud of. For me, this house came from my own sweat and hard work, from the ability I have accumulated from experience until today. But it seems that the female interior designer who is the head of the interior design walking beside me is not very pleased with my wealth. If I had to guess, she would think that I am a swindler, deceiving people or something.

“I want this room to be designed in a minimalist style. Less is more because I want to use this room as a workspace.”

“At the gathering, huh?” The nasal voice of “India,” a young lady with a lively manner, spoke up, forgetting to compose herself for a moment when she said that. I gave her a small smile and nodded.

“You can call it that. It’s a learning center for students.”

"Yes."

"You probably think that I chose minimalism because I couldn't think of anything else or was just imitating Zen style, right?" I asked, trying to guess the sweet-faced person who was slightly smaller than me with a calm demeanor.

“I didn't think of anything.”

“No, you’re thinking. I can read people’s minds.”

“Oh really? Then try reading and see what I’m thinking right now.”

“I thought I was going to make this girl lose face. No matter what she guessed, I would tell her that it was all wrong because I chose not to think about anything.” I said.

The smaller one fell silent. I secretly noticed her breath catch, as if she had been caught in a thought and was half-believing and half-disbelieving something. When I saw India go silent, I returned to the original topic.

“I wanted this style of decoration because from looking at your portfolio, I think it’s something you’re good at. You did an impressive job. It reflects your personality through your design… less is more, simple but perfect, just like you.”

"Thank you."

The sweet-faced one simply replied with thanks and then asked about the details. As for me, I thought that I had impressed India to some extent and then changed the subject to focus on her work, even though in reality I was still curious and wanted to beat her.

It is very rare for someone to not like me from the first time they see me... Okay, some people may have some biases that blind them to the work I do, but eventually, I will trick them into becoming my followers with my skill at "persuasion". But with this India, she reluctantly accepted.

I work at my job because I feel it is professional or because my supervisor made me do it. As for me, I really like your work, so I don't want to hold a grudge if someone doesn't like me. I think that if they don't like me, I can change them to like me. It's not difficult.

I've done almost all of them, the success rate is ninety-eight percent.

But with this woman, it's quite difficult. I don't know what made us dislike each other so much. But I won't give up.

"What about the bedroom? What kind do you want?"

"Do whatever is convenient for you, India."

When I teased her by calling her by her nickname, she turned to look at me for a moment, irritated. Normally, in order to call someone by their nickname, the other person must be the one to introduce themselves, but this person never told me what her nickname was. She referred to herself as “me” all the time, just to keep a distance between a boss and subordinate. There must be a reason why people dislike each other. It can’t be just my job.

“Build a house according to the wishes of the occupants. How can you please me?”

"See, in your taste, I believe you will do it well."

“Don’t put so much value on my skills.”

“Oh… If a designer is not confident in the work they do, what will happen?” I teased, before stabbing her with a sharp knife through words to motivate her to work a little. “I understand that you, India, are you a professional? Or was that work in the portfolio a report for a professor during your university studies?”

An almost heard the sound of "shut up" coming out like someone who was in a bad mood. But that's it...it worked. India nodded and wrote something down on the paper.

"Yes, I will do my best."

“But didn’t you, India, write on the paper that it was “crazy woman”?”

“…”

“See? I can read minds.”

I smiled and walked to the other room, eager for the young lady's reaction. She was now hesitating whether or not to trust my ability to know everything. Of course, today I intended to come and trick her and perform a little magic trick to make India gradually open her heart and trust me, so that we could work together smoothly. However, this woman was a bit too stubborn. She believed in herself so much that she thought that what she thought was always right.

Hmm... You’re right. I really am a con artist. But what can I do? The people who let me deceive them need hope, and I can give them that. It's just that they have to exchange it for the amount of money I want, that's all.

I'm a coach...a life coach.

I am not saying that this career is a scam, but I believe that well-meaning people will not charge money if they really want to advise someone. It is true that everyone needs to make a living, but giving advice to others does not necessarily have to cost a lot of money. When I learned about this career, I immediately studied how to do it. Believe it or not, I spent a year studying and making myself look more credible by creating content on the internet, creating engagement, and getting more followers. When I talk, I put in some music. That’s all I need to do to become a credible person.

And I'm a skilled person who can deceive people... I'm good at extracting money from other people's pockets.

Growing up with a father who was a magician and a con artist, I knew how to pull off little miracles so that people would believe me, and they would think I was “real” and spread the word until I became a legend.

Oh... If coaches are so good, why do we need psychiatrists and psychologists?

But then again... Nowadays, everyone wants to be a coach. After attending the training and seeing the light, they want to build a career for themselves just like they see me as an example. Besides giving them hope in their work, building a career, and strengthening their minds, I also have a coaching course. At a price as high as a diamond crown, and yes... They are willing to pay. As for me, I easily accept the money and just show off how much money I have and how I

got it.

Selling dreams....that's my job.

With other people, I don't know what they are good at. They might have studied directly, graduated from various psychology courses, and then become a coach. But for me... I only got knowledge from reading books and listening to audiobooks from YouTube. Then I just copy and paste great quotes, mix them with other people's quotes, take a little bit of Buddha, take a little bit of Christ, and put my own name on them. And this is my hard work for a year now, which India doesn't like.

“Effort never hurt anyone…but everyone forgets to focus on the fact that there are almost half the people in the world who tried but failed.”

“If you don’t endure, you’ll starve to death… You idiot. That’s the way it should be. Are there other consequences besides not having anything to eat?”

“Living in the present is the most important thing… Can I go back to the

Rattanakosin period or take a time machine and go back in time like Doraemon?

No, I can’t.”

But I added these words to make it look nice and added my signature before adding the pictures that I sell on Shutterstock for a few baht. My students and followers were very touched and asked when I would have another course to post.

Wow... that's a big smile.

But it doesn't mean that everyone can do this job. I have this skill because I am an observant person. I know how to deal with people, control my emotions, tone of voice, and deceive people. Let's just say it's a job.

Honestly, if someone finds it convenient to pay, that's good. If you don't like me, you can just walk past without any issue.

"Let's just say I've kept all the details organized. Anyway, I'll send you a rough outline of the details, and we can schedule another meeting to discuss it."

"Yes, I'm glad to see you again, Ms. India." I extended my hand for India to shake. Actually, the Thai greeting is more convenient with a wai, but I chose to shake hands because I wanted to feel and see the body reaction of the sweetfaced person to see what she would do. She reluctantly extended her hand and shook mine.

"Yes."

But I still refused to let go, using my other hand to hold onto India's small wrist, and asked her this and that in a conversational manner.

"Do you have a girlfriend, India?"

"Huh?" India was about to return the hand, but because I held it and squeezed it gently, our hands didn't let go. "Do I have to answer?"

“You don’t have to answer, but I want to know so we can become closer.”

"But..."

"I want to get close to you. I like you."

“…”

“I think you’d make a good colleague,” I smiled broadly, allowing her to pull her hand back to her side.

"Thank you."

“What is the matter?”

“What you said about me being a good colleague”

"I don't see any thanks for saying that I like you... So do you have a girlfriend or not?"

“I have to go back now. See you.”

"See you later."

I let India walk away and send her off with a smile. But when that small figure disappeared with her small car, I immediately stopped smiling and put my hands in my pockets.

With all this charm, there's still no sign of being friendly... Really arrogant.

"It's rare to see someone running away from the boss," Prang, my secretary who does everything by my side, asked with interest. "How is it? After asking if she has a girlfriend, does her heart beat fast or slow?"

“It’s a symptom of a fast heartbeat that is irritated, angry, and doesn’t like to be disturbed in personal matters.”

Prang, who knew that I was holding her hand to check her heartbeat, smiled when she saw that I was slightly irritated.

"You must be very embarrassed, hehe."

“That’s a big laugh,” I bared my fangs at my tall secretary and shrugged. “Why does she dislike me so much?”

"Then why does the boss care? If she doesn't like us, we don't have to care. Plus, we're customers."

"I think Ms. India is not a bad person. Seeing her makes me want to get close."

"It's strange. People don't like us. They just have to run away."

“I don’t know. It’s a strange feeling that I can’t explain. It feels strangely familiar.”

"I thought you wanted me as your girlfriend."

“I would like to. I don’t mind, you know.” I laughed without any hesitation. I am a person who can date both men and women, but mostly it’s men because those men are the ones who approach me. It is very rare for women to approach me.

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Find it yourself if I don't rush in first because it’s hard to tell.

"It's difficult. She's already married. I can't go."

"Married already?" A wave of disappointment washed over me, making me purse my lips because that meant the door was firmly shut, and there was no way to continue. "Why rush into marriage? She is still young; she should make the most of her life first. Wait, is she pregnant?"

“You look really interested… Here, go read her biography. It’s complete. Prang has found it for you.”

"What made you bring it to me?"

“She is beautiful.”

"So?"

"Your specs"

“In every relationship, the one who loves himself more wins. So you have to love yourself first, and the world will love you,” I said with a small wink at the camera, then snapped my fingers to let the crew know that the clip was over.

“You still speak as well as ever,” one of my students, who was also a member of the team, complimented sincerely. I gave him a grateful smile before everyone left the room, leaving me alone as I should have been.

Today, another clip has ended... I'm good at embellishing words, too.

But deep down, it's the word I tell myself every single day, **"Love yourself first."** It's an ironclad rule that I've held onto for a long time. No one can stay with us forever. Even if we love each other to death, the most certain thing is goodbye.

Not from living, not from death.

Therefore, I choose superficial relationships, non-committal ones, where we can be together for a while and then part ways. I am the one who leaves everyone first because I can't stand the thought of longing for them later. Or rather, I can't bear to lose face by having to beg them back. As for having pets, I have never kept any because their lifespan is too short. Their departure would cause me great sorrow, so I choose to watch cute animal videos instead of having one of my own because I can't stand the attachment.

When there is no love, there is no suffering. See? I read a lot of books and I can apply them to myself.

While I was lost in thought, the corner of my eye glanced at the thin blue plastic file that Prang had left behind. At first, I accepted it without much interest, but when it stood out on my desk, I couldn't help but turn to look.

Read it... there's no harm done.

My fingers slowly moved along the table and quickly picked up a file to look at. After opening it, the file contained everything from name, surname, address, date of birth, and educational history. One of my hands rested on the table, and I tapped it lightly to the rhythm of the Korean pop song in my head, using my eyes to read through it.

Born into a good family, with a good status since birth, an only daughter, a private school with tuition fees of hundreds of thousands, a government university that everyone is fighting over, as if there is no place to study in the world, and a husband who...

Who sent me flowers, and we had dinner together recently. Maybe this made her hate me.

In fact, I am a person who can read people very well because I am an observant person and have to analyze this and that. But with India, I did not feel that woman was married. It had nothing to do with the wedding ring because our country doesn't give importance to engagement rings like other countries. Wearing rings on the ring finger for beauty's sake is quite common, but in the end, I will know for myself whether this person has a family or not. It could be because she doesn't look happy; she looks withered like a tree that hasn't received the nourishing rain. She... Not into family.

“Then why did you get married so early? Because your husband is not what you thought he was.”

Really?

In addition to the written history, there are also photographs that I don't know where Prang got them from and printed them out. Each picture is full of heartwarming smiles that make you smile when you see them. It's such a shame that I came across them during a time when India rarely smiled. If I could make her smile, it would be great.

Hmm... If I'm going to approach her, I'll need to have something better than her husband.

Status?...No, I can't fight.

Gender?...I can't tell if she's interested in other women or not.

What do you like? Most people who are interested in studying decorative arts like something in particular...

Phew!

I immediately closed the file and put on a slightly horrified face. What I was doing now was planning a step-by-step approach with a purpose. It was a way for me to lure my victims out of money or to get something out of them. Why did I want this interior designer? I wonder!! It's the first time we've met.

It's strange that my mind is filled with the face of India, a woman who doesn't like me at all, even though I'm a big client who gives a lot of money to the company. Whether it's taking a shower, washing my face, brushing my teeth, going to the toilet, or even before going to bed, when I usually pick up a book to read, now all I see is her face floating around.

Why?

What am I interested in about that woman?

Or was it because she showed that she didn't welcome me so much? The desire to win made me even more curious about her. Thinking about it, I secretly envied her husband. What made him win the heart of that woman, to the point of agreeing to marry him? And what made those two not get along, leading that man to pursue another woman, which is me?

We were married for a short while and then we broke up. What the hell is going on? Oh, I wonder. If I could possess his husband, I would have done it.

Better sleep!

Hmm... The air today is pleasantly cool. The aromatic scent is refreshing, making me roll around in bed. I can't remember when I first got this scent, but it's a good thing. I guess Prang bought it and put it up for me, so she forgot to tell me. But why didn't I notice anything strange in my room? That's not like me at all.

But I felt that today the mattress was softer than usual... I sat up and closed my lazy body before opening my eyes to look around and frowned. Where is this place? Why did I end up here?

The bedroom is decorated in a glamorous style, with a sparkling shine all over the room, and a chair worth eighty thousand baht that I thought was selling, but its design and utility did not help at all, making me feel even more terrified. And then there's the carpet on the floor, which I really hate because it collects dust. The white and gray room, and the fake green plant on the work desk, make me feel uncomfortable. It's too masculine. But what's more surprising is what I'm doing here.

Until the reflection from the wardrobe mirror behind the bed projected an image

Someone I met that I had to flinch before screaming.

"Khun Narin!"

In the mirror, Narin made the same gesture as me, and pointed straight at me. I had to look around to make sure he was standing there. But no! There was only me here, but in the mirror, it wasn't me. No...Let me take a closer look.

In the mirror is Narin.

And Narin is.....me!!!!

Wait a minute, let me get this straight for a moment because right now I'm still trying to catch up with myself. Narin is one of the sellers I've dated. We haven't done anything serious, except talk on the phone and have dinner together. But why is he in front of me now? Why is he standing in front of the mirror where I'm standing?

The reflection in the building was imitating my every move, and I was starting to get scared. I must be dreaming. Am I really the same person as the man in the mirror? Does this mean I've entered his body like in some movie or drama? This is crazy. What was I thinking before I went to bed to have such a strange dream?

Yes...it's definitely a dream. I don't even dare to write a novel like this because it's so out of date.

And to prove that I was really inside his body, I made the move by reaching into his pants and grabbing his now erect penis, which was rising with sensitivity.

Oh wow...skewed to the left.

# CHAPTER 2 : Interested

This was the most bizarre and real dream I had ever had. It was the kind of dream where the scene didn't suddenly change. It wasn't like I, the main character, suddenly became the hero's friend, the heroine's friend, and then switched to a horror movie for a split second like before. Everything seemed so real, the atmosphere around me, the faint aroma that wafted around every corner of the house, and my hands still clutched my private parts that I had never thought in my life that I would have after my parents had chosen my gender while I was still in the womb.

I always thought it was in the middle between my legs, which would make walking a little awkward. But it's actually in the front. And most importantly, it's so easy to get excited. Just touch it, and it gets hard. Oh...that's weird.

While I was lost in thought, I wandered around the house in a fine silk nightgown that felt cool and comfortable against my skin. The two-story house, not too small and not too large, was decorated in a modern style, yet all the furnishings looked elegant and expensive. Large black marble tiles covered the entire house, shining brightly, while the walls remained a simple mix of white and gray, harmoniously blending two styles. The bare concrete staircase, without a handrail, led down to the lower floor.

Leading me down the path, I followed the aroma of coffee simmering from somewhere, and as I continued to follow the scent, I found a person standing with her back to the kitchen, wearing a white shirt, casual jeans, and hair that was spilled down the middle of her back.

If I'm in Narin's dream right now, then the person in the kitchen must be his wife, who could be no one else but...

## "India"

Because I didn't know what to call her, I called her by her nickname with the owner's hoarse voice. The person being called paused for a moment, then slowly turned to look at me before frowning.

"What are you doing?"

“Looking at you.”

"Looking at me and then putting your hand in your pants, huh?"

The expression and demeanor of the wife indicated extreme surprise. I, who had been continuously reaching into my pocket, quickly pulled my hand out and smiled sheepishly before raising both hands in a gesture of innocence.

“It’s a little itchy. Why does it smell so good?” Since this was a dream, I could do whatever I wanted, so I chose to smile widely and walk straight to my wife. Before preparing to hug her, the little person raised her hand and pushed my chest immediately and frowned.

"What are you going to do?"

"Just hugging you."

"What kind of joke is that in the morning? It's not funny."

Even in dreams, she's still so cold, huh? It seems I've brought too much of the real world with me. They say in dreams, if we realize we're dreaming, we can control it. So, let's give it a try...

When I thought of that, I closed my eyes and tried to think about it.

What I wanted to do was to make India give in. Then she would place the coffee cup on the nearby sink before using both arms to wrap around my neck and pull me in for a kiss. Then I would carry her with Narin's strength to the sofa. Then we would...

"Did you not sleep last night?"

"Huh?"

“What are you doing sleeping here? Hurry up and take a shower. Today we have to go to In’s house. Do you remember?”

Close your eyes, why is there no scene of an embrace, not even in dreams? I can't control anything...

“Go to In’s house? Isn’t this your house?”

“It’s my parents’ house. Why do you have to act so confused? It’s come to this point. Let’s end it. You can finally have some freedom.”

What are you talking about? I don't understand at all. As India turned to walk in another direction, I took the opportunity to hug the smaller person from behind and excitedly kissed her neck. Oh... I'm in this kind of dream. How could I let the opportunity to start with you pass me by? But then!

Splash!

“Aaah!” The hot coffee splashed back onto my face. The heat made me step back, and I covered my face with my hands, fearing I would be disfigured. My screams, which were so bold, made India rush towards me in shock.

“Is it really hot? Hurry up and wash it with cold water first.”

“What the hell are you doing? Do you know how proud I am of my face? My mother is not pretty, my father is not handsome, but it looks good on me. It’s the only thing in the world that nature created for me!” I was furious and washed my face with cold water, afraid that I would disfigure myself. India went to open the refrigerator and handed me a cool gel.

I put a compress on it hoping it would stop the blistering, and that made me feel better, even though it still stung.

"You scream like a woman."

"What!"

"I just realized that you are so proud of your face.”

The smile on the corner of her mouth reminded me that this was a dream. But then again... I still feel annoyed. Why do you have to do something like this? I'm your husband!

"You're going too far. Why do you have to throw coffee at me when I'm just hugging you?"

“It’s not too much, because we will become a different person in the next three days.”

“What does that mean?”

“You don’t forget that we made an appointment to go to the district office to get a divorce, do you? But even if you do, In will remind you every day!”

Even though this was a dream, nothing was easy... I thought that when we were in our own imagination, everything would go as we wanted. But it wasn't like that. It was like someone had already written the script that it had to be this way or that way, and it all seemed so real that I started to get scared. Actually, this wasn't a dream. Even the news on TV was based on the truth about the economy, murder, and reported that today was January 5th, the day after I was in my body.

Or am I changing bodies now?

Delusional!

After I finished bathing and dressing up, I went to her parents' house as India had wanted. Even though I had some doubts in my heart because I was wondering about everything. The first thing was...

"Which way is your parents' house?"

“…”

“I don't remember.”

The sweet-faced woman glanced at me, then made a face of horror before tilting her head, staring without blinking.

“You’re acting really strange today. How could you not remember the way to my parents’ house?”

“I haven't been gone for a long time.”

“We just went there two weeks ago.”

"My memory is short. You should tell me. If you had told me from the beginning, we would have reached home already."

India didn't say anything and agreed to give me directions as requested. While we were driving, I still put the cool gel on my face, which was burning from the coffee that had been splashed on me in the morning. The sweet-faced girl glanced at me for a moment and asked about the wound.

“Does it sting a lot? Should we go to the hospital?”

"It's okay. My face is calloused."

“That's true.”

She answered in a calm tone, not feeling like remembering anything. Seeing that we were sitting there too quietly, I started chatting about this and that, because talking to each other would allow me to know more about her. It's a trick when I need personal information or want to pry into something.

"Are you sure you want a divorce?"

"There's nothing I can be more certain about."

“Is our love unfixable?”

"You talk as if this has never been discussed before, and yes... it's irreparable. I don't think we can make it through. You're not satisfied."

"I'm not satisfied with you? Why?" I asked, genuinely puzzled. No matter how I looked at it, India didn't have any flaws or mistakes that could be overlooked. However, she didn't answer anything, only talking about herself.

"And In is not happy with you."

"Am I a playboy?"

"Don't annoy me."

I observed Narin's dressing and various accessories from his wardrobe. He was a person who liked shiny and simple things. Most of his clothes, even though they were in dull colors for business, I could tell that almost every piece was from a new collection. Each piece cost no less than thirty thousand baht. From the meticulous tailoring, each watch was arranged beautifully and neatly. These things undoubtedly attracted women to him. And from such outstanding items, he probably liked stylish women. Speaking of which, India seemed too simple for someone with this kind of taste. So I roughly concluded that there were many women approaching him. Men are the gender that can't resist temptation very well. He must be quite a flirt or have an irresistible charm that women want to approach him. And he responded because he didn't want to be rude.

"Don't we love each other anymore?"

The question seemed like a complaint, but in reality, it was, “I want to know more about the other person’s feelings.” India sighed and crossed her arms in full defense.

“It’s gone too far. Don’t even think about reviving anything. Go find someone new that you’re comfortable with… like that life coach, See.”

“…”

I was quiet because I didn't know what to say. There was an introduction.

My name came up like this, how should I respond?

“I talked to your woman. She’s very charming, but she seems a bit strange.”

“How strange?”

"Got home"

"This one?"

“You look really strange today.”

I chose to be quiet and honked the horn to tell the owner of the big door to open the house. Then I drove to park in front of the house and got out of the car to explore the surrounding area. The big house was not as extravagant as in the dramas, with four or five rai of land or something like that. But there was an area for a lawn in front of the house, a parking lot, and a dog like a Golden Retriever. As soon as the brown one saw India, it ran with its head high and wagged its tail happily. As for the sweet-faced one, she immediately smiled widely when the dog greeted her. You could say that this was the first smile I had seen.

"Momo, do you miss me?"

"Aww. Aww."

I looked at both the dog and the person with fondness before the big one glanced at me and sniffed a bit before lying on its back, wanting a tummy rub.

"Such a warm welcome, Momo," I sat down and scratched his belly excitedly.

Everything was in India’s sight, and she just looked at me in surprise. So I had to ask her why.

“What’s wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?”

"Why is Momo close to you?"

“It's your dog.”

"Momo hates you."

“How is that possible? This is a Golden Retriever. This breed of dog doesn’t hate anyone.”

"It hates you because you once ran over its tail with your car," India called out to Momo, who then turned back to herself and stared at me. "Are you possessed?"

“A ghost?” I suddenly felt scared because I had never thought about it before.

“It’s possible. Oh my… Really? This…”

"What is it with you?"

While India understood that I was going crazy, I was really scared that I might die, so I quickly walked away and picked up a mobile phone that I had never even played with before, but I was able to use it because I used the face recognition method. Then I pressed to call my own number and found that no one answered the call before it went to voicemail. So my last remaining hope was to call Prang, my personal secretary, whom I remembered.

[Prang is speaking.]

"Prang... I'm... no... umm, I'm friends with See... Sai See."

[Oh, okay. What is it?]

“I couldn’t get through to Sai See, so I’m worried. Try calling her and tell her. That..."

[That?]

“Is Sai See dead?”

[What the hell are you talking? Khun See is still alive. Are you really Khun See’s friend? What's your name? Asking such a rude question.]

"I called her but she didn't answer. I'm just worried."

[If she doesn't pick up the phone, it means she doesn't want to talk to you. She is that kind of person. That’s it, Bye!]

I got cut off. When I tried to call back, the call was cut off again. Until the number was blocked. That's the kind of person I am. If I don't answer the call, I don't want it.

We're building a relationship, but this is an emergency. I should get a proper answer. This is my life!

“You ran out to call Saisee because you wondered if she was dead or not?” India looked at me with exhaustion. She seemed shocked to see her husband running out like that. She followed me and heard me press the call button to call

Prang and talk to her. “That woman is not dead. We were talking well yesterday.”

“Who knows? Nothing is certain.”

"That's true. People who used to love each other, but now they don't love each other anymore... Hurry up and go inside the house. Today, we have to tell Mom and Dad that we're getting a divorce. Clear everything up and end it."

"Let me ask you something else. Who came up with the idea of this divorce, me or you?" India, who was about to walk home, paused for a moment, then looked at me and shook her head.

“You must be really sick today… We both wanted to break up. In was the one who asked for a divorce first, but you never agreed until you met her.”

“Her?” I said as if it were a question. “Let me guess, her is “See?”

"That seems to be the case."

Are you crazy? I've only talked to Narin a few times. We've only had dinner together once and then we parted ways. Okay, I think he's handsome and rich, but it's not serious. Nothing more than that. I've received flowers once a week, but I never thought it would reach the point of wanting to leave his wife. Also, before this, I didn't know he had a family. He wasn't an option at all, as far as I can remember.

“You said yourself that she is the one who understands you in every way, sees through you, knows what you are like, what you want, and can probably fulfill all your needs.”

I can read everyone in the world!

"But I think you're overthinking it... You value everyone, even...”

"Even what?"

"Nothing"

I grabbed India's wrist and squeezed it tightly in excitement, not knowing what excitement it was, but it seemed that Narin's body's response was too tense, so it seemed like he was looking for trouble with the other person.

“You’re squeezing too tight.”

“I…sorry, I was a bit excited. I wonder what you’d say.”

After letting go of India's hand, the sweet-faced person immediately reached into her own trouser pocket and looked away when answering, as if she felt a little embarrassed to answer, because it gave off a feeling of being narcissistic or something.

"She's interested in In too. Are you satisfied?"

After answering, India walked into the house, leaving me with a faint smile, feeling strangely good.

Actually, you know I'm interested.

# CHAPTER 3 : Reason for Divorce

I'm still in shock about how I ended up in Narin's body. I don't know what to do because it's like I don't know anything about him. Right now, my head is full of all sorts of worries about how long I'll have to be stuck in this body. If I have to stay here for the rest of my life, what will happen to me? What will happen to my father, my job, my house, and my physical body? But right now, I still can't figure out what to do. Let's just go with the flow. Right now, I've suddenly become part of the new family. I just have to stay quiet and observe what's happening. We'll see what happens next.

The family of India is filled with warmth. I felt it from the moment I stepped into the house. Although the area is spacious, the interior is not decorated as extravagantly as I had thought. Everything seems practical but not focused on beauty. I couldn't help but wonder in my mind why, with such wealth, they haven't thought about improving the landscape a bit. But when I looked around, it was enough.

It’s understandable that older people want to keep their old moments to themselves. Taking in new things make them feel like they’re not in their safe zone or their own space.

And when I went inside, I had to stop in my tracks when I saw two adults who looked so familiar. My heart raced as I clearly remembered who these adults were. Even after twenty years, the wrinkles at the corners of their eyes and their skin still retained their original features. This woman is the same one from twenty years ago, one of the victims my father had brought in, and from whom he had scammed a large sum of money by giving false hope.

"What's wrong, Narin? Why are you looking at Mom like that?"

“W-what? Oh, hi.” I was completely confused about how to respond before smiling dryly. “I’m just looking because Mom looks cheerful today. It’s nothing.”

"Sweet talker, your mom and I went grocery shopping since morning. We only bought your favorite foods, so you have to finish them all, okay?" Mom led us both to the dining table, pulling out a chair for me with affection for her son-inlaw, before returning to her original seat. As soon as India sat down next to me, I couldn't help but stare at her, feeling a mix of shock, joy, and guilt, until I became lost in thought.

“What’s wrong with you? Why are you looking at me like that?”

“You grew up so well,” I looked at India’s legs and smiled happily at her. “You can walk.”

"I think you're really sick today. You seem to be talking incoherently."

"Stop chatting and let's eat quickly, we're starving," said Dad, who was sitting at the head of the table, serving himself the first portion. Everyone else picked up their utensils and followed suit. I'm not really used to eating together like this because I'm not accustomed to it; I never wait for anyone when eating. I don't understand why we have to wait, but seeing everyone in this house eat politely, I can't help but wonder why.

How did I grow up so differently?

“Narin, eat it. They’re all your favorites.” my mother kept urging me to eat. I smiled slightly and then easily scooped up the food. The so-called favorites were filled with homemade dishes, from clear tofu and minced pork soup, clear shrimp tom yum, to famous grilled chicken. Looking at the food, it all seemed so bland that I frowned, as I personally prefer spicy flavors.

"I think we should finish eating first and then talk." I quickly interrupted after seeing India's serious face because I knew that she wanted to hurry up and talk about the "divorce" so that she wouldn't feel uncomfortable. However, my father who was sitting next to me heard what I said first and immediately asked,

“What’s wrong? You can tell me anything. I can listen to anything.”

"I think it would be better if we wait until we're done eating before we talk." “Why?” Mom, who remembered that she forgot to bring water, walked to the kitchen and poured some for all of us before pulling out a chair and sitting down, smiling excitedly. “With such a serious face, it must be a big deal. Tell me, I’m waiting to hear.”

“Let's eat.”

“No, I want to know already… Are you pregnant?” The mother smiled broadly, like someone who didn’t know the danger signals that her daughter was ready to shoot at any moment. “When you said that there was something important to talk about on the phone, it was definitely this. See, I wasn't wrong, was I?"

"Our mom has been excited since yesterday. Actually, we planned to talk about it after eating, but she probably can't wait any longer. Let's just reveal it, otherwise, she won't be able to eat anything."

All the pressure was now directed towards the only daughter of the family, India, to the point that the sweet-faced one could only hold the fork tightly. Seeing her expression, I felt sorry for her, so I reached out and held the one hand that was holding the fork and spoke instead.

## "We both decided to get a divorce."

After telling the truth, the mother burst into tears and kept asking why it was like this, what was the problem, why didn't they fix it. As for the daughter, India, who saw her mother crying, she cried too. But she resolutely answered that no matter what, in the end, she would get a divorce.

Now, the two of us are in the car, driving back to the old house that is our wedding chamber. Since we left in silence, I, seeing India wipe away tears with the back of her hand all the way, couldn't help but offer her the handkerchief I had tucked away. But the sweet-faced person waved her hand in refusal, as she didn't want to accept any kindness at all.

"No need. I'll stop crying soon. Your handkerchief will get dirty."

How angry do you have to be to not even consider accepting a kind gesture? What other grudges do these two have? I still can't figure out what they're talking about...

“How long have we been married?” I asked, curious to know what had happened. India sniffled and replied as if it had been in her head the whole time.

“Five years”

"So we're dating?"

“Since Grade 12, try counting.”

How am I supposed to count? But never mind, let's just say it's been quite a while... I guess Narin is about the same age as India, who is now thirty years old. They got married when they were twenty-five. They have been together since high school, probably around eighteen, and have been together for twelve years now. That's considered a very long time.

That's a long time compared to my love experience.

“I feel so sad. We’ve been together for so long, but now we’re going to get a divorce. Isn’t there anything we can do to fix this?”

“As I said, it’s too late. What happened is eating at our hearts. We both don’t fit together, that’s the problem.”

“How long has it been since you started gnawing?”

“Since that day”

"Which day?"

When asked, that look in her eyes that seemed ready to kill made me go completely silent. It means I must know that day. Asking as if I don't know is truly disrespectful. So what day is it? I want to know!

“Oh, that day… Didn’t we clear this up already?” I kept making excuses to see if there was anything I could get out of it, but that only seemed to break India’s patience even more, until the sweet-faced person’s eyes welled up with tears once again.

“What would a man understand! You made everything a small matter. That’s why we ended up like this. No need to say anything. In short, the day after tomorrow, we’ll go to the district office to get a divorce as agreed. We’ve already discussed our family matters. There’s nothing to worry about anymore. That’s all for now.”

The more she refused to talk, the more I wanted to know. But from her attitude, it seemed like I was pestering her too much. From what I knew, she would lock the door and not talk or answer, becoming a puppet sitting here, making me feel uncomfortable for nothing. So I chose to drive home quietly, as long as I could remember the way.

Put your curiosity aside for now. You should focus on the matter at hand. Now.....

“I have an appointment with a friend outside. I’ll be back soon. If you go out, don’t forget to lock the door.”

As India said that, she picked up the car keys and drove out of the house. As for me, who now had some private time, I quickly picked up the car keys.

I drove out as well, not forgetting to lock the door of the house as my wife had instructed. The matter of me living as someone else should be a top priority. I should first solve the mystery of myself: what am I doing here, in this place, and what am I really doing?

Wow...but this car is quite stylish. While India drives an ordinary Japanese car, her husband drives a sports car worth more than ten million. How can they be so different? Just their tastes can't match.

About fifteen minutes from the house that serves as the honeymoon suite to my actual home. It's not far apart. Maybe because there's no traffic, I arrived quickly and left quickly. This is an old house, and it's waiting to be vacated after the new house has been fully decorated. It's just me and the hired maid living together alone.

*Ding. Dong.*

I never thought that once in my life I would have the opportunity to ring the doorbell of my own house, and I never even thought that I would have the experience of being asked where I was.

"Is Khun See there?"

I'm so excited, my mouth is weirdly embarrassed.

The housekeeper who came out to greet me nodded and spoke with a slightly lovable accent from her hometown.

"Yes, but she hasn't come downstairs yet today."

"Are you sure she is still alive?"

When I asked, the elderly person frowned and didn't trust me much.

“Why are you asking this? She is still alive.”

“To be sure, why don’t you just knock on the door and ask?”

“And who are you?”

"I'm a...boyfriend," I replied feeling guilty. I was still here a moment ago.

With the legitimate wife, but this time I came to see the mistress and said that she was his girlfriend. Oh...the mistress is me too. "I've been calling her all the time, but no one has answered. I'm worried. I want to see it with my own eyes.

Let's just go and take a look."

I immediately squeezed my way into the house, to the shock of the housekeeper, who tried to catch up with me and blocked the door of the house, fearing for her safety.

“No, you’re a stranger. Here, let me go wake her up and talk to you. Please wait here.”

“…”

"You have to wait."

"Yes."

The housekeeper glanced at me from time to time, then disappeared inside. I waited for more than five minutes, but there was no response. Unable to stand it any longer, I barged into the house and went up to the second floor, knowing exactly where my room was. When the housekeeper saw that I had barged in, she looked shocked, but it was no use.

“Instead of being surprised that I came into the house, why don’t you be surprised first that the person in the room haven’t come out yet?”

"Ms. See might be asleep."

I turned the knob to open it, but of course, when I sleep, I always lock the door for safety.

"Damn it, do you have a spare key, Auntie... No, right? I never let anyone keep it except myself," I muttered, knowing myself enough. Then I tried to do what they did in the movies by slamming the door with my body, but it didn’t seem to open it. “Why does it look so easy in the movies?”

“You can’t destroy other people’s houses like this. I’m going to call the police.”

"Should we call an ambulance first, Aunt? The door is smashed like this, and the person inside..."

“I didn't open it to look at it.”

“That’s true, but I don’t trust you.”

"Then how about this, Auntie? Call Prang and tell her that you tried to wake her up, but she won't wake up no matter how much you try. Go away."

“…”

“Go!”

After being scolded like that, the old lady finally gave up and went to call Prang. As for me, I tried very hard to break down the door and get in. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't do anything but wait like that. After more than an hour, there was some movement. That was Prang, my personal secretary, who came to the house with a few men in a tool kit. As soon as Prang saw me, she immediately looked confused.

“Who are you?”

“I’m a fan…” I tried to answer. “It doesn’t matter. You can get Khun See out of the room first, and then we can talk about it later.”

Prang, who agreed that my life was more important, asked the man who followed to help break the door open. In just a few moments, the door was opened and my body appeared prominently in the room on the bed under the covers. Prang rushed towards me and put her finger to my nose to check my breath, then nodded.

“Still breathing... But why aren’t you awake? Boss... Get up first!”

“…”

“Boss!”

There was no response from me. Prang started to feel bad, so she had to turn to me for help, even though I hadn't introduced myself at all. And because she didn't know what else to do besides taking me to the hospital, I walked into the room and held my body in my hands before I felt...

Why are you so heavy? I thought I was skinny my whole life.

“Let’s hurry and take her to the hospital first,” I said, then carried her into the car with Prang following behind. We rushed to the hospital for the doctor to examine her symptoms. While waiting for the test results, Prang walked in to ask questions and thank me for helping with everything.

"Are you really dating See?"

“Well… not exactly. The person who called you when you came in was me.”

"When I came in... Oh, the person who called to ask if she was dead, that was you?"

Prang's shocked tone made me laugh a little, and then I nodded in apology.

“Yes, it's me.”

“What makes you think she’s dead?”

“Um... I just called her several times but couldn’t get through, so I got worried.”

“Just because you’re worried, you have to ask whether she’s dead or not. Do you have anything to do with my boss not waking up?”

From a well-meaning person, I had now become a shocking suspect. I looked at Prang and bared my fangs a little before waving my hands in a commotion.

“Are you crazy? If I really did something to your boss, why would I bring her to the hospital?”

“The murderer is just trying to look good. Don’t go anywhere yet. I’ll call the police first. You’re too suspicious.”

"Hey"

Prang really did call the police. Seeing that things were not going well, I walked away, but Prang was still chasing after me relentlessly.

"Where do you think you're going? I told you not to go anywhere."

“Whoa!”

I ran as fast as I could back to the parking lot and drove away. Damn it.

Hoping for the best turned into being accused of putting myself into a deep sleep. If this is a dream, then it's already too much of a nightmare. But if I switched bodies, then it makes sense. Since I'm living in this body, then my real body should fall asleep. That's right.

The new question is... Where did the real Narin go? Or is he the one who died?

What drama am I in? Buppesannivas? Oh my!

Because I have nowhere to go... I ended up having to return to a bridal chamber that wasn't even mine. Up until now, India still hasn't returned home. Therefore, this house has become mine by default. Which is good. Since I can't find out anything about you, then I'll find out with my own abilities. And if I want to get to know you, then I should start from the bedroom.

India's bedroom was a small bedroom separate from the main bedroom, which had become Narin's. This room was not decorated luxuriously, apart from being painted in normal colors and having only the necessary furnishings. Looking at it, it looked similar to the place she grew up in. On the walls were watercolor paintings full of landscapes, indicating that she had traveled there often. There were many pictures of food that were not taken with a mobile phone camera and pictures of flowers, including only sunflowers.

She likes sunflowers.

Sunflowers are flowers that always turn to the light of the sun. Actually, they are suitable for India because when she smiles, it feels like the whole world is bright. But I think it's a bit sad that she can only smile when she meets the light.

Hmm... In addition to flowers, there are also pictures of various activities, such as marathon running, mountain climbing, and ice skating.

Activities that primarily use the legs.

It's not surprising that when she was a child, she couldn't walk. Her parents are doing everything so that their little daughter can walk like a normal person. I still remember the day we faced each other... The girl who looked weak that day has become a strong person today. She does all activities that use her legs as if she is afraid that tomorrow she will not be able to walk again. So the pictures are full of vigorous activities like cycling, running a marathon, traveling to places full of activities, in wide open spaces, and landscapes with both the sea and the mountains.

I smiled happily as if I was also there. It seemed that there was one activity that I had asked for... playing the piano for me?

"What are you doing in this room?"

India's calm voice startled me a little before I turned around and smiled with guilt because I had intruded into her personal space.

“I saw that the house was quiet, so I took a walk. Besides, the room wasn't locked, so I tried looking at this and that.”

“Have you seen enough?”

“Enough,” I shrugged a little and obediently walked out of the room. “We don’t have any pictures of us hanging out together, or did you just throw them away?” "You went with In only during the early honeymoon phase, other than that you said you were busy with work."

“Ahh…”

I dragged out the word a little and noticed her expression when she said the word “honeymoon.” It’s a word that every married couple would love, but with India, she showed that the muscles on her face were twitching in annoyance because she didn’t want to talk about it.

Disgusted...

We've been married for five years; how can you be disgusted with something like this? The first year was the time to reap the rewards; we just hugged each other in the room and didn't go anywhere, right? I have to try it out. Since you didn't tell me anything, I have to find the answer myself.

**Hurry!**

I grabbed India's wrist, who was about to walk out of the room, and threw her back inside, locking the door shut and locking the sweet-faced person in the room all alone. She frowned slightly and took a step back in fear.

"What are you going to do?"

“I suddenly remembered our honeymoon period. If we both think back to that time and try to do it again, we might not have to get divorced.”

"In isn't playing. Get out of the way."

“Do I look like I’m playing? Why do you hate me so much? We’ve been together for five years. This kind of thing is so normal. No… Before the five years we got married, we had to go through something like this. We’ve been in love for twelve years. Why don’t we say goodbye before signing the divorce papers?”

“You really think of this as just physical fun, huh? Twelve years, and nothing has changed.”

“It’s really fun. We’re both having fun. Or don’t you feel that way?”

“In didn’t feel anything for the past twelve years. It was bitterness, having to sleep in the same bed with you, and it was the reason why I wanted a divorce.”

“…”

"You forced In, raped In, don't you remember?!"

# CHAPTER 4 : 1 Day

This… is what makes her feel bad when she talks about her honeymoon.

The first experience she had made her remember something that should have been good turned into something bad. I looked at the sweet-faced person who spoke with bitterness. There was a sense of shame in it, and I didn't want to talk about it because I felt it was embarrassing.

“Why are we going back to this again? Let’s just end it.”

“If you don’t like it, then why did you marry me?” I kept pushing back to the original topic because I was still curious to learn more in depth, and I kept emphasizing it like I was hitting the nail on the head to get the little one to let out all of this frustration. “I don’t even remember doing that to you. If the atmosphere wasn’t right, and you weren’t in the right place, how could we have done something like that?”

"You still dare to say it! You used the trust that In had for you to trick and destroy me. Don't you remember?"

“What did I trick you into?”

"You got In drunk. You said you were going to take me to sleep. You forced In's body down and then..." The speaker raised her hand to her chest, panting and extremely angry. "Even though it was something In should have felt good about, you destroyed it completely, completely!"

“But you still choose to get married.”

"I'm already so into it!"

Old-fashioned... She was instilled with the idea of monogamy, to the point that she thought that this kind of thing should only be done with one person, and she had to endure it to the point of marrying him, even though she hated him. And in the end, it ended in divorce, and it took decades to make everything worse.

She refuses to be happy with her husband.

The husband chose to go and be happy outside the home, finding someone else to replace her. "Are you saying that in all these years of being together, you are not happy with me? I am the only one who is happy?" This is a deceptive question that I myself feel is very rude to want to know too much. But I believe that people who are married can talk about this. Having been together for many years, there should be some part that you like. It is not all bad.

“Yes, you are the only one who is happy. You never asked if In likes what you do.” India started to blush, which was filled with both shame and anger. “You drag In to the kitchen, then tie my hands with ropes, having fun, but In doesn’t like it!”

Tastes don't match... One likes superficial, exciting things, while the other likes simplicity. Since their needs are not the same, it has been stuck for a long time like this.

This couple shouldn't have been together for twelve years. I left in the first three months. If we can't communicate.

“After getting a divorce from me, what are you going to do next? Stay single for the rest of your life? Is that what you want?”

“If being single makes me happy, then I’ll be single. Why did you suddenly ask about this? We’ve already agreed that we’ll give each other freedom. We’ll go our separate ways. You can go with your woman… a life coach or something.” "It's not like we broke up, and you can just take it whenever you want," I muttered, because to be honest, this guy didn't even occupy a single corner of my brain. How can he impose on me like this?

"What?"

“No, I just asked because I was worried about you. If you get divorced, you will be branded as separated. Aren’t you ashamed?”

“Why are you ashamed?”

“I see that you are very old-fashioned. You just gave me your body once, and you agreed to marry me and live together for so long. I can’t help but wonder how you would feel if you were branded a separated.” I spoke from my perspective, not as a husband who wanted to break up with his wife or anything like that. I put my hands in my pockets and shrugged slightly. “Are you not happy with me at all? If that’s not the case, have we never had any good times together?”

“We had some good times together, but those times were spent with friends. That’s enough. I don’t want to talk about it anymore.”

"I really don't have anything against See."

I tried to tell the truth of what happened, to seek justice for another woman who knew nothing about it. And yes... That woman was me. But India just walked out of her room quietly and left me standing there looking at her painting, sighing heavily.

Sigh... Being a villain when you don't know anything about it is really bad.

I don't know if this is a guilty feeling or not, so in the evening I cooked a simple meal by myself. When I was interested in trying to sell food, when I was in Pattaya, whenever I cooked stir-fried shrimp with curry paste for my father, he would always complain that it was incredibly delicious. When I put the food on the table today, India looked at me in disbelief.

“Do you know how to cook, Narin? I never knew.”

"If you don't know, just know."

"I found out about this when we were getting divorced."

“I just want to do something nice for you.”

Even though I knew deep down that I wasn't the main reason why this couple broke up, I couldn't help but feel bad because it seemed like my name was involved in this quarrel. India used her fork to push the food on her plate hesitantly before putting it down and refusing to eat. It made me feel disheartened.

“What’s wrong? Are you afraid you’ll die if you eat it?”

"It looks spicy. I can't eat spicy food."

“When you were a kid, your parents must have been very protective of you. If you ate spicy food, you would have to wash off the chili peppers first or eat one bite of spicy food and then three sips of water, something like that.”

“I feel like I was there. I must have picked up the habit of guessing from that life coach.”

“You seem to be very attached to Miss See.” I tried to use the word “attached” to interpret it in many ways, both good and bad, and it seems that India herself would interpret it in a more negative way, without a doubt.

“I don’t really care that much. I just say what I see… In has been guessed by her before.”

“So how is it?”

“What is it like?”

“Did she guess correctly?”

“There are some.”

"Then the meaning of being able to guess is probably true." I scooped some food onto my plate and ate it as an example to show India that it was not dangerous at all. However, she was still suspicious of the bright red color on the plate.

“I guess from the context, most people who can guess something like this are probably magicians or swindlers. They pretend to guess correctly first to gain credibility, then trick us into doing it because we already believe it.”

“I know,” I smiled respectfully. Because that’s really how I am. I make people trust me first, then sell what I have. And most of the time, it works. “I talk like I’ve done this job before.”

“Never, but I know someone like this.”

When I mentioned this, India seemed to be lost in thought, so I took this opportunity to scoop some shrimp onto my own plate. I tried to remove as much of the brightly colored curry paste that was scattered on the shrimp as possible before scooping it back onto the plate of the sweet-faced person, which was enough to jolt the absent-minded person back into reality.

“What are you doing?”

"Serving you shrimp."

"You're very strange today. More strange than any other day since I've known you." The sweet-faced girl looked at me with suspicion. "What exactly are you planning to do? Are you planning not to get divorced again?"

“What? Can’t you just accept it if someone does you a good deed?”

"No way, because our relationship was ended a long time ago. If you suddenly come and do something nice to me, how do you want me to feel? No matter what you do, you can't change my mind. If it's over, it's over."

“Your needs are always my priority. The shrimp is the same. You don’t want to eat spicy food, but you can’t take out the chili because it’s all mixed together. So I tried to take out as much of the spicy liquid as possible. Eat it… Just think of it as a good deed to atone for the pain I’ve caused you for all these years.”

“Just one shrimp won’t make anything better.”

"But it's better than doing nothing."

Despite being suspicious, when she was urged for a long time, India had to accept the favor by trapping the shrimp into her mouth. Even though I had pushed the curry paste out, the spiciness still seeped into the shrimp, causing the sweet-faced person to take several more sips of water, which made me feel affectionate.

“Do I have something in me that’s similar to your father?”

“What?”

“You chose to marry me because there’s a part of me that’s like your father,” I said, based on my experience with people. “Most girls’ first love is their father. You probably chose to marry me not because you were raped by me. When you chose to date me, there was something that impressed you.”

“I don't remember.”

“…”

“You must be a smart person like your father. You are a systematic thinker, always able to solve problems on the spot, charming, everyone likes you.

There’s nothing that women don’t like about you. I’m that kind of person too.”

“Is it related to my wealth?”

“It’s a mix. Being rich is a kind of charm.”

“Good answer. You are someone who is not afraid of being seen as dating someone based on their status.”

“Being rich and having a good background is not a disadvantage, it is an advantage.” India began to feel that the food she was eating was delicious, and she started to scoop it onto her plate.

She herself, not forgetting to push the curry paste away, before asking the question, "What do you like about me?"

“You have a beautiful smile, like there’s some kind of wall that’s hard to overcome, and you have a face like you’re asking for help.”

“Do I want to ask for help?”

I accidentally told my inner feelings as “See” that I forgot that I wasn’t myself at the moment. When India reminded me of my sentence, I quickly corrected it.

“I mean, when I first met you, I felt like you were weak, in a physical sense… you were sick.”

“You’re saying that you like In because you feel sorry for her?” The sweetfaced person shrugged, not denying what I just guessed smoothly. “Why does love have to start from something pitiful?”

“It’s not pitiful. You’re interesting. Your illness is just a part of it.”

“That’s part of why In is interested in you. You’re the first man who really courted In. After In recovered from her illness and was able to walk again, you know that In’s legs were withered since she was little. She had to use a wheelchair to go everywhere. She only started walking when she grew up, like a miracle.”

“Ahhh.”

“You like In because In looks pitiful. In likes you because you are the first person who made In know about love for the opposite sex. And it is exciting and thrilling.”

“…”

"So, between the two of us... is it love or not?"

There was no answer between us because I couldn't answer for both of them, so it remained a mystery while we just sat down and had a meal together.

Quietly, they each went to their own rooms to spend some private time.

But I can't sleep.....

This time it was time for me to take a stand after being involved with a wife who wasn't even mine. What was going to happen next? I still didn't know what was happening to me, whether I had woken up or not in the hospital. I was even secretly suspicious that if I, who had been lying unconscious, woke up and it turned out to be Narin in my body, it would definitely be chaotic. Isn't it like this in a soap opera? One person goes to this body, and the other person has to go to the other body or something like that?

How would it feel to wake up and find out that I have breasts? I hope I don't touch them too much. Just thinking about it makes me angry.

Good thing my nipples are pink...it's a little less embarrassing.

Since I couldn't sleep, I went downstairs and warmed up some milk and some bananas to eat together because I had read somewhere that if you can't sleep, bananas and warm milk will help you fall asleep easily. And yes... I was kind enough to warm some up for my wife too because I saw some light coming through the door. I guessed that she probably hadn't gone to bed yet either.

*Knock. Knock.*

I knocked on India's door and waited a moment for the person inside to open it. As expected... the sweet-faced person herself still couldn't sleep. I wasn't sure if she was a night owl or if she couldn't sleep because she had too many things on her mind, but I guessed it was the latter.

"I brought you some warm milk."

“You’re really strange today. You drink milk.” India took the milk in my hand and took a sip, but she didn’t forget to look at me suspiciously. “Normally, when you drink milk, you’ll throw up. You don’t even touch it. You don’t even put milk in your coffee.”

“Am I that weak?” I laughed and drank the milk in front of the person.

It was a delight to look at, and nothing happened. “It’s edible.”

"Even though I said it was strange, thank you for bringing it here."

“…”

“…”

We both fell silent and looked at each other. India moved first and asked.

“Is there anything else?”

"No more."

“But you look like you have something to say. Honestly, you don’t look like yourself today. It’s like someone else jumped into your body or something.”

“Do you believe in spirit mediums or anything like that?”

“I don’t believe it, but I’ve been circling around these things all along. As you probably know… Mom,” the sweet-faced person mentioned her crybaby mom today. That made me guess a bit.

“That’s understandable. Actually, I have something to tell you too.”

"What?"

I wiggled my finger for my wife to move closer. India frowned slightly and tilted her ear, waiting for an answer. In fact, there were only two of us in the house. There was no need to whisper when we had a conversation.

"Ee Kamkaew is a snake."

“…”

“…”

“You must be possessed by a ghost. Go to sleep.”

And then the bedroom door was slammed in my face without any goodnight. What the... The joke wasn't funny. I'm really a suspicious person.

It seems that milk and bananas are helping a lot. Now my body tells me to yawn until tears come out and slowly fall asleep. I try to hypnotize myself that while I sleep, I must not think about anything because tomorrow morning will come. When we can control our minds, sleeping is easy. Before I know it, I open my eyes and wake up in a strange place. There is the smell of Dettol in the air and the TV is reporting the news around 6 o'clock that I am familiar with the sound of the announcer.

“Don’t you think the TV is a bit too loud?” I said in a hoarse voice before feeling a tight feeling on the back of my right hand. When I looked back, I saw that there was an IV and a needle stuck in there, which was painful. “I’m so thirsty.”

“Boss!”

Prang's voice, which seemed to startle me awake, called me from the seat next to the bed. The capable secretary who was also my friend smiled at me happily. "Hey, you're not dead, right? Don't die. If you die, Prang won't know what job to do. I am stupid, and my GPA is low."

“Is this what you’re worried about?” I smiled and looked around. “What’s wrong with me, why I am in the hospital?”

“At least you didn’t wake up and do something like in the dramas where they asked… Where am I?”

Prang poured me some drinking water with a straw and gave me a sip to quench my thirst, then gave me a brief description of my symptoms.

“You slept for a whole day, knocked out, and we couldn’t wake you up no matter how much we tried. The doctor couldn’t diagnose what disease you had because your pulse, heart rate, and breathing were all normal. You’re stronger than any horse, cow, or buffalo in this country.”

“Did I sleep for that long?...” I frowned and tried to think back to before. “No wonder I had so many dreams.”

“What did you dream about?”

“I dreamed that I was living as someone else. It’s strange.”

"And who cares about other people's lives?"

“A man… India’s husband.”

“Hmm? You’re India’s husband, right? You seem to really like her.”

“Crazy… It’s probably because of the biography you found for me to read. I read it until it seeped into my head.”

“So, how was it being India’s husband? Was it fun? Did you try touching and doing things to her?”

I looked at my secretary and felt that... the reason I hired her was because we have similar personalities and temperaments.

“Hold on, what’s left?” I giggled. “I even dreamed that I carried myself to the hospital. It’s weird. I woke up and found myself in the hospital… But who brought me here? You can’t carry me.”

“A man brought you here. He claims to be your boyfriend.”

“Hmm? Did he say his name?”

“I think I can tell. I don’t remember. I don’t really recognize his face. But oh well, you’ve dated so many people. Who would remember… He said he was your boyfriend. He said you didn’t answer the phone, so he thought you were dead.”

"Huh?"

"Yes, he's really strange. Prang thinks he might have done this to you. Otherwise, how would he know you were sick and sleeping so deeply? As soon as I mentioned calling the police, he ran away."

I opened my eyes wide and reached out to grab Prang in shock.

"He carried See to the hospital, called you, and then wondered if See had died?"

"Yes."

“Does he drive a blue Ford Mustang?”

“Oh... that’s right. Because his car is so beautiful. I will never forget it when I see it. But… How do you know? So he's really the boss's boyfriend?"

The shock made me let go of Prang and my mouth dropped open. In short, it wasn't a dream. I really went to live as India's husband for a whole day and woke up the next day.

I really did switch bodies!

# CHAPTER 5 : Digging a Fish Pond

“What mood are you in, Boss? Why are you suddenly watching the series Secret Garden? You’ve been watching it all day and night since you got back from the hospital.”

"Do you think it's true that our souls can inhabit another person's body?"

"How can that really happen?"

I used to think that way too, but dramas reflect reality, right? Otherwise, where would the writers get information to write? But if you think about it another way, these stories also come from the writers' wild imaginations. But what about what happened to me? Where can I find an explanation? When I search for information on the internet, the term I often come across is "possessing a body." But I'm not dead yet, so why would I possess someone else's body?

"And what about the spirit mediums who summon spirits to possess bodies?"

"Well, the boss herself confirmed that spirit possession and other such things don't really exist."

"Oh, so that's what See said?"

"Yes, Boss still hasn't recovered, right?"

I pressed the end button on the streaming channel and got up to grab my car keys, preparing to leave the house. Prang, who was worried that I had just come out of the hospital, hurriedly ran after me and asked with concern.

“Where are you going? Boss, you need to rest. It’s only seven o’clock.”

“See has something to do,” I looked at the clock on the wall and thought to myself that it was too late to leave at this time. “See is fine, don’t worry about me. I just slept too much and now I’m wide awake. I want to go out and get some fresh air.”

"Are you sure you’re okay?"

“Um, I’m okay.”

Today is the day that Narin and India have to go to the district office to get a divorce. I arrived at their house just in time for them to drive out of the house in separate cars. Just the cars that the two drove were very different in style. Someone once said that when people get married, they have to be different in order to fill in what each other lacks. However, this couple is too contrasting. Narin likes to attract attention by driving a luxury car to attract attention, while India drives a small Japanese car for convenience and to avoid being the center of attention.

This is another example of people with incompatible tastes... If India had met me from the beginning, I would have warned her before the marriage that they wouldn't make it, given the surrounding environment. But that was too late, and it was already the day they got divorced.

I slowly followed the couple until we reached the district office. I was puzzled myself as to why I had to sneak a look, even though this wasn't even my business. Today, the couple came to express their intention to be free from each other.

With one witness on each side, that is, the parents of both parties, the farewell ceremony is not complicated. Both want to end it, but the people around them still try to delay and reconsider, even though they should understand how much discussion they had to go through to reach this stage. And now, the ones who are the saddest are not the spouses, but the witnesses who came with them. India's mother cries, sad that her daughter's love life was not successful, while the daughter stands, drowning in guilt for making her parents sad, not as they had hoped.

Both Narin and India said goodbye to each other with brown envelopes in their hands before going their separate ways, as if they had become strangers. I followed until the sweet-faced one got into the car and started the engine to drive away. Then I followed her from time to time, checking on her because I wanted to know where she was going next.

She still lives her life normally... taking care of her business and stopping by for a meal.

I wonder if she would want someone to talk to now. I don't know, but I want to talk to her. Let's pretend we ran into each other by chance.

“Is this you, India?” I walked into the restaurant and pretended to be surprised to see her staring out of the restaurant. “I thought you looked familiar, so I decided to come over and say hi. Are you here alone?”

“Hello,” India looked at me with a little surprise before straightening up when she saw that I had taken the liberty of sitting across from her. “And what are you doing here, Ms. See?”

“See, call me See,” I said forcefully to open the gap for us to get closer. India’s walls were already high because I was a supporting character in her love, and I had to fix that. “You can call me Saisee. My father said he wanted his daughter to be as beautiful as Saisee, so he named her that. And what about you, India?

Why is your nickname India?”

I would open up a long conversation, even if she didn't want to tell me much. But if I was the one who told her about myself first, she would definitely spill some beans. This is a kind of psychology that makes her feel indebted, even if it's just a name.

"It's nothing much."

She didn't tell me....Okay, then I'll have to use some tricks.

"Do you want me to guess why you have the nickname 'India'? And your real name has such a Hindu vibe to it.”

There was a slight smile on the corner of her mouth, as if she was mocking me. The sweet-faced person didn't trust me at all. This would be a good opportunity to test me.

“Let's try it.”

“You, India, are around the same age as See. So we are in an era where it’s not too difficult for our parents to name us. It’s an era where Jam Jai novels aren’t that popular yet. My parents would choose easy-to-pronounce names, or names that commemorate something, like Moo, Ham, Sear, B, Pla, and so on.”

“…”

“Your name is India, which is quite unusual for our generation. Like See, whose name was Saisee because her father wanted her to be as pretty as Sai see. So, India, having this name means... you were probably produced. Sorry about that," I chuckled, feeling that it was a little cheeky. “Your parents must have had some great stories there, and they have you to remember as a memorable honeymoon.”

There was a hint of indifference on India's face, but she still maintained her condition very well. So I took this opportunity to continue my guess.

“As for the name India, it’s because your mother went to India. Your mother believes in religion a lot. She accepted Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism, and Zen. She also believes in the supernatural quite a lot. Your name India probably comes from India or she prayed to India to have you.”

“It’s amazing how much you can guess.”

"So is that right?"

“Yes.”

I smiled like a winner and impressed her. This was the first step, only then could we become friends and talk. Actually, I don't have many friends, I don't really want to have friends with whom I can talk a lot because I can read people even without talking. But with this person, I felt like getting to know her. It wasn't that kind of infatuation. Or maybe it was because I had spent a day as her husband and was impressed, I don't know.

“The truth is, See has already investigated everything about you,” I pretended to reveal it, to make the person in front of me feel a little defeated, to stimulate something.

“Hmm? Are you investigating In?”

Now she has changed the pronouns she uses to refer to herself as I want, which is a good thing.

"Yes, we have to work together. It's normal for See to want to get to know you."

"No wonder why you're talking so much. I thought so. Who would know everything?" The sweet-faced girl glanced at me for a moment and then spoke about the matter she was curious about. "That means you already know what's going on between In and Narin. You intended for In to do this job because of Narin, right?"

“No, I really like you.”

“…”

“I mean I like the work and design. As for Narin, I just found out later.” The word “what is that?” made India’s eyes light up with a sense of satisfaction that I didn’t value that man at all. “He’s not that important that I have to investigate about you. I didn’t even remember his face until I found out that he’s your husband.”

"In the past. We broke up."

“I’m sorry,” I said as if this was a new idea.

“Thank you. So you have every right to date Narin.”

“Is this paving the way for See?” I laughed and put my hand on my chin. “Then

I’ll think about it. The person you chose before must have some good qualities. But if that’s the case, will you still work for See?”

I teased her a little to make her feel annoyed. I knew she was just trying to figure out if I would accept her leftovers, but she must have been really angry when she got hit back like that.

“You will do it. You are a professional.”

"Yes"

We both fell silent. I raised my eyebrows slightly and pretended to look at my watch as if I had something urgent to do.

"Then I'll take my leave now. It's great that I got to talk to you today. It was worth it."

“Worth it? What do you mean?”

"Talking to you is a good thing. See you again. Today, I know as much as I want to know about you."

“Is it a coincidence that we meet here?”

“Hmm… what should I say?” I pretended not to know, and that made India want to beat me. I could tell. "Well then, I'll take my leave for now. We have an internal meeting tomorrow, so don't be late."

“Is there something important?”

"Yes."

"What?"

"I miss you"

“…”

"Just kidding"

I walked back out with my heart pounding and quickly hid behind the wall to peek at India who was clearly irritated. Damn, that last sentence was a bit too much of myself. When I flirt with someone to see what they'll do, I'll drop something like that to see what they'll do, and usually I do it intentionally. But what happened just now, it just slipped out. I wanted to play along, to see if the sweet-faced person would play along with me, even though I didn't intend to do anything like that at all.

Because living a day as her husband definitely made me get into that role too. Let's start over, calm down. I just want to be friends. I just feel that she is interesting. That's all.

I called Prang and ordered my close secretary, knowing what would happen next.

"If India call you and ask you questions, tell the story about See."

[What kind of stories? And why do you think Ms. India will call?]

She must have called because she felt defeated because she didn't know anything about me.

“Let’s just say if she calls, just tell her about See in moderation. Don’t be too careful. Answer her questions. Or if you want to tell her something from your perspective, just tell her… the good side.”

[Yes, I understand.]

I glanced at the restaurant again and saw India calling someone on the phone. I later found out that the sweet-faced girl had called Prang and pretended to ask about work before talking about me for almost an hour...

[How did Boss know that Miss India would call and talk to Prang? She called and talked to Prang for a long time. There was about twenty jobs. The rest was all Boss's business.]

"So what did you tell her?"

[I told her exactly what the boss told me to do. If she asks anything, just answer honestly.]

"And are there things she didn't ask but you told her anyway?"

[Yes, there is. I told her that the boss likes women more than men.]

I bared my teeth a little, but I wasn't really angry because I suddenly felt grateful that my secretary had told me about this and let her know about my preferences.

"Then how would India feel when you told her that?"

[She didn't feel anything.]

“She didn’t feel anything?”

[Does the boss want her to feel anything?] Hehe] The voice of the female secretary came through the line, sounding pleased [Seriously, boss, do you like India?]

“I don’t like her the way you think.”

[But the boss is digging a pond to lure fish, as far as I can see. The boss would do this to everyone.]

“How do you do it?”

[It seems like she's interested in you, even though you are the one who tricked her into being interested.]

"But it's different with this person."

[You want to say that she is more special than others, right?]

“You’ve been See’s secretary for too long, you sarcastic person.”

I talked to the secretary for a while and then hung up. I didn't forget to go and get the file that Prang had found information about India, which had a number in it.

Her phone was there too. After saving the number, India's name and picture automatically popped up on my LINE, just as expected. I quickly sent her a message and cute stickers, knowing full well that the other person would just click to read.

**See:** Good night and sweet dreams.

# CHAPTER 6 : Three Times

[You never gave a reason. You suddenly disappeared. When I went to look for you, you said that our relationship was over. At the very least, if you were going to break up with me, you should have said something.]

"See already told you that she's sorry. If you ask for a reason, there's no reason...

We've broken up, Prab. Right now, See is busy. That's all for now."

I hung up the phone and walked back into the bedroom. This room is the widest compared to the living room. I have always dreamed of having a bedroom that is like a condo, where I can do everything in one room without having to move. Exercise, watch movies, everything must be together in this room. And this was the problem that India had to solve: how to decorate it.

“Excuse me, where were we talking about earlier?”

“The minimalist style room you want… I think it’s quite different from the word minimalist,” my interior designer said after hearing the request.

This bedroom needs to have lots of cabinets to store things. “If you really want to decorate in that style, you have to be someone who doesn’t have much stuff. You have to know how to let go.”

When she spoke, the sweet-faced person seemed to be sarcastic, saying something like, “I’m being pretentious and wanting a room like in a magazine, but I keep so many things in the house that it’s messy. I need a cabinet to store things, which doesn’t fit the concept I want at all.”

“I’m just practicing letting go. So, let’s change the word ‘minimalist’ to my style,” I shrugged a little, unconcerned. Anyway, the bedroom had to be the way I wanted it to be. “I want this bedroom to be comfortable to sleep in, easy to clean, and easy to grab things in like India’s bedroom.”

When I think back to when I was in Narin's body, I still feel surprised. I was once her husband, I went into her private place and saw many photographs. The bedroom was clean but still modern and simple. Hmm... I hardly noticed that the room had only a plain white bed, apart from the photographs on the wall, which was perfect for sleeping.

“You sound like you’ve seen my bedroom like that before.”

*Ponderous...*

“I guess from your personal habits, Miss In. You probably aren’t someone who keeps a lot of stuff in the bedroom. For India, the bedroom is the bedroom. Maybe have a trophy to remind yourself of what you like to do to motivate you to have a meaningful day. When you earn enough money, you can go after new dreams.”

The sweet-faced person glanced at me without saying anything. I looked at her like I was having fun seeing the surprise flash by every time I said something. Everything was right.

“Then you don’t need to have a bed or a wardrobe. Just have a walk-in closet. A bed and a stationary table.”

“It should be like that. But Khun See chose this room as a bedroom, so there will be quite a lot of space left. From a bedroom, it will become more like a warehouse. There should be some decorations, maybe fake plants.”

"What if it's a sunflower?"

I glanced at the interior designer next to me, wondering if she would make another strange expression. However, the sweet-faced person managed to hide her expression as much as possible and then bent down to jot down ideas in the attached notebook. The talented interior designer used a tape measure to measure things in the room. I looked at her serious expression with admiration, completely forgetting that there was another secretary standing next to me, looking at me and smiling.

“What are you smiling about?”

“It’s nice to look at Ms. India.”

"See likes people who are dedicated to their work. You're the one who finds fault."

"Just telling the truth. But who called just now?"

"Prab"

“The person you went on a date with in Japan? I thought you had stopped pursuing them."

"It's like everyone else who calls and complains. Don't pay any attention to it." I didn't notice India walking towards me, so I talked about Prab as if he wasn't important. But from the sweet-faced person's expression, she should have heard the last sentence of our conversation.

“About next week, In will create some 3D images for you, along with materials for you to choose from, such as wood or tiles.”

“Thank you very much. How many months do you think it will take to finish decorating the whole house?”

“If there is no wet work like plastering or anything like that, installing built-ins will be done in no time. However, the final design must be in order first.”

“Just a moment? I thought it would take longer.”

“I know that customers want to move in quickly.”

“No, I want it to be decorated for a long time. I still want to see you often,” I replied with a smile and raised my eyebrows. However, India just nodded, neither happy nor sad, so I had to emphasize, “I’m telling the truth. I want to see you often.”

“…”

"I want to see you often."

"I know." I noticed that she was embarrassed, and that cute gesture made me have to explain what I had done.

“The reason I have to say it three times is because according to psychology, three is the number of perfection. When we want the other person to believe that what we are saying is serious, we have to say it three times. Hopefully, they won’t get annoyed.”

“Thank you for the new knowledge.”

"Okay, if there's anything else you want, just let me know."

"Okay."

"By the way, did you get a message from See yesterday?"

India was silent for a moment before nodding.

"I got it."

“I feel relieved. I saw that you opened it but didn’t reply. I thought I sent it to the wrong person.”

"The work here is finished. Then, I'll take my leave first."

“Don’t go back yet. It’s almost noon… Let’s go eat,” I said in a tone that was almost coercive, as if the employee had to give in to me completely. However, India clearly showed that she didn’t want to do that. But I didn’t want to give in.

“Don’t refuse. It’s embarrassing.”

"I have something to do."

“We still need to eat before we go out to do some business. Let’s just eat something easy around here.”

“…”

"How about this? If See can unlock your phone, then you have to go with me."

“Unlock my phone?”

“You set the passcode to unlock the screen, right? No one can open it except you, right? Don’t you want to know if See can really do it?”

Because of her curiosity and the challenge, India agreed to play along. And of course... I was able to unlock the phone. She could only remain silent because she was stunned.

“How did you do it?”

“If I told you, you would know. Then let’s go eat. You agreed to let me unlock your phone screen, so that means I win. So wait a minute. I have to go to the bathroom. Just a moment.” I raised my eyebrows like a winner before pretending to talk to the secretary for a bit. I walked away from India and whispered, “In the meantime, I’m going to the bathroom. Khun Prang, stand and talk to Khun In first.”

"Then what does the boss want Prang to talk about?"

“Talk about the guy who called me earlier. Tell her that I broke up with him.”

"Then, you want Ms. In to know? You suddenly told me to talk about you with

Ms. India. I'm so confused."

"Just pretend to gossip about the boss, you're so good at talking behind people's backs."

"This is a compliment, right?"

"Of course."

“Okay, for the sake of the boss… Oh, I almost forgot. The boss’s father called a moment ago and said that he couldn’t contact the boss. Please call him back.”

"Okay"

I walked away and secretly watched Prang talking to India in a very appropriate manner. Even though the sweet-faced person didn't ask much, from the body language

I could tell that she was listening intently, gathering information.

Knowing about each other will make us closer. That's the trick!

Now it was just the two of us. India had no choice but to go out and find something to eat near the new home. While we were looking for a restaurant to order food, we both walked side by side quietly, not knowing what to start a conversation with. Until the sweet-faced one started talking first.

“Are you good at magic?”

I smiled when I was the one being talked to. After trying so hard to break down the wall, it seemed to have worked quite well.

"I just memorized it, some parts I adapted myself."

"Then being able to read people's minds is part of the trick, right?"

“It would be more appropriate to call it a skill. If we are observant, things will follow. You, India, can do it too.”

“No, I don’t want to steal your job. These days, there are so many life coaches.” When she mentioned this, the sweet-faced girl had a mocking smile that could tease me. As for me, who already knew what her purpose was, I could only shrug my shoulders, not caring.

"But there are few groups capable of life coaches; there are only a handful, and one of those groups is See herself.”

"If just reading minds could make a career out of it, everyone would be doing it all over the place, even In herself."

“Can you read minds too, Ms. In?”

“Not that much, but I know a little bit about how to look at people.”

“Then let’s test how good you are, In… Let’s try this. Guess what kind of person you think See is from the outside.”

The sweet-faced person smiled faintly, feeling advantaged. I already knew that she had secretly asked Prang, so I just went along with it because I wanted to know how much India could remember about me.

"You are a very confident person."

“That one is already clear.”

"Thinks of herself as smarter than others, an observant person, and probably someone who has many plans in her head, as is typical of people..." India paused and changed the topic instead. I didn't think to ask further during that pause because it probably wasn't a pleasant thing to hear. "Knows where others' weaknesses are and knows how to deal with others' weaknesses."

“Sounds very profound.”

“You are a woman who doesn’t value romantic relationships… You have many boyfriends. You think you have a choice.”

I smiled a little and raised my eyebrows without hesitation before letting her continue.

“You can date both men and women.”

You didn't read this...you heard it.

“So what next?”

“You’re always the one who breaks up because you can’t stand being dumped.” I paused for a moment and thought I should go back and tell Prang off for criticizing me about this. “You don’t stay in a relationship for long. You’re afraid of love, you’re afraid of losing it. You want to be happy, but you choose to be happy only temporarily. Holding on to a relationship for too long will only make you hurt more.”

"Did you come up with this yourself or did you hear it from someone?"

"Why can't In think for herself?"

“I think you have given a good overview of the criticism.”

"And was there anything wrong?"

“This is also…” I pretended to dodge. “I don’t know. No one has ever said this to me before, so I’m hesitating whether it’s right or wrong. That’s right. I can’t date anyone for long.”

“You are too modern.”

“While you are too old-fashioned.”

“Let’s eat at this restaurant. It’s easy.”

"Alright, this meal is on me," I said generously. The sweet-faced person didn't say anything and looked for a table. Then, she gazed at the large menu posted on the wall, but instead of talking about the menu, she brought up the topic we had left hanging a moment ago.

"How is it old-fashioned to have one husband and one wife?"

“It shows that you are in a patriarchal society. You value losing your virginity too much, regardless of it being natural. Even if you are not happy, you accept it.”

"What about the modern type? Like you?" India looked up from the menu and turned to look at me.

“Value your own happiness more than the eyes of others. If you don’t like it, just let it go.” I put my hand on my chin and looked into the eyes of the person in front of me without even thinking about looking away. “Life is too short to care about other people. You should be happy without having to think that you have lost what you cherish and have to marry him, swallowing the pain of what he has done.”

“And if one day you find someone you really love, will you stay with him alone or keep seeing other people to find happiness?”

“This has never happened to me before.”

"What is it about?"

"Love"

**See:** Good night. Sweet dreams.

I continued sending messages to India even though she just read them and didn't reply like usual. But I'm a very patient person and I believed that one day she would reply to show friendship. While I was looking at the messages and thinking about how I would plan to get close to India, the phone I was holding vibrated with a caller ID number belonging to Prang, which surprised me quite a bit that my excellent secretary still hadn't gone to bed.

“What are you talking about? It’s already 10pm. It’s not work time. It’s really rude. I’ll deduct your salary.”

[Boss, Prang is currently in the hospital with your father. Please come quickly.]

Without even having to say anything, I grabbed my keys and a coat and drove out of the house. The hospital was quite a distance from my house, and when I arrived, I found my father yelling at the doctors and nurses about the treatment, so loud that I had to hold my temples.

With this much energy, it shouldn't be too bad. I drove like a rocket just to see my dad yelling.

"Did you make an excited tone so that I would see Dad yell at the doctor? It's so embarrassing."

“Boss came really fast, but that’s good. The doctor wanted to talk, but he went back already. Tomorrow, the boss can come and hear the results from the doctor himself."

“Then why didn’t the doctor tell you himself? You know that you can do all of See’s duties instead.”

"But you should listen to this yourself, Ms. See."

When the secretary called me “See,” I could feel the tense atmosphere.

Immediately and thought that what my father was doing was not normal. Because I can read body language and the surrounding environment very well, I can guess what could be the worst in this case.

"Cancer? Where?"

Prang, who saw that I had guessed correctly, looked shocked, but quickly understood and did not waste any time.

"Lungs."

"What stage?"

"Final stage"

# CHAPTER 7 : Past

It should have been a shocking thing, but what I could do was not show any emotion when I found out that my father had cancer. I didn't even rush to my father and throw a tantrum. I just found out and went home to sit and think, to lie down and think about what would happen because I knew that if I went to be nice to my father at 10pm, when I was not that kind of daughter, he would be surprised and might suddenly realize how serious his condition was. So I chose to go see my father again the next day with the flowers that I had just received from Narin, who I had forgotten was an important character in my life.

When I found out what happened to my father, Narin became just another piece of earth, fragile, worthless, and meaningless.

[We haven't talked for a while. Did you receive the flowers?]

I answered the call from an unknown number. When I found out that it was the owner of the flowers that were sent, I had no choice but to talk. To be honest, I should avoid contacting Narin. If I still wanted to be friends with India, it would feel strange.

It's no wonder her ex-husband would come and flirt with me like this.

“I received it. Thank you. There’s no need to waste it.”

[I've been absent lately because I've been busy with work, but that doesn't mean

I've forgotten you. I'd like to invite you to have dinner together. Is that okay?]

“Let’s get through this period first. It’s just that my father isn’t feeling well… Speaking of which, are you feeling well these days?”

I pretended to ask because I wanted to know if there was anything unusual. Ever since I possessed him, I had always wondered, but I had never had the chance to contact him. If I were to call and ask about this out of nowhere, it would be strange. I took this opportunity to do it casually.

[I'm fine, thank you.]

“Are you sleeping normally? It’s like… dizzy, lightheaded, dizzy. When you wake up, you wonder… who you are?”

[I'm fine. You're asking so nicely. Are you worried about me?]

There's nothing wrong with it. Why? I was in his body for a whole day. Where did he go during that time? Or did he just sleep or something?

“I just asked about the matter. Even though my father was in good health, he suddenly fell ill. So I asked just in case.”

[Is something wrong with you?]

“There are quite a few. Let’s just say that if it’s convenient, I’ll contact you. Thank you for the flowers and don’t forget to keep in touch.”

I said goodbye politely, no matter how inconvenient it was, there was no need to make enemies, because in the future, everyone around me might be useful for something. I believe that.

And when I popped into the emergency room, my dad, who had been watching TV, was sitting up with tubes all over his body to help him breathe.

“You finally showed your face. Do you have to wait until your father dies before you’ll talk to me?”

“You should be fine now after talking so much.” I walked over to flatter my father a little, then massaged his arms and legs. “I wish for my father to get well soon and that nothing will happen. This is the wish of the child god.”

“You know your father knows this trick. We’ve used it to trick people before.”

“Father has screwed everything up. Then they will know that we are a con artist.”

"They'll know because we said it. Your secretary's face is all stunned," Dad said, almost crossing his arms and pouting. "And this isn't anything serious. These doctors love to make a big fuss. When asked what's wrong, they don't tell us. They just keep mumbling and nagging. And your secretary is another one. She doesn't tell us anything when asked. Are they afraid that the jasmine flowers will fall out of their mouths? Hehe."

“I saw that you fainted and thought you were more seriously ill. I saw that you couldn’t walk and your arms and legs had no strength, right?”

"How can I have the strength to walk when I'm lying on the bed like this?"

Prang, who was being talked about by my father, had a puzzled look on her face, like someone who didn't know what to do.

“How would she know what happened with father? She’s not your daughter. I am… Thank you so much, Ms. Prang, for staying with father all night.” I reached out to touch the secretary’s shoulder, feeling grateful, but I noticed something strange, like someone who was afraid of something. “What’s wrong with you?”

“I’m not sure either… It’s like a dream.”

“Huh? Dreaming?”

"Excuse me, I'm going to the bathroom first." Then she ran into the bathroom abruptly, causing me to frown and run straight to my father.

"Dad, did you scold Prang? She's been here all night watching over you. Why do you like to act so tough?"

"What are you doing? Dad hasn't done anything yet."

"If you didn't do it, then why does she look so strange?"

"Maybe she was haunted by a ghost in the hospital. When will Dad be able to go home? Oh… oh, here comes the doctor again. What’s going on this time?”

"I'd like to take some blood sample," said the nurse who came with the needle. My father immediately started yelling.

"No, I won't let you take my blood. What are you going to do with it? I won't let you."

“What’s the big deal, Dad? It’s just a blood test.”

“No, what are you going to do with the blood? Are you going to test it?”

"Yes, he has to take blood for testing."

"What are you checking? No way."

I looked at my father's refusal and immediately guessed that he wasn't afraid that he would be tested for a disease. He was afraid that I would secretly do something that he had always been afraid of, which was...

“Don’t be afraid. He’s not going to do a DNA test… If you’re afraid of that, I can tell you that I did it two years ago.”

“Did you secretly go and check? Don’t you believe that I’m your father?”

“I saw that Dad was very suspicious, so I decided to have it checked.”

“And what was the result?”

Everything fell silent. Even the nurses were waiting to hear. I could only shrug and put on an unhappy face.

“It's bad luck.”

“…”

"I am Daddy's girl."

“You idiot! How is that bad luck?”

“Then what’s so lucky about being your daughter? Now can we let him draw blood? You can rest assured that we’re father and daughter. You were just afraid that I will abandon you.”

“Even though we are father and daughter, you still don’t really care about me. You have to wait until I get sick and hurt first. You keep screaming and yelling,” my father kept complaining. I watched the nurse slowly suck my father’s blood into a tube and then walk away, passing Prang who was walking out of the bathroom.

"Ms. Prang, have you eaten anything yet?"

"Not yet"

"Then let’s go get something to eat with See. Leave Dad alone for a while. Being with this old man who nags is detrimental to my mental health." I pretended to complain loudly, so Dad made a sound. Clicked his tongue in disapproval.

"If I had known that when you grew up, you wouldn't love your father. I wouldn't have taken you away from your mother."

“Let’s go, or else there will be more drama.” I reached out my hand to touch Prang’s back, telling her to come out of the room with me, and then leaving my father alone without telling him what exactly was wrong with him. At first, I acted cheerfully talking to my father, but when I left, I felt like I didn’t have the energy to say anything. Before I thanked Prang again, I forgot what I had just said, “Thank you for coming and keeping me company. If it weren’t for you, See wouldn’t know what I would do.

“Is he really your father?”

“Hmm?” I laughed at her question before frowning. “You must have heard about the DNA test, right? Oh, you can’t know everything about See, Ms. Secretary.”

“…”

“My father was afraid that See would do a paternity test. He had always been suspicious that See might not be his daughter. He was afraid of the truth. He was afraid that if the results came out that we weren’t father and daughter, See would leave him.”

"In conclusion, he is your father. I can't believe it."

"You were right not to believe it because the blood test says we are not father and daughter."

"Eh, but just now you told your father that..."

"It would be better to let Dad listen to what makes him comfortable. Even if I am not his biological daughter, See will still love Dad."

It's something that's been lingering in Dad's mind for a long time because my face doesn't resemble his at all. It's as if I clearly inherited nothing from either my parent. Plus, I was born to a mother who had that kind of profession. So, it's not surprising if Dad has doubts. To clarify things, I secretly got tested and kept it to myself, pretending nothing happened. Even if the test showed Dad isn't my biological father, what's the problem? I've never made it an issue. I still love Dad just the same.

"So that's your father, huh? Since you were little, right?"

"Right? Are you sick or something?"

Because I was really worried, I reached out to touch her forehead to check her temperature, but it was normal. Prang barely answered anything, just remained silent as if she had something on her mind.

"I must really be sick. Today has been the strangest day of my life."

“How strange?”

“Or maybe I’m just dreaming.”

“Good dream or bad dream?”

“I can't explain it either.”

I put my arm around Prang's shoulders like someone who felt close to her. When we arrived at the hospital canteen, I exchanged money for Prang to buy food to eat together. While we were sitting, the secretary kept pushing the food on her plate, so I couldn't help but feel worried. I scooped up my own big fried egg and put it on her plate.

“Eat a lot. Don’t let See worry about you too. Just because Dad is sick, See doesn’t know what to do.”

"So what exactly is wrong with your father?"

“What? You found out before me. Yesterday, you told me that my father had cancer. Why do you look so confused today?” I laughed and looked at the person in front of me with fondness. "You've been working too hard, you need to take a vacation."

"That's right. I must have worked too hard. I woke up and couldn't remember anything."

“Dad has terminal cancer. You volunteered to stay in bed and look after him.”

“Oh… oh, that’s right. It’s cancer.” Prang nodded in understanding before looking up to meet my eyes. “Then why didn’t you tell your father directly?” “Father can’t accept this kind of thing. It’s better to not know. Why do you have to undermine someone who is about to die by telling them that they are going to die?”

"But the truth is important."

“With some people, it’s better not to know the truth… It might be my father’s karma too. He’s deceived many people. Now he’s been deceived by his daughter.”

“That’s right, those con artists."

“Oh,” I laughed and sang along, because I had never heard my secretary use that word with my own family before. “You could say that, but most people call my father a thief. It sounds a bit too sweet.”

"Then you are the child of a thief."

“It’s probably like that. But I’m proud that Dad raised me this way.”

I said something that I had never talked about with anyone, not even my own father. “It made me know more about human tricks than anyone else and how to survive in such a cruel society.”

“Is that good parenting? Raising you like this.”

“Outsiders don’t see it as good. Good parents are the ones who should give their children the highest education, eat the most delicious food, and teach them to be good people.”

But See's father doesn't have the capital to do that. He's good in his own way.

As you know, See's mother works like that."

“Like that?”

"Why do I have to repeat myself? You know me better than I know myself."

“…”

"She's a prostitute, a whore, to put it simply," I recounted my story, almost like reflecting it back to the other person. "My mother brought me to my father and said, 'Here, your daughter. If you don't take her, I'll throw her away.' At first, my father didn't believe that I was his child, but seeing me, he felt sorry and decided to keep me. My mother even planned my life by intending for me to do the same job. Well... uneducated people, wanting easy money, just sell their children."

Prang listened quietly, as if she was stunned by my history. Even though she had heard this story before, it still stunned her every time. Venus was no match, I tell you.

"At first, Dad wasn't serious about it. He thought I could work like Mom, but as time went on, he loved me too much to stick to the plan. He thought I couldn't live in the same society as Mom, so he ran away with me even though he only had two hundred baht. When I was four, Dad couldn't do any work. When he tried to do something, he said it didn't pay enough. When he tried to do something else, he said it was too tiring. In the end, he became a con artist, tricking people out of their money to take care of me every day. Do you know that I could play every kind of gambling in the world since I was eight, especially poker? You could never win against me."

I laughed and showed off something that wasn't really worth showing off.

“And because of poker, I started to observe people. I would know what they were thinking with their body language, if they were considered good cards and bad cards. I would always give my father signals, and the two of us would make a lot of money. By the time the bookie found out that they were cheated, we had already fled far away.”

“Did you graduate?”

"Almost didn't graduate, but I did. What are you asking? It's like you don't know the information at all." I looked at my secretary and laughed, then shrugged off my education with indifference. "These days, you need a piece of paper like that stuck on the wall to build trust, right? Honestly, if it weren't for that family, I probably wouldn't have graduated from university either. It's a chunk of money that has shaped my life to what it is today."

“That family?”

"I never told you this... Once, my father and I planned to pretend to be magicians, using faith to heal diseases and scamming money from the poor. We made a fortune, but my father still thought it wasn't enough, so he came up with a bigger scheme to scam a wealthy family. Their daughter couldn't walk."

Prang was silent and listened intently. I tapped my finger on the table and forgot to eat. Thinking back to the past.

“Father invested in staying in front of that rich family’s house for two weeks to gather news and plan to spread the news to the people in that area to know that there was a divine child born who could see the past, present, and future and had the ability to cure all diseases. And that divine child was…”

“Ms. See.”

“Yes, that family came to my father and asked him to help cure their daughter so she can walk again. They were willing to pay any amount. At that time, See enjoyed deceiving people because it was easy to make money. It was challenging to succeed while she was still young… See deceived that family, that child.”

“Khun See deceived her.”

"Hmm"

“Do you really want that much money?”

“At first, yes, but later, See didn’t want to do it.”

“But you still did it,” that resentful tone made me flinch a little before I laughed.

“Hmm, See still did it because what that child needed was hope. Imagine if that child came to me and I told her… she can’t walk, go back. How would that child feel?”

“At least it’s the truth.”

“The truth won’t cure you, hope will. And that’s what I gave her.” I opened my palm and clenched it a few times as I remembered the touch I just had. “I grabbed her leg, thinking to myself that if I really had the power, I would heal her. But in reality, I was just an ordinary person, nothing more than massaging her leg with my own two hands and talking.”

“…”

"See told her that after gaining the power, everything from now on depends on her. If she doesn't fight, she won't be able to get up... Don't be afraid to fall. Even if you fall, it won't hurt because See's power will support you. Something like that."

“You just said that.”

“Hmm, I just said that. It’s difficult to buy motivation and make her believe that she has special powers because she already received power from a special childlike See without knowing that if she could walk again, it was all her own willpower. See just has to light the fire. As for her, she has to keep that hope going. See also told her that if she could walk again, See would take her to run in a wide area. Whatever she wants to do, See would do it too.”

“…”

“I still remember that child’s dream was… to ride horses, to jump, to ride a bike, to play football, to do Scottish darts like a soldier. Listening to each of those things makes me tired.”

There was a faint smile from Prang sent to me along with tears in her eyes.

When I saw that, I couldn't help but reach out and wipe it away affectionately.

“What? You’re so moved just by listening to this… I also told her that if she could walk, she should do something about her life that I wanted to do, which are… swimming and playing the piano.”

“Why do you have to swim?”

"I can't swim, but if she can, I'd like her to teach me. As for the piano, I can't afford to learn and play it because it's too expensive. But she has the means; she can definitely do it."

"Do you think she can walk now?"

“She can walk now. She has grown into a good adult. It’s a pity that she doesn’t remember me. But it’s not strange because I didn’t remember her at first either.”

"And who is that woman?"

"India"

We were all quiet, so I changed the subject by lifting my leg and nudging Prang under the table.

“We were having so much fun talking. You still haven’t eaten any rice or fish.”

“You tried to talk to Miss India because you recognized her.”

"Hmm"

“Then why don’t you tell her that you remember?”

“I don’t know if she’ll consider me as a friend. I tricked her, and when she grew up, she didn’t seem to believe in that kind of thing. She looks at me in a very negative light, and she keeps insisting that what I did was a scam. She must have figured it out by now that I don’t have any powers, but I tricked her parents out of hundreds of thousands of baht so that a girl could massage another girl’s legs,” I laughed. "But there's no need to remind her of that. It's better to get to know each other anew. I believe that we will become close eventually."

"I thought you wanted to be close because she's Narin's ex-wife."

“Oh, Narin,” I waved my hands in annoyance. “For me, he’s just a man who’s come and gone. I have to make India see through this and make her believe that we’re not related in any way, so that’s why I see this kind of person. But I have ethics. I won’t get involved with the ex-boyfriend of someone I want to be friends with.”

“Just want to be friends?”

"You like to be pessimistic. Be my friend."

"Don't you like her at all?"

“I like her, but she probably doesn’t see me that way. She’s second to you, the one I don’t want to ruin our relationship with. If she thinks of me as a friend, then we’ll just be friends.”

"It means that if she likes you in that way, you will like her too."

“I don’t want to speculate on things that haven’t happened yet… Look,” I flicked my finger and shoved the water in my glass in Prang’s face. “I have so many doubts. I can’t finish my rice. Why am I talking so much about myself today? Normally, I don’t talk like this. I guess I am sad about my father.”

“…”

"Thank you, Ms. Prang. Thank you for always being a good friend to me, even though we are in the status of boss and subordinate. But I still see you as a friend."

"What if Prang likes you?"

I looked at the secretary who looked different today than usual, and couldn't help but reach out and press my hand to her forehead again.

“It seems like you're really sick today. We talked about it before that the two of us... It's never going to happen, and also,”

"What is it?"

“You have a husband.”

In short, Prang refused to go home, even though I told her to go rest, claiming that she preferred staying in the hospital. As for me, I felt a little bad for her because if I left her with my father, he would make a scene again. In the end, we both stayed and looked after each other. Today, Prang really looked different. She didn't seem as agile as usual. I told her to put the flowers in a vase, but she seemed stingy and didn't know how to arrange them. In the end, my father, who was allergic to the flowers, ordered her to throw them away so there was no need to arrange them.

**See:** Good night and sweet dreams.

I, who send messages to India every day, waited for the other party to open and read it. But today, there was no response or even a Read message. Prang, who was sitting next to me, saw that I was frowning, so she pressed her finger in the middle and said something like a joke.

“Your eyebrows are in a knot. What are you doing? Why do you look stressed?”

“Today, India has not opened any messages.”

“Is she dead?”

“You idiot, how can someone just die out of nowhere?"

“Why don’t you try calling her and see if she’s dead?”

"You seem strangely enthusiastic today," said Prang, and I started to feel worried. "But I've never called for anything other than work. What if she doesn't answer?"

"That means she might be dead..."

“Do you want her to die? She can’t die. She is still young. There’s no reason to call her.”

"Can you please not be a coward? You seem brave about everything. Is it so difficult to just call a woman?"

Being challenged out of the blue makes me stretch in disbelief. I am Sai See, who has never lost to anyone and will never let anyone win. How hard can it be with just a phone!

You can try calling her. If she doesn't pick up, she's dead. Deal."

“…”

I tried calling India, but as expected, the other party never even replied to my message. As for answering the phone outside of work hours, it was impossible.

"Not answering the phone, probably asleep."

“Would you like to try visiting her at home?”

“Are you crazy? We’re not that close. If I suddenly drop by, what will she think?”

“But I want to know.”

“You want to know more about In than See,” I laughed before looking at the chat program again. “If she doesn’t read Line, is it possible that I got blocked? If I am blocked, no matter what I send, she won’t read it, right?”

“It doesn’t say unread, but there’s no message showing up from her. It’s like I am talking to myself.”

"How cruel. Hmph. Just sending this much. Why do you have to be so annoying?"

"No matter what a person does, it's wrong."

I glanced at the secretary, who kept talking to me, and made a sullen face.

"Today, you're not being nice at all. You urged me to call, but when he didn't answer, you mocked me. Where’s the encouragement?”

“When something doesn’t go your way, you get irritated, don’t you? It’s so cute.”

“…”

“…”

I glanced at Prang that I was suddenly admiring and felt a little empty.

Before quickly clearing my throat to get rid of that strange feeling,

“Better go to sleep. Actually, you don’t have to stay here tonight… But, when you come to work with me, doesn’t your husband complain that I work you too hard?”

"I don't know either."

“How would you not know? That’s your husband. I heard you’re trying to have a baby together recently. Go back and make a baby more often so it will come soon.”

"I don't want to go back in anymore."

“Huh?”

"I don't want to know anything anymore. Today, I'm single for a day," Prang threw herself down on the sofa that folded into a bed, leaving a little space for me.

"Tomorrow, I should find a way to get India to meet up," I muttered softly and then lay down. "Hmph, she doesn't answer my calls. Is she really blocking me? So cruel! No one has ever treated me like this before. Everyone else just wants to be my friend."

“No one wants to be your friend because you don’t share your friendliness with them.”

“Crazy. I am so friendly.”

“You are the one who charms them. That’s why you never have any friends except your girlfriend. Even with Miss India, you flirt with her without even realizing it.”

“India probably doesn’t know it’s a flirt. She probably doesn’t think anything of it.”

"How do you know she doesn't think?"

“You think India does?”

“…”

"Hey, not answering my question."

“…”

"Feigning sleep again, this secretary is not cute at all. Fine, I'll sleep." I pulled the blanket and lay on my side, turning my back to the secretary. But after a while, the person next to me turned towards me and draped an arm over me, hugging me as if I were a pillow.

I could only lie there stiffly because I didn't know what to do. I still remember the atmosphere that happened between us just now, even though it had never happened before since we had known each other.

"If you haven't fallen asleep yet, Prang will tell you that today is a good day."

"Hmm."

“I got to know you from a different perspective.”

I need to start thinking about my own charm. It seems like it's too much of a sham!

# CHAPTER 8 : Retort

"If it's just a cold, why do I have to stay in the hospital? I'm dying of boredom. Dad will leave today, right now!"

My father's heroic deeds every day give me a headache. Even though the doctor wants my father to stay alive, it seems that he can't take it anymore. It can be said that even though his body is not in good shape, if he is bored, it would be better to die outside.

After consulting the doctor, even though I didn't agree with him, but when I thought that it was the last period, the patient should want to go home and do whatever they wanted, so the doctor allowed him to go home. But in reality, my father didn't even know what was wrong with him. How could I let him go out and do whatever he wanted?

"Okay, if you want to leave, then leave. Then go live with me."

“What mood are you in? Normally, just seeing your father is enough for you to refuse. Now you're even inviting him.”

"Well, Dad is old. Why should he stay alone? He doesn't have a new wife."

“Only it has been thrown away.”

“It should be left behind. Dad stole gold and sold it, then replaced it with fake gold. Only the real hook remains. Who could stand Dad?”

"This is your dad, sweetheart," Dad shook his head. "No, I love freedom. I can go wherever I want."

"What if you cough up blood and faint again?"

“I just came to see the doctor. Don’t you think you’re caring too much about me? Are you sure I just have a cold?” My father gave me a suspicious look. But because I’ve learned to lie very cleverly, my body language will never catch me.

“Dad has a cold, but he’s old, so he has to go home and stay with me, or else I won’t send him any money.”

“Nonsense! What can I do if you threaten me like this?”

"Being with your daughter, what's the big deal? If you’re bored and want to play cards, invite your friends to come over to play.”

“No, you are my daughter. I don't want any man coming in and out without knowing... Let me think about it first. Being with my daughter makes me feel like a burden. I can’t accept that.”

"But anyway, today, Dad still has to come back and stay with me until he really gets better. Then he can go out and have fun. That's the deal." I finished my sentence. Dad opened his mouth to protest, so I had to silence him with money by saying... "If you go back to sleep at my house, I'll give you ten thousand."

“See”

Money can always buy my father.

In the end, my father agreed to go home obediently. As for the secretary who had disappeared on the phone, after a long time, she returned with a sullen face and stomped her feet in frustration.

“My husband is really upset.”

"Yes, there’s no reason at all. They say Prang has been holed up with you for two days without coming home... crazy. I remember only sleeping for one day." “Two days, you come stay with my father for a day, then sleep in the hospital for another day. I even tell you to go back home and sleep, afraid that your husband will scold you.”

“I can’t remember anything, but that’s it. He should understand that it’s a ghost job!”

“You are in a completely different mood today than yesterday,” I laughed fondly before consoling her with my own power. “I’ll give you a seven-month bonus at the end of this year.”

“Wow, okay, I’m not irritated anymore.”

“You should go home. I’ll take care of Dad. You need to have your own life.”

Prang asked to go back first. As for me, I will take my father back home as a good daughter. To tell the truth, I haven't had much time to fulfill my duties as a daughter because I've been busy making money, and my father likes his independence. So all I can do to take care of him is send him money. I don't know how to deal with illnesses at all. So I will take this opportunity to take care of my father like a filial daughter like you see on TV.

“Father, do you remember the family that used to pay us a lot of money twenty years ago?”

“I can’t remember. I tricked a lot of people. Which family?”

“His daughter can’t walk, and I have to stay at her house for two weeks. Everything is in disarray,” I reminded him. My father frowned, then snapped his fingers as if an idea had come to him.

“I remember now. That family is really rich. I remember that they were willing to pay us 200,000 at that time… Twenty years ago, it was quite a lot. Why?”

"His daughter can walk now."

“Really? Hey, do you really have superpowers? Wish your dad a lot of money playing Pokdeng.”

“Are you going to play again?”

“I’m bored. Dad’s old. Cough.” Dad pretended to cough, which made me pout.

"Dad just has a cold. Don't act like you have cancer." Even though Dad really has cancer, I know he's just faking it.

"You said you would be a good child, but you can't even give a simple blessing."

“Just knowing that Dad is going to squander my ten thousand baht makes my heart hurt.”

"I promise I'll only play with a thousand. You know, your father loves you the most. He just plays to kill time. Most of the time, he cheats them, hehehe."

My father is really like that. No matter how much he likes to gamble, when it comes to money that I earn, he will be very stingy, as if he feels sorry for me that I have to earn money so that he can easily pay other people. I myself don't want to hinder my father's happiness, so I don't say much.

"If you want to play, then play. I don't mind."

“You’re so kind, my daughter… Oh, go on and tell me. But how did you know that child could walk? Where did you get the news?”

"I met that kid. She's all grown up now."

"Does she remember you? Hey, hurry up and go claim the favor. Tell her that if it weren't for you, she wouldn't be here today. And ask for a lot of money."

“What are you going to do with so much money? You’re already incredibly rich. I’m tired of having to deceive and give people false hope.”

"Oh, the work you're doing these days is for the good of the people, isn't it, you’re a life coach?"

"Just being sarcastic, I just want to let you know, in case one day you meet her."

“Father might not even remember her.”

"But I think if you meets her, you will definitely remember her. I even remember her parents." Even though I told my father that, I still believe that there is a chance that I will get it.

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We rarely meet because most of the time, India will go to my new house to measure the area rather than meeting at my current house where I live. I'm just keeping it in mind. There might be a day when she accidentally meet my father. Who knows?

After I got home, I tidied up my dad's room. Then I thought of the sweet face I hadn't seen for a day. It was actually just a moment, but I felt like it had been too long. Hmm... Should I read the message? I'll just take a look.

Read...

The message was read. I smiled again, feeling glad that India didn't block me like the secretary said. Since I had nothing to do today, I'd rather pretend to call.

*Riiing...*

The phone rang about twice, and the other end answered in a normal tone. I, who had been preparing to not resist, quickly spoke out cheerfully.

“Hello, Ms. India. It’s me, See.”

[Yes, the number says it's you. Is something wrong?]

“Are you....are you alright?”

It's a bit of a strange question, because last night, she didn't open it and read it. Plus, Prang insisted that India might be dead. That's why I couldn't help but ask this question.

"Not dead yet. I'm fine... You look so worried. To the point of calling. Hehe."

I widened my eyes slightly in surprise. Normally, India would never say anything long to me, but today she was the one who continued the sentence and even laughed. How could I not be surprised? This was not normal.

"Just called to check in on you as a friendly person would, have you eaten?"

[Are you looking for a reason to go out and meet me?]

Oops, dead thread...a trap

"I just asked if you had eaten or not. I didn't say anything."

[I thought you were going to invite me to eat, aren't you going to invite me?]

Honestly, right now I feel like I've been hit in the head with a hammer and I don't know what to do next because I didn't expect the other party to come with such a strange conversation. What should I do next? I haven't even thought of a plot to counter it.

"If I invite you, will you go?"

[Try inviting me and see if I'll say yes or no.] The playful tone at the end made me smile a little, not understanding the situation, but it was a good sign.

“Want to go eat together?”

[What should we talk about while we eat?]

“Of course we have to talk about work. I want to know how far along we are after the conversation that day.”

[It's only been one day since we met. You're so impatient.]

"That's true."

No more jokes...

[But an update would be nice. It seems like In still wants a few more details. So, just to confirm, are you available to meet?]

“It's convenient!”

[It should be really convenient. The tone sounds very active. Let's have afternoon tea at In's favorite shop. Do you know the Tea Bar?]

“I think I heard that before. I’ll just turn on the GPS.”

[Oh... anything is fine, right? Hehe] The sound of a chuckle from the person on the other end of the line made it impossible for me not to ask.

“You’re in a good mood today, In. Is there anything special?”

Are you high on drugs or something? Of course I didn't ask.

[Is it bad to be in a good mood, or do you like it more when I’m in a bad mood?]

“It’s not like that. It’s just…” I couldn’t adjust myself, but it wouldn’t be good to say it like that. “That’s good. You’re friendly, Inversion. I’ll see you at the restaurant, okay?”

[Are you leaving now? I'm leaving now.]

“I’m going out. How can I let you waiting? That’s so rude.”

[Okay, then I'll see you later. If I don't rush back today, I'll invite... the prettyfaced one… She was quiet. [Let's meet first, okay?]

“That’s right…” I followed along, feeling absent-minded. The person on the other end of the line laughed in a good mood and hung up. When I came to my senses, I quickly looked for the key and grabbed it in my hand. “Dad, I am going out to do some errands first. I’ll be back soon.”

“No need to hurry, I want to be alone.”

“This is your child.”

"That's it... where's the money? You said you'd give it to your father."

"I'll transfer it to you via mobile phone."

“Modern, don’t rush back, it’s annoying.”

"Then I'll call every hour to know what Dad is doing."

“I won’t answer the phone. I’m lazy.”

“No, otherwise I will go home early.”

“I’ll take it. I just have a cold. What’s the big deal?”

In the end, I had to let my father be alone and transferred money to him via mobile phone. To be honest, I felt a little guilty for not staying home even though I knew my father was sick. But I wanted to meet India who seemed to be in a good mood today.

I don't want to miss that moment.

It's okay. Dad said he'd pick up the phone. There's nothing to worry about.

I arrived at the aforementioned sipping shop first, ordering only a light drink. While waiting, about ten minutes from the appointed time, Idia walked into the shop. I was sitting there staring out, thinking about random things, and was startled a little before smiling and greeting the beautiful interior designer who was waiting for me.

“Sorry I’m late. Parking is really hard to find.”

"It's okay. I understand. I can wait."

“Is it difficult to travel?”

"It's not difficult at all."

"That's probably true. You came before In. Then, let's order something to eat while we talk, okay?" India took the responsibility of ordering the menu that she said was the shop's signature dish. She also ordered a refreshing mint tea to eat with the dessert. I was looking at her with enjoyment, but she stared back. That made me flinch a little.

“What are you looking at? Is there something stuck on my face?”

“No, it's just that I find you pleasing to the eye. By the way, what does you want to..."

"Do you have any further questions?" I rubbed my hands in preparation. "Feel free to ask."

“Do you want to ask anything more?”

"Oh, didn't you say that you wanted more information and details about the model?"

There was a hint of surprise on her face before she pretended to remember something.

“That’s right. It’s not much. I have an idea that if the room is too bare, should we find a talented artist to draw on the walls? Then we won’t have to find anything to put in the room to clutter it up.”

"That's good. Do what you think is good."

"Then, here it is." The sweet-faced person took the organizer and jotted down a few notes before closing it. Everyone fell silent, not knowing what to talk about next.

“Is that all?”

"Huh? Oh, that's all."

"Actually, we talked on the..." I paused before realizing that it would be better not to say anything. Meeting her in person is definitely better than talking on the phone.

"But don't you have to go to the company, Ms. In? How come you can come out for tea?"

"I said I'm going out to meet clients. What would the company dare to say? But in fact... here, I can work from home because it's my father's company. I only go to the company when I have meetings about various plans."

"Why did you choose to study this?"

“I like drawing. It’s fun. I get to make a room beautiful. When customers like it,

I’m happy.”

“But your room is completely white and empty. There are almost no things.”

“And how do you know?”

When I was asked about this, I remembered and kept making excuses.

"Just guess from the personalities. You know that I am good at guessing." Let's change the subject. "And where did you design the first piece? Can you tell me?"

“At home, my first customer was In’s father. Hmm… I just remembered,” the sweet-faced person paused for a moment to let the waiter put down the teapot that had been brought to serve. “In might not be able to come out to talk about work for the next few days. I have to go out of town.”

Act like it's a normal meeting. She's in a good mood today... But since you've already mentioned this much, let's ask some more questions.

"Where are you going? Traveling?"

“It wasn’t exactly a vacation. My mother wanted to go to Chiang Mai to worship Buddha, so I took the opportunity to go relax. That house was the first piece that In designed.”

“I really want to see it with my own eyes,” I said, teasingly.

“Do you want to go?”

“Huh?”

“…”

“Are you inviting me to go with you?”

"You wanted to go see it, didn't you?"

Why does everything seem so easy these days? The person who used to have a wall that was so high up in the sky now invites me to go out with her without any hesitation, as if we had never hated each other before.

“Has anything good happened?”

“Well… just a little. Why?”

“Won the lottery?”

"In doesn't play the lottery."

"Then what makes you so happy?"

"Then what made you think that In was so happy?"

“Well…” I couldn’t help but speak from what I knew. “When people are very happy about something, they shouldn’t rush into doing something they’ll regret later. That’s why they say to stay calm when they’re happy or angry.”

“Will inviting you to go with me make you regret it later?”

“It was...”

"Are you going?" The question that seemed to be demanding an answer made me speechless. "If Khun See is not available, then..."

“Let’s go!” I replied almost immediately, afraid that the other person would change her mind. India smiled a little and asked in a teasing tone.

"Are you sure, Khun See? Are you feeling happy about something when you answer this?"

I straightened up and looked at the sweet-faced person with a smile before scratching my neck in embarrassment.

"Good at retorting"

"Then if you agree to this, you won't regret it later, right?"

"And is there anything that I will regret later on about going to Chiang Mai with you this time?"

"You're the one who's being sarcastic."

## “You can invite anyone to go with you as a friend. There are many rooms.”

These were India's final words and I chose "Dad" to go as a respectable follower, even though I hesitated between letting him go with me or not, because I was afraid that the family of the sweet-faced person would remember our heroic deeds as father and daughter. But before I could make up my mind, when I got home I saw Dad's message stuck on the dining table, along with a lot of food covered with a food cover.

*“Dad bought this for you to eat. Today, I’m in luck.*

*I return the capital so that I won't see it as a favor, and I don’t want to be with you. It's annoying.*

*Your father."*

After seeing the message, I immediately called my dad, but the call was cut off every time. This means he doesn't want to listen to my persuasion. If he doesn't want to meet, no one can force him. Damn it, I should have been more careful with my dad. He didn't just have a cold!

While I was feeling stressed and worried that something might happen to my father and there would be no one to take care of him, it was like India had a sixth sense and knew when to make people feel good.

Hmm...

**India:** Good night and sweet dreams.

Stress is gone....

# CHAPTER 9 : Contract

I don't travel by car to other provinces very often because I love comfort. Most of the time, if I go, I take a plane or something to save time. But now, I'm willing to sit with my back bent in a van for more than ten hours with India who comes with her family. Everyone welcomes me warmly and no one remembers that they've met me before. Or I try to keep my head down so that no one will remember me or anything like that. Actually, I wanted to bring Prang along on this trip because she had a guest quota, but the secretary wanted to spend more time with her family, which I didn't make any arrangements for.

By the time we all arrived at the family vacation home, it was around 6am the next morning. You could say that I had practically become one with the seats of this van. But I had to admit that the fatigue from the long journey was worth it. Because the house on the hill with the low clouds hanging like a painting, you can't find it anywhere else. Just a little bit more and I could jump and catch the clouds.

"Here we are! This is In's family home."

India proudly waved her hand at her house, which was too beautiful not to show off. The house was situated on a bare hill with only a low wooden fence separating it, indicating its simplicity. The design of the building indicated modernity. The exposed concrete walls mixed with wood made the house blend in with nature very well.

“The house is so beautiful.”

“My father designed it.”

“Your father is an architect, isn’t he? What’s so great about this? Your father designed the house, while you took care of the interior design." I looked at her and made a comparison between India and her father, who was standing nearby, before sharing my observations. “They say that children get inspiration from people close to them. If your parents are doctors, you will also be influenced by them. It seems true.”

“What about your parents? What do they do for a living? Why did you become a life coach?”

When asked about this, I stood on my heels and couldn't think of an answer.

"My father is a doctor."

“Doctors treat people?”

“Fortune teller” I am not lying. My father used to be a fortune teller, but that’s it…a fortune teller full of guesswork, and I got it all from my father. Nothing is missing.

“Does it look accurate?”

“What should I say?” I didn’t answer. India’s mother walked towards us and invited us to enter the house. I admired the simple interior design because the owner of the work claimed before coming that this was his first work. “You grew up well.”

"You're using such old words," India put her hand into her pocket, feeling shy.

“That’s true. You are very skilled and talented in what you do. I feel good about choosing you.”

“You must decorate the house for me.”

“Did you choose In because of her work?”

"Well, it has to be that way, right?"

“Uh-huh.” The sweet-faced person made a face like she wanted to say something, then changed her plan by taking me to see around the house, especially the swimming pool at the back. When I saw the swimming pool, I stopped my legs and walked around it, not getting too close for fear of falling.

“It’s so cold up on the mountain, is there still a swimming pool?”

“I like swimming. I like to kick the water with my legs. When I started walking, my father immediately dug this pond for me so that I could come and play in the water.”

"Is that so?"

"You never asked when I can walk."

“I think you should be able to walk by the age of one or two. Is that abnormal?” I pretended not to know to make it look natural. India pouted a little before asking to go inside.

“I just remembered that you haven’t had a drink yet. I’ll go get you some water. Stay here for now.”

"It's okay, Ms. In..."

Not yet... but seeing her eagerness, I couldn't help but smile. Now, she has become very agile, unlike before when she would sit in a wheelchair or be in her father's arms. She can do everything by herself, take me on a tour of the house, and even has a swimming pool where she can kick her legs.

Even though I arrived here, I still didn't forget to call my dad. And as usual, he still didn't pick up the phone and hung up on me three more times to remind me that he was fine and too lazy to talk.

After giving up, I started looking around for India, who said she was going to get me some water to drink. Then, I followed her into the house, which was quite...

The spacious area was filled with loud noises coming from the central hall, and that made me hesitate to show my face because the mother and daughter were arguing loudly about dragging India to find the monk at the temple.

"No monk can help me, Mom. If it's over, it's over. I won't go back. I can’t be with Narin," the sweet-faced one firmly insisted. But Mom still tried her best to persuade her.

“Every couple has problems. I think you are too hasty to divorce… Let’s go see the monk at this temple first. If he says you can’t go back and be together, then don’t go back.”

“Does Mom trust the monk more than me who has been living with Narin? We’re not going back, Mom. We've moved past that point. Right now, I'm happy. Can't you respect my decision?"

“Mom doesn’t want to see your family fail like this.”

"Well, if it's not the right person, it's not the right person. Mom, don't force me."

When I saw that the two of them were starting to make noise, I cleared my throat to signal my presence. I was actually trying to stay quiet, but I couldn't help but chime in. The mother and daughter had already fallen silent, giving me an indifferent smile, so I took this opportunity to show that I had heard everything.

“Excuse me for interrupting. Would it be alright if I said something?” I pretended to be slightly shy, and when the adults were quiet, I considered it my permission to express my opinion. "Well, I do have some knowledge in this area. Would it be okay if I read your fortune, Miss In?"

"Do you know fortune telling?" Her mother, who had believed in this with all her heart, was thrilled when she heard that I had supernatural powers.

“It’s not exactly fortune telling. It just flashed into my head like I saw an image…” I walked towards her mother and reached out to touch her arm, making a surprised gesture. "Mom, you have a gift too, don't you? You probably do."

“I have made a lot of merit.”

"Yes, mother has made a lot of merit."

"See saw that your mother was wearing white too."

"Recently, my mother just went to ordain as a monk."

In fact, while I was sleeping in the car, I overheard her mother telling a story about her ordination as a nun in a temple that was far from civilization. To build credibility, I had to dig up the past and emphasize it a bit.

“Mom has difficulty having children, right? You’ve been married for almost five years and you still haven’t had a child… Oh… Is this India? I can see it.”

“Have you seen India?”

"Yes, India appeared faintly behind you. You have your daughter in... India."

“You’re so good, Miss See!” This time, her mother reached out to grab me with admiration. This information was something I remembered from the past, when my father went around looking for news of India to ask for money. I never thought that it would be useful now.

“I’m not that good. I just have a vague idea. It’s like this, Mom. From what I’ve seen of you holding hands, it seems like… you asked for a child from a god, right?”

“Uh-huh.”

“A divine child cannot marry an ordinary person. She is too high above. It's like... the moral standards don't match. You see, India's moral standards are very high. The only person who can marry her, if not a prince from a faraway country, must be a monk.”

“Are you crazy? Then how can Mom let me marry a monk?”

"Isn't it?...I mean, your husband, In." I stopped holding her mother's hand and pretended to touch India's hand, while continuing to act.

"Your husband, In, is a person with a lot of merit, but he has already used it all up in his marriage with you. Once the merit is gone, the two of you can no longer be together. The longer you stay together, the worse it will get for your husband, his business will fail, his life will shorten, and it will also lead to your illness."

“Is this true?”

"Hey, when you were a kid, did you have any disabilities? It seems like I noticed that you... have all thirty-two, but they seem unusable."

"When she was little, she couldn't walk," her mother said, and as soon as she mentioned it, she walked over to the sofa to sit down. My guess was too accurate, and I didn't think I would know this much. "So, in the end, In and Narin can't be together, right?"

"If she gets back together with her husband, she will never be able to walk again. Mom has to make a trade."

Of course, someone who has fought hard to help their daughter walk all this time, and even believes in something like this, would easily back down when told there has to be an 'exchange.' They wouldn't insist on taking her to the monk anymore. So now, the daughter is safe from being dragged to the temple, but instead, she is left with me at the lodge, which seems to please her since she no longer has to be forced.

"Very smooth, right?"

"What did you say?"

The sweet-faced person who suddenly spoke up made me ask again. When I saw the smile that seemed to have a hidden meaning on that face, I couldn't help but wonder what that person was thinking.

“I mean, you had a vision too. I didn’t think before that you would have this ability. I’ve never heard of it.”

“Well...it comes sometimes.”

"Thank you for helping me talk to my mom."

"Never mind."

"Let's go run and play."

"Yes... Huh?" India, who quickly changed the subject, grabbed my wrist and dragged me to the back of the house. In addition to the swimming pool, there was also a path that stretched as far as the eye could see. I secretly saw that there were cows neighing. "Going for a run?"

"Yes. Did I say something wrong?"

"It sounds a bit strange, like going back to childhood. No one has invited me to run like this in a long time. The last time I was invited was to go in a marathon.”

Then I told my date who asked me to run a marathon that I didn't want to go. We stopped contacting each other.

Come on...

I hate the heat of the Thai sun.

"The place is so wide and the weather isn't hot either."

"But there's sun, it makes my skin dark..."

“Go quickly!”

India ran ahead of me and beckoned. I, who was still confused, could only stand there motionless because I couldn't handle it. Until the sweet-faced person put her hands on her hips and rested her legs as if looking for trouble.

“Can you stop being so coy? If I told you to run, then run.”

Are you threatening me? Do you think I'll be scared? No one in this world has ever forced me. If I don't want to run, I won't run.

"Whoever reaches that tree first wins."

You can run!

I ran ahead, passing India's body without making a sound. The sweet-faced person seemed to be stunned because she couldn't handle it. When she got her bearings, she shouted and yelled loudly.

“Cheater!”

The sound of sweet-faced footsteps followed me closely. Being a loser, I couldn't help but run even harder. But in the end, India overtook me and touched the tree that marked the finish line first.

"Win"

"Well, you exercise often."

"While you're not exercising, you need to have a respite."

I bent down, grabbed my knees, and gasped to get some air. How long had it been since I last exerted myself? I couldn't say I was old because we were about the same age, but India still looked so energetic.

"We can make an appointment for a rematch whenever you want."

"Now!"

I took the opportunity to cheat again and ran back to where I came from. There was laughter chasing after me before I ran past again and everything was the same.

I lost...

“No more. Enough.” I sat down beside the pool like someone who had no strength to do anything. India, who had arrived first, dipped her feet into the pool and kicked me playfully.

“Even though you cheat and still lose, you can’t handle it.”

“You’re too strong. Do you eat cows and buffalo?” I looked at the little girl’s slender legs that were soaking in the water with a sense of amazement. She could run incredibly fast.

“Exercising my legs every day is definitely better than people who don’t exercise their bodies… Plus, I’m afraid that if I don’t move, I won’t be able to walk again.”

“So this is it.” When I could move, I was afraid that I would go back to the way I was, so I had to do something to feel safe or something like that.

“I know how to swim too.”

“You’re so good at so many things. I feel so inferior seeing how much you can do." I looked at the water in the pool and started to feel scared after I came back to my senses. "I can't swim at all."

“Do you want to know how to swim?”

"I want to, but..."

“Then swim!”

"Scream!"

I was pushed into the pool without warning. My fear of water made me sink further and further. Since the bottom of the pool was deep, I managed to bounce out of the pool to come out of the water and call for help.

“Help me, See can’t swim.”

“Kick your legs, kick your legs, and wave your hands in a circle in front of you.”

"No, I can't do it."

“You can do it. Anyone can do this.”

"Help, ah..."

I was beginning to panic and sank lower and lower. Not long after, I heard the sound of water splashing from under the water. India jumped down and helped me climb up. In my shock, I hurriedly clung to the creature as if I was trying to survive and pushed the smaller person's head down into the water. However, India, who was still conscious, tried to push me to the edge of the pool. When I put my arm on the pool, a sweet-faced person surfaced with hair covering her face.

“You’re struggling a lot.”

“What the hell are you doing?!” I shouted angrily and pushed India away. This was the first time I had ever gotten so angry and exploded at her, and I never thought this day would come. India, who looked stunned, tried to smile and explain.

"I want you to be able to swim."

“Isn’t there a better way? People who can’t swim, do you know how scary it is to be in the water like this? You had fun, but I didn’t.” I led myself to the stairs and quickly backed away from the pool. India followed me, trying to talk calmly, but I was too angry to look at her.

"See, are you really angry?"

“Oh!” I barely noticed that the sweet-faced person had called my name without you leading the way. One of the petite person’s hands grabbed my wrist to pull me to talk, but I shook it off angrily. “Don’t touch me.”

"Sorry."

“Why are you doing this?”

The sweet-faced person started to make a face like someone who felt extremely guilty. My anger that had been erupting when I saw that started to fade away, but I still felt irritated.

"I promised you."

“What promise?”

"If I can walk again, I'll teach you how to swim."

# CHAPTER 10 : Good Looking Friend

After India said that, I could only open my mouth like someone who couldn't control my emotions. I was both happy that she remembered me and angry that she was teasing me like this. I had just survived death. How could I say, "Oh my gosh, you remember me now? I'm so embarrassed." It's a big deal.

“Even though you remember that I can’t swim, you still does this. This is annoying.”

I took a deep breath and was about to run into the house, but India ran up to me and grabbed my arm before I could, and I immediately looked guilty.

“Are you angry?”

"If it were you, would you be in a good mood?"

"Sorry."

Hearing that, I pursed my lips tightly before turning around and walking back into the house to my bedroom as usual, wanting to calm down. But after taking a shower and changing clothes and spending some time by myself, that guilty face and that whiny voice like a little kitten made me unable to help but shake my head.

Damn it, I can't get over my anger this quickly just because that girl behaved like that.

Cute!

**Now I'm no longer angry...**

But the atmosphere between us was remained tense until dinner time. Her mother, who now thought of me as a magician, took good care of me and told me the stories I had predicted to India's father. The sweet-faced one listened quietly and didn't smile much, which surprised her mother.

"What's wrong, Nong In? Why do you look so quiet?"

“Traveling a long distance is tiring.”

"What’s going on? You’ve been here all day, not even going to the temple with mom. Look at mom, she just came back from the temple and the market, and she still has energy left!" Her mother turned to me and asked with concern.

“How is Khun See? Are you tired too?”

"Well, there are some, but right now everything is fine. The food is very delicious, and the accommodation is good with a swimming pool." As soon as I said this, India hurriedly focused on eating after fiddling with her food for a long time. The atmosphere of the meal continued until it got dark. Everyone went their separate ways to do their own things. For example, the father went to watch TV, while the mother read a book and prayed beside him. Seeing India quietly walk away, I followed her until we reached the foot of the stairs where the sweet-faced person was going up.

"Are you going to bed already?" I asked. India turned to look at me for a moment and nodded.

"Yes."

“It’s only 7pm. If you go to bed early, what will I do?"

"Ms. See, go to sleep."

“I stay up late. I usually send a good night message to you at 11:00 pm.”

“There’s not much to do here. I’m sorry for making you bored, See.”

"Shall we go stargazing?" I said awkwardly, but India was quiet for a moment and then asked back, as if she was sulking.

"Aren't you angry at me anymore?"

“I’m not angry.” I rolled my eyes a little and smiled dryly. “I might have been a bit emotional back then, but I’m okay now. If Khun In doesn’t go stargazing with me this time, I will be really angry. I am giving you a chance to make up for it.”

“Isn’t apologizing enough?”

"This is me trying to make up with you." This time I opened my own card and made a pouty face. "I know you're being a bit too emotional, but can't we just get over it? We ran and played together today. You don't know how much I hate running in the sun."

A faint smile appeared at the corner of India's mouth before she decided to turn back and not go up the stairs as she had originally intended. When I saw that, I sighed in relief.

"The reconciliation has been completed."

"In isn't angry at you at all."

“You’re not angry. You’re just upset because you didn’t think I would yell at you like that,” I said as someone who can read people, and I put on a face of deep regret. “Also, don’t stay mad for too long. I’m not good at it.”

"Who is really angry? The one who wants to teach swimming yelled at me."

“When you were a child, you weren’t this naughty. You were still acting pitiful, wearing a big skirt, sitting in a wheelchair, looking sick. At that time, I imagined you growing up.”

“You have to be a sweet, gentle girl who likes to run in a lavender field while spinning around surrounded by butterflies like a Fine Line advertisement.”

“And how is it now?”

"You are so full of energy, it's like you've eaten the strength of a horse and an ox. Just a little more and you'll be an Olympic athlete. The way you spin, it's as if you're about to throw a buoy across the finish line."

“When did you first recognize me? The first time you met me?”

When I was asked about this, I didn't know how to answer because I remember when I spent a day as her husband, it was like a drama. If I told her, she would think I was crazy, so I shrugged and gave an ambiguous answer.

“Not exactly. It felt familiar. Then I remembered it was you. How about you? When did you remember me?”

“I don’t know how to answer. All I know is that you are no different now than when you were a child. You still seem cunning, sly, and sneaky. Like when you pretended to read my mother’s fortune, you didn’t have any problems.”

We both silently locked eyes with each other, then laughed awkwardly before turning away and scratching our necks, while the other person continued to scratch the ground with her feet, not knowing what to do.

"I’m sorry"

"Huh?"

“It’s about how my father and I deceived your family,” I said, feeling embarrassed, and raised my hand to scratch my neck. “Even now, I still feel guilty about you. Even when I grew up, you were the only case that I never forget and still feel guilty about until now.”

"I believe it." She just nodded and smiled like someone who truly believed it, which surprised me.

“Why don’t you look angry?”

"Isn't it good?"

"But my father and I cheated your mother out of a lot of money."

“Even if your father didn’t deceive her, my mother would have let others deceive her anyway. On the contrary, you are a trustworthy child of a god, making me truly believe that one day I would be able to walk, and I really did.”

I smiled dryly and looked at the legs of the sweet-faced person with admiration from my heart.

“You grew up really well, India. You live like a normal person, healthy, with a good job, and can do many things, from running to jumping to swimming.”

"I got a magical blessing from you."

“Do you really believe that?”

“When I was a kid, I believed it, but when I grew up, I realized that it was a trick to fool children... I can walk because of my determination. I exercise and do physical therapy every day. It’s like a miracle, but I believe that I can do it by myself. But you... do you really have special powers?”

“If I tell the truth, will I be kicked out of the house? It’s dark and I’m on a mountain. There are no cars passing by. I don’t have a place to sleep.”

“You liar.”

“…”

“But thank you for the hope. At one point, I really believed that I had a special power. It made me feel motivated and not just lying in bed doing nothing.” The sweet-faced girl put her hands in her jeans pockets and stood on her heels cutely. “Even though I was fooled, I can say that I am who I am today because of you.”

“Just a part”

“Um, just a part…but it’s a lot.”

We were quiet for a while, and then finally said what we thought we had to do.

Because it has been stuck since childhood. Now I have the chance to clear up the misunderstanding and show my sincerity.

“I thought you would be even angrier. At first, I didn’t even think about telling you the truth because I didn’t know how to face you. I deceived your family out of so much money, and I still have the nerve to act all close and ask to be friends.”

“At first, I was angry. The person who did the physical therapy for me said that I was stupid. My mother was stupid for spending money on those thieves. I felt really bad that I had become stupid. Do you understand how embarrassing it is to be stupid?”

“No wonder, when we meet again, you act like you hate me.”

“Well, being a life coach for me is really ridiculous,” the sweet-faced one laughed a little and then raised her eyebrows and squinted her eyes. “But except for you.”

"Is there an exception? Why?"

“Well, you’re a friend, and you’re the one who can really give me encouragement. It’s… not a complete lie,” India nodded and headed outside the house. “Didn’t you say we were going to stargaze? We've been talking for ages. Let's do it in the morning."

“Exaggerating. Then… let’s go sit outside. Coming to the province, you have to do something. Don’t just sleep since 7pm.”

India arranged for mosquito repellent and then we sat at the pond behind the house, which was the same place where I had been pushed and almost died during the day. Although I was a little scared, I had to admit that this place had the best view.

"Don't push me again. This time I'll skin you and make a lifebuoy."

“Scary,” India rubbed her arms as if imagining what to do next. “Why can’t you swim?”

“Why don’t you speak Russian?”

“Teasing,” the sweet-faced one laughed, then raised her hand and patted my shoulder slightly. Her body language seemed much more intimate with me now. The bubbles that used to keep us apart started to burst one by one, until we were sitting close to each other like people who…

You can call me "Ji". "I see that you are an agile person. You should learn to swim. It's a natural skill."

“I can’t imagine myself afloat in the water. I’ve tried before, but I couldn’t survive. My legs always sank.”

"But I saw on Instagram that you have beautiful pictures of yourself in a swimsuit."

“Oh, you’re secretly interested too? You are looking for information.” I squinted and smiled suspiciously. India stuck out her tongue at me in annoyance.

"You know too much about me. I must know some about you. Know yourself and others."

“Just because you wear a swimsuit and take a photo doesn’t mean you have to know how to swim. Some people take photos of Chanel bags, but they’re not even their own bags. You can’t trust anything online.”

"So that means that what you keep teaching people on Facebook is not trustworthy, right?"

This time I laughed and splashed water on India who kept teasing and poking fun of me, feeling irritated.

“You must have looked at every channel about me.”

“You could say that. Every clip you make seems to have principles and believability. It’s no wonder that people believe you and follow you so closely.”

"What about you? Do you believe what I said?"

"I used to believe it, that's why I can walk here."

“You used to believe it, but now you don’t believe it anymore.”

“None of your clips have convinced me yet. If you want me to believe, you have to prove it first.”

"Prove it, huh... How should I do it? Should I read your fortune?"

“You already used that joke on my mom.”

"Then I can't think of anything."

“You are good at approaching people and persuading them to trust you. I heard it from Khun Prang.”

“That when you like someone, you will have a way to approach them without them knowing that they are being lured into a trap by you.”

"How deep have you and Ms. Prang talked?"

"Ms. Prang said that you are the type of person who wants something and has a way to get it."

I'm a little bit proud of myself. Actually, the advertisement wasn't too exaggerated. If I like someone or want something, I have ways to approach it, starting from reading body language, spoken language, and even delving into the background.

“Then let’s start with the easy way. When you approach someone, it’s better to approach a woman because few men are sensitive to this.”

“Approaching women? Oh… you date women too.” India smiled as she remembered. I could see the sweet-faced person’s body language showing a little fear in me, as someone who wasn’t used to this kind of thing.

“Are you afraid that I will flirt with you?”

“Nothing for a bit.”

I laughed and grabbed my phone, then chose a song that I was currently enjoying, Midnight Flight by Conor Matthews. I thought it was perfect for a starry night like this.

“Play music? What is this?” When she heard the song on my phone, India looked at it with interest, so I gave her a brief explanation.

“There has been an experiment that shows... if you want to approach a woman by asking for her number or getting to know her, play some feel-good music along with it.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Women will implant that song into their brains, and every time they hear it, this song will remember who asked for your number or who came to get to know you." I moved closer to India to sit on the edge of the pool and leaned in. "Can you smell the perfume? This is Si Passionne by Armani."

"Smell good"

“Both the smell and the sound are creating memories for you. Now, whenever you hear this song or accidentally smell this scent, you will have the image of the pool, the stars, the sky, and me in it.” I cupped India’s face with both hands and forced her to look into my eyes. “And at the same time, I will remember that you are here.”

Thump… thump...

Thump… thump...

Even though I just wanted to prove it to you according to the challenge, I ended up getting excited. We were both silent for a long time. When the song was almost over, I was the first to pull away and raised my eyebrows.

“How is it? Can it make you believe that you're being flirted with? No… does it seem persuasive? This technique.”

"Just...a little."

“Just a little bit? Come on. This trick always works.”

“All the time?”

“Hmm, but it doesn’t work for you.” I shifted a little further away and kicked my feet in the water. “You’re my friend.”

“Umm… we’re friends, so it’s not very effective.” India raised her hand and lightly hit her arm before turning to look at the mosquito repellent she had lit and found that it was burning out. “I wondered why the mosquitoes were biting me. The medicine had run out.”

“The mosquitoes in the provinces bite and hurt. I’d better go to bed.” I got up and shook off a little water from my legs. “I might go to bed early today. I’m exhausted from sitting in the car for several hours. And my friend pushed me into the water. Life is so sad.”

"That's good too. Then wake up early tomorrow. I will take you into the city in the morning. Let's go find something to eat."

"Okay"

We smiled at each other for a moment before we went our separate ways to our rooms. Even though I tried to act normal, when I was alone, I had to raise my hand to stroke my left chest to make my heart beat less.

Having a good-looking friend can easily lead to sinful thoughts!

# CHAPTER 11 : Sunflower

I must have been really tired because I went to bed at half past nine. I woke up again because of the sound of In's knocking on the door, who forced me to shower and get dressed within twenty minutes. That means I hardly put on any makeup today. I secretly drew my eyebrows a bit to make myself look like a person and covered my face with glasses when I went out with In. The sweetfaced person kept looking at me and smiling, so I couldn't help but ask.

“What are you looking at? It’s just that I didn’t wear makeup.”

“It doesn’t look very familiar. It looks different.”

“Thank you for reminding me how bad it is.” Today was really annoying. As I was puffing out my cheeks, my phone rang. It was Prab, the guy I had a date with in Japan, calling. Of course, I hung up. “You’re calling this early in the morning?”

“Who is it?”

“It doesn’t matter. What matters now is that my face is so pale,” I continued.

I kept complaining about not wearing makeup, but India shook her head in disagreement.

“No, you look natural without makeup and with glasses.”

"Don't lie."

“Cute, I like it.”

“…”

"I really like it"

“…”

“I really like it.”

"Okay, I believe it."

“I have to say it three times for you to believe me.”

I looked at India's face with a sudden recollection, then bared my fangs and smiled.

"That's really bad. You're repeating the same old joke."

“I got a good teacher. Now I’m confident. Let’s go for a walk around the city.”

It seems that India is a quick learner. She can bring back confidence with just a face made of powder and an eyebrow pencil. Now we are in the city. While we are riding in the car together, Prab keeps calling and I keep hanging up. In the end, I just turn off my phone to stop being annoyed.

“This unimportant person is calling so frequently. Aren’t you going to pick up the phone?”

"No, it's over."

"You're the only one who ended up on one side."

"I don't like people who don't understand."

“Cold-hearted.”

“It’s better to talk to you. It’s much more fun. But what should we do first?”

“Drink coffee.”

A sweet-faced person took me to a famous coffee shop with a handsome barista who had won a world championship. But then again, I'm not a coffee drinker. If I didn't drink it, I might disappoint the amateur tour guide in front of me.

“Order something for me. I don’t know how to order coffee… I can’t tell the difference between an Americano and a cappuccino. Do you understand? If there’s iced milk tea, I’ll order iced milk tea.”

"Preed," the sweet-faced one laughed happily when she saw that I really didn't know anything about this. Can't you come up with a name that sounds simpler?

Coffee with milk

Coffee without sugar

Coffee without milk

This is just this!

“Don’t laughed at me. Whatever you eat, I eat the same thing. Tsk.” When I felt like I looked stupid, I pretended to be upset and let the sweet-faced person order for me. Not long after, a hot cup of coffee costing more than a hundred baht was served. The smell of it was… I apologize to all the baristas in the world. It was a five-baht Nescafe sachet. To me, there was nothing more special than that, and it probably wouldn’t taste any better than this.

“After we finish our coffee, I’ll take you to eat northern food at a famous restaurant.”

"It's famous again. You're really good at finding things."

"Waking up early makes you irritable and grumpy, doesn't it?"

“I didn’t wear any makeup,” I shrugged a little. “But someone said I looked cute, so that’s okay.”

As we chatted like girls, I noticed the eyes from the nearby table stealing glances. The first time it wasn't so bad, but the third time, I had to stare at "her" who turned to look at me again. But this time, I was the one raising an eyebrow.

“What is it?”

"Say hello to the new friend," I replied to India who didn’t see anyone because she was sitting with her back turned. However, out of curiosity, the sweet-faced person turned to look and saw that everyone at the table was looking at both of us.

“Did you raise your eyebrows at the people at that table?”

"I've noticed someone glancing at us for a while now. I'm curious whether the one who's really interested in us is a woman or a man." Then suddenly, I thought it would be fun to test it out. "Do you want to know if the technique I taught last night actually works?"

“What will you do?”

“Wait a minute.”

I'm not an impatient person. People who want to do something and expect results need to be patient like stock traders. No matter how much the stock price drops, they can wait... because they know the right time and opportunity to know when to sell. I'm that kind of person. And from what I've observed, the person who kept looking at me was the woman I made eye contact with. She wasn't outstandingly beautiful, but she wasn't ugly either. If I were to compare her to India, she would be rather bland. But what do I do? I just wanted to try it out for my friend. Whether I'm beautiful or not at the moment isn't that important.

“Okay, now.”

The song on the radio at the shop changed to a new song that gave off a sweet feeling, looked lovely and adorable, and the meaning also seemed lovely and friendly. I picked up my coffee cup and went to order from the barista myself because I didn't know how to call it. Before telling him to send it to the woman's table, don't forget to attach a message on a brown tissue paper.

"All set"

I returned to my seat at the table and talked to India as usual. The sweet-faced person could not help but ask immediately.

“What did you do just now?”

“Ask for Line… within ten minutes, that woman will add me.” I lifted my coffee, took a sip, and pretended to be an expert on beans or something to show the table of women. Since the audience wanted something, I would convey what she wanted to see. "Do I look like a coffee guru yet from the way I'm drinking?"

“Why do you have to do that?”

“Is that person thinking that I am interested in the coffee as much as she is? Oh… the coffee has been served to her table.” I smiled slyly and lifted my glass of coffee a little to tell her, 'it's on me.'

"If she doesn't add me, I'll be embarrassed."

"Not going to lose face."

“She might just be looking, but she doesn’t really like you. Some women like to look at someone who looks good.”

“But I don’t close the opportunity. Some women like other women, but they don’t dare to approach them because they don’t know if the other person is interested in the same things they are interested in. It’s hard to tell.”

"See, you made it easier, didn't you?"

“You could say that. I have an advantage in being able to read people. Just by looking at them, I can tell what they’re thinking.” I shrugged. “Actually, it would be easier to just ask for their Line ID directly, but I prefer when other people are the ones who flirt with me.”

"Then isn't buying her coffee an act of flirting?"

“It’s forcing her to do what I want. The paper that I wrote wasn’t a direct request for Line. I wrote… It’s difficult for us to meet. If possible, I want to be friends. That’s all.”

"Then how can you add each other on Line?"

"She will be the one to come... like now."

“Thank you for the coffee.” The woman I had been eyeing for a long time came over to me, looking for something to talk about. I took the opportunity to pull a chair over and invite her to sit down.

“Let’s sit together. Are you here for a visit or are you a local?”

“I’m here for a visit. Where are you from?”

I invited a new friend to chat, and the conversation flowed smoothly.

Notice that she has specific words to use, how her body language is, her clothes and hair can assess income and expenses to that extent. After chatting and interviewing her for a while, she ended by asking for my Line so that we can talk and recommend places to visit in Chiang Mai here and there before we parted ways. I showed India my phone while we were in the car together that she had sent me a heart-shaped sticker.

“What do you think?”

India looked at me silently and shrugged.

"I think... you're good at making people do what you want. It seems so easy to you." The sweet-faced girl looked out the car window and asked in a hushed voice, "Are you seriously pursuing her?"

“Think it over, because based on what we've just talked about, she lied about many things... She already have a girlfriend. She’s a tomboy.”

"Huh?"

“They must be having problems, and she want to use me as a substitute to make the other party jealous. How bold. A person like me was never been an option.

What a child!”

“A child?”

"A fourth-year student too."

“When did she tell you?”

“When she pretended to ask to borrow a pen and she opened the bag, I saw the card. A student ID."

“This one is cheating.”

“Mind reading is not fortune telling. You can’t just guess randomly. There has to be an environment. Let’s just say that everything I did today was just an experiment for you to see that when you’re trying to flirt with someone… music is an important part. That person will remember me when they smell me or drink a cappuccino or hear the song that’s playing at that time.”

“You bury the cappuccino in your face.”

“Yes.”

"So, do you have anything buried in my head?"

“Sunflower,” I shrugged. India glanced at me and shook her head.

“That’s not true. I’ve liked sunflowers for a long time.”

“But sunflowers never made you think of anything except flowers and the wheelchair you were sitting in. But this time, you will think of me. All three are complete: Midnight Flight, the scent of Si Passione, and the sunflowers that you will have to paint in your bedroom according to the assignment that I gave you.

Hehe.”

“No… sunflowers are not your symbol.”

“But for me, you are already the representative of the sunflower.”

"Why?"

“When you smile and shine like a sunflower when it meets the sun, it gives you the feeling that you….”

"Beautiful?"

"Big face"

"Crazy bastard"

This vacation had many activities to do. After we had dinner, India taught me how to swim right after we got back to the accommodation. But this time, she taught me seriously, without bullying me or pushing me into the water. Now I have foam to swim back and forth and am trained to kick my legs, look up and breathe as if I were a kindergartener in class B3.

"This time, hold onto the edge of the pool and kick the water until you float."

“This is the hardest one. I’ve never been able to do it.”

“This time you will.”

I did everything India told me to do, but whether it was fear or stupidity, my legs were still in the water, with no sign of floating up.

Until the sweet-faced person had to help by supporting the waist with her hands and lifting them up, before placing her arms under the stomach.

"Keep kicking your legs."

"If you help like this, it must float." I looked up to breathe and spoke, but India gave me a fierce voice.

“Don’t worry about talking, just kick your legs.”

“So fierce.”

“I will say more.”

We had only been friends for a short while, but she was already acting like a second mother. She wanted to make a noise, but her face was in the water, so she was more concerned with her breathing than being sarcastic. However, after kicking for a while, India suddenly lowered her arm. My floating legs slowly sank, until I had to hold on to the edge of the pool tightly and look up to talk to the teacher who didn't give any signals.

"Oh no, sinking again... What's wrong with In?" I was about to scream, but when I saw India's face contort and she let out an "Ouch!" I quickly slid closer to her.

“Cramp, it hurts...ouch.”

India could barely move, her mind processing the pain from the knotted muscles in her calves. To be honest, we had been in the cold water for over an hour. One of the sweet-faced girl's hands that was gripping the edge of the pool was about to give way, from the pain was unbearable. I had to use my remaining arm to support her, and slowly push her towards the steps so she could sit up.

“Your legs are so stiff, In.” I didn't know how to help, so I used my hands to massage the aching calves. In's tears mixed with the water on her face, and I couldn't help but wipe them away. "I'm sorry for being so foolish that I have to study for so long. How can I help?"

"It'll be fine soon."

“Om...be healed.” I massaged India with determination, then tried to distract her with a funny joke. “In’s muscles will heal in five minutes, thanks to the special power that I have received since birth. Namo Buddhaya, Imani…”

"That is an offering to the monks. Oh, someone is in pain right now. Don't make me laugh."

"May I, Your Majesty?"

“It hasn't stopped yet.”

“In can walk because of See’s blessing, don’t you remember? In will be fine now too.” I continued to massage her, and stroked the sweet-faced person’s legs. They were so small and delicate, but these legs could do many things that a normal person like me couldn’t. While I was intent on massaging her, one of India’s hands slowly pushed the hair that covered my face up and tucked it behind my ear.

“That idea implantation really exists.”

"Huh?"

I looked up to meet India's gaze, her smile making my heart beat so fast that it echoed in my ears.

“I don’t know why right now I hear the song Midnight Flight in my head and I can smell Si when I look at you.”

“…”

"And then there's the sunflower... whenever I think of it, your face will float up."

"I told you that you planted your thoughts in the heads of smart people."

“That's true.”

“…”

“Now you have become a sunflower for In.”

**CHAPTER 12 : The Meaning of Sunflower**

“Smile...Hello, friend.”

I greeted my secretary in a good mood and brought a lot of food from Chiang Mai to give to her. Even though the journey by car was tiring, having a friend like Ong In to talk to along the way made up for it. I felt that we talked less when I thought about it. I had never talked to anyone for this long. Sharing stories, talking about clips on the internet, and all sorts of things, it was strange how much fun it was.

“Hello, Boss. You seemed to have a great time on vacation. You were in a good mood and you were humming a song from afar.”

"Well, it's time to relax. It must be fun."

“Does India take good care of you?”

"You have to take good care of him. He's the host, and C is a guest."

“That’s right. I shouldn’t have asked. You look so happy when you come back. Do you have the energy to continue working?”

"There's plenty. Will there be training this Sunday?"

"Yes, have you practiced speaking, Ms. C?"

“I intend to practice starting today. I’ve already charged my battery.” I raised my eyebrows slightly before answering the vibrating phone in my pants pocket.

When I saw that it was Prapt’s number, I hung up and turned back to talk to Prang as if I remembered something. “Have you been able to contact your father yet?”

For the past few days, I have been trying to contact my father, but he has the same personality as me. When he sees my number, he doesn't want to answer or talk. Normally, I don't buy things like this, but my father is very sick, and I didn't tell him directly what was wrong with him. So I was quite worried, so I asked Prang to help me contact him through another channel.

"I can't contact you."

"Cee called Dad but he didn't pick up the phone. Even though Cee knew that it was really annoying when you called and he didn't pick up the phone, Dad still did it."

"I think only your father would do that to the boss."

“Of course, we can’t sever father and son.” I complained, even though I was really worried about my father. I really hate it when I call someone and they don’t answer. I feel like I’m being rejected and invisible. I can’t accept that.

"But Prang always sends messages to tell me to call back. Prang thinks that Boss should tell Dad directly what happened. When he finds out, he will be more careful and come back."

"Cee is not sure if the more you know about Dad, the more stressed he will be. Dad is fun like that, but in reality, he is a very fragile person. Just going to the doctor makes him throw a tantrum. He almost died because he was afraid of having to get injections and blood tests. Especially blood tests, he was always worried that his DNA would be tested. Don't you remember?"

“That’s true, but the truth is the truth, Boss. Maybe we think too much for him. Dad might not be that weak.

It's better to just tell the truth."

My secretary's advice made me agree with him. It's not that I didn't think about it, but I knew my father's personality well enough to not want the rest of his time to be filled with sadness or anything like that.

“Let’s try to contact your father as much as possible. If he doesn’t contact you within twenty-four hours, call the police.”

“Do you have to make it such a big deal?”

“Father’s condition is no small matter. Si is very worried about father, but father can’t catch up with him all the time. Please take care of him. Si will try to contact father regularly.”

“If you keep calling back and forth like this, the lines will get in trouble. I’ll try it out.”

"If dad contacts me this time, I'll try to talk him into coming back. Even if I have to threaten him, I'll do it."

I was starting to feel uneasy, staring blankly and imagining what would happen if my father fell. As I was about to pick up the phone and decide to try calling my father again, Indra sent me a message first, and that was enough to make me smile.

India: Let's go see a movie.

Do you have a special touch? Why did you text me when I was feeling insecure and wanted to have a friend by my side? When I saw the message, I immediately replied without any hesitation.

See: Go

I quickly went out to meet Indra in the evening because the sweet-faced one had to finish the work of another client first. We both booked.

After getting the movie tickets, I walked around to kill time, looking at clothes and cosmetics like a woman would. The pretty-faced girl noticed that I seemed busy, wanting too many things, so she couldn't help but ask.

"Are you uncomfortable?"

“Hm?” I, who was about to try on a new lipstick, looked at Indra through the mirror in surprise. “Why?”

“When we are stressed or heartbroken, we tend to buy things. It’s psychology.”

“If you pressure everyone to buy something, they will all feel uncomfortable.”

“But it’s definitely not my fifth lipstick.”

Yes... I bought five in just a few minutes. I know that when people are stressed, they have to find a way to release stress through spending. I just didn't think that Indra would know about this. It shows that she has been interested in psychology since she got to know me more.

“What’s wrong? Tell me.” That concerned tone made me smile faintly and let out a soft sigh without hiding it.

“Just...a little.”

"About what"

“She still can’t contact her father.” I stood with my shoulders hunched. I tried to stay in the present, distracting myself from the lipstick. But when I was provoked, I thought about it again. “Have you ever told In about your father?”

The sweet-faced person was silent for a moment before slowly shaking her head.

"Never. Do you want to tell me?"

"Then let's talk to kill time while the movie starts."

“Sure, we won’t waste any money. Put down the fifth lipstick. I won’t use it even if I buy it.”

“Why not?”

"Because in the end, C will go back to using the same lipstick color that she uses every day.

And the others will become garbage."

It's natural to say that we tend to be more familiar with everyday items because we feel that they're safe and have been carefully selected. New items are superficial; they're nice to get, but we don't use them like that. It's the same with clothes. If we wear them like that every day, we'll only wear the new ones when we feel like it and then we'll go back to using the old ones anyway. I smiled at Indra without saying anything and put the lipstick I was thinking of buying away before awkwardly starting to tell my story.

“How should I begin....”

“You can start anywhere. I understand that Si is better at telling stories about other people than about herself,” Inthra laughed and put his arm around me. “Just kidding. Tell me. If you can’t tell me correctly, start with why you are so stressed about your father. What’s wrong with your father?”

"Father has cancer."

Because she gave me an introduction, I was able to find a good place to talk. After that, everything flowed out like a river. I probably don't get to tell anyone about myself very often. When I did, it was like a dam breaking. I wanted to stop telling the story, but I couldn't. Indra listened quietly, didn't object, and squeezed my arm to encourage me. She let me talk until I felt comfortable. She could stop anywhere. And I chose to stop at.....

“If anything happens to Dad, it’s all my fault,” I almost sobbed, but only “almost.” I was strong enough not to let myself act so embarrassed in a crowded shopping mall.

"Si chose not to tell because she was afraid that her father would be even more stressed. Si also had her reasons. No one blames her."

"Cee doesn't know if what she did was right or not."

“There is no right or wrong with this kind of thing. My name has been with my father since I was born.

Who knows Father C more than C, right?”

"What if it's In? Will you tell me?"

Indra was silent for a moment and then shrugged.

“In and Dad Si are not the same person, and are different people. But if you ask In, In would like to know the truth more, so In can prepare for what to do before leaving. But that’s as In said, Si knows Dad the most. What Si decided to do is right for him.”

I looked at my friend who I had just become close to after not seeing for more than twenty years with gratitude. Indra, who saw me looking at him, raised his hand and lightly patted my arm, blushing.

"Why are you looking at me like that? I'm embarrassed."

“Thank you. I feel much better now. I don’t usually tell people such deep things unless we are really close.”

"That is, you are a person who has no friends."

“Yes!” I shouted and laughed heartily. “You know a bit about C.”

"He's a secretary. He needs to know this and that. It's not strange. If you don't have any friends, just say you don't have any. There's no need to be embarrassed."

“Prang is a secretary, but I also consider her a friend. You made me look bad. If I had no friends, what kind of person would I be?”

"Like In, In doesn't have many friends."

We laughed at each other, feeling sorry for ourselves for not being close to anyone. And because we had a relationship like trainee friends, we tried to maintain this kind of friendship by listening to each other, caring for each other, and for each other in the way that those wise sayings like to share on Facebook or something like that. Honestly, when I read it, I felt that it was as beautiful as a painting. Until I really became friends with him, I realized that people with compatible chemistry really do exist. People who aren't necessary...

You have to be lovers.

“No need to watch movies anymore. Let’s do something else. I guarantee that you’ll be happier.”

“What is it?”

I'm currently running on a treadmill at a gym that says "24 hours" and I can't believe it exists. And why is it open for so long? Are they waiting for a vampire to come and lift a dumbbell or something?

"Why did you do this to C?" I said while running on the treadmill, complaining. I was already stressed out, and now I have to run like crazy instead of going home at midnight. I have to step on my heels on my shoes because I borrowed them from Ong In. Our feet are not the same size, but if I don't have sneakers, I can't exercise because it's the rule here.

“They say that if we exercise, our bodies will release substances that make us happy. Keep running, keep running until you feel happy.”

"I'm running so hard I'm laughing."

“Then just laugh.”

“Hahaha, you are an ant.”

“Ants? What kind of ants?”

"Ants, traitors!"

"Kick"

“The one who is happy now is you, not C.”

Indra's laughter made me laugh a little. Indra's smile, which always gave me a bright feeling, soothed my heart, and I forgot about my father for a while. When I stopped running, the sweet-faced person stopped smiling, and that made me keep running.

In short, I came to run just to make Indra happy. When Indra is happy, he laughs, and it makes me laugh.

follow

Since when did my feelings become attached to you, Mother Sunflower?

Our lives continued to move forward. Prang and I tried to contact my father in every way possible, until we started to lose focus on our work because we kept worrying. Fortunately, in the end, my father still managed to send me a message to say that he was fine and was now happily playing cards and not to worry. That was enough to give me a chance to breathe a little easier and get back to work as usual.

My job is to organize a meetup on self-confidence, a course that costs a few hundred baht. As usual, there are a lot of people who come, and today Indra opens his heart to listen at the end of the line, raising his hand to encourage me the whole time, which makes me feel a little shy.

Activities that we do together include group dissolving behaviors, persuasion, and stimulating self-esteem. Most people who come to this type of training are those who have problems with self-confidence, feel empty and empty inside, and want to fill themselves with encouragement because the people around them can't do it. So they have to rely on coaches like us. But for some people who come, some want to make themselves rich. This is okay. It's a basic principle for everyone. Everyone wants to have it, but it depends on who has more opportunities than anyone else. I can only suggest a way. As I said, a life coach, if you look at it from a positive perspective, is someone who guides you, a compass. Whether you do it or not is up to you. Looking at it from a negative perspective...

Defraud

I'm probably the latter, knowing how to scam people out of money.

How is it weaker?

So now I feel a little ashamed when I see Indra. So now I am listening intently. I don't feel anything about fooling other people because he is someone else. But if my friends who I know somewhat hear something like this, I don't know how they will view me. More importantly, Indra is someone who is against this kind of thing anyway.

After the event ended, everyone took a group photo and chatted for a bit. Ong In walked over and gave me a sly smile that made me feel embarrassed because I didn't know what to say.

“When you’re on stage, you’re really good. You look so energetic and talented.

at all"

"Tease"

“Seriously, you can really make people feel better.”

“But it can’t make you feel that way.”

“You don’t have to do anything to feel good. Here, this is a reward.” Indra handed me a single sunflower, and it was a fake one. I looked at the person who gave it to me, who felt a little shy, and I felt shy too.

“What is this?”

“As a woman, giving flowers is a bit strange, right? But if you don’t give any, it doesn’t seem like congratulations, so I thought it would be better to give one.”

“These are fake flowers.”

“So it won’t wilt. You can use it to redecorate your bedroom.”

We stared at each other for a long time, until we didn't notice Prang's voice calling out as she walked over with a large bouquet of flowers, which, judging from the price, should be worth several thousand. I looked at her with a little interest.

“Who sent it?”

“I saw on the card that it says... Narin.”

When this name appeared, I was as stunned as Indra who was completely silent. This name was like a taboo name that shouldn't have been said when the two of us were together. It created a vacuum-like hole in my relationship with Indra.

“It’s beautiful. Please take it away. It’s too big. I don’t have the strength to carry it.”

"Yes, uh...and someone came to see me."

"Who"

"Khun Prab"

I closed my eyes when I heard the name, before sighing. Lord Indra, seeing my troubled expression, couldn't help but ask.

"Who?"

“Ex-lover, I think I need to make it clear today.” I was about to walk away, but stopped for a moment, then turned to Indra. “Do you want to go with See?” "Do you mean to get involved with you and talk to your girlfriend?"

"Cee wants a friend, sometimes the coach needs power."

“You are good at everything, but you have to handle this matter yourself. Don’t let In stand as a witness and make someone else of yours suffer and lose face in front of In.”

I, who had not thought of this point, looked at Indra and smiled with admiration.

"Okay, then wait for me. I'll be right back."

I followed Prang to find Prapt who was waiting behind the stage. Now he was holding a bouquet worth thousands of baht filled with colorful flowers and made a gesture of congratulations by handing it to me. But I avoided it and let Prang receive it instead. Now my secretary was covered in bouquets from two men who seemed to be competing to see who could bring the most rose gardens to him, the winner.

“Sorry, my hands are full,” I said, showing off the fake sunflower.

Show him with your shoulders back.

“A lot of people gave you flowers today.”

“Everyone wants to congratulate you,” I bit my lip a little and decided to say it.

“I think we need to talk seriously.”

“I also want to talk to you. Let’s go find a quiet place to talk. There’s a lobby downstairs. We can talk there.”

“Here, Xi won’t talk to you for long…our business.”

“I also want to talk about this. Why haven’t you been answering my calls since you came back from Japan?”

"It's not that hard, Prapt. If C doesn't pick up the phone, that means it's over. And... I think C has already told you that we're not anything. If it doesn't click, then just leave. It's that simple."

“Did I do something wrong? You didn’t tell me why you suddenly asked to end the relationship.”

“The problem isn’t with you, it’s with C.” I sighed and looked at Indra who was standing far away. “C is just bored with you.”

“Bored? You only talked to me for two weeks. We went to Japan together for five days.”

“That should be enough for you. How should I put it…” I tilted my head slightly. “C doesn’t want to end a relationship with someone while C can still come to her senses. C thinks C should back off first. We loved each other on the exciting day. In the end, that should be enough. You just remember that time.”

“What exactly are you afraid of when you break up with me?”

"C is afraid of uncertainty."

“…”

“No one loves us as much as we love ourselves, and Xi is that kind of person. Today, you may be crazy about Xi, but as time goes by, you will be like

Others have already passed the excitement stage, gone, and gone, leaving a terrifying feeling of attachment to settle. Xi doesn't want that. It's better for each of us to walk away while we don't feel much."

“You’re just afraid that I’ll leave you, and you can’t accept that.”

“Yes, Si can’t stand being abandoned. We either die or we die. This is Si speaking the truth the most… If you know the truth, it should be good for you.” “You have someone else, right?”

“Si always has her own stuff. And she always breaks up with him. You’re not the first one to be upset. Don’t feel sorry for someone like Si. You’re the one who hit her, Prapt… You’ll find someone better. Trust me.”

With some people, you have to be direct to get to the point. I can see that Prab is not a weak man, but just wants clarity. He just wants a reason to support that he is not at fault in this matter, so that he can leave without feeling any lingering feelings.

This is not a novel, not a drama, where some people get hurt and want to take revenge or hurt each other. Okay, in reality, there are some people like that, but not the person I'm with. I've screened everything before we got to this point of being in a relationship.

“If you keep acting like this, being afraid like this, you will never meet someone who truly loves you.”

“It’s okay. I’ll handle this myself.”

A handsome man who had been in a bad state of mind for a while looked at my hand and asked about the flower in my hand that I still couldn't put down.

“It seems like you’ve found someone new who’s ready to hurt him again.”

I followed Prapt's gaze to the sunflower before smiling confidently at my exgirlfriend.

“It’s not the same with this person. Si will never hurt him.”

Because sunflowers mean steadfast love, friendship like a friend that can never be destroyed, especially a friend like Indra. I will never hurt you.

**CHAPTER 13 : Contract**

I never value the word “forever” because we all know that it doesn’t exist.

Maybe it's because I was born into a dysfunctional family and have seen enough of the bleak realities of this world. My mother works as a sex worker, and most of her clients are people with children and wives, and she is the same person who tells people on their wedding day, "I will love you forever."

Even though I was young at that time, I can still remember the atmosphere and stories. Although I didn't have much of a connection with him, the person who raised me was mostly my father, who even though he was a professional deceiver, I was his spiritual refuge, and my father was also my spiritual refuge.

The true love that I believe in is probably my father...

My father was afraid that one day I would become a woman like my mother because my mother used to joke that when I grew up, I should just make a living like her because it would be easier, something like that.

My father carried me away when I was four years old and wandered around looking for new places to cheat, changing schools frequently until I had no friends because I couldn't remember their names and didn't have time to socialize or be close to them. So my father was a father, teacher, friend, brother and son all at the same time. But even though I said that my father was my true love, I still didn't think of finding a man like my father to be my life partner.

As a father, I give it a perfect ten.

As a man, my father is negative.

Because my father was the first man I saw, so I thought that all men in the world were terrible. Why would I give my love to those people? Just have fun with them. If we look at the relationship or the bond later, if we look at it as a win-win situation, that would be fine.

“You really are a good painter,” I dragged a chair from another room to sit and watch Indra paint on the wall. “I thought you were going to hire an artist or something at first.”

"If you want to draw a view or flowers, In can do it herself. I don't think you need to hire anyone. It will save you even more money."

“Why save money? Just add money. Work to earn money...get rich.”

“I’m annoyed.” Indra laughed and turned back to drawing. Now, the sweetfaced person was wearing a t-shirt, shorts, and an apron that looked cute when she moved.

"Why don't you ever ask about Narin?"

I was the first to speak up. Indra paused for a moment and shrugged.

“I don't know what to ask.”

“Ask me anything. He’s your ex-husband who sent flowers to your friends. Honestly, you have every right to be angry.”

“What are you angry about? He’s already in the past.”

“But friends shouldn’t be involved in the past. Aren’t you annoyed that Si didn’t even reject the flower or stop bothering Narin?”

"Because In believed that you didn't want Narin from the beginning." Ong In stopped drawing and dragged a chair to sit next to him to look at the picture on the wall that was still not finished. "You left a good man like Prapt... Is that his name?"

"Um, Prapt."

"If you can leave a man who cries for you, you won't take Narin. Besides, you are very protective of your friendship with In."

"But Si didn't completely cut off all ties with Narin."

“You have your reasons.”

"Aren't you going to ask what the reason is?"

“I'd rather wait until you tell me.”

I smiled as my friend waited for me to speak, so I didn't interrupt and told her why I did that.

“She tries not to make enemies because she doesn’t know what kind of help she might have in the future. In this industry, we have to meet many people. One day, she might become the owner of a place where she can hold an event, or become a sponsor who can help her in various ways.”

“You have good foresight.”

“But if you don’t like it, if you’re not comfortable with it, she will immediately cut ties with him.” I crossed my legs and reached out to place my hand on Indra’s thigh, who was sitting in the same position, before knocking lightly. “Si chooses you. You are always the priority.”

“I’m so touched. What if I fall in love?”

"It's okay. I love you."

“I was scared when I saw you abandoning those people.”

"If you don't have the courage, then let's just be friends."

We laughed at each other's jokes before sitting quietly without anyone around.

What else did she say? But suddenly, the sweet-faced person seemed to remember something and stared at me. She made a move as if she wanted to say something but chose not to. Then, she wanted to ask again until I couldn't help it.

"If you want to ask anything, just ask. Why are you hesitating?"

“I’m not sure if we’re close enough to talk about this.”

“You try asking first, then tell me if you’re close enough to answer.”

"What do you like more, men or women?"

When this question came up, I smiled and laughed a little.

“The question is not what, but rather the question of ‘who are you?’ Both genders have different charms. Hmm… but if you really ask about preferences,"

I raised my hand and scratched my chin slightly, before recalling the first time I had been tickled as a teenager.

“I like women more.”

"What makes you like women? Well... they have the same things as us. Their bodies, their breasts, their softness... they're very different from men. It's the complete opposite."

“I like breasts,” I answered honestly. “We’re close friends, so I can answer that.”

"You have one yourself, don't you?"

“It’s not the same. Holding your own things and holding someone else’s… The soft feeling of being held in your hand. When you squeeze it, the other person makes a face of pain…”

“Is he hurt?”

“He feels good. Oh… he acts like he doesn’t know.” I smiled teasingly, but Indra looked a little upset. That reminded me that the sweet-faced girl didn’t enjoy this kind of thing. But she couldn’t show that she knew, so she had to keep quiet. “Feelings are different from men’s. Men will take care of us, but we will take care of each other.”

"Ah ha."

“Women know each other well. It’s different from men who have different bodies.

Unlike us, they just think that doing this is good, without even asking us.”

"Have you ever... with a man and felt bad about it?"

“I have, but I have told you directly that I don’t like it. This is not right. You did something wrong… You have to dare to speak up about this. Have you ever spoken directly to your partner?”

"I'm so hungry," Indra changed the subject as soon as he was asked back. I had to raise my hand to his shoulder and bare my fangs.

“No, you asked me, so I told you. Why didn’t you tell me when I asked you? Or are you not as close to you as you feel?”

Indra, who was cornered by me, leaned his head on my shoulder and hit me with his hands in a whiny manner.

“Damn, not everyone can say something like this as easily as you. In never said anything like this to anyone.”

“Now that you have the chance to talk to your friends, you should seize it.” I laughed and leaned my head against the sweet-faced one before saying, “Tell me about your experience. What was it like to do something like that with your ex-husband?”

“I don't feel anything.”

“Is it that much?”

"Hmm, it's not interesting... just doing my job. If I have to choose whether to have it or not, I'd rather not have it."

I leaned out and looked at Indra with pity.

“What should I do if I want to tease your next boyfriend?”

"No, because I choose not to have one. I will stay single for the rest of my life.

It seems like you also plan to stay single like this. It's just for different reasons... You like that kind of thing, but you don't plan to settle down with anyone. As for In, whether you have one or not, it doesn't make a difference. So I don't have one."

“You should find a good person who cares about you and makes you happy.”

Indra didn't answer anything, as if he was lost in his own world. As I was thinking about how to let the sweet-faced person know about that feeling, a ringtone from my phone interrupted me.

"Hello, how are you, Ms. Prang?"

[Boss...Boss's father is in the hospital.]

Ong In and I drove out of the new house and stepped on the gas pedal so hard that no one could catch up. Prang called to tell us that Dad had been sent to the hospital because some hotel staff had broken into the room because they suspected that no one had checked out. Now Dad was lying unconscious, only rambling incoherently because the cancer had spread to his brain.

It only took a moment. The last time I saw him, it was only a few days... I planned to tell my father later because there should be at least three months left. But it's only been two weeks and he's already in this condition.

"Now you don't know anything."

That means the doctor waited for me to agree to remove the oxygen and let Dad go. From a person who coughed and took ten thousand baht to play cards for fun, today he is lying in bed and doesn't know anything anymore. If I had told Dad directly then and tried to treat him as much as I could, I might have been able to extend his time.

“Is Dad suffering now?”

“…”

"If Dad is suffering, then it's up to him... You can just let Dad go."

I answered with my fists clenched tightly, my nails digging deep into my flesh. At this moment, I kept blaming myself because I didn't know how to find a way to apologize for making my father like this.

"Yes, please have your relatives sign the consent form..."

In my father's life moments, I was the one who had to make the decision, the signing of the pen.

The act of signing the permission for my father to leave my heart broke into pieces. Watching the pulse oximeter turn from a jagged line into a straight line was like watching a countdown clock, and when it reached its final beep, indicating that the patient's body had become a "corpse," I nearly fell to the ground.

“C...C!”

And in that second, I became unaware of anything.

Even though I fell asleep, when I woke up I had to face the truth that... I no longer have a father.

The thing I had to regain as soon as possible was my sanity. Even though I wanted to scream so hard, everything had to move on. I didn't have any relatives, so the only people who came to the funeral were my disciples who had come to the training. Everyone came to listen to the sermon and then went back. As for me, who was a life coach, I couldn't be weak. My duty was to teach others to be strong. So understanding the world at its worst was necessary, even if I wanted to cry my heart out.

If it weren't for Indra and Prang, I would have been in trouble. I couldn't even figure out what was going on. But because of the two of them, the event progressed until the first day of chanting ended. All the guests started to leave. While I stood looking at the picture of my father, I could only smile.

“It’s unbelievable. After Dad died, there were so many guests. I thought Dad would have to sit and be depressed with the undertaker… See will come back tomorrow. I’m going back… I’m afraid of ghosts.”

I knocked on my father's coffin to say goodbye again, then walked back out, before smiling at Prang and Indra in gratitude.

“Thank you for helping. If it weren’t for In and Prang, I wouldn’t know what to do either.”

“It’s okay, boss. Why would you have a secretary and friends if you’re not going to help?”

“You should go back and rest… In too. See you.”

"Would you like me to stay over?"

“It’s okay,” I smiled faintly, gratefully. “I just want to be alone. I want to have time to deal with my emotions.”

Indra nodded and reached out to gently stroke my arm to give me encouragement.

"Go in."

"Hmm, I'll send you a good night message like every night."

I smiled at Indra and went my own way. This time, I was really alone with myself. As soon as I reached the car, before I could even press the remote, I lost all my strength and collapsed beside the car, crying my heart out after enduring it all day.

No more father...no more old man who often causes annoyance when calling, asking for money or being suspicious when going to the doctor.

My heart aches and squeezes so hard that it feels like it's breaking. My head is full of the word "if". Even though I always teach others that we can't go back to the past, I still think about it.

“Help me... Someone please help me, sob...”

Someone's two arms hugged me from behind and pulled me to rest on his chest, and he lightly stroked my arms in understanding, and softly made a "shush" sound before rocking my body back and forth. Indra, who had already said goodbye, was now sitting down, holding me in his arms like that, and kissing my head in understanding.

"Cee is not alone. In this world, Cee still has In. Cee is not alone. Remember

In's words."

"The important people of C have left. Even my father has left me. No one can stay with me for a long time... In will leave me too."

"I won't go. I won't go." The sweet-faced person pushed me to sit down and forced me to make eye contact.

Using both hands to support her face and wipe away her tears, “See that In isn’t going anywhere?”

“I made a promise.”

"Contract"

We hugged each other and I just cried. I don't know how long. I just know that Indra will be with me and cry with me when I have no one left.

But she insisted that there, I would have her....

# CHAPTER 14 : New Friend

Losing my father was the greatest sadness in my life.

As I said, I have always been a cautious person. I have never had a relationship with anyone because I know that in the end, they will not be with me for long. I have always been afraid of parting, which I can never escape, like death that took my father away. I admit that after this loss, I was barely human. I did not leave the house, meet anyone, and refused to see how far the new house had progressed. I gave all my duties to Prang to take care of. As for Indra, he came and saw me all the time. But most of the time, I kept to myself and did not come out to see him until he had to give up and go back.

It's already been three months... The sadness over my father's passing is still there, but it has eased with time. I have to thank nature for creating the human brain to forget the pain and become numb so that life can move forward. However, I am still feeling bad. I only started to feel the need to move my body when I saw no sign of Indra's disappearance.

"Boss... I finally get to see you." Prang, who was always delivering food and water, sounded excited when she saw me coming down from upstairs. "It's like we haven't seen each other in years."

“That’s right. It seems like I haven’t seen you in a long time. You look more cheerful and fresh.”

"As for the boss, he looks like a corpse."

When I was told that, I laughed. It's been a long time since I felt this way.

“How cruel. Do you have anything to update me on? What did you miss?”

Day

“Wow, so many things. Boss’s house is about to be finalized. It’s so beautiful, the hall, the front garden, and especially the bedroom… It’s like a photo studio.

It’s so beautiful. At first, Prang was going to take a picture for Boss to see, but she thought that the boss’s house was gone. She should go see it with her own eyes.”

"The interior designer is really good."

“You’re really good. Oh… It seems like Mr. India has a boyfriend.”

When I mentioned this, I felt a sudden jolt of surprise inexplicably, but I smiled to cover up my surprise and put on an interested expression.

“Oh, I don’t understand at all.”

"How would the boss know? She turned off her phone, locked the door, and refused to come out to see anyone. In came to see her every day, but she didn't come out to see her."

"No wonder you've been missing lately. I haven't heard you knocking like before... You must have a girlfriend."

"I guess I have a boyfriend, but I don't know if he's really my boyfriend. I heard that he's a customer who hired me to decorate his house. But hey... Boss is a customer, and he's still close to Khun In. Or is this normal?"

"Well then, let's go look at some houses today," I changed the subject and picked up the

Opened the foam box and took a bite. “It’s delicious. It’s time to feed myself and regain my strength.”

"Boss, have you regained your senses?"

“If it doesn’t work, it has to be done. No one can withstand negative energy for long. I’m sorry for causing you trouble these past few months. Xi will try to come back strong as soon as possible.”

"Hello, boss. Everyone wants to take the course, so my inbox is full. Please come back."

I finished taking a shower and getting dressed, then looked at myself in the mirror and saw that I was very different from before. I had let myself go and became skinny, and I didn't take care of myself like I used to. I had dark circles under my eyes like I had been sleep deprived, even though in reality I had been sleeping all day. Stress had caused me to deteriorate to the point where it was alarming. From today onwards, I had to start over and become a confident person in this world as much as I could.

After I was dressed and put on makeup to hide my exhaustion, I drove with Prang to see the house that was almost finished being decorated. The built-in furniture was already installed. There was nothing to worry about getting wet.

Everything was as beautiful as the 3D picture that Indra had made for me to see. I couldn't help but take pictures, especially the bedroom...

“Wow,” I groaned in amazement. The white bedroom was done in a semiminimalist style, with loft-like branches and a headboard plastered with exposed cement, while the other wall was painted with a single sunflower in black and white, so as not to be too jarring. The floor was covered with laminate flooring with different levels between the bed and the area for watching TV and exercising. The shiny brown calfskin sofa was the first thing that invited me to sit down, and I sunk into it because of its softness.

"I'm sorry. I thought no one was home."

A woman who looked four or five years younger walked in, looking very stingy with money. I gave her a smile I had never seen before and greeted her in a friendly manner.

“Come in.”

At first glance, I read his attire and his belongings, and I could guess that he was probably a new interior designer or an intern. The documents in his hand with the company name clearly showed it. He looked a bit artsy, but lacked a little confidence because he was still new. But from what I could see, when he became more skilled, he would be confident. Maybe in the future, he would be more confident than Indra.

“India sent you to inspect the work instead?”

“Oh, yes. Today, I came to check the furniture, but there are still some things to fix. The workers didn’t finish it properly. We can’t let it go.”

And he is a very meticulous person.

“Hello, my name is Saisi. You can call me Si.”

“Oh… you’re the owner of the house?” The new intern bowed her hands in greeting and introduced herself as well. “My name is Naw, and I’m an employee of the Indian brother. It’s nice to meet you. I usually only see you, Ms. Prang. I heard that you’re not feeling well, so I’ve never come to see you.”

“I’m fine today. Would it be okay if I took you on a tour of my house? And please tell me what needs to be fixed and why? I’m curious.”

I quickly became close to Ong In's subordinate, without him realizing that information was being stolen. I pretended to tell him about what I had encountered and what had caused him to disappear in order to make him feel indebted, and then told him about myself. Then I started telling him about my co-worker, Ong In. From what I saw, the sweet-faced man was a lovely boss, even though he was sometimes fierce, but it was all about work. I respected him more, and this boy was a good boy. I would tell Ong In about this.

Give her a lot of training and she will definitely take the company far.

“After finishing work here, do you have work to do somewhere else?”

"Yes, it's a housing project. We're decorating many houses... It's quite a big project."

“Oh, so you have to talk to your customers often, huh? I thought you were a couple.” I pretended to gossip. “But is it true? I’ve been keeping to myself lately, so I don’t know much. I was thinking of teasing India.”

“I don’t know either. With Phi In, I can’t tell how I feel, but with Khun Golf, I can feel that he definitely has feelings for me. He’d always invite me out for dinner, find something to talk about at the company, and sometimes come here too, saying that he might get some ideas.”

She brought him here too... That's right. Otherwise, how would Prang know?

Suddenly, I felt angry, but I suppressed it. While we were talking, Naw's phone rang, and she whispered,

"Brother In called me. May I answer the call?"

“As you please.”

I pretended to walk around the kitchen, listening to what Naw said to the other person, and guessing their conversation. India said that she couldn't come in to inspect the work today, and asked for something to be left for a while because she had to run errands at a new project. Seeing that, I pretended to make a sound and pointed at the sink so that the sound would come through the phone.

"Ms. Naw, this sink isn't the brand that C asked for."

“Hm? Really? Let me ask you this for a second… Sister In, what brand of sink is this? The owner of the house requested it from the beginning.”

“Oh, I saw the wrong one. This is the brand. I was a little dizzy. Sorry.” I pretended to laugh and smiled dryly. Naw smiled back and turned to continue talking on the phone.

“Oh, yes. Mr. Saisi came to observe the work. Today, we were walking and talking about this and that… Team, is that what you want? But isn’t Brother In going to observe the work at the new project?”

I smiled a little, as I could guess that Indra was coming. After a while, Naw hung up the phone and turned to talk to me again.

“Wait a moment, Ms. Chi. Sister In is coming here soon. If you have any questions, you can ask Sister In. She is responsible for everything. She should be able to answer your questions better.”

“You answered the question well. You can easily beat India. Is this really your first job?” I pretended to compliment her and stared into her eyes for eight seconds. Before I was sure that she was stunned and nervous, she turned her face away and pretended to look at something else. “Send me your work to see. I want to see what your design is like.”

"If you're available, Naw will bring it for you to see."

“It’s always convenient. You have to be good, otherwise you can’t work with India.”

About twenty minutes later, Indra arrived. Let's just say it was faster than I thought. A sweet-faced person walked up to me, who was sitting and looking at the sunflower wall in my bedroom, with a happy expression like someone who hadn't seen each other for a long time.

"Cee really came out. Why didn't you tell In that you were coming?"

“I wanted to surprise you, but I was even more surprised when I came and didn’t see In.” I smiled at the sweet-faced person, a little mockingly. “You did a great job. Seeing you makes me feel so happy.”

Indra walked over and sat down next to me, then touched my body to check if I was comfortable, how I was, before sighing.

"You're too skinny."

"You look prettier now. I heard you're in love?"

When I mentioned this, the person in front of me seemed to be stunned. I noticed that

The overall behavior is immediate, like a mind reader, with a slight guilt on her face. She hasn't gone that far yet, the relationship hasn't progressed anywhere, the sales person must have expressed their feelings, and she hasn't made a decision yet.

“What kind of love? Where did you hear that?”

“Ms. Prang said that during the three months that Si was holed up in the house, there were many things that she missed out on. That’s why you disappeared. You have new friends now.”

"It's all about work."

"Really"

“Really what?”

"I feel hurt. They're real friends, but I don't know anything. But who can I blame? People who are going to have a partner must have one."

"What's wrong with you, Si? What's going on with you..." Before we could say anything more, Nao, who said she was going to buy some water for us, came in just in time. She greeted India respectfully, "Hello, In. You came so early. That's good. I bought some water for you too."

"You're such a lovely person." I smiled at Naw and took a sip of water, my fingertips slightly touching hers, before turning to talk to Ong In. "Teach your subordinate well. He'll have a bright future. If you need reassurance from someone, you know best to ask Si. Si can see through people."

The young man who heard my compliments clearly showed signs of embarrassment, and of course, everything was under Indra's watchful eye.

"In also said that he is a capable person."

"And C likes smart people."

My word “like” has many meanings. It can be seen as admiring someone for their work or looking at it in a romantic way.

"Have you eaten yet?" Indra changed the subject. I smiled at Naw.

He turned to smile at her, as if sharing something from the person over there for the person over here.

“I haven’t eaten lunch yet… Do you want to come with me, Naw? See you.”

“It’s okay. I still have work to do. You should go, Ms. C.”

"Okay, but next time if I invite you, you can't refuse. Oh... and what you said about wanting to see the work, that's serious."

"Yes, I will go and find some work that I have designed for you to see."

“But how can you show it to See if we can’t contact each other?” I rolled my eyes and snapped my fingers. “Here, if See can unlock your phone, you have to give me your number so I can add you on Line, okay?”

“Unlock? You mean the code? Can you do it, Mr. Xi?”

“You can do it. I’ll show you how.”

I got Now's mobile number and added her on Line as expected. Right now, I'm sitting in Ong In's car, which he's driving. The whole time we were in the car together, we were both silent, as if we were angry at each other, even though in our last conversation, there was no sign of us arguing at all.

"You are seducing Yin's subordinates."

And finally, Indra couldn't stand it anymore and spoke up first. I laughed a little and pretended it wasn't a big deal.

“What are you trying to trick me into? It’s just a magic trick to add each other on Line.”

“Why would you want Line Now?”

"He said he would send me some of his previous designs before you came. We talked about this and that a lot. You can tell right away that this kid has a bright future. I guarantee it."

“Why do you want to take the model again when your house is already decorated? It’s just an excuse.”

"And if that's really an excuse, what are you going to do?"

As soon as he mentioned this, Indra turned the steering wheel and immediately pulled over to the side of the road. The atmosphere around us was clearly filled with tension.

"Why are you stopping? Aren't you going to eat?"

"What is wrong with you"

“No.”

"You're in a bad mood. I can tell."

"Where is the bad mood? I just added a girl on Line. I'm in a good mood. I'm going to die."

“It’s not right. You just came out of a painful situation and suddenly you’re flirting with this person and that person, as if you’re trying to spite someone.”

"Who do you think she's being sarcastic to?"

"I was just being sarcastic."

"Then why are you being sarcastic to In?"

“I don't know!”

“Thinking too much is interesting. I just saw you in love and I felt jealous, so I wanted to have some too. But you must be a little uncomfortable being someone close to you, right? Well, never mind. When I go to a restaurant and meet someone I like, I’ll flirt with them again. This time, it’ll definitely be far away from you. I’ll go with a foreigner from a different country.”

"I don't have love"

“But you froze when C asked the first time. You were unsure, you felt guilty and didn’t know what to say to C. You disappeared because you had a new friend. You left C!” This time I exploded like someone who had run out of patience. Ong In, upon hearing that, shouted back at me.

"In didn't leave you. You're the one who kept In away!"

“People are sad.”

“And the people who try to protect you, want to be by your side like In

Don't you regret it?"

“So you went to find new friends, and you have a new lover who is the owner of a very wealthy housing project. You are not even a little discouraged from your past love. Didn’t you say that you would be single until you were old? We would not abandon each other. You are just like other men in this world, like

Si’s father. You come and then you leave!”

"In doesn't want to leave Si anywhere."

“You’re going to find that man. The man who’s like your ex-husband, the one who tied you up and took you to the kitchen and the balcony without your consent!”

My sarcastic words shocked Indra. His face turned from red to pale before he shook his head in disapproval.

“Go down.”

“…”

"Get out of the car!"

# Chapter 15 : Request

"Now that you've come out of the cave, you can create a story that will be talked about, boss."

I didn't know who to talk to, so I called Prang and told her about being left in the middle of the road. It took me an hour to get a car back. It was so hot, and that didn't even include the argument I had with Indra.

“Well, C was abandoned!”

What word is more correct and appropriate than “abandoned” here? I was abandoned on an island, chased away like a dog or a pig. Is this the kind of person who said they would stay single until they were old? In just three months, she already had a new friend.

"As for Prang, she also left you halfway. She didn't say anything, but instead talked about her ex-husband and sensitive things. She cursed at him without any basis in fact. She just wanted to feel satisfied. How did the boss know so much about what was under his bed?"

I was silent because I didn't know how to explain it.

“Aren’t you Secretary Xi? Why don’t you take his side?”

"The boss wants a consultant who always agrees with the boss, so he talks to himself.

In the mirror, Boss, what did you do wrong? Feeling hurt because he didn't come to see you for just a few days? Didn't you count that in the past three months, he came to see you every day? And Boss chose not to see him." "He disappeared because he had someone else."

"Then can't people have a boyfriend or a lover? Boss still has one."

"Well, right now there isn't any."

"Does that mean you, India, won't have it too? Boss, you're acting jealous."

When I heard this, I almost screamed because I couldn't accept that kind of word. The word jealousy was never in my dictionary, and this was with a friend.

“Damn!”

I hung up the phone and sat alone in the house to calm down. This kind of temper and rage was not at all like me. I am always aware of my own emotions. Maybe it was because I had just recovered from the injury of losing someone important. It must have been like that. I turned on a video of dogs and cats to see if it would help me feel better.

Oh.... How did the little dog do such a beautiful somersault? These clips always make me feel good and I would melt into my own place, such as a chair, bed, and then slowly sink to the floor with its cuteness. For a moment, I forgot what I was upset about before, then a new message rang on my mobile phone and I saw that it was Now. Before I clicked to read it, I found that the new kid I had charmed sent me the design I had pretended to ask for via Line with a short message that said, "Here. Whether you like it or not, please feel free to criticize me."

**See:** Beautiful, both of you.

The other party pressed read but didn't reply. I guess he was blushing and rolling around. Who doesn't like being complimented? That's another way I'm good at managing people.

I clicked on it casually, not really paying much attention, as shown, before replying with a little time to spare.

**See:** This is really great work. Have you shown your design skills anywhere?

**Now:** There are some already. Brother In tried to design one of my housing estates, but he didn't say whether it would actually be used or not.

**See:** Is this with India?

**Now:** No. Since Phi In and Khun Si went out, Now hasn't seen him at all. Have we separated?

**See:** Yes, we've separated. Does In have any other work to do today?

**Now:** At first, I thought you were going to a new project, but I stopped by to see Khun C first. If I'm not with Khun C anymore, I'll probably go to that project.

**See:** Would it be okay if I asked for the name of that project?

## Now: okay

Boss acts like he can leave.

Prang's words kept running through my head. Now I was in a better mood. After thinking about it, I realized that what I had said was too harsh. If it continued like this, Ong In and I would definitely break up. Moreover, it was a big deal. It was just a grudge, and the two of us used harsh words and argued with each other.

It's really just that...

If in the future we don't talk anymore and someone asks me with curiosity, "Why did you stop being so close so soon?" What do you want me to say? Oh, I'm upset that the other person has a boyfriend.

Crazy! Who would dare to explain such an underdeveloped reason? I must quickly solve the problem to prevent future criticism that may come soon.

After getting the address from Naw, I drove straight to Ong In at a housing project on the outskirts of town, which was quite far from my house. It wasn’t surprising. There was no place in the city to build a housing project like this. So if you want to build many houses, you have to build a land far away, which is cheaper than in the city. This is an option for people who want a house but don’t have a high budget. When I arrived at the village, it was still under construction.

I secretly saw Ong In’s car parked in front of the model house before smiling and driving away so as not to be noticed.

Why am I so nervous? I've never felt nervous before. I've spoken in front of hundreds of people before. I'm just a small woman.

I tiptoed into the house. The interior was decorated to a moderate extent but not yet finished. There were workers doing this and that so no one noticed my arrival. After looking around for a while, I couldn't find Indra, so I walked up the stairs to the second floor and found a sweet-faced person leaning against the door, watching the workers.

Working while getting wet, but I'm lost in my thoughts.

“Are you thinking of anyone?

My voice startled the sweet-faced girl a little, and she stared at me, her eyes shining. The words, "How did you get here?" floated out like bubbles in her head, but no sound came out at all.

“I drove here and somehow got lost and ended up here.”

"Why are you bothering me again?"

“Huh?”

The harsh words that were almost unheard of from Indra made me laugh out loud. When she saw that I was laughing, the sweet-faced person became even angrier, standing with her arms crossed and her body straight. If she had rushed over and grabbed my hair, she would have done it.

"I want to talk to you nicely."

"We've already talked it out nicely. You're disgusting. Get lost!" Ong In made a move to walk down the stairs, but I blocked him. In the end, he turned and walked in the opposite direction to go into another bedroom. But I ran to him just in time before the door closed by blocking it with my hand. The force of the door closing chopped my hand so hard that I had to cry out in pain. Ong In, who saw that I was being treated like that, was just as shocked. He quickly reached out to grab my hand and asked with concern.

“Does it hurt? Are you crazy? I saw that you closed the door on me, and you still put your hand in?”

My hands were now red and turning purple, indicating how strong the force was. Tears were streaming down my face in pain, and Ong-In, who didn't know what to do, could only massage my hands because he felt guilty.

“Let’s go to the hospital. Your hand could be broken. Why do you like to cause trouble? Can’t you let In be angry for a day or two?”

"Hurt"

"I know!" The sweet-faced one shouted out with an equally hurt feeling.

Then he reached out to wipe away her tears, while she herself was also crying.

“You made In so angry that she didn’t know what to do. Go to the hospital.”

“No, let’s talk first.”

I pulled myself into the bedroom and closed the door so we could talk. The pain made it hard to breathe, but I still wanted to talk.

“I’m sorry for speaking badly today.”

“Your pain won’t make In feel any less angry. Don’t act pitiful and force In to forgive you when you’re hurt.”

“What you’re angry about right now hurts more than your hand,” I grabbed my hand with my other hand as if it would ease the pain. “C’s mood is unstable. C admits it. I’m sorry.”

“You don't have to speak nicely.”

"Excuse me"

“…”

“I’m sorry for being a little bit of a jerk, a little bit of a rascal, a little bit of a rascal in your heart.”

“…”

“This is the third time already. I’ve never begged anyone in my life. I don’t know what words to use to make it better. I’m shocked that I’m so angry at you because I think if you had a boyfriend, you would have left me.”

"I already told you he's not my boyfriend. I haven't thought about it yet... He just told me that he likes me, that's all." Ong In admitted honestly. "I didn't say anything back to him."

“But I didn't deny it.”

"In did the same thing as you. Why would I create an enemy? It's useless. In the future, we might have to work together. It won't hurt to build a relationship. You're the one who taught In this."

My hands started turning purple and Indra noticed.

"Let's go to the hospital, please."

"Can you get over your anger?"

"Don't squeeze me like this."

“Stop being angry.” I used my last trick by rushing in and hugging him tightly. Ong In struggled in my arms and pushed him away, but I turned around to bring him back by hugging him from behind and resting my chin on the sweet-faced man’s shoulder.

"Si! Why are you so stubborn?"

"You're the one who's stubborn. Stop being mad, Jump." I opened my mouth to peck the little one's shoulder and bit it lightly, feeling like I wanted to do it myself for no reason, until Indra cried out in pain.

“Are you trying to coax me or make me even angrier?” The little one stopped struggling and obediently let me hug her. “If I say I’m not mad anymore, will I go to the hospital?”

“Oh, and when we get to the hospital, we’ll go eat. I haven’t eaten a single grain of rice since the argument with you. And you too… See you.”

“Then before we talk properly again, tell me why you were being peevish. What made you so angry that you started a fight like that? Are you just afraid that In will leave you if she has a boyfriend?”

“…”

“See”

“I’m starting to get jealous of you… Isn’t that stupid?” I said shyly, and buried my face in the smaller person’s shoulder, not knowing what to do.

“Yes, very stupid.”

“This is so crazy. I don’t know what to do.”

There was a small chuckle when I made that noise. “Actually, I wasn’t mad anymore after you apologized the second time, until you sang.

That's the annoying thing. It's really annoying."

“I just heard it the other day. When you apologized to me, it played in my head.

I couldn’t help but sing… So you’re not mad anymore, right? You laughed.”

“…”

"Are you not angry anymore? Can you go to the hospital?"

"Not yet"

"Why again?"

“Let me hug you a little longer. You’re so soft.”

The two of us remained silent and let time pass by. No one counted how much time had passed. As we cherished this strange feeling, Indra asked curiously.

"How do you know about In?"

“Which story?”

"The thing you blurted out, Narin... and the dining table."

I paused for a moment because I forgot to think about this, but luckily I had a bell to save me just in time. I heard someone calling out from outside and turned the doorknob to come in. We both bounced away from each other as if what we were doing was wrong.

“I’m here… Do you have guests, In? I’m sorry.”

“No, I just have a little something to talk about,” I answered, like a person who is good at making friends. “You must be the person that India talks about a lot.

You…”

"Golf," the excited voice of the person who had just come in told me very well that it was "him" who had confessed his love to Indra. My sweet-faced friend looked at me, not really liking what I had said, but I just smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Golf. I finally got to meet you in person. You're even more handsome than In described."

"Did you mention me, In?"

“Speaking of which, Sini is so excited that she wants to see it with her own eyes.” I continued to hold my injured hand so that he could see, and it worked.

"What happened to your hand?"

"The door is clamped."

"In is going to take Si to the hospital."

“Is this you, Ms. See? I’ve heard a lot about you from Ms. In. I just met you in person.”

"Don't just introduce yourself. I'll take Inpasee to the hospital first."

“We’ll stop by for dinner. Would you like to join us, Golf?” I invited without even asking my friend for her opinion. “But if you do, you have to take Si to the hospital so the doctor can check her hand to see if there’s anything wrong… If you have time.”

“Yes, I have time. Let’s ride in my car together. Please come.”

Everything is easy. If I want to get to know someone, I usually do this. Make them feel valuable, meaningful, and then do everything I want. Mr. Golf or Krit, a high-level executive with a high-society surname, made me leave with a long history. He was a gentleman from birth. We can see it from his behavior. If someone just got rich, they will be quite arrogant because they never had money. So they think that money creates everything. It's different from people who are born with it. They will see that money is money. It's something that is already in everyday life. What they have to do well is to make their parents proud and then take over. And Mr. Krit is that kind of person.

He helped me by taking me to the hospital. At first, he was going to pay for my treatment, but I stopped him and said with a smile, “Money can’t buy votes.” That made him look a little stunned.

Let me handle the expenses by myself for fear of losing my favor with Indra. As for my sweet-faced friend, she kept quiet the whole way until the doctor said that the bones in my ring finger and pinky finger were cracked. That's why she kept hitting me on the shoulder and complaining in a rude manner, completely losing all her feminine demeanor in front of men.

“Why do you always make In the wrong? Is it right to block the door with your hand? Look, your hand is like this. I don’t know if it can be used or not.

“It’s just a crack, not a break.” I laughed a little in amusement, then smiled at

Khun Kritsana, who was also smiling at the event. “Don’t hold it against India.

She’s unconscious right now.”

“Still have a nice word!”

“It’s okay. It’s cute. It’s been a while since I’ve seen you act like a normal person.”

As far as I can see, Indra, who doesn't feel anything for me, will probably act distantly like he did when he first met me. That's why there's a little gap between the two of them.

“At first, I was cold to C like this too. Once I got the hang of it a little bit, I turned into this crybaby.”

"What is it? Tell me."

“If I tell you, you won’t try to find it, but I’ll give you a little hint.” I glanced at Indra and smiled proudly. “She’s a very energetic person.”

“…”

“She likes challenges. Just give her a task and she can do it. She’s a real doer, but she’s also quite old-fashioned, weak-willed, and obedient to her parents, to the point where she can seem a bit too stubborn.”

“…”

“Believe in monogamy instead of believing in your own feelings.

He is more cute than annoying. He is not a petulant person at all because he thinks it is a waste of time. But if he gets angry...the bones in his fingers can crack as well."

Indra bumped my shoulder a little. I felt a mix of anger and guilt, but it wasn't as bad as the embarrassment I felt over what I had just said.

"You're very close to Khun In."

"Yes, we are so close that I feel like I can't lose him.

There was a silence between us all. As we were about to turn around, we made eye contact with Indra. The sweet-faced man made a face like he was shocked by something, so we had to turn around and see that it was Narin who had walked straight to our table and smiled and greeted us.

"In, Mr. C, try walking in and making sure it's right. And it really is. How did you two end up together?" A character that I thought would be forgotten from the story suddenly appeared as if heaven had played a trick on her. The sentimental atmosphere from a moment ago suddenly disappeared as if by magic, and was replaced by Maku. Narin made a face of recollection. "Oh, you hired In to design it. I just remembered. I was so shocked."

“Well... yes,” I answered shortly and smiled because I didn’t know how to explain it further.

“And this.....”

"This is Mr. Kritsana, a customer of the company."

"Oh, hello. I'm Narin. I'm..." Narin hesitated about how he should introduce himself. Normally, I'm the most talkative person in the world, but right now, it seemed like there was no role for me to speak, because I thought it was inappropriate. However, Indra probably didn't feel much, so he introduced himself instead, as if he was opening the door for everyone to see.

"Mr. Narin is In's ex-husband."

This is a moment of courage. Indra did not feel any fear when introducing Narin.

Let me know. All my observations right now are directed at Kris because I want to know what he will say. But he just smiles like he knew from the beginning or he doesn't care at all.

“Nice to meet you. Would you like to sit with me?”

"I hope it's not a bother."

In fact, it's a polite thing for everyone to do. I just didn't think Narin would accept it. I don't know if he was afraid of being rude or just shameless, because it's just a thin line. Our conversation wasn't much. Most of the time, we just asked each other what kind of business we were in and talked about other things. The person who was most uncomfortable at the table right now was Ong In, and I was feeling really sorry for her.

“It’s been so long. Is the house still not finished being decorated?”

"Finished"

"But you two came out to eat together," Narin said with a surprised expression. If they were coworkers, they would probably go their separate ways after the event. However, Ong In and I continued to stay together.

“We’re friends. We’re really close.” I smiled at Narin and leaned my head slightly against Indra’s to show by body language that we were close enough to go places together. “There’s nothing about C that In doesn’t know about.

And there's nothing about In that Si doesn't know." "Are you that close?"

“You look surprised,” I teased the pretty one a little. “Is being close to Indra really that shocking to you?”

"Well... no. It's good to be close. I don't have many friends."

"Cee doesn't have many friends either."

"What happened to your hand?"

“The door caught my hand. When you asked, I felt a little uncomfortable,” I said.

Came out showing off his hand that had been treated. “It looks like a fever is coming on.”

"Oh, why did you hold back for so long? Then, let's go back." Ong In took the opportunity and Narin immediately opened his mouth to intervene.

"I'll take you to see Khun Si myself, In, when you want to continue talking business with your customers." Narin was polite enough not to say it directly because he could tell that Krit had feelings for him. Even though at first he was a bit hesitant about who Krit, who came with him, was interested in, between me and the pretty one, but when he saw Krit's eyes, body language, and other expressions, he probably couldn't guess easily.

"No, I'm with In. How can I go back with you?"

"It's okay, In. I'll take you to get your car at the project, Narin. I guess Narin has something he wants to talk to C about."

I could tell he was trying to find an opportunity to talk to me and try to explain his relationship with Indra clearly. The sweet-faced girl looked at me with anger but couldn't say anything because she had to act reasonable even though she didn't want to because of her personal bias.

"I'll call you, Khun Golf. Please leave In for me."

“Take care of yourself first, then you can help others.”

Indra was being sarcastic, so I could only say goodbye to everyone and go back with Narin. When I got in the car, I told Narin where the car was parked and took me there. While there, he talked to me anxiously.

“I was surprised that you and In became such close friends.”

“It’s a long story, and that’s one of the reasons why C never picks up your phone calls,” I shrugged and smiled at him. “We’re friends. It wouldn’t be nice if C talked to you, who’s my friend’s ex.”

“But In and I have already broken up. It’s not fair for me to want to start over, but you’ve become my ex-wife’s friend. Plus, I met you before you were friends with In.”

"Our world plays jokes like this."

"What did In tell you about me?"

“Are you worried that In will tell you bad things about me? There’s no need to do that. You know how good I am at reading people. I mean… I’m… lacking.” I made a scissor-like shape with my fingers and cut him off. I almost replied,

“My left hand is just the right size. But hold back for a moment. I don’t want to think I know too much. How did I know? There’s no detail that I missed about what you were thinking or doing. If In had met me first, the two of you would never have gotten married. I can tell that you two wouldn’t make it.”

“Do you think I’m a bad person?”

“You’re not a bad person. Some things just don’t match up, so it’s not right. No one is wrong.” I didn’t mention anything in particular, but I could guess that

Narin would understand. “You two met when you were teenagers. You were each other’s first love, so I thought it would become an everlasting love. I respect that you’ve been together for twelve years.”

"If I start over, there will be no more mistakes."

“It’s normal for us humans to make mistakes, Narin.”

“Have you cut the hair out of the options?”

"Cee is not a cruel person, but if Cee has to choose...Cee will choose In."

We were all silent, not knowing what to say next. But then... I suddenly...

I thought of something and had to ask.

"Narin, C has something strange to ask you."

“What?”

“Have you ever moved into someone’s body?”

"Look for?"

If I ask him directly like this and he doesn't understand, then it doesn't happen or he doesn't know. So I stop asking and let him.

It is a wonder of its own.

“It was quiet, so I changed the subject to confuse you.”

"Yes, I'm really confused."

“Then… how about I do another trick to scare you even more?”

“What?”

“You skew left.”

"Mean?"

“That bastard.”

Narin slammed on the brakes so hard that I almost hit my head on the console of the car. Luckily, I was wearing my seatbelt. My friend's ex-husband opened his mouth and gasped, so I laughed and quickly made excuses.

“Just kidding, are you really a lefty?”

“…”

“See, C has turned the atmosphere from stuffy to lively. Hehe.”

Most of the men who have come into my life are people who can talk. No matter how much Narin wants to tease me, I have a certain aura that men dare not mess with. If I draw the line, that's all he can be. If I want him to come in, I will welcome him with open arms and legs without him having to try. Because no matter how hard I try, if I don't give it to him, he will just rot and die right there.

After returning to get the car, I used one arm to try very hard to drive back home, and was surprised to see Indra already waiting in front of my old house.

"How did you get here faster than C?"

"In didn't stop by anywhere. Why did you just come back?"

“Traffic jam, only one hand can be used, whose fault is this?” I pretended to complain.

But when I didn't see Indra playing along, I sighed. "What else? Don't fight, okay? I'm tired, sob."

After I finished speaking, I walked over and rested my head on the shoulder of the person standing in front of me with his arms crossed, and rubbed my head back and forth in a coquettish manner. Indra stood still for a moment, then took a few steps back, trying his hardest not to give in to me, and then he spoke of something very serious.

"In doesn't want to fight, but In... I don't know."

"I don't know anything."

"In is not comfortable meeting Narin today," the sweet-faced one raised her hand to comb her hair and put her hands on her hips to look at me. "What did you two talk about?"

“Why are you two so similar? You keep asking her, “What did In tell you about me?” When you see her, you ask, “What did Narin talk to you about?” What secrets do you two have?”

“How would In know? There are some things you shouldn’t know…” Indra bit his lip, and I immediately remembered what he blurted out when he was angry.

“But I can’t believe Narin would say that.”

“Si just kept talking. Don’t take it to heart. No one told me anything. Don’t forget that Si is a guesser. Judging from your character, you might be a bit of a tad bit shy in bed or something. Meanwhile, Narin is quite a hottie, so it just so happened that what he said happened to be the same thing.”

“It’s too coincidental. It’s too specific. I don’t believe you. Just guessing.” Indra didn’t focus on that yet and brought back to the original topic. “So what exactly did they talk about? If it’s not a secret, can’t you tell me?”

When I was pressed hard, I sighed and told the truth.

“He asked if C couldn’t give him a chance. It wasn’t fair to him to cut him out of the options just because In was C’s friend. He said,

He's single. Why can't C date him? Is it because he's in love? Blah blah blah, something like that.

“So what did you decide?”

“I didn’t decide anything. As you know, Xi won’t hurt him because in the future, we may have to rely on each other… You can rest assured. Xi won’t hurt you. You’re a friend.”

"Cee" Indra looked at me and had a serious expression on his face, so I had to look back at him and respond.

"How is it going"

"In has never asked for anything, and never dared to ask. But can I ask this time? Can I give it to In?"

"Let's try asking."

“Can you please stop messing with Narin? Cut him out. In wants to have Si in her life, without In’s ex-boyfriend messing with In’s current man.”

I pursed my lips to suppress a smile. For a moment, my heart beat rapidly with the seriousness, and I became “In’s person” without even realizing it. The moment I opened my mouth to agree, Indra, seeing me, spoke up. And it was even more than I had expected.

"Yinhuangxi doesn't want him to interfere."

# CHAPTER 16 : Calf

Now I have a nurse who feeds me because I think it's all my fault. No matter what I pick up, Indra will always rush forward to facilitate me as much as possible, even though in reality I can do everything myself. But when I see a sweet-faced person who is so intent on something, I don't want to dissuade him. In another sense, I also like Indra to be near me. I feel that seeing this little person twerking around while doing something is quite pleasing to the eye.

At this time, I was able to move my belongings to my new house. Prang, Ong In, and my close disciples also happily helped me move my belongings. I felt grateful to everyone and felt a little guilty because all this time I had been deceiving them for money and their beliefs.

"The boss's hand is broken like this. It's really bad. I have to stop having a wife for a while."

Prang teased me when she saw me trying to pick up a drinking glass, but it was awkward, so I had to switch sides. I bared my fangs, wanting to swoon at the secretary who was teasing me in front of my face.

Indra, because the sweet-faced person is quite shy and very closed off from this matter.

"Lewd"

"Hey, just kidding. If you can't have a wife, then get a husband first, Boss."

“Did you take the wrong pill today? You’re being so reckless. What about you? Are you pregnant? You come to work exhaustedly every day. I know your husband is diligent about doing his homework.”

“Crazy. The boss is talking so rudely. How would anyone who hears it feel… Is it really that obvious?”

“Even from Mars, you can tell. It must be morning, right? Time to produce children.”

"In, go lift that thing over there first." Indra, whose immune system was too low, hurriedly walked away to do something else. I laughed with amusement, but I still had to turn around and show my fangs at the secretary.

“Let’s play when we’re alone. Indians are shy about this kind of thing.”

"So, in conclusion, Boss and Khun In aren't husband and wife?"

"You idiot! Just a friend."

“I don’t know. Boss and Khun Ind are not friends. Boss is not a good person to be with. While Khun Ind is cute like a koala who is friends with a wolf.”

"Cee is a koala bear."

"The one that looks like a dog."

"I'll bite your ear off." As the two of us were talking back and forth without any seriousness, the new person's cough made us stop talking and turn our attention to the visitor. "Ms. Naw."

"I heard that you're moving things into your new house, so I wanted to help you.

Would you mind helping me?"

“No, I was shocked. I didn’t think that Khun Naw would actually come.”

"You mentioned it yesterday,"

“Ms. Naw said that if it’s convenient, she’ll stop by to see. So, I thought she was just being polite.” I smiled in gratitude. “I’m so touched. You really did come.”

"Is there anything I can help you with? Please tell me."

"Hmm... Then do some light work, like helping her sort books in the library."

I assigned the new arrival Naw a task and stood there to give her encouragement. Ong Indra, who saw Naw coming, made a surprised expression before calling me over to talk to her quietly so that she wouldn't hear.

"Did you ask Naw to come help you?"

“Not exactly. Last night, when we were talking, Si mentioned that she was moving into a new house. She had a lot of stuff to organize. So, Khun Naw asked if there was anything she could help with. Si said that if Khun Naw could help, that would be great. That’s all.”

“How often do you talk to Now?”

“Well…” I rolled my eyes trying to remember before smiling. “Never. I don’t count. But I talk to her often. This subordinate of yours is really cute. He’s kind. Judging from the work she sent me, it’s good work too. If I had seen Now’s work first, we wouldn’t have met.”

“…”

“Just kidding! You look so serious. Hehe.” I giggled when Indra went quiet. But when I saw that he was being too quiet, I stopped laughing and poked him in the shoulder as if he was being sarcastic. “What? Si is really kidding. In’s work is more beautiful than anyone else’s in the world. Si saw it and liked it right away. Even though you acted like you hated me when we first met, Si managed to convince you to be her friend. Just think, Si must be obsessed with and really love your work.”

When I flattered him, Indra could smile a little, but

Not very full

“You seem to like that kid.”

“I didn’t watch it… I like it. Well, he’s cute and smart. He’s definitely going to have a bright future. I like smart people. You’re smart too.” I continued to flatter the person in front of me. “For me, you’re number one.”

"In doesn't want to be number one."

“What? What’s wrong with being number one?”

"In wants to be the only one." Ong In put his hands in his pockets and walked away to continue his own duties. I could only look at the little person who seemed to be in a bad mood and started to feel uneasy. I guess I admired others too much. I had to tone it down a bit. I just wanted to cheer on the new kid to have a bright future, that's all. But I forgot to think that Ong In was also someone with an ego in his own work. I shouldn't be too obvious.

Finally, the move from the old house to the new house was completed within two days. Most of the items were knickknacks that I still couldn't bring myself to throw away, although some of them I donated. I thanked everyone who helped make the house a home today and threw a small party in return. Everyone brought me some gifts for the housewarming. Now gave me a voice recorder worth several thousand, which is necessary for practicing speeches.

“Wow... You don’t have to invest this much, Naow. I can’t bear to feel so bad. And then you came to help move things and you also bought expensive things for me. How am I supposed to repay you?”

“It’s okay. If you really want to thank Naw, just use it often. I hope it will be useful to you.”

She likes me....I can tell.

I feel proud every time my charm is successful, but I also feel guilty towards

Indra for messing with his people like that. I thanked him again and invited Naw to make herself comfortable before starting to look for the sweet-faced person who suddenly disappeared.

"Prang, have you seen In?"

“I just saw you walking to the car. You said you were going to get something... There you are! Oh my!” Prang, who saw what Indra was carrying, screamed excitedly before rushing towards him with a heart full of joy. “A dog! That’s a dog.

“I know,” I laughed and walked over to play with Calf, a St. Bernard dog, admiring it. It’s rare to see a dog like Calf these days. “The dog is so cute, In. Is it Calf’s? Is it In’s?”

"It's not In's stuff, it's C's stuff."

"Team?"

“Keep it as a friend, a housewarming gift.”

I was smiling, but my smile immediately stopped in shock. Pets were forbidden to me. No matter how cute they were, I had no intention of keeping them. For the reason that I would regret it in the future, sooner or later. Prang, who saw my expression, could immediately read it. She quickly squeezed herself in between and grabbed the calf in her arms.

“It’s so cute. Um… Let me take it for a run first. Let Boss and Khun In talk.”

That meant that I definitely had something to talk to Indra about. After seeing this gift, the sweet-faced girl could feel the tense atmosphere I was giving off and frowned in surprise.

“What’s wrong? Aren’t you happy? I saw that you like watching dog clips, so I went and bought some from a friend’s farm to surprise you.”

"Let's talk somewhere quiet," I led Indra to the place.

It was quite private, that was the bedroom that I forbade anyone from entering. When I arrived, I locked the door and took a deep breath to control my tone.

“The gift that In gave me was very cute, but she probably couldn’t accept it.”

"Why"

“Si doesn’t want to be attached to anything,” I, who had never shown any signs of worry except when my father passed away, walked around and explained what I was like. “These animals have shorter lives than Si. They don’t stay with Si for long before they leave Si. Si doesn’t want to feel sad, so she’s never raised them.”

"Cee needs to change her mindset. Like this, if Cee falls in love with someone, will she die first and make the people who are still alive feel sad like that?"

“And to be fair to both him and C, C has never thought about having a real girlfriend, never been in love, and never thought about raising a dog. That’s why.”

Indra opened his mouth wide in disbelief that someone would think like this. I admit that I am selfish and do not like to lose anything. However, in order not to make others sad, I choose not to have a long-term relationship. So that there will be no more heartache over my departure. Isn't that fair?

"If C thinks that way, it's okay... Then In will return the dog."

"Thank you"

“But I’ll leave it here for a day. I’ll come pick you up tomorrow evening. Let me talk to my family first to see if my parents will let me raise it… It’s too pitiful. Bring it here and then return it. Dogs have hearts… You should have hearts too, not just love yourself like this.”

Indra reluctantly retreated, and it turned out that she and I were fighting because of the new gift we got. The party ended quickly because I asked to go to bed first. The others were too shy to stay any longer, except for a 2-month-old St. Bernard puppy who was as big as an almost 1-year-old Thai dog.

who stays with me inside the house

"Why are you looking at me? Because you made me fight with India."

"Rainbow"

“You still want to answer? Don’t stare at me… nah.”

I stuck my tongue out at the dog before shutting the door in its face and putting myself to sleep. However, shortly after, I heard a pitiful squeal outside the room. I tried to be strong, but I couldn't help it. I had to open the door and stare at it.

“What is it? It’s as big as a pig, but it’s afraid of the dark?”

“Ning”

Why does it answer me every word? I ignore it but I can feel it staring at me.

"Alright, you can sleep with me only tonight. Behave yourself... I'll call you... I'd rather not. If I call you by that name, we'll bond and love each other for a long time." I opened the door and invited the calf in. The giant puppy, upon entering the room, threw himself down in a crocodile pose, feeling extremely hot, before falling asleep.

"Foreign dogs are really liars. They cry to sleep with the air conditioner on.

Huh... You're not cute. Remember that you're not cute."

I walked to my bed and turned off the lamp until the room was pitch black. I heard a loud snoring sound and couldn't help myself. I had to turn on the light and grab my camera to take a picture.

“I’ll take pictures for your mom, take videos too. Sleeping so loudly, disturbing other people…” After a while, the little calf lay on its back, showing its belly, nipples and tiny vagina, so cute. I kept taking pictures, licking my lips with amusement. “Look, you’ll be embarrassed. I’ll keep the pictures to blackmail you when you grow up. When you have a new owner and they see you sleeping like this, they won’t dare to adopt you because you’re a pig, not a dog. T\_T”

Before I knew it, I already had hundreds of pictures of calves....

The next morning, the calf jumped onto the bed with its front legs and licked my face. Its sticky saliva made me feel like I had just given birth. I couldn't help but get mad because it was so cute.

No...you're ugly.

It's also a smart dog. It cries to go outside and doesn't let out any waste in the house, as if its previous owner had trained it well. Prang, who was quite worried about me and the new dog, rushed over early in the morning and found me with my arms crossed watching it jump into the newly built swimming pool and swim around because it was hot.

“Boss, are you letting the dog try swimming?”

“I didn’t let it swim. It was thirsty, and then it suddenly jumped in. What can I do… a ghost dog?” I crossed my arms and pretended not to care. “Can you believe it snored so loudly last night? Look at this. I took a bunch of blackmail photos of it when it grows up.”

I happily showed off the pictures on my phone. Prang looked at me, smiled, and asked again.

"Is this hate?"

“I hate it. If I love you, I’ll take you to the studio to take pictures. I won’t just keep these ugly pictures. It’s good that you came. I’m going to ask you out for a bit.”

“Where are you going?”

“Go buy some dog shampoo. It’s already in the pool, so I’ll take the opportunity to take a bath. Go start the car and wait. I’ll go tell the maid to come and keep an eye on this ugly little calf.”

I ran to order the housekeeper from the old house to take care of the dog before Indra came to pick me up in the evening, then got in the car with Prang to find a pet shop.

As I got closer, I felt that everything was dazzling. Before I knew it, I had dog food that was said to be the best, a plate made of good quality stainless steel that wouldn't peel, and a large bone that I thought I might play with when it grew up. This didn't even include the pages on Facebook that I had my eye on for building dog houses, but I just looked at them just in case. Why would I build one if I wasn't going to raise one?

Cluttered

“Can you drive faster? The calf will dry out before it can use the special shampoo that makes its fur as soft and smooth as Nuan Woranuch’s.”

"Does the boss hate dogs?"

“I hate it, but I have to take good care of it so that when the new owner gets it, they will be impressed that the dog smells good.”

Prang drove home as quickly as she was told, and when she got back, I immediately looked for the big calf, but no matter how much I called out, it wouldn't come out.

"Auntie, where did the dog go?"

"I don't know."

“I don’t know!” I immediately raised my voice in shock. “Si told me to take care of the dog. What are you doing?”

“Auntie was ironing clothes and saw it running around the house. It probably can’t go anywhere.”

"Aunt!!!"

I screamed impatiently and ran around the house looking for it, but I couldn't find the calf anywhere. In a panic, I rushed outside to look for it, driving to see if it had wandered off somewhere. Then, fear gripped me immediately.

It's still small.

Does it know that your world is dangerous?

Can it find food to eat on its own?

Will I be bullied by the locals?

It would, it would, it would, my head would be filled with bad things and it would make me cry like a turtle. I drove home exhausted and looked at the bag of food and many supplies before sitting down and crying with a very fragile heart.

“Sob, where did it go, Prang? Just now, Si was watching it swim. Boohoo,” I cried like a child and raised my arms to wipe away my tears, forgetting my shame. “It’s even more ugly. Anyone who sees it will definitely hate it. It’s big and its poop is as big as an elephant’s. Boohoo.”

"Boss..." Prang felt sorry for me and laughed at the same time with affection for me. "How about this, Boss, go rest for a while. Prang will help look for me again."

“How can I rest? How can I cope?”

“Let’s go first. Khun In will be here soon.”

“Yes, and India too. If that guy knew that Si lost the dog, we wouldn’t have to look at each other anymore. Sob, why are there only bad things? Si should have done something nice for the calf. It’s not harmful at all. Its saliva is like pure water, clean and pure like crystal and Singha drinking water.”

I grumbled and carried myself to my bedroom, crying nonstop. Didn't I tell you not to bring me anything to take care of? And it will turn out like this. In just one day, my heart will be broken just because it's gone. And just think, if I love it so much, when it's gone, how will I be able to live?

After a while, there was a knock on my bedroom door, along with the figure of Indra walking in and talking to me in a sad voice.

“In knows everything.”

“I’m sorry, sob sob.” I cried again after a short break from sobbing. Indra looked at me, smiled, and walked over to sit next to me before hugging me and comforting me. “Waaa.”

“Oh, why are you in such a bad state? I thought you would be happy when your dog disappeared. But don’t you want to keep it?”

"Why did In say that?!" I stood up in anger. "The dog is missing. Why aren't you shocked? Prang said she'd go look for it. I don't know if she's found it yet. Si should go check again."

"No need to go. Let's rest for a while."

“Can’t rest. The longer the time, the calf will be lonely. What if it gets dark?

There will be a lot of snakes and centipedes… Oh, no, that doesn’t even include those who like to eat dogs.”

I was walking to grab the doorknob, but Indra blocked me from getting out. He then used both hands to grab my shoulders, wanting to tell me to calm down. pay

“What kind of life coach are you? You have no sense at all. I now know why you are so afraid of raising animals.”

"Cee doesn't want to be sad, but now she's sad already. Sob sob."

“I saw it.”

“I’m sorry for picking a fight yesterday, but I knew something like this would happen. Did In see that?”

“I see it,” Indra pulled me into his arms and gently rubbed my back. “I see how sensitive Si is. I don’t believe it if I don’t see it with my own eyes. Si today looks different from yesterday. Is there any version that I haven’t seen yet?”

“What should I do?”

Indra left me and used both hands to support my cheeks with a smile.

“Keep calm, take a deep breath.”

“I can’t breathe, my nose is all runny.”

"Why are you so cute? Hehe." The sweet-faced girl laughed happily and used her thumb to wipe away the tears on her cheeks before looking into my eyes. "You're so cute."

“…”

"Cee is a lovely person, you know that, right?"

“You’ve said it three times already, and I believe it.” I could smile a little, as if I had forgotten for a moment that I was grieving. Then, in the silence between us, it was as if something was forming. Indra’s smile gradually changed to a small pout before he leaned his face down toward mine. As for me, right now, as if I was lost in a daze, I leaned my face toward the smaller person. Just a little bit closer, we were stuck together from the touch of our lips. The bedroom door opened along with Prang’s voice that blurted out.

"Boss, I found the calf... Oh, he's not here... Boss, Phu Hu, I found the calf.

Khun In is the one who took the dog away, really."

The door was closed, followed by the sound of the prang gradually disappearing along with the distance that had passed. Indra and I, who were standing hugging each other, could only stare at each other because we didn't know what to do. Nothing had happened yet, but that didn't mean that what hadn't happened had no meaning from now on.

If the prang hadn't arrived first, what would have happened?

Why did Indra and I....

"Chaloei, In is the one who took the dog away." Ong In broke away from my embrace and smiled, trying to resolve the situation. "At first, she said she didn't want to keep it, so she came to take it back. When Khun Prang called and said that someone was crying and being cranky, she rushed to bring it back. What kind of person is stubborn?"

"Wha...?"

"Hmm, what do you want to do? Do you want to keep that dog or not?"

“Well…” I quickly put on a normal expression and returned to my original pose. “What can I do? It seems that the dog likes this house’s swimming pool. Besides, if I don’t accept it, In will be very upset.”

“Then take care of me.”

“Smile, but with conditions.”

“What conditions?”

"In has to come and help raise it, and we'll help name it."

When I suggested that, the sweet-faced one nodded and acted as if it was a trivial matter.

“Okay, we’ll help name it. So, how about we go find it?”

“Hmm”

We both smiled slightly, and then we walked away. I looked at Indra's back, who was walking ahead, feeling very insecure about my own feelings. I knew that the incident just now was not normal. I had been in love with many people, and Indra must have known that there was something between us. It was just a matter of how long I could pretend that there was nothing.

I don't want to lose this relationship, and the person who destroys something like this easily is usually me.

I have to finish everything as soon as possible, I told myself.

# Chapter 17 : Nature

## "Come on, baby, come eat some delicious chicken breast, cooked at the Kailash Palace, quickly, baby."

I call my new dog "Calf" because I think it's the cutest and most proportionate. At first, I didn't want to raise it, but now it's like my little sweetheart. It's very clingy, wobbling its butt and falling over to show that it's cute. Since it's a little female dog, when it lies on its back, it will show off its plump pink belly. I'll pretend to fall over and lie down with my daughter, while rubbing my face back and forth on its belly to act cute so that the dog will fall in love with it. But... love is like this: the more we love and give it attention, the more it will be arrogant and cold to us.

"It's called hierarchy. The calf sees the boss as a slave and he is the master. But with Khun In, he sees her as his mother. Maybe because Khun In was the first person to hold him."

“Why, why, why?” I whined and yelled in frustration because every day

It sleeps with me. When I'm not there, I even turn on the air conditioner for it. Silly.

"Whoever loves themselves more, how will that person win?" Indra, who had disappeared, went into the kitchen to drink water and came out to explain like an expert. And it was as expected. When the little calf heard the sweet-faced person's voice, it ran to him and wagged its tail to cajole and flatter. "You love it too much. Act like a boss a bit. Don't let it drink when it cries and wants water. If it wants to scratch its belly, scratch it. You have to have some finesse."

"I can't read a dog's mind."

"Tee and Nai are both very talented. How are you and Naw? I heard you just went to the movies together, didn't you?"

"It's good, but the movie is a bit boring. Your subordinates like to watch awardwinning movies, while C likes mass movies."

Since that day, Indra and I tried to act as normal as possible. We didn't talk about it, we didn't act shy with each other. We acted as if that day was just a dream. When I felt that I was starting to have strange feelings, I immediately built a wall to block our close relationship by finding someone to date. The sweet-faced one was the same.

"What about you and Golf?"

“It’s nothing much. We see each other every day for work, but we sometimes go out for dinner. Most recently, I heard you invited me to a wedding. I’m thinking about whether I should go or not.”

"He intended to invite you to introduce yourself to your friends, didn't he?"

“What are you introducing? We’re not even anything yet.”

“But you gave him a chance.” When he said that, I could feel that he was getting irritated. However, I was good at controlling my temper, so I pretended to look at the calf and pretended to scold him, “You can’t pee there. When I pee, it fills up the basin. Auntie… take the calf to run in front of the house.

Don’t let it jump into the pond.”

“Part of it is because it’s unavoidable, but part of it is because I don’t feel like he’s that bad. Honestly… I can’t remember what it’s like to date a guy.”

"It's like when I first started dating Narin."

"It was a long time ago."

“Then you just have to let him lead the way.”

"And if he leads me to stay overnight, is that okay?" Indra asked me curiously, because I'm quite a modern person.

“Actually, we’re all grown-ups now. If you see it as happiness, there’s no need to think too much about it.

“It’s good to be you. You don’t have to think about anything. You can do whatever you want. You’re so introverted. If you suddenly tell me to do whatever I feel like, it’s a little awkward.”

"That means your feeling is that you want to go, right?"

“I want to try more.”

We all fell silent again. I tried not to show any emotion and asked with a smile.

"By the way, has he invited you to go to the province? Why are you asking?"

“I invited him, but he didn’t invite me to go to another province… He invited me to the Maldives. He said that his friend’s resort just opened, so he wanted to invite me.”

I was quiet for a moment and shrugged.

“And what did you answer?”

“Didn’t answer. In changed the subject. Inviting me to go to the beach like that, there are many ways to think about it, right? People these days don’t care about it anymore. But In still feels uneasy. I want to get to know each other for a long time first. Mostly, we just talk about our families, our businesses, our favorite pets, and what we like to eat. Then he invited me to his wedding.”

“Then take this opportunity to see what kind of person his friends are. If we want to know what kind of person he is, look at his friends.”

"Then what kind of person is In? To have a friend like G?"

"Evil!"

When I got hit back like this, I couldn't do anything.

After talking to Ong In that day, a few days later, I was invited to the same wedding. I could say that the world is round because the person getting married was one of my students who had trained with me and had a lot of respect for me. If I didn’t go, it would be rude. So I went to this event and told Ong In that we might meet there. Now, who knew that I was going to this event, asked while the two of us were sitting and drinking cocktails at the bar counter in a club with a nice atmosphere. This was the third time we had met, but we had never clearly stated why we met, for what reason, or what kind of relationship we had.

"Do you have a date to go to the event with?" Naw, who was wearing a slightly off-the-shoulder dress and had her hair tied up high, looking chic, asked hopefully, asking if I could invite her.

“Not yet. I’m thinking about it. If I go alone, I’m afraid I’ll be shy and won’t know what to do. But I don’t know who to ask. In already went with Khun Golf.”

I didn't invite him because I knew that the other party was waiting for an invitation. To be honest, I didn't want to tie him down too much. In our past conversations, I was very careful because this child belongs to Indra. If I did anything wrong, it would affect his big brother as well.

"Have you looked at the crocodile yet?"

“I’ll probably go with Khun Prang.” I smiled and took an olive from the glass and took a small bite, finding the sourness and sweetness in my mouth. “I’ll probably be gone for a short while and then come back. For C, a wedding is boring. It’s like an announcement that… tonight we’re going to have sex. Congratulations on the baby that’s going to be born. Hooray!”

There was a giggle from Naw before she criticized my idea, saying, "I think I can do it."

“You are a very pessimistic person. A wedding is an important event.

Say that we love each other and own each other, right?"

“Just tell your family members. You have to make it a big deal and announce it to the world. When you get divorced, did you tell anyone? Why didn’t you tell me? I was embarrassed.”

"Not every couple who gets married gets divorced."

"But everyone has to be alone one day. Even if they are not abandoned because of falling out of love, they will die anyway. It's so sad."

“Is this why you don’t get serious with anyone?”

“Yes,” I answered in a loud voice to communicate directly to Naw that if she was interested in me, we would end up in that kind of relationship. I gave her a choice.

"What is the situation between us now?" Naw finally asked, wanting me to answer clearly. Actually, when I like someone, I don't need to meet them three times to know. But the reason I keep delaying it like this is partly because I don't really want it.

She's just a temporary stopper to keep Indra and I from changing.

“You are a good person. C likes you.”

"Now, I like you too."

“We can act like a couple, but C is someone who dates someone for a short while. Can you stand it when we fuck and break up in less than two weeks?” This is the most direct. Naw paused for a moment, then pursed her lips tightly, unable to find an answer.

"You're the only one who doesn't want to do something like that. Si doesn't want to hurt you."

"Then why did you invite Naw to come? Why did you do such a good thing?"

“…”

"Because you can't do this to Brother In, right?"

I straightened up and immediately turned to look at Naw in shock. Normally, the only person who teased me about this was Prang, and I thought that the others didn't think anything more of it. But today, Naw blurted it out, and it made me dizzy quite a bit.

“Why does it have to be In?”

"Naw is not stupid. No matter how you look at it, you and Phi In are not like friends. The feelings are not the same at all... It's just that you are afraid of something and don't want to lose it. Even Phi In would probably do the same thing as you... Talk to Khun Golf so that you don't notice anything."

“You think too much.”

“Don’t use anyone as a tool. It hurts others… Also, Naw wants to have sex with you. Even if you leave her after this, that’s fine!”

I locked eyes with the person in front of me before sighing deeply and handing him the key card for the hotel room upstairs.

"You go up first. She'll follow later."

Which means... we'll do the same as everyone else and become strangers that I won't continue. She accepted this deal.

I finished the martini in front of me and picked up my phone to play with it before scrolling down to the message and sending it to Indra, curious to see what she was up to.

**India:** Stay home and play with the calves.

**India:** But you're not at home. Ms. Prang said you went with Naw.

**See:** This prang tells you everything. Whose secretary is this?

**India:** What time will you return?

**See:** Probably won't go back. I drank too much. I can't drive.

Which is a hint that tonight I'll be with Naw all night. The destination read it but didn't type a reply at all. And that made my heart beat fast. If she had replied something, I might not have felt that much. But right now, my mind is full of imagination.

Is she angry?

She might be indifferent.

She might smile happily.

She might... No matter what the answer was, I felt bad. In the end, I walked to the lobby and called a taxi to go home, sending a short message to Naw who was waiting upstairs:

*“I’m sorry, Simu is so drunk, I want to go back and hug the calf. I’m sorry.*

I don't know what Now will answer now because no matter what she answers, in the end she will still hate me....

**"Ms. In has gone back,"** the housekeeper said when I returned. Hearing that, I could only sigh and blow out a breath before throwing myself down on the sofa in the middle of the house, exhausted.

I came back in such a hurry just to sleep here alone…

“Ning”

The calf that was lying like a crocodile looked at me and gave me a look that seemed hot.

I wanted to go up to my bedroom and sleep here instead. I bared my teeth at it a little before finally getting up and letting it lead me upstairs, turning on the air conditioner. But instead of sleeping in the bed, I got down on the floor and hugged the big dog to drain my energy.

“Look at me, I left my happiness to sleep with a dog. I’m crazy.”

In conclusion, I came with Prang to the wedding as I had predicted... Since that day, Now hasn't contacted me again. No matter what messages I send, no one opens them. So I guess she's probably been blocked. But what can I do? I was the one who left her like that. It wouldn't be strange if she hated me. As for Ong In, he came with Khun Golf. We happened to meet at the event and greeted each other like usual.

“Today, In is very beautiful.”

“Not as good as cheese.”

We were all praising each other in a very subtle way, as if we had something on our minds, but we acted as if nothing was happening. Everything came out looking unnatural. How could Indra and I end up in this situation? We used to be very close, and no matter what we said, we could always communicate. Now it seems strange.

"Mr. Golf, are you here as a guest of the groom or the bride?"

"The groom is my friend. Where's Mr. See?"

“The bride, disciple…” We chatted casually, then went to take some pictures as required by the ritual. Then we went into the hall. This event was quite big because the disciples were quite high-ranking and socialites. It was a cocktail party, so there was no place to sit. We had to stand, hold plates, and walk around eating like uncivilized people. That’s why I don’t like this kind of event. I wear expensive clothes so that when the lights go out, people will only look at the bride.

"Hey Golf," Golf's friends kept greeting me. Each one seemed to be focusing on the handsome man's partner with interest before turning their attention to me. Because I'm a friendly person, I was able to talk to everyone. When Golf's male friends found out that I was single and didn't have a partner, they all started introducing themselves and looking for ways to get to know each other more. As for me, I'm not someone who's closed off from anything. I'm already bored today anyway, so I want to get to know them all so I can sweep them all up.

Become a disciple once and get rich. "Mr. C, are you a life coach? You must understand people very well."

“That’s quite a bit. I can read your mind and tell you what you’re thinking. For example, Mr. Man,” I pointed to the man on my left and pretended to call him by name to impress him. “When are you thinking about when this son of a bitch will stop talking? There’s no pause.”

Because I guessed correctly, Man made a horrified face like he was being haunted by a ghost, while everyone else laughed.

"As for you, Mr. Yot, are you thinking of how to give C a business card so that C will be suspicious of your famous surname?" My question was annoying, but when I gave him a playful smile, I didn't get any anger in return, which was a good thing that I had with me.

Everyone's ego is expressed differently, but the ones who act big and are ready to introduce themselves confidently are definitely from good families. It's not hard to read. My predictions are like magic tricks, impressing everyone so much that you could say that they fell in love at first sight. Now everyone is competing fiercely to sell steamed dumplings. I can only laugh, not accepting anyone's friendship, but not refusing them either.

“Please excuse me first.”

Indra, who had been standing there silently for a long time, suddenly spoke up, hoping to get my attention. I gave my friend a small smile and let her walk away, talking to

Others continued, but not long after, a message from a sweet-faced person came along, telling me to go outside and talk. So I had to excuse myself from everyone and leave, feeling a bit uneasy.

I was acting too much....I realized.

I was being overly cheerful because I was hiding my true feelings.

And when I walked outside the event where there were only a few guests, I saw Indra standing with his arms crossed, looking away as if in a daze, so I had to clear my throat.

"What's up? Didn't you say you were going to the bathroom? Or did you come alone and come to see a friend? You're acting like a high schooler," I teased her, but the sweet-faced person remained silent and immediately asked the question.

pa

"Why do you have to be so charming?"

“Crazy. When did she start flirting? I didn’t even know.”

“What I’m doing is impressing everyone in the world.

"That's how C's job should be. If you don't impress people, you won't have any customers."

"But what you did earlier wasn't to find customers. You can't have all the groomsmen!" Those harsh words immediately made my smile disappear because I felt like I had crossed the line. Ong In, who now seemed to have lost his brakes, walked away in the other direction because many people were starting to look at him. As for me, I was being scolded. I couldn't accept that I was the only one who was being slapped in the face, so I followed him to take action.

“Why did you suddenly come to cause trouble for me? I usually do this. I don’t see any problems.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t know this was normal.”

“Then you should know that your friend is like this. If you can accept it, accept it. If you can’t, that’s your business.”

“Are you a slut?”

"Indra!" I raised my voice, but it didn't make the sweet-faced person cry.

I feel even a little bit shy.

"It's true. The other day you dated In's subordinate and slept over. And today you told other people that you're single. How do you want In to understand?"

“Don’t understand anything. This is CC’s personal life. It doesn’t even interfere with yours or your date’s.” I took a deep breath and let out some of my frustration. “You want to act like CC, but you just don’t have the courage to do it. What’s the point of making a big deal out of it? The guy took me to the beach, so don’t act all coy. Just take off your clothes and lie down on the bed, balcony, or table while he waits for you.”

“Who would be as easy-going as you?

"Oh, Si is easy-going. Are you satisfied? You can go straight to your parents. The nun is a whore, Si's father is a thief. What else can the child be but a bad person? Who would be as good as you? The father is good, the mother is good, the child will be an angel, a heavenly being. As for Si, she is a child of hell."

"In is not an angel or a heavenly being."

“Then stop judging others by saying they’re bad. I want to be the worst, but ever since I met you, I can’t be that bad. It’s so annoying.”

“Since I met you, I haven’t been able to be a good person. In my head, there are only dirty things, only dirty things, even though I’ve never been like that.”

"Are you saying it's because of C?"

"Oh, because of you, In's mind has only evil thoughts. You make In want to try having sex with you out of curiosity.

"Ji-man... huh?" I paused as I regained my senses and stared into Indra's eyes in shock because I couldn't react. "What did you just say?"

“Nothing. In didn’t say anything.” The sweet-faced girl had tears in her eyes and was about to run away, but I grabbed her wrist first. “Don’t ask In. In won’t answer. No way.

"You can't ask."

"Good"

From a big argument, it turned into silence. The words of Indra caused some of the walls in his heart to gradually collapse. It was like low-quality bricks, stones, and cement. It was eroded and ready to collapse. It could no longer resist.

“That day, Si came back home with the intention of coming back to find you, but you went back.

before

"Which day"

“The day that Si went with Naw, Si came back home… Si and him didn’t have anything. I’m telling you in case you misunderstand.” I tried to explain because I didn’t know if the other person wanted to hear it or not. “Si couldn’t do it. It was like Si’s badness disappeared. Then he thought that if he did that, you wouldn’t like it, so he didn’t do it. That’s why Chi was angry and spoke to you like that. Um… how should I put it?”

"That's why Naw came to ask for resignation."

“Oh really? I thought you would mess it up, mess with your kid, and cause trouble for you. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’m relieved to know that he resigned because of this. I thought it was a work problem.”

We were so caught up in work that we ran out of things to say. Indra licked his lips a bit and then spoke about himself.

“Who is this?”

“Who what?”

"He who tells you that if you hang out with a certain type of friend, that means you are that type of person."

When she changed the subject, I had to go along with it.

"I don't know either. I just memorized it."

"That means In must have a bad side too, to think about it.

Like that... with you.” Indra started wiping his sweat away because he didn’t know what to say to me next. Until I was the one who started it.

"Since we've been like this..."

"What kind"

“Like we’re weird with each other,” I said, narrowing it down. “I want to tell you that you’re not happy either. Your personality has changed.”

"How"

"C doesn't like anyone."

“…”

“Because no one can make me like you like I can.” I pursed my lips tightly and held my breath. Indra, who was like being electrocuted, was speechless. And I understood why she was like that. “I still haven’t found anyone better than you, in that sense.”

"In doesn't want to lose Si," the sweet-faced one replied, knowing me well. "In knows that if we become more than this, one day Si will be the one to leave In."

"Cee was afraid of that too. So Cee tried to find someone to replace In, but there was none... No one could do it."

"The same"

“…”

“No one can replace you...no one.” Indra looked at me like a scared little child.

“What should I do? It’s become like this.”

"If we can't fix it...let's just let it happen naturally, okay?"

“What kind of nature?”

"If you want to do anything, just do it."

# CHAPTER 18 : Difference

All parties must come to an end. Guests began to leave one by one, leaving only close friends who stayed to wait for the after-party with the bride and groom. As for me, who felt tired of smiling the entire event, I went to say goodbye to the host and prepared to leave. The groom's friends who had stopped by to sell me dumplings at the beginning all offered to take me home, wanting to get close to them. However...

"Please let me hitch a ride home with you."

Indra spoke as if to tell me that I shouldn't go with anyone. I smiled at everyone and politely excused myself before talking to the sweet-faced smiling woman.

“What? You can come with one person and return with another?”

"Then I'll go back with Khun Golf. He probably hasn't gone far yet."

As soon as Indra made a move to turn back to Khun Golf, I grabbed his wrist and squeezed it tightly. We stared at each other, testing who would look away first. Finally, I raised my hand and waved the white flag. I have never lost in my life.

Give it to anyone, even your father. With this girl, I give in without blinking an eye.

"So sulky. You can't even tease me a little bit.

"I think that Si would rather have someone else take him."

"So have you told Golf that you're going back with C?"

"I told you already."

“What did he say?”

“At first, he didn’t want to go back with you. He wanted to take you home, but he thought you wouldn’t like it.”

“Now you should learn to read minds.” I raised my hand and brushed the smaller person’s nose fondly. It was just at that moment that Prang walked over. Ong In and I quickly separated ourselves so as not to be noticed.

"Are we going back yet, Boss? Oh... and what about you, Golf?"

"You In will come back with us."

“What is it? Aren’t you upset, Golf? You came with one person but returned with another person,” Prang said the same thing to me, and that made me bar my fangs.

"Well, he asked to go back, so why are you making a big deal out of it? You're so talkative these days."

“Today, Prang thought that she had to go back alone. Seeing this kind of work, normally, Boss would have many people wanting to send her off. From what I’ve seen, she’s been spreading her charm everywhere until the stairs are not dry. Why is it so lonely today? No one is following to buy anything. Or has she not met anyone that Boss likes?”

“I found it.”

"Where?"

“I won’t tell you. Can we go back now? I’m so sleepy. Aren’t you going to go home in a hurry? Your husband will come and complain again that he’s overusing you.”

I pretended to change the subject, so Prang didn't ask much because she wanted to go back too. So today, the three of us went back together, stopping by

Send Indra home first. Throughout the journey we sat together, we both looked out of the car, not knowing what to do next. Even though we tried to act normal, when it was quiet, it became abnormal.

What are the two of us doing now?

Friends are not.....

My boyfriend isn't really...

We don't even dare to speak clearly about this kind of relationship because it looks fragile. But we can't go back either. While I was thinking about what to talk about, I saw Indra closing his eyes and leaning towards the mirror on the other side. When I saw that, I felt a mix of pity and love, so I couldn't help but use my arm to support my chin and push the sweet-faced person to lean on my shoulder.

"It's more comfortable to lie down against the sea."

"Um, true."

“Do you want to sleep with Si?”

Indra stiffened, but his head was still resting on my shoulder. When he spoke, he understood what he meant, so he quickly made excuses, his tongue almost tangled, because he had no other intention in his words.

"C means just go to sleep, lie down and close your eyes, then dream of a twilight land that you don't know what it looks like, and wake up feeling refreshed, with the song of the dawn and the birds flying."

"Boss, your explanation is so clear." Prang, who was driving and didn't know anything, teased me when she saw me talking for almost two lines. Ong In acted more relaxed and laughed a little.

"Really, I saw the picture."

"What do you want to do, Ms. In? Do you want to sleep with the boss or not?

Prang will drive you to the boss's house."

“You can go sleep at my house. Then Khun Prang won’t be tired. Please send me that way.

“This way,” Indra replied apologetically, while I smiled a little. “Then, I’ll sleep with you tonight, if you don’t mind.”

“It’s not that it’s already there. It’s even better. The people who decorate the house will be able to sleep in it and know how comfortable it is. Do they need to adjust or decorate anything else?”

Honestly, right now I'm a little happy that Ong In came to sleep over. It feels like we've gotten a little closer, or to be precise, we've been close for a long time, but we've never slept over. Except for the time I went to Chiang Mai, I've never had friends stay over at my house because I don't have any friends. Even though I have a lot of girlfriends, I've never let them come into my personal space because I'm protective. But Ong In is different. He doesn't feel it. I'm ready to open my world to let her come to me gradually, and it's very pure. My moments of being a good person don't come very often. If I want something, I have to get it. But a sweet-faced person is different. I want it to be like this. Nothing needs to change. We just talk, smile at each other, and that's enough.

When did I become so hopeless?

Indra stepped into the house and the calf came running, wagging its tail, to greet me. It must have forgotten that it was a lovely daughter and I was its mother. I crossed my arms and looked at the couple with a little annoyance.

“The calf is your child, not C’s.”

“Oh, dear. She was just excited to have a visitor.”

“You are not a guest to her. She sees you as her mother.”

“You are also a mother.”

“So she has two mothers? If Xi is a man, she will be the father, right? Then that means we are husband and wife.”

“…”

“…”

Here it goes again... My mouth finally escaped from the emptiness

Even though he had come so far, he could still bring himself back into this context. Indra stood up and turned to smile at me before changing the subject.

"Which guest room will you let In sleep in?"

“You can choose. I was thinking why I should have a guest bedroom. No one comes and goes in this house very often. Plus, I don’t like people staying overnight.”

"Oh, then why didn't you tell me? Otherwise, In would have gone home already." Indra made a guilty expression, but I shook my head and lightly brushed the tip of the sweet-faced person's nose with my finger.

“You are not a guest, you are…”

“…”

"You're a dog mom. Let's go take a shower together. I'm all sticky and sleepy." "In didn't have any clothes on."

"I'll get you some clothes. Do you wear underwear when you sleep?"

“…”

“Even something like this makes you embarrassed? If you don’t wear it, you shouldn’t wear it either. It’s good for your health.”

I finished my own conclusion and walked to my bedroom, grabbing a baggy tshirt and pants and handing them to the sweet-faced girl, along with a new towel that Ong In had chosen for me when I brought things into the house. We went our separate ways to take a shower for about twenty minutes. When I came out, I found that the calf was just staring at the door like a dog who wanted to get out of my bedroom.

“Bruh!”

The big puppy howled at me to open the door, and kicked it with its leg, "Crack, crack". And as soon as it opened, it rushed straight to the guest bedroom where Indra had asked to stay for the night, and kicked the door open, calling for the person inside to come out. The sweet-faced one.

When he saw his daughter, he smiled so widely that his face wrinkled. Her freshly washed hair made him look strangely sexy.

"Aren't you still sleeping, little calf?"

“Cileang” “It’s far from being very small. Why did you bring this breed?

"It's In's dream dog."

“Take your own dreams and give them to others as housewarming gifts.

Is that okay?"

“You are no different.”

“Act as if you knew one day you would move here.”

Here we go again! I bit my lip and rolled my eyes as I blurted out my inner thoughts several times. Indra, who pursed his lips in embarrassment, looked at me for a moment before deciding to speak.

“Should we talk about ourselves?”

My heart beats fast and my cheeks turn red as Brother Pang's song. I shake.

He frowned slightly and made a relaxed gesture, as if he was really chill.

"Come on, what is there for us to talk about?"

“Can you please stop asking questions? You know that this kind of thing is hard for both of us to talk about. We hardly even talk about what it is.”

I smiled dryly with guilt before nodding in acknowledgement.

understand

"Aum, what you said is true. Then... Si will start talking herself."

"Ah ha."

“What are some things you like and dislike? Tell me so that I can avoid doing them.”

“Wow, suddenly asking like this, how would I know? It’s so sudden.

“Then, I’ll start first. If you think of something, just come in. Okay?

“Smile. You can just say it so that you can get a rough idea.” As expected of an interior designer, but to talk about relationships, you still need to find ideas. I smiled a little awkwardly and said what I wanted.

“If it’s hard to buy, we call each other every day.”

“We already do that.”

“That is, we have to be together all the time. Si wants to know what you do all day. It’s not that she’s jealous of you or anything like that. Si just feels that she likes talking to you and knowing what you’re doing, something like that.”

When I explained, Indra nodded in understanding and smiled.

“Yes.”

“When you call, you have to pick up. You’re a bit of a psychopath. You think the people who hang up or don’t answer the phone are the ones who don’t value or value you. Just pick up the phone and say you’re busy. That’s all you need to do, but please pick up the phone. Are you uncomfortable?”

"In the past, when In didn't answer the phone, were you angry the whole time?"

“It’s not that bad, just a little annoying sometimes.

“Well, you never told me.”

“It’s a really stupid habit.”

“Really Ki.”

I bared my fangs a little, but the other party didn't even think to make excuses for me. Indra laughed and thanked me before covering my nose with his finger.

“You have a bit of a whiny side, don’t you? I’ve always seen you acting like a capable woman. I thought you wouldn’t think too much,” the sweet-faced one shrugged and then spoke up. “Then, In, let me have some too.”

"Come on."

"You must not make eye contact with anyone when you go out with In."

“Team?” is a very strange request, and that makes

Indra quickly explained, "It means to make eye contact to talk about work or do anything, but don't make eye contact in a flirtatious way. Even if you don't think anything of it, other people who have eye contact with you don't think that way. I don't feel comfortable thinking about going somewhere with you and someone likes you."

“Oh, I get it… Xi is someone who is not good at making eye contact with people and not looking away. When he looks at them, he just stares, so the other person interprets it as looking for trouble. It took years of practice to adjust his gaze to look friendly. When he changed his attitude, he went from hating them to being disliked because he also liked them.”

“You’re adaptable, but it’s a bit too good. I don’t really like friendly people. They’re like flirts. And you’re a flirt.”

“For your peace of mind, C will only look at you, okay?”

"It doesn't have to be that much."

“Is there anything else you want from C?”

"Is there anything you want from In?"

It's such an ambiguous question, or maybe I'm just obsessed with this sort of thing. Indra was silent for a moment before shaking his head.

"No, if I think of anything, I'll tell you."

“Okay, then let’s go our separate ways. Good night.”

We both smiled at each other, but neither of us went back to our places, staring at each other. Indra decided to ask what I wanted to say, but she made it much easier.

“How are we different now, besides staying overnight at your house?”

“In terms of riding, it feels different. At the very least, we dare to ask the other party not to do this or that.”

“That’s right,” the sweet-faced woman nodded and was about to retreat, but I pushed the door that was about to close shut first. “What is it?”

"She said, try to make it a little different. It won't hurt." I stepped towards Indra and leaned down towards the sweet-faced one who was a little smaller. She was shocked and scared, to the point of closing her eyes. When I saw that, I kissed her cheek instead and smiled. "Just a kiss on the cheek. With your eyes closed, and seeing a ghost, are you that scared of ghosts?"

"N...no, I'm not scared."

Indra grabbed the hem of my shirt and gripped it tightly, afraid that he would be upset. I pretended to be a little sad and shrugged as if I didn't care.

"It's okay. I understand."

"Cee doesn't understand. It's not like that."

“…”

“…”

“Just kidding,” I laughed, and used both hands to stroke Indra’s face affectionately. “Si, don’t think too much about it. I was just joking…Si Si won’t do anything you don’t like. Whatever you’ve always done, you’ll always do.

Goodnight.”

I waved goodbye as if I was really going to leave, but Indra grabbed my wrist and stood on tiptoe, lightly grabbing my cheek. I, who was not prepared, could only stand there, thinking that I understood the sweet-faced person's feelings and why she looked so shocked.

"sweet dreams"

"In..."

“We all have to help each other make a difference in this relationship, and I think it’s good to do that.”

# CHAPTER 19 : Netflix

Our relationship is not complicated. Even though we don't say anything directly about what we are, we both know that it has changed from being friends. We don't tell anyone about this. For me, it's not a secret, but for Indra, it might be something new. So I think it's better to keep it quiet like this.

Today is the third day... everything is still going on as usual, nothing fancy, completely different from my usual dating style, like heaven and earth, earth and sand. You could say that this is a relationship that seems non-existent, but it actually exists, and it's true in a way that I've never had with anyone.

[How are you? Have you filmed the show yet?]

Ong In called me while I was in the makeup room. I had been invited by a show to talk about being a life coach, to teach me something as a form of knowledge and to advertise myself at the same time. This was not the first time I had done something like this, so I wasn't too excited, but for me,

It's a new thing for Indra, so I kept asking questions because I was afraid that I would make a mistake.

Something like that

“I’m about to take a picture. I’m putting on makeup. What are you doing?”

[I'm just supervising the work as usual. I just got a new friend to work with me.]

"Woman or man"

[This time a man]

“Are you handsome?”

[Your face isn't bad. Your body is good enough. Why do you ask? Are you jealous? Hehe]

The tone of her voice made me stretch a little. She just asked to make it sound like she had something to talk about.

“Not at all. Just asking politely.”

[Okay, it's okay, it's okay. Then I won't bother you anymore...]

"Boss, Prang just saw Mint, the person that Boss used to date last year. She's now a news anchor here. She's even more beautiful than before."

“Oh, really? At that time, I was just an extra. It would be good to switch careers.

I would be more prominent.” I talked to Prang, forgetting to look at the phone. The other party had not hung up yet. “Oh, are you still here? Sorry. Then I will let you go to work. See you.”

[Ah ha]

Ong In spoke only briefly and then hung up. I felt a little strange that he didn't respond with 'kha' or 'kha' like usual, but I thought it was nothing. Today's work went smoothly as usual. Nothing complicated. Everything was according to the script. Asked and answered. There might have been some off-script comments before we ended the set and went back. Today I didn't greet my ex, my exboyfriend, as Prang had expected because there was nothing to talk about. And I myself think that my ex didn't want to talk to me that much either, because I hung up cruelly. I didn't keep any contact, didn't give any signals at all, just like a person like me.

That!

And when I got home, Indra, who had been sitting and playing before, surprised me a little before smiling happily at me.

"You're coming without even telling me."

"Do I have to tell you? I'll remember it." The sweet-faced girl who was playing with the calf turned to answer me with a smile. Even though it was a smile that seemed like nothing, the answer gave me goosebumps a little. As for Prang, who had come to drop me off, she stopped by the house to drink some water. When she saw Indra, she greeted him in a familiar manner. And I was already used to seeing her here.

"Hello, Miss In."

"Hello, Ms. Prang."

"You're getting prettier every day, Innie. You look radiant. Are you in love or not?" Prang complimented everyone without much seriousness. Then she rushed to the refrigerator to open the water and drink it before making a "haha" sound like she was in a commercial. I like the Sprite in you.

Yeah... I'm old enough to remember this song.

"You're so observant," I teased Prang, which made the secretary look surprised.

“So, is there really love? Congratulations, In, you deserve to meet a good person.”

“I’m not sure if he’s a good person or not,” said Indra, joking. I glanced at the sweet-faced person who took the joke without any consideration for the person standing here, and I could only laugh.

"Everyone in this world is a good person, except for people like Boss Kick."

"Prang, take it easy."

"Is your boss really that bad?"

“I’m an unreliable person. I’ve never been in a relationship for more than a month.

I just met my ex-girlfriend after we broke up with Boss. Wow, she was so beautiful, like a blooming flower. I still remember when she called Prang and asked why Boss didn’t answer the phone. I cried so hard I could die.”

"Don't you have to go back and have kids with your husband? You talk too much. Go away."

“What’s wrong, boss? People are having a great time talking.”

“That’s right, it’s getting fun. I got to hear about you. Did you talk to your ex today?” The question that seemed more serious than any of the others was immediately asked. I shook my head innocently.

“We didn’t talk, we just saw each other in passing.”

“You are a boring person too.”

“The best.” I wasn’t the one who answered. Prang snorted, like she was on autopilot. That made Indra look a little upset, so I had to seriously chase him away.

“You can go back now. I’m annoyed and want to be alone.”

“Dis again. Then, will you go back with Prang?”

“I’m the only one who’s going to chase you away. It’s none of your business.

"Didn't you say you wanted to be alone? Aren't you a human? Tsk. Go away." Prang smiled at Indra before turning around to stick her tongue out and roll her eyes at me, teasingly. "I'm still upset. I'll try to make up with you, but not anytime soon. I'm a woman who understands. You should know that."

"Ja, very difficult."

Prang waved goodbye again and drove away. Now it was just us alone. Indra, who was still pretending to play with the dog, didn't even make eye contact with me. I had to approach him and sit down next to him, trying to make eye contact with him.

“Are you angry about something?”

“This is nothing.”

“You have a high voice.”

"No, it's a normal voice."

“Your voice is higher than usual. If you have something to say, then say it so that Si will know and understand.” I reached out to grab the hand that was stroking the calf’s fur to stop him. Indra sighed a little and his shoulders slumped.

“I can’t lie to you. I can read your body language and know everything.”

“That’s about it. Now, let’s talk about it. What’s wrong with you today? I think I noticed it since we talked on the phone, but at that time I thought I was overthinking it.”

"You said there was nothing, so there was nothing."

“Are you worried about Xi’s ex-girlfriend?” When I mentioned this, I could tell that Indra’s muscles were tensing up. I knew I had hit the right spot. The sweetfaced girl tried to be reasonable, but her feelings were still irrational. I understood.

“It’s not that much. I want to play with the dog and meet you. But I also want to ask how it was when you met your ex.”

“I’m fine. I don’t feel anything,” I replied with a smile before patting the person’s nose fondly. “I didn’t go over to talk or make eye contact, like you were worried about. Stop worrying, okay?”

"Hmm"

But it still seems like there is something weighing down Indra, making him feel uneasy.

"Cee thinks there's something else I need to ask In about."

“Team? What?”

“Si, please tell me immediately if you have any thoughts. Don’t keep your doubts to yourself. Si knows that his behavior in the past was untrustworthy, and if you don’t trust him, you have to ask him. Si can’t guess… Even though he can read body language, Si doesn’t have any magical powers.

Just looking at you, I know what you’re thinking or angry about.”

Indra nodded in understanding.

"Smile. From now on, if In has anything, In will tell you immediately."

"You promised."

“Ah, promise.”

"Then tell me what else is bothering you right now. I'm testing you to see if you can speak honestly."

Indra looked at me. The sweet-faced one made a face that seemed irritated that I had used this stick on him before sighing again.

"It's because you get bored quickly... I'm worried that you might get bored of

Yin."

“Oh…” I laughed and pressed Ong In’s cheek, feeling cold. Sudjai, the sweetfaced one, reached out to hit me because she felt hurt from my squeezing her face like that and she grumbled.

“It hurts. Your face will get wrinkled. La Mer won’t help.

“Cee will never get tired of you. You are so cute.”

“Who knows? You’ve never been in a relationship for more than three weeks. And In herself isn’t that colorful to you. She’s probably the most bland of all the people you’ve been in.”

“Because you are unique and new, I don’t get bored of you. I don’t see any boring points about you. You are full of cuteness, little dough.” I pouted at the sweet-faced person again. This time, he willingly let me play with him and kissed his lips.

"Because In hasn't shown you the bad side yet. In the beginning, everyone only showed you the good side."

“You showed me your bad side since the first time we met. You arrogant motherfucker, remember? You were sarcastic to me with every word. There was only the words “you liar” floating all over your face. If you can get through that, there’s nothing bad about you.”

“Crazy. In didn’t show it that much. You’re just too good at reading people.” Indra made an embarrassed face and raised his hand to push me gently. When I saw that he was in a better mood, we changed the subject.

"Have you eaten anything yet"

"If the rice is cold, then it's fine."

"Wanna go out and get something to eat?"

"I'm lazy. I want to stay and play with the calf."

“Then let’s eat the food that Sea cooked for us. I remember there were fresh shrimps in the fridge.”

I offered to cook for the sweet-faced person. Indra looked at me with a little surprise, knowing that I could cook and eat by myself.

“Do you know how to cook?”

"Of course. When I was a child, I had to take care of my father who was too lazy to find food to eat. He made food for his daughter so she couldn't eat it. So I had to go and learn from a roadside rice shop. So I could do a little bit, but only some dishes."

“What will you do today?”

“Stir-fried shrimp with curry paste because it’s the only thing I can make.”

I prepared the ingredients and cooked the food skillfully. In less than ten minutes, the food was served on the table. I saw the red color of the curry paste, which was so spicy that I forgot that Indra could not eat spicy food. Before I knew it, everything had become a habit.

“Sorry, I forgot you can’t eat spicy food.”

“It’s okay, just having rice is enough.” Indra is not a picky person. The sweetfaced one scooped the shrimp onto his own plate and pushed the curry paste away. But I snatched the shrimp and put it on my own plate, then tried to wash it with plain water.

“Ah, I think it might make it easier for you to eat.”

"It's not stir-fried with curry paste anymore. No, I want to eat the original version."

“But it’s too spicy. You can’t handle it.”

"Just drink some water and put some cold water next to it."

I did as she asked and quickly served her by running to the refrigerator, grabbing a bottle of water and pouring it into a glass ready to go. Ong In looked at me with a smile before putting his hand on my chin and losing interest in the shrimp on the plate and looking at me without looking away, intentionally making me feel a little embarrassed.

“What is it?”

“Before I divorced Narin, he made this dish for Intan. It’s strange that you and him make the same dish and try to remove the curry paste in the same way.”

“Oh….” I rolled my eyes, not knowing how to explain it. That Narin was me, but if I said that, she would probably think I was crazy.

"Does he make it as delicious as Sea?"

"I'm very confident that I can make it delicious."

“Of course, it's the only menu that does it.”

“Let me try it first and then I’ll tell you if it’s delicious or not. But it should be delicious. I can feel it even before I put it in my mouth.”

“No need to touch it, I can tell it’s delicious. I’m confident that whatever I make will always come out the best. The more I make it for you, the more I have to make it extra delicious.” I took a shrimp from the plate and pushed the curry paste out for Indra, then put it on the sweet-faced person’s plate until it piled up.

“Eat a lot. I pushed the curry out for every one of them. There’s not even a single bit of curry paste left.”

“You are such a caring person.”

“Because it’s you.”

I said with a smile and looked at Indra meaningfully as I said. The sweet-faced person refused to make eye contact and looked at her own plate of rice shyly.

“You are like this, that’s why people thank you so much.”

Indra nodded in understanding and started scooping rice into his mouth.

“Everyone seems to be your special someone.”

“Cee has never done this to anyone. You’re the first,” I shrugged and told the truth. “Most people are the ones who hit on Cee, or C makes them think that they liked Cee first. So when he approaches Cee, he will be the one to please Cee. Cee doesn’t have to cook for anyone because he took her out to eat. Cee doesn’t have to be nice to anyone because if he treats her badly, Cee will dump her immediately. But you’re not the same.”

"How is it not like this?"

"Jisoo, you."

Indra bowed his head and ate his meal without daring to look up. The sweetfaced person was embarrassed and reached out to scoop up some shrimp from a large plate, forgetting that there were many more on his plate. The shrimp from the large plate that had not been pushed out with the curry paste made Indra choke on the spiciness.

"Water… water!”

“Oh, you don’t even care when you eat,” I laughed and looked at the person who was blushing, fanning his face with his hand as if a gentle breeze would help cool the spiciness.

“Well, you don't know what to say.”

"If you don't like it, then Xi won't say anything anymore."

Indra grabbed my wrist and squeezed it tightly. Even though it was so spicy that tears were flowing, he stared at me and shook his head.

"In like"

“What do you like?” I laughed at the blushing face and asked teasingly, curious. "Don't bother me."

“…”

“I like you. And I like you to talk to me… It’s good to talk to me often so I feel special.”

I poured cold water into a glass and handed it to the sweet-faced person to drink before gently patting her back.

"Okay, then I'll say it often."

"But please say it when the food isn't this spicy."

After we finished eating, while waiting for my food to digest, I tried streaming to see what new movies were coming out. Indra, who was now making himself at home, was sitting under a blanket on the calf sofa in my bedroom, making a face like he was annoyed that I couldn't choose a movie.

"You've been looking for a movie for twenty minutes now."

"I don't know what to watch."

“Just click on one. You can watch anything. Come sit down. I want to lean on it. I’m sleepy after eating.”

"You'll get fat." I obediently followed Indra and sat next to him, but I still pressed the movie button with the remote control in my hand. The sweet-faced person leaned her head over and pointed at the movie I wanted to watch.

“Take this.”

"T... no, the movie is too sad."

“Then let’s watch a Thai movie. This is it. I was really into it when I saw it in the theater.”

"I'm not into it."

"Why"

“…”

“Do you know anyone in the story?”

“I’ve dated this actor,” I said, smiling dryly. Indra nodded and let me continue choosing.

“What about this?”

“The jealous person in this story looks like my ex-girlfriend.”

“What about that?”

"I've talked with the screenwriter."

“How about watching a wildlife documentary? You’ve probably never talked to a shark before.” The sweet-faced person’s voice became tense, causing me to freeze in shock before I clicked on a Western movie.

"This one is good. I've seen it before. It's cute. I want to watch it again."

Indra didn't say anything before sitting up straight and not leaning against me anymore. It seemed like I had irritated him again. I thought we would be able to talk without any hesitation. When I told him the truth, he became sulky like this. I didn't know what to do. In my life, I had never been jealous of anyone. We started dating so suddenly and then left. There was no time for me to do anything like that. I had never brought anyone to sleep at my house because I didn't want them to get to know me too much. You were the first person who made me act like this.

"Don't be angry."

“I’m not angry… I just think that all of your past boyfriends have looked outstanding, but you still abandon them without any regard. Don’t you have any attachment to them?”

“We haven’t been together long, why would we want to get involved? Besides, I’ve never thought about getting serious with anyone. Everyone is attractive because of their appearance. I don’t know or know them deeply or truly. What’s past is past.”

“You’re the one who mostly leaves them, aren’t you?”

"Cee won't give them a chance to abandon it. It'll ruin their reputation." I pretended to laugh happily, but Indra didn't laugh.

"If we break up, let In be the one to leave."

“…”

“I want to be the first person in your history.”

“What are you talking about? You’re not like other people. You’ve been anxious lately. Is Si making you feel insecure?”

“I’m sorry for standing there and making you feel annoyed. My previous love wasn’t a good love. And seeing you as someone who gets bored easily like this,

I’m afraid that I might make you bored. If you tell Lek, not only will I be sad, but I’ll also lose my self-confidence. So I’d like to ask that if we break up, send me a signal and let me be the one to break up with you. That way, it would be better.”

“You will never get that chance.”

"Cruel"

"Because C will never break up with you."

I raised my eyebrows and turned to continue watching the movie, but I saw from the corner of my eye that Indra was smiling happily. I didn't know how much the sweet-faced person believed it, but at the very least, I let her know that she was definitely different from others. Of course... with other people, it would be a short while before they would just grab me and leave. Now that we're together, I wouldn't even dare to touch her because I was afraid of getting angry. If I said something I didn't like, I was afraid of getting mad. It wasn't like you were the only one who was tense, but this love would be different. I would let it go slowly, without rushing. You were both my lover and my friend. I didn't want to lose such good feelings.

The movie had been playing for about half an hour before it entered the love scene. I forgot that the racy scenes in this movie were a bit too racy because the main couple took off all their clothes and had to have a lot of action. Even though I knew the truth that behind the scenes it wasn't like that, the tone of voice and the French kiss made me feel a little uncomfortable.

“I’m so thirsty.” I looked around for a bottle of water on the table beside Indra. The sweet-faced man looked away from the movie and was about to hand me a bottle of water, but it was at the same time that I leaned over to grab it. So we ended up leaning down together. His back was flat on the armrest, while I was in a half-sitting, half-straddling position.

More...

I swallowed loudly, and I didn't know if he noticed. Our eyes met as the movie continued with the searing, lusty Chinese sex scene. When Indra closed his eyes to make way, I leaned down, but paused before dropping my head on his shoulder and pretending to sleep.

“I’m so sleepy. Let me sleep on you for a bit.”

"Team?"

“Let me lie in this position for a while. You can move when C is asleep.”

I said as if I was forcing myself, before putting all my weight on the sweetfaced person's body, no longer caring about where the sound in the movie was going. Indra didn't say anything, and put both his arms around me, then patted my back lightly, as if to lull me. I wasn't sleepy at all, but I was doing this to stop everything.

It's better to take this matter slowly...

# CHAPTER 20 : The Matter You Asked For....

“Boss, we’re close, right?”

Prang, who usually comes to my house to show me the accounts, regarding the income from the next seminar and various plans, asked while I was slowly reading the documents.

“We’re close. Why are you suddenly sounding so serious? Is something wrong?” I looked up from the documents and met my secretary’s eyes for a moment.

“Yes, there is.”

"What"

"Boss and Mr. In are dating, right?"

I stretched a little, not expecting that the secret would be out. It wasn't really that much of a secret, but if no one asked, I wouldn't tell them, because Indra would probably be more comfortable that way.

"Yes"

“I thought so. No wonder…”

“Mina what?”

"No wonder, Khun In suddenly called me and asked about each of Boss's exgirlfriends. She even asked how many weeks they had been together. I was already suspicious, but I thought I should ask Boss myself."

I immediately closed the file and asked my secretary excitedly.

"And how many did you say?"

“I didn’t tell them all. Some people can’t remember, so I told them.

But what stands out.”

“Which aspect is outstanding?”

“Looks and careers, she asked how the boss approached her, or how those people approached the boss, what made the boss bored, things like that.”

"So what did you say?"

“Tell her that the boss gets bored all the time, is unpredictable, and chats away before hanging up... How long has the boss been with In? Are you going to dump her?”

"No, I didn't have that thought in my head."

“Then why do you look so scared? If there’s no sign, Boss, Miss In is a very good person. We were just friends, so why did you suddenly become lovers?

Many good relationships have collapsed. From friends to lovers.”

"Can love be forbidden?"

“Is this love? For the boss?” I was silent before I heard the secretary sigh with genuine concern. “Sigh… Boss, boss. If you’re not sure, you shouldn’t have dated her. I feel sorry for a good person.

"C is a good person."

“Being friends is good, but Ball is a bad boyfriend.”

Frankness is one of the qualities that I admire about Prang, but sometimes hearing something so direct hits me hard, since watching the movie.

That day, Indra seemed quiet until today when the secretary came to update that the sweet-faced person had called. That made me wonder that there must be something stuck in his head and I had to dig it out to find out what it really was.

One of Indra's bad habits is that he doesn't tell me directly when asked. It's like if he says something, he's afraid it will hurt my feelings or make things different. If she were a little more talkative, maybe our family life wouldn't fall apart like it is now. It's good for me to have the chance to continue dating her, but the bad thing is that once we're together, she still doesn't say anything.

**See:** You...come to my house today.

**India:** I've been very busy with work lately, so it's not very convenient for me.

She has been avoiding me for the past few days, claiming that she is always busy with work... A person cannot be busy with work every day, acting as if there are no other interior designers in the company.

**See:** Cee feels like a sick calf. It just sleeps. I want to take it to the doctor but I can't carry it.

**India:** Can't he walk at all?

**India:** Even had to carry

**See:** Yes, if you come, it might be better. Isn't it too much for you?

**See:** But if you're busy, that's okay.

I had to end it a bit abruptly, to make it sound like I was feeling dissatisfied and disappointed. Indra was quiet for a moment, then typed back what I had expected.

**India:** Then I'll go find In. Give me an hour.

When I saw the message, I smiled broadly before walking back into the house and telling Prang to hurry back. The secretary looked at me knowingly and raised her eyebrows and squinted her eyes.

"Is your girlfriend coming? Hurry up and chase her away."

"Talk too much... There are some things that need to be cleared up. C has to take In to a course to open up a bit."

“Just open your heart? Hehe.”

I bared my fangs at my secretary who ran out of the house as if she was being chased off with water. I quickly prepared some things like brandy that I had never opened before from the cabinet because I bought it only for decoration. It's possible to open my heart to the average person who is weak-minded, but it's difficult to convince Indra who already knows that I'm a swindler. It's necessary to get the liquor into my mouth.

At exactly one hour, the sweet-faced one arrived at the house and rushed in to see the calf. The innocent little dog, wagging his tail, jumped up and ran after his mother happily, drooling like Niagara Falls, making Indra look like he was haunted by a ghost.

“Is this sick already?”

The sweet-faced woman spoke to the dog as if it could answer. I stood with my arms crossed.

Waiting from a distance, looking at Indra, smiling and winking at him.

"I'm sick."

"The dog is mentally ill?"

“This person,” I admitted with a sly smile. “If you didn’t trick me into coming, I wouldn’t have come, my good man.”

As soon as I finished speaking, I hugged Indra from behind like I had never done before. The sweet-faced man froze for a moment before quickly pulling my hand away and moving back about a meter to maintain a safe distance.

"You surprised me."

“If I miss you, can’t I hug you? We haven’t seen each other for many days. Do you miss C?”

"Well... work is busy."

"Why are you avoiding me?"

“I’m not hiding from you. I told you I’m busy with work.”

"But I still have time to call Prang and ask about her ex-boyfriend."

When Indra heard that, he felt embarrassed that he had been caught. I twitched my fingers and made a gesture as if calling her to come to me. But of course, Indra still kept his distance.

“You are such a possessive boyfriend. When will you finally get over that wall?”

"In doesn't have any walls."

“We need to break the ice a bit. You’re not allowed to go home tonight.”

I put my hand in my pocket and walked to the kitchen, pointing at the full bottle of brandy. “We’re going to have a heart-to-heart talk about what’s wrong with you tonight.”

"No, In isn't a drinker."

"If you don't drink, you have to drink. Si will drink too."

“No…”

"Are you scared? Si won't get you drunk and rape you like Narin did." As soon as she mentioned this, the sweet-faced person stared at me with wide eyes.

“How do you know about this? I’ve never told anyone about this.”

I almost had my hair fall out, but I had to treat it, and I shrugged like someone who was going through the motions.

“Don’t forget that Si is a mind reader. Si can tell what kind of grudge you and Narin have.”

"Is it really that predictable?"

“A person like you won’t let me get close to you easily, unless you make a mistake or something. And I guess it’s probably alcohol.” I walked over and pressed Ong In’s cheeks with both hands. “I won’t do anything to you, I promise.”

“There’s no need to drink alcohol. If you want to know anything, just ask.”

“You’ll never tell me, and we’ll have to drink together.”

I still insisted, so Indra could not object and agreed. At this moment, the drinks and mixers were prepared. The best glasses that I chose for special occasions were used at this moment. Straight brandy with a large ice cube was held in front of Indra. Just one glass should be enough to make sense, and I would not rush anything. I would slowly chat with her, waiting for the alcohol to take effect.

“Did you want to be an interior designer yourself, or was your father the inspiration?”

“I wanted to be one myself. I like drawing and reading home decorating magazines, so I thought I would be suitable. My father also works in a similar field, so it wasn’t too difficult. It was a good inspiration,” the sweet-faced girl said with a proud smile as she drew pictures with a pen and sent them to me.

“What kind of pictures are these?”

"Sunflower"

“This is the first drawing I’ve ever made since I couldn’t walk. Flowers are the most beautiful things I’ve drawn.”

“Just looking at the bedroom wall, I can tell that you draw beautifully.” I pulled the cheeks of the sweet-faced girl who smiled proudly with affection. Right now, Indra started kicking her legs back and forth in a relaxed manner. Alcohol was flowing through her veins and made her feel even more relaxed. “Can you play the piano yet?”

At this point, the sweet-faced person pursed her lips in guilt.

“Sorry, I’m too stupid to play it. I tried to learn it, and I found out that some things… you have to make your dreams come true.”

“Preed,” I laughed and nodded in understanding.

“That’s right. C also expects you to do a lot of things.”

"That's right. I just massaged your legs. I don't have any magical powers. Why do you ask for this and that? You're shameless."

“I admit my mistake, but you did most of the Tansy stuff. Swimming, having fun, running around and playing. You’re perfect. You’re awesome.”

“Before, In hated you to death,” she finally said. “I don’t mean when you were a coach. When I found out you were lying and cheating, the physio got mad every time In said she had a special gift from you. To the point where he said, if you were so good, why didn’t you come help me stand and walk? He was right. In could walk on her own but she thanked you for a long time. It was so bad.”

"Even though I hate you, you still do everything I ask of you."

“I don’t know why I did that. Part of me hates it, and part of me misses it. You really believe that you can make me walk.”

“Because I believed it so much, I got really angry. It’s normal, why didn’t you hate me when you met? If it were a novel, the female lead would hate the male lead. But you just smiled brightly and didn’t feel anything. What’s the point in hating me?”

“Are you the hero? You’re narcissistic.”

"The heroine must fall in love with the hero. It's right that C is the hero. Ouch! It hurts." Indra lifted him up and kicked me lightly in annoyance.

"Let's just say that In knows that you didn't have any bad intentions, even though you tricked In's parents out of money."

"It's a bad intention."

"Why would you want to be bad? I already told you that I'm not bad. Look."

Indra continued to kick me lightly with his leg, so I used my own leg to clamp down on him, causing the sweet-faced person to be unable to move. “Ugh, let go.”

After I got it, I lifted that leg up and put it on my lap and massaged it gently like I did when I was a child, causing Indra to pause for a moment before he started blushing, probably because he was remembering the past event.

“Are you comfortable? The Chinese massaged me like this. I’ve never done it for anyone before.”

“Really? You’ve never massaged anyone like this before?”

“Aum”

“What about all those ex-girlfriends of yours?”

“Cee never massages them. They only massage Cee. Kick.”

I laughed and shrugged my shoulders without feeling anything, but Indra lowered his legs as if he wanted me to stop massaging them, and he looked sad.

"Should I give you a massage..."

“No need, why do you want to massage?”

"Why is In not like your other girlfriends? Ms. Prang said that she knew about you after seeing someone."

“Do you know anything?”

“Just like that…”

"What kind"

“Flirting, kissing…” The sweet-faced person let it slide as she understood. I stretched a little, starting to understand the point. “But with In, you’ve never done anything, except kiss her cheek. You can count the number of times you touch her. For you… In is not charming at all, right?”

“Team, no… why did you…”

"In has seen each of your ex-girlfriends, both men and women. They all look handsome, beautiful and stylish. Their careers are good. If it's not related to status or career, their looks are outstanding. In, on the other hand, they are bland. You will get bored one day and dump In."

Indra started to get gloomy as he talked about this, and that made me smile, but I had to hold it in because laughing at someone who was sad or upset would only make it look bad, especially with someone who was feeling angry.

"Cee wants to take it slow...."

“Why do you have to be so slow? Even when talking about drinking, you said before that you wouldn’t touch on the inn.”

"I'm afraid you'll be suspicious."

"In has been through a family. You won't touch In because In has no charm."

"Nothing..."

“Even though we watched a movie together that day, and In closed her eyes and waited for you to lower your head, you pretended to be asleep.” This time, everything was released along with a shout like someone who lost confidence. Indra sobbed until I almost sobered up, even though I was just drinking to enjoy it. “Do you know how much In thinks about this? Are In’s breasts too small? Or were you wearing clothes that day too tight, so you didn’t want to get involved? You didn’t even kiss In, you only kissed her cheeks. Is In a three-year-old? Or does In look like a Teletubbies? That’s why you only think about her fondly. Seriously, why did In have to say something like this?!”

“It’s good to talk…” I got up from my chair and walked towards Indra, using both hands to support his face. “If you don’t talk, I won’t know what’s wrong with you. I want to kiss you to death, but I’m afraid you’ll run away even more because you’re scared.”

"In isn't afraid of you at all. That day, In even told you that he had an idea.

I want to have something with you. That's why we're together like this today. It means I want to..."

Without waiting for her to finish speaking, I pressed my lips on the sweet-faced one hard, but without rushing, to allow Indra to regain his composure. When Indra started to regain his senses, I pulled away without any further ado, without using my tongue because I wanted to see how much I had frightened her.

“From now on, tell me what’s going on. Otherwise, I’ll have to get you drunk like this again. Your face is all red. I can’t tell if you’re drunk or embarrassed.” "Hmm"

"Let's test whether you can do what she asks... What do you want to do? Tell me."

"Want..."

“…”

“I want to kiss you.”

"Okay"

“Can I kiss you, touch your breasts… d…?”

I paused for a moment, not prepared for this, before nodding and grabbing one of the sweet-faced person's hands and slapping my chest.

"Sure, do whatever you want."

# CHAPTER 21 : Coincidence

Indra reached out and grabbed one of my breasts with interest. I looked at her fearful expression and smiled a little fondly. Even though she had it since birth, she still thought it was amazing and kept squeezing it until I thought I was a balloon. And to let the sweet-faced person know that this was not a science experiment with a water balloon in her hand, I leaned down and pressed my lips to the little one's before slowly tasting it in what should be called a 'kiss'.

Because Indra had already been through a family, there was no need to teach him this kind of thing. The sweet-faced one responded gently and gradually. Her soft, wet lips made me squeeze closer to him, while Indra began to squeeze harder as his emotions surged.

“Did you use too much force? Does it hurt?” No matter how emotional she was, she still cared about me like someone who didn’t know how to handle such force.

To answer the question that the little one was wondering, I raised my hand to touch the chest of the person in front of me. Indra flinched a little because I had never offended her in any way, but he did not refuse anything.

"Then, when you hold you like this, does it hurt?"

“It doesn't hurt.”

“It’s the same,” we stared at each other for a long time until I pursed my lips and looked left and right. “If you want to make this last a little longer, this place wouldn’t be the right place. If the housekeepers saw us, we wouldn’t know what to do.”

“So where are you going?”

“Follow Cima, don’t ask too many questions.”

I grabbed Indra's wrist and ran upstairs together, entering the room and locking the door. We both smiled at each other a little, like little children who thought of doing something naughty and immediately jumped at each other. Whether it was the alcohol or the emotions we created, right now, both Indra and I were excited and rushed to undress each other out of curiosity. Right now, I felt a little irritated that this bedroom was too wide, making it impossible to reach the bed. But it was good that there was a brown leather sofa in front of a large TV, so it was enough to support both of our bodies to lie down on it. The sweetfaced person who was now straddling me looked at me hesitantly, wondering how to start and what to do first. As for me, I wanted to know what Indra would do, so I just lay there without giving any advice at all.

“What must I do?”

“What do you want to do?”

"I don't know. In...never with a woman."

“It’s not much different from a man.” I slid up and sat up, my hand moving to the sweet-faced person’s chest under the collar of her shirt, with her underwear in between.

We are “If we encounter something, we just deal with it. Nature will teach us.”

I leaned down and kissed her breast tenderly, but Indra turned away and pressed me down to lie in the same position as someone who wanted to be the only one doing it.

"Then I'll do what I want to do."

After he finished speaking, the smaller one leaned down and kissed me a little more, moving his lips down to my chest, and then he imitated what I had done a moment ago before kissing me hard, causing me to feel a sharp pain. Ong In

still looked very excited about this matter, and he wasn't ready for me to intrude too much on him, because he was still afraid. That made me think that this matter might have to be prolonged a little longer. At the moment when he was moving his lips to my belly button and thinking of pulling down my pants, I pushed him away and pulled the sweet-faced one in for a hard kiss to end the game.

“That's enough for today.”

"Why..."

"You're already asleep. You drank a lot of alcohol. Aren't you drunk?"

“Not drunk”

"We're not drunk at all. You look more like a slut than Si. Let's go to bed. We have plenty of time for this." I pressed my lips to the sweet-faced one and then changed to bite Indra's shoulder, which made her moan softly.

“Ouch, it hurts.”

“How are you going to sober up? Go to sleep. Let’s go.” I got up and held out my hand for the sweet-faced person to hold, but Indra sulked and threw himself down on the sofa, facing the backrest.

“I will sleep here.”

“It's uncomfortable.”

"I don't know. I'll just sleep here."

“As you wish,” I laughed and walked over to grab the blanket from the bed before

They lay down together and hugged Indra from behind. "Then, Xenon, too. The air conditioning in this room is cold. You'll get cold."

"Don't come and touch me. It's in the way. Go and sleep far away."

"I'm not going to chase you."

"Cheeky"

"Even the scolding is cute."

"Dog face"

"Ouch! What a curse! You cutie!"

I laughed, ignoring the pout, but before long, the person who looked angry fell asleep, while I was burning up all alone, chanting in my head, even though I'm not really a person who likes to pray.

I wanted to laugh at my own goodness. I wanted to laugh so badly, but I refused to do anything because I was afraid that Indra would not be ready and would not like it. It's okay, I can wait.

Wait until it goes away and you want to go!

**Now he was in...** Indra was still sleeping on the calf's sofa. From last night until this morning, I went out to buy a hangover drink and looked at the sweet-faced person who still hadn't woken up with fondness. Before trying to gently wake him up, because it was past eleven now, I was afraid it would be too late. In case he had something to do, or he just wanted to wake him up to talk. I wondered if he would pretend not to remember like I had expected.

"In... wake up, it's almost noon."

After a slight shake, the sweet-faced person slowly opened her eyes and made a slightly wrinkled face with tantrums. However, when she finally sat up, she felt a sharp headache.

“My head hurts.”

“How did you know? That’s why I bought it for you to drink. I thought you’d have a headache.” I handed him the drink and smiled fondly. Ong In took it and made a puzzled face, but he trusted me too much to ask me anything and took a sip. I wasn’t sure what it tasted like, but from his expression, it must have been too much for him to handle.

“Is it really that bad?”

“I can’t explain it, but it’s an eye opener. I got drugged last night.” Indra gave me a reproachful look. I laughed a little and got straight to the point.

"Do you remember what happened?"

“Not at all.”

I almost burst out laughing because everything went as expected. Indra was too shy to accept the truth, so he pretended to forget. Oh my... how easy it is to read, my dear.

"Then that's good. You don't have to remember anything bad."

"So, did something bad happen?"

“If you don’t remember, just pretend it never happened,” I shrugged and sighed. “I kind of regret it. If you did remember a little bit, I would have done that to you again, but….”

The sweet-faced person reached out and grabbed the hem of my shirt, then gripped it tightly. Her face was flushed and she pursed her lips, unable to speak. Just reading it, I could tell that her mouth wanted to say something, but she was afraid of losing face because she had already said it and couldn't remember. Now I saw the words "What should I do?" floating around her head without stopping.

“Can I ask again?”

"Huh?"

"Try asking again, same question."

“Do you remember what happened?”

“I remember now.”

“…”

“Where did you say you would?”

"Cute!" I used both hands to pinch Indra's cheeks and laughed, unable to hold it in any longer. The sweet-faced person lowered her head, not knowing what to do. She grabbed the blanket she had taken from the bed last night and covered herself with it. She kept crying...

“That’s crazy. Why did you have to pretend?”

“I want to know if you remember or not. As expected, you have to pretend not to remember. Don’t believe the drama too much. The story that says you black out when you’re drunk. It might happen, but you’re not that bad.”

“Don’t tease me. Kiss…” I pressed my lips on Indra’s to remind him. The sweet-faced one looked a little stunned before giving in. Until I pulled away and licked his lips a little more as a tease. “What are you doing?”

“Hangover drinks don’t taste that bad, or maybe it’s just because it came from your mouth.”

“You have to try drinking it from the bottle to know. Drinking it here will only give you a thin taste.”

“Then why can’t you taste it from your mouth?”

"Can"

This time, Indra replied without hiding any feelings. I smiled happily because it seemed like last night's behavior had been a success.

I have to admit that last night we took it a step further. I didn't want to rush anything because I wanted Indra to be the one to approach and be curious and try it himself. There was no rush at all. We just kissed and she wanted to know that...

How does it feel to hold that breast? I'll accept it without any conditions. Just ask, tell me. It's like we have to reset everything from trying to touch. How far will curiosity take us? That depends on Indra. Our lives aren't that short. I'm sure I'm in good health. I won't die today or tomorrow. So I have time to keep trying this and that with the pretty girl. It's pretty simple like this.

Indra finished bathing around 12:30. When he came down, I made him some porridge to eat. The sweet-faced person looked at him with deep gratitude and spoke in a relaxed manner.

"Very good"

“Hm? Just a packet of porridge is good enough?”

“I don’t know. This feeling of someone caring for me hasn’t been there for a long time. Narin used to do this when we first got married… Can In speak?”

“You can tell me. What kind of person do you think Xi is?” I rested my arm on the table and looked at Indra who was slowly eating his porridge because it was too hot. “After getting married, did he treat you the same?”

“I just did it for a while. I didn’t feel into it. Or to be precise, I tried to be with him, but my heart just wouldn’t go. I love him… but there’s something that makes me hate him.”

“You can tell me. C is both a friend and a lover...” I paused for a moment, not knowing whether to say it or not. “She is everything to you.”

"As you might have guessed, Narin has always made In feel disgusted with him."

“That?” I asked again, wanting him to be more specific.

“Our sex life is not very compatible.”

“Ahhh.”

“When he saw that In wasn’t enjoying what he was doing, that it wasn’t as exciting as he had hoped, he got bored. He even said, ‘Can’t you just pretend to be a porn star for me?’ And we had a fight. Not long after that, we slept in separate rooms. And then everything fell like dominoes. It used to be funny when I heard people say that they broke up because of sex. People have to be so concerned with that. Until it happened to me. We broke up because of this. It was really the main problem.”

“Our needs are different. Our tastes don’t match,” I said understandingly, before teasingly asking a little more. “What did he ask you to do?”

"I won't tell." Indra turned his face away, but seeing that she was too shy, I couldn't help but run around to stare into the eyes of the sweet-faced person.

“Your face is red. Tell me quickly! What did Narin tell you to do?”

"I feel embarrassed. I don't want to talk."

“There are only two of us. Xi can accept anything. Just say it. I want to know.”

“Why do you have to know?”

“We agreed to talk about everything. What did he ask you to do?”

“…”

"Yes, I want to know."

Indra hesitated, but he felt like gossiping like a woman, so he wiggled his finger for me to come closer. He whispered as if he was afraid that the calf would hear something like that.

"He told me to..."

“…”

"Help yourself"

As soon as she finished speaking, the sweet-faced person quickly raised her hand to cover her face and kicked her legs in the wind, looking like a struggling doll. I looked at Indra with fondness because right now,

Ears and face are the same color as tomatoes.

“And did you do it?”

"That's crazy. Who would do that? And then we had a fight. We slept in separate rooms. That's it." Indra sighed a little, trying to regain his composure. Then he pretended not to feel anything before changing the subject. "Who do you think is wrong in this matter?"

"Cee doesn't take sides with anyone... No one is wrong in this matter. Overly spicy tastes are tastes. If you can't get along, you have to end it. If you can't accept his tastes, then just walk away. That's it. Did Rin ever cheat on you before?"

“Never, until you come in and he starts to shift his attention to you.”

"Why did he cheat on me with such a beautiful woman?" I pretended, shaking my hair confidently. Indra lifted his leg and kicked me a little before glancing at me and smiling.

"So In took revenge and took that woman for himself, how about that?"

“You’re holding on too tightly. Narin must be hurt a lot. He’s being taken revenge by his ex-wife like this.”

"I want him to know too."

“…”

“Just kidding.” When Indra saw that I was silent, he quickly interrupted, but I laughed before shrugging.

"No, I'm quiet because I wonder if you're really going to do that. If you're going to do it, then do it. Si also wants to know."

"Do you want Narin to know that we're dating?"

“Cee, there’s no problem. It’s fun.”

When he saw that I didn't say anything, Indra smiled until his face wrinkled before waving his hand.

Let me go to you, then use both arms to pull my collar down and kiss you. You are no longer shy because you know I will always give in.

“You really like kissing.”

“I just found out that In likes kissing this much. It feels so good.”

"I'm glad you like it."

“Actually, I like touching your breasts too.” The sweet-faced one reached under the collar of her shirt and lightly grabbed it, with her bra blocking it. “It’s a good feeling. I remember how good it felt last night.”

"Do you remember calling her a dog-faced bitch?"

“I remember. You really look like a dog.”

“It's you...”

“But you're cute.”

Indra has started to be mischievous and selfish to the point of being hit, but I think it's cute that she dares to do more things. I don't plan on being too aggressive or intrusive because I want the sweet-faced one to feel good about this kind of thing and see it as more fun. So I'll let her do whatever she wants, but not too much and not too little. It's like using tricks to make her curious, until she realizes that she's already deep into it and can't pull herself out.

Is it good luck or bad luck for you to meet someone like me?

My hand stroked Indra's hair and inserted my finger into the small strand of hair before lightly squeezing it, making the sweet-faced person feel a little tingling. Indra's face turned up from pulling my hair and opened his mouth to receive the kiss, which was heavier today than yesterday. I intended to pull my lips away in a while, but I was enjoying it too much to pull away with a feeling of regret.

Who is more in love with whom? I'm starting to get unsure.

"Ham"

When did Prang's coughing sound come in? I didn't notice it.

Seeing this made us both stop what we were doing, especially Indra who was so shocked by this that he almost jumped off me and stood up straight without knowing what to do. As for Prang, she had good manners and knew her duty more than to tease. She pretended not to see and put the pellets of calf food that I had called to buy when she arrived near the living room.

"Boss, it's Saturday already. I don't know why you still have to call Prang to work."

“The calves have nothing to eat. Are you so cruel as to starve the dogs to death?” As for me, I also pretended that nothing had happened, in order to quickly dissipate the awkward atmosphere.

“Boss has a car, Khun In also has a car. Can’t we go out and buy it ourselves? It’s tiring. Being a secretary and still having to drive to feed the dog like this.”

“Talk too much. At the end of the year, I will give you an eight-month bonus.”

"Do you want Prang to feed rice to her beloved little calf, Boss? I can do anything, just tell me."

“Money is your god, isn’t it?”

"As for Boss, he's the owner of my life. There's no one better than Boss. Hehe." Prang acted excitedly when she heard the large amount of money at the end of the year. Then she turned to chat with Ong In in a good mood. "You're lucky to have Boss as your boyfriend."

"I'll reduce the bonus soon."

“It’s okay if you don’t say much.”

I looked at Indra who was expressionless. She was still very new to this matter and probably didn't expect Prang to bring it up. I wasn't sure if I had told the sweet-faced girl in advance that the secretary knew about our relationship, but even if she didn't, she knew now. She just had to get used to it.

"I'll go put the dog food away for you."

“It’s okay. Miss In, just stay still and let Prang serve you.

After hearing the bonus, I felt so motivated to serve that my whole body was beating wildly.” Prang walked over to carry a bag of dog food and kept chattering. “Boss, it’s good to have Khun In here too. It’s not lonely. The house is huge. Khun In makes the house look bright.”

“Like a sunflower,” I added, putting my hand in my pocket. Hearing that, Indra reached out and pinched me a little, blushing like a tomato.

“Yes, it looks so bright. Let’s move in together so we don’t have to travel back and forth.”

"Khun Prang..."

I said in a low voice, and that made the secretary raise her hand to cover her mouth, after she started to feel that she had said too much.

"Just pretend you didn't hear what Prang said."

Now Indra has fled to the guest bedroom because he cannot face Prang. As for me, when I am alone with my secretary, I immediately bare my fangs, but I don't take it too seriously.

“You’re just talking nonstop. In is still new to this. What’s the point of moving in together? How would people who have just started dating feel?”

"There's no need to feel anything. We've already had sex."

“…”

“Not yet? Oh my... Boss is so weak.”

"Keep it a little less."

“It’s normal to see the boss doing things so quickly like a monkey. Why did you let this person go for so long? From what I’ve seen, they seem to be kissing passionately and loving each other.”

“We’re too close. Wait a minute,” I sighed before finally speaking my mind. “You know that Si has never let anyone sleep over at home. The more you invite, the more

Come and stay with me. It's too new. It's not new to India alone.”

"Well, if you're special, then the boss has to do something different from the previous ones."

“I’ll think about it… Oh, C has something I’d like you to help me with.”

"What is it? Tell me." Prang rubbed her hands together as if she felt like she had something to do.

“Can you find a coincidence for Si and Narin to meet in a place with a lot of people? I mean, at a restaurant, a shopping mall, or anything. Something that Si can go with India.”

“Oh oh…” Prang looked at me and nodded with a smile. “Are you trying to create another scene? By the way, is Khun Narin the ex-husband of Khun

India?”

"Yes"

Prang is my right-hand woman and she is always excellent at what she does. No matter what I assign her, she will make it happen. For example, if I want to be a coach for billionaires, I will have to find a way to meet them by chance and trick them with everything I have. Prang is the one who searches for where to meet them and when is the right time.

Narin himself as well.

Prang found out that today he had a dinner date with a woman. She guessed that she must be his new girlfriend because after talking to me last time, he should have known that there was no hope. I would never betray my friend, Indra. So he gave in and left politely. Only in stories would a man with money harass a woman. If he doesn't get what he wants, these guys will just change to someone else because they have money. Women aren't the only ones in the world. And as I said... the man I chose to talk to...

Everyone has been screened, and no one will be a threat in the future.

Today, Indra, who had been invited to have dinner at a hotel, was dressed in a comfortable shirt and slacks, along with high heels, and his long hair was tied up in waves that fell over his shoulders. He walked over to me, who was sitting and waiting. We had both finished our work and made an appointment to meet. The pretty-faced one had put on a little make-up and some lipstick to give it some color. Just this alone made her look prettier than everyone else in this restaurant.

I'm so crazy about you, you should know that.

“So beautiful,” I complimented Indra, who tucked his hair behind his ear and made a U-face.

"Tease"

“Today I put on makeup too.”

“I put on makeup every day, but today I put on a little lipstick. Otherwise, the person I’m dating will leave me. I heard that she gets bored easily. We broke up after dating for less than three weeks.”

“How many days have we been together?”

"Two weeks and two days"

“Are you counting the days?” I laughed and made a surprised face. Indra turned his mouth down a little and grumbled.

“Let’s count. I don’t know when you’ll get bored. I worry every day that you won’t call or text me.” Did I scare you this much? The sweet-faced one changed the subject and opened the menu. “What did you order? Have you eaten yet?”

“I’ve been waiting for you to come here. You can order now. Order some for me too.”

“How do you know what you’re eating or not eating?”

"If you're a couple, you have to learn something."

“You can eat spicy food… Then I’ll order for you.”

The sweet-faced woman arranged the food and ordered the waiter to come and take the menu to the table. I watched with delight as she ordered this and that, while reaching out her leg to lightly kick under the table as if she was looking for a way to tease her.

"There's nothing else to do, right? Why are you kicking me like this?"

“Of all the dates I’ve had, Xi has never kicked anyone under the table. You’re the first.”

“Should be happy, right?”

“I’m glad. I’ve never done this with anyone before…and to prevent you from worrying about whether our relationship will last more than three weeks, I’m going to ask you to come live with me, if you don’t mind.” I blurted out without any prior preparation. Ong In was stunned for a moment, while I tried my best to control myself. I picked up a glass of water and took a sip. “But it’s up to you. If it’s not convenient, it’s okay. I just thought that if we were together, we’d be able to hug, kiss, and cuddle each other more often.”

“You idiot… How can you talk about something like this at the dinner table and make it look normal?”

I finally succeeded in teasing Indra until his face turned bright red. As I was about to lift my leg up to kick him again, I heard the greeting of another person I had expected to meet. Narin walked over to our table with a surprised look on his face and smiled at both of us, especially Indra.

"In, I'm very surprised to see you... Khun C too. Who are you having dinner with?"

“There are only two of us,” I answered instead, because Indra was still shocked to see his ex-husband here. “What are you doing here?”

“Come to eat.”

“Who are you with?”

"Well..." Narin looked a little stunned before looking at his own table as an answer.

“Wow, a new boyfriend?”

“Not exactly. We were just chatting. In is fine.”

"Yes fine"

"Is it a coincidence or intention that we met?" I said, acting like I had never known about this before. Narin laughed happily at being teased like that.

“What a coincidence! I was still surprised to see you and In here.”

“I thought you wanted to see that you were dating someone new. It would make us both feel itchy in our hearts.”

“Does it itch, too, sir?”

“No… How about you, In? Are you itching?” I pretended to ask. Indra frowned as if he was criticizing me, saying that this kind of thing shouldn’t be teased. “In conclusion, I’m not itching. Congratulations. You’ve found someone new who’s worthy of you.”

“It’s not that far yet. We’re just talking,” Narin replied, feeling considerate of his ex-wife, because he was afraid that Indra still had feelings for her.

"If In doesn't feel the tingling, then you probably won't either. If Xi tells you something,"

This time it's my turn...

“What is it?”

“In and See are dating. I want to let you know. Anyway, congratulations to all of us.”

# CHAPTER 22 : Incoming Call

“Did you see his face? He looked so shocked when he walked back to the table. He could barely walk straight!”

"See"

I smiled and looked at Indra who kept laughing nonstop while we went for a walk on the rooftop of the hotel at night. The height of this place made it possible to see almost all of Bangkok. Although it was not as high as an airplane, I could see the twinkling lights of the buildings, the amusement park rides on the other side, and the headlights of cars on the road driving back and forth below. It was like we were looking at a miniature city. To be honest, I was standing about one meter away from the glass fence because I didn't like the height. No matter how beautiful it was, I just wanted to look at it.

“I feel like I have a really bad attitude. Why do I feel happy when I see Narin making that face? Even though we’ve already gone our separate ways. Maybe it’s because I feel like In has you all to himself even though he’s thanked me before.”

“Cee likes you in every way. You are lovely in every way.”

“What a coincidence! There are restaurants all over the country. If you don’t go, you have to meet here.”

“There is no such thing as coincidence.”

When this was mentioned, the sweet-faced person's eyes lit up as if she had remembered something, and she burst out laughing.

“Don’t tell me you were the one who planned to meet him tonight.”

"You could say that. Someone once said that they wanted Narin to know about our story, so C set up a scene for them. That's all."

“You’re so wicked!” Indra exclaimed happily and threw himself at me, forgetting how many people were there. “I thought this was Uncle Panya’s Gift Box show, making dreams come true?”

"Whatever makes you happy, C can do it. In fact, it's C's happiness too. It's fun."

“Kick, you’ve spoiled In. In used to not be like this.”

“Actually, you might be this kind of person but you don’t dare to show it, Sunflower.” I reached out to lift the chin of the sweet-faced person and wanted to mold it into a ball and swallow it all down. But she was too cute to do that. Indra smiled until his face wrinkled before making a slightly troubled face.

"Pain to pee"

“As I said, you’re much more expressive now. Before, when you went to the bathroom, you’d be so shy.”

“That’s right. My parents taught me well, but you made me have a bad attitude.”

“Wow, everyone says that you should date someone who will make you better, not worse.” I laughed, looking at the sweet-faced person with fondness. “Go to the bathroom. Holding it in for too long will cause cystitis.”

“Since you dare to talk about pee, In has something she wants to tell you first.

Courage will disappear."

"What"

"Please let me stay at your house."

“…”

“I want to raise a dog. Don’t misunderstand.”

“I thought you could hug, kiss, caress, squeeze, and flatten me whenever you wanted. It looks like you really like kissing,” I laughed shyly and teased a little more. “But can you stay here for free? How much will the water and electricity bills be?”

"You help take care of the dog and you also charge for water and electricity? Oh my... Narin has never collected money from In."

“That’s so bad. Are you comparing C to your ex-girlfriend to make her feel itchy?”

“So did it work? Hehe, not at all wild!”

“I’d rather not collect the electricity bill, but I won’t get anything. It doesn’t seem right.”

“So what do you want?”

“I want you.”

“…”

“Just kidding,” I saw the sweet-faced person go silent, quickly corrected her words and laughed, but Indra made a face of displeasure.

“Why are you joking? Don’t you want to get involved?”

“Aren’t you going to the bathroom? Hurry up and come enjoy the view.”

I didn't answer anything and pretended to change the subject. Indra looked at me silently and walked away to the bathroom. After that, we didn't talk about this again....

We ended our date around midnight because the rooftop was closed. So we drove around for about half an hour and then took Indra home. While we were sitting together, I noticed that he was quiet and didn't talk much.

It's different from when I first met Narin, which made me have to ask her where that talkative girl had gone.

“Are you sleepy already? You’re so quiet.”

"Hmm"

Hmm... In short, it's a word that can be both concise and cold at the same time.

"Where do you want me to take you? Your parents' house or the old bridal chamber?"

“It’s up to you. Go wherever you want to send me.”

"Then I'll take you home. We're moving in together anyway."

The sweet-faced girl glanced at me for a moment, as if she was going to say something, then pursed her lips before stimulating herself again, and pursed her lips three or four more times until I had to speak up myself.

"It's hard to buy, you can get it." Because talking about this is not easy, it's necessary for someone like me to be the one to bring it up. Indra made a face like he was being haunted for a moment and shrank his neck back to his original position.

"Why are you suddenly talking about this?"

"Aren't you still feeling unsettled? So, Si just got straight to the point."

“But you act like you just said it. You don’t want what you said.”

“It’s hard to buy, take it slow. Si doesn’t want you to be scared.” I pursed my lips a bit and looked at the road ahead, which was now completely empty of cars, so much so that it didn’t look like Bangkok at all. “Si wants you to feel good if the two of us want to touch each other.”

“What game are you playing? What kind of psychology are you using in this relationship?”

“No, it’s very simple. You had a bad experience with your ex, and it might make you afraid of this in a new relationship. So, Xi thinks it’s better to take it slow.” I stopped the car because the light was red, and reached out to pull it.

The sweet-faced one came and grabbed Indra and played with the back of my palm, happily, and then spoke in a muffled voice.

“Your gradual progress, how much is it?”

“When you get home, you know.”

“Which house?”

"Any house is fine. C doesn't care."

We ended up at my house. The play of words in the car, wanting to test each other's waters, was something I pretended to do. Because in the end, even if Indra chose to go home, I would have taken him back to the place he wanted anyway. After returning home, Indra, who had walked ahead into the house, looked left and right to make sure no one was there. I, who was following behind, secretly watched every gesture of the little person, interested in what she would do with that curiosity. Right now, she was no different from an eighteen-year-old teenager who had just gone astray for the first time, like someone who had run away from her parents to go to her boyfriend's house and wanted to do something naughty.

"The housekeeper has gone to bed."

“What about the calf?”

"It must be somewhere. When it hears your voice, it will come running."

"Then we'll do it quietly."

The sweet-faced person finished speaking and immediately pounced on me, pushing me down to lie on the sofa in the middle of the house. Actually, it would be safer to go into my bedroom, but I guess Indra was having fun and wanted to receive new challenges, like the people who secretly did it in silence. Now I was the one being bullied again, like usual. The sweet-faced person who liked to think that she was so capable was trying to bite and nibble on my lips, having fun.

“…”

I never responded, because I was more curious to see what tricks Indra had up his sleeve. Every time she barged in, she always showed me something new. Before when we kissed, she was still too afraid to stick her tongue into my mouth, but today she dared to bite my lower lip, then trailed down to my neck, then used her hands to unbutton my shirt with confidence.

The curious and touching hands of Indra climbed under the collar of my shirt and pulled the straps of my bra down to my sleeve. The unbuttoned shirt exposed one of my breasts in front of the sweet-faced person. She looked more excited than scared. The first time she had touched it but hadn't touched the skin. This time she really encountered it and grabbed it with her hand with interest.

“Mmm…” I moaned in relief and tingling at the same time. Hearing that, Indra flicked his finger over the top of my breast and stroked it when it hardened.

“C...”

She looked at me, curious as to whether I would allow it or not, if she would ask to do something other than touching. I didn't answer anything and breathed heavily until the sweet-faced person couldn't stand it anymore, opened her mouth to bite and lick. The feeling from the tip of the tongue of the person on my body stimulated my body to tremble, until I had to arch my body to receive it. My heart beat very fast, making Indra even more greedy. The warm palm of the person squeezed and kneaded until I forgot that I had put too much weight on it, but it didn't reduce the heat inside that was simmering.

“You are too good.”

The more I praised him, the more Indra was pleased. Her mouth slowly moved from her breasts, then down to her navel. I took that moment to push Indra away.

“Auntie, where’s the calf? I can’t see it.”

I shouted for the cleaning lady and immediately sat on my knees, arranging my clothes.

My own things are in place, even if they are a bit disintegrated. The sweet-faced person who was caught off guard looked at me in shock.

“That’s enough for today. It’s late.” I glanced at the clock on the wall. It was past one in the morning. I felt a little guilty towards the cleaning lady for calling her so loudly. Not long after, a calf came running towards us from the cleaning lady’s room with a light turned on from behind.

"Why are you all living together like this?"

“I just got back. I haven’t seen the calf running.”

“Auntie will let the lady sleep with us. I’m afraid she’ll be lonely. So, you, the nun, can you take over?”

"Thank you"

Of course, the calf ran to play with Indra without paying any attention to me at all. As for the sweet-faced one, even though the giant dog had invited her to play, she was now making a face that was not as she wanted.

“Did you do this on purpose to make In irritated?”

“Take it slow. Don’t rush. We have plenty of time to spend together.” I got up and shook my hair a bit, getting ready to go to bed. “You’ll sleep in the guest room tonight, like usual. I’ll bring you some clothes.”

Before leaving, I bent down to kiss Indra's cheek to say good night. The sweetfaced girl pouted a little and then obediently went back to her bedroom, taking the calf to sleep with her. As for me, when I returned to my room, I could only sigh and lean against the door after it had been closed.

Do I have to torture myself this much?

This morning feels different than usual, thinking that I now have a girlfriend and have even allowed her to move in with me, something I've never done before in my life. After waking up this morning and intending to go downstairs to drink some water, I came across this...

The sweet-faced person was frying eggs in the kitchen. I looked at the back of the little person wearing an apron and smiled fondly before clearing my throat a little.

“Good morning. What mood are you in when you’re frying eggs?”

“People who realize that they are relying on him must make themselves useful.” Indra placed the fried egg on a plate and proudly showed it off. “Does it look delicious? It doesn’t use oil either. Otherwise, you’ll complain that you’re fat.”

“What a great thing to have two cooks in the house!”

"But just make eggs. Don't expect me to do anything else."

“Actually, Si expected you to do something else because last night, you did much better than expected.”

Speaking of which, I opened my chest to show her the cleavage I had seen since I took a shower last night. Ong In looked shocked and pointed at himself, wanting confirmation that it was really her doing.

“It's you.”

“I didn't realize it at all.”

“It must be so hot. It’s a good thing that I don’t have to wear a bikini to show off to anyone these days, so I don’t have to worry about scars.”

“Just act like you normally show off to someone.”

“Well…” I raised my eyebrows slightly and avoided answering. When Indra saw that, he immediately walked around and asked with interest.

“Who are you showing off your bikini to? You can’t even swim.”

“You see on Instagram that wearing a bikini doesn’t necessarily mean you can swim.

Hehehe"

“Why do you keep provoking me?”

"I want to know if someone is jealous or not." While we were talking and teasing each other, Ong In's phone rang, along with a message from Kritsana or Golf, who I can't remember having any role in my life. The sweet-faced person picked up the phone.

Go look at me and give me a quick glance before sending me the sticker back.

"I thought you had stopped chatting with him."

"There's no reason to cut him off."

"What did he send you?"

“Sent to say good morning. I greeted you the same way.”

“Then you replied to him with a sticker?”

"Yes"

“Why do you have to answer me?” My tone immediately became serious, and that made Indra retort just in time, as if he had been waiting for the right moment. “I want to know if someone is jealous or not.”

I bared my fangs and poked my waist with both hands, causing Indra to flinch and his body to shake with ticklishness. The sweet-faced girl glanced at me for a moment, then bared her fangs as well.

“Why? Can’t you stand it? If you get it back, you’ll know what it feels like to be annoyed.”

“Stop talking to Golf.”

“I won’t stop talking. I’ll keep it like this. It’s fun.”

“Are you this kind of person?”

“This is the bad side you will see. Hehe. Don’t tickle me. No! Squeal!” Indra and I have been flirting since early morning until the house can hear the laughter. Even though we were just teasing each other, in reality I was secretly quite annoyed that the sweet-faced person would not end the relationship or stop giving the other person hope. Even though he claimed that he had to talk to each other about work. “No, that’s enough. Sob… I laughed until I wanted to cry.”

Indra and I fell onto the sofa to rest, with me on top of the sweet-faced person, while Sun played with her hair.

“Don’t you feel sorry for him? The longer he stays, the more he will like you.” "We really need to talk about work. If you want In to act cold, it would be too cruel."

"But it's like you're playing tug-of-war with his feelings. You can't hold him back, you can't let him go."

“Like when you play tug of war with your feelings?” This time, Indra cut to his own topic, leaving me puzzled.

"When do you go to play?"

“Last night, you let In want it and then you left. Even though you told me to take it slow, In felt that there was more to it than that. It was like you were afraid of something, but In just didn’t know what it was.”

Indra reached out and played with a lock of my hair that had fallen to his face, then rolled it into a circle.

“I can feel that you want it too, but you push it away every time it’s going well.”

“…”

"Because of what"

“You’re overthinking it,” I laughed and moved away from Indra to sit down. The sweet-faced girl who was about to continue washing stopped for a moment when a call came from home. She put her finger to her lips as a signal to be quiet.

"Wait a minute, Mom called...Yes, Mom. In is at a friend's house. How did you know that C's house..."

I was about to get up and leave Indra to talk alone. However, a name that came up made me pause. I immediately looked at him with interest.

“Narind called to tell me that? It’s nothing. It was just a joke.”

“…”

"In and See are just friends. How can women date each other? Right?"

# CHAPTER 23 : Stories In The Liquor Circle

“I’m actually working right now… Where did you hear the rumor? This is a teacher, how could she have anything to do with a student? And she’s a woman too. People just keep talking.”

“Who is it?”

"The people at home, it seems like our story is starting to become the talk of the town. We should keep our distance for a while."

“You, you...C!”

The sound of Indra's call jolted me out of my reverie. As I pressed the remote control to look at this and that, my concentration was not on the TV screen at all. I turned to smile at Indra and patted the cushion nearby to invite the sweetfaced person to sit down before asking this and that.

"How are you? Did you understand what you said to your mother?"

"Hmm." Indra, who had slumped down, began to squeeze his body closer to hers before

He threw his head down on my shoulder, acting cute. "Are you mad? I called you. It took you a long time to turn around."

“What is the matter?”

"It's about what In talked about with Mom earlier... That In lied to Mom like that."

I smiled broadly before reaching out to wrap my arms around her shoulders and giving her a light pat on the back in encouragement.

“I’m not angry. I understand everything.”

“Do you really understand?”

“Of course, it’s not something that normal people can understand about a relationship like this. That’s why you choose not to explain it. Let it be between the two of us. That’s enough.”

"But why does In feel like you have something on your mind? It's not that In won't tell Mom, but In just needs some time."

*"He needs time."*

“Sure, whatever In wants, In will be the one to decide everything in this relationship, no matter what.” I lifted my hand to lift the sweet-faced person’s chin a little bit, affectionately, and then stared back at the TV screen. We spent the whole afternoon watching movies via streaming video, but this time we only watched Western movies, to prevent me from reminiscing about all my exgirlfriends, which might make Indra’s heart itch.

While we were sitting there, Prang's car pulled into the house on Sunday afternoon, which was a holiday. I looked outside the house in surprise before getting up to see what the secretary had to bring today. Then I saw a face like she had just been haunted by a ghost, with disheveled hair and a small bag of clothes, like someone who was ready to escape from her husband and come to beg for her back. I could tell right away.

"What are you arguing about?"

"Prang is on her period, Boss."

"Is your husband angry or mad at you for not getting pregnant yet?"

"I'm angry at my husband for not having any energy. Let me sleep over tonight."

"No way. The new house doesn't welcome ghosts."

"It's okay, I'll just sleep in the toilet. Shameless."

I laughed as I looked at Prang who was disheveled and walked to open the refrigerator and grabbed a drink like someone who knew the location of the house well. Ong In looked at my secretary, not knowing what to do until I laughed.

“Don’t be alarmed. Her secretary is always like this. She makes her husband come and coax her. We’ll know the story by tonight or tomorrow.”

"I won't go back to you even if I try to make up with you. Prang will be like you, In. Break up! That useless slut. She said that Prang has too little time for her, which is why she hasn't had any children yet. What kind of time do you have with a ghost? She takes it in during the day, evening, and early morning. Isn't that enough?"

Indra raised his hands to cover his ears, not knowing whether to listen or not. I raised my hands to stop my relatives from talking or to tone down their emotions a bit.

“Prang, some of them have been well-trained, they are not immune, they are all strong, please be considerate of In.”

“What? You used to have a family, In. You should understand. We did our best, and you still blamed it on Prang. Boss, drink with me tonight. I want to have a friend.”

“Alcohol doesn’t help you get over your sadness.”

"Drinking soda makes you fat. Hey... Now that the boss has a wife, can't he pretend to drink alcohol?"

“Mouth...” I bared my fangs and scratched my head. “Okay, let’s eat as a friend tonight. Stop complaining. I don’t know if it’s you or Si who is the boss and subordinate.”

At first, I thought I would be nagging Indra to celebrate our first day of living together in the house, but it turned into having to drink alcohol to comfort my secretary who wasn't in a good mood today. I'm not a heavy drinker because I'm quite health conscious and don't want to die young. But if my friend is sad and I don't get drunk too, it's going to be awkward, especially for someone like me who has as few friends as a clam shell. Sometimes, socializing is necessary to maintain friendships.

Indra, who was also here, sat in a circle. He seemed like a pretty person who wasn't very good at sitting on the floor and drinking beer. However, he didn't seem to mind. He seemed to enjoy listening to the raw and straightforward stories from Prang, who lived in a different society from her.

"Why would you want to have a child in this era? There's so much dust and the economy is bad. Do you know how much it costs to have a child?" I threw peanuts at Prang who was chewing on plastic wrap and wrapped in sausage like she was absent-minded. Her mascara was smudged like she was in a Pan Thanaporn MV.

"But having children makes the family complete."

"Who put you in that head?"

"If I don't have you now, when I get old, who will take care of me?"

“Do you have children to take care of yourself? Pity the child,” I criticized Prang for thinking like this and sighed. “If you have children, you have them because you are ready. You have them because you want them to represent your love and grow up to be good people, not because you are old and afraid that no one will take care of you. Are you a dog on a Pomeranian farm? That’s why you raise children like you raise puppies.”

"Does the boss have to speak so harshly? I just want to have a child."

"Just think carefully. People these days don't think much. But I didn't think you'd be stupid like them too."

"Well, the boss is very modern. He's used to being alone, so he sees children as a burden. What kind of upbringing did they have?"

“I grew up like you know. Our world is cruel. Even though Si has a lot of money, she still doesn’t dare to have children. How much is your salary? You’re being pretentious about having children.”

"Don't think that since you're the boss you can say whatever you want, okay?"

“I’m just talking. If you can’t stand it, get up and slap me,” I challenged. But Prang just turned her face away. Because deep down, I believed that Prang listened to my reasoning and was thinking about why she wanted to have a child so much. Maybe it was because of her social circle, her friends on Facebook of the same age, so she thought she had to have one too. So what happens in the end? Compete to show off who has the most discounted diapers? Or who has been to a mother and child fair? Something like that?

"Let's not talk anymore. Let's change the subject. Because Boss doesn't have a family. He will never understand me." Prang didn't want to give up easily, but she didn't want to start a fight, so she changed the subject. "Let's talk about my first girlfriend."

"I'm not talking." I bared my teeth. Prang intentionally mentioned this because she wanted to tease Indra and I to be angry at each other as revenge. I knew what she was doing.

“Let’s go back to talking about children, babies, fetuses and pollution.”

"How old were you when you had your first boyfriend?" Prang turned to talk to

Ong-In instead, knowing that she couldn't persuade me to talk about this. The sweet-faced girl was too easygoing to change the conversation, so she gave an embarrassed answer.

“One year...probably nineteen.”

"Is your first boyfriend Narin?"

"Yes"

"Enough. If you want to talk about this, talk to Si." Because I didn't want Prang to talk about Indra's past too much, I let myself be the victim. The naughty secretary turned to me and giggled, knowing that I had lost. "If you want to talk about your first love, talk about it."

"Boss, how old were you when you had your first girlfriend? Prang has never asked Boss.

That's it."

“You asked on purpose because In is here,” I glanced at the sweet-faced person and shrugged. “In the fourth year, when we had sex seriously. If it was just casual, it doesn’t count.”

"Wow, Boss Rutan has been around for a long time. Prang had her first boyfriend when she was sixteen. Even Khun In was nineteen. So I thought Boss would be faster than Prang. What kind of person is he?"

"You're a good person." I took a sip of liquor as I thought about the past. It was strange that I was just thinking about that person today, and today Prang asked about this as if she knew.

“Friends of the same age or older”

"Older"

"Huh? Older than the repeat student?"

"Lecturer"

“Wow!” Prang clapped her hands in delight when she heard the answer. I took another sip of my drink and sighed, the smell of alcohol coming out of my nose.

“What subject did you date?”

“Logistics, enough yet?”

“Then how did you like each other? Boss, don’t think that just asking this much will make Prang back down. Because Boss never opened her mouth to talk about this until Khun In was cornered by Prang to talk about Khun Narin.

Hehe… Today, Boss is the victim. Because if Boss doesn’t answer, Khun In will be asked by Prang next.”

"In...you should go to sleep. Then this girl won't be able to ask too many questions."

"No, I want to listen."

But Indra shook his head and looked at me with wide eyes, curious. It's crazy. Everyone is interested in their lover's past. It's not surprising.

“Boss, you have to tell me now. You can’t miss this. Who is this teacher?

Where did it come from? What made the boss agree to be your girlfriend? And why did you break up?"

“Just tell me the whole story in one sentence,” I squinted at Indra for a moment before doing as I said. “I’m a logistics teacher. She was about thirty-five years old at the time, pretty, and smart. We locked eyes in class and fell for each other. Out of curiosity, I pretended to email her to ask about work and stuff. We talked and ended up having sex in the car.”

“Then quit.”

“He was the third party between him and his girlfriend who was about to get married. Out of resentment, he chose his girlfriend to get married to instead, so he seduced her and ruined the wedding. The end.”

I shrugged nonchalantly, but it caused silence for both the secretary and Indra who were listening, causing their mouths to drop open.

"Do you like her that much?" The sweet-faced person took a sip of the glass, sometimes asking with an expressionless face. "She's your first girlfriend, after all."

“You must like her a lot. You’re crazy about her. She’s so beautiful in both face and brain.” I thought back to the past and smiled mockingly. “She’s the one who taught me that who knows women better than other women?”

"Boss is so hot. The first time when Prang was sixteen, she was completely bland."

“But it’s been a long time. By now, they probably have kids.”

"Didn't the boss cancel the wedding?"

"It means that he probably has a new husband or something. Since then, we haven't seen or talked to each other again."

“Who is more angry at who, you who were not chosen, or that girl who had her wedding ruined?”

“I don’t know, but it’s satisfying. That love made me learn many things… People can always change. The one who said they would love each other until the day they died, tomorrow…

Becoming a different person, nothing is certain. Like when that person was with C, she said that C was the one she liked and wanted to be with forever. But when talking on the phone, she told the other end of the line that we were both women, that would never happen... It's funny. She already has a husband, and she still gets involved with a female student just because that man doesn't make her happy enough. With the famous line, "*No one understands women better than women*. It's so amazing. We understand each other so well, but she still went and married the opposite sex."

"And then the boss stole her husband."

“Yes,” I clinked my glass with Prang’s and giggled. “Let’s change the subject. How far are you going to dig into Si’s life? Let’s just have a little taste.”

"Then let's change the subject to this." Prang raised her eyebrows at me and smiled. I guessed it right away and laughed.

"What else is cool?"

“This one is awesome.”

Prang opens a pornographic clip demonstrating how to use a new toy called Nwand. Indra, who has never participated in such a conversation, blushes bright red and turns away when he sees the clip from a pornographic website.

“If you can’t take it anymore, go to sleep first. Your face is all red. I feel sorry for you.” I reached out to stroke the sweet-faced person’s face and smiled faintly. However, Indra just pursed his lips and took a deep breath.

“It’s okay. I’m fine. It’s fun to talk to you guys. It’s just that it’s so deep and profound that I can’t keep up.”

“Do you dislike this, In? I’m sorry,” Prang said, looking guilty. “I saw that you had a family before, so I thought it was okay. But you forgot that In was raised well, while we were very bad.”

“Not that much. I’ve seen it before. It doesn’t mean I don’t know what it is.” “Are you sure you can do it? I can stay with Prang without any problems.” Before speaking like that

She moved her mouth without making a sound. “This girl is lost in thought.” "It's really okay. I'm in."

When I saw that Indra insisted on staying, I continued talking to Prang and pretended to laugh.

"What is this equipment? Where did you find it?"

“Prang ordered it from Amazon. I’m going to use it on my husband. I heard that it makes our bodies tremble, making us dance like we’re possessed. No matter where our sensitive spots are, it can penetrate and unlock them. I’ll try it and then I’ll bring it to you.”

"Then why did you intentionally show this to C?"

"For you to have..." Prang looked at Indra with trepidation because she didn't know whether to say it or not. "That's right. Oh... you're pretending not to have tried any toys before."

I smiled, didn't reply, and watched the clip. The pretty girl glanced at me for a moment, as if she was surprised to be teased like that.

“It’s not like I’ve never used these things. Sometimes, it’s lonely, isn’t it?” Indra blushed even more and raised his hand to his chest like he was going to faint. I laughed and raised my hand to my face, wanting to transfer the heat from him to my hand. “Oh, my dear. I told you, stupid, that if you can’t handle it, don’t force yourself.”

“Do you guys talk about this regularly?”

“Yes,” I nodded honestly. “Something like this, you need someone to talk to. And it’s not wrong. People in our country make this kind of thing look embarrassing, even though it’s actually natural. If you can’t talk about this directly with your partner, it will make you unhappy. You yourself need to learn to dare to speak up, dare to ask, what you like and what you don’t like, not just this, but also other things.”

"I'm still not used to it."

"For example, if today I want you, I will tell you directly.

It's difficult to buy."

More...

I saw Indra swallow another saliva.

"Like you, if you don't like these things, then I will respect your taste and not force you to do something that the other person doesn't like. It will come from talking and communicating, and then the love will go on forever. The core." I made a cheerful tone. At the end, Prang laughed happily, but Ong In still looked shocked. "Embarrassed again. When I see you embarrassed, I feel..."

“…”

"I feel like I should go to the bathroom. Let's talk first."

I got up and let the two of them continue talking before walking to wash my face and eyes because I felt excited. When I told the story of my first love, I drank a bit too much liquor. If I didn't calm my feelings, I wouldn't have opened my mouth to talk about these things. One... I didn't know what Indra would think of me. Two... I was afraid that I would be too emotional with the story I was telling. That woman was the main reason why I didn't want to be with anyone for a long time because when it was time to say goodbye, it hurt.

Knock. Knock.

The knock on the bathroom door made me turn to look before opening the door, knowing that the person following was Indra. I gave the sweet-faced person a small, seductive smile, as I liked to do.

"What's up, good person?"

“I heard you were in a mood.”

“Do you know what kind of emotion it is?”

"I know...so I came to help."

The bathroom door was closed, and Indra's body rushed towards her. It seemed that Prang would have to sit alone for a while after we were cuddling, and we didn't know when it would end.

# CHAPTER 24 : Do You Understand?

Indra and I are currently fighting fiercely, throwing each other's bodies back and forth, until our clothes come off piece by piece. But it seems that the one who is at a disadvantage, or to be more precise, is just making her think that she's the winner. So I finally gave in and let the sweet-faced one take off her shirt and underwear that are inappropriately big. Then I let her touch them as she pleases, even though at first she was quite afraid of this kind of thing or doing something when there are people outside. But maybe it was because of the alcohol that made us a little excited, plus she started to open up more that it was natural, so she started to have fun doing things while Prang was still waiting outside like that.

"How much do you have to like C-shaped breasts?"

His hands kept squeezing, I could barely stop myself. Her wet lips were arousing me very well, as they moved lower and opened their mouths to bite. For a moment, I thought of pushing her head down to her crotch, but I decided to grab her hair and look her in the eye before firmly refusing.

"That's enough."

“Not enough.” The sweet-faced girl who was still enjoying harassing me started to resist, but I pulled her hair up until her face was tilted, and pressed my lips on hers for a fierce kiss.

"Enough is enough. If Tsu doesn't agree, then there's nothing you can do."

I stood up from the toilet and arranged my clothes by pretending to flush the toilet, even though I didn't use it, before taking a second look in the mirror to check my appearance.

“You’re doing this again. Why don’t you ever finish it?”

"We can take it slow."

"Or are you just fooling around with In?"

She just said that and walked out of the bathroom, then went straight to her own room and went to sleep, leaving me to continue drinking with Prang. I could only sigh at how I was, but I didn't have any answers to give.

It's better to let it be like this....

**I saw that Indra's car drove away before eight in the morning.** He must have had work to do today, but it was probably because he wanted to get away, because there was something he didn't understand last night. It's not that I'm at ease. I can't sleep, because I keep thinking of reasons why I refused. Even though I always claim that I did it to make Indra come to me, but when the other party seemed ready and very curious, I was the one who left because I didn't have the courage.

Why is that? Am I really as scared as the sweet-faced one thinks?

I'm afraid... I'm afraid that if it gets to that point, I'll be the one to walk away from Indra like I did to everyone else.

I went downstairs to get some water and found Prang sitting in the living room with a hangover. The talented secretary greeted me with an attitude like someone who had died and then revived, and then died again, so pitiful.

“You can't see the condition.”

“All MV heroines are like this. Today, the boss woke up early. You also left the house early in the morning. No… Let me ask again. Did you sleep last night? Hehe.” The question was full of hidden meaning, making me sigh. Then, I picked up a bottle of water and sat in the living room with my secretary, feeling annoyed. “Why do you look so down?”

"That means you're not happy."

“What? Last night, I saw something shaky. Something good must have happened, right? I saw you disappear to the bathroom for a long time. Prang waited until she fell asleep. I thought you were fine.”

“Not dead yet.” I shook my head without saying anything, but my close secretary, who knew me better than anyone, couldn’t help but go deeper because of my curiosity.

"Boss and Khun In, what are you two up to now? Let me ask you straight...haven't you done it yet?"

"Not yet"

“Is the boss waiting for a new election? Why is it so slow? It’s not like a boss. Or is Khun In not ready?”

“On the contrary... Xi is the one who pushed In away. He never finished it.” I put the glass of water on the table and buried my face in my hands like someone who didn’t understand myself. “C thinks that Xi is scared.”

“Boss, you act like this is your first scary experience. What are you afraid of? Miss In looks so innocent. There’s nothing to be scared of.”

“Because you look like that, that’s why I’m scared… I’m scared that she’ll do to you what she did to others,” I confessed honestly. The secretary looked at me and her mouth hung open.

"The boss must really like you, In."

“Hm?” I locked eyes with the secretary. Prang shrugged and chatted like friends who knew each other well.

“Because I don’t want to lose you, I don’t want to do anything to you, even though I’m crazy about you. It’s quite contradictory, don’t you think?”

"Is that you, Long Yin?"

“Boss has done many things that he never thought he would do, like raising a dog and moving Khun In in with him. Everything Khun In has done is what Boss is afraid of. That is attachment. If he doesn’t love or adore her that much, what would it be called?”

“Si doesn’t want to lose you. We were just friends before. To be honest, Si shouldn’t have thought about you so much… Si treasures her relationship with India so much. If Si loses you, it will be terrible.”

“Then you don’t have to lose her. Just support her. What hasn’t happened yet, there’s no need to be afraid. Boss is afraid of raising animals, but now Boss is raising a dog. Boss is afraid of attachment, so he brought you In to live with him. Just having sex with your girlfriend isn’t difficult for Boss. Why would he be afraid?”

“What did you say…” I said in a evasive tone, feeling a bit embarrassed when I used such words with the pure Indra in my eyes.

“Now that we’ve come this far, you, In, will agree, right? It’s not a big deal. This kind of thing is something that only two people who love each other understand. With this person, Boss might have made up his mind and not throw her out of his life because he’s found her.”

“What did you find?”

“Meet the right person”

“Are we in a novel or a book of quotes? Why does it seem so cheesy?”

"Then change from a book of quotes to PornHub. Boss found it."

“What did you find?”

“Found the G-spot.”

“Damn!”

I immediately yelled at the secretary who had brought up the matter. While we were both laughing, with the calf lying down as a doormat, rubbing its legs back and forth, Prang's phone rang along with a face that looked like she was shocked. Then she smiled and pretended to be angry. I guessed right away that it was her husband calling to make up with her.

“Okay, don’t be shy for too long, or your husband will go to Poseidon.”

"I want it to be felt."

“Annoying!” I picked up my secretary’s phone and answered the call instead, then let her know that my wife was there. “Prang is playing hard to get, but she will definitely talk to you in a moment.”

I forcefully handed the phone to Prang. The talented secretary bared her teeth at me, slightly displeased, but she couldn't help but pick up the phone before jumping up and standing, glancing out the front of the house in the distance.

“You’re in front of the house? How did you know the boss’s house was here? Flowers, why did you buy them? They won’t make me stop being mad at you… Roses? The white ones that Prang likes… Okay, I’m not mad anymore. Prang will run to you and jump up to hug you. You have to accept it, okay? Good… If I can, I’ll stop being mad.”

Prang hung up the phone and turned to me like someone who had completely forgotten that she was angry at her husband.

"He came to beg for forgiveness. Prang, please go back first."

“Yes, you’re so easy to please. I thought you’d play hard to get a little longer.” "If the final conclusion is that we make up, then I don't want to be angry for too long."

“You didn’t say that before.”

“I don’t remember. Let’s just say that if I meet the right person, I’ll jump on them like Prang. Don’t think too much. I’ll see if the husband can accept Prang’s body when I jump and hug her.”

“You also find a scene for yourself.” I got up and walked my excellent secretary to the front of the house. Prang’s husband, who was standing at the front door, came in with a large bouquet of flowers and spread his arms, waiting for her to run to him as agreed. “You two really suit each other.”

"Let's find each other until we find each other"

“Found the right person?”

"Found G-spot"

After Prang left, I was now alone, looking at the clock on the wall. It was now past four in the afternoon. Ong In and I had not spoken to each other through any means. Although we were not angry or raised our voices at each other, the atmosphere between us was awkward, even though we were in different places.

Normally, every day, even if we have nothing to talk about, we still send stickers to each other to let the other person know that they are still alive or have not disappeared anywhere. But today, Indra did not send anything, and I did not send anything either. It was like people were testing their strength to see who could resist first. If you think about it logically, no one is wrong. I am just not ready yet....

But if you're not ready, you shouldn't start. What I did wrong is here.

Okay...because I think I'm wrong. I'll be the one to start this conversation.

**See:** Sticker

I pretended to send something via text message to see if the other party would reply, but Indra didn't even open it even after five minutes.

I guess he's busy...let's give him a little more time.

An hour later, I turned on my phone again. Ong In still hadn't pressed to read it. It wasn't that I wasn't free, but that I might be sick somewhere or have something that might be worrisome. This was a good opportunity for me to call and ask about my condition.

*Trud...butt stuck, tick, stick, stick.*

After about three calls, Indra immediately hung up, and that made me straighten up with anger. I didn't like this kind of thing because we had already talked about not doing it. Being ignored made me look worthless. Indra was making me so angry that I had to call him again, and it was still the same.

*Tough, tick, stick, stick...*

I took a deep breath and bit my lip tightly... I won't call, and this is my last warning.

**See:** If you don't call back.....

No....it looks a bit disconnected. I'd better delete it and retype it.

**See:** C has already asked you not to pick up the phone. If you're going to do this, the issue between us will be very big...

Oh, no matter what I type, it's not good at all. I don't want it to sound so big that it ends the relationship. Let me tell you, if it were someone else, I wouldn't even think about typing it. It's over. Why did you do this? I'm so mad! Finally, I typed really angry!

**See:** You!!!

This is a big deal! I paced back and forth like a person who was at a loss for words. I had never felt like this before, never felt like I had to be considerate of the other person's feelings when I typed something. But not long after, my phone rang. From the LINE message, Indra replied simply:

**India:** I'm in a meeting.

## See: Lie

**India:** Stupidly

Is that stupid? I can tell you're lying. What's with that cold response? Okay, if you're going to do that, then I'll be cold too.

**See:** Then please feel free to go outside.

There was no further question about where I went. Everything remained silent as if the other party did not even care what I was doing. My anger made me grab my car keys and drive out without any destination. I did not know where I should go or what I should do. In the end, I called Prang and visited my secretary's condo for the first time in my life.

"Boss, Prang just met you when she came in. It's not yet time yet.

The day has passed. Are we meeting again?"

“Well, we love each other.”

I shrugged and looked at Prang's husband who was at a loss for words. He was sitting, fidgeting in the corner of a 42-square-meter condo room with scattered belongings everywhere. A room can reveal many things about its owner's behavior and thoughts. From such disorderly belongings, it means that there are so many things he wants to do in his head, but he can't organize his thoughts.

"Boss, are you evaluating the prang room?"

“Yes, you are a very neat worker. But your room is a mess. You must have a lot of stress on your mind.”

“Prang’s life is all about Boss. Eighty percent of her life belongs to Boss, even now.”

"Is this Cima bothering you?"

"Plan!"

The sound was so high-pitched that I could only squint and twist my lips a little.

“You guys still haven’t finished coaxing me since I left Si’s house?”

“People who are sulking can make up with each other all the time.”

"Just think of it as her taking a break. She'll be gone soon. What can I do? She has nowhere to go."

"Then why did you run away from home?"

“I didn’t run away. That’s my house. I’m just bored… I don’t have any friends,” I confessed dejectedly, then laughed dryly. “Why is my life so sad?”

“Boss knows too much about human feelings that he doesn’t want to be friends with anyone. What’s going on? When you’re about to have a good friend, you end up making her your wife… What’s going on? You still haven’t stopped fighting with Khun In? I thought you’d already made up.”

“In cut line C”

"Oops," Prang said, knowing that this was a very big deal. If I called and she didn't answer, it would be a matter of life and death.

"But In sent a message back saying that he was in a meeting."

“He has a reason.”

"In lies"

"People have jobs and things to do."

"But how can we have a meeting that late at night? When Si said she was lying, she scolded her back, calling her stupid. No one has ever done this to Si in her life."

“He didn’t have a chance to do it. Boss dumped him first. This is considered the first person. It’s a good experience.” Prang giggled happily before sighing a little like a friend who wanted to tell her friend, “Boss, why are you so good at other people’s things? Teaching your students and disciples like you came from heaven. But when it comes to your own things, it’s not like this. If you don’t understand each other, you should talk about it. Don’t be sarcastic like this.”

“Are you talking? I called him and he hung up. He hung up!”

“Then go find him at his house. Go meet him in person. If you don’t want to talk, just wrestle him! Mr. In, it should be easy. You seem to want to wrestle him so bad. Didn’t you fight over this?”

"You, this is not a paradise. It's not going to end like that. It's not going to be okay."

“You can talk things out first before heaven meets you. Boss just has to talk to him and tell him why he is like this. If he doesn’t understand, then argue again and try to make up with him again until he understands.”

"Why doesn't he ask for forgiveness from Si? Is Si the only one at fault?"

"If we both think like this, we should break up. Boss, find a new wife.

Goodbye."

"What? Just a pawn?"

“I’ve been talking to death, but the boss keeps arguing. What do you want me to do? You can go back now.

"I'm going to do it to my son. Go away," Prang chased me away without any regard. I looked at my secretary and bared my fangs.

"When you went to sleep at home, C didn't chase you away."

"You have many rooms. Prang has only one."

"Then go sleep in the bathroom."

"Boss!"

I gave up and drove away like a loser. It was already 8 pm. The roads that were once congested gradually became empty because everyone had returned home. As for me, I didn't want to go home because I was afraid that I would have to wait for Indra, so I took myself here and there, but I didn't know where to go. Before I knew it, I was already in front of his big house. I parked on the side of the road and looked into the house that was still brightly lit. I imagined that he was watching TV with his parents, just as bored as me. No, maybe he didn't feel anything at all. I'm such an idiot!

**India:** Where are you?

The message from Indra startled me a little, and I quickly looked into the house, wondering if the sweet-faced person would see my car parked there. I opened it, read it, and typed back like someone who was desperate.

**See:** In front of the house

Because Indra must have seen that I was parked. To say that I was not there would seem a bit childish. But not long after, the sweet-faced girl called. I looked at my screen, hesitating whether to play hard to get or not, but it was no use because we would have to talk anyway in the end. So I decided to answer the call.

"Hello"

[You said you were in front of the house. I didn't see your car at all.]

"How could you not see it? If you didn't see it, would you have said hello?"

[Int just said hello because he was wondering why you hadn't come back yet. Where the hell are you?]

“Stay at your house.”

[Baan In?]

"Your parents' house, aren't you here?"

[Then why did you go there?]

"Well..." I hesitated before answering in a dismissive tone like a three-year-old, then put my finger on the steering wheel. "I thought you wouldn't go home, so I came to wait here."

The other end was silent for a moment before bursting out laughing, but quickly made his voice sound normal.

[In is at your house, waiting for you to come home... Why are you waiting there? Did In tell you that you were going to sleep at your mother's house?]

"You're angry, so I want to come and clear things up."

[I'll come and adjust it at home. It's late. Drive carefully. In will be waiting.]

Hearing that, I could smile a little, but I still felt like I had to be a little sulky, just to be in a bad mood today. It took me about twenty minutes to drive back home. After parking the car, I started to think about how I should start a conversation so that we wouldn't have to argue loudly. She might understand or not, and if she didn't, what should I do next? My head was full of plans. Before I took a deep breath and unbuttoned one button on my shirt, ready for the argument.

They say that if we unbutton one button of our shirt when talking, it is an opening of the heart. The conversation will be smoother and easier than if we do not do it.

And as soon as I arrived, the calf that was playing with Indra swung its tail and ran over to welcome me with great joy. As for the sweet-faced one who saw that I had arrived, she still sat still, unmoved, as if she was waiting to receive me.

"Has the housekeeper gone to bed already?"

"Go to bed."

"Si doesn't want to talk here. If we make too much noise, the old lady will hear... Let's go upstairs and talk." I nodded to the second floor and put my hand in my trouser pocket to lead Ong In to the bedroom. The sweet-faced girl and the calf followed obediently before closing the door and staring at each other in silence.

"What do you want to talk about?" Indra crossed his arms in an automatic defensive manner. "In is waiting to listen."

“Today you broke our rules. You cut the cable.”

"I already told you there was a meeting."

“…”

“Why are you quiet?”

“You know that Si can tell that you’re lying. You didn’t answer the phone because you were being sarcastic to Si because you knew that Si didn’t like you.”

When he did that, Indra lowered his arms that were protecting himself and walked away to the other side with his hands on his hips, ready to fight with all his might.

“Stop finding fault with In. At that time, In didn’t want to talk. She didn’t want to hear your voice. If you didn’t hang up, what would you do?”

“See, you’re really being sarcastic.”

“Oh, In was wrong. Are you satisfied with you? In is angry!” Ong-In raised his hand to shake off his hair and pressed his lips together tightly, trying to hold back the tears from falling. “You don’t know how much In has lost her confidence. When you said you didn’t want to have anything to do with In, it wasn’t that In liked this kind of thing. But In felt…

It's like you're lacking or because you have a flaw from being married before, so you don't want to..."

“Cee has her own reasons. It has nothing to do with whether you were married before.”

"Then what is it? Why do you keep pushing In away and rejecting In?"

"Ji loves you. I don't want to lose you!"

Everything fell silent again. Lord Indra raised his hand to cover his mouth as if he was shocked because he was not prepared to hear something like this. Even I did not think that he would blurt it out. So I could only stand there frozen with an expressionless face until the other party's voice softened and he asked incomprehensibly.

"Then how can you lose your intuition?"

“Si is afraid that if she has something to do with you, Si will do the same to you as everyone else… and then it’s over. We’ll go our separate ways. Si doesn’t want to do that to you because Si loves you. Understand that?”

# CHAPTER 25 : A Story That Must Be Told

What is love?

This is a question I have wondered for a long time. Can it be combined with sex? If we want that person so much, want to strip him down, want to see him naked, can that be called love?

This doesn't include the love that our parents have for us. I mean romantic love. The kind of love where we were born in different places, different days and times, different families, and then we accidentally meet. What makes us think that's love? Isn't it the desire to have physical intercourse and then let it explode?

Because I never believed in anything like this, I never cared about anyone's feelings. When someone came crying and wailing, saying that they loved me so much, why did they leave me? I was the first to leave them because I didn't like the feeling of being abandoned and losing face. One time, I was in a relationship with an older woman, and she told me she was getting married. There was nothing more to us than that. I remember being angry that I was the first to dump her.

And then go and get revenge later, is that called love? And since then, I've always been the first to leave others. I've never had any attachment, I've never had any feelings, until now. I'm telling the woman in front of me that I love her. I don't even dare to have anything to do with her, because I'm afraid that I'll hurt her. This is the first time in my life, and I don't know what to do next.

“You don’t have to lose your temper,” Indra walked over to me and used both hands to hold my face so that I could meet his eyes. “Just let it be natural.” "In... you don't know what Si's nature is. Si is the type who gets someone and then dumps them. What if Si did that to you? You just went through the pain of a breakup and now you have to meet someone like Si? Or maybe Si shouldn't have come into your life."

“See, look at In…See!” Because I kept yelling, Indra had to shout to bring me back to my senses. “Listen, you made In happy again. You made In lively. Your arrival was a good thing.”

"In..."

“In also loves you. So you are the one In has chosen. Whatever the future holds, it doesn’t matter. Even if you get In and then leave In, In will not regret it… no, I will regret it, but it is something In has decided. If I could turn back time, I would choose the same thing again.” Ong In hugged me tightly and tried to speak to reassure me. “Let’s do it today. Right now, we love each other, okay? In is sorry for being silly. I was too busy feeling hurt that you despised me, even though In didn’t care about that kind of thing anyway. You know that. Even though you may seem annoying sometimes, it’s not important. From now on, we will take it slow. In is confident that you love In.”

“Are we good now?”

"We're good."

“From now on, don’t answer the phone again.”

"Okay, from now on, when you have a fight, don't leave the house. I'm worried. Okay?"

“Okay, deal. It’s my fault today.” I pressed my face into the crook of Indra’s neck with love in my heart. It was the first time I felt this way. I was afraid that the person in front of me would disappear one day if I made a mistake, so I was always careful that I wouldn’t accidentally hurt him.

"Then, In will let you go take a shower and go to sleep. You must be tired from the whole day." The sweet-faced girl smiled at me until my face wrinkled. I looked at the person who had left, thinking a little.

“Okay, then I’ll take a shower first. Let’s watch a movie together today. Don’t go to bed yet. Do you have to wake up early tomorrow?”

“You don’t have to go to the office tomorrow… Let’s watch a movie together.”

I walked to the walk-in closet next to the bathroom behind the headboard and took off my clothes, leaving the shower running. I now unbuttoned my shirt and underwear, feeling precarious, before pausing to think and calling out to Indra outside for help.

"You... you forgot to grab a towel. Could you please grab it for me?"

"Yes, I'll get it for you. Did you lock the door?"

“No, just open it and come in.”

Indra, who had just opened the door, saw me about to take off my underwear. The sweet-faced girl paused for a moment in shock, then shyly handed me a towel, which made me smile.

"What's wrong with you? You act like you've never seen this before."

“I've never seen it.”

“You’ve already touched everything.” I reached out to grab the towel, my fingertip slightly touching the back of the sweet-faced person’s palm in an inviting manner. “Why are you still shy?”

“I didn't see it all.”

“That makes you curious, doesn’t it? With all that suspicion.” I walked up to Indra and leaned down to whisper in his ear. “Wanna take a shower together?” “What are you doing? Inab has already taken a bath.”

“Then let me bathe you.” I rubbed my head back and forth against Indra’s shoulder, wanting to act cute, and used my lips to kiss him from his chin to his neck. The sweet-faced person tilted her head slightly to make way for me, then pulled away from me in complete confusion.

"Didn't you say you didn't want to do this because you were afraid that I would leave In?"

“Then can you do it?” I opened my mouth and bit Indra’s shoulder, urging him to do what I wanted. “Every time I’m with you, she gets really irritated. She can’t do anything. You let C hang around too much.”

I pulled Indra's hand to bring my intestines into my chest. The sweet-faced person's reaction was automatic, squeezing and kneading. And that made me gasp for air, and I accidentally let out a strange sound.

“You were the one who left. Yin didn’t reject you.”

“If Xi doesn’t reject you this time, can you continue until the end?”

"In is someone who has to finish everything right away, even though there are some things that In doesn't know much about." My pants were pulled down by the sweet-faced person, who slowly pushed me against the wall and started to bite and suck on me with his mouth, knowing that he could do it and he liked it a lot. "You have to teach me."

"Cee is really good at teaching."

My clothes were removed, leaving only a tiny pandy that still refused to be removed by the other party. Indra was the type of person who was afraid of these things, but after I had made her curious for a long time, she was more open-minded and enjoyed thinking of herself as a person.

Controlling the game: In terms of making love, one side approaches and the other side follows. Lord Indra has been in the position of the follower throughout their marriage. Even though he doesn't consent in some matters, her husband can't help but make her give in. Unlike in making love with me this time, I let her think I'm in control, allowing her to undress while the clothes on the sweet-faced person's body are still intact, allowing those small hands to invade her treasured place without me touching anything on her.

Indra especially liked my moans. Wherever I accidentally let out a shriek, she would focus on it as if my voice was a compliment. After she had tasted me all over, the sweet-faced one looked at the last pair of panties that still hadn't come off my body and started to get irritated, trying to take them off.

“Lift yourself up a bit.”

“No,” I pretended to be a little shy to resist. Indra changed from taking it off to pulling it up at the target area so that he could look at it as if he was starting to be selfish. I looked at the sweet-faced person who was staring at that part of me without saying anything because I wanted to know what she was going to do with it next.

“In, what should I do next?”

“Are you trying to take it off without knowing how to do it? Use your instincts and see how much you can please Xi.”

The challenging words made Indra lower his head to between my legs and immediately use his mouth to taste it, as if he had been curious for a long time. I was a little startled because I didn't think the sweet-faced person would actually do it, so I let out a sound of pain.

“How do you do it?”

“Instinct… no, the website you opened with…” Indra tried to answer but he was still enjoying my body until he couldn’t speak. “That secretary made In…”

“Don’t say anything.” I pressed the sweet-faced person’s head down, forcing her to continue as if she couldn’t control herself. When she saw that I was like that, Indra became even more encouraged.

It was like receiving a huge compliment by using my tongue faster, to the point that I forgot what kind of sound I had.

The spasms made my body uncontrollable, like the sea, agitated by the undercurrents, ready to swallow everything, and Indra was a small boat floating through the hungry navel of the sea.

“Your finger…” I reached out and grabbed the sweet-faced one with a trembling hand. Lovemaking is about revealing each other in every way, and I will be the one teaching her from now on. “Put it in.”

“Is this right?”

I was the one who led that little hand to the right spot before slowly inserting it into her body. It twitched and bit until the other person felt it. Now I grabbed the sweet-faced person and kissed her, and ordered her to take control of the situation.

“You know what to do after you put it in, right? Curl your fingers up, mmm…” That was my point. I opened my mouth and bit Indra’s shoulder again, wanting to tell him that she had found it and had to do something. The sweet-faced one acted on instinct, poking, groping, inserting, and starting to get into rhythm as my body swayed with hers.

"You're so smooth."

“It’s almost done. Ah… In… India… Ugh.”

My body twitched again and I hugged Indra tightly. I didn't know if the sweetfaced person's body had broken down in my arms or not. She saw that I had lost all my power and poison, kissed me encouragingly and smiled at me.

“It feels so good,” Indra said and hugged me. Our hearts were beating so hard that we couldn’t tell whose heart it was.

“You’ll feel even better.” I propped my arms up and put my hand inside Indra’s shorts like I’ve never done before, but he…

Bite your legs tightly in shock.

"Wait a minute."

She enjoys making love, but she's not ready yet...

Because I had always understood this, I never intruded on her and always let Indra make the first move. My hand slowly crawled out of her pants and moved under her shirt and felt her breasts, wanting to see her reaction. She was a little startled by my touching her, but she let me do it, which made me smile.

“It’s okay, it’s up to you…just tell me.”

"You're not angry, are you?"

“Why are you angry? I just finished,” I laughed and lay on the bathroom floor.

“I’m not going to shower. I have no energy.”

“I have to take a shower. Going outside is dusty and sweaty... Come here, I’ll shower you.” I smiled and got up following Indra’s pull and went to the Jacuzzi easily. The sweet-faced person turned on the shower and washed me, while pressing soap to scrub my body. But the wet smell and nakedness made Indra unable to resist and had to get in the tub with me again.

“Why do you want to give me a bath?”

“Wait, let me think about it again. How did you turn In into this kind of person?”

The bathroom is always the starting point for something good...

Today is such a beautiful day. Maybe because something good happened last night, I see everything around me in a good way, such as Indra who is now sleeping under the covers in the same bed as me last night. She sank into the bed, showing no signs of waking up, looking extremely exhausted. I have never woken up in the house with anyone in my entire life. She is the first, and I want her to...

It's only you.

After taking a refreshing shower, Indra, who had come and stood in front of the bathroom, rushed into my arms and threw himself down, wanting me to receive him. His little chin rested on my shoulder and he made a cute, sleepy sound.

"Miss you"

“What’s going on? You’ve been sleeping together all night and you still miss me?”

"Because we're definitely newlyweds."

“You’re really in love with Xi,” I grabbed the pretty girl’s forehead a bit and put her back in her original position with a smile. “Are you going to take a shower? Then, let’s order something to eat at home.”

"No, we're going out to eat today."

I looked a little surprised before shrugging a little.

"Okay, I thought you'd rather stay home."

“There is a place I want to take you to. Give me an hour and then we will go.”

"Okay"

The sweet-faced person stretched a little more lazily, and made a tone of relief, letting go of her fatigue like...

"Ah, close it, grab it, grab it, grab it, grab it, nguuuuu."

“…”

"What is it?"

“Is that your lazy writhing sound?”

"Oops, I forgot. I thought I was alone." Indra laughed and raised his hand to cover his mouth. It was me who rushed to hug the sweet-faced person because it was annoying.

“C loves you so much.”

“I'm stretching my laziness.”

"Yes, that's a lazy twist."

“I’m embarrassed. What did you do just now?”

“Since you don’t have to order food, I’ll just take a shower with you.”

"Huh? What's this?"

“Let’s take a shower together. It’s hard to see you naked.”

"But..."

“Why are you embarrassed? Next time you go to Japan, C will invite you to go to the onsen anyway. Practice from now on so you won’t be embarrassed.”

“When did you plan to go to Japan?”

"When I thought of asking you to take a shower"

"You're just looking for something to do that's more naked."

“But you will also get to see C naked. There is no disadvantage at all.”

“I’m worried about the future of going to hot springs.”

Indra laughed, not objecting. At first, he was embarrassed, but it seemed like he wanted to go to the tub with me more. It seemed like the atmosphere of our honeymoon today would not end easily.

Indra didn't tell us where it was until we were at his house with his family for the second time. To be honest, I was quite surprised that we were eating here. It's not really a secret. What surprised me was why the sweet-faced person chose not to tell us.

“Is the house decorated properly?” Mom asked with a bright smile. I nodded slightly and praised Indra to make him proud.

“It’s all good. India is very good. They can do everything they want.”

“You’re a clear person. If you want something, just say it.” The sweet-faced person glanced at me for a moment, which I could read as including what happened last night, where I kept telling and directing everything. If she expected me to be shy, she would be disappointed. I’m not shy about things like this anyway.

“Because if we don’t say anything, the other party won’t know what we want.” I raised my eyebrows slightly in response, then gave my parents Indra a bright smile.

“That’s right. You taught In this lesson. If you want something, just say it. Otherwise, how would the other person know what you like or dislike? Or even if you don’t like it, you have to say it anyway because it’s what you want.”

"Today, my daughter is acting strangely," the father laughed a little at Indra's roundabout words. "But let's talk about us. She called to tell Mom that she had something important to say. Whatever you have to say, just say it... Not like the time she came with Narin that time. Mom couldn't eat at all."

"This time I'm not getting a divorce."

"How can we get a divorce? We're already divorced," Mom added, scooping rice into her mouth. "So what's the point?"

Suddenly, I felt a strange trepidation because Indra had come to this house with a meaning, before picking up water to drink to swallow the feeling in my chest, going down my throat without telling me anything. And now I'm evaluating what it really is, but it must be something that would make everyone here, including me, fall on their backs in shock.

She probably wouldn't...

"In and See are dating. I want Mom and Dad to know. This is what In thinks she should tell me." Ong In turned to look at me and smiled. "In and See are living together."

Pre-order!!!

# CHAPTER 26 : Dissolve Behavior

“You... In sees that there are no more tissues left at home. Just buy them. The big pack is a better deal.”

Indra who dragged me to the mall because he wanted to buy things for the house, picked up this and that and checked the prices to see where was cheaper and where was more expensive, made me look at him with a slight smile. Normally, I don't really care about the difference in price of just ten or twenty baht. When I see something and feel like I have to buy it, I buy it right away. I don't want to think too much because I think I have money. Unlike Indra who was born into a family with a good background but knows how to use money. He saves on anything he can until I feel ashamed.

"Whatever you say is good, just do it."

“You’ve never bought groceries yourself, have you?”

"Prang always takes care of everything."

“As well as sanitary napkins?”

"Aum, because she's a secretary, she knows which brand C uses."

"From now on, I'll take care of it for you. If you give some personal things to others, they won't hit you."

The word “other person” made me feel a little better because it meant that I was no longer someone else to Indra. Perhaps it was because the sweet-faced person had already announced to her family that she was starting over with someone else, which was me, without caring what her parents would think. Meanwhile, her family did not object to anything, which surprised me. I thought that it would be more of an obstacle like in movies or dramas.

"How much do you have to be in love with Xi?" I, who was pushing the cart, leaning on my armrests, looked at Indra who was arranging everything and said, as if I wanted to tease the little person who was on tiptoe picking up a bottle of some kind of sauce. She turned to look at me and smiled, the corner of her mouth

“What are you obsessed with?”

“You took Si to introduce him to his family, and brought him to buy things for the house. If you don’t call it infatuation, what do you call it? You really dote on Si.”

"Be narcissistic. Don't be over the top."

“Is it really that good to have a bottle of sauce?” I raised my hand defensively, afraid that Indra would be embarrassed and throw it at me. However, he just opened it and bared his fangs.

“I know you’re an open person, but this is a supermarket. Keep it to a minimum.”

“You were good last night.”

“Not yet.”

“Where did you learn that?”

“Stop it.”

This time, Indra's face turned red with blood, even though I should be the one who was shy. Before he hurriedly walked over and put both hands

Put it against your cheek to see how hot your little face is right now.

“When you’re embarrassed, it’s funny. Okay, okay, I won’t do it anymore.”

“This kind of joke is for two people at home. This is a public place. If someone hears it, how will they feel?”

"I feel like you're good."

"Do it again!"

After we finished shopping, we went straight home and helped carry the stuff in and put it in its proper place. I'm not very good at this kind of work because I've already assigned everything to my secretary. This was the first time I organized things as Indra had told me to. Since she was the one who designed the storage cabinets, she told me what to put in here and what to put there, which made me smile.

“When you designed it, did you ever think about living together?”

“Never, but it’s funny. It’s like it was designed for me.”

"Si told me to design it however I wanted. This time, it's really your house, isn't it?" I pretended to organize things as I pleased until the kitchen was finished. Only personal items left for the bathroom were left. At first, Ong In separated the bags and moved them to the living room as usual. Until I pulled the hem of my shirt.

"Where are you going"

"Let's go back to the room."

“…”

"What?"

I pursed my lips slightly like someone who was not used to this kind of thing. If I said it out loud, it would be another big step in my life. But oh well... It's come to this point. I've already said I love you. What else is there to be afraid of?

"You should move into the same room as C."

“Oh…” The sweet-faced person made a face as if she had remembered something and smiled. “Do you want In to move in with you?”

"Do you want to stay in the same room?"

"What will In get if I stay there?"

“You can point it out,” I raised an eyebrow. “We’re in the house, so we can talk dirty, right?”

“Right...then you can move.”

It's that simple. Indra walked back to his room and picked up some items to put in the same bedroom as me before organizing them in the walk-in closet. My closet was big enough for two people to use. The sweet-faced one scanned the space for a moment before choosing which side she wanted to hang.

"It's good that In thought ahead. If one day you get married, you'll have to have two people."

“Look far ahead. If it weren’t for you, she would have called me a know-it-all because a person like me wouldn’t get married.” I hugged the sweet-faced person from behind who was arranging clothes and hanging them in the closet without fail. She mischievously reached her hand under the collar of her shirt and played with her chest like someone who knew what she could do.

"Don't bother me. I'm working."

“Tch, you grabbed and sucked on me, and you never said anything.”

“Were you hanging your clothes at that time?”

“They’re hung somewhere else, but there’s no clothes on C.” I stuck out my tongue and raised my eyebrows. The sweet-faced one laughed a little and then head-butted her in amusement.

“Let’s help organize it first. When you’re done, you can take things out as you please.”

“You’re being generous. Then, let’s start by taking out C’s stuff first, then move it over there.” I pulled out the bottom drawer and took out the knickknacks that I hadn’t organized yet, which I put there. I stopped when I saw the naughty toy I bought when I went to Japan. I squinted to see what Indra would think about it.

"What should I do with these guys?"

"What do you have handcuffs for?"

“For farming, you have to lock my hands. They’re handcuffs!” I laughed and chopped off my wrist for Indra to see. “They’re just for fun. Just imagine if your hands were locked up and you couldn’t do anything, and you did this and that… No, In. Don’t kiss there. Don’t touch here. Oh, good girl… It’s actually good.”

Indra smiled and bared his fangs. I laughed in delight before putting it away in the other drawer.

“But C knows you don’t like this kind of thing, so just keep it a secret, Fifty Shades of C.”

I intended for the sweet-faced person to see, to let her know that it was a form of entertainment, because I knew she had quite a bad memory about this. However, if the roles were reversed, and it was me who was tied up, it might make Lord Indra change his mind. But if not, I wouldn't say anything. This kind of thing must be agreed upon by the other party. It cannot be forced because it is a matter of taste. While putting away the handcuffs, I pretended to repeat it for the other party to hear without being able to help.

“Keep it in the second drawer from the right, third row… third row, keep it in the second drawer on the right.”

“…”

“Okay, right side, second drawer.”

"How many boyfriends have you had?"

Indra, who was intently folding the cloth when I asked him, didn't even look at me, making me guess that the sweet-faced person was trying to make me understand that he didn't feel anything. It was just a casual question, but I could tell that he wasn't indifferent. No matter how broad-minded someone is, if it was about a lover's past, there was no such thing as "indifferent." I guarantee it. And because I knew that well, I didn't answer.

“You don’t want to know. Let’s just say that right now, C has you… Oh, wait a moment.” I was grateful that Prang called at the right time, so I quickly picked up the phone.

Then she sweetly replied, "Hello, my dear secretary. What's up?"

[Sweet from afar, what's with this good mood, boss?]

“I just feel that you are a good person. If there is anything, call me late at night.”

[The story about the ghostwriter that Boss asked Prang to go see is complete.

What day should I arrange to meet Boss?]

“Oh…” I rolled my eyes. “Tomorrow is fine, if you, the writer, have nothing to do. You’re really fast.”

[Okay, then Prang will make an appointment for tomorrow. Aren't you rich enough yet? Now you have to write and sell books.]

“Writing books is one way to get clients. How can you be a cult leader if you don’t do mass hypnosis first?”

[You're so smart that it's hard to compare. I won't bother you anymore.]

I hung up the phone and turned to smile at Indra, who must have been listening to my conversation. The sweet-faced man tilted his head slightly in confusion.

“A writer? What did you ask him to do?”

“I want him to write a book for me. I want to publish a small psychology book to attract customers, but I don’t want to print it myself. I’m afraid the language won’t be beautiful and it won’t look professional. It’s better to hire someone who is good at this.”

“Woman or man?”

“I don’t know,” I smiled without thinking, before squinting at the person who asked with a sly look. “Why? Jealous? Oh… Speaking of which, Si has never been in a relationship with a writer. Tomorrow, I’ll try to charm him.”

Indra bared his fangs and that made me laugh.

“That’s it. Really jealous. And stubborn.”

“Even if you don’t show off your charm, people will fall in love with you easily. They have high sex appeal.”

“Like you fell in love with C, right? You even took her to introduce her to your family.

And then we moved in together. Heehee.” I laughed happily. Indra, who was folding the last shirt, threw it in my face in annoyance and annoyance.

"The one who said I love you first was you, don't forget. I was secretly worried and afraid that you would think I was acting like your ex-girlfriend who didn't tell anyone that they were dating, and then she got teased like this."

“Did you take this into consideration?”

“I know you have something on your mind, but people like you don’t say anything. They’re all so formal.” The sweet-faced girl stood up and stretched lazily before reaching out to pull me up. “Let’s go cuddle.”

“No”

“…”

“You got it too easy. Today will be a bit difficult. I want you to invite me with words… like writers do.” This is one way to break the ice. Indra is a person who is tight-lipped, especially in matters like this that require talking and communicating. She will not do it because she is too embarrassed. But for me, this matter is important. If we can talk about it, we can talk about everything in this world as well.

“Then what should I do?”

"Try to seduce me with words."

"Write poetry like Sunthorn Phu?"

“If you can write poetry, it would be even better. Hehe.” I laughed and walked out, sitting on the sofa outside. Indra was now enjoying being threatened and untied. She felt good being in control in bed, because I let her do as she pleased. But now, if she wanted it, she had to try harder. And if Indra succeeded today, from now on she would dare to speak up and dare to ask.

Next time I will be the one to threaten you because you said it. myself...

"Why do you have to play hard to get?"

Indra stood with his hands on his hips, looking at me sitting on the sofa with an annoyed expression that something like that didn't go his way. I raised my eyebrows slightly and kicked my legs back and forth, feeling amused that I had made the person in front of me angry.

“Just ask you to invite me. I’m not being coy. Try saying something that makes it hard to buy and take off your clothes.”

“You are a handsome man.”

"Ah ha."

“Has pink nipples.”

“Is this an invitation? Porn is slower than you. Make it smoother.”

"Why can't you do this?"

"It's like playing phone sex."

"Where have you ever played? Show me an example." The sweet-faced person sat down next to me and crossed her arms, looking at me. "How do you do it? Teach me."

“If you don’t teach me, you have to say it yourself.”

"Annoying"

Indra was angry and got up to walk away. I looked at the back of the person who walked to the bathroom behind the bed and felt a little sad. I guess I teased him too much. From being in a good mood, he had now become sullen.

“Are you… mad?” I shouted to the sweet-faced person, but I didn’t hear any response. As I was about to get up to go, Indra walked back out and walked towards me. He quickly grabbed my arm and snapped the handcuffs I had already put away. “Huh? What’s this?”

“If you act hard to get, this is what it’s like.”

“Hey, wait a minute. I thought you didn’t like this kind of thing.” I laughed and followed the sweet-faced person who was trying to find a lock. But since there was nowhere that could be locked, she chose to switch to the low coffee table in the middle of the room and made me lie down with it.

The bedroom parquet floor, and he straddled me and pressed me down like that. "Right here? This is exciting."

“I’m excited too. This is what it feels like.” Indra breathed heavily. I wasn’t sure if it was because I was tired or because I was feeling horny, but no matter what, from the perspective of someone looking down, she was still very sexy.

“So what are you going to do next?”

“Undressing you piece by piece, slowly licking you from your ears and down to your neck.” The sweet-faced person described and followed along, while her hand still reached under the hem of her shirt like someone who especially liked her chest. “In’s hand caressed your chest, which was standing up against his fingers, unwilling to give in. The taste of your sweat felt better than any sweet water… Damn it, I can’t take off your shirt.”

Because I was locked up, I couldn't take my shirt off. In the end, I could only peel off my shirt as much as I could. Then the sweet-faced person licked and licked until my body arched in response with excitement. My body was stimulated very quickly, like never before. Maybe it was because I enjoyed being forced and Indra's description that gave me a good feeling, even though I didn't sacrifice my beauty like a S.E.A. Write Award-winning writer or anything like that.

“Do you like it?”

"Like"

“Like this?”

“Oh...good.”

“Good…” Indra took off my pants and spread my legs open before leaning down to taste them like he did yesterday. I struggled and tried to escape to seduce him, but I didn’t want to because I wanted too much. My cries started to get louder as my body demanded it, even to the point of forcing the sweet-faced person to come inside.

"Make C"

"Please." This time, Indra had the upper hand. I bit my lip tightly. It was both funny and irritating, but I had to admit that I had teased him first.

“Please, come in.”

Indra's fingers gradually entered my body, wanting to explore how complicated it was inside. Every time he pulled out and pushed back in, the rhythm would get faster and faster, as if he knew that's what I wanted.

"Is it good? Did In do a good job?"

“Good... umm, good....”

“I really want to know.”

The sweet-faced person spoke with a tone of voice that felt fun and that she really wanted to experience that feeling herself.

“Faster”

My body's rhythms are now on fire, approaching its peak, before it explodes and blurs my vision. My body twitches, clench, and closes its legs, needing a moment to recover. I watch Indra slither over to me, placing soft kisses along my shoulders and temples, seemingly lost in thought, and it's some kind of signal I've been waiting for him to say.

“Do you want it?” I used one hand that was sliding inside her shirt and grabbed her chest seductively. Indra didn’t show any intention to escape and unintentionally and almost unconsciously arched his back to receive it. “Answer me.”

“…”

She was still too shy. Even though her body was burning hot, indicating that she was ready, she still didn't say anything. In order to make things faster, I stroked down into her shorts and felt the wet scent of the sweet-faced person who was now shyly closing her legs.

"No..."

“Don’t you want some?” My fingers expertly and repeatedly moved around. Indra gripped my shoulders tightly and started to spread my legs, but he still didn’t say anything. “That’s great. You just say it. You can talk to her about anything.”

I quickened my pace and circled in a directional manner. The sweet-faced man breathed heavily and groaned, clutching my shirt like someone who was climbing up a mountain to plant a flag on top.

A little more...

A little bit more and you'll get the flag...

You go up, but if you don't say anything... you'll have to stay there, because I won't carry you.

I stopped everything I was doing and pulled my hand back. Indra stared at me with his eyes fixed on me, but he still didn't say anything.

"How would C know what you want if you don't tell me?"

"Bad person"

“Is that all you can say?”

“In is not finished yet.”

“So how?”

“…”

“It’s late. Let’s go to bed.” I lifted the coffee table that the handcuffs were locked on my legs and pulled it out before walking to the walk-in closet to get the key to unlock it. Meanwhile, Ong In was still sitting in the same place. Even though I felt sorry for him, this was a way to break the ice that Ong In had to understand.

You have to say

# CHAPTER 27 : Good Person

I went to take a shower and cleanse my body to relax my muscles with warm water after my whole body was tense from the activities that I had just done. Now my head is clear and I think that if my head hits the pillow, I will fall asleep right away. But the other person...

As long as you don't say anything, I won't respond at all.

After I finished taking a shower, I came out, wrapped in a towel to wipe off the water on my damp body, and then walked out of the bathroom to the walk-in closet that was designed to be adjacent. However, when I came out, I found Indra standing there waiting for me. Her face was gloomy, but I could tell that she was still undecided and had something she wanted to say.

“Is there something wrong?” I asked with a smile. Indra pursed his lips slightly and walked towards me.

"Have"

"What's up?"

“Emotional” must have been a word that went through a lot of decision-making before it came out, and that made me stare at her with sparkling eyes. The clothes I was going to wear at first had to be put on hold, and I thought that I might not have to wear them from now on.

"So what do you want C to do?"

“How much do you have to ask? It’s crazy!” The sweet-faced girl turned around, ready to walk away. I, who felt a little guilty for cornering her too much, grabbed her arm. At the same moment, my towel fell and landed at my feet, acting as if I was responsible.

“I want to tease you, but you’re too cute. The one I can’t stand is Si.” I pressed his lips to Indra’s and kissed him hard. The sweet-faced person who was already attached used both arms to wrap around my neck and kissed me back with good rhythm.

“Please help me in.”

“Until you agree to talk.” I pushed the sweet-faced person to the bed that was far away. And not long after, we both collapsed onto the soft mattress. I expertly took off her clothes while the sweet-faced person took off the rest of her lower half to save time. “This time, C will let you know.”

“…”

"What's it like to make love with C?"

It seems that Indra has finally dared to ask for help after being shy and embarrassed about this for a long time. I, who had been waiting for her to give me a chance, didn't waste any time and rushed forward to take care of her.

The sweet-faced one has experienced this kind of thing before from having a family, so there is no need to teach her much because she knows what she should do. It is just that the physiology of men and women is a little different, including the various positions that I will teach her to know that there are many things that she is missing.

I started by kissing her to show her that there was no need to rush anything, even though I knew she was ready now. Because of the emotions that erupted after helping me at first, my hands started to touch all over her body gently before becoming heavier when I saw which parts of her body she was most sensitive to. Both of her small breasts were erect against my hands as if challenging me to squeeze them and shout, "Harder. Is this all you have?" But I defied their challenge by using my fingers to tease her before switching to my own mouth and sucking like a person yearning.

"Si... can you stop just playing?"

Indra pulled my hand and forced it down to the center of my body. The wetness of the sweet-faced person made me feel horny again. Even though I just finished, it was so exciting and thrilling, like it was my first time having sex.

“Ah…”

My fingers gradually entered her body bit by bit, and I flicked my fingers to find a spot where she could feel it more. The love I had for her, combined with the overflowing lust, made me want to both crush her body in my hands, but I also wanted her to be satisfied, which was completely contradictory.

“Is this place good?”

“Is this right here?”

If I can't find that spot for her, I'll keep looking for it, and it works. The little one pinches my arm and I gasp as if I'm choking on air.

“Right here.”

Once I found the spot, I began to use my lust to guide me, watching the slender body screaming. The pleasure Indra was receiving was like torture in itself. Within a few seconds of my touch, her body jerked and stiffened. Then I changed my position at that moment, using my sensitive part to touch her.

Then he pressed his body back and forth while giving orders.

"Let C finish."

I moaned and competed with Indra who had to keep going helplessly, but I reached the shore faster while Indra was restarting the engine after she had just finished a few minutes ago. Even though she said apologetically that it was enough, I knew that our woman could not be left hanging before spreading both her legs apart and using my mouth to help her instead.

"It's okay... That's enough."

“C will make you crazy about this kind of thing.”

Then a few minutes later, she ended it again, and again, and again, and again, and fell asleep without saying goodbye to me. We just slept, cuddling like exhausted people until morning...

## "In... It's late. Aren't you awake?"

I looked at the person pretending to sleep and smiled. I felt that the sweet face was so cute that I wanted to mold it into a ball and put it in my mouth or something. Right now, Indra was sleeping under the white blanket that matched the bedroom set. Even though he was awake, he still didn't want to come out, as if he was afraid of being teased or something. Until I couldn't help it and had to tease him a little by crawling under the blanket from the end of his feet. This caused him to squirm away before emerging from the blanket and grabbing the blanket to cover his body.

"What will you do"

“When you’re shy and cute, you act like the heroine in the drama, giving in since last night. When I woke up this morning, I realized that I had to be shy about something like this.”

“Don’t talk nicely… Stop looking at me like that.”

"Do you want me to point at someone else? If I love you, I have to look at you." “Crazy.” Indra grabbed the pillow and hit me lightly before holding back his smile.

Until I laugh

“You must really like words of love. It seems like you have to tell her every day that you love her… She loves you.” I rushed forward and kissed her chin lightly. “She loves you.”

“…”

“Si, I love you. Three times already and you still don’t believe me.”

"I believe it. I just want to keep listening. In is about to get up. You should look away first."

"Don't turn around. I want to see you naked. I saw you when I was taking a shower. I saw you last night."

"Yes, I've seen it all. I still want to see more. No... you'll get bored," the sweetfaced person said in a muffled voice, making me feel like I had to melt Indra's behavior even more by asking him a question right away.

“Have you never finished?”

“Si!” Indra shouted in shock, but I still looked at her to let her know that I was serious and not joking.

“Because you never knew that this kind of thing could make you happy, you just dislike it. It’s good that you know how to demand and want to know how far it can go.”

“You’re going to talk about this so directly, right? In has to adjust to you a lot,” the sweet-faced one sighed and nodded. “It’s not that I’ve never felt good, it’s just not like last night.”

“It's good, right?”

"Hmm"

“I wondered if your next boyfriend would make you happy. It turned out that he was C.” I played with Indra’s hair with my fingers, feeling proud of myself. “You are very lucky to have met C, who knows the essence of being happy.

Make your sex life happy. C will make you enjoy and like this kind of thing.

Promise.”

“What kind of promise is this?”

"Otherwise, would this be called making love?"

“See!”

“The word ‘making love’ means that both parties are happy, wanting the other person to be even happier. And that’s what C is like. You like seeing C happy, don’t you? We think the same about this.”

“You are really good at this.”

“Which story?”

“Everything is the same. Especially last night, In was even more surprised. Normally, you always give in to In…”

“You misunderstand the position,” I laughed and raised my eyebrows. “Just let you be complacent. Wait until you are ready to take revenge. That’s all.”

"Evil... I won't talk to you anymore. Today, In has to go inspect the work. If I stay with you any longer..."

“I’ll definitely get raped,” I said to ambush her, knowing full well what Indra was going to say. The sweet-faced one bared her fangs a little and made a move to run away, until I unbuttoned two buttons on my shirt and teased her like someone who knew the sweet-faced one’s weaknesses well, “Seeing you naked like this makes me horny again.”

Indra turned to look at me and pursed his lips tightly.

“If you don’t help, it looks like she’ll have to take care of herself…”

“This is definitely your plan again. Yin won’t fall for it. You’re not that rapacious.”

“Just talking.” I took off my shorts, leaving me in lace panties and a white shirt that clung to my body. “You should take a long shower. I want to have some time alone… Oh, what’s this? How am I supposed to handle myself?”

Indra walked up to me and mounted me while I was naked.

“You really make me like this kind of thing.

"We just like each other."

And this is a bright moment for both of us to release things together....

Ong In went to work. As for me, I had an appointment with a writer that Prang had found for me. Since this house is also my office, I didn’t have to go anywhere. While I was waiting, I sat at the computer and typed and chatted with Ong In. Like people who have sweet moments together, or in other words,

“newlyweds”, it wouldn’t be wrong.

**India:** How are you? Are you bored yet?

**See:** Why are you bored?

**India:** I got it in here.

I smiled at the sweet-faced person's flirtatiousness. Now she was starting to open up more and dare to speak up more. To be honest, I was quite proud that I had made Indra become someone who dared to express himself this much, from someone who would never even reveal his secrets to me.

**See:** I'm not bored yet, but I'll wait for the writer to come to my house first. If he likes you, you'll be dumped.

**India:** It's okay, I still have Khun Golf.

**See:** But you, Golf, don't have a chest like Gina.

**India:** He probably has something else to catch on too.

**See:** You won't be using your mouth on his chest either.

**India:** Just use your mouth and something else.

You're so vicious. You're so sarcastic without a hitch, to the point where I'm starting to regret it. And how I turned Indra into this kind of person. From someone who liked to tease, now I'm really starting to get hot-headed. Your jealousy and irritability are really getting to me. I've never been like this with anyone before. You're the first.

**See:** But he's not as cute as China.

**India:** How cute are you? How annoying are you?

**See:** If I use my mouth on you today, will you love only C alone?

**India:** Dammit, go to work now.

Win... Even though she's good at sarcasm, she still has low immunity.

You can't beat me when it comes to typing 18+ like this. I smiled proudly before sending back a cute farewell sticker. The person on the other end opened it and read it, but didn't reply, indicating that they had received it. The moment I finished talking was when Prang drove home, bringing the writer she had made an appointment with. My capable secretary greeted me brightly, just as I replied with a feeling of contentment.

"Hello, Boss."

“Hello, Secretary.”

"Your tone is so bright today. Is there anything good?"

“Is that so obvious?” I put my hands in my pockets and shrugged. “It’s nothing much. Let’s just say I’m in a good mood so that today’s event will go smoothly. Where’s the writer you went to find?”

"She was following me. I saw that I forgot something in the car. There she is.

Ms. King, this is Ms. Saisi, the person who hired me to do this book. As for Boss, this is Ms. King, our ghostwriter."

I, who was smiling brightly, immediately shut my mouth when I saw the writer that Prang had brought. A middle-aged woman with a pretty face, dignified, clean, and neat, smiled at me. It was not surprising to see her. It was a smile that had always made me swoon since the first time we met in class ten years ago. Now it had returned again, but in a different form.

Not as a teacher, but as an employee who will write a letter for me.

"Hello, Ms. Saisi. Do I have to call you Boss like Ms. Prang or should I call you Si?"

“…”

"Or should we call him a good person like before?"

# CHAPTER 28 : Logistics

"Prang, come talk to C for a moment."

I waved my secretary to follow me up to the second floor bedroom and closed the door to talk. Prang looked surprised at my strange behavior.

"Is something wrong, boss? Why do you look stressed?"

“Where did you get this writer?”

“Someone recommended me. They said that you are good at editing. You have written many books for celebrities, articles, and things like that. I have seen your work and think that you would be a good fit. Are there any problems?”

“This is definitely not a coincidence,” I bit my lower lip, starting to feel unhappy. “Xi won’t work with this guy. You should find someone else.”

“Oh, but Prang has already contacted him. What do you want me to tell him? It’s easy to contact him, but it’s not easy to reject someone, boss. Give me a good reason.”

"He's the one that Xi went to work for and failed."

"Look for?"

"Oh, that's the logistics teacher." Because I had told Prang about this before. When I mentioned this, the secretary immediately opened her mouth wide as if she had caught up with the story.

"Oh, Shit... well, I guess I should refuse. Oh my god... how can I let the person whose life I once destroyed write about my life? Fine. I'll go tell him to turn it down myself."

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

The knock on the door startled Prang and I a little, then we walked over and opened the door. Kingkan or "King" stood there, smiled at me and raised an eyebrow before speaking, interrupting us.

“You’re already fired before you even get a job?”

“This room isn’t soundproof,” I muttered intentionally for Gingkan to hear before putting my hands in my pockets and staring at the visitor without any concern. “It’s good that you heard it. It’s not convenient for me to work with you...”

“…”

"With you"

"You've grown up already," the same stern voice said from before. And that made me straighten up like someone who was tense for a moment because of being shy, just like before. But when I remembered, I quickly returned everything to normal and retorted sharply.

"How did you grow up to dare to refuse? If you don't want to work with someone, you don't want to do it."

“You can’t separate work from personal matters. You’re not professional at all. You’re just talking like a life coach who teaches others,” Kingkan walked into the bedroom like someone who didn’t care about anything and sat down on the calfskin sofa. “Just working with my ex-wife made me feel weak.”

“What the hell, I’m not comfortable working with you. It’s not a matter of being afraid or not being afraid.

Right away.”

The word "ka" that slipped out made me look even more like a child in her eyes. Prang, seeing that things were not going well, quickly walked in between and talked to Kingkan seriously.

“I have to apologize to you, Ms. King. I’m afraid that we won’t be able to work together anymore. Anyway, Prang will pay for your lost time.”

“No need. Actually, I already thought that if I met Sea, he wouldn’t work with me because he probably felt guilty towards me in many ways. I just wanted to meet him and see how my disciple thinks and thinks after so many years and how much he has grown. But from what I’ve seen, he still uses his emotions as his guide.”

Kanchana walked up to me and stared at me with pride.

“Let’s talk professionally. He’s a good worker, you know. If you don’t let him work with you just because you used to date, it would be a bit unfair. Let’s look at his work first, then decide whether to work together or not.”

“I won't do it.”

The excellent teacher walked to the door and turned to look at me with a smile before speaking, making me feel inferior.

“You’re really not grown up yet, little one.”

Being looked down on like that, I know that it is a challenge from an exboyfriend who knows that I dislike challenges the most. But I have to admit that Kingkan's work is as good as her mouth says. After trying to read many books that she has written, I can only sigh in frustration that I can't find someone better than her. And I'm the type of person who, if I do something, I have to do it the best. It contradicts my feelings so much that I can't get it out of my head.

“What’s wrong with you? You’ve been frowning for a while now.”

Indra leaned down to hug me from behind and kissed my temple lightly, asking me curiously. I closed my eyes a little, wanting to absorb the comfort that the sweet-faced person sent. I have to admit that it healed my stuck feelings very well.

“Thinking about the writers that Prang brought me today.”

“What do you think?”

“I don’t want to work with him, but I have to admit that he does a good job…very well.”

Indra turned my office chair to face me and sat on my lap, knowing he had the right to do so.

“Is he handsome?”

"Not handsome at all"

Because she is beautiful...

"Really"

“Why do I see your face looking so happy?” I smiled when I realized that my lover felt good when he heard that the people he works with probably don’t like me that much. “What do you think of Xi? It’s not like Xi has to like everyone he works with.”

"But you already have a girlfriend who works with you."

"Who"

"Who?"

When I remembered, I laughed because I didn't expect Indra to mean me. When the pretty-faced one saw that I could laugh, she tucked my hair behind my ear with her fingers and asked with interest.

“So why wouldn’t you want to work with him if he does such a good job?”

“It doesn't matter.”

“If you say it’s not important, then it is.” Indra’s tone became more serious, starting to catch him. “You didn’t even look In in the eye when you mentioned the writer.

This person, tell me honestly who he is.”

“He is an ex-boyfriend.”

Indra's body immediately stiffened when he heard that. No matter how much the sweet-faced person tried to act like an adult and broad-minded person, jealousy was something that humans could not control immediately. I quickly grabbed the sweet-faced person's waist and hugged her tightly, not letting her move anywhere, so that I could talk.

“Hey, she told you the truth. Why should you be upset?”

"I'm not dissatisfied."

“You’re jealous, and C knows how annoying jealousy can be. C has been through it before.”

"Have you ever been jealous of someone?"

"It was you and Mr. Golf who were the ones who were so sarcastic to you in the car and you chased him out. Don't you remember? Si couldn't control himself. That's when he realized that you couldn't control yourself right away either. So he had to hold you back first. Then we can talk about it with reason and logic." Because I tried to explain calmly, Indra, who was fighting at first, became calm and listened to me without saying anything.

"Cee is not comfortable working with him because of his past and because he is considerate of you. But I have to admit that... his work is really good."

I pushed the book on the table for Indra to see the work. The sweet-faced one picked it up, opened it, and skimmed through it before pressing her lips together tightly.

“That’s true. His work is very good. Even though I don’t read much, I still know that he does a good job. Plus, he has many examples to show me. This means that he is trusted by many people.”

“This is where it gets annoying… Today when we were talking, he challenged me, saying that if I didn’t work with him, I would be considered a child.”

“He also knows your weakness, which you can’t stand being insulted.”

"Yes"

“If you don’t work with him, you will lose a talented person, but it also makes you uncomfortable.”

“Uh huh, because when making these books, he has to collect Xi’s words and write them, using the same expressions and emotions as if he were in Xi’s body or something like that. Xi doesn’t want him to know too much about Xi.”

“Even if it’s not this person, the other person who did it will know about you anyway.”

“Or maybe I shouldn’t write this stupid book.” I sighed and leaned back in my chair, not feeling like doing anything. “From what I do these days, I’m already rich. Why do you have to find trouble?”

“Then why did you do it in the first place? That was your original intention.”

“I saw a lot of people asking for it. I thought it would be another channel for people to get to know about it, apart from just online. Also, I had already agreed with the publisher to print everything. It would be rude to cancel it. They gave me freedom to work on everything... and they announced beautifully on their page that some of the income would be donated to charity.”

“If it really can’t be canceled, then do it. I don’t mind if you’re worried about that. I can differentiate.”

“Are you sure? No one would be able to stand it if our boyfriend were to work with his ex-lover.”

“Because you have many fans in every industry. Today, I don’t meet this person, but tomorrow, I will meet someone else. All I can do is trust you.” Ong In used both hands to hold my cheeks and stared into my eyes, wanting the correct answer. “In, can I trust you?”

I smiled at the sweet-faced person who was trying her best not to embarrass herself by leaning forward and giving her a light kiss.

“You can trust me. There’s only you.”

"Then I'll let you work with this ex-girlfriend. I hope the work comes out well."

"Thank you"

“In love you”

In the end, I inevitably decided to use Kingkan. I am someone who does everything to the best of my ability, and Kingkan was the best choice I had. So I called Prang to tell her that we agreed to work together. She would later set a time for an interview and explain the scope of the work, what she needed to do. Prang set a date and time for questions, interviews, and what I wanted to write in the book, what I wanted to communicate.

But there was one thing that was still stuck in my mind, which was... Ong In still didn't know that this writer was the first love that I had ever told about. No, don't use the word first love. I didn't have that feeling even a little bit. It was more like I wanted to know, see, and try something. And the story between me and Kingkan was quite a lot because I did something hurtful to her. Because I

lost face, I wasn't the chosen one. That was all. But it seemed that a sweet-faced person like Ong In didn't think the same. She understood that the reason I took revenge like that was because I had a deep love or something that was quite fictional and romantic.

I should tell Indra the truth. Someday, he will find out. Writing a book is not something you just meet face to face for a day. It might take months or even months. The two of them must have known each other, so I had to tell him first.

"In...see has something to tell you."

“Team? What?”

“About the writer.”

Today is the day I make an appointment with Kingkan to discuss the details, along with the agreed-upon rate. The sweet-faced woman who was sitting and playing with her phone, scrolling through the news, took her eyes off the screen and looked at me curiously.

“What is it?”

"She has agreed to work with him."

With this person.” “The person we talked about the other day, right? I already thought you’d work together.

“He will come today.”

“Ahh,” Indra nodded in acknowledgement, then paused as if he was thinking about something.

“Cee wants you to meet him if it’s convenient for you.”

“I don’t have to go to the office today anyway. That’s good. I want to get to know your ex-lover. Speaking of which, I’ve never met your ex-boyfriend. Only you have met my ex-boyfriend. He even flirted with you. Do you think he’s going to flirt with me?”

I smiled faintly at Indra's joke before shrugging.

“I don’t know. You should meet him first. But promise me you won’t be jealous. C told you because she wanted to show her innocence.”

"What kind of person do you see In? It was In who told you that if he's really good, then just work with him. There's no harm. Moreover, In believes that you won't go back and meddle in your past. I've heard from Khun Prang a lot that you're cold. If you die, it's over. There's no going back."

“I’m glad you’re holding out. He’ll be here around eleven.”

“It’s almost time. Then I’ll just wait and see. I want to know how much work you’ll be doing.”

It was now 10:30 from the hands of the clock on the wall. I couldn't breathe easily because I didn't know how much Indra had estimated about my exgirlfriend. As for me, I didn't dare tell her directly who it was. I'd rather wait for her to find out for herself. It would be like forcing my hands, even though Indra felt uneasy. Not long after, Prang's car stopped in the house, along with another car which I guessed belonged to Kingkan, the sweet-faced girl who seemed to be waiting excitedly to nudge me.

“Your ex-boyfriend is here. How handsome is he? Oh, come to think of it, you said you’ve never dated a writer. Does that mean you have a writer boyfriend in your history?”

"The negotiator, Prang is over there."

Prang greeted us both before looking at Indra with a slightly fearful look in her eyes.

"Is Ms. In here too?"

"I'm full. I want to see people working."

Prang looked at me as if she wanted to ask, “Are you sure?”

Something like that, but she didn't say anything until Kingkan followed her into the house. She had a well-proportioned figure and a nice face with her hair tied back in a bun. She walked into the house with a relaxed manner. Even though she was now in her forties, her face still looked youthful. If I had to guess, everyone would say she was in her early thirties.

“I thought you would contact me,” the young-looking man smiled at me with fondness like he did ten years ago. “Because his work is so good that I can’t refuse.”

Indra stared at me in confusion, so I had to introduce him to the sweet-faced girl.

"This person is a writer who will write a book for Zeen... Her name is Kingkan, or you can call her Khun King."

“Hello,” Indra raised his hands in a wai, clearly noticing that the person in front of him was older. Kingkan returned the wai politely and gave him a friendly smile.

“Hello to you too. I don’t know if C has told you before. Brother…you can call me Brother because you are probably around the same age as C. I used to be a professor at C’s university.”

Indra immediately took hold of himself instinctively and connected the story in his head, but he still asked to make sure.

"What subject do you teach, Ms. King?"

“Logistics.”

# CHAPTER 29 : Embed

"You are lying"

Indra, who dragged me to talk privately in the bedroom, immediately went berserk when he found out who Kingkan was. I raised my hands in surrender, not knowing how to make excuses, but I asked for a little bit so that I wasn't wrong even a little bit.

“I didn’t lie, I just didn’t tell the whole story… He really is C’s ex-boyfriend.”

"But you said he was a man."

“You conclude that he is a man based on the word “he” used to refer to him.

“You didn’t make any excuses when you thought that.”

"Cee doesn't think it matters. Whether it's a man or a woman, they're still exboyfriends. They don't mean anything to me anymore."

“The important thing is that he is your first love!”

"Cee never loved him!"

I firmly believe that my true feelings are not even close to the word “love.” No one has ever made me feel as good as when I’m with you.

Ong In, even though it was Kingkan, the first girlfriend, it seems that the sweetfaced person still doesn't believe it. She is convinced that the first one is love or something like that.

“If you don’t love him, why would you seek revenge on him?”

"Si is a person with a bad personality. How could I lose face? If you ask who Si's first love is, it's you!" Because I didn't know how to make the sweet-faced person believe me, I blurted out everything I was thinking without thinking. It seemed to work. Lord In was quiet for a moment, but he still made a face of pity.

“Don’t talk nicely. I don’t believe that I’m your first love.”

“The first one doesn’t have to be my first love. Si just wants to know, wants to try, just because he’s a teacher, good-looking and knowledgeable. After we break up, we go our separate ways. Just let me do something memorable, that’s all.…” I put my hands on my hips and scratched my neck in annoyance. “How dare you tell her that you chose the other one? The one who has to leave first is

Si, you old hag.”

"Don't you love her at all?"

“I really like it, I admit it. It was like I was riding on your thesis or something.” I hunched my shoulders because I didn’t want to lie. “At that time, you looked good, were knowledgeable, and everything you said was believable. And the exciting thing was the forbidden love between a teacher and a student. It was so joyful and entertaining. But if you ask about love, I don’t know anything about it. I don’t feel hurt or jealous like I do with you. I’ve never had to coax you until the door cracked my hand like that. I’ve never had to think about it, cherish you, and wait until you’re ready before having sex with that woman. There’s no such thing as ‘gradual’. That’s why it happened in the car.”

“Enough,” Indra reached out to cover my mouth, unable to bear to listen. “No need to explain so much. Listen, it seems like you really don’t have anything against her.”

"That's right. In isn't you. Marry your first love like Narin."

“That's true.”

"Do you love Narin?"

"If you don't love me, why would I marry you?"

“Make excuses. I’m being sarcastic. You can lie and say that Si is your first love. It hurts, man.” I bared my fangs at Indra’s face until he laughed and hugged me in a much better mood. “No need to hug me. This is called jealousy. You didn’t even make excuses. You even said that you loved your ex.”

"I don't want to lie."

“Don’t touch me, it’s annoying.” I tried to push Indra away. “Hey, take your hand away and don’t touch me.”

"You can't get caught."

The sweet-faced person pulled away and put on a cold expression. I shrunk my neck a little. From acting sullen, I became the one who started to get angry because it didn't look good.

“Why did you give in so quickly? Didn’t you just tell me not to arrest you?”

"You're annoying. Then let's sleep in separate rooms tonight."

Indra made a move to walk out of the room, but I grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled him back.

“Hey… You don’t have to be so violent. Si isn’t really annoyed. She just wants to make me feel better. No need to separate rooms.”

“You’re so cute, heehee!” Indra turned around and jumped into my arms like a baby monkey and kissed me hard on the lips once. “In teased me.”

"You!"

“Let’s just say that you’re done with your lies. Since you said you didn’t think about it, there’s probably nothing to it. Even though it’s a bit awkward, since it’s work, In can’t let emotions override reason. This might not be the first or only time you’ll have to work with your ex. There might be more in the future, because you’ve had too many girlfriends.”

“Well...”

“Just because this person is the first Jackpot fan, that’s all. We’re in a hurry.

Go talk to your writer. We've been arguing for a long time. It's rude. I won't make a big deal out of it for your work."

We flirted a little more, enjoying each other's lips. I secretly thought that if we were to spend a little more time doing something deep to build our relationship, the people outside would be able to wait. But in reality, we pulled away before finding out that my logistics teacher had already gone home.

"Oh, so we haven't talked about work at all." I wasn't really worried about Kingkan's departure, but Ong In didn't feel that way.

“We were really rude. He came to work, but we just argued. It doesn’t look very professional… Ms. Prang, can you call him back?”

“Actually... Ms. King said that she doesn’t accept the job anymore.”

“Huh?” I groaned in disbelief. “What are you trying to get up to again?”

“She said that last time she gave you a chance, but you refused. This time, you still don’t seem ready to work. She said that time is valuable only for those who are worthy. So she said she won’t accept anymore.”

Indra looked at me with guilt. I just shrugged, feeling nothing because I knew that woman better than anyone else.

She is using psychology on me....

She was expecting me to call her back, which was true in the past when I was obsessed with that arrogant guy, but not now.

“It’s okay, find someone else to replace me.” I reached into my pocket and sat down on the sofa comfortably. “It’s good. I don’t want to see your face. It’s in the past. Why would I cause trouble often? It will cause his family to break apart again. It’s good that my boyfriend understands my reasons.”

"In, we should go get him to come back."

“No need,” I jumped up in my seat after leaning back against the backrest, relieved for a moment. “That old lady is using psychology on you, knowing that if you act arrogantly like that, we’ll come after her, treating ourselves like valuable resources.”

“It’s about working, being professional. We’re acting like kids playing store.”

“You don’t have to worry. He missed out on the C event. There are other people’s events waiting to be filled. It’s not that much of a problem. You’ll be relieved that C doesn’t have to go and get involved with his ex-lover.”

Indra didn't say anything, he just looked absent-minded as if he was thinking about something. I patted the sofa, inviting the sweet-faced person to sit next to me, and hugged her comfortably.

“Why did we fight just now? If we didn’t have to hire you in the end, if we knew you were going back, we should have done something a little longer in the room just now.”

"Boss, Prang is still here. Don't act like Prang doesn't exist and has to hide from your people."

“I have something to do,” Indra barely paid attention to what I said earlier. She stood up abruptly. “See you later.”

"Where are you going? You said you didn't have to rush today."

"No need to rush. It means I have something to do. See you in the evening."

The sweet-faced woman drove out of the house without saying where she was going or what she was doing. So I just sat in the house feeling depressed.

Oh... I thought we'd be cuddling all day. Now you're leaving me all alone again.

Because today, work has become ineffective because I can't work with the writers that Prang has found. So I can only sit around all day with nothing to do. My boyfriend is also not here. I don't know where he went, even though at first...

He said that he didn't have any important work to do. When I called him, he answered the phone immediately and asked to hang up. If we hadn't agreed on this beforehand, Dek Ong In would have hung up because he didn't have time to talk.

Time passed until 7pm. The sweet-faced person returned home and smiled. When invited to dinner, she shook her head and said....

“I have eaten already.”

"Who did you go eat with?"

"Well...with co-workers."

“What exactly are you working on today? Why do you seem so busy all day?”

"I'm in touch with you about work. In's work is always like this. You don't usually ask In about work. What's wrong today?"

“I guess I have too much free time. Actually, today, C was supposed to work with the writer, but because the writer canceled, today there was nothing to do. My boyfriend wasn’t here, so I left C to roll around and play with the calf all day. My good daughter always walked away. Why does she rarely love me back when I love someone? I’m bored.”

"It must be karma, because when someone loves you, you do to them the same thing your daughter did."

"Retort"

"Then I'll go take a shower first. I'm sticky. Today, the Korean series I've been waiting for is coming out again."

Indra walked upstairs to take a shower as he had told me to. I smiled at my boyfriend and went to the kitchen to drink a little water before following him upstairs. However, a strange number called me first.

“Hello, C is speaking.”

[This is the teacher.]

No need to introduce yourself in such a long way. How many teachers in this world would introduce themselves in such a way, in such a tone, before standing and resting their legs and talking?

Cold tone

"What's up? I thought we were done talking."

[My boyfriend hasn't said that the teacher will come back to write a book yet.]

"Girlfriend? In?"

[When I said the word “girlfriend” out of my mouth, it sounded strange. Someone who used to be in that position and asked about their ex-girlfriend like this, it didn’t feel familiar.] There was laughter from the other end of the line, but that didn’t make me laugh at all. [Ms. In came to ask the teacher to go back to work with us. Because of her efforts to talk and persuade, it would be rude to refuse.]

"Why did In have to do that? C didn't even ask for it."

[Because he knows that the teacher is the real deal, does a good job. Mixing personal matters into it is unprofessional... This is just what she said. To be honest, I guessed a little wrong. Because the teacher thought that the person who should call and beg should be Khun Prang, but no way.]

“Just by asking In to come back to work? Isn’t that too easy?”

[It's not easy, but I don't want to miss out on this fun moment in my life. What's better than working with my ex-girlfriend while her new boyfriend begs me?]

"Cee will talk to In herself. I can't believe that In would do that."

[Okay, but remember, our collaboration this time will be fun.]

The tone on the other end of the line was so amused that I started to feel bad.

"If you're having fun, then I won't work with you."

[Little girl, sometimes you do it, sometimes you don't. You never grow up... But never mind. The teacher believes that you will call and say that you want to work with me because you had a fight with your boyfriend.]

"Why should Xi have to fight with him?"

[Because if he doesn't show up, it means that he's afraid that he'll be shaken.

How?]

"Funny"

[Yes, it's funny... C doesn't think that way. But it just so happens that the teacher has planted that idea in your head, In, just like how she once planted some idea in the head of my fiancée until we had to break up. It's the same technique.]

I hung up the phone and hurried to the bedroom. I found that Indra had just finished taking a shower. The fragrant smell of soap wafting from the bathroom into the bedroom made me feel clean, both the pretty face and the surrounding atmosphere.

"Why did you just come up?" Indra, who was using a damp towel to dry his hair, asked as if he wanted to chat. I gave him a small smile and held up my phone.

“The writer called me and said he wanted to work with me.”

“Oh, great! You have a professional working with you.”

“The whole day you disappeared, did you go and ask Kingkan for it?”

The sweet-faced girl looked at me and sighed before raising her hands in surrender.

“You found out.”

“Why did you do that? He’s your ex-boyfriend. You’re not comfortable with that, are you?

really"

“But after talking to him, In feels relieved. He doesn’t seem like a threat. Besides, it was a long time ago. Everyone has their own world. We’re not teenagers who are sensitive about things that can’t be reversed. Listen, Khun

King is an adult, reasonable, good at his job… smart.” Ong In nodded to himself. “From what we talked about today, In was like a little kid. I can see why you liked her back then.”

“That was then.”

“Yes, that was then. But now you don’t like her anymore, right? What’s the problem if we have to work together again? In is already acting as broadminded as the ocean. You should just relax and do your easy work. Isn’t that good?”

"But..."

"Unless you're afraid that you'll be tempted to work with your ex, so you don't want to."

But it just so happens that the teacher has planted that idea in your head, just like she once planted some idea in the head of my fiancée, causing us to break up. It's the same technique.

Damn it... That girl really did that. Otherwise, Indra would never have said that sentence. If no one had planted such thoughts in his head, he wouldn't dare to work with her because he was afraid that he would be shaken. How could that girl be right if she did something wrong? Damn it.

“No, she can work with me. If you’re okay with it, then it’s okay with me.” I pulled Indra closer, kissed his cheek, and hugged him tightly. “You, auntie, this isn’t your business. You’re willing to waste the whole day begging and pleading with your ex-boyfriend. Don’t you feel embarrassed?”

“Why are you embarrassed? I want you to work with talented people. I don’t want you to miss out on them because your new boyfriend is jealous.”

“Oh, are you jealous?”

“I wasn’t like this before, but now that you’re my girlfriend, you’re so charming and hot. I can’t help but be jealous.”

"Cute bastard!"

I hugged Indra and we were flirting like we usually do when we have some private time, with the little calf happily joining in. I would not let Kingkanchana make a mistake and expect us to fight.

I have to get a good book and this fan is still by my side.

Teacher... You didn't get everything you wanted!

# CHAPTER 30 : Root

In the end, I still had to work with Kingkan. Even though at first it seemed like we were free, my girlfriend, with good intentions, went to bring her ex-lover back. Now, we ended up having to sit face to face in the house to do an interview, record the audio, and then have the former teacher take it and re-tape it to write what I wanted.

We haven't seen each other for more than ten years, and I thought we wouldn't be able to cremate each other again. I can't believe that one day we will be able to work together again. Even though it's awkward, I won't show it to let the person in front of me see my unprofessionalism. Otherwise, there will be the word "childish", which is filled with endless sarcasm, and I hate it when people look down on me.

Kingkan pressed record on her cell phone and sat cross-legged in a very comfortable position, with a notebook slung over her legs. Her face was in proportion with her light brown eyes staring at me like someone in work mode, like in the past when she was teaching students. She was a very good teacher and always in control, whether it was controlling the children or teaching.

Take me too.

"Why did you start thinking about writing a book when you could get paid more from training?" Kingkan's first question made me raise my eyebrows a little, then answer in the same way I always do. No matter which media interviews me, I use the same trick because it's the best.

“The more you give, the more you get. Some people may not have time to attend courses or don’t trust coaching that much. But if they try reading it and feel that it can be applied, they will understand that C is not your typical life coach. Although the book may not be as in-depth as the class, it is comprehensive and broad enough to help people understand more.”

That's about it.

“Since when did you feel like you wanted to convey this kind of story? What made you feel the need to pursue this kind of career?”

“Si is someone who has understood the human mind since she was a child. She can see people. People are different. Some people think they are stupid, not smart. That is because they are on the wrong path. Or to be more precise, they are on the wrong path. Fish cannot fly, just like birds cannot dive. But Si has the duty to guide them to the right path. If they walk the right way, their true potential will be released.”

"Unlock it."

“About that.”

“Mr. C has opened a variety of courses, as far as I can see, such as self-esteem or how to make millions or something like that.”

"Yes"

“What did you do for a living before, Ms. C, that you dare to teach others how to succeed in business, even though you yourself got rich from being a life coach?”

Everything fell silent. I stared into Kingkan's eyes, which now had the shapely face of an ex-lover and current enemy. She was rather indifferent. Even though she asked a question out of duty, I could tell that she was annoying me and cornering me.

“If we want to succeed in anything, we must start with ourselves first. C has expertise in bringing out the potential of people. If we weren’t really good, would C be this rich?”

“But that still doesn’t answer the question of what kind of business you have that makes you dare to teach others. You get rich from advertising to get people to take your courses, making hundreds of thousands or millions, but I don’t see any tangible business.”

"It's good to bother you."

When I said that, the person in front of me, who had been acting indifferent, started to smile and laugh softly with delight. I had to admit that even after ten years, she was still a woman full of charm, especially when she smiled or laughed comfortably. It reminded me of when we were in class and our eyes met. As soon as she smiled at me, I immediately decided to approach her because of that body language.

“What? This is work. I’m just asking to gain credibility.”

“Are you sure you did it because it was work? Didn’t you just intend to annoy me? You said with your mouth that you wouldn’t do it, but you planted the idea in others to follow you. When you came back, you annoyed me during work. What’s the point? Fire me. I won’t do it anymore.” I stood up, ready to cancel at any moment. However, the person who knew my weaknesses well just sat there and said nothing.

“Little child”

“Enough already. You’re over thirty. Why are you acting like a little kid?”

"The one I have is really a little kid."

The word “Tua” was the word we used to call each other when we were dating. Because we didn’t want it to sound too formal and not to have too much of a gap between us, we chose to use this word, which sounds both intimate and cute at the same time.

“Don’t forget that I am your employer.”

“You just fired me. You’re so forgetful.” Gingkan put her hand on her chin and looked at me with a smile. “I’m not kidding. This is real work. Everyone wants to know where life coaches get the confidence to teach and make people rich. Before coming to the interview, I had already watched other life coaches. They all came out the same way. Self-esteem, self-confidence, and bringing out your potential. Everything seemed so unrealistic, but they said they could teach people to become rich.”

“If we don’t believe that we can do it first, how can we be rich?”

“It’s still something intangible. It would be more credible if you were to start a business and become successful. If you let me advise you… You have money, right? You can try investing your money in something and record your progress each day. It’s a case study to use as a reference to show that what you teach and what you do go together. This book will sell well and will eliminate a lot of the negative comments.”

There's a reason...it's no wonder that he used to be a management teacher.

I was always left with her ideas and became a little childish when I was a student. She was not exactly my love, but she was someone who could make me bend to her, with reason and principles. Even when we had dinner together, I could not order anything I wanted because of the rational principles of nutrition and calories.

The two of us stared at each other, as if we were competing to see who could look away first, until a coughing sound came from the entrance door. I turned away from what I was doing and turned my attention to the newcomer, Prang and Ong In immediately

“You arrived just in time for the interview to end,” I smiled at both of them before locking eyes with Indra and tilting my head to look at them in surprise.

“Why did you come back so early? It’s only… 1:30 p.m.”

“Today, there’s not much work to do. I also wanted to see you guys working, but I didn’t make it in time.” The sweet-faced person smiled at Kingkan and asked about the progress. “How was it? Did you get a lot done today?”

“It’s quite good, but it’s a bit vague. So I’ll give you some advice… It depends on whether you’ll apply it or not.”

"I'll have to think about it first."

"If there's nothing else, I'd like to take my leave now."

“Not yet. Let’s eat together first.” I almost jumped up and bit Indra’s face with his unreasonable kindness, so I had to quickly interrupt him, being rude.

“Let Ms. King go back to work. She must have some ideas. Judging from her suggestions, she must be very eager.”

"Speaking of which... I'm just a little hungry," Kingkan shrugged slightly as if to accept. "Then let's join you for lunch before we go back. It's already afternoon and I haven't even eaten yet. I've been too busy working because I'm too eager to learn."

I bared my fangs slightly while standing behind Indra. Of course, Kingkan saw everything but acted as if she didn't feel anything. To say that this girl is a professional would be an understatement, because I know that there is definitely a purpose to her return. Let's just say that I will wait and see what she will do next. It's good... so that I can prepare myself properly.

Indra and Prang ordered food from the application and waited for it to be delivered. While waiting, we all sat in the living room and sat quietly because we didn't know what to talk about. The atmosphere between my ex-boyfriend and I created...

It made everyone here feel uncomfortable, so much so that Prang had to clear her throat to cover the silence.

"Khun King, besides writing books, what are you doing now?"

"I'm thinking of continuing my studies for a bit. I'm bored," Kingkan replied with a smile. "I'm using my savings to live my daily expenses. If I didn't get a job from you, I wouldn't have anything to eat either."

“Don’t exaggerate. You are an elite, richer than anyone else in the world. You don’t have to work. You can eat all your life until you are the third generation.” Because I know that Kingkan is humble and trying to make herself look pitiful. But what she said is not even close to what she told me. Moreover, where would someone with no food think of continuing their studies, not working, just sitting around all day, and then bothering other people like this?

“I did it and I knew it well.”

“How could I not know…” I was about to object, but when I realized that I was acting like a know-it-all, I fell silent and crossed my arms in discomfort. “Looking at the context, I already know. How can someone who accepts writing jobs and earns only a few baht be enough to pay for a doctorate in another field?

Please be a bit more realistic when you speak.”

"You're so smart, Ms. King. You've already graduated with a doctorate, and you're still thinking of getting another one. Hehe," Prang quickly interrupted and laughed wryly. "But what are you going to study next?"

“It must be psychology. Learning about human behavior is fun, isn’t it, Ms. C?”

"I'm hungry. When will the food come?" I changed the subject. Ong In, who had been quiet for a long time, picked up his phone and checked the app to see where the driver was.

“It seems like it’s getting close. The food prices have been confirmed for a long time.”

“If you’re that hungry, why don’t you make your favorite stir-fried shrimp with red curry paste? Are your skills still good enough?” The former teacher mentioned the dish that I could only make. That made me straighten up and stare at Kingkan. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.

If you say that, it's like you remember that you made this dish deliciously."

"That's right. Si makes it really delicious. I've eaten it before," said Ing-in, who took turns answering. That made me even more irritated and annoyed.

"Have you made any other menus yet?"

“I won’t do it because I’m rich, so I think I can buy it myself,” I said, staring into Kingkan’s eyes, who was trying to muddy the water on purpose. “Besides, I don’t plan on making that menu for anyone else. Except for In, no one will eat it again.

“I didn’t say anything. I was just curious. I heard you were complaining that you were hungry.”

"Oh, the delivery man called." Ong In answered the phone and went out to the front of the house. Prang hurriedly ran after Ong In to help carry it. Now, only my ex-lover and I were left staring at each other with deep understanding.

“Don’t try to trick Indra. If you hire me to do a job, then do it. Just do the job. Don’t get involved in other things.”

“You seem to love him a lot. I heard that since you broke up, you’ve never been in a relationship for more than two weeks, right?”

“Where did you find out?”

“We have to admit that our world is small. There are many people that we know. We know them too. I heard that you did it to other people and it really hurt… Was it so painful from us that you didn’t dare to love? I was shocked to find out that I had made myself an unreliable person.”

“Narcissistic”

"But it seems like it's different with this person.. Every time you say something, you quickly defend him, as if you're afraid he'll break. Is Miss In really that fragile?"

“Don't bother.”

“The more you tell me not to get involved, the more I want to try it. If I do it to a woman,

This person is like what he does to other people. We probably wouldn’t care, but he’s made us a bit interested.” Ong In walked back into the house with a lot of food that he had ordered. “I’ll go put it on the plate for you. Keep talking with Khun King for now.”

“Why did you buy so many?”

"You're going to eat it too, Khun King. Ordering something ordinary to eat doesn't look good."

The sweet-faced woman walked to the kitchen counter near the prang and arranged the dishes for me, who was still sitting with Kingkan. We continued talking like people who hadn't finished talking.

“You are a child born into a good family. If there are guests at home, you must welcome them warmly. It doesn’t matter if you spend money, but you can’t lose face… A real rich kid.” The excellent teacher analyzed Indra as if he was copying my methods, to the point that he had to squint. When Kingkan saw that he was being looked at like that, she quickly laughed. “Do you think that in the next ten years, we won’t learn to get to know people? We are always impressed when we see ourselves and analyze people from their surroundings, so we tried to learn from him. How is it? Are you good?”

“I can’t believe that writing this book was a coincidence.”

“You know that coincidences don’t exist. You’re the one who taught us to think like this. Don’t forget that.”

“It seems like C has taught you a lot of things.”

"It's probably the same as teaching yourself many things... That kid is very brave. He's already very suspicious, but he still lets us work with him. Let's tease him a little."

I stared at Kanchana with the intent to kill her, but the beautiful teacher did not feel the slightest bit of resentment I sent her. She got up and walked to the kitchen, pretending to be delighted by the smell of food wafting from the plates.

“It looks delicious, Ms. In. Which restaurant is this?”

“A shop near Ratchaphruek. They said that the crab eggs from this shop are delicious, so I ordered some to try.”

"Si, are you still doing that magic trick on that child?" Gingkan emphasized the word "S" so that Indra could hear as if he had forgotten himself. But I knew that it was a prank, and it made me clench my fists tightly, unable to show that I was upset.

“What trick?”

"It's a phone number trick. Guess what this shop's phone number is?" Gingkan pretended to cover the bag with the phone number on it. "Come and impress Khun In quickly."

Indra looked at me in shock. I just remained silent and didn't say anything, which made Kingkan laugh.

“What is it? So quiet? Can’t you guess? The tricks that you play can only be done on your phone. Let me tell you, the tricks that you play, we know what to do, and finally we get it. You’ve caught us. Khun In, don’t let C trick you. This person wants to trick anyone into giving him their number. Every time, because that person has a phone. But when you can’t guess from the phone, you don’t know what to do.”

"Really? Tell me what that trick is. I've wanted to know for a long time." Prang, who had already gotten the joke, immediately went to ask with interest. As for Kingkan, she told me the whole trick and turned to look at me with a smile. The purpose of revealing the trick wasn't to embarrass me for getting caught, but to just show Indra that I use this trick on everyone to impress both Kingkan in the past and Indra who had been tricked as well.

“So it’s like this. It’s so easy,” the sweet-faced one said, smiling and pretending to walk away to excuse herself. “I’ll go wash my hands. Let’s talk first.”

"In C goes along."

I pretended to follow her, but I couldn't help but turn to look at Kingkan. The talented teacher walked away from Prang and pretended to pick up her bag in the living room, just so that she could talk to me alone, so that only the two of us could hear.

“The idea that was buried, it has taken root... Saisi.”

# CHAPTER 31 : Contact Us

"In, talk to C first."

Indra who had walked into the room was followed by me and locked the door because he didn't want anyone to interrupt him. There was no need to ask too many questions. I could see what was wrong with the sweet-faced person. Even though she was teased like that by Kingkan, no matter how open-minded she tried to be, as a couple, jealousy was bound to happen, regardless of whether there was a reason or not.

"What is it? Why do you look so serious?" The sweet-faced person acted as if nothing had happened, but her eyes clearly showed that she was scared. I had to sigh.

"Kingkan succeeded. That girl shook In's trust.

"What did you say"

"Just say what you are. Did you tell In yet that you feel it?

Whatever, just tell me straight. C is one of the best mind readers, maybe even ranked in the world. And C can tell that you're shaken. In... listen to me." I walked closer and used both hands to grab Indra's shoulders, wanting to tell him that this was serious.

“…"

“Kingkan intentionally came to destroy our relationship. The whole time that C was interviewing him, he knew about us well, knew about CD... He intended to come and disturb because he was angry that C had hurt him so badly, so he wanted to get revenge. He planted his thoughts in your head. Don’t struggle to follow what King wants. Can you do that?”

“He probably doesn’t have that many plans.”

“He is,” I sighed and rolled my eyes into a figure eight, trying to tell Indra that there are evil people in this world. “If he wasn’t smart and good, I wouldn’t have been with him in the first place.”

"Then why did you date In?"

“Because…” I opened my eyes in thought, but I didn’t know why. “I don’t know.”

“Maybe because In is pitiful.”

“Damn, why do you think like that?”

"Well, every person you date has their own good points and outstanding points. You date a reporter, a director, a leading man, a teacher... As for In, besides being a childhood friend who is pitiful, I don't see anything good about her."

Gingkan, you really did it. You can make someone who is proud of their design ability like Indra feel so small and incompetent!

The sweet-faced girl left me and was about to walk outside, but I stepped in her way and spread my arms and legs.

"Where are you going"

"We're done talking. Staying in the room for too long is rude. We're not alone... We have guests."

"Whatever, let the guest do it. If he can't wait, let him go home."

“You can do it, but I can’t.”

Indra reached out to grab the doorknob, but I pulled him in and pushed him against the door instead.

"What are you doing? Not playing."

“C doesn’t play either. C wants In to know that In is not a pitiful friend or anything. In is C’s girlfriend. In is an important person. In is the interior designer who designed this whole house. In is the mother of the dog that Calf loves the most in the house. In is the person who draws the most beautiful sunflowers in the world.” I leaned in to my ear and whispered softly even though we were alone. “And she’s very good at using her tongue.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

A knock on the door from outside caught both of our attention, especially Indra who was leaning against the door, ready to move away, but I locked him in place.

“Mr. See, Ms. In, the food is already on the table. If you’re done, hurry up and come down to eat. Otherwise, you’ll look pale.”

I smiled at the sound of Kingkan's voice, who came up after me instead of Prang. I guessed that she would volunteer to come up herself because she wanted to know what the situation was between me and Indra. But I won't make her wish come true. Even if there were ten more of you, Indra and I would still love each other as if we were going to swallow each other.

“Let’s eat first. We’re not done yet… It’ll probably be a while.”

I shouted back to let the people who came after me know that we were only separated by a door. Indra, who was about to open his mouth to speak, was silenced by me.

With her own lips, she used both hands to lock the small wrists so that she couldn't struggle or push them away. The sweet-faced person had a shocked expression on her face when she saw that I had attacked without giving any signals. She began to know from her body language that I wanted her by biting her lower lip lightly before starting to trace it to the tip of her chin and moving down to her pulse point.

"Si, this is not the time. You're still outside," she whispered, afraid that someone would hear. It didn't stop me from doing anything.

“The better.” I unbuttoned my shirt to reveal my underwear before unhooking the back hook to facilitate Indra who loved this part of his body the most. The sweet-faced girl still stood still, looking at my face and then my chest, hesitating about the inappropriateness but also curious like someone who wanted to try something new. “Are you going to let your clothes fall apart like this?”

“Then why did you take it off?”

“How about you take it off for me to eat?”

“I don't eat.”

"Then I'll eat you."

I yanked on Indra's shirt until the top button fell off and bounced off. The sweetfaced girl had a shocked expression, but she didn't make a sound for fear that people outside would hear. As for me, who was excited to defeat Gingkathan and wanted to try something new as well, I started to undress Indra, knowing that I had it. I used my own hands to unhook the bra of the person in front of me before putting the tip of her breast into my mouth and sucking it until the other person felt pain.

"Ouch..."

“Cee likes your voice.” My hands kneaded her breasts even harder, then pulled

Indra’s hands to help unbutton her pants. The sweet-faced girl who was starting to get carried away obediently did it, then reached in and touched the center of her torso until she knew how much I wanted it, and she couldn’t say “don’t” anymore.

This game must end, I must finish!

“Help me,” I opened my mouth to bite Indra’s shoulder and hugged her tightly.

The sweet-faced woman’s fingers that had been inserted into my body began to move in and out rhythmically. Fortunately, I was in the right mood, so I used my hands to play with Indra’s breasts while moaning her name to tell her how far I had come.

“Ah… In… Ugh.” I moved my body to speed things up in a standing position, and before long everything was bright and clear in my head, like fireworks exploding. My body trembled as I hugged Indra tightly. The sweet-faced one withdrew her fingers and buried her face in my shoulder, breathing heavily.

“This time, I will repay you.” I sat down on my knees and took off Indra’s pants until they were down to his feet. The sweet-faced girl hesitated between continuing or leaving, but I successfully pulled one of his pants off her leg. I lifted Indra’s leg up onto my shoulder in a standing position to make way for easier access to his midsection. Before I opened my mouth and tasted the flower nectar that was now in full bloom.

"C...uh...."

No matter how well-mannered she was, when her body betrayed her, she had no choice but to surrender. Indra supported her by using both hands to hold my head tightly. Part of it was to prevent himself from falling, but part of it was to prevent me from letting go of my lips.

“Bring it in.”

Indra started asking me to enter her body, while still holding her head down. I did my job with one hand, knowing exactly where her sweet spot was. My lips comforted her, saying that no matter how hot she was inside, she would still be gentle on the outside as usual. She could choose…

Will it be finished inside or outside?

And everything happened so fast. The sweet-faced person's body violently twitched, and she let out a loud cry as if she was about to cry. I saw that Indra had reached the finish line, and I still wanted to tease him a little longer, but I was pushed away. The sweet-faced person collapsed onto the ground and raised her hands as if she had given up.

"I can't take it anymore... I'm going to die. I really can't take it anymore."

I pulled Indra's body into my embrace. The two of us locked our arms and legs, facing each other, and pressed together tightly like a jigsaw puzzle. We both wanted to heal the trembling in our bodies, so we could only remain still and for a long time like that. Until everything slowly faded away, leaving only the sound of breathing and consciousness returning.

“Are you hungry?” I was the first to start the conversation. Indra pulled away from me and glared at me like he was really angry. He got up and put on his pants before looking at his shirt and finding that the buttons were undone.

“I’m not hungry anymore. Go ahead and eat.”

"If you don't go down, the guests will get suspicious."

“In doesn’t have the face to face the guests anymore. Go ahead and tell them that In isn’t feeling well or whatever. Give them a reason that you think is good.”

“Okay, I’m sorry I ruined your shirt. I’ll buy you a new one.”

Indra didn't say anything and walked towards the walk-in closet. After I put on my pants and clothes, I went downstairs like someone who had received full power. However, when I went downstairs, I saw only Prang.

Sit and eat while watching TV, as if you were at home.

"Oh, where did you go, Khun King?"

"She asked to go back for a while. She must be hungry and can't wait to eat."

“Ah, but you didn’t waste any time waiting.”

“My family doesn’t have strict manners. Where did you go, In? Why did you come down here?”

alone"

"Tell me you're tired and want to sleep."

“What? You said you were hungry before noon. You disappeared for a moment.

You’re tired. You’re not going to eat.” Prang looked at me and smiled slyly.

“What did you eat? You’re so full.”

“What are you talking about?” I pretended not to know and walked to the food, looking up at the bedroom, starting to worry about the people upstairs who didn’t come down to eat. “I’ll take it for In to eat.”

“They look so cute together.”

"Of course, Fanny."

“To be honest, Boss has changed a lot.”

“Is it good or bad?”

"It must be good. I've never seen the boss be like this with anyone."

“The more I hear you confirm like this, the better it is. Those who try to spin will lose.” I thought of Kingkan and laughed in gratitude before remembering,

“Have you ever told me where you met Kingkan? Why did you meet you?” “Actually, Prang announced on Facebook that she was looking for someone, and then someone sent her a private message saying that there was someone working in this field, and gave her Khun King’s Facebook.”

"And the person who messaged you in a private message, is he your friend?"

“Not exactly a friend. I’m open to the public. Anyone who wants to read it can come to me. Then he added me. This person,” Prang handed me her phone to show me the list of people she recommended. But it was a name like a typical

Facebook skoy. It was called “Kit Kit, Puen Kiew.” When I clicked on it to look at the profile, it was a picture of the sky. Her Facebook wasn’t updated. It was like she signed up just to look.

“Okay, I’ll go and meddle myself… Then I’ll go upstairs first. If you want to go home, you can go home. There’s nothing else today.”

“Let me finish watching this series and then go back. I’m too lazy to fight over the TV with my husband.”

After telling Prang that, I carried the food I ordered up to my bedroom. Normally, I wouldn’t bring food up here because I believe that the bedroom is for sleeping and doing activities that are fun and enjoyable. But today was different. I could feel that someone was angry, even though we had just been through something good.

"Serve the food."

I, who had put on a cheerful tone, entered the room and found Indra lying on the bed with his head covered and not showing up to talk even a little. After placing the food tray on the coffee table in front of the TV, I walked over and nudged the sleepyhead to get up, or in other words, I was trying to coax her.

"In, eat first."

"Not hungry"

She wasn't asleep. I knew it from the beginning. Now, the sweet-faced one is quite upset with me. It must be because I suddenly made love at the door so willfully.

"Are you angry at Xi?"

“…”

"Excuse me"

“Apologizing too often doesn’t mean anything.” The sweet-faced girl sat up and was about to walk away, but I grabbed her wrist and pulled her back to sit with her as before. “Are you trying to make In even angrier than before?”

“Cee knows that you did something you didn’t like, even though you promised.”

“Yes, you promised but you still did it. You might think that doing something like that is normal, that everyone does it, but for In, it’s not like that. Do you know how much effort In had to put in to adjust to this with you?”

“Si knows.”

"But you still treat In like an object. How are you any different from Narin who sees In as just a porn star? The only problem is that you don't do it to In at the dining table or in the kitchen. You do it to In at the door so that people on the other side can hear what we're doing!"

She was really angry, and I admit my guilt in this matter. Even though we had sex happily without Indra resisting anything, it was a matter of emotions. After I regained my senses, the guilt and disgust surged up, and now it really has led us to quarrel.

“Cee just wants to show him that no matter how much you try to provoke him, we can still get back together. Cee wants him to know how much we love each other.”

“Yes, we love each other, but do we have to be so obvious by doing that and letting the other person know?”

“I’m sorry.” I pursed my lips tightly, feeling really guilty. Normally, I’m not a very sensitive person, but because of this, I was wrong and made her so angry that I didn’t know what to do. So I became gloomy, sitting with my shoulders hunched, my voice starting to tremble as if I was afraid that the person in front of me wouldn’t love me anymore. “Si, you’re acting like a child. Si is too thoughtless. Si loves you… Don’t be angry with Si.”

“…”

"Si doesn't see you as an object. Su is not Narin. I'm sorry for making you think that way. If there's anything I can do to compensate, please tell me. Si is really wrong about this." I raised my hand to wipe away the tears that were about to flow and got up from the bed, ready to go into the bathroom to calm down. But Indra grabbed my shirt first and made a fierce face.

“Where are you going?”

“Go and repent.”

“I’m sorry for speaking ill of you… You’re not like Narin,” the sweet-faced one, who was starting to feel better but was still gloomy, said in a fierce tone.

“At least Narin didn’t make In feel the same way. He was finished.

I'm on one side."

“…”

“He didn’t come to apologize like you did. You’re lucky to know that what you did was selfish… Come here.”

"What"

“Come and hug me.” Indra raised both his arms and made a gesture as if waiting for me to run towards him. But now, I, who was being coaxed, felt that I had the upper hand, so I acted indifferent and did not accept his friendship. “If you play hard to get, In will not reconcile with you.”

“Can’t I play hard to get?” I crawled into Indra’s arms and buried my face in his shoulder, looking for shelter. The relief made me relax and I held onto my girlfriend tightly. “Si was so scared that you wouldn’t love Si anymore.”

“Can you not love me? You’re begging me like this.”

“Sorry, sob.” Then I pouted like an innocent person. Indra pulled away from me and stared at me with a shocked expression. “Don’t look.”

“Are you crying because we fought? I never thought you would be this sensitive, except for the father and the calf.”

“Cee has never been like this before. You made Cee cry. I don’t love you anymore!”

“What? You just said you loved In. Which of your words can I believe?” Indra’s harsh tone changed to laughter, then hugged me tightly, rocking his body back and forth like he was rocking a baby in a cradle. “Let’s just say you owe In.”

“How are you stuck?”

“You said you would pay for it, so In asks you to do it now.”

"Doing what"

The sweet-faced person was silent as if she was thinking. I felt that the silence seemed to have some significance, so I had to look away and stare at the sweetfaced person who was making eye contact.

"Become a porn star and feel it."

“…”

"I want to record a video of you to watch later. Can you do that?"

It seems that I have opened the Pandora's box inside Indra. The shy person who doesn't think that making love is important in life is having fun with this crazy and creative idea. I secretly swallowed my saliva because to be honest, filming something like this has never even crossed my mind before.

"Then what do I have to do?"

“You have a lot of equipment.”

“…”

“Use all the equipment in a fun way and we will be fine.”

# CHAPTER 32 : Elderly Customers

Now I am sitting with my knees together on the bed while Indra sits crosslegged on the calfskin sofa, watching the clip that he has set up the camera and directed everything himself, and smiles slyly. The soft moans coming from the phone made me raise my hands to cover my ears because I couldn't stand the sound of my own voice. Normally, I am not a shy person or feel weak in this kind of matter. I always believe that the more we dare to express ourselves about this matter, the more our partner will understand and be happier. But this time, it is different. Hearing my own voice helping myself while my girlfriend who used to be sensitive about this matter is watching the clip makes me want to bury my face in the ground and go and greet the termites that are gnawing at the beams of the house, asking if they are okay and if they can live with us.

“Can’t you delete that clip?” I asked in an uncertain tone. My hot face probably told me that I was embarrassed and didn’t dare to look anyone in the eye anymore. Why can people who act in porn still live normal lives? Even if it’s just a clip between the two of us, I still…

I can't take it.

“Why did you delete it? I like it. You look sexier than usual.”

“If a clip gets leaked, C is a coach for many people. It will not good"

“You have a point,” Indra pursed his lips slightly and raised his eyebrows. “But In, I like it. I watched your clip and got aroused.”

The sweet-faced woman hooked her own hair through her fingers and curled it like a woman with a temperament. Her body language was telling the truth, and it made me feel hot too. With such an open gesture, Indra rarely shows it, if I wasn't the one who seduced her.

“Do you know that you are the first and only person that C has ever agreed to do something like this? No one has ever ordered or forced C to do anything.” I got up from the bed and walked over to sit on the sweet-faced person on the leather sofa, using both hands to support her face. “And if C has finished, I never went on to round two, three, or four because C is lazy. But you made C get excited again.”

“That means we’re on the same page. It’s lucky you lit the spark at a time when I myself feel like a volcano ready to explode at any moment.”

"If you delete the clip for me, I'll make your volcano explode very hotly."

“What are you going to do? Let me hear you try Lexer.” The sweet-faced one hand reached under the collar of her shirt and squeezed it with the force she was feeling. “Can an erupting volcano be extinguished?”

"Why do we put out a volcano? It goes against nature. C wants it to explode violently by colliding with another volcano and then they explode together."

“Can we collide two volcanoes?”

“Sure, volcanoes that are slowly crushing each other will make the explosion more violent.”

"That means there must be a lot of lava and magma. It'll be a mess."

"It's okay, C will clean up after you."

“How are you going to clean up that lava?”

"Just lick it with your tongue." I stood up and took off my pants first, so that the other person could follow. Indra, who was no longer embarrassed by this, smiled and arranged himself until our lower half was completely bare, revealing the volcano in question.

“It’s bad to have a tongue licking lava. I don’t want to talk to people who don’t have tongues. They don’t understand what they say.”

“Si doesn’t plan on talking to you while our volcanoes are colliding.” I lifted Indra’s legs and inserted myself in the middle in a scissor cross position. The sweet-faced one looked at me with interest before starting to moan when I ground my bodies against hers, making some sounds that indicated that our lava was enough to keep us having fun.

“Uh…”

“See, we don’t need to speak in language because it’s not necessary.”

Because of our previous passion, everything happened very quickly. Even though it was just rubbing, without any penetration, we both reached our destination very quickly. Indra, who was now looking up at the other side, was breathing heavily and screaming like someone who had just finished. While I still needed to continue a little more, I begged her to wait a bit.

“Just a little more… Just a little more, ahh….”

My body twitched and I hugged the sweet-faced person as if I was looking for shelter. The scent of our love wafted through the air, making it impossible to tell them apart.

Whose scent is whose? With both of us exhausted, we could only kiss each other's faces and necks, as if to comfort each other that we were now fully happy. But I still did not forget my promise to clean up all of hers by pulling away and spreading both of Indra's legs, using my mouth to collect the remaining lava and swallow it to confirm that...

I love you so much

Why am I so obsessed with you?

No matter which part of her, it was a good story that I wanted to keep for myself. Being able to nibble and lick in various places where no one else could intrude, like I had the right, and I should do my best. But someone like me probably didn't do my job well enough. Instead of quickly cleaning it up and finishing it, I dawdled, nibbling, sipping, and sucking until the owner of the body had to use his hand to push it away.

“No, In can’t take it anymore… Oh, no… Come in again.” Indra’s whole body trembled when I used both my mouth and fingers to interlock at the same time. I knew very well where the pleasure was. We had explored each other before. We were so open to each other. “Are you going to kill In?”

"If you die, C will follow."

“What are you saying?”

“Cee loves you.” I hooked my finger and lightly scraped the inside, causing Indra to scream and cover his face with his hands. “Blow it up with Cee.”

“Don’t do this. I can’t take it… ahh… si, faster.” Now she couldn’t decide whether to refuse or beg. I did as Indra asked, using my mouth. “It’s coming. I don’t know what it is. Si… Si!”

A large amount of lava spread out like a broken dam. Although it wasn't enough to soak me, it did provide me with some moisture. Indra looked at his body in shock, covered his mouth with his hand, and hurriedly

She pushed me away in embarrassment, but I locked her legs and took off my own shirt that was over my head, wiping Indra's lower body that let the water splash out fondly.

“You did a great job,” I said proudly to Indra. “It seems that Narin misjudged you. You just like to be a spectator, not an actor.”

“You’re all dirty. Did In pee on you? That’s crazy.”

“No,” I laughed. “I’ll lecture you on what it is later. But it makes me proud. You must be exhausted today.”

“Yes, you are stubborn. I told you to stop but you wouldn’t stop.”

"You're too cute... Can you delete the clip now?"

When I mentioned this, Indra made a regretful face. I smiled a little, then climbed up to him and lightly kissed the sweet-faced person's cheek.

“Delete the clips on your phone. Today, we’ll go buy a video camera.”

"Team"

“Let’s take a photo and video. We can watch it together. We can save it on our phones. If we lose it, we’ll be in trouble.” I made an interesting agreement, which made Ong In smile a little. I couldn’t help but rub his nose with my finger. “You really like this kind of thing.”

"You've spoiled In's personality. Who can you blame?"

“I love you so much. Why are you so cute?”

“In thinks that he loves you more than you love In.”

“You feel this way because our dopamine is so high that we love each other so much. If you want to feel like we love each other so much that we’d die for each other, C suggests we do it again.”

"Enough!"

Indra is more serious than I thought. Even in things that should not be taken so seriously, she devotes her time to them, and I was amazed when my girlfriend opened her laptop to an electronic website to choose a handycam and called me over to look at it.

"You, In, want this model. Just order it online. I'll pay for it myself."

“It costs a lot of baht, you know... Also, about filming the clip, she spoke politely. Her emotions got the better of her.”

“Are you saying that you were joking?” The sweet-faced girl looked at me in disbelief. “That means when we made love, you just said it to get what you wanted, right?”

“It’s not like that.” I scratched my head, not knowing what to say. What would I do with a camera? Thinking about it now, I felt a bit embarrassed. Of course, she wasn’t the one acting, so how could she understand my feelings?

“If not, I will buy and get this model. It has a 4K image quality, a vibration reduction system, and clear sound that cuts out noise.”

"4K already?"

“Eight million pixels, twenty times zoom.”

“What are you zooming for?”

The sweet-faced one turned to me and squinted her eyes slyly, and that made my face heat up so much that I couldn't look her in the eye. Damn it, I shouldn't have opened that Pandora's Box. It should have been locked, and I should have just let her understand that she didn't like this kind of thing, and that would be the end of it.

“So in exchange, you film one clip, and I’ll share one piece of equipment with you.”

"Equipment?"

"Do you think you can have fun alone? This kind of thing has to be fun for both parties. Si can't be the only actor," I smiled triumphantly. "Speaking of which, Si really wants a camera now. After you're done filming Si, Si can film you too.

How cool is that?"

"I like to be a spectator more." This time, Indra started to get a little closer, which made me smile.

“Then I won't film you.”

“…”

One piece." "But C will use the device on you if you accept it. One clip per device.

"Didn't you say you wouldn't force In?"

“People can’t have everything. Making love is fun for both of us. You enjoy seeing C as a porn star, so why can’t you let C enjoy using your gadgets?”

“On the condition that In doesn’t record a clip, but he can let you use the equipment.”

“Deal”

"Deal"

The two of us slapped our hands together and hugged each other like people who had successfully made a deal. It was at this moment that Prang came to us just in time. The capable secretary looked at us both and made a small face of annoyance.

“The scent of love is all over the house. Congratulations. You’re the first lover that Boss has been with for over a month. That’s a pretty good record, Xiao.”

“We’ve been together for over a month already? Time flies, huh,” I said with a smile, feeling amazed. The sweet-faced girl stood up proudly, having lasted longer than everyone else.

"Do you ever have a fight?" Prang asked without help. I and

Indra looked at each other for a moment and shook his head.

"No, if there's something you don't understand, then let's clear it up quickly. We talk about everything."

"Yes, everything, really. Some things really shocked me," the sweet-faced one said, referring to the latest deal we just made. "I'll go get you some water, Ms. Prang."

“Don’t bother, my lady. Why are you so cute?” Prang looked at Indra’s figure walking towards the refrigerator across from her with loving eyes before meeting my eyes briefly. “Boss looks very happy.”

"Accepted," I shrugged.

“Hurry up and seize that happiness, because Prang thinks that disaster will happen soon.”

"What do you mean"

Before Prang could answer, Indra brought water to serve. Out of curiosity, I pretended to call Prang to the office downstairs where I kept various documents to prevent the sweet-faced person from overhearing. As soon as the door was closed, I asked, like someone who could read the secretary's mind immediately.

"What Happened?"

"Your mother called Prang to ask for Boss's number."

I froze for a moment, caught off guard by this, before nodding in understanding.

"Did his mother tell him what she wanted to talk to him about?"

“I didn’t say anything. But if I were to talk about something, it would be about Khun In. Boss… Don’t be shaken. No matter what happens, I will stand firm on one foot and promise to be with you forever.”

“You’re thinking too much. Mother In might not be talking about something serious. She might call and ask, go see a good fortune teller, or something like that. See has met her before.” I smiled, showing no concern, even though my heart was starting to waver, just like Prang said. I wanted to know too.

Why did you take my number? We've been dating for quite some time now, so why do you suddenly want to talk to me?

There must be a reason.

"Let's just be prepared. Miss In was born into a good family. Maybe the people in that family don't approve of you dating a woman. That side already knows, right? About Miss In's relationship with Boss."

“Hmm, I know, but I’ve never seen my Indian parents say anything.”

“At that time, no. But now, I’m not sure. All that’s left is to wait for him to call you.”

"Or maybe he won't call. Maybe he'll keep it in case he can't reach In or something like that." Even though he said it out loud, I think he'll definitely call. "You don't have to tell India about this. That little girl won't be happy."

“But it’s better for you to know, boss. If there’s anything, just tell me so we can help each other get through it.”

“No… I’m happy now. I want that smile to stay like this for a long time.”

"Boss," Prang reached out and grabbed my shoulder.

"How is it going"

“What a soap opera! What a crazy smile! Your mother-in-law is about to shoot you with a gun, and you still act like a Channel 3 hero. If you can’t get through this, you’ll end up crying anyway. Please come back to reality. Prang is going to vomit.”

“You’re not romantic at all. Let’s just say that Xi will handle this matter. Okay? Okay?”

“Oh.”

"Okay?"

"Over!"

After finishing talking about work with Prang, the excellent secretary asked to leave, trying to act as normal as possible. Indra, who was sitting and playing with the calf next to me, and I, after finishing talking about our own business on the phone, asked about my work and went about it as usual.

“What have you been talking about with Ms. Prang for so long? Is there going to be a new course?”

Over there." "Hmm, a Japanese company called and asked me to be a speaker for their employees.

“When are you going?”

"Next month"

“It’s the rainy season now…is it Tokyo or the suburbs?”

"Tokyo"

“There aren’t many hot springs.” When the sweet-faced person mentioned this, I smiled and squinted.

"You sound like you're going too."

“Can I go too?”

"Who invited?"

"Will go"

“What can I do? My boyfriend is so attached to me. Every single one of them, huh.” I shrugged, acting a little annoying. Indra raised his hand to hit me and wrinkled his nose.

"Are you comparing In with your ex-girlfriend? Sigh, I won't go!" The sweetfaced girl was about to get up, but I didn't stop her, I just looked at her until Ong In turned to yell at her, "Aren't you going to beg for her at all?"

“You’re cute, haha.” I hugged the leg of the person who stood up and made pleading eyes. “Please go with Si, my love. If you don’t go, who will film the clip for Si?”

"Just for the sake of the clip."

“There are so many toys to choose from there,” I said, my eyes sparkling with amusement as well. That made Indra laugh.

“It’s unbelievable. I used to really dislike this, but I have to give in to you.”

“It really can’t be helped. It’s cute. Oh, wait, let me call you.” I picked up my phone and looked at the screen. When I saw that the number was unfamiliar, I remembered that I might have to go answer the call somewhere else. Maybe it was someone Indra shouldn’t have to hear. “Play with the calf for now. I’ll go answer the call and then talk to you.”

I walked away to talk somewhere else, but not too far away so as not to be mistaken. As soon as I picked up the phone, an elderly woman's voice immediately greeted me.

“Is that you, Miss Saisi? This is Yin’s mother. Do you remember? We’ve met before.”

I straightened up a little as if my mother was standing in front of me, and let out the softest voice I could muster.

“I remember, Mom. Ms. Prang told me that you asked for C’s number.”

“Mom wants to see me for a bit. There’s something she wants to talk about… but let’s talk alone,” which means there’s no Indra. “When is it convenient for you to meet me?”

“It’s up to you, Mom. I’m always free.”

“It’s already 3pm… Can we meet at 7pm today? Let’s make a date. Anywhere is fine, Mr. C can choose.”

“Okay, it’s convenient. Is this your mother’s number? I’ll save it. Let’s say it’s near your mother’s house so we don’t have to travel inconveniently.”

"Thank you"

We just said goodbye. I sighed a little and walked out of the place where we were talking. I met Indra who seemed to be following me. The sweet-faced man smiled at me a little and asked me curiously.

"Who are you talking to? You're being sneaky. Do you have an affair?"

"Easy"

“If you have an affair, you just tell me directly like this?”

“Cee is open with all her boyfriends, you liar!” I laughed and jokingly bumped the sweet-faced one’s head a little. “Cee has to go talk about work today at around 7pm. You can eat alone today.”

“What kind of work can we talk about at 7:00? Why can’t we talk now?”

“Student, I just got off work and I have something I want to discuss with you.”

“Since when did you start giving advice to your students? Men or women?”

"Woman"

"How old"

“A little older.”

“Are you smart?”

“She must be smart because her daughter is smart.”

“Oh… I have a child.” The sweet-faced one nodded as if relieved. “Alright, I’ll let you go. Come back quickly. Oh… I don’t want to. Where did you meet? I’ll get carried away. I’ll go to the mall and wait. I’ll go choose a camera.”

“You are really enthusiastic about the camera.”

“I want to use it right away. It looks fun.”

“We didn’t make an appointment at the mall. Can’t we go shopping together? I want to go with you.”

“Can I say that? Okay, hurry up and go back. I’ll be waiting.”

"Okay"

After I had showered and got dressed, I checked my clothes and hair a bit to make sure they weren't too flashy. Normally, I'm a very confident person when it comes to dressing up to go out and meet people, but today I felt like doing something

It wasn't all right. I was afraid that I wouldn't dress well or act inappropriately. But even if it wasn't to my liking, I still left the house and arrived at the meeting place right on time.

I chose a shopping mall that was close to Ong In's house so that it would be convenient for my mother to travel. The restaurant I chose was an Italian restaurant because I thought that everyone would be able to eat spaghetti. I didn't want to choose a restaurant that seemed too easy because some people can judge us from the moment we choose a restaurant and then immediately decide what kind of person we are. Therefore, Italian food is not too difficult or too easy. People of all ages can eat it. Even if you can't eat it, carbonara is a basic food that everyone knows.

“You didn't wait long, right?”

An old man's voice rang out as I was gazing out of the shop while waiting. As soon as Indra's mother arrived, I stood to greet her and gave her a friendly and respectful smile.

“It’s not that long. See came early. What would you like to eat, Mom? I’ll order it for you.”

"Mom, I just want some water. I've already had some."

This meant that my choice of restaurant today was not evaluated at all. My mother probably did not care what I ate, except to talk. So I chose to order a salad and fruit juice to put on the table to show what there was to eat before chatting with my mother.

“Is there traffic jams?”

“It’s not that bad. Everyone must have gone home already… Mom, let’s get straight to the point.” My mother’s timid expression made me smile in encouragement. It must have been something difficult and I had prepared a lot, so it was even harder to talk about because I was thinking too much. “Mom wants to talk about In.”

"Yes, please, Mom, speak."

“Mom is not very comfortable with the relationship between Xi and In.”

“…”

"Mom knows that In is an adult and doesn't block him from having a strange love life like this." The older person used the word strange to make it seem like it wasn't serious. "Mom intended not to get involved anyway because In is old enough to make his own decision about love."

"What do you want me to do, Mom?" I cut it short because I didn't want to make the elderly person even more nervous. It wasn't hard to guess from the conversation that had just started, but I wanted to be clear so that I could explain my perspective.

“Mom just wants us to be friends. In is still young. Even though he was married, he’s not completely broke. There are people who like him and are willing to take care of him. It’s not like she can’t take care of him… but…”

“But what?”

"But C is a con man."

I stretched at the direct words and wondered if my mother remembered it herself or if someone had prompted her.

"How did C become a con man?"

“Didn’t Si and Dad ever come to swindle money from our family?

“Luk Thep,” Mother said, reminiscing about the past and sighing. She did not feel angry at all, but was more concerned. “She approached us with deception. The last time we met, she still lied to us, saying she was a spirit medium, that she was Indra’s son from India, even though she already knew his story beforehand. There was no sincerity at all.”

“About that…”

"I already know about that." Indra's voice interrupted, causing both me and my mother to turn to look at the new person standing over our heads.

Extremely angry expression

"In..."

The mother stood up and grabbed her daughter's arm, but the sweet-faced girl stepped back, tears welling up in her eyes.

"In knew from the beginning who See was. If Mom saw that In was really grown up, then don't interfere with this love. Don't force us to feel that the world should only have each other."

# CHAPTER 33 : No.

“You… get up. We have nothing to talk about.” Indra pulled me up. I was still hesitating whether to go or not. In order to save face for an old person, I finally decided to grab the hand of the sweet-faced person and smiled at her with understanding.

“Don’t do this. Mom came out to talk to me. How can I just leave her like this?”

"If you talk to your mother and then leave In, what will you do?" Indra said, not caring at all about how his mother looked or felt. I had to calm down the sweetfaced person.

“In, you’re not cute.”

"This is In protecting you."

“Please apologize to your mother now.”

“…”

“Do you want your mother to hate you more?”

When I reprimanded her like that, the sweet-faced girl couldn't help but raise her hands to bow to her mother.

"I'm sorry, Mom. In went too far. But you have something you should talk to In. There's no need to secretly make an appointment like this."

"If In also comes, it will be inconvenient for Mom to talk."

"If it's convenient for mom, I'll ask Si to break up with In. Why? Isn't In good enough for mom? Can't In let In live her life the way she wants?"

"Then what I want is the same as everyone else's. How do you know that happiness will last forever?"

“Suffering won’t stay with In forever either. So if In is happy now, what would Mom want to do to stop her? In’s marriage is over. If In wants to start over like this, then Mom has to stop her?”

“It has to be blocked. It’s not natural…”

“Maybe it’s just my nature since birth. It’s hard for me to feel love for someone and find my missing half. Mom, do you know how hard it is? If I’m not like everyone else, it’s probably just the same gender. Other than that, the two of us are no different from anyone else. I’m happy. Can’t you respect my decision?”

"But he once deceived In. He might make In sad again."

"A person like Narin who has never cheated on In has already made In sad. It was In's own choice, and In is willing to be sad about it. If it's not the case, from now on, talk to In. Don't make secret appointments like this again. In is scared!"

I looked at the sweet-faced person whose voice trembled at the end, and couldn't help but reach out and grab her thigh. All this time, I knew that Lord Indra had always been suspicious that I would get tired of him, but today, the more he kept saying that he was afraid, the more I felt guilty, so I had to do something definite. Now was the perfect time.

"Mom, don't worry. In is also the other half of C."

“…”

“Cee promised not to make In sad. To be honest, nothing is certain. But this is the first and only thing that Cee can give to Mom and In: Cee will not abandon

In, whether in happiness or in sadness.”

“…”

"Please rest assured, Mom."

We both walked my mother to the exit of the mall to get in the car before walking back together again. Now we were both quiet. I, who was afraid that Indra would think too much, was the one who started the conversation first.

“Hey, smart guy. You just showed up and the whole place was in chaos,” I laughed and linked arms with him to make it look like it wasn’t a big deal.

“How did you get here? Didn’t you say you were home?”

"If I say I know, then I'll stop you from coming."

“And how do you know?”

“Is it important?”

"Prang, right? As C has always suspected, who's the evil secretary? Between you and C?" I laughed knowingly. "In that case, I have to deduct the bonus."

"If you deduct Ms. Prang's bonus, I'll have separate bedrooms."

"Do you think C should be scared?"

“It's better to be a little afraid.”

The serious tone of the sweet-faced person made me feel a little bit afraid, to the point of shrinking my neck a little. It seemed that this person was not here to play around. Prang had such a great backer that I couldn't even touch her anymore, Xiao.

"Si, you don't have to deduct the bonus. Then you can smile. Why are you still frowning?"

"How can I not look sullen? You didn't tell In the truth. You're planning to come and see Mom alone," Indra pulled my arm away, put his hands in his pockets, and walked away sullenly. I had to squeeze past him so that we wouldn't be too far apart.

"If you come with me, your mother wouldn't dare say anything. Si would like to know what's going on with her."

“If your mom calls you, it’s definitely not good. You should tell In about this, so we can solve the problem together… So what happened? Did you meet your mom?”

"Why not?"

“Does it make you want to break up with In? You are a very egotistical person because you are so confident in your charm and looks. Are you hesitating now whether to continue dating In or break up?”

“You’re overthinking this,” I changed from squeezing him to putting my arm around Indra’s shoulder. Even though the sweet-faced one tried to avoid him, I managed to swept the little one close to me. “I thought inviting you to my house, showing you how much I love you, even agreeing to act in porn, would make you confident.”

“You agreed because you had fun, didn’t you?”

“Because I love you,” I sighed a little and looked at Indra, who was not confident in himself at all. “Cee knows that she has an unreliable past, but since she was born, she has never made a promise to anyone like she made to your mother. So try to trust her for once. Cee also wants to stop with you. You yourself don’t want to love or be with anyone anymore, right? You are so oldfashioned.”

“It's not because I'm old-fashioned.”

“And why?”

“Because I love you.”

"We agree on this matter." I held out my hand for the sweet-faced one to hold. At first, Indra acted coy, but when he saw that I was frowning and wanted to hold it, the sweet-faced one shyly reached out his hand. "We've cleared things up, right? Don't worry about anything anymore, okay?"

"I can't say I'm not worried, but since you said you love me, I have to believe it... But why did my mom suddenly call you? Before, I told my mom that we were dating, and she didn't say anything."

“Your mother probably found out later that you met Si many years ago. She probably didn’t trust him. But it’s understandable… If it were Si, she wouldn’t want her lovely daughter to date a con man.”

“That’s an exaggeration. You didn’t lie that much. Mom just wanted to believe it. Why?”

“Love really makes you blind. You fooled your family. You also think that you are not wrong?”

“Love makes us biased, don’t you know?” Indra shrugged and said, joking with me casually. “But why did Mom suddenly remember you? Even In, it took her a while to remember you…”

“What must it be?”

"No... Let's just say that Mom probably doesn't remember you at all because you don't have anything in common with you now and when you were a child. Or maybe Mom went to..."

“What did you say?”

“Never mind, I’ll probably remember it.”

“Or maybe someone told me,” I, who never believed in coincidences, thought of a certain person, who could make things incredibly complicated.

"Then who will tell Mom? Other than you, your father, In, and In's family, no one has ever known. Even Narin, who is married to In never told this story.”

"You didn't tell me because you never thought about it, or you forgot," I said, pretending to be annoyed. However, Indra didn't feel any sarcasm.

“That's true.”

“It’s still true. This is sarcasm. Tsk!”

“You also have times when you forget In.” The sweet-faced one laughed and hooked her arm back into my arms in a pouty manner. Then she talked about the same thing again. “Let’s just say In never told me about you. What about you? Have you ever told anyone anything?”

I paused for a moment before thinking of my ex-lover who had recently appeared. This must be related to Kingkan.

"I won't tell you."

I chose not to tell because I didn't want Indra to think that my ex-lover was too important. At that time, I told her because I was young. If I felt something interesting, I would dig it up and tell her. Even this matter, I had to hurry and clear things up with that woman so that everything would be settled.

“Then Mom will probably remember it herself. Never mind. Let’s just say that In will never break up with you… and we finally arrived at this store.” The sweet-faced person stopped walking and pointed to a digital camera store that had full-frame cameras, mirrorless cameras, and yes… video cameras.

“You’re talking about this and that. You haven’t forgotten about this, have you?”

“Being mad at mom is one thing, and the video camera is another. Now it’s time to spend some money and go check out the camera.”

The sweet-faced person who rushed into the shop almost forgot what she was worried about before. As for me, I could only look at her back with fondness. Then I started to feel embarrassed because I couldn't believe that...

I inevitably have to become your on-camera star anymore.

"What are you doing?" Indra, who had seen me sitting there opening my computer for a while, leaned forward to look at the screen with a surprised expression. "What mood? Reading about difficult business like this?"

“I wanted to try investing in something. I wanted to know if what C taught me would actually work if I applied it myself. Otherwise, if I wrote a book, there would be no references.”

“Oh… that’s a good idea. If you want people to believe you, we have to show you first. You’re so strategic.”

“No, Kingkan challenged me,” I said, crossing my arms to protect myself. “That girl asked me a really hurtful question. Not a sarcastic one… Even though it was sarcastic, it was true… Kingkan asked me, what did you do to teach that person to become 10 million, 20 million, besides memorizing it?”

Indra was silent for a moment and then nodded.

“Like this.”

The sweet-faced person's previously cheerful demeanor disappeared, causing me to feel suspicious and have to pull Indra's hand to stop them talking before walking back out of the office.

"What is wrong with you"

"I don't want to bother you while I'm working."

“It’s not that. What is it that you’re thinking about right now? Distill it and put it into words for Xi to hear.”

“I didn't think of anything here.”

"You know that Xi can read minds."

"If you can read minds, why ask?"

“You’d better tell me than let me guess. If I guess correctly, you’ll be embarrassed.”

“Guess what? Let’s see if In really feels embarrassed.”

“You’re wondering why Gingkan seems so good. Even Si, who resisted so much, still followed her advice. And it made so much sense. You’re wondering why you didn’t think of it that way. Maybe you could have helped her more.” I raised my eyebrows a little. “Where did Si guess wrong?”

Indra pursed his lips tightly like a child who had been caught. The embarrassment made the sweet-faced person turn away, and I could only sigh.

"I told you not to guess. In... See doesn't have any feelings for Kingkan. And you agree with the idea of trying to do business to use as a reference, right?"

“Hmm, I agree.” The sweet-faced woman pulled the hand I was holding and crossed it over her chest, then asked like an irritated woman, even though she knew she was being unreasonable. “If Khun King hadn’t left you to get married back then, and she had chosen you… do you think you would still be with her now?”

"Not at all."

"Why"

"Well, I don't like him that much."

"What about In?"

"You're not the same. Xi loves you. What's this? Why are you suddenly upset? It's nothing." I hugged the sweet-faced person who was still standing there, unmoved. At least my heart still felt a little upset with my words of love.

"Inna should be better, should be more beautiful, should be

"If you were better, more beautiful, Si wouldn't like it." I shrugged. Indra looked at me with confusion.

"Why"

"Si, thank you. Right now, it's just right. Beauty can be boring. Talent doesn't excite Si."

"Then what's good?"

“Because it’s you,” Indra emphasized, “You have the most beautiful moaning voice I’ve ever heard.”

"Damn it!"

She's in a good mood.

I don't know if it was because I had ethics or if I was being challenged, but in the end I decided to shelve the book project because I wanted to try making a business model and prove whether what I had taught could actually be done. Kingkan, who had intended to interview me today, didn't say anything when she heard that I was going to stop making the book. Instead, she just smiled as if she had known about it in advance.

"I hope you succeed."

“Don’t smile. It’s not because of you,” I said in a tone that didn’t contain any friendliness. Besides, I didn’t want Gingkan to think that her opinion was too important to make me follow her.

"I'm not that self-important."

"Let's just say I'll pay you the full amount for your lost time."

“It’s okay. Just pay for what you do. You look like a person with ethics.”

“Ethics?” I just smiled sarcastically as I thought of the past, but Kingkan, who knew what I was smiling about, spoke up first.

“Excluding the fact that I’ve had relationships with students before, if you need help with anything, just tell me. If it’s about business, I can give you advice on anything. You know that,” the excellent teacher sitting on the sofa leaned over to me from the other side and smiled. “You know what I’m good at.”

"Excuse me. I didn't bother you, did I?"

Indra, who was walking down from the upper floor, happened to see Kingkan staring at me and made eye contact with me. I raised my eyebrows slightly, then got up and went to the sweet-faced person, smiling at him.

"I'm not bothering you at all. Si is talking to Khun King about stopping writing books for a while."

"So, King offered to help with anything. He thought that Sina might want to get some advice from someone if she was going to start a business. As a former teacher, I would recommend it," Kingkan explained. That made Ong In nod.

“Like this.”

“In the past, King and Si were very close. We talked and shared everything, both about school and personal matters.”

Suddenly, Kingkan introduced herself like that, and that made me turn to stare at my old teacher with sparkling eyes, knowing his intentions well.

"I know a little bit about you, that Khun King is close to C," said Ong In, smiling forcefully like someone who feels inferior in terms of ability. “That’s in the past,” I quickly objected, wanting Ging to stop talking. “When I was a kid, I just talked nonsense. I didn’t share any personal details.”

“Crazy, we’re close, there’s no denying that.”

"What stories have you shared?" Indra asked curiously. I put my hands in my pockets and stood on my heels, swaying back and forth, starting to worry about what Gingkan would tell me. And as expected, I got the answer that I got, which could be called a jackpot.

“Hmm, the thing I remember most clearly is… Once, Si lied to others that she was a divine child. It seemed like Si lied to a family that she could heal their daughter’s leg, which could not walk. I don’t know if that girl was…

How did you grow up? Can you walk yet?"

“…”

"Nee-si"

I could only keep quiet because I knew how much it would upset Indra if Kingkan knew about this. Before this, I had just said that I had never told anyone about this, and now this girl was talking. I would definitely have to clear things up with the sweet-faced person again. We had only just made up not long ago.

“I can walk now.” However, Indra just smiled and replied as if he didn’t feel anything.

"Oh really? How did you know, In?"

"It's In. She's the one who C tricked me that day. And now she's able to walk. To say that she tricked me wouldn't be right. The reason why In can walk today might be because of C's blessing."

I secretly smiled and looked at Kingkan who intended to provoke us to fight but failed. I wondered what this girl would do next.

"Do you really believe that you can walk because Si blessed you?"

"If destiny brings us together..." Indra pulled my hand to play with, then used his finger to poke my palm for Kingkan to see as if to show how much we love each other. "Then the miracle that makes In walk must be real."

“…”

"Nee-si"

Everything fell silent again. I squinted at the sweet-faced person who had suddenly become a shockingly fierce person. It gave me such a husbandly feeling that my heart was beating wildly. Just as I was about to agree and go along with it, Indra interrupted me as if he had remembered something.

“Oh, and it would be better if you don’t drag Mae In or anyone else into our relationship. It doesn’t seem mature…it doesn’t look like it’s a relationship.

Mr. King Loei”

“…”

"Please, don't do it again or I won't give you any face."

Kingkan... She lost!

# CHAPTER 34 : Stories in the Car

Gingkan looked at us both and shrugged a little like someone who was trying to keep a straight face, even though it was obvious that she was still not ready. In the end, the mature old man laughed a little to cover up the awkwardness.

“What’s wrong? Why do you all look so serious? What did you do, Ging? I can’t remember at all… But never mind, the weather looks hot today. It might be inconvenient to work. Ging would like to go back first.”

"I won't send you off," I added with a sense of contentment. But Prang, who was standing not far away, did her duty by walking Kingkan off and leaving me alone with Ong In.

“Darling… You’re so big today. I’m surprised.”

“You already know, right?”

"What do you know? If I knew I loved you, I would have known for a long time."

Go tell her, "I know your mother called you to talk to her because you were the one who brought this up.

I don't know when Indra figured it out, but as you know, I always instill in the sweet-faced person that coincidences don't really exist in this world.

"It's not difficult to guess."

"Didn't you say you never told anyone about us? But you told this to Kingkan. You're lying again!"

"Wait in!"

Indra, who initially acted brave in front of Kingkan, now ran upstairs angrily and is currently whipping me without stopping. In fact, I'm comparing her to me. What she is now is even more painful than hitting me with a whip soaked in dog piss.

“You were fine just now. Why are you angry again now?”

"It was fine just now because he was still here. I don't want him to feel like he won. But since he's gone, it's our time."

“Yes, this is our time.” I still smiled brightly and pretended not to care. I was going to play it cool and smile. Everything would be fine. However, Indra did not let it go like that.

“You lie to In all the time. You’ve never been honest. You lied that you never told him about this. How could he say that?”

“It’s been so long, you probably don’t remember.”

“I don't want to listen anymore.”

“In…”

Ong In's eyes welled up with tears, and the tears of a sweet-faced person had always been my weakness, and would probably continue to be. She expected me to make a more reasonable excuse, but I kept making excuses and seemed to be an even bigger liar than before. Ong In's feeling of resentment made me shiver a little, so I could only stand there, watching Ong In go upstairs. Until I realized that I shouldn't let it go.

As time passed, it seemed too late when the sweet-faced person locked the bedroom door, not allowing me to go in and talk to her. So, all I could do now was knock on the door with a sweet voice to plead for sympathy.

“India, open the door for me. Why are you locking the door?”

“…”

"Tell me what you're upset about, so I can defend myself."

"You are lying"

The shouting from the room just behind the door made me close my eyes.

“C, sorry.”

“You like him so much, you told him about us and chose to lie to In about it.”

"Si doesn't want you to think too much because she knows how much you're shaken by Kingkan. Si already told you, right? That he intentionally came to destroy our relationship. And he's succeeding. You can't let that girl succeed."

“He won’t succeed if you’re honest with what you say.”

“It’s not a big deal, In. I just want to save my feelings…” Before I could finish, the sweet-faced person yanked the door open from the inside and came face to face with me, looking extremely angry.

“Isn't that important?!”

I used the wrong word... It seems that avoiding the truth will only make things worse. Damn it! I didn't mean anything bad by doing that, but it seems that Indra doesn't understand at all.

"Because the past is not important, C doesn't want you to think too much about it, so I don't want to talk about it anymore. You could say I'm just saying it casually. Didn't C tell you not to let it happen?

He came in.”

“He won’t be able to influence you if you don’t give him any importance,” the sweet-faced man snapped at me and walked into the room. I grabbed Indra’s arm and pulled him to face me.

"C doesn't care about him. C doesn't even want to look at his face."

“That’s because you like him so much that you hate him so much.”

"In, don't cause trouble!"

"How dare you yell at me when you're in the wrong!" Ong In was like a nut out of shape, pushing my chest as if looking for trouble even though he had never used violence before. As for me, I was staggering. After I regained my composure, I rushed towards the sweet-faced person and hugged her tightly. However, I was pushed away. He held me back and stopped me. Finally, Ong In calmed down and started crying.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I was really wrong.”

“Sob.” Indra lightly hit my back like a weak little child, wanting to resist but feeling pitiful and defeated. “You scolded In.”

“I’m sorry, my good person. C is sorry…Didn’t C tell you not to be shaken by what Kingkan did? That woman came to us with a purpose. Ever since you brought her in, we’ve been arguing or being mean to each other. C knows that you’ve tried to be strong, but you can’t defeat her. That woman comes as a heartless person. She’ll do anything to hurt C.”

“Why would he do that if he doesn’t love you?”

“He probably came to get revenge. He used your past to destroy you by dragging your mother into it. He’s messing with you by making your present hot. That’s making you nervous and suspicious. What’s next is the future, which is uncertain.”

Indra paused for a moment to listen and process the matter in his mind before She breathed in her tears and began to regain her senses, then pulled away from me and stared at me.

“Right now, I want to be alone. I feel like I did something wrong. In is the one who brought him to you. It’s crazy.” The sweet-faced woman raised her hand and buried it in her face. “It’s like bringing a beautiful maid into the house for her husband to rape.”

"You didn't bring him here. It was Prang."

"But In still called him to come back."

“You’re making the wrong comparison. That servant brought in thieves to rob our house. What kind of person do you think Xi is?”

"Well, he's a flirtatious husband."

“Oh my, is Position C a husband?”

“Don’t try to change the subject to make it sound soft. I still feel hurt that you lied.”

"Then what must you do to make yourself better?"

“I don’t know. I don’t want to do anything. I don’t want to see your face yet. Give me some time to process it by myself… I’m trying to be a reasonable person.”

“If you’re really trying to be rational, you have to be more assertive.”

“It will make In firmly established only if you yourself have to make In believe that there is nothing in the bamboo grove either.” Indra bit his lip and spoke his thoughts out loud. “Since you met him, you are not the same clever and cunning Sai Si as before. Sometimes you make In think that maybe you are wavering in your old love.”

“Cee isn’t sensitive to him at all, it’s just…” I pursed my lips and admitted honestly, “He knows CD too much. He always makes Cee look like a child.”

“And he did it. Now you’re totally screwed.”

"Then she must have done something."

"If it makes things worse, then don't do it."

Lord Indra spoke as if he was looking down on me, and that made me feel a pang. That's right, where did the great Saisi go? Why did I become someone who couldn't fight back at anything, even though I was able to keep up with almost everything?

“It won’t get any worse. C will make it better. You just have to be more firm… You know that C loves you, right?”

“…”

"If you know, trust C a lot. If you just trust him, he definitely can't do anything to us."

“I want to think about something by myself. Can you please go out first?”

“But if you think about it alone, it might make you weaker.

“No, I want to be mindful and talk to myself alone. You go out before"

"But..."

Indra pushed me towards the door and closed it behind me. I stared at the wooden door with displeasure and leaned against it, thinking about what to do next. The past was taking revenge, causing the present to waver.

While I was feeling irritated, a message on my phone rang out. When I opened it and read it, I saw that it was from Kingkanchan, who had sent it to me as I wanted to annoy her.

“It's not over yet.”

I was already nervous, and when this happened to me, I didn't hesitate to call her and yell at the woman who had ruined my relationship with Indra.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!”

I came out to talk outside the house and yelled at the person on the other end of the line in frustration. Kingkan laughed loudly.

[I'm someone who loves and misses you. But what happened just now? You came out looking good. Did you have a fight with your girlfriend?]

“Just tell me what you want to do. I don’t want to play this game anymore.”

[Then, would you like to come out and meet me?]

"Why do you have to meet me? If you want something, just say it. Don't be dramatic."

[You don't dare. Let's do this...if you come out and meet me this time, I'll stop harassing you.]

“Let’s be sure. How can someone like you be trusted?”

[But if you don't do anything, it will only make the couple break up even more. You know that I'm good at it]

I closed my eyes tightly and clenched my fists. If I had a gun, I would carry it with me and shoot until the blood splatters everywhere. That would be the end of it.

"Where"

[You really did come out. I was afraid it would break that much. Kick]

“Don’t act like you’re trying to get by, or I won’t go.”

The meeting place was a school, which to be honest, I was quite surprised about, but I went anyway.

"I hope this time it ends as you say."

[Definitely finished]

After hanging up, I went upstairs again and knocked on the door before having to do what Indra hates again by lying.

"In...Si has something to do outside. I'll be back around 7pm."

“…”

The person inside the room who still locked the door to prevent me from entering did not make any sound or answer. I could only sigh and walk away with my head down, grabbing the car keys and driving out immediately. I had an appointment with Kingkan at four in the afternoon, which I estimated should take about an hour. And as soon as I arrived at the school, I had to do it.

He looks grumpy because he doesn't like children.

The children's voices are piercing my ears, and the smell of the students doing activities all day is also there.

***Knock. Knock. Knock.***

The knock on the car window made me stretch a bit, imagining the smell of those children. When I saw that it was Kanchana, I rolled down the car window and looked at my ex-lover with a look of distrust.

“Why are you making that face?”

"Then why did you make an appointment to meet at a place like this?"

"Why is this like this?"

"There are a lot of kids. Why did you come here after school?"

"Come to pick up the child."

"Ha?"

“I’ll give you a ride to take my child to a tutoring class,” the beautiful teacher winked at me. For a moment, my heart skipped a beat. Even though she was in her forties, she was still as beautiful and charming as she was back then. That made me feel uneasy and guilty for letting my heart skip a beat like that.

“Speaking as a joke”

"No playing... Luk Kaew, over here, kid." Kingkan waved her hand and shouted, calling someone in the group of kids who were gradually coming out from behind the school. When one of them heard the call, he waved back and ran over with his school uniform on. "This is Brother C. Come quickly and say hello."

“Hello,” the adorable third-grade child bent her knees slightly in a wai, so shockingly I raised my hands to return the wai. After judging their body language, it seemed like they were mother and child, just as they had said.

“Hurry up and get in the car. Today, we’re going to catch a ride with Phi Chi to go to extra classes.”

“Wow, what a beautiful car!” The little boy made a face of delight and opened it.

The back door opened and my mother got in and sat next to me, with a seatbelt fastened on her. I looked at Kingkan with annoyance. Even though we had arranged to meet and talk, she acted as if I was a driver who was taking us around.

“Drive to Ratchawithi area, drop off the child first, then we’ll talk.”

I didn't say anything because I didn't want to scold my mother in front of my daughter who was completely unaware. Throughout the ride together, I secretly observed Kingkan talking gently to her daughter, asking what had happened that day and what she enjoyed the most. After more than thirty minutes, after weaving through the traffic, I drove both of them to their destination. Kingkan got out of the car to take her daughter to her tutoring school, and she kept inviting me to get off with her.

"No, I'm in a hurry to talk and go back. You don't expect Xi to drive you home, do you?"

“I actually expected it. The driver is smooth and the air conditioning is cool. But if you don’t send me, that’s okay… Are you really going to sit in the car like this?”

“It’s true, there’s no stopping to talk. You hurry to send your child and hurry back. Talk, I’ll wait.”

“Pretend to be serious. Then wait a moment. I’ll be back soon.”

The beautiful teacher held her daughter's hand and walked through the mall's entrance. I was sitting and waiting, thinking about what to ask her before I was startled when I received a message from Indra asking me where I was and what I was doing.

**India:** Where are you?

**See:** I'm talking to a client outside. It'll be over in about two hours. Do you need anything?

**India:** I'll wait to eat too.

**See:** No need to wait, you can eat right away.

**India:** Where are you now?

**See:** It's right around the house.

**India:** Where is the neighborhood?

**See:** It's a department store.

**India:** Do you talk to customers at the mall?

**See:** He is comfortable like that. Why are you asking so many questions today?

Indra didn't reply anything, he just pressed read, and that made me feel a little uncomfortable like someone who knew he had lied again. But not long after, the guilt was put away when Kingkan walked back to the car and opened the passenger door next to her, got in, and closed it lazily a little.

“I’m sorry I had to meet you here, but it was really necessary. If you want to talk, you want to talk. Your child has to come and get you.”

“When did you have a child?”

"Since the wedding was ruined."

I frowned, trying to count the time, before I had a face like I was haunted.

"Were you pregnant then?"

“Yes”

"I'm pregnant with Wivat."

“Oh…you also remember the father of his child. Oh, I forgot. You were also in a relationship with Wat. Do you know that you were the reason why Wiwat almost committed suicide?”

I've heard this story before because after I ruined the wedding and stole Gingkan's boyfriend, I dumped him without any further ado. Since he was a sensitive person and was thinking of leaving his fiancée for me, he should have learned his lesson. And I believe that people who say they will commit suicide usually don't die.

Because people who want to die won't tell anyone...because they're afraid that someone will stop them from dying.

"But he didn't die."

"Aum, he's not dead."

"So this child is Wat's son, right? Where did his father go?"

"Already remarried"

“Didn’t you tell him that you have a child together?”

“I told him, but he didn’t believe me… He said that a woman like him had been involved with someone, I don’t know. So this child is not his.” Kingkan’s manner of telling the story was not hurt at all. “If you don’t believe me, it’s okay. I can raise him myself. Luk Kaew is so cute. It’s just the two of us, mother and daughter, like this.”

If I think back, the father of the child was already a good-for-nothing seller. From what I have personally experienced, he just shied away from responsibility so that he would not have anything to tie himself to Gingkan. It was a wise decision. If the man did not accept, he should have raised the child himself.

"Let's get to the point." I don't want to hear about the drama of the past.

Too much, because I don't want to get distracted. "Why did you come and disturb Si and In?"

“Let’s get to the point quickly. Then, let’s answer briefly and cut to the chase… because I’m annoyed.”

"What?"

“How can people have everything? The world is so unfair. From the perspective of someone whose marriage was ruined, a single mother, and her husband left her,” Kingkan shrugged slightly, unfazed. “Personally… I’ve become well-off, have money to spend, become an inspiration who is full of emptiness, have many disciples, and are surrounded by men and women. So I think there must be someone who has caused me pain.”

“Nonsense. What’s the point of it?”

“It’s fun to be the nemesis who seeks revenge like this. I understand why the ghosts in the drama do it,” Kingkan laughed sarcastically. “And then when I met Khun Ong-in, I felt even angrier. Why did I end up with such a nice woman? Why did good things happen to me alone? All this time, he kept thinking that people like me have to live alone, that I don’t want anyone, and that no one wants me.”

"So you came back because you couldn't stand that C met a good person, right? If you think about it, it's ridiculous. Why don't you take the time to raise your child?"

“You raised your child well. See? You grew up so cute. But it would have been better if you hadn’t listened to the wedding, if you hadn’t taken your child’s father away… If you hadn’t taken revenge and stayed still at that time, that child would have had a father who would pick him up and drop him off at school. As for him, he would have probably become an associate professor by now.”

“Don’t just blame others. You caused this to happen first. If you hadn’t gotten involved with Si, this kind of love affair wouldn’t have happened.”

“We have to look back and see that it was because I was the one who approached him. If I hadn’t flirted with him, he wouldn’t have gotten involved with me.”

"He doesn't even know I have a husband!" I blurted out in an annoyed tone like I used to, but Kingkan just laughed.

“And if you know, will you stop like that? Try thinking back to your own habits before talking about this.”

"Don't act like you're the only one at fault. How can you make a loud noise if you clap with one hand?"

“That’s right. I have to admit that… back then, you were very charming. Both your eyes and your gestures, even when you were in your student uniform.” Gingkan reached out and gently stroked my jaw. “I still remember the time we were cuddling in the classroom.”

I brushed my old teacher's hand away and glared at him.

“Stop doing that. What do you want? Do you want money? Or do you want to

fight? Just say it.”

“Wow, you’re so impatient. You’re thinking shallowly. Do you think he’s approaching you this time just for money or wants to hit you and hurt you? He’s a doctorate, you know.”

"Then what do you want? Just tell me."

"Do you want me?" Gingkan looked at me and smiled. This time, she didn't act like before. She just spoke jokingly like before. "I want you to be mine. We live in the same house. We have a dog. We have a swimming pool. We have a big bedroom. We have a wardrobe. Can you give me one?"

“Delirium!”

“I already thought it wouldn’t be easy. Sigh.” The former teacher pretended to sigh before reaching out to caress my thighs seductively. “Then don’t be greedy. Let’s go. Do you want to have sex?”

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Honestly, I want to... I admit that before I met him in person, he wanted to tease me because he really disliked me. But when I met him... it was like he lit a fire inside me.

“Something makes me want to get excited,” Gingkanjan looked at me with the same charm as in the past. “Think of the smell of me, the movement, the cry, the wetness between my legs.”

“…”

"If we do it once, he won't bother me again. What do you think?"

I stared at Kanchana, amazed by her straightforward request. I didn't answer, as I was evaluating how much of what I said was true, or even if it was true, what should I do next?

Let it go and everything will go back to normal. Or, reject the one-legged rabbit and solve the problem.

I'm the type who likes to do things quickly, especially in this kind of thing. It's not difficult for my common sense. But when I thought of doing something bad, Indra's face floated up, and that made me shake my head.

“Don’t get mad. Do you think I’m an easy-going person or something?”

“It used to be easy. We just looked at each other and did it in the car. This is a good place,” Gingkan reached out and stroked my leg seductively. “We did it in the car like our first time.”

"No...kiss!"

Before I could even refuse, Kingkan rushed forward and pressed her lips to my mouth, then tried to unbutton my shirt. I tried to push her away, but it seemed that my ex-lover was stronger, or maybe it was me who seemed to be in a daze for a moment. However... at the moment when I was confused and thinking of a way to solve the problem, out of the corner of my eye I saw Ong In standing in front of the car, looking at us. Both of us had tears in our eyes.

“Crazy! In!”

I pushed Kanchana out and was about to open the car door and run after her, but the person next to me grabbed my arm and laughed happily.

“What the heck? The engine just started.”

“You know!”

"Well.....that's about it."

“Damn it! Why didn’t I think of that!”

"Because I'm feeling drowsy."

“In!”

# CHAPTER 35 : Wrong Plan

I ran down from the car after India and grabbed the sweet-faced woman's arm to turn her around and talk to her. But that red face filled with anger shook my hand away violently like someone who had run out of patience, no longer had the reason or logic to think things through.

"In, listen. What you see is not what you think. If you really think about why you're here, why you see things like that."

“That kind of image would not have happened if you didn’t cooperate.”

"Cee didn't cooperate. Gingkan set up the scene. Be mindful," I shouted at Ong In when I saw that he was about to run away. But it turned out to make everything look worse, like I was doing something wrong and was angry to cover it up, something like that.

“Even if he really set it up, do you have to cooperate with him? He kissed you, and you didn’t even brush it off. Ever since he came in, you pretended to reject it, but you played along with everything. How can you expect In to think?”

"There's no need to think about anything. I didn't do anything."

“If you’re not going to do anything, how are you going to do anything in the car? Do you think I’m a fool and a buffalo that you can drag around with you wherever you want?”

"If you believe him, you're a fool!"

We shouted at each other fiercely. The shocked face of Indra at being spoken to in such a way made me quickly reduce my anger because I knew it was wrong. When I reached out to grab the sweet-faced person to talk to her, she was pushed in the chest without any concern. What's going on?

“Oh, now In is really a fool. It’s been like this since I met you. In should believe in herself… A playboy can never change. Even though you try not to be sensitive, admit it, you are sensitive. If In didn’t come, you would have fucked in the car already, like you and him used to do.”

"If you're like this, I won't put up with it anymore."

“You don’t have to endure it. Just break up. I can’t take it anymore!”

“Innn!!”

Indra went back to his car and started it, ready to leave. I stood in front of the car, defiantly preventing the sweet-faced person from moving anywhere.

Pfttttttttttttttt…..

The horn from Indra's car honked loudly and for a long time until the security guard ran out to see what was happening. But I still stood there. The loud sound of the car horn couldn't do anything to me. You mustn't go anywhere during this hot-headed time. Rushing out will make our relationship shorter and shorter, and I won't let that happen!

"Go out!"

“I won’t go out. I won’t go anywhere. You have some reason. I told you that what you see is not what you think.”

"Go out!!!"

Indra shouted one last time and dove back into the car, shifting gears, stepping on the brakes and revving the engine to warn me again, before quickly stepping on the gas and braking as I fell over in shock.

"In... are you really going to hit C?"

"If I can kill you, I will!!!"

I got up again, but had to jump out of the way as Indra turned the corner, quickly and without any hesitation, and quickly drove down to the lower level.

“Dammit!”

When I regained my senses, I quickly went back to the car and started it up, ready to leave immediately. I couldn't help but turn to chase after Kingkan who was still sitting in the car, smiling and watching the event with delight.

“Go down.”

"I'm not going."

"Don't make me slap you."

"I'll slap you, but you won't leave."

“Fuck you!”

Because there was nothing more I could do, I decided to drive after him, even though Kingkan was sitting with me. There was laughter beside me, like someone who was pleased with the event that I had staged going so well. Even though I was really upset, I didn't have time to care about it, I just drove after him like that.

“Love will be more stable if the other person trusts them more.”

“We were actually stable, but you shook it up.”

“That’s not stable. Your boyfriend is too weak, innocent and naive. If you were a normal person with a little bit of sense, you would have to think and reconsider why another woman suddenly sent you a message to come to the mall. Why did you accidentally see your boyfriend kissing his ex in the car? You can tell it was a set-up. Only a fool would believe what they see.”

"Don't blame me, okay? You intended for it to be like this. You entrusted it to him so he wouldn't trust you."

"That's why I said I was stupid. Hahaha." Gingkan's laughter made me endure it because I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to concentrate enough to drive after the pretty girl who was now speeding up to get away from me. "Love is like this. It makes people do stupid things without thinking. If you use your brain a little bit, you'll know that this is a set-up."

"You added fuel to the fire."

“Then why did you let it succeed? It reminds me of the past. Someone was so angry and jealous that they ruined the wedding. Look, your anger has affected your future like today.”

“Why don’t we just go our separate ways? If you don’t feel anything anymore,

just let it go.”

“…”

“Do you still feel this?”

I turned to look at my ex-lover who was laughing at first, but when I talked about it, he became silent, neither accepting nor denying. I could only shake my head, sigh, and speak loudly and clearly.

"C loves him"

"Know"

"No one can destroy our love."

"It's already done. Otherwise, would Indra have driven through like that?"

"Even if you succeed, Xi will never stop loving him."

“Even if he doesn’t love himself anymore? He doesn’t look like himself at all, Sisi… A person who doesn’t care about anyone, who only wants to win, today he’s acting weak and punching.”

"Because he has changed, so what? Even if In doesn't love him, he will

Love In as before, I will not succeed. Even if we can be separated, he will make Indra come back."

“Did you love him like this before?”

“No,” I answered loudly and clearly, but Kingkan shook her head in disbelief.

"If you don't love me, then why did you ruin the wedding like that?"

“It’s like what you said, he likes to win… I’m just one of the first people he had fun with, to find out who knows our bodies better than other women.”

“…”

“And he taught Indra to know the happiness that comes from women, just like he did.”

Kanchana turned to look at me with shining eyes and reached out to angrily pull the steering wheel, causing the car to swerve to the side and almost lose control. I was so shocked and angry that I raised my left arm and hit my ex-lover's arm with a loud bang, trying to make him stop being crazy.

“What the hell is going on? What if the whole car dies?”

“Then die. Good… I’m bored with being alive. There’s no happiness in it.”

"Then if I die, who will my child be with? Don't you love your child anymore?!"

When I shouted like that, Gingkan seemed to be stunned, suddenly remembering that she was not alone like before. I secretly saw my mother's love reflected in her eyes, and she bared her fangs in anger.

“Don’t do anything crazy like this again. You’re an intelligent and knowledgeable person, but you act like a fool who wants to die just because things don’t go your way. This is immature. The people I’ve been with have thought it through and made choices. Don’t make me feel like the first woman I had was a mistake!” I looked over.

Still on the road, he found that Indra's car was missing. "That's crazy. I was just talking. This is the car that's gone, see?"

"Huh, we'll meet soon. There it is... Hey!" Kingkan's voice shouted in shock when the car of the sweet-faced person that we had just caught up to suddenly swerved and went off the road. When I came to my senses and saw that, I slammed on the brakes because the car in front of me, before reaching Ong In, braked suddenly and accidentally hit the back of the car hard. The airbags from all the cars deployed and bounced and hit my face until I felt a dull pain all over.

"Ouch..." The sound of Kingkan who was hit like that groaned out first. As for me, who was still dazed and confused, I looked at the condition of my car before quickly untying my seatbelt and getting out to see what was happening. I found that the hood of my car was completely crumpled. As for the owner of the car that braked, he got out of the car looking upset and shouted foul language.

“Holy shit, the car just backed up. It’s over… Why are you driving like that? Are you avoiding a dog!” The voice that was cursing wasn’t directed at me, but at Ong In’s car, which had now swerved off the road. The owner of the car that was still cursing ran to check on Ong In and then at the dog that caused the incident that had run off the road. As for me, who was still in shock, I ran over to make sure if the car really belonged to the pretty-faced person I was following.

Same color car

Same registration

But it might not be Indra...it's not.

"Cee, what are you doing? Call an ambulance!" Kingkan, who had run down after me, regained her senses before shouting at me, who was still in shock.

"Why follow?"

"You're in the car."

"It's not."

"C consciousness"

“Not…again.” I trembled and climbed over the side barrier to get off. I went to the mirror to make sure. Indra was unconscious and stuck to his belt, but he was bleeding from his head and nose, which made him look terrifying. “Can’t you please not use it, In… In? Open it. Can you hear me, In!”

I tried to open the car door, but because the car was quite damaged, the door couldn't be opened. Gingkan, who had always been a problem, now acted as the most useful person by calling an ambulance and the police from the emergency number. When she saw that I was trying to open the door, she yelled before raising her hand and slapping me in the face, bringing me back to my senses with a loud bang!

"Si... listen. Wait for the ambulance and rescuers to come. Right now, we can't do anything. We can't move In's body. Right now, Si can only stay strong and wait to tell the ambulance and rescuers what happened so they can help in the right way. Si, stop crying!"

“What should I do? Will In be okay? What should I do?”

"You don't have to do anything."

“There must be something he can do. There must be something!”

Kanchana pulled me into a hug and gently rubbed my back like someone who was more mature and sensible. I cried so hard, afraid that something bad would happen. I wasn't ready to lose anyone, especially you....

Lord Indra, I cannot lose you!

About ten minutes later, rescuers and an ambulance arrived to help Ong In get out of the car. Because the car was stuck on the side of the road, the front of the car was completely crushed. The body of the sweet-faced person was stuck inside. The officers had to work together to pry it out because the car had run over the sweet-faced person's legs. Judging from the extremely difficult rescue, I couldn't help but imagine that the little person might have been torn into two halves, one body.

Half of the legs from having to use a metal cutter to cut the car body like that.

“In!”

I called out to her. After about an hour of rescue, the sweet-faced girl was successfully rescued and carried onto a stretcher and sent to an ambulance. I didn't hesitate to jump up and sit with her and we sat together.

"Let me ask you about your history. Name, surname, chronic illnesses, and allergies to any medications."

“I only know her name. I don’t know her medical history… When she was a child, she couldn’t walk. I don’t know if it will help much.” I looked at Indra’s leg, which had a pressure mark and blood seeping out of the torn pants. “Will her leg be okay?”

“I can’t give you an answer yet. Once you get to the hospital, you should be able to do a more detailed examination. Relax.”

“Sob, please help her. Don’t let anything happen to In.”

Ong In was quickly rushed to the hospital because of the traffic light signal and people here were beginning to know how to act when they saw an ambulance according to international standards. As soon as it arrived, many doctors and nurses came to pick up the sleeping body and immediately took it to the emergency room. As for me, I could only stand in front of the room, not knowing what to do except bite my nails, pace back and forth, and then throw myself down and cry.

Why is it like this? How did it get to this point?

“See”

Kanchana's voice rang out. As for me, who was searching for the cause of the whole thing, when I heard that, I stood up and raised my hand to slap my exlover without any shame. The loud sound of "slap" echoed throughout the hospital. The beautiful woman's body shook from the force of the slap. She just stood there, not responding at all. Before turning to look at me with cold eyes.

“Does it make anything better?”

“Because of you!” There was no more consideration. Even before I spoke back, I was still on the line of knowing that she was older and more mature, so it caused some fear. But this time, it was different. Because of what Kingkan did,

Ong In was like that. “If you didn’t come in, the matter of See and In would have gone well anyway.”

"Is it his fault alone?"

“It must be you alone. Who else is more at fault?”

"You're not at fault at all, are you?"

“He didn't do anything at all.”

“Whatever you sow, that’s what you will reap. If you didn’t do it to them first, why would they bother you in the past? Right?” Gingkan continued to speak slowly and sighed. “Other people’s faults are as big as a mountain, but our faults are as small as a strand of hair. We’ve hurt many people already. It’s just our turn now, that’s all.”

"What does In have to do with it? He doesn't know you. He didn't do anything to you."

"But he loves you, Saisi."

“…”

“He is just another person who has been destroyed by you. It’s just that the way he received it is different from other people. And this is the punishment for what you did to others. Now you will know what it feels like to have your heart broken.”

"Are you saying that Indra driving into the ditch was a plan? Did you plan it like that?"

“No… Khun In is just unlucky enough to be in this story. He never intended to hurt Khun In even a little bit. In fact, he wanted to help Khun In escape from suffering. Being able to leave someone like me is considered a blessing.”

"Kingkan!" I went straight to grab the collar of the talented teacher who was showing no emotion at the moment. It would have felt better if she had made an annoyed or scared face, but no. She had better control of her sanity than me. Right now, I felt like a crazy person when compared to her.

“Regarding your matter, In, I feel very guilty. She shouldn’t have to get hurt like this. But if you ask how I feel about the consequences… I don’t feel bad.”

"Are you still human?"

“Seeing yourself hurt is something he’s always wanted to see. Today, he finally saw it.” Gingkanjan stared at me, then grabbed my hand and twisted it to release the collar of her shirt. “How does it feel when your heart breaks?”

“…”

“That’s how I feel when everyone comes into my life. And then I do that to them. Now you know what it’s like to meet someone like me.”

“She must be very happy.”

"I don't feel bad, but if you ask me if I feel happy,"

“…”

Kanchana placed both her hands on my cheeks and answered with a sigh. It was a feeling that I could sense that she herself was not happy.

"Nothing at all"

"Why did you do that? Why did you do that?!"

I fell to my knees and cried out loud. Kingkan, who was supporting my head, still answered slowly.

"Because I still love myself."

"Then if you do this, do you think he'll come back to you?"

Kanchana shook her head and sighed.

"It's all gone wrong."

Kingkan has already fled back, while I am still waiting for the doctor to come out and report the progress in helping Indra, how is the sweet-faced one doing? I have never believed in sacred things. I may have asked before, but I asked without expecting anything. This is the first time I have sincerely prayed, asking for all my merit to be sent to Indra to keep him safe. After this, if you want me to become a monk, to be a good person, not eating meat for seven days, I will accept it.

While I was crying and clasping my hands in front of the emergency room, Indra's family arrived at the hospital with tears streaming down their faces. Especially my mother, an elderly person, when she saw me, she immediately came over to ask about my symptoms, even though she already knew some of the details.

“Tell me, why did Nong In crash her car? How did it happen? Normally, Indians drive very carefully. They don’t drive fast.”

I'll start again because the real fault is all my fault.

“Sea and In had a little argument, so...”

"Is it because of you that Nong In is like this?!" My mother, who was already upset, immediately yelled at me when she heard the cause. My father, who was standing next to me, quickly pulled his wife to his side and talked to me in a calmer manner.

"What did the doctor say?"

"I haven't said anything yet. I disappeared for a while."

But as I was about to tell the details, the doctor who came out of the emergency room immediately asked for Indra's relatives. We all rushed to him because we wanted to hear his condition and found that India had a fractured skull, a broken arm, and cracked ribs from the impact of the airbag. His internal organs were not torn in any way, and that gave me some relief.

“Why are you sighing! Little In shouldn’t have gotten hurt because of you!” The mother still wants to find someone to take responsibility for the incident.

Here, he turned the knife towards me as if he wanted to vent his anger.

“I’m sorry. This is really my fault.”

“And you still have the nerve to come here? Why did you come into my daughter’s life? You made him like this. You made his life miserable!” More...

I was shocked by those words and could only bow my head to accept my fate. The doctor who witnessed the incident cleared his throat and asked me to lower my voice. That was enough to calm my mother down a bit before she turned to talk to the doctor.

"So now can we go in and check on the symptoms?"

“After everything is done with the wound, the doctor will move you to the inpatient room. Relatives can request that you stay in a room...”

The details were the ones that Indra's family talked about, while I just stood there, not daring to express any opinions, and sneaked into the emergency room. Even though I wasn't allowed to, I wanted to see with my own eyes that the sweet-faced person was really okay, so that I could feel more at ease.

And as soon as I walked around the bed and saw Indra lying unconscious, tears fell from my eyes as if I felt sorry for him. At that time, I shouldn't have lied to you in the first place. I should have been more decisive. Otherwise, no one else would have been able to break us apart, even though we loved each other so much.

"In...don't be anything. I can't live without you."

I reached out to stroke the unconscious person's cheek, but it seemed to wake her up. Indra slowly opened his eyes, looking a little confused, and probably forgot that we had argued earlier.

“C...you?”

“Umm, don’t get up… you’re hurt.”

"Does it hurt? What's wrong, In?"

“Don't you remember?”

The sweet-faced person rolled her eyes slightly, as if she was reviewing her memory, before frowning as all the events came to mind.

"In swerved to avoid a dog that fell off the road."

“Hmm, you’re hurt now. Luckily, you’re okay. You almost made Si die of shock. Sob sob.” Then I started crying like a baby. Indra smiled a little as if he was fond of me and tried to move this and that.

“It hurts so much.”

“You have a broken head, a broken arm, and cracked ribs.”

"Wow, that's a lot. How did you survive?"

"You are not yet dead. Good people are protected by the Lord."

“Then why don’t you drive into the ditch? You’re a bad person.”

“You’re mean,” I laughed with tears in my eyes. Indra tried to move his legs and started frowning. “What is it?”

"Why can't I lift my leg?"

“Hm?” I looked at the sweet-faced person’s legs that didn’t budge. “You, are you moving?”

“Moved.”

“You might be confused. Don’t move yet.” I reached out to grab the sweetfaced person’s leg and offered encouragement. However, Indra, who was looking at my hand, began to sound serious.

"Are you holding In's leg?"

"Aum"

"Then why doesn't In feel anything?"

Eh...

"I can't move my legs. Why... why?"

As the voices we were talking to got louder, the doctors and nurses

He came straight to me, opened the curtains, and looked at me in confusion as to how I got in. However, he focused his attention on the patient first.

“Is there something wrong?”

“Doctor, what’s wrong with my leg? Why can’t I feel anything?”

“…”

“It can't move!”

# CHAPTER 36 : I Am Back

Even though Indra's leg was not injured in any way, she was unable to move it and did not feel anything, which confused the doctors who came to see her. In the end, they analyzed that it was likely a mental problem, but they did not know what caused the sweet-faced person to suffer so much pain that she could not walk again.

"Get out...get out all of you!"

Indra has been transferred to the inpatient department, but now he is in a state of chaos because the sweet-faced person keeps throwing tantrums because he cannot accept what he is going through.

“Nurse, help arrest the servant,” the doctor gave a decisive order, then kept the relatives away from the bed and closed the curtains so that they could not see how the treatment was being performed. The tantrum gradually became quieter, and when the curtains were opened, it was found that Indra had already fallen asleep.

“I gave him sleeping pills so that the patient would not be too stressed. We might have to ask his relatives to help him go back first until the servants come back. It will get better, then come back and visit.”

This is the doctor's order that everyone must strictly follow. After we left, I was about to walk back when my mother's palm hit me in the middle of my back with a loud "slap" sound that echoed throughout the corridor, drawing everyone's attention to turn around and look.

"Because of you! You made him like this. Nong In can't walk anymore...

because of you!"

My mother rushed to hit me again. I couldn't do anything but raise my hand to protect myself until my father had to come and stop me. He scolded my mother to stop yelling.

“What’s wrong with you? Isn’t this painful enough? If you do this to him, will Nong In feel better?!”

“But someone has to take responsibility for this, and that person has to be you,” my mother continued to curse at me, then pushed me in the chest. “From now on, don’t even dare come here again. Don’t even show your shadow. I will prevent you from seeing him. No matter when, Nong In has to be freed from you. He has to find someone better.”

“…”

"You are hell for Nong In!"

I drove home crying the whole way. As I held the steering wheel, my mind was processing what I should do next. My chest was filled with resentment. I felt too weak to have let Gingkan control this game. I used to be smarter, more capable, but after this happened, I couldn't do anything.

No... I won't suffer alone. It's my turn to get my revenge.

[Yes, boss. You called me so late at night. Is something wrong?]

My tone was serious, and that was enough to make the person on the other end of the line alert, because when I remind the other person to listen carefully, it is usually important and cannot be missed in every detail.

“Please help me find a person named Wivat Satcharik. Find out where his house is, who his family, parents, and siblings are. Please do it as soon as possible.”

[Yes, what's wrong with you, Boss? Your tone of voice isn't good at all.]

“If you can get it tomorrow morning, it would be great. Don’t let Xi down.”

I hung up the phone without explaining what I was going to do. I trusted my secretary so much that she could do it.

Gingkan... You forced me to be bad. Then you will know that if I really think about it, you are not my enemy!

“Boss... You look very different today.”

Today, I got up and got fully dressed since 7 am, changed my look by putting on red lipstick, and put on smart clothes, ready to face this cruel world. I smiled at Prang and raised my eyebrows.

“How is Sidu?”

“It was good.”

“Is it just good?”

"It's very good...but Prang can feel that the boss's eyes are sad. It's inconsistent with today's image," the excellent secretary replied in a roundabout way. "Prang knows about Khun In already."

"Hmm"

“Boss, what are you thinking about doing?”

"I've done a lot of things. But have you taken care of the things you asked for? The information."

Prang handed me a thin pink file containing information.

Of the evolution and the people around him, including the various jobs he is currently doing. I walked over to get some water and read everything in my hand, quickly scanning it, then nodded.

"You are very clever"

“Can’t you tell Prang what the boss is planning to do?”

“Doing evil, you don’t know about it.” I raised my eyebrows at Prang as I usually do when I’m sure of something. Some of the information here, I already knew so I didn’t have to read too much. Wiwat is the son of a Chinese man with a mother-in-law like in the dramas. I remember him mentioning to me when we were having an affair that his mother loved him so much that she didn’t want him to get married, which is why I ruined the wedding.

But I still got married again.

Judging from his wife's history, she seems to be quite plain and has a Chinese look to her. I guess her family has definitely found a way for her. She doesn't have any children yet... she can't have any or she doesn't intend to have any. I don't know, but I think this is interesting.

I closed the file and went to get the key, giving Prang a little order.

“Today, please buy some sunflowers and give them to In. Visit him often and take pictures to report to me.”

"Then why didn't the boss go himself?"

“…”

"Yes, Prang will take care of it."

I smiled sadly at the secretary before taking a deep breath like someone who had settled down and was thinking of doing something really bad without any mercy.

As I said, I am a good reader. After reading the information I got from Prang, I knew how to approach Wiwat's family. Don't get me wrong, I am not trying to steal someone's husband. On the contrary... I am trying to save Kingkan's family.

“I wonder why I believed it and came with you.”

Wiwat's mother, who was now in the car with me, grumbled after we met, feeling uncomfortable. I shrugged my shoulders a little, not really bothered by the old man next to me.

"Well, Mom has nothing to lose. She just wants to bring Mom to meet her grandchild with her own eyes."

“Then how can I know he is my grandson? There is no proof.”

“If you see it, then Mom will decide for herself whether he is her grandchild or not. A grandmother’s instinct should be able to tell.” I smiled and parked the car at the tutoring school, remembering well that Kingkan had brought her child here. And yes… the details of that child were in the file, stating where the tutoring school was, what subjects it was taught, and who the teacher was.

Prang is that good. “Come downstairs. Don’t you want to see her?”

"I don't really like children."

"I don't like other children, that's right. But I think it's an exception with my grandchildren."

I led the elderly into the building full of tutoring places before I searched for the tutoring school written in the file without haste. And not long after, I found it. It must be a ten-minute snack break now. There were kids walking around, chatting all over the place. I looked around and found “Look Kaew” standing licking ice cream at the vending machine, talking with a friend from another school while laughing and giggling. When I saw that, I couldn’t help but hurriedly walk straight up to talk to the young girl and smiled at her.

“Hello, Luk Kaew.”

“Phi Si”

“I’m so glad. I remember you after seeing you once.” I reached out and placed the ice cream on her little head, then used my finger to wipe the ice cream off. “You’ve already eaten it all. If you get it on your clothes, Mom will scold you.”

"That's right. I didn't realize that. Thank you."

"Where are you going, Mom?"

“Mom said she’s going shopping. She’ll pick me up later until school is over.”

"Oh, then can I borrow you for a moment? Someone wants to meet Luk Kaew."

“Who?”

"Grandmother"

"Grandmother?"

"That means father's mother."

"Father?"

Children at this age have a lot of unresolved issues hidden in their minds, and that is their parents. The more they see their friends all around, the more they feel that they are not as fortunate as others. No matter how well their single mother raises them, a ten-year-old is still ten years old. He still doesn't understand anything about that. And I'm about to do something wicked, like giving her hope that she will have everything complete and perfect like other children.

“Um, Grandma wants to meet you… that one.” I pointed at the elderly person standing in front of the glass door and looked straight at me. “Say hi to Grandma. That’s your dad’s mom.”

"Do you have a father?"

“Even if you never told me… Come on, I’ll take you to meet her. If you get to know Grandma, Dad will get to know you too.”

As an old man, even though he said he didn't like children, when he found out that this child was his grandchild, he couldn't help but feel fond of him. From someone who was full of prejudice and always cautious when he was with her, he now seemed to believe wholeheartedly that Luk Kaew was his grandchild, even though it hadn't even been scientifically proven yet.

She is my mother's niece.

Your nose looks like it has evolved a lot.

Your mouth is very similar to your mother's.

There's nothing wrong with having the same hair color as Wat.

Actually, I don't know what is similar, but if I keep hearing it like this over and over again, believe it or not, it's like parents who lie to themselves that the baby they give birth to looks exactly like them, even though in reality they can't even tell who it looks like.

I don't know if it's like a person or not.

To me, babies are like aliens. Apart from laughing and crying, I don't see anything that looks like a human being.

After giving Grandma enough words to make her granddaughter misshapen, it was my turn to feed this child a lot of information into her head.

"His mother doesn't want Lukkaew to meet his father."

"Why"

"He was afraid that Luk Kaew would love her father more than herself, so he refused to tell her the truth. Has our mother ever told him the truth?"

When she saw that I had slandered her mother like that, Luk Kaew made a face and put the ice cream she was putting into her mouth on top of hers in displeasure.

"Don't blame Lukkaew's mother. She never lied to Lukkaew."

The elderly person sitting next to my grandson, upon seeing that my little one was in a bad mood, quickly stroked my back affectionately and made a flirty sound at me, even though I had not believed him before.

“Don’t make the kid upset about this. Let’s just bring him here to get to know him.”

“Okay,” I smiled but still didn’t stop. “Let’s do this, Lukkaew. If you go back and meet your mother, try asking her… if she has a father or not. Mom will definitely say yes, but she will tell you… that her father is dead.”

"Your father isn't dead yet, dear," the new grandmother quickly interjected. She came up immediately and took out her wallet to show him a picture. "This is Lukkaew's father. He looks just like me."

"Then why has Dad never come to see Luk Kaew?"

"Because her father doesn't know that I exist. Her mother doesn't want her to know. She has to be smart. If she's fooled by her mother, there's no way she'll get first place."

I pretended to twist my words a little. Actually, the man already knew that Kingkan had a child, but he just didn't admit it. I was trying to create a good image for the father, so I had to make the mother the villain.

"What does this have to do with getting first place?"

I leaned forward and made eye contact with the crystal ball to get her to listen intently, and then ingrained this into my subconscious.

"Because how can I make you stupid, Luk Kaew?"

It seems like this should be enough. It should be enough to make Gingkan go crazy. And after knowing that my daughter disappeared with me and kept asking about her father, but for me, it still wasn't enough. I would make Lukkaew not want to go even one step closer to her mother.

As I was rejoicing in my success, my phone rang with a text message. It was Prang who sent me a picture of Indra sleeping with bandages and tear stains on his face, along with a report that said:

**Prang :** She just kept crying all the time, Boss. It's so pitiful.

I looked at the scene with a broken heart before quickly adjusting my expression to normal and turning back to talk to Lookkaew again. At first, I thought I would just make Kingkan have her child stolen away, but I will break her so much that even her child doesn't want it.

get close to her

She will be shunned by her children.

You will not be able to touch my child as I cannot approach Indra.

"And I have another important thing to tell you. Listen, Lukkaew... Lukkaew's mother..."

She will have to crawl on her knees and beg me to forgive her, Kingkan!

I intended to take Lukkaew to my tutoring school so that I could confront Kingkan when she came to pick her up. And it really happened. As a mother who was looking for her child until she was terrified, when she saw who Lukkaew was with, she almost screamed and lunged at her child, like a tigress ready to kill anyone who messed with her subordinates.

"Cee, you're playing too dirty!" Gingkan's fierce tone didn't care about the gazes of everyone who was looking at her. I smiled a little and pretended not to know.

“What? He hasn’t done anything yet. He just took Lukkaew to eat ice cream.

Don’t act like you’re crazy. You’re scared… right, Lukkaew?”

"You're not hurt anywhere, are you, my dear?" The good teacher checked her daughter's body to see if there were any wounds and asked again, "Where did he take you? What did he do? Tell me, Mommy."

“Take me to have ice cream with Grandma.”

“Grandma? I don’t have a grandma.”

"How could she not? Grandma is his father's mother."

“What nonsense are you talking about? If Luk Kaew doesn’t have a father, how can she have a grandmother?”

“Oh, you came from a bamboo tube? Oh, you have no father,” I teased, making fun of the marble out loud so that the children in the area could hear. I knew that it was a shame to be

This kind of teasing makes children feel embarrassed, and I don't know why they should be embarrassed. It's like being teased by your parents' names and feeling so angry that smoke comes out of your ears, even though it's nothing at all.

"I have a father. Brother Si told Lukkaew himself...right, Mom? I have a father, right?"

"My father has passed away."

I smiled at the corner of my mouth. As I said, I had fed something into this kid's head. When a kid realizes that his mother is fooling him, it leads to another story that he might be stupid...

And you won't get first place.

"Mom is lying." Luk Kaew immediately stepped back, running away from her mother with fear of something, until Kingkan looked at her daughter with incomprehension.

"What's wrong with you, child?"

"Mom, don't touch me. I'm scared."

“What are you afraid of?”

"I'm afraid of Mom...!"

That disgusted look made Gingkan feel pain, so much so that she showed it on her face and turned to look at me with the intention of killing me right there and then.

“What are you doing to my daughter?”

“How rude! Are you no longer a stranger?” I laughed with a sense of superiority, feeling satisfied. “The kids will learn this later.”

"What are you doing?"

“I didn’t do anything.” I looked at the crystal ball and smiled kindly. “I just told him that his mother….”

“Why me?”

“It's AIDS.”

AIDS is not something scary. If we use the term “immunodeficiency”, it is just a disease that makes us sick easily. It is not something to feel sorry about because

I have enough knowledge, but little children who don't understand this word, when they hear it, they are shocked. Almost everyone, plus I showed the picture on my phone to my child to scare him away. Nine-year-old children are very easy to trick.

Today's story ended as I wanted, and quite satisfactory. Wivat's mother was still looking at the dozens or twenty pictures of her grandson on her phone with great delight, so I couldn't help but ask him about it.

“Do you believe that it’s your grandchild? You haven’t proven anything yet.”

“I believe... Luk Kaew looks like her father so much. How could it not be? Besides, I remember that daughter-in-law very well. After months and years, she is definitely Wat’s daughter.”

“But to be sure, Mom, it would be better if you get it checked again,” I handed the hair wrapped in a plastic bag to the elderly person. “Then you can love him fully.”

“Why are you doing this?”

"Well...he's probably a good person."

I replied with a smile. There was no point in saying why I did it. If I benefited myself, that should be enough. That's all.

“What will you gain by doing this? I still don’t see any benefit that will come to you.”

“I think it’s satisfying.”

"What did Kingkan do to you that you have to do this to him?"

"He took away the person I love the most."

"Then what will you get if you do this?"

I smiled coldly at Wiwat's mother.

"In order to have your mother and Wiwat snatch that child for themselves, they also took away the person that Kingkanchan loved the most."

# CHAPTER 37 : The Best Thing That Can Be Done

Even though I went around bombing people, one thing I never forgot was visiting Indra. I chose to come when everyone had already gone home. Even though the nurse said that visiting hours were over, I asked the people in the ward to be lenient with a small bribe, such as some fruit or some kind of gift that would cheer up the people here. The reward I received was only being able to peek at Indra through the glass door. I didn't dare to go in to visit her. I could only stand there and watch, to make sure she was okay. Then I gave the nurse some flowers to put in a vase every day.

“Seven flowers? Where can I plant them?”

“You can plant them in every room. The walkway is full of yellow flowers. It’s very pleasing to the eye.”

Seven flowers means she has been staying here for seven days already.....

There will be more flowers if you stay longer. I want Indra to be mentally better because I heard from the doctor that she can't feel anything in her legs.

It's all from the inside out, making her unable to walk. So if I can help her with anything, it would be about scenery. Sunflowers always make a pretty face happy, and I never get tired of bringing you flowers every day.

I'm rich enough to buy the whole market if it will make you better. Love has to be pursued, work has to go on. During this time, I need to be strong, or else everything will be lost, both work and personal. Today, someone from a gaming company came to ask for advice because they saw that I was a coach and might be able to help. After listening to the brief details, I, who had been thinking of investing in something from the beginning, became interested.

“A game to make up with a girl?” I frowned slightly before smiling uncertainly.

“I’ve only heard of dating games where you have a choice of how you want to answer, and then the game takes you to another situation, something like that.”

“About that.”

"And most people who play games, do they want to make up with girls? Because making up with girls means that you have to be a couple. What kind of people are in your market?"

I spoke in the manner of someone who knew a bit about business. The person who had been sitting quietly for a long time named “Aon” pursed her lips slightly. Judging from his personality, he must have been the one who came up with this game.

“It’s a group of people who want to make up with their girlfriend or propose to her. The game will have five acts, with five characters. In the game, you can add any dialogue, any choices, and then take you to the final point you want.

This is an example.” The person in front of me handed me a computer to look at the example. In the game, you have the ability to add dialogue, choose your own scenes, and then merge them together to become a complete story. Even though the example isn’t complete yet anyway.

"What's the story? Five characters."

“I begged for forgiveness because I broke a promise. I asked for marriage. I asked to be your boyfriend. I begged for forgiveness because I cheated.”

“Ah,” I nodded slightly. “So, how far along is the game?”

“It’s not quite as concrete as it should be. We’re still looking for people to invest.”

“How much capital do you need?”

"Yes?"

I smiled, starting to feel interested.

“Cee will invest, but I want you to help me create a character who can be used to win back my boyfriend. Do you think you can do it?” I rolled my eyes a little before making up with another condition. “Would it be okay if the character who is trying to win back my boyfriend… was a woman?”

“…”

"If it's successful, C will also invest. I can see that it's likely to survive."

From a consultant to an investor. After walking the guest to visit at home, I did not forget to pick up the flowers that I had asked my secretary to buy for me from the night market. Those eight bright sunflowers were in my hands, the number of days that Ong In was in the hospital. She had not seen my face for a week. Her anger should have subsided somewhat. I waited for the sweet-faced person to calm down, then thought about going to talk to her. Anyway, today, let me see her. Even if it means being scolded or hit, I would be willing. I would kneel down and apologize to her, if it would make Ong In feel better.

The nurses I had made friends with in almost every ward called to report that there were no relatives visiting at 2 p.m., so I quickly rushed to the hospital to seize the opportunity and spread smiles to everyone who showed me concern. Cooperate very well

“Thank you very much. I’ll order Michelin-quality Pad Thai for you today.”

After I finished speaking, I gave everyone a small wink, making sure that I was charmingly wicked, before rushing towards Indra who was staying in the special room. There was the faint sound of a TV, and it was changing channels back and forth, indicating that the sweet-faced person was still not asleep.

*Knock. Knock.*

I knocked on the door and slowly opened it. Indra looked at the door and when he saw me, his eyes lit up. That was not a good sign.

She's still angry.

But if I run away now, it would be the same as not doing anything.

“How are you, In? I really miss it."

“…”

That silence made me blush, but I still had to smile.

“Today, Si brought some flowers for you. These are the sunflowers that In likes.

These flowers aren’t easy to find, and they’re not cheap either. Do you like them?” I pretended to walk to the headboard and change the flowers. I could see that they were the sunflowers that I always brought to her every day. “Flowers that are yellow in color, when placed in the room, will give you a bright feeling.

They’ll put you in a good mood.”

"I thought you were dead already."

“You mean C?”

“Why don’t you just die?”

Those words, which were not meant to be a joke, made me feel a little uneasy. Are you so angry that you want me to die?

“I can’t die. I still want to see you.”

"But I don't want to see your face again. Go back."

I, who was arranging flowers, paused for a moment and sighed before deciding to pull a chair over and sit beside the bed and have a serious talk.

"We've been angry at each other for a long time, In. I think we need to clear things up a bit."

“There’s still something to clear up. I’ve clearly told you since that day that we broke up. I thought you understood, that’s why you didn’t show up. What the hell is going on?”

"I told you she wouldn't quit, In... You know that Kingkan intended for this to happen. If you had been mindful and thought about it carefully, wouldn't it have been too much of a coincidence that you met C in the parking lot of a building full of tutoring schools? Wasn't it too much of a coincidence that you saw Kingkan and C kissing in the car?" C said.

How many times have you told me to be firm?”

“Are you done talking?”

“It’s not over! You’re unreasonable. You understand all the reasons well, but you still make it worse. See already told you not to drag Kingkan into this from the beginning. The one who’s sensitive is you, but you try to act like an adult, not caring about anything. No matter how many times you’ve cleared it up with me, how many times have you confirmed it, you’ve never been firm or stable. You’ve been too insecure about yourself. So what happened? He’s done it. He’s separated us. He’s made you so angry that you’ve driven down to see him. If you’re going to blame only See, that’s not right. You have to blame yourself for being shaken by what Kingkan did. You’ve never been confident in yourself!”

“It may be true what you said… Maybe all that happened was because of the real infatuation that was not solid.

“If you think that way, then lower your ego and look at me more clearly. We still love each other, don’t we?” I grabbed Indra’s hand as if I was begging him. “There’s never been a day that I don’t miss you. Did you say that I don’t come to see you? Ji comes every day but can’t come in. Your mother ordered me not to see you again.”

“Mom?” Indra looked stunned. “I thought you wouldn’t come because we broke up.”

"Who do you think sent you flowers?"

I saw traces of Indra's sensitivity after listening to his reasoning.

all

"You don't have to coax me. I don't want to listen. Go back. I want to be alone.

Seeing you reinforces that you are the one who made me like this."

"In"

"Go out!"

“I won’t go. It’s difficult to talk to you first. You seem to understand the reason, but why are you still angry at me?”

“It doesn’t matter whether you are right or wrong. It’s all about In.”

“…”

## "It's just that In doesn't love you anymore."

I was speechless because I couldn't speak at those hurtful words. Before I could say anything, the door in front of the room opened and my mother's body appeared.

“Get out of here right now! I told you not to come here again. You made In like this. How dare you come here? Don’t you have any shame?” My mother grabbed me and pushed me out of the room. “From now on, don’t let me see you again. You are not welcome here.”

"But..."

“You’re not going, are you? Okay!” Mom looked around for something, then walked straight to the vase I had just planted the sunflowers in at the head of the bed, and stretched out her hand. “Would you like to go?”

“I won’t go.” I stood up straight like someone who didn’t want to give up. I wanted to show him how much I loved Indra, but it seemed like no matter what,

No matter what I do, I still don't look bad in everyone's eyes. "Hard to buy, stay with In, hard to name, come visit him."

"I already told you I didn't let you come!"

Pluck!

The flower vase was thrown at my head with great force, before it fell and hit the floor with a loud bang, causing pieces of ceramic tiles to scatter on the floor. My blood was gushing out of my head, dripping onto the floor like a broken faucet. I could only look at my blood and the vase alternately, and then fell down in a daze.

“See!”

Indra was shocked and forgot himself and shouted to call me out. As for Mom, who seemed to have regained her senses, she looked at her own hands and then at mine, feeling guilty and not knowing what to do. Right now, the person with the most sense was Dad, who pressed the button to call a nurse to come in and asked for first aid for me because my condition was worrisome. I was quickly carried out and taken to a surgeon to have my wound treated and stitched up with about five stitches. When Dad, who was waiting to watch over me, saw that there was gauze stuck there, he could only sigh.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

“It’s okay. The doctor gave me an injection in my leg. I don’t feel anything.”

I answered in a kind manner. Father nodded slightly and spoke to me in a kind manner.

“Don’t worry, I will take care of the medical expenses myself. Or if you want to claim anything, just call me.”

I immediately waved my hand when I heard the offer.

“I’m not demanding anything. Don’t say that. It’s my fault for showing up even though I wasn’t allowed to. It’s no wonder Mom is angry.”

"If you understand, then you shouldn't have come here."

“…”

"Is it too much to ask for you not to come see Nong In anymore?" Although her words were not as harsh as her mother's, they still hurt me just as much. No, it hurt a lot more than that, with her calm manner.

“But C...”

“If you love him, you must not come here anymore. We do not welcome you… I do not know what the love between the two of you is like, but it is over. Accept that you are the evil in his life. Let him have a good life. Can you let him have it?”

"Then how will Si live..." I said even though I was sure that the person in front of me would never understand our love. "Si loves In very much. Why does everyone have to be so cruel to Si?"

"If you compare it to the fact that you are the reason why Nong In can't walk, our cruelty is nothing compared to you."

“…”

"If you love him, don't come back into his life. That's the best thing you can do."

# CHAPTER 38 : Parallel World

It's ridiculous. People like me are surrounded by alcohol and are acting pathetic.

Its effects were running through my body, making me lose my balance. The faint smell of alcohol wafted from my breath, making me feel like a factory that was fermenting. I had been drinking it since last night until today, and I felt that what I had done was a complete waste of time.

These things don't make the pain in my heart go away. Isn't there any way to make me feel better from this pain?

“It would be better if you weren’t in his life.”

I am Saisi. There were many men who wanted me to possess them. They even cried and threatened to commit suicide. They even said that I was the most valuable thing in his life. But today, I have become the one who has destroyed the cycle of a woman's good life. His family hates me. Indra does not want to see my face. What is even more infuriating is that I cannot let it go. I am stuck in love.

This time, I can't retreat anywhere. I'm dying from withdrawal, and I can't go up in a pitiful way.

Why...when I really think about falling in love with someone, does this kind of thing have to happen?

"Madam, the calf looks a bit strange today."

The housekeeper who came to report to me in the living room had a worried and considerate expression on her face, as if she was interrupting our time together. But she had to tell me.

“What's wrong with the calf?”

“It runs around the house. When I try to catch it, it growls. I gave it pellets, but it didn’t eat. I’m afraid it’ll get sick.”

“Oh, really? Let me see her for a moment. Where’s the calf?”

“I’m in front of the house. I’m trying to climb out. It’s never been like this before.”

I tried to stand up and support myself from falling from the effects of the alcohol that was rushing into my body. The severe headache was making me irritable to the point where I wanted to lie down and sleep. But because I was more worried about the giant dog, I decided to go after it. I found that the little brat, who was getting bigger and bigger by the day, was trying to open the gate as if she knew how to open it.

“What are you doing, little calf? Come here.” I clapped my hands and called for it to come to me, but it didn’t seem interested at all. So I changed my strategy and walked up to it and tried to catch it, but it bit my arm first. “Ouch! Why are you biting Mom?”

"Stem"

Strange... Today, the giant bared its fangs at me like it had never done before.

When I tried to approach it, it took a step back in distrust, as if I were a stranger.

"What's wrong? You hate your mother too? If the calf doesn't love his mother, then he has no one in this world."

"Stem"

No matter how much I complained, the calf didn't seem friendly. And then, my sensitivity and my hangover made me want to sob as if I was having my period. The housekeeper didn't know what to do, so she came over and grabbed my shoulders and helped me up slowly.

"Ms. Nun, calm down. The calf is probably sick. Don't be sad."

"In doesn't love Si anymore. Now, the calf doesn't love Si either. Sob sob."

"Oh, dear Mr. Xi, don't cry."

I didn't know what to do anymore, I cried like a little child. This was the loneliest time. The absence of Indra had such an impact on my mind. Green? Why do you hate me? This time, I barely did anything. Everything was that girl's plan!

King Kan!

“See!”

The eight-tube shout of the person I was thinking about in my head rang out. At the right moment, the figure of Kingkan who had opened the large door into the house rushed in, looking for trouble and preparing to go inside. However, I, who was already outside, responded with no less intensity.

"What!"

The two of us are facing each other and are ready to kill each other at any moment. Today, Kanchana looks awful. From a person with a calm personality who has grown into an adult, she is now no different from a sleepyhead who is losing her mind. I can tell you that she is just as crazy as me. The two of us are crazy people who are about to clash with each other. No one will give in.

"What did you say to the marble?!"

"Don't ask me, son."

"He said I have AIDS. What did you put in his head?"

"Oh, I already know. Why do you keep asking me? Do you have obsessivecompulsive disorder?"

"If I don't kill you today, don't call me King."

“Then let’s call it a bitch. Who would let me do it alone!” The two of us charged at each other with rage, which was different from ten years ago when we were just passionately attacking each other with pure lust. It’s funny how today we have become people who really hate each other. We both have reasons to kill each other without thinking twice.

"Why don't you do it to me instead? Why do it to my son? He doesn't know anything." Gingkan grabbed my hair until my face was tilted back. As for me, who was hurt, I lifted my leg and kicked the person in front of me in the stomach until he had to bend over and let go of my hair temporarily.

“When you asked, you didn’t think that you were the one who started it. Aren’t you the one who got involved first? You came into our lives. You made him unable to walk!” After I finished speaking, I raised my hand to slap her, but Kingkan raised her arm to block it. Before she headbutted me, I staggered back and almost fell. Luckily, the cleaning lady was there, so I didn’t lose my balance too much.

"Don't fight. Let's talk it out."

“You can’t talk nicely anymore. A woman like her deserves to die. Come here!” Gingkan grabbed my hair again and dragged me to a nearby swimming pool, then dunked my head in. By now, I was both panicking and choking, and I didn’t know what to do. The only thing I could do was struggle as hard as I could. And it worked. I shook myself until Gingkan lost her balance and fell into the pool, which helped me regain my composure.

“This is still not enough. After this, the child’s father will file a lawsuit. You snatched her child from her mother because the grandmother was so obsessed with her grandchild. You have no qualifications. If the court needs witnesses, I will testify that you are a pervert, a womanizer, promiscuous, and have AIDS. Your children will hate you a hundred, a thousand times more.”

“The court wouldn’t take my child away from his mother for that matter. And about AIDS, my child would never trust anyone more than me.”

“But at least it will give you and your child some space and problems. Will

Mom really have AIDS? And if she doesn’t have AIDS, why did Sister C say that?” I shrugged and laughed to say thank you. “From having an only child, this time in the world of a little child, there will be both a father, a grandmother, and relatives on the father’s side who hate the mother. And then it will gradually accumulate… It’s true that the people on that side can’t take your child away, but at least… they can take care of her some days.”

“…”

“The world of the crystal ball is no longer just about mothers. It’s the child’s good fortune,” I laughed happily. Gingkan, who at first thought that she was superior, shouted at me like someone who had forgotten that civility and intelligence had now become emotional. And that was what I wanted to see.

"You bastard!"

“Yes, I am as bad as you. You dragged India into this, into our lives, dragged his mother into this, spreading rumors about me, calling me a con artist, and causing our love to waver. You have succeeded. Laugh at your victory. As for me, I will do my own thing. My son will hate you. He will be taken from my bosom. I will do everything the court orders, not letting you see my son, even if it means lying. You evil bastard!”

"You're the bad one. He's a child. He's my son." Kingkan cried in the pool, angrily splashing water. As for me, I picked up my shoes and threw them into the pool like someone who couldn't do anything but wanted to scream about something.

Something like that.

“As for India, he is a good person. He is a lovely boyfriend. He is the only one I love. You took him away… sob.

"Give me back my child."

"Bring back India"

We both cried in our own parts. Right now, we were like two crazy people trying to vent our pent-up emotions. The cleaning lady took one look at us and disappeared inside before coming back out with a towel and covering my shoulders for me to use to dry myself off.

“Please expel some fluid. You’ll catch a cold. If you have anything to say, come inside and talk. Both of you.”

I don't know how Prang knew about this because after changing clothes, I found that my excellent secretary was waiting for me downstairs. Prang looked at us both and shook her head, giving the impression that an adult was looking at a child, even though she was younger than us.

“It’s unbelievable that one person is a coach with many students, and the other person is a professor with a PhD from a famous university. They would fight like low-class skanks like that. If I hadn’t seen the clip, I wouldn’t have believed it.”

"Is that a clip?"

I looked at the housekeeper who quickly disappeared inside. Who else could have recorded the video if it wasn't the housekeeper? To say that it was a calf was a bit too clever for a dog.

“What do you get from slapping me? Have you ever asked yourself that?”

"How do you feel satisfied?" I was the first to answer while Kingkan laughed out loud from her throat.

“At the very least, you can hurt the other person. That’s the advantage of being in a relationship.

"But that didn't get you your child back, and it didn't get Boss back with India. Isn't there a more civilized way to solve this problem?"

“What is that method? Did you figure it out?” I turned to Prang sarcastically, and that made the secretary give a blunt answer.

“If you do something wrong, you should apologize. It’s the most straightforward thing to do, Ms. King… Don’t think I’m teaching you. Since you came in with the intention of hurting the boss, the boss had to take revenge on you in a cruel way. The only way to get your child back is for you to apologize to the boss.

“No forgiveness!” I almost screamed at the seemingly easy-going approach. “If you just apologize and it’s over, why do you need the police?”

"Thai police can't help, so I have to apologize... Boss, Prang is just making a metaphor. The word 'apologize' here means doing anything to make up for the mistake. If you want Khun King to do something, just tell her... For example, tell Khun King to apologize to Khun India or something like that. Tell Khun In so she understands something like that."

“It’s not that easy, and it’s useless.”

*“It’s just… I don’t love you anymore.”*

Thinking about those eyes and those words made my left chest ache, but I had to force myself to act like I didn't feel anything.

“Prang just suggested the easiest way. Whether the boss will use it or not is up to you. As for you, King… if you want your child back, you just have to make Prang’s boss stop being angry with you by telling Khun In the truth about what happened.”

"Why is it that everyone keeps telling Ging to apologize to Si, but no one tells

Zum to apologize? Ging is the one who made Ging like this."

"Then what does he have to apologize to you for? At that time, you left him and chose to get married."

"You already ruined the wedding."

"Then just disappear. You fooled him first, and you still think of getting revenge? What nonsense!"

“Talking like this will never help... You, King, go back first. Consider it a request from Prang,” Prang said quickly and cut her off like a secretary who had to control the situation as best she could. Kingkan, who had no more energy to fight, walked briskly out of the house. She turned to look at me briefly as if she had something to say, but then chose to remain silent and leave. Now, it was all me left. No need to have a headache or fight with anyone else.

“You’re totally exhausted,” Prang, who had already sent Gingkanjan off, walked back into the house to me and sighed. “Instead of wasting time being depressed, drinking, and playing music videos, why don’t you go and ask Khun In for forgiveness?”

"Enough"

“What?”

“That’s it. No more flirting. When people get hurt, they have to hurry up and get up. Since he doesn’t love us, there’s no need to love him.” I shrugged and pretended to be cool. “A person like Si isn’t that helpless. There will be someone new soon. I’ll show you today.”

“Don’t act all smart, boss. Your current condition is no different from someone who is about to die. Do you realize that?”

“Just a little bit of makeup and you’ll look beautiful. Tonight, I’ll bring someone home with me. Then, tomorrow, you’ll be as beautiful as yesterday… Then, I think it would be a good idea to take that giant to the doctor. Ever since he refused to eat his pellets, he hasn’t even been near Si. I wonder if he can sense that his mother hates Si.”

"Don't be angry with the dog. He's just not feeling well... What's the boss going to do?"

“Take the keys and start the car,” I replied as if I had gone to get the keys from the hanger, but the secretary ran over and grabbed them from my hand, baring her fangs.

"No, the boss still has alcohol in his blood. He'll kill everyone on the street."

"You're fucking dead in front of your boss."

“It’s not the time to be considerate anymore. Prang will drive herself. But in any case, Boss has to go with me because the calf is too big. Sigh… is she a secretary or a mother? Taking responsibility for everything. Wow!”

I threw myself into a hug that Lek couldn't catch me in time, and that made him stagger a little.

“What is this?”

“Thank you for being there for me when I had no one.”

"Boss..."

"Let's play the cymbals."

"Do you want to die?"

“Hehe, at least you made C laugh.”

As I laughed, the rumbling roar of a calf in the back seat made Prang and I turn to look. The giant was acting strangely today. She didn't really approach me, and she just looked at me with an unfriendly gaze, which made me feel discouraged.

"Your mother doesn't love me anymore. Are you still not going to love me?" “Yong”

The calf's deep voice startled me a little as if it were answering, "Yeah, something like that." I don't know if it's because I'm still hungover or just too sentimental, but when the dog didn't love me, I felt a blockage in my throat and I started to want to cry. Prang, who noticed my expression, was shocked.

"Boss, why are your eyes suddenly red?"

“No,” I wiped away my tears with the back of my arm, but my shaky voice couldn’t stop me. “I didn’t cry at all. The PM 2.5 dust got in my eyes.”

"Then people all over the city will be crying."

“They cry on their hearts, but Xi is the one who shows it.”

“If you’re crying, just say you’re crying. This is Prang, not anyone else… As you can see, Boss has been going through a lot lately. I heard that his mother-inlaw threw a vase at his head, causing it to break. People are really too much. If you can’t talk nicely, you have to use force. If you don’t say that you’re Khun In’s mother, you’ll curse her until the world forgets,” the driver complained in annoyance. It just so happened that the calf barked loudly in the car, causing

Prang to jump. “What are you barking at? I’m so shocked. I’m cursing Khun

In’s mother. What are you barking at? Are you her mother or something?”

“Woof”

“He said yes,” I added, before laughing at my own joke. “The five-baht, tenbaht joke, C also plays it.”

"Prang just wants to tell Boss that Boss is not the only one who is in trouble."

“What does that mean?”

“Wow, today the news spread all over the internet. It became the number one hashtag on Twitter in Thailand. “Run” is a famous actress. Does Boss know her?”

“I feel like I’ve heard this before. Why?”

"Stealing someone else's husband"

“Hong”

The giant dog that barked only one word suddenly poked its head out to cool down. If it weren't a dog, I would have thought it was meddling in the entertainment industry closely.

"Already?"

“Boss’s problems were already serious, but when he encountered the problems of that actress, Boss turned into dust. Not only did he love an old man and someone who had an owner, he was also cursed by the villagers. He was a prang with no place to put his face. Why do people have to steal other people’s husbands?”

“It was fun,” I replied with an experienced mind. Prang, who seemed to remember, frowned slightly.

"No, the boss snatched it because he wanted revenge, but it seems like this heroine snatched it because she has no conscience."

“We can’t judge him like that. Everyone experiences different things. Have you ever, even though you know there’s a precipice ahead, but you still choose to jump in? You know everything but you can’t help it. It’s like you like to play the lottery. You know you’re going to lose, but you still want to play.”

“What are you comparing, boss? The lottery is the lottery, and other people’s husbands are other people’s husbands. And now you’re fighting over an old man like your father. It’s crazy. I admire you so much. When I talk about it, I get irritated.”

“Is it true that the story of a celebrity can make you this upset?”

“It's disappointing.”

"Why do you hope for him?"

"Well... why did Boss have to protect her? I'm irritated! Let's change the subject. What are you going to do about Khun In? If her parents don't like her this much, Prang thinks she should back off. Even if Khun In loves Boss, but is being ostracized to that extent, she shouldn't have held on to him. If you love him, you have to love his family too. His family has shown that they hate him so much."

"What can Si do? In said himself that he doesn't love Si anymore. Going to buy someone who doesn't have feelings for him will only make them hate each other more."

Bro!

The giant dog's howl was like a cry of love that resounded throughout the world, making me feel really annoyed. I squinted at the calf, starting to get really angry.

“Even though it was a howl, I could tell that you were happy. Do you really want Si and Mae In to break up that much?”

Bro!

"I'll take you to the temple and release you. You're not cute."

"So that means the boss will stop trying to win you back, right?"

"That's how it should be. He doesn't want to beg anymore."

"Boss doesn't love you anymore?"

“…”

“Even if he doesn’t answer, it’s obvious that you still love him. Boss, who used to be so good, fell off the horse with this guy. I used to want to see Boss have real love. When it really happened, I felt angry at what I thought of Sia. Crazy!

Prang doesn’t like Boss being like this. Why? If they love each other, why do their parents like to interfere?!”

“Don’t talk about him like that. Everyone loves their children.”

“But this kind of love is not right. Are you going to be with your child for the rest of your life? Acting like you are immortal.”

“He didn’t think he would be with his son for the rest of his life. He just wanted his son to meet a good person. And Si didn’t hit him enough.” I wiped my tears away again and spoke with the most understanding of Indra’s mother. “Mother In is a very good mother. Si has met him since he was a child.”

I thought back to the time when my father tricked my parents into coming to see me. My mother looked at me with admiration, hoping that I would cure her daughter of her illness. Her exhausted look indicated that she had never had a good night's sleep. Every day she blamed herself, saying that if it weren't for her, her daughter would have been in better health.

“He never gets a good night’s sleep. See guesses he’s always sleeping while watching over the baby because he’s worried about when the baby will go to the bathroom. He’s never thought about hiring a nanny because he’s afraid he won’t be able to take care of her as well as he can.”

“Does the boss know that much? Did Khun In tell you?”

“Don’t forget that Si has been observing people since she was little. Dark circles under her eyes like that, if it wasn’t allergies then she would have been sleep deprivation. Her body was so thin, even though it’s normal for people with children to be fat. Especially people who have money to eat. And… This doesn’t include celebrities or people who take good care of themselves. But in my condition back then, let alone taking care of myself, I didn’t even have time to sleep. Being that thin was…

Take all your time to take care of your little daughter.”

"But no matter how much you love your child, you shouldn't throw a vase at the boss's head."

“Wouldn’t you be angry? The daughter you raised became a normal person, like everyone else, married and had a good family. One day, she broke up with her husband and started dating women and couldn’t walk anymore.

"You broke up with your husband before you met Boss."

“His parents don’t know about that. They probably can piece it all together after looking at it. In herself probably didn’t explain her personal life that much… When he blamed his daughter’s family life for being ruined because of C, this time his daughter had an accident and couldn’t walk again, and this was something that the family had always been in pain about, when it happened again, no one would accept it. A vase isn’t enough. If it were C, she would have shot him to death and be done with it.”

Bro!

The calf's howl sounded again, and that made me turn around, baring my fangs in surprise.

“I’m so mad at Boss. Why did you have to protect his mother when he hurt himself?

too

“Just understand.”

"Don't you hate him at all?"

“I don’t hate her. Because I love In. I hate her mother. How can I love her daughter? It’s such a shame. If this hadn’t happened, I would have gone in and flattered her a little. Mother In is a lovely mother. I have so many secret stories I want to tell you. We would have gotten along well.”

"If his mother heard this, she would be moved to tears. Prang likes Boss in the bad version more. Please come back as a bad guy. Prang begs you."

“You idiot,” I laughed a little, and after a while we arrived at the veterinary clinic. The calf was always the center of attention for pet owners.

I came for general treatment because of my large size and cute bear-like face. The doctor examined me for everything but found no abnormalities, so he diagnosed me with....

“It’s probably stressed, so it doesn’t want to find food. Try to find the cause of the stress and it will recover. You can take it for a walk outside or find a dog or cat friend for it to socialize with. The doctor said that should help.”

“Dogs and cats need society, too?” But looking at the calf that was now arrogantly walking away from all the dogs in the hospital, I could only give the young doctor a dry smile. “But maybe it’s just a proud dog.”

“You have to give him some time. Here’s the thing… If the mother dog has any questions, you can call the doctor at this number,” the doctor handed me his business card before smiling. “You can call me anytime. Don’t be shy.”

“All the time?” I looked into the eyes of the person who spoke and smiled, understanding the meaning immediately. “Can it be at one o’clock?”

“Try calling first and see if I can answer the phone.”

"Then today, I'll try calling."

**I'm charming again...**

It went out automatically, even though I didn't intend to. I stared at the business card I received, then at the calf that was now staring at me eating, without taking its eyes off me.

“Human food, can’t eat it. What’s wrong with you today? You’ve been acting weird all day.”

This doesn't even include the frequent times when she ran into the bathroom like a smart dog. I've never been taught any instructions. Where did this dog learn this from? Did the cleaning lady teach her? No way. If you watch it on the Discovery Channel, she seems a bit too smart for a dog.

"Wow, Yong!"

Now, I'm sitting here eating a microwaved sausage, chewing it up, and raising an eyebrow at the calf as if to annoy him, before getting up to pick up a dog sausage, wrapped in expensive gold foil, and giving it to her to eat a little bit, but she ignores me.

“What the heck, this isn’t cheap… Calf, don’t do this.” I sat down next to the dog, resigned, because there was nothing else I could do. “If you don’t eat anything, you’ll get sick. And if something happens to you, my mom will hate you even more. Understand each other, okay? Sob.”

Again... I've been feeling emotional all day today. Why does heartbreak last so long? The business card I brought with me reminded me of something, and I pursed my lips tightly.

Maybe... I should find someone new. It might make me better. I don't have to suffer like this.

I picked up my phone and tried dialing the numbers the vet had given me. However, when I reached the last number, I stopped dialing and burst into tears before throwing the business card away without a care.

“Sob, no, I can’t do it. Why does it have to be like this?”

I cried like a little baby in front of the calf. The little dog looked at me and nudged my leg with its front paw. When I looked up, it used its tongue full of saliva to lick my face, making it covered in mucus like a newborn cow.

"Yong"

“What are you barking about? Mom doesn’t understand. I’m not eating.”

“Woof!” The calf rested its head on my shoulder, as if it wanted me to use both arms to hug it. They say dogs know when we’re sad. This little dog must have understood that too. With such kindness, I hugged the big dog and cried shamelessly.

“Help me, calf. Xi misses In so much. What should I do? Sob sob.”

"Yong"

No matter what I said, the response was still “Yong”. Now I only have one calf to rely on. At least Indra left something good behind.

The creature called a dog...a representative of our love.

My calf and I cuddled up together on the bed until morning. I woke up when my phone rang. My drowsiness and exhaustion made me fumble for my phone because I couldn't keep my eyes open. Until I answered the call, the sound from the other end made me jump up and sit up, then quickly adjust the volume as if I had been awake for a long time.

“Hello, Mom.”

Why did Indra's mother suddenly call me? Did something happen?

[Did you just wake up?]

"N...no. I've been awake for a long time. Mom, is there something wrong? Call me, but I answered right away."

The person on the other end of the line was silent for a moment, then he cleared his throat as if he wanted to sound intimidating.

[Does it hurt?]

“Huh?” I rolled my eyes a little, trying to make sense of it, then quickly felt my head where it was stitched. “Oh, my head? It’s much better now.”

[Have you taken medicine yet?]

“Medicine... I’ll take it later. You have to take it after meals.”

[Then hurry up and go eat. You have to take your medicine on time or you won't get better.]

“Y-yes,” I replied, not sure if I had heard it right or wrong. The person on the other end of the line asked as if he was concerned, to the point where I scratched the stitches and cried out in pain.

[I'm sorry I threw a vase at you the other day.]

“No need to apologize. I understand why Mom did it.”

[It's strange that you understand...but that's how it is, my dear child.]

I closed my eyes tightly because I felt a pinch, a burning, and an itchy sensation.

“I’m sorry, Mom, for everything.”

[If you truly feel remorse, who would say anything? Actually, I called you because I had something to ask you.]

“What is it?”

[Does your family have pets?]

"Yes... I have a big dog at home. In was the one who gave it to me."

[Ahaha]

“…”

[So what did you eat yesterday...sausage?]

“Oh… yes. How did you know, Mom?”

The person on the other end of the line didn't say anything for ten seconds. I almost thought my mom had hung up until she spoke up.

[Don't forget to remove the stitches as scheduled by the doctor.]

“Yes, thank you.”

[And if you get bored, you can come and see Nong In... There are no flowers right now. If you come, don't come empty-handed. It's rude.]

My mom hung up without even letting me say goodbye. I looked at the phone again to make sure who I had just talked to, and was shocked.

Am I in a parallel world?

# CHAPTER 39 : Last Minute

A month has passed... Everything is still the same. The only difference is that I am a new person who is filled with loneliness. I refuse to let anyone into my life because I can't. Since I can't move forward, I can't go back either. The only thing I can do is move forward and beg for forgiveness. From the time I was born until I became the Saisi I am today, I have never done anything like this before.

Confusing people...

It was never in my dictionary, but now I am. I understand all the men and women who have been abandoned by me, who have tried so hard to come back into my life, but I just don't care. It's such a lowly feeling, but there's a hope that he'll come back and take pity on me someday.

I am one of those people who never appreciate those people. But I try to think that Indra is not that kind of person. At least it is love. The two of us love each other. All the faults are not entirely mine. You will not forgive me.

Is it green?

"How are you, boss? You send messages every day. Has Khun In's heart softened yet?"

“Not yet,” I sighed and shook my head. “Not only is it not soft-hearted, it’s also not even interesting enough to read. I guess it’s been blocked.”

"Khun In, when she's tough, she's really scary. But from what I've seen from Prang, she's still the same Khun In. She's cute and has a good personality. Why are you like this with Boss?"

“Are you much happier now?

"Yes, I can move a little bit now, but I still can't walk like before."

This is the point where Indra doesn't want to forgive her. Her legs are what she likes the most because they've been her weak point since she was little. When she could walk, she tried to use them as much as possible because she was afraid that she would go back to being the same. But today, she can't walk again. The main reason is because of me, which caused the accident.

Even though the doctor said it wasn't related, it still came from me.

“At least I’m feeling better,” I smiled and pretended to be fine before changing the subject so that I wouldn’t look too weak in front of my subordinates. “So, what’s the update today?”

"If it's about you, In, there's none. But if it's about work, there's one. The day after tomorrow, the boss has to go to Japan as a speaker."

“The day after tomorrow?” I pursed my lips slightly and nodded. It was my job to go and support Thai employees working at multinational companies or something like that. “Hmm, that’s good. Let’s go travel sometime.”

"Go to work."

“Sigh, work,” I sighed in boredom. “You know, it was a trip that C had talked about going on together with In when we were still on good terms.”

“I’m feeling down again, boss. Don’t worry. I’ll get better every day. Water dripping on the rock every day will erode it.”

"But what is In's soft heart made of?"

"Prang, would you like me to turn on some music for you?"

“Good, open it.”

“…”

“Why are you quiet?”

"Boss, don't accept a joke that Prang isn't prepared for. It's tiring."

I laughed a little and gave Prang a bit more update on my work. Then my excellent secretary went her separate ways. Now I'm just staying home all alone. I turn on a movie and get bored before changing to a new one, and then get bored again and again until I throw the remote away. This has been the most boring period of my life that I've ever had.

How could it be this bad without you?

Love... This time is enough. I don't want it anymore. Having loved myself first, I've never suffered this much. When I really tried to love someone, it was very difficult for me. Maybe a person like me isn't suitable for having someone.

**See:** I miss you very much today.

**See:** Do you miss C at all?

Knowing that if I type it, the other party probably won't open it and read it, but I just feel that I have to do something every day, or else I'll definitely go crazy.

**See:** The video camera I bought hasn't even been used yet. I wanted to make a porn movie for you, but I'm not in the mood.

**See:** If you were here, you would have seen many of them.

**See:** Please calm down, my dear. This movie heroine misses the director.

No matter how much I try to act cute every day, there is no sign of a response. Some days I think of giving up, some days I feel excited, because I don't want to lose you like I'm bipolar.

**See:** Is this what you want? Okay, I don't love you anymore.

**See:** If you don't answer within three minutes.

**See:** C will come back to love you like before.

My every day is really like this....

**See:** C will fly to Japan today. I will buy you lots of things.

I typed while sitting in the lounge waiting for the announcement. Even though I knew the person on the other end would not click to read, I diligently sent this and that every day.

It was like I was talking to myself. After I sent the message, I sat there, sipping my coffee, looking out the window in a dejected manner. Not long after, I received a message back, and that made me awkwardly sit up.

Not Indian...

I pursed my lips a little and clicked to read the message from Aon. She was a start-up programmer who developed the game I had talked to before. Long time ago, she sent me some files and typed a message to tell me, adding at the end.

Aon startup: Aon has tried to do it briefly. You can try to put the desired message in the box. The game will run itself. Then you can press play immediately.

Wow, that's so cool. What's so great? I'm reading this on my phone, so it's not very convenient to do anything because I have to type these things on my computer. I smiled and replied briefly.

**See:** Thank you. I'll have fun playing.

**Aon startup:** This game is not made for fun, because it's not fun.

Can someone who sells games respond like this?

On this trip, I had to give a speech to encourage people working abroad and to ignite their energy, etc. Actually, it was the same old tricks that coaches usually use. It's just that I have a lot of tricks, so people think I'm trustworthy.

My father is a scammer.

The work continued smoothly as before. This trip, Prang did not come along because I wanted her to stay in Bangkok to keep me updated on Ong In's condition, how she was doing, even though I knew that every day was the same and nothing had changed. How should I put it? Sending Prang as a representative would make her think that I hadn't disappeared anywhere.

I haven't neglected you, and you're always there... something like that.

The water is polluted.

**Prang:** The boss is returning to Bangkok at 3 p.m. tomorrow, right? I'll go pick him up.

**See:** Smile, I'm bothering you.

**Prang:** Why did you go to Japan so quickly this time? I see that when I go there, it usually takes a week.

**See:** There's nothing to do.

**Prang:** Try flirting with a guy.

**See:** No, I don't want to feel guilty towards In.

**Prang:** Boss, when it comes to being a good person, even a monk with a severed limb would be embarrassed.

**See:** Your Majesty! You can't put monks and penises in the same sentence.

I burst out laughing as people passed me by.

Prang always makes me smile, even when I'm feeling the loneliest, like right now.

**Prang:** I don't see anything wrong with that. All monks are men.

**Prang:** Once, Prang often went to make merit because she secretly liked a novice monk.

**See:** Enough, please. I'm coming to pray for blessings. I wonder what I'll get back.

**Prang:** Oh my gosh, does someone like Boss believe in sacred things? In a hundred days, a thousand years, I've never seen him worship Buddha. Didn't you say that hell is your friend?

**See:** I just realized that when I don't know what to do, I turn to the sacred.

**See:** Maybe In might be able to walk again if Si makes a wish.

I typed and smiled sadly before stopping the conversation because I felt like I wasted my time and standing in the way of people walking by too much. I came back to the same temple that I had been to once with a man whose name I can't remember. At that time, I came to pay my respects for fun and then went back. This time, I came again. I don't know if it worked or not, but I'll give it a try.

I walked over to donate a little money and took a wooden board to write a wish on it. Since there was not much space, I had to think of concise words that were easy to read and understand so that the God who received the message would not be confused and would only find water.

Please let In be able to walk again....and read C's message.

When I finished writing it, I hung it up together with the people who came to make wishes.

Previously, there were thousands of pages before I shook my head at myself for wasting my time doing something so pointless. Oh well, at least take a picture to show off to the pretty face that even though I'm here, I still only think about you. There's no one else in my mind right now.

**See:** Sent picture

**See:** I'm here to pray for you. I hope you get well and have a beautiful girlfriend.

As usual... Indra still didn't click to read and I continued to talk to myself like that.

**See:** Oh, I'll send you something to play with tonight. You're the first one to play. C made it for you. Don't forget to open it.

My trip came and went very quickly. I was scheduled to arrive in Bangkok around 2am, which was considered good. While I was sitting in the lounge waiting to enter the gate, I picked up my phone to check this and that, and of course I didn't forget to check in Ong In's room to see if he had read it or not. However, today, every message was marked as Read, and it made my heart swell like bubbles floating in the air.

See: Sea is waiting to board the plane. I miss you so much.

**Read...**

Just clicking and reading makes me very happy. I can't believe that someone like Sai Chi would have such a happy moment, even if the other party doesn't reply. Just opening and reading is good enough, because it shows that at least she didn't delete me from her friend list. She still knows that I exist in this world.

**India:** What time will you be back?

Answered!!!!

I put down my phone, took a deep breath of excitement, and rubbed the sweaty hand mop against my trouser leg before picking it up to answer with enthusiasm.

**See:** 3 p.m.

**See:** Great, today you answered too.

**India:** Don't you get bored talking to yourself? Or are you crazy?

**See:** I don't want to disappear. I want you to know that I'm always waiting for you. How are you? Are you doing well?

**India:** Didn't Prang tell you that In is fine? I see that he sends spies to see you every day. Do you think In doesn't know or something?

**See:** I want to know more from you. Can I have a video call?

## India: Yes

When I saw the other party reply so curtly, I could only smile dryly. Just talking to him should be enough. I should give him an inch, not an elbow…

**India:** Not pretty, not wearing makeup, I'll be captured and blackmailed. When you come back, you'll know for yourself whether In is okay or not.

**See:** Go back and see for yourself?

**See:** You say it like you can find it like that.

**India:** If you don't come, I don't mind.

## See: Go

**See:** I miss you. Do you miss me?

**India:** I've played the game.

India chose to change the subject, and that put a small smile on my face. Her refusal to answer meant she was either shy or trying to keep her composure, which was a good sign. It seems that yesterday's prayer worked. I'll come back to pay my respects next time.

**See:** How are you?

**India:** I don't find it fun.

**See:** It's not made for fun, it's made specifically to please you. It's a demo.

**See:** It is a new business that Sea thinks to invest in.

## India: um

**See:** Do you like it?

**India:** It's just okay. There's no Chlomax or anything.

**See:** There are two endings. Which one do you choose?

**India:** Choose you to die

I pursed my lips a little even though the destination was invisible.

**See:** If C really dies, you will be sad.

**India:** I wonder if I'll really regret it or not.

**India:** I'm going to bed.

I smiled at the person who pretended not to respond, but today gave a longer answer than usual. It seemed that this was a good sign for our reunion. Something must have happened, or else something divine would inspire Indra to give me another chance. Ah, I want to get to Bangkok quickly! As soon as my feet touch the ground in Thailand, I will go straight to him. Even if it means sneaking past the nurses into my room, I will do it. We will make love on the patient's bed, with the ghosts and spirits of the still-dead as witnesses of our love.

What could be better than this....kik

The flight from Japan to Thailand took about six hours. I'm not sure how many times I fell asleep, but I was startled when the plane hit a very strong turbulence. The captain announced a warning in Thai, complaining to his wife and children. He didn't expect the passengers to hear something like that, which confused me a little.

“Please fasten your seatbelts and remain seated.

That was the air hostess's warning announcement again. There was a commotion of passengers of various nationalities, screaming little children, and passengers next to them who looked unhappy, so I asked them with concern.

“Is something wrong?”

“Again…help me, I’m scared of flying…ouch!”

Then the plane hit another air pocket, but this time it was so severe that I almost flew out of my seat if I hadn't fastened my seatbelt properly. The person next to me reached out and grabbed my arm in shock. Her sweaty hands made me unable to brush them off because I felt sorry for her. Speaking of which, she looked familiar. I wondered where I had seen her before...

“Are you an actor? Ouch!”

This time it was my voice that cried out in surprise.

The breathing apparatus from above was unhooked into a dangling tube. I remember it well from movies when there was an emergency. The thing hanging down was a mask to wear to hide the face so that people around would not be shocked by the fearful expression when there was no makeup.

No...it's for breathing, I think.

“We are definitely going to die. This is a situation where the plane is going to crash.”

The beautiful actress next to me started to lose her mind, she kept talking, causing those around her to start panicking, even me. But from what I saw, it couldn't be any other way. The fact that this ventilator popped out meant that it was an extreme emergency. I don't know where in the world we are right now.

Oh my gosh... I thought I would be able to meet Indra again and be in love with him forever. What if something happened to me, how would I feel?

*I wonder if I'll really regret it or not.*

You're just a smart mouth... If I really die, the one who will be hurt the most will definitely be you.

Just thinking about it made my heart ache so much that I had to reach out and grab my chest because of the sharp pain. But it didn't hurt as much as the actress's hand, which was gripping my arm so tightly that it was barely circulating and she was crying because she was scared.

“It’s okay. You’re not alone. Si will be with you.”

I said with a smile to the person who was lowering her head and crying. The beautiful face filled with tears looked at me with various feelings.

“Are you afraid of dying?”

“I’m scared, but I’m more scared that the people left behind will get hurt.”

“It’s good that someone is hurting for you, while Ran has none.”

Even though she was afraid of dying, she was still sad that no one thought of her. After this, why are people afraid of dying? They were afraid that they would not be able to live.

I want to see this world again, or I'm afraid that no one will love and miss me. As for me, I'm afraid of leaving because I still want to see Indra. It's the only thing that makes me feel so sorry and hurt when I think about it.

In this world, I have no one to think about except you.

And if I leave, will you forget me? That's the pain that I'm worried about too.

“Si, I don’t want to die.” I started to cry. After pretending to be strong for so long, there was now a scream from the whole ship as I felt the force of the spikes going from high to low.

"Ran still doesn't want to die."

"C doesn't want to die!!!"

# CHAPTER 40 : Death

Gravity was pulling all of us in the plane down towards the ground, not knowing whether it was the sea or the land. The screams on the plane were driving me crazy. I was screaming along with them like a choir. It was like if I didn't sing along, I wouldn't be able to hold hands with everyone and go to heaven. Right now, my stomach was rumbling. The tingling in my lower abdomen made me feel like I hadn't eaten and was having a heart attack. Right now, the word death was playing in my head over and over until I was going crazy.

“I don’t want to die yet, sob sob.”

“…”

## "I don't want to die yet!!!"

My last gasp woke me up in the lounge while waiting to board the plane. There were no passengers around except for me. Just a moment...

As I looked around, I became even more confused. Before I quickly got my body together, I found that I was still alive and well, thirty-two years old, and I didn't have the near-death experience that I had just experienced. Before I could breathe a sigh of relief...

Dream on.

My heart was pounding and I tried to get up and walk over to ask someone. Since this was an international airport, no one spoke English. At this point, I had to drag my carry-on bag with me and ask the airport staff as I walked past, but was told to go to the reception.

The plane I was waiting for has already departed... which means I missed the flight because I fell asleep.

I almost wanted to scream as much as I felt like I was falling into the sky. But because there was nothing I could do but buy a new ticket, I had to start everything over. The desire to go home and see Indra made me pay for an economy class ticket and have to wait for a connecting flight for another four hours before I reached Thailand. The dream a moment ago seemed to want to remind me and tell me what was the most important thing in this moment of life, and at that moment, there was only you.

I will go back to you. I will beg you until we make up. I will not give up!

From the scheduled return to Thailand at 3 pm, it was postponed until almost midnight because I had to connect to another flight and had to wait for more than four hours. The infuriating thing was that my phone's battery was dead.

The charger was in the bag that was already loaded on the other plane. Everything seemed chaotic. It all ended because I accidentally fell asleep. The six-hour trip turned into ten hours. It can be said that it was the trip that took the most time to sleep that I have ever done. When I arrived in Thailand, I was wide awake. I could have stayed up all night watching a series.

It's midnight already....

By the time I got off the plane and finished hailing a taxi, it was past 11:00 PM. But instead of going straight home, I asked the taxi to take me to the hospital where Ong In was being treated. Even though I knew I couldn't visit him, I still wanted to sneak a peek. Even for a little while, the feeling of myself about to die was still stuck in my head. I couldn't completely shake it off. I missed you and wanted to see you so much. Even when I was asleep, I still wanted to see that you were doing well.

After more than twenty minutes of taxi travel, I arrived at the hospital at 11:50

p.m. There were hardly any people here, apart from the staff who were walking in and out and on duty. I, dragging a small bag with me, slowly walked into the elevator, afraid that I would be kicked out because it was not visiting time. But in reality, no one would do that. They probably thought I was a relative who was sleeping in the car, picking up the bag, and then going back to the special room or something.

Set up!

The sound of the elevator at the step where Indra was staying resounded along with the elevator door opening. I had just stepped out one foot when I heard a loud noise which was different from the usual silence like a graveyard. Many people were peeking out to see what was going on, just like me who slowly walked to the sweet-faced person's room and was interested in what was going on and why it was so loud until a wheelchair was pushed out of Indra's room that I was about to sneak a peek at.

"In will go find See. Let In go!"

Indra's voice made me smile, but I was also filled with curiosity, so I stopped to watch the event. Now, the mother and the nurses in the ward were trying their best to make the little guy quiet down.

"Going now won't do any good, son. Go when you get in. I'll call and check the list and see if Sea's name is on it."

"No! I'll see for myself. Sob... Mom, I just talked to her at noon. I don't believe that she's dead."

Die...me?

“You might not die, my child. Even celebrities who had plane crashes survived.”

“Right? C won’t die, right, Mom? Sob… In hasn’t talked to C yet. Mom… Help In. How can In live? In can’t live without him, Mom.”

My heart skipped a beat when I heard that. It seemed like I wasn't hearing things. In front of my own mother, Indra was telling me he loved me. Now that he's forgiven me, are we going to make up?

But why do you think I'm dead? Did something happen? I just missed my flight.

“Excuse me, are you here to visit a patient? Visiting time is over.”

“Oh,” I opened my mouth slightly, not knowing how to respond. “I just wanted to stop by. What happened here? Why are the people in that room so noisy?”

“It seems like I received some bad news. I don’t know the details either… but I see that it’s related to the news about the plane crash.”

“The plane crashed?”

I frowned slightly before nodding in acknowledgement. Was it the news I heard from the taxi? Or was Indra thinking that I had died in a plane crash?

No way, if that's what you think, you'll cry even harder. Even though I'm happy that you love me so much, I love you too much to see Indra in pain. With that thought, I dragged my bag and walked into the noisy room. I called out the sweet-faced person's name, not too loudly so I wouldn't be startled, but not too softly either, or I wouldn't hear.

“In”

"Let go of me..." The sweet-faced person who was yelling at her mother paused for a moment, then turned to me following the voice. Now, everyone on the stage was looking at me curiously, wondering who it was.

“See”

“You don’t have to go anywhere. Sima will come to you. Don’t cry…”

“Really? Is that really you?”

I took a step towards him, but I had to stop myself when Indra stood up from his chair amidst the shocked looks of both the nurses who were taking care of him and my mother who raised her hand to cover her mouth in shock.

“You can get up now.”

"You're not dead yet."

Indra stepped towards me with one leg, and that made my eyes well up with tears, and my voice trembled as I spoke.

“In, you can walk.”

"Si, you're not dead yet."

"In!"

The moment the sweet-faced person stepped forward with her other leg, it seemed that she was too weak and she fell. The shock made me rush towards her and cover myself, afraid that Indra's body would hit the ground. Now, the two of us were in an embrace, each crying loudly, happy at different times.

“You can walk now. I’m so happy.”

"You're not dead yet. You almost drove In crazy. Sob sob." Indra raised his hand and hit my back lightly with all his strength. While I was leaning against the sweet-faced person and hugged him tightly, sobbing.

“Cee misses you, wants to hug you.”

"I miss you too. I'm so scared that I won't be able to hug you again."

"From now on, you will be able to hug her every day."

“Sob, don’t die. In won’t be mad at you anymore.”

“It was a really long fight.”

"You're annoying. I'm not mad anymore. Boo hoo."

From the cries of wanting to leave the hospital, it has now turned into a crying match to see each other again. And I promise both you and myself that I will not let anything hurt us both again. I will take good care of you, be stronger, and have only you every day.

Death is that scary....

I'm not afraid of getting hurt, but I'm afraid that I won't be able to see you again, that I won't be able to see your smile again, that's all.

You are the reason for my existence, Indra.

Because the incident had just happened, Indra, who was holding the hem of my shirt, would not let go, would not let me go home, as if he was afraid that our meeting was something intangible, afraid that I was dreaming. In the end, my mother and the nurses were the ones who retreated and went back home because this place does not allow more than two people to look after a patient. Now I am alone with Indra. I just received a serious update that the flight I accidentally fell asleep on and missed the flight had just been announced as disappeared from the radar. Now it is big news because we do not know whether all the passengers on the flight are dead or alive. I have to thank myself for sitting there happily, having nothing to do, so I fell asleep. Before I knew it, I had already missed the flight.

“You should go to sleep. It’s late.”

"Not sleeping"

The sweet-faced person continued to stare at me with wide eyes, without any sign of sleepiness. The adrenaline in her body must have been flowing at full capacity because she was happy to see me in person, just as much as I couldn't sleep when I saw Indra walking, even if it was just two steps.

“If you don’t sleep, you won’t have any energy. You have to walk tomorrow. It’s a good start.”

“What if you disappear?”

“Where will C disappear to?”

"I don't know. This is a dream."

"If this is a dream, when you wake up, you will see C. Because C is back." I spread my hand out cheerfully to assure Indra that I am still here. The sweetfaced person pursed her lips a little and wiggled her finger, calling me, who was sitting next to the bed, to come over.

"What is it?"

"Come give me a hug."

"Since we met, you've been hugging me non-stop."

"Can't I hug you again?"

“Meow,” I stood up and did as the sweet-faced one requested. “You can hug me whenever you want. It’s nice to know that you’ll miss me when I come back. The sacred object I prayed to must be quite something.”

"What did you ask for?" Indra spoke in a muffled voice on my shoulder, as if looking for something to talk about. I rested my chin on his shoulder, sniffed his sweet scent on his neck, and continued talking.

“Please read the message. Please stop being angry. Please be able to walk.”

“It’s really sacred. You got everything.”

"Are you not angry anymore because Si didn't die?" I asked, but Indra kept quiet until I had to ask again. "Don't pretend to be asleep."

"Krok"

“Don’t snore.”

"Sniff sniff."

Even though I know that making that sound like a pig breathing is an avoidance

He didn't answer, but I didn't say anything. It was a good thing that Indra was finally sleeping. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the strength to walk as I had hoped.

"Sleep, then sleep." I pushed the sweet-faced person down to lie down, but she was too stubborn to let me go. She hugged me tightly like a koala bear, while I was the bamboo. "Hey, didn't you say you were going to sleep?"

“Sleep together.”

"Is that okay? The bed is just a little bit small."

“I want to sleep with you.”

"She hasn't showered yet. She's been traveling all day."

"It's okay. I'll sleep with you."

When it comes to being spoiled, Indra can be very problematic. Normally, no boyfriend would do this to me because I never gave him a chance, never gave him any feelings or affection. Most of the time, the one who made the demands was me. She was the exception in many ways. And when the sweet-faced one asked for that, I had to go up to sleep with her even though I hadn't showered yet, which was very against the rules of my life.

I always respect the bed, but whatever...

I climbed up to sleep in the bed with Indra as she wished. After I finished covering myself with a blanket, I lay on my side and hugged the sweet-faced person to assure her that I wouldn't run away and that when she woke up, we would definitely meet. Even though she had pretended to be asleep from the start, she suddenly started talking to me.

"Death is so scary."

"Huh?"

“When I saw the news and found out it was your flight, I didn’t know what to do. I just thought that the flight numbers must be different. Like the number that should end in six, I thought, no… You must end in eight or nine.”

"Deceive yourself."

“Hmm, my hands and feet feel cold. I keep thinking that it’s not true. It’s not true. I tried to type to you, but you didn’t reply.”

“I can’t answer that. The battery is dead or it’s probably still flying.”

"The silence is so scary. Sending a message to the other party and they don't reply, there's nothing but anxiety. You must have felt this way all the time. I can understand why they always answer your calls. If you ask, you have to tell them that you're still here."

“It seems like this incident has given you a lot to think about. That’s great.” I hugged Indra a little tighter. “Because of this incident, Si also learned who she should live for. Actually, before this, Si dreamed that her plane crashed.”

"Really"

“Hmm”

“What a coincidence.”

“That’s right… it’s exactly what happened. I dreamt that I was in a critical situation, and someone on the plane knew they were going to die and was screaming. It was so stressful and scary. At that moment, I thought about you… I thought about how I would feel if I died. We still haven’t talked things out, and I’ll probably be stuck with this for the rest of my life. I’ll keep blaming myself for not being nice to you. It’ll be a guilt that will eat away at you forever. How will I live? I still want to see you one more time. I promise that if

I have the chance to survive and see you, I’ll do my best every day.”

“Just dreaming, you can think that much?”

“That’s right. I don’t know why I can think so much about just a dream…”

Or maybe... it was switching into someone else's body on that machine. If I had once been Narin, what would be so strange about it this time? But why did I have to switch there? Or was God trying to tell me something?

There are still people waiting for us behind us, and you have to come back... something like that.

"It's good that you think that way. This time we can get back together on good terms and not fight anymore."

"So, in conclusion, we're getting back together, right?"

"Krok"

“Pretend to sleep again! Wake up right now.” I teased her waist, causing the sweet-faced person to giggle and wriggle. The laughter of Indra, which was as delicious as a child’s, made me unable to resist and kiss her out of longing. From teasing, it became serious, as if the two of us had been thinking about this moment for a long time. My hand went under the collar of the patient’s shirt, which had nothing on, and gently flicked her nipple. There was a slight groan, as if he wanted to tell her that he was allowed to do as he wished.

"Miss you very much"

“I miss you more.” The sweet-faced one took my hand and put my insides into my pants. I felt it getting wet and looked at the door uncertainly.

“What if someone comes in?”

“How fast can you do it?”

“It's up to you.”

“Then it should be very fast, because I haven’t had it for a long time.” Indra spoke a little bit, but it was inexplicably sexy. I nodded and complied without much urgency, because we wanted speed, but it was filled with care. “Oh… You’re so good.”

"Don't be loud, people outside will hear."

"Today, you make yourself feel like a punk."

"Just making you happy is enough, good person."

Indra's body became hot and he started to twitch like someone who had been yearning for a long time. The little guy used both his arms to wrap around my neck and hugged me tightly, while opening his mouth to bite my throat so that no sound could come out until his body reached its limit.

Fell down weakly

“I’m not dreaming, you really exist.”

She said just that and fell asleep, as if this time, Indra just wanted to make sure that I had truly returned to being.

It was a reconciliation that I was very happy about.

# CHAPTER 41 : The Final Problem For Kanchanaburi

“Hurry up, C... I’m in a hurry!”

To love someone...is to be happy when you see that he or she is healthy.

“You’re running too fast.”

But sometimes she is too healthy. Now Indra forces me to run for exercise every morning, with Lady Cow following closely behind. Ever since she could walk again, she has been trying to use her legs as if there would be no tomorrow. It is understandable that when she was a child she was sick and had to stay in a wheelchair. When she grew up, it seemed that she would not be able to walk again, but there was no need to be this diligent. I am not at all interested in not being able to walk.

I'm a fan, do you understand that I'm a fan, not a leg!!!!

“What are you complaining about?”

“Huh? What are you complaining about?” I made a face like I was haunted by a ghost and took a deep breath as I rested my legs. I almost choked on the breath.

"You're complaining to yourself. I can hear you. Didn't you say you'd do everything?"

“I’ve done everything, but asking me to run a marathon is too much.” I made a face of tears and threw myself down on the street, not caring about the germs in this world anymore. I whined like a weak woman who didn’t like the sun and sweat. “No more. I won’t run. If you force me to run again, I’ll cry for you.”

"You don't love In like you say."

"You don't love me either. I'm going to die. My body can't take it anymore."

"Last night, where did you get the energy? I told you to stop, but it wasn't enough."

"Then, the person who said they were exhausted last night, why were they so crazy when they entered?!"

And we are a couple that never lacks sweetness. Okay, I also have some activities that I really like to do, such as making love. It's considered a form of exercise. You yourself don't seem to dislike it at all, do you?

"Okay, then I'll compromise. Let's go home."

“Really?!” I immediately jumped up to my feet with full energy. “You’re so easy-going today.”

"We won't run anymore, it's hot."

“Network, it's hot.”

"We're going to continue swimming."

"Look for!"

But swimming wasn't that hard. I had foam to hold onto and I kept kicking my legs, swimming alongside the calf who seemed to especially like playing in the water, since the first day we were together. Because we were in our own house, we didn't have to bother wearing a swimsuit. And I liked looking at Indra in his natural form, a t-shirt and shorts, kicking his legs back and forth in the water, until I couldn't help but go and rub his white legs.

That little one runs.

"It's so slippery. She likes it when you, Khun Thin,"

“Why does that sound so rude?”

“Whatever you want, you’re back in good shape. It’s really good.” I playfully massaged Indra’s legs. “From now on, I wish you good health, no pain, no illness. I’d give half of my life for you.

"No”

“Don't you want to be healthy?”

“What’s the point in being healthy if you die first?” The sweet-faced one reached out and pressed her cheek against mine, and then back and forth affectionately, which was clearly shown by Kwang Da, and I couldn’t help but feel happy when I saw that.

"But she also can't stand it if you die first. How can she live?

"I don't know how I'll live without you either.

“Why is it that when we get back together, it feels so good? If I or you were a man, someone would definitely be pregnant. Having you or having a way to do it seems interesting. It’s the first time I’ve thought about having a little person running around the house instead of me.

“I heard that you don’t like Lek.”

“That’s true. I don’t like the smell of school children. It makes me dizzy. But when I was a baby, it wasn’t so bad. I used to smell asafoetida and baby powder when my mother carried my little one past me.”

“I can’t imagine you having a child. I don’t know what Mom In would do if In got pregnant with you.”

“First of all, I was shocked. In the end, it’s definitely us two who have a Juju.

Hehe.” I laughed happily as I imagined the sweet-faced mother’s face when she found out that Ong In or I were pregnant. Ong In put a little water on me before making a surprised expression.

“Speaking of which, when it comes to your mother, I’ve been wondering for a while why your mother suddenly became nice to you. Did you talk to your mother about something?”

I kept a straight face and thought for a while, then shook my head because no matter how hard I thought about it, I couldn't figure it out.

“We haven’t talked at all. Or maybe your mother feels guilty about throwing the vase at Xi’s head, so she starts to feel fond of him.”

“Can throwing a vase change hate into love? There must be something. If you ask your mother, will she tell you?”

“Don’t ask. Just pretend to be in a daze. If I ask and Mom remembers, she’ll hate me. What should I do?” I hugged Indra’s leg again with a goosebumps-like gesture. “I’ll take you away from me. I’ll be in trouble. No, don’t ask. Don’t push me or anything.”

The sweet-faced girl laughed at my cute gestures before she dropped into the water and hugged me. With this gesture, I could feel that Indra had something he wanted to talk to me about, and I was waiting to listen.

"Si, since we're talking about kids... why don't you try talking to your daughter,

King, and get her to stop being afraid of her mother?"

There it is. The name of Kingkan, who had been missing from our relationship for months, was suddenly mentioned. And that made me immediately look away and look at the sweet-faced person, then tilt my head to look at her suspiciously.

"Do you know that Kanchan has a child?"

“Why do you think In suddenly opened your messages and read the messages you’ve been talking to yourself for weeks?”

“Because of Kanchana? He came to see you?”

Indra nodded in agreement, and that surprised me.

“You never mentioned it until today.”

“You yourself never asked or wondered why In suddenly read your message.”

"Cee thought that something divine must have inspired you to feel sorry for her, but Gingkan is something completely unexpected... In short, there's nothing. Did a Japanese monk come to you in a dream and tell you to open and read the message? Someone is about to die."

“You idiot, you’re just joking around,” Inthra laughed a little before continuing,

“Khun King came to apologize and even let In throw water on him.”

“Really? You?”

“Evil, huh?” The sweet-faced one made a face of embarrassment, feeling bad that she looked like a devil. “Khun King even knelt down to apologize and said that she would agree to leave our lives, just asking that In come talk to you and tell her to talk to her daughter and stop hating her. She also asked you to help talk to her father and tell him not to take her daughter away from her.”

It was a scene that I really didn't expect to happen. When I went to Japan, there were many events that were skipped over. Today, Indra finally told me, and that softened my heart a little, but I still felt resentful about what Kingkan did to us.

“Let me think about it. He went to beg you, not to ask for C. Why is he willing to kneel down with you, but he came to slap me at home with C?”

“Slap me? I also made a lot of mistakes. But what did you do? Why does your daughter hate her mother?”

“Just plant some thoughts like what Kingkan planted in your mind, that you can’t beat her, that you lost to her because she was C’s first love or something like that.”

"Don't dig, or I'll get angry again."

"Cee intentionally told you to feel guilty about it. Why are you angry at me?"

“You lied a lot.”

"I can give up." I rushed to hug Indra to make him forget about it. Why do I always lose to this woman? I beat everyone in the world except her.

Is she the only one? That's infuriating.

"So, in conclusion, can you tell me? What did you tell your daughter, King, when you buried her?"

“It’s nothing serious. Xi just said his mother…”

“…”

“It's AIDS.”

"You're even worse than In. How could you tell your daughter that her mother has AIDS? How old is that child?" Indra's face showed fear when he heard that. I could only smile wryly.

“Ten years old”

"You should hurry up and bring that child back to normal."

“What the hell? The marble isn’t crazy.”

“But you gave his mother AIDS. You have to take responsibility!”

Tsk...You good girl.

The problem with our love, in truth, is because of Indra's goodness. If he hadn't dragged Kanchana into this before, we wouldn't have had to deal with this epic drama and such a chaotic argument. This time is the same. Being a good person has caused my ex-lover to reappear here, but the atmosphere isn't quite the same because now I have the upper hand, in that the other party has to beg and plead, doing whatever it takes to let me talk to their daughter and come back to understanding.

"I understand that this person has died, from the news about the plane crash."

“Is this good news or bad news?”

“It’s neutral news that doesn’t have any feelings.”

“Wow… how cold.” I crossed my legs and looked at the person who was speaking like that, and then I pouted. “You should have shown more pitiful feelings. At least he’s the only one who can make your daughter stop hating her.”

"Isn't it because of you?!"

Kanchana seemed to be getting angry again when she mentioned this. I shrugged, not looking distressed at all until Indra, who was sitting next to me, pinched my waist, making me realize what I really wanted to do today: cause trouble or fix what I had done.

“Stop being annoying. Today, we intend to make the mother and son reconcile.”

"Is this the face of someone who wants to be nice to their daughter? Seeing this,

I don't want to help."

“Please…” Gingkan softened her tone and looked at her daughter who seemed to be crying. Even though they were together, Luk Kaew still kept her distance from her mother. From the body language I observed, Ong In, who didn’t want an ignorant child to know about this conversation, volunteered to take that naughty teacher’s daughter away first. Now, it was just us left alone.

“What did you just say? I couldn’t hear you.” I pretended to clean my ear to irritate him again, but Kingkan did something I never thought she would do by kneeling down almost immediately. That made me spring up from my seat because I was shocked. I almost ran over to help her get up, but I held myself back because I was afraid of losing face.

“Please, I will do anything. Please help Lukkaew stop hating him… He wants to hug her, kiss her. She won’t let him touch her because she’s afraid of catching a disease.” Kingkan raised her hands and buried her face in her mouth, crying. “Lukkaew keeps crying that she wants to go live with her grandmother. We’ve only ever had each other. Now, Lukkaew doesn’t love him anymore.”

“Now you know that...”

“He knows how much it hurts me that Indra doesn’t want to be near me. He knows everything. Now he has compensated me. It’s been like a month.

"Ten years for him, isn't that punishment enough?"

Before I could even recite the pain, Kanchana spoke up pitifully. That made me the villain of the story. There was no line for me to say. What could I do but stand there?

“Is that enough? He’s in so much pain already.”

“Did you forget something? The most important thing you should say.”

"What"

I warned Kanchan a little bit until the beautiful teacher from the past who was now full of deterioration from suffering looked up and met her eyes with

"Apology"

Gingkan paused for a moment as if she was weighing her thoughts. She could have said it anyway, just that Lukkaew would come back to hug her and love herself like before. But it seemed that there was something in her heart that was against it, and I knew what it was.

“But before I can say sorry, he has to say it first…” I pursed my lips slightly before putting my hands together in front of my chest. “I’m sorry.”

“…”

“I’m sorry for once destroying my life just because I wanted to win. I didn’t think it would have such a lasting effect until now. Being a child, coupled with not thinking ahead, has hurt many people’s feelings, especially myself. So… please accept my apology.”

After I finished speaking, I bowed with my hand placed on my chin as if I wanted to bow to someone older than me. As for Kingkan, she quickly clasped her hands together to accept the bow in confusion because she didn't think I would come up with this trick and then spoke about herself.

"Excuse me"

“…”

“I’m sorry for not letting go and thinking about how to hurt myself until it hurts other people.

I had to get caught up in this as well. I apologize for hurting both your feelings and your body. I also apologize for making you, In, have to go through so many things. Please accept my apology."

I returned the greeting as well, and everything fell into a quiet, awkward silence. People who used to date, like each other, are attracted to each other, hate each other, and resent each other. Today, they are in a mode of apologizing to each other, as if it were the final episode of a drama that unravels all the issues. I pretended to ignore them and put my hands in my pockets before standing on my heels to relieve the embarrassment.

"Then there's nothing left to linger over. From now on, don't bother me again."

"Um, I don't do it anymore."

I looked out of the house and saw Indra and Lukkaew with their legs dangling in the pool, sitting and talking in a relaxed manner, while the calf jumped into the water, not caring at all how much the bamboo stick in the hand of the hair blower was shaking.

“But you can bring your child to swim here. I heard that he likes the pool.”

“How do you know?”

“Didn’t you say in the car that you wanted your house to have a swimming pool? If you want to come, come. It seems like the calf likes you.”

“Before you’re so kind, please clear up the matter of the crystal ball.

“I haven’t forgotten. Follow me.”

I walked to the front of the house, to the swimming pool area, with Kingkan following behind. When Lukkaew saw her mother, she immediately moved towards Indra because she didn't want to be near him. I had to squat down next to her and smile at her, in the style of a beautiful older sister who has some kind of power to make children believe.

"Don't be afraid, Lukkaew. I think our mother is recovering."

“Can AIDS be cured?”

“These days, doctors are very good. But to prove it to you, Lukkaew, I’ll tell you something… Lukkaew, do you know why swimming pools are blue?”

"I don't know."

“Because there is chlorine. Chlorine makes the pool clean and kills germs.”

“Ahhh.”

“If a person with AIDS jumps into a pool, the germs will be completely eliminated by the chlorine, and Lukkaew’s mother will be cured.”

Indra looked at me and bared his fangs, disliking my lie. We were the only ones who could hear what I was saying, while Kingkan was still standing a distance away. I gave Lukkaew a small wink and beckoned to Kingkan to come over. My mother walked over modestly, not knowing what was going to happen.

"Look at the crystal ball."

“…”

All of a sudden!

I immediately threw the Kanchana branch into the swimming pool. The person who intended to reconcile with the child disappeared into the pool and then surfaced with her head and ears completely flattened from being soaked. I giggled and thanked the marble to make the atmosphere more fun. Laughing first is another form of psychology that makes the other person laugh afterwards.

“Hehe, Mother Kaew looks like a dog.”

“Hehe, Mom looks like a dog.”

The little girl laughed and said thank you with amusement. When I saw her relaxed expression, I whispered in the girl's ear.

“Do you remember what I told you? That I would make Lukkaew’s mother the happiest person in her life.”

“I remember. Is it time to tell Mom?”

“Yes, jump into the water and tell your mother.”

I gently pushed the marble into the water. The little girl swam up to her mother and hugged her tightly.

“Mom...I'm just kidding.”

"What"

“Brother Si and I were just joking around. Haha. Is Mom having fun? I knew from the beginning that Mom didn’t have AIDS. It was just a joke!”

Kingkan and Ong-In looked at me, stunned. To sum it up, even Luk Kaew was tricked by me into teasing her mother by telling her that when the day of the reveal came, she would be so happy, like she had gotten the best gift in her life. But on one condition, it had to be a secret between me and her. When the time came to reveal Luk Kaew, Kratik was very excited because she was having fun like kids do. We winked at each other a little while Kingkan bared her fangs, starting to understand.

“You even fooled a child?”

"Oh... Xi wouldn't be so cruel as to make her daughter afraid of her mother. One day, the answer will be revealed. But just waiting for the right time, there's a risk that the marble will be revealed first. It's unbelievable that a child this young would... oh no!"

I was pushed into the pool by Indra. He stood with his head up, looking at me as I emerged from the water, and bared his fangs in annoyance and anger. I could only smile awkwardly and raise my pinky finger, telling him to make up with me. However, my boyfriend just laughed out loud.

"How could I be with someone like you?"

“Well, Xi is a lovely person.”

“Cute but not pet friendly”

“But it's worth licking.”

"Crazy bastard"

“Celia, you can.”

“Please be considerate of the children.”

Kankan raised her hand to cover her ears, but it was too late. The ten-year-old girl looked at me and asked me with curiosity.

"What are you going to lick? Is it delicious?"

And this is the problem that I will punish Kanchana again as a final word.

"Ask your mother what she licked."

# CHAPTER 42 : Nameplate

If this were a novel... it would have come to an end. But because this is the life I'm facing, I can say with certainty that it's the beginning of a married life where there's so much to learn. Before this, the two of us had been together for a while, but we hadn't yet learned much about each other, apart from loving each other. So, the true nature of both of us that comes out is what determines whether the other person can endure it or not, something like that.

Honestly, if this was me before, a fussy, orderly, and restless woman like Indra, I would have kicked her out of the house already, because I don't like anyone to bother me. But because it's you, everything can be excused, and I'm glad that I can do everything that the sweet-faced girl wants.

Love has changed me this much.

From someone who doesn't raise animals... now the calf is the main member of this house.

From someone who didn't want to live with anyone... Indra came to live with me.

In the house and sleeping in the same bed is indispensable.

It's a big change, but it's a good change.

And there is one more thing that I have thought about changing, but it seems that there is a big obstacle. When I talked to Prang about the game business, I just found out that the reason why Khun Aon, the owner of the game, has disappeared and has not contacted me back is because she has disappeared.

You read that right....disappeared in a plane crash last month.

"Wow... such a big deal, how did we just find out?" I was about to walk to a temple in Japan and stopped to have a serious conversation with Prang. That's right, Indra and I are now traveling as planned after she gets better. I intend to take her to pay respect to the Buddha where I once prayed for her to answer the call and be able to walk again.

[We also have some troubles.]

“At that time, Si didn’t know that you were coming to Japan. Si was in Japan at that time. We even took the same flight. But she accidentally missed the plane.”

I raised my hand and bit my nails in stress. “And you disappeared for so long?

Has the government concluded or what?”

[If the plane crashed that big, it's unlikely that he would survive, boss.]

Plane crash...very few survive. The methods of saving yourself from the flight attendants on the plane didn't help at all. To be honest, the news of that plane crash is very memorable to me. It was also a hot topic in society for quite some time because it was the same plane that I returned from and the same plane that a famous actress was listed as a passenger on. Right now, they still haven't found the debris to determine where it fell or what coordinates. Everyone has given up, saying that all the passengers on that plane didn't survive.

But this person who is very close to me is also on that passenger plane...

Wait a minute, was it a coincidence that that day was the day I dreamed about my plane crashing? Yes... I also remember talking to an actor in the dream. I just remembered it when Prang told me about it.

Or... again, I jumped into someone's body on that plane and felt the feelings of a dying person to learn what's most important in life.

“What’s wrong? Why are you making that face?”

“H...huh? Oh,” I put my phone away because I was still in shock before I started to organize the story for Indra to hear. “Prang called to say that Partner C probably died.”

“Huh? Who is this… You look so surprised. Is he close to you?”

“We’re not that close, but he played a part in helping C get back together with you,” I smiled sadly. “He’s the one who made the game to make up with his girlfriend, so C could use it to make up with you.”

"I'm sorry, Si." The sweet-faced girl didn't know what to do, so she gently rubbed my back to give me encouragement. I smiled at Indra a little, but it wasn't too serious.

“It’s not that sad, but more heartbreaking.”

“Anyone would be as shocked as you. Even I, who didn’t know anything about it, could feel it too… Oh, is this the temple you mean?” Indra spoke up, changed the subject, and as if he remembered something, pointed at the small temple. As for me, who was still in shock, seeing the temple made me feel better, as if I had found my spiritual refuge.

“Yes, here. You found it first. You found it fast.”

“In has been here before.”

“Really? Who did you come with?”

“I came with my ex-husband,” the sweet-faced woman replied, raising her eyebrows teasingly. I laughed a little and pretended to be sulky.

"But now you've come with a new lover. Keep it in your head and remember it."

“You’re so narrow-minded. You were the one who asked who I came with. In just answered.

The temple made me feel cheerful again, maybe because of the trees that gave me a shady feeling, the atmosphere that was still full of old culture, completely different from the city, so I felt magical. We both went to worship and light incense to make a wish, even though we were not sure if the Japanese monks would understand our language. But since we were here, we had to follow the tradition. We walked around to see the various places and stopped at the signs where people wrote their wishes.

"In has also come here to write a wish."

"Write with Narinth, okay?"

“Written by myself at that time, Narin probably went to take pictures here and there, but the sign probably isn’t here anymore. They must have thrown it all away,” the sweet-faced person replied without much seriousness. Then she pretended to look for it, even though she wasn’t serious, but she read each one, hoping to find it. As for me, I tried to find mine from the last time I prayed to Indra, but my eyes caught sight of an older sign, in my own handwriting. Then I beckoned the sweet-faced person to come and look.

“I found my own. This one is older than the one I wrote to you last time. He hasn’t thrown it away yet.”

"What did you write?" Indra, who was following behind, looked up and frowned. "This is In's. And Chrom wrote another line?"

“Is this yours?”

"Hmm"

*Building building..*

*Building building...*

My heart suddenly started beating fast for no reason. Whether it was from shock or excitement, I raised my hand to cover my mouth with tears welling up in my eyes. It wasn't a big deal, but I couldn't help but think that it was really big.

I never believed in coincidences, but this plaque makes me realize that

I really began to wonder if it was related to some miracle I had never believed in. Indra looked at me and then at his own plaque and began to wonder.

"Were you the one who wrote the plaque after In?"

"Hmm"

“If we meet, I will make you happy.

This time, it was Indra who raised his hand to cover his mouth in shock. We both stood there silently, absorbing the wonder that surrounded us. Strange events were happening, and I thought it might be something sacred here, or maybe it was…

“Don’t blame me, it might be destiny...!”

“Ee, really. But how do I explain this? There are thousands of signs, but you wrote after Yin, and we met. It’s amazing.”

"Then... do you think it's really sacred?"

"If we meet, it must be really sacred."

“Are you happy?”

My question seemed to be taken from that plaque. Indra smiled with tears and nodded in response with a trembling voice.

"Very happy."

“That’s great. This place is really sacred.”

I pulled Indra into a hug with overwhelming emotion. We both laughed and cried, then pulled away, not knowing what to say. I sniffed my tears and shrugged.

"Cee will accept that the sacred exists if we believe enough."

"Now I believe it with all my heart."

Then I suddenly thought of something. To test whether Indra really believed this, I teased him with a question that might

Being considered crazy can be reversed by trying.

"Then... do you believe in body switching?"

“…”

Indra's silence made me laugh out loud to cover it up. But before I could even open my mouth to defend myself, the sweet-faced person spoke a short word with a serious tone.

"Believe"

“…”

“Once, In entered your body, Prang… Do you believe it?” The other party looked at me, wanting the same answer. I opened my eyes wide in shock before nodding.

"Believe"

“…”

“Once, Si also entered Narin’s body.”

No need to elaborate, no need to find anything to refer to, just look at each other and say your part, Indra and I immediately hugged each other.

What else is there to say? We both have experiences that we can't tell anyone because there's no way we'll believe it. But today, we're talking about the same thing. Just looking at each other's faces, we understand. We don't need any science to prove it, and we believe with all our hearts that it's the truth.

“We’ll be together until we grow old, right?” Indra asked first, which made me answer almost immediately with confidence without thinking.

“Kai, we will be together until we are old. We will fight and love each other until our periods end and we reach menopause. We will take care of each other until the end of our lives. And if we switch bodies again, C will come running to tell you right away because she knows that you will believe her.

"What if you enter a dog's body?"

"Cee will go shake you. You will know immediately that it is Cee."

"Damn it!"

"What if you enter a dog's body?"

"In will shake your legs."

“See, you did it, but what fun is it when you do it to your legs?”

"In is a female dog."

“Oh, that’s right. I forgot.”

"Will there be any other couples who have experienced something like ours?"

“It’s good if we don’t have any. Our couple will look different and perfect.”

We are a couple who finally found each other. I am a lonely person all my life. I never believed in love and a partner because people are born and die alone. But with Indra, I see everything differently.

It's true that we die alone, but before we die, we will be able to take care of him or he will be able to be with us at that moment.

A lover is someone who will be with us, fight with us, and be everything for us when we have no one left.

You will be the same person as us, and we will be the same person as you.

This is what is called a lover, and it is the same person that I love.

Thank you for the midnight flight that day that made me realize how important life is and how good it is to be reunited with Indra once more.

"C will make you happy"

“You did it, and from now on, In will make you happy too.” Indra walked over, picked up a wooden board and wrote on it before handing it over.

I wrote the same sentence and hung it up like a promise.

## “We will share happiness and sorrow together forever.”

**END**

# Chapter SPECIAL 1 : Habit

Habits are something that all of us have, such as being accustomed to brushing our teeth in the morning, being accustomed to saying hello to our mother before going to school, or being accustomed to thinking that our face will always be like this when we look in the mirror.

and get used to someone's presence

To be honest, it's really scary when we think that it will be with us forever. Like a shadow that follows us. Like we believe that we will have a tomorrow when we wake up. Like I used to be. There will still be C, the girl who texts me every day. The one who makes me feel sorry for myself even when I'm not the prettiest. The one who makes me believe that I'm more important than anyone else in the world. And when you're treated too much, you'll act twice as hard. In fact, I'm not that kind of girl. I'm quite a reasonable person. Or if I get angry, I'll do it in moderation. I don't act hard to get too much. Because if in the end, the value is equal, which is loving him, I'll be good very quickly. Because I'm too lazy to argue.

Why do you have to go on so long? Because of habit.

You almost killed me before. Thinking back to that time, I was so angry at C. I blamed her for the reason I couldn't walk because she lied after secretly meeting her ex-boyfriend. That accident made my family so angry. I cut ties with C without forgiveness, even though I missed that pretty girl so much. She tried to contact me in every way, sending her secretary, decorating my room with sunflowers every day. But that didn't soften my heart at all.

Until the last person she sent... no, she probably came willingly. Gingkan who came to visit me today knowing that no one was there. I almost called the nurse to come in, but I felt curious about why she came, so I held back before she could.

"Excuse me"

The once graceful and majestic person bowed to me without any ego left. I noticed a lot of guilt in his eyes, but... I still didn't believe it much. My legs weren't like someone bowed to them and said sorry and they would be able to walk right away.

“What brought you here today? It’s probably not just a feeling of guilt.”

"I have something to confess to you, In. It's the truth that you must know. Keep it in mind."

“What is the matter?”

"The story between King and C"

She told me the whole plan, that everything was a set-up, which I actually agreed with easily, because everything seemed appropriate and straightforward, if I wasn't too stupid. But I just wanted to find someone to take the blame for making me unable to walk like this, and C was the perfect bait for me to fall on, which didn't sound very fair to that pretty girl.

“Aren’t you really happy that In and See misunderstood each other? You’ve already succeeded. What’s the point of confessing?”

"Because right now, Si is making everything worse... Si is going to take away the child that should belong to King alone from her arms."

"That means if this hadn't happened, you wouldn't have apologized, wouldn't have felt guilty, or anything like that, right?" I glanced at my bedside table before grabbing a glass of water and splashing it at Kingkan with full force. The person who had come to apologize just stood there and let herself get wet without complaining or complaining, as if she had intended to receive the punishment anyway.

“Ging lost consciousness. At the time, I only wanted to win. But after seeing you have an accident and have to end up like this, Ging also feels bad.”

"You should just die. What Xi did was too little."

“It’s not too little. My child is my life. Even if we kill each other, it would be better.”

After she finished speaking, Gingkan knelt down on the ground. When I saw that, I straightened up in shock but held my mouth shut because I wanted to know what trick she would use next.

"Khun In... King begs you to go back and reconcile with See or tell that girl to stop bothering King's daughter. King has given up."

"What can I say? We've already stopped contacting each other."

“You can do it. Just be you… you alone.”

"Then why do you have to do it? Just because you want to."

"Because you love C too."

Kingkan has gone back. Now I can only lie down and watch TV while my mother, who came to take care of me, has fallen asleep on the sofa. I didn't tell anyone about Kingkan's visit. I wanted to think alone and weigh whether it was really what I wanted or not.

I reached out my phone to unlock C's message before I had to

I was surprised to see the numerous messages, both text messages, voice messages, and clips that the beautiful girl diligently sent to update me so that I wouldn't miss anything during the time we weren't talking, including the games that she said she was going to start investing in, investing money as another source of income besides being a coach.

The game is similar to a dating game, but C calls it a “game of flirting” and she made it specifically to flirt with me. After playing, I smiled a little at the effort, money, and effort she put into trying to flirt with me, so I couldn’t help but reply because I wanted to know how the other person would respond.

**India:** I'll be back in noon.

This was the first greeting after not talking for a long time. Now I know that C is working in Japan but I don't know much about the details. And even more than the reply, she sent a message faster than I thought.

**See:** It's great that you replied today.

It seems like she has been waiting for my contact for a long time, and it reminds me of the old days when we used to talk every day. But this is just the beginning. I don't plan to be nice to her so easily.

**See:** Do you like games?

**India:** No edge

**See:** There are two endings. Which one do you choose?

**India:** Choose you to die

I was just pretending to type that, even though in reality I would have chosen another way. But I wanted to be a little bit more sarcastic and hurtful to the other person, so that they wouldn't be too upset that I agreed to chat with them like this.

**See**: If C really dies, you will be sorry.

After we finished talking, I fell asleep for a while, intending that around 5 pm,

C would definitely come running to me, because the plane would land from Tokyo to Thailand around this time. However, at 6 pm, I still did not see any sign that C would show up. I wanted to try calling him, but I thought he was waiting for me, so I could only lie on the bed calmly, with my ego holding me back.

It's already 7 p.m.

It's already 8 p.m.

9 p.m.

Isn't that too late? The plane landed at 3pm already. Is that girl trying to get on my nerves?

Until 10:30 p.m., I was restless and starting to get really irritated. I picked up the remote and changed channels in a bored and irritated manner. Then I had to meet Mr. Kitti after the news was reporting the plane crash on the flight from Japan.

Bangkok It is normal for everyone to be shocked when they see this news, but they let it go because it has nothing to do with them. Except for me, who is now gripping the remote tightly, my ears ringing like someone who is in shock.

No... It couldn't have been a coincidence that it was the same flight. Every day, there are many planes flying back and forth from Bangkok to Tokyo. It couldn't have been a coincidence that it was the flight that C was on.

But the news report is the same airline that C mentioned before boarding the plane. This news was very famous because the country's top star also boarded the plane and mysteriously disappeared without anyone finding out where the plane had gone.

“Oh… it’s a good thing none of our relatives are up there, or else I would have been heartbroken,” Mom said as she stood with her arms crossed watching the news. She then turned to look at me, looking for support, but was shocked to see tears streaming down both sides of her cheeks. “In, what happened?”

If C really dies, you will be sorry.

“Mom...what should I do?”

“What, child? What?”

"Cee was on that plane."

I remember at that time I was at a loss for words. I just understood what it was like to have a broken heart. At that moment, I thought about all the bad things and kept thinking back to the bad things I had said. It felt like thousands of knives were slowly cutting through my heart, little by little, until nothing was left.

"In...In will go see C."

I tried to get out of bed, even though I didn't know where to go to find her, but I had to do something to avoid looking so worthless. It was better than lying in bed like this.

"Where are you going to find me, son?"

"I don't know, but In will go. Mom, please take In down."

My mother was still hesitating whether to help me as requested or not. In the end, I decided to use all my arm strength to drag myself downstairs, but I rolled out of bed and my arms and hips were so sore that my mother had to scream for help from the nurses in the ward to help me get into the wheelchair.

“In, calm down, son. Check the news first. C might not be on the plane.”

“Mom, before boarding the plane, Si just talked to In herself that she would come back to find him. Si’s plane had to land at 3 p.m. It’s 11 p.m. now and Si still hasn’t shown up.”

"You can go home and get some rest, dear. Try calling first, okay?" Mom tried to find a way to help and gave me the phone on the nightstand. "What's the number? Tell me."

I snatched the phone from my hand and pressed the call button myself, but there was only the usual sweet female voice answering. Now, I felt so bad for her because it was confirming that C was really on the plane.

“Can’t reach you on the phone… Mom, please take me to the airport.”

"There's nothing to worry about, son. The plane disappeared from the radar. Relax. The authorities are searching for him. See is fine. That kid is hard to kill."

"But now Si might be dead. Si just asked In, if she died, how would In feel?"

And I replied that I would like to know too.

Why did I answer like that? There are so many nice words. Don't I know how to say them?

I clenched my fists and beat my chest to suppress the pain in my heart. Right now, my feelings inside me were empty and I kept asking myself,

How can I continue to live with this feeling? At first, I thought my legs were important in my life, but it turns out that they are no longer important.

If I didn't have that girl.....

For more than half an hour, the nurses surrounded me, trying to get me to bed, but I was stubborn beyond belief. Until one of them called the doctor and heard vaguely that they were going to give me a sedative to help me sleep. Even though it was well-intended, to me at that moment, everyone was so cruel, all they wanted was for me to be calm, but no one mentioned whether the people on the plane were alive or dead. Of course... it wasn't about the people close to them. You'd never know how I felt.

Never know.

“Move!”

I pushed one of the nurses away and used all my strength to push the cart out of the room, ready to escape.

“Going now won’t do any good, son. Go when you get in. I’ll call and check the list to see if Sea’s name is on it.”

"No! I'll see for myself. Sob... Mom, I just talked to C at noon. I don't believe that C is dead."

Just as the moment was about to end, someone's voice rang out amidst my lost hope, giving it light once more.

"In"

"Let go of me..." I, who was trying to shake off my mother's hand, paused for a moment and looked.

follow the sound

“See”

“You don’t have to go anywhere. Sima will come to you. Don’t cry…”

“Really? Is that really you?”

And then everything happened as if by a miracle, Sima appeared in front of me.

With thirty-two complete limbs, I had to ask again if this was a real person and not a spirit. The excitement made me forget myself and get up from the wheelchair amidst everyone's astonishment. But because my muscles were too weak, I fell down first. See, who saw that, ran over to catch me just in time and hugged me tightly.

“You can walk now. I’m so happy.”

“You’re not dead yet. You’ve almost driven In crazy. Sob sob.”

And because of this incident, it made me realize that... nothing is certain. The person you think you'll be with forever, one day he or she might disappear. So while you still have time, do your best today.

I got you back, just like you got my heart back too...

# Chapter SPECIAL 2 : Imagination Of Ong In

"Doing what!"

I, who had suddenly appeared, intended to tease Saisi who was playing with the tablet, quietly became the one who was shocked by the image on the screen. The pretty girl who was not shocked at all glanced at me slightly, smiled and raised her eyebrows.

“Watch porn cartoons”

“How can you look at something like this with such an indifferent expression?”

“So what kind of face should she make when she watches cartoons like this?” Saisi narrowed her eyes at me and licked her lips. “Or should I make a face like… Heh, I want to lick the screen so badly, or something like that?”

"You perverted idiot!"

I don't know what my face looks like right now, but it makes the cheeky guy reach out and pinch my cheek and laugh with amusement. Saisi always treats me like a child. She looks at me like I need to be cherished or something. Sometimes, I almost put asafetida on myself to feel like a baby.

“You can't watch.”

“Watch it. I’ll watch it too.”

"Let's do it together."

"If you have a naughty boyfriend, you have to adjust."

“You’ve adjusted a lot, as far as I can see.”

I wrinkled my nose a little and sat down next to her on the couch. Xi Xi squinted at me, wanting to make sure I was okay with it, but seeing that I didn't seem embarrassed at all, he continued by starting the story over.

“Why are you watching cartoons? Isn’t watching people more emotional?”

“People are just like that. It’s too fishy. The name is difficult. Look for something with lines. It’s wet.”

“What's wet?”

“The picture here, hehe,” she laughed so sweetly that I laughed along with her because the word wet can convey many meanings before leaning against her to find an armrest. “Cartoons still have some storyline, but it’s not like real people acting, going into the room at any moment, taking off their clothes at any moment.”

“In the end, you’ll have to take off your clothes anyway.”

“Some cartoons just won't take off.

“I can’t believe that one day, In would talk to you about something like this as if it were normal.”

"If you can't talk to your partner, then they're not the partner you can have sex with."

“Make love,” I sighed at the sweet words, but it made no difference in the context of getting into bed. “That’s right.”

"Why are you using that tone?"

"I'm thinking whether In has only been exercising or having sex with Narin." “Hey… you’re jealous. Can you say something like that in front of your new boyfriend?”

"And you"

Saisi immediately looked shocked when I asked about him.

“Skip, don't speak.”

"Why are you acting so embarrassed like this? You've had many girlfriends. Is this sex?"

"Atu Abi Bae Bae, do you know that Japan has announced that there is a strange spacecraft flying from outer space?"

“No need to change the subject!”

I have been married before... to a man named Narin. You could say that I have been through a family. We dated since we were students and then we decided to get married properly so that when we went out together it wouldn't look ugly or be a source of gossip to other people. For me, it was love too, but it was a married life that wasn't smooth because there were some things that we just couldn't agree on at all.

Things on the bed.....

Narin is a person who has a rather strange idea about such things. He likes to do something new, but I think it is pointless and unnecessary for our married life.

Sometimes I give in because I don’t want to fight, but sometimes I can’t stand it anymore. How can people do this everywhere? Even at the dining table where we eat. And when I bring this up, we fight because we can’t talk things out. In the end, we end up sleeping in separate rooms. Our love turns cold. Our married life consists of sitting at the same table for meals only sometimes, talking about work every day, and each person living their own lives, their own spaces, without anyone outside knowing that there is a problem.

"Let's get a divorce," I was the first to speak up, feeling that this was the end of the road. Narin, who was eating with me, looked up and met my eyes, then nodded without any objection.

"Um, I agree."

It hurts when the other person doesn't want to hold on, but I don't see any point in holding on, because right now we're just strangers. Having loved each other for a long time doesn't mean we have to love each other forever. Going our separate ways would probably work better, but the surprising thing is why it's so easy. Until one day, a friend from school texted me, and then I found out the story.

"In, I have something to tell you...but I don't know if I should tell you or not."

Aem, a friend from college who suddenly sent me a private message. At first, I thought she was going to borrow money. I intended to post a picture saying that friends shouldn't borrow money. But it turned out to be something else when she sent me a picture of Narin and a woman in a fancy restaurant at night.

"I saw Narin having dinner with a beautiful woman. She might be a coworker, but I'd better tell her first."

“Thank you. It’s probably my coworker.”

There was a sense of shame that seeped into every pore of my being approached like that. What could I say other than to brush it off and say that they worked together? But it also made me curious.

“That’s right, because the other party is also famous.”

"Do you know Aem too?"

"Everyone knows Life Coach C. He's very popular right now."

Is she famous? I've never heard of her and I don't plan on knowing her either.

However, since she had a picture with my husband, I couldn't help but get to know her a little bit and find out who she is and where she comes from. So after talking to my friend, I immediately searched for information about the woman in the picture. She is a life coach who is experiencing...

Success, being a good talker, having a pretty face, which makes me even angrier because it's like a hidden competitor that my friends might compare me to.

Narin himself might also compare himself to me.

Because I'm already prejudiced against these types of careers, it made me dislike them even more. And what was so coincidentally great was that she hired my company to do interior design. Working with her was like swallowing a lump of blood in my throat. I was half-hearted, half-accepting, but not wanting to have a conversation. And then she specifically asked me to design the work for her, like she was pretending. How crazy!

“Don’t put so much value on my skills.”

I tried to close the job to make the other party lose trust when I was given the assignment to do it, but I was attacked with words that almost broke my patience!

Oh, if a professional decorator is not confident in the work they do, what will happen? I understand that you, India, are professionals. Or was the work in that portfolio a report submitted to a professor during your university studies?

I was so annoyed that I secretly wrote the word 'crazy girl' while pretending to write it down, but the other party was able to guess it, which was annoying.

“Yes, I will do my best.”

“But didn’t you write on the paper, India, ‘sit crazy’?

How can people know everything!

Thinking about this, I glanced at the person who was still watching the cartoon, completely unaware of what was going on. The urge made me open my mouth and bite Saisi's shoulder, sinking my fangs in. The other person dropped the tablet from his hand and let out an ouch.

“Why are you biting C?”

"Angry at you"

“The thing about you watching porn is that you wanted to watch it yourself.”

“No!” I folded my arms and sighed. “Just thinking back, I feel like a little kid who knows everything. You knew who In was and where he came from when we first met, but In didn’t know anything about you. If you were to enter Narin’s body, you should have told Si to prepare yourself.

“I was watching porn, how did this get brought up?” Saisi picked up the tablet and laughed while rubbing her shoulders. “If I had told you then, you would have called me crazy.”

“Yes, you were a crazy woman for In back then, huh.”

“What are you so angry about? What did C do wrong?”

“I just felt that you were so beautiful at that time. So beautiful that Narin thanked me. So beautiful that I even fell for you. What kind of crazy person is this? So beautiful and smart. Don’t you have anything to criticize?”

“Oh my… suddenly someone is mad because I’m smart and pretty?” The annoying person shook her hair like she was acting in a shampoo commercial, not humbly. “What should I do? Let me look down on you.”

“There must be some.”

"Then I'll be a whore's son."

“No way!” I clenched my fist and punched the pretty girl’s arm lightly, who was making fun of my inferiority complex. “You’re making Indhu look bad.” “Why are you suddenly acting spoiled? What are you thinking?”

“Thinking back to the time we first met, it reminds me of the beginning.” I tilted my head to rest on hers and ran my fingers up Saisi’s leg, enjoying it. “Did you put some magic on In? How could someone like In love with someone like you?

No matter how you look at it, it’s not possible.”

“Because Xi'er is teasing you. To be precise... he knows how to make you like him.” Xi'er raised an eyebrow at me, taking advantage of me, and that made me wrinkle my nose.

"You treat In like you treat everyone else."

“You are the one who can point me the most out of all of them.” The pretty one pursed her lips slightly, embarrassed. “Xi almost doesn’t want to touch you.”

“What does that mean?”

“Putting you on a pedestal like that, I’m afraid you’ll get tainted.”

"Don't you have any feelings for In?"

“Yes, but… it doesn’t come first in our relationship. Si would rather be with you, talk to you.”

"So you pretended to be asleep, refused to kiss, and seduced the guy in front of

In, huh?"

I suddenly became irritated for no reason. When I heard that, I was about to rush to get up and run away, but Sai Si grabbed my wrist first. To be honest, I am a human being who is quite good at hiding my emotions, love, greed, anger, and delusion deep down inside. I don't really want to show them, but when it comes to this girl, I can barely control them.

“Can people think back to the past and be angry at the present like this? It’s ridiculous.” Saisi pulled me into a hug, but I still resisted. “I don’t want to do something like that because I know you’ve had bad experiences. I don’t want you to think that I only want you. And most importantly… When I get someone, I immediately leave them because I don’t want to be attached.”

"So"

"But when I got you, I wanted you every day. This is the downside... I'm a sex maniac, but only with you."

Then the pretty face raised both hands in a defeated gesture. I was embarrassed. I squinted at the speaker and tried to hold back a smile, but I forced myself to be serious.

“With other people, right?”

“With other people, we have sex, but with you, we have love. Is that right?”

"How are they different?"

"That kind of activity, C does it for fun. It can be called selfish... In every process, C must finish. No matter what the other party is like, everything is about satisfaction."

"If you were born a man, you'd be very bad."

“I agree, but it’s not like that with you… I want you to be happy with things like that too. That’s why everything is so delicate. Sometimes I want to do something crazy, but… you probably don’t appreciate it that much, so I just do what I can.”

“You’ve taught me a lot of weird things. You’ve never said you didn’t like it.”

“But it shouldn’t be too much or anything like that. Otherwise, why would you break up with Narin? Right? See, you’re a reasonable person.”

“How big are your limits?”

“You can’t imagine it, but it’s just a fantasy in your head. You can imagine it yourself. It’s okay, hehe.”

The pretty woman picked up the tablet and continued to look at it, then waved her hand.

“I’m not mad anymore. Let’s watch some cartoons. Do you know that Si doesn’t like watching anything here? She likes the voice of the voice actor. The Japanese voice actor is very good. Listening to him makes my heart flutter.”

“I thought you liked In’s voice the most.”

“You are definitely number one,” the pretty woman said in a serious tone. I placed my hand on Saisi’s thigh and slowly traced the edge of her pants before reaching inside as best I could, causing Saisi to squint. “What is this?”

“Do you want to hear the intro?”

Very rarely do I make the first move because I'm still shy about it, but I want the other person to feel happy with the excitement.

So I tried it and it worked. Saisi opened his mouth in surprise and smiled uncertainly.

“You barely have to do anything to look incredibly sexy.”

“What do you imagine that is unexpected?”

“No way… ah…” I inserted my finger into that wet part, wanting an answer.

Saichi’s body responded quickly, before she pursed her lips tightly. “You’re so big now.”

“Is it as fast as fifty shades?”

“There’s no need for chains, whips, or handcuffs like that… huff… You… the cleaning lady will see.”

"Just tell me what you imagine."

“I want to do it with you...on the stairs.”

“I thought it would be even crazier.”

“You just don't like it anymore.”

"Who told you? You've never heard of In's imagination."

“Then… um… no, let’s go to the room.”

“No… do it here.” Saisi spread her legs wider, but she was still worried that someone might see, so she had to grab a pillow and put it on her lap. “Do you want to know what In thinks of doing to you?”

"What"

"I want to do it with you here. While the maid is cooking for us, in the back, I want to see you order the maid while you are nibbling my fingers."

“You… you’re going too far… Uh…”

“But because the housekeeper isn’t here right now, In thought of another thing, which is…”

I smiled at Sai Chi and picked up my phone, then called Ms. Prang.

Saisi looked like she was going to cry when the other party answered the phone, then she let out a growl.

[What do you say, Boss?]

"No... I... pressed..."

"Ms. Prang isn't coming today?" I chattered over the phone while the other person raised her hand to cover her mouth. She was about to reach her dream. I pretended to stop her and let her stay like that... to start over.

[Today is a holiday. What's wrong? Prang hasn't come for a day. Are you lonely? Should I go see you?]

"Cee, tell him if he wants you to come and see him or not."

"No need... oh..." The voice that escaped made the other end of the line ask.

[What is it, Boss?]

“You don't have to come!”

"Kick"

I laughed when I saw that Sai Si was really getting angry. The pretty girl locked my hands in place and then straddled me without caring whether the cleaning lady came or not.

[What are these two doing? They called Prang and you couldn't understand what she was saying.]

“Are you going to do this?” Sai asked as she swayed rapidly, worried that the maid would show up and that she would make strange noises.

"Yes, that's what I thought."

[What are you talking about? Let Prang know.]

"You don't need to know, just listen!"

Sai Si bit her lips very tightly and moved them according to her desires until I could feel her bursting out. Even though it was just the tip of my finger, I felt a tremor in my lower abdomen until I felt satisfied. Prang, who was scolded, didn't say anything and hung up the phone quietly as if she knew. The beautiful face

The one sitting across me looked at me with a hard gaze before speaking in a demanding tone.

“Today you will surely die!”

“That much?” I tilted my head to make a cute gesture to her. She teased me. Saisi got up and put on her pants before pulling me up to sit and carrying me like a little child. I laughed. “Where do you get your energy from?”

“Now you can see Xi’s imagination!”

# Chapter SPECIAL 3 : Switch Bodies

"In... do you believe in mystical things?"

The mother who came to visit the house said this while stuffing food into the refrigerator for Saisi to go outside to bathe the calf. I don't know if that pretty girl intended to avoid her mother or not, so she found something to do, but it's understandable that she probably made it difficult to be the girlfriend of her mother's daughter or something like that.

Well...my daughter's boyfriend is also a woman. It's a bit annoying.

"Why did you suddenly ask?"

"Want to know your opinion"

"Well... dammit."

If in the past, someone had asked me if I believed in the Naga, I would have just smiled and not given any opinion because we shouldn't get into a debate about beliefs, even if we don't believe in them at all. But now, I would nod my head because we can't know what mysteries there are in this world.

Some more

If I could switch bodies and be in someone else's body for a day, there would probably be devils and demons in this world.

Like when I was a child, my mother didn't know where to turn to for a doctor to cure me so that I could walk. In the end, I had to rely on sacred things. Whoever was said to be good, my mother would go through the jungle to take me. Until I met Saisi when I was a child. And it was like a knot that tied us together until we grew up. It was like there was a thin red thread that tied the two of us together. But before we could meet, we had to go through many years, many events, many emotions before it all came together. And that doesn't even include the time when I jumped into Prang's body the other time. At that time, I

remember waking up and finding myself in a hospital bed. I wasn't even in a sick bed, but in the role of a caregiver.

“You’re awake already? Ms. Prang seems to be working hard for that nun. Doesn’t her husband mind coming to stay and take care of someone else’s sick father?

A hoarse voice of an old man on the bed said. I looked left and right and saw no one. I pointed at myself and frowned.

'Yes?'

"Oh, what's up, pretty one? Are you still awake?"

“Uncle, are you talking to me?

"There's only one mouse in this room.

Why did my voice change? I blinked my eyes and looked around again, unsure.

Who was this old man? He was talking to me so intimately. When did we meet? And whose room is this? I'm so confused.

“Go wash your face and peel some guava for me to eat. Take out the seeds, or you’ll get appendicitis. Hehe.”

I was still in a daze before I got up from the couch and walked straight to the bathroom. As soon as I saw the mirror, I screamed and quickly covered my mouth.

Who is that person in the mirror?

Huh? Isn't this Ms. Prang, Sai Se's secretary? Then why...

I pointed at myself in the mirror and waved my hand, before I had to cover my mouth again and slap myself in the face with a loud 'slap'. The pain spread across my cheek, but it didn't wake me up. What kind of dream was this? I didn't understand!

After more than ten minutes in the bathroom before I came out to regain my composure, I was greeted by the cheerful voice of a new person, which made me even more shocked.

"Oh, Dad, you're not dead yet?!"

Are they father and son? How did I get into this circle of people? What a strange dream! And even though I thought it was a dream, it was extremely uncomfortable. The foreigner is not very good at peeling fruit. But luckily, the doctors and nurses came in just in time and told us both to come outside first. The ritual of pretending to peel fruit ended. It was a long dream, huh? I didn't wake up at all. And everything seemed so real. The smell of medicine, the smell of the hospital.

That day was the most amazing day for me. A body that was not my own, a voice that was not my own, fingernails, toes, hair, nothing was mine except for my thoughts and feelings. But it was also the day that I really got to know the inside story of Cyce, and it made me realize that we had met before.

You remember me.....

I was the only one who realized it was you, but I wasn't impressed at first. Because I had always believed that the little girl came in and tricked me into believing that I would be able to walk. And I believed that all along. Until the physical therapist cured me and I became normal. But...

I can't not give any credit because if it weren't for Saisi, I wouldn't have any motivation whatsoever.

Because I believed that you really had magic, I was healed and became who I am today.

Even if the method is not pure!

“I thought you didn’t believe in this kind of thing.” Mom, who had already put the food in the fridge, gave me a plate of peeled fruits and led me outside to watch Sosi bathe the calf. I smiled a little because Mom seemed to want to know about my girlfriend’s movements, to the point of being willing to go out and endure the heat. I wanted to know what made Mom suddenly change her mind, but I was afraid that asking would ruin the atmosphere, so I chose to keep quiet for now.

“We don’t know everything. What no one can prove may exist, depending on people’s experiences.”

"And what experience do you have with mystical things?"

"Wow, Mom asked me this. How should I answer?" I almost replied, "Swap bodies," but I was afraid that Mom would think I was joking because it seemed too surreal and sci-fi. "Let's talk about Mom first. Have you ever encountered anything mysterious?"

“I was possessed by a ghost.” Mom dragged a chair from the garden to sit down and looked at the calf that was shaking its body, causing the water to splash like a rainbow when it hit the sunlight. “It came in a big one and crushed me on the bed.”

Saisi, who seemed to have heard this, turned her attention to her mother.

"Ji was also possessed by a ghost, Mom." The beautiful woman raised her hand as if to support her mother's story. She didn't know whether she was trying to flatter her or tell her story. However, her mother, who saw this, sat up straight and looked at Xixi with interest.

"Oh, really? How did you tease me?"

"Just sleep on it. Put your feet on my chest."

“So what do we do?”

“At first, I prayed, but the ghost was too powerful… She continued the prayer for me, then laughed and said that she had prayed incorrectly.”

“Wow, you’re so far above the clouds already?” Mother put her hand to her chest. Sai Si, who was having fun, let the calf run and flap its body first, then shouted for the housekeeper to bring a hair dryer to blow dry its fur, and then she herself joined in.

“Yes, Mom. At that time, I didn’t know what to do. I wanted to shout for help, but I couldn’t because I was sleeping alone.”

“So where are you going?”

“At that time, we hadn’t slept together yet.”

“…”

“…”

The words “sleep together” made the atmosphere around them go dead silent, similar to a cartoon where a crow flies by and leaves a dot. It can be interpreted in many ways, such as sleeping next to each other or doing some activity while sleeping…

Most of the time, we will do some activities.

"Is it a power?" Mother changed back to the ghost story. Saisi continued to smooth things over.

“It was a while. At that time, I was so scared that I was angry. I was angry, so I cursed at her…” The girl covered her mouth with her hands before bowing to her mother and apologizing a little. “I just wanted to convey that I was really angry, so I competed.”

"What did you curse me with?"

“I competed by saying… you won’t go nicely, right? Remember Taew in Nakee? And I used all my strength to curse her that… if she didn’t go, I would curse her with all the merit she had made so she wouldn’t be reborn. If she died and went to hell, I would go down and be her friend and step on her chest again, not letting her go anywhere. We would stay together forever. And from now on, I would start reciting the prayers so I could chant them beside her ear every night.”

When we're in hell together."

“…”

“…”

There was silence again. Hearing Cysi's vengeful thoughts, I took a sip of water and quickly interrupted to prevent it from being too quiet.

“And what was the result?”

"That ghost just ran away."

“It worked,” Mom said with a surprised expression. “I’ll try using it. Ghosts these days are so mean. They don’t tell you what they want, and they only harass you like this. They deserve it.”

“Yes, I haven’t been fooled since then.” Sai Si proudly boasted, feeling good that she had won. I smiled at her naughtiness and put a piece of fruit in my mouth to tone down my narcissism a little. Mom looked at us both without saying anything before moving on to the next topic.

"Do you believe in the story of...switching bodies?"

Saisi and I were stunned. When we heard this question, neither of us said anything, but looked at our mother. The elderly who were quiet waved their hands shyly.

"I'm just kidding. Do you think I'm delirious?"

"No, Mom. Why did you say you switched bodies? Did you go to a spirit medium?" I teased, asking in a way that seemed off, because I wanted to know how Mom would respond. I have to admit that Mom's question made my heart race a little when she suddenly said it.

"It's not like that... it's like..."

“…”

“Better not say”

"Speak, Si Si wants to listen." This time, Si Si insisted. Mom moved a little uncomfortably and smiled at us again.

“Just think of it as a funny story. Don’t think I’m crazy… because I thought I was crazy for quite some time.”

"No one will say anything to Mom. Tell me first. What's going on?"

This time, both of us stared at Mom very firmly. When Mom saw that we didn't look away, she dared to say what she had just mentioned.

“One day... I had a dream. I thought it was a dream.”

"Aha"

"Mom dreamed that she was in the body of a... dog."

“Oh really…” Sai Si pretended to be disappointed, thinking she’d found someone of her own descent, but she still pretended to listen to her mother.

“What did you dream about?”

“I dreamed that I entered the body of a calf.”

"And what did Mom do in her dreams?"

“I came to live in this house. All day long, I did nothing but howl. I wanted to come to In at the hospital… Oh, at that time, In was still in the hospital when I had the dream.” Sai Si held back her laughter by turning away when she heard her mother howling. I had to reach out and pinch her. “I won’t tell you anymore. Someone is laughing.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. Tell me. I want to hear it.”

Mom pretended to be a little upset, but when she saw that we were still listening intently and that it seemed like we had wanted to tell this story for a long time, like she was venting, she agreed to continue.

“At that time, I remember that in the dream, Si kept insisting on eating the pellets, and Mom kept running away… Yeah, it’s quite a strange experience being a dog. Then Si thought that Mom was sick, so he took Mom to see a doctor with his secretary named Prang. In the car, they talked about the celebrity who had a plane crash.”

Saisi started to gape and squint at me before swallowing hard.

"W...so what next?"

"Then Si took Mom to see a doctor. Then he seduced the dog doctor and told him to...

Call at night."

I glanced at Saisi, who was looking like she was haunted, and then at my mother, thinking that something was wrong.

“When she got home, Saisi, who was afraid that the dog wouldn’t eat it, secretly shared some of her sausage with her. That night, Mom and Saisi slept on the bed, feeling lonely and sad because she had a fight with her boyfriend.”

"Have you talked to that vet?"

"Ah...I don't remember."

"We didn't talk, Mom. Why can't you remember me at such an important time!" Sai Si shouted when she saw that I was biting my lips tightly, ready to strangle her at any moment.

“Well, Mom had a dream. So it was a dream. They didn’t switch bodies. Right now, it’s still a mystery to Mom… But the next day, Mom called Saisi and Saisi said that she really did eat sausage. So Mom was really shocked.”

"So, did Saisi call that vet, Mom?"

“Does it matter? I was just dreaming. Oh… Where did she run off to?”

"Come back here now. Let's talk things out. When In was sick, you were also a dog doctor, right? See!" I chased after my girlfriend who had now run away far away. I left my mother wondering if we really had switched bodies at that time. But from Sai See's symptoms, I thought it was true.

That girl seduces the doctor.

And mother enters the body of a dog!!!

