

# Chapter Intro

**A large shopping mall located in the city center**, it was a big department store that gathered numerous brand-name stores. They had restaurants with food from all around the world, a high-end movie theatre, and even showrooms of luxury cars that were worth over ten million baht. The shopping mall was convenient to travel because it was located next to the Skytrain station.

Because it was very convenient and had everything to offer, this shopping center was a place for all groups of people to hang out, especially for teenagers who liked to come to this mall.

Two high school girls were in cute outfits like every other teenager but because of their larger-than-life personalities and their fair, pearl-like skin, the two girls attracted people's eyes everywhere they went as they walked through each zone in the mall.

Even so, the girls were used to it so they paid no mind to those eyes following them.

Both of them got in and out of the shops, trying their best to embed this experience of enjoying each other's company in their memories as much as they could. They would have to leave for Üniversities in a few days, and so

the two best friends who were always attached to the hips had to go their separate ways to follow their goal.

Neither of them knew what time could change in the future, all they knew was that they wanted to savor this moment as much as they could.

"It will be years before we see each other again this time. To be honest, I don't really want to study abroad, Sun, I want to study here and stay with you."

"It doesn't work like that, Fey. Your life is not as simple as mine, you know that. You have to take over your family business, I don't have to do something like that."

"Sun, I'm starting to envy you,"

Azure chuckled and glanced at the business card her friend was flipping in her hand, "you really don't want to take a look at that business card you got there? It might be interesting."

"I don't know."

The girl's full, red lips, glossy from the transparent lip gloss, formed a faint smile. She looked down at the business card she got a few minutes ago.

She read the text on the business card. It wasn't the first time she received something like this from people who claimed to be a manager, whatsoever that could get her into the entertainment business.

"Honestly, I never want to become an actress, I think my life would be so crazy and besides, I don't have that sort of talent and I'm shy. I don't even look that stunning or anything."

"Oh, please, Sun. If your face isn't 'that stunning' then half of the women population in this country would be in trouble."

Azure took in her friend's small, slender face to check once again, the girl was still beautiful no matter how many times she looked at her.

Every part of her was beautiful from head to toe, her eyes were doe-like and her facial features were so delicate and fragile in the sweetest way. She looked as pure and as breathtaking as an angel. If there was any popular vote, Azure would vote for her friend with all the points she had without thinking.

Her friend was already stunning with her fair skin, as white as snow and so radiant like a spotlight. Sometimes, she thought that if the power ever went out at her house, she would just borrow her friend and place her in the middle of her house instead.

"You like to exaggerate things, Fey."

"This is not exaggerating, you have to accept the truth, Sun. Just take a good look at a mirror and check for yourself. So many people want to recruit you into show business that I already lost count so it's obvious that I'm the only one thinking that. And about the talent and shyness, well, that can be trained, alright?"

"Every time we talk about this, you seem to encourage me to go for it, Fey."

"I don't know, I just think that you would do great in front of the camera, I kinda want to say that my best friend is a famous superstar too, you know?"

"You're just saying things."

**Atita** mumbled absently, she thought that the person who kept showing her praises was just as stunning. If the young mistress Azure decided to join the entertainment industry, she could do it easily with her adorable looks, she did resemble some lead actress in a Chinese drama.

But then again, everything had exceptions for certain types of people, her friend's last name belonged to one of the richest families in the country. Her family's social status was the same level as the elites and famous celebrities, so young mistress Azure's life was already decided for her by her family about which path she had to take.

Her life was completely different from her best friend's, even though her father was a big-name general, they were nothing compared to her best friend's family. Above all, her father was remarried and already started a new family. He did not have the time to take care of her, who was his exwife's daughter.

Atita lived comfortably with money that her father had generously given her but when it came to the care and warmth that every child deserved, she could say that she barely received them.

Even so, she could understand her situation well, of course, Father's new family would be more important than a daughter who was old enough to take care of herself.

Because of that, her father did not stop her when she told him her decision to live on her own once she entered university. Her father provided her comfort as always, he gave her a large sum of money and brought her a nice condominium as a gift for getting into a top university, the one her father had hoped she would.

As the two girls walked along the corridor, suddenly, Atita paused. She felt as if a thousand needles stabbed into her heart, the pain was throbbing and she felt her eyes burn. Still, she could not look away from the scene that was reflected in her eyes.

The sudden, unusual disruption made Azure follow her best friend's eyes to the designer's brand handbag store.

Two women were entering the store, their arms linked. One of them was a gorgeous woman dressed seductively, she stood out in every way, the woman was an A-list actress who was seen so often on TV and in many ads.

The other woman was tall and slender, she was wearing a simple, expensive navy suit.

People knew her as the up-coming, young businesswoman, the heir of the

Supawaret corp who owned a luxury car import company

**Skylar Supawaret** was currently the Chief Executive Manager of the company, she was known for her looks and her brain as she already had a PhD at the age of twenty-seven.

Azure looked away and turned to check on her best friend. But then, her eyes suddenly watered, it explained a lot about what she was feeling right now.

The wound was still fresh. For someone who had been secretly in love, there was nothing more painful than knowing that the object of her affection had started seeing another woman, while her friend could only love her in secret despite being so close to her for many years.

Yes, Skylar was her older sister. Truth be told, it was not even surprising that someone as attractive as her would get involved with a model or an actress.

It was more because she was cheering for her friend that she started to dislike it when her sister started seeing that actress. She was the woman's younger sister and she had no idea when the two started dating.

"Sun, are you okay?"

She asked, her voice was filled with concerns as she placed her hand on her friend's delicate shoulders. She gave the girl a gentle squeeze to comfort her.

"I..."

She could not answer with the lump in her throat. She could only look down at the business card in her hand, tears that she was holding back, kept dropping down her face,

"If one day, I get to stand there, at that spot like that woman, do you think your sister will notice me, Fey?"

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# Chapter 01

***"The hottest tea in the show industry right now! One sweet-faced lead actress nicknamed the Industry's Angel was caught sneaking into a wellknown upper-crust bachelor's condo despite the rumors that she was seeing the actor she was shipped with. Which of them is really her man? Guess we have to walt and see what the famous actress has to say!!'***

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That was the headline of the news that went viral online at the moment. It was the reason why the girl was so enraged right now, her expression was sour when she was in front of her older sister. The girl's long hair was styled neatly, a far cry from the troubled look on her face.

"How could the news say that? I think there must be some misunderstanding. They don't even have a picture to prove it, they are making things up!"

Skylar looked up from the documents, closed the binder, and slid it to the corner of her desk when she found that she could not work like this.

Her eyes were emotionless as she looked at the person who barged into her office, that girl was pouting and breathing hard, it was so distracting that she could not continue her work. Whenever it came to the girl's best friend, her little sister would come all the way here to disturb her during working hours. The girl really needed to be scolded.

"The press wouldn't dare to make something up and risk facing lawsuits if they don't have the information. You really don't need to be upset in your friend's place, Fey. Besides, you aren't with her all the time, you don't know that. You should stop taking your friend's side every single time, you refuse

to see your friend in the wrong and you have always refused to see your friend's flaws, Fey."

"But Sun isn't like that, she never has a scandal. Even the actor who is shipped with her, Sun isn't seeing that guy like what the media said. So why is she caught in a scandal all of a sudden without any evidence? And why can't I take my friend's side? When they wrote this type of headline, now, everyone would think that Sun has an affair even though she isn't seeing anyone, not even that actor she is shipped with."

Azure ranted and raved when she did not like what her older sister was saying, her already pouting expression looked even more upset.

Before this, Azure was happy to hear that her sister had broken things off with that pretty actress years ago. Everything was supposed to be looking better but her sister and her best friend did not seem to reconcile and went back to how close they were before they drifted apart over time as she had thought.

Ever since she came back to Thailand around six months ago, her sister kept acting indifferent whenever the two of them met, it completely disheartened her friend.

Skylar did everything that discouraged the girl who had been in love with her all this time. For a woman who had been secretly in love with someone since she was a high schooler until now when she was about to be twentyfour this year, it was quite a long time for a crush.

She thought that her friend should move on by now but Atita never had eyes for anyone else, not even once.

But that was the thing about love. It was beyond any rules and logic. As the person who had been the mediator in this, Azure was certain that her sister, who was a decade older than her and her friend, knew how her friend felt towards her.

Though, her sister chose to act indifferent and disregard her friend's unwavering love until this day.

The relationship between these two was already bad when the news about her friend dating the actor she was shipped with came out. And then there was this crazy rumor on the news, it made her sister look at her best friend in a bad light even more.

The person who was affected by that the most was the very same person who did everything to stand where she was today all because she wanted to be noticed by a certain someone.

"Fine. So you're saying that no matter what anyone says, you will take your friend's side, is that right, Fey? Even if your beloved friend did sneak into some man's condo like the news said?"

"P' Flint!"

Now, she really was mad for her friend this time, Azure did not even want to imagine how awful her friend would feel if she had heard this,

*"did you even think before you said that? You're talking like you don't know Sun at all."*

"...."

The harsh words made the woman's breath hitch, for a moment, something flickered in those eyes but it was gone in a split second. All that was left was the lack of emotion and expression that seemed to be darker than before.

Skylar could not deny that she was indeed upset, she was so irritated that she said those unkind words to her sister. Needless to say, the reason for her foul mood was about the person she and her little sister were talking about and the scandal that the girl was involved in.

"Nothing is the way it was, Fey. Your friend is a famous actress now, she is no longer the young woman she was before. Everything changes, you have been away from her for years, you can't judge her from how close you used to be with her."

"We might be away from each other but Sun and I keep in touch on a daily basis, just like you and I. If you're saying it's because of time and distance, then our relationship would change as well, right? Besides, It has been six months since I got back and me and Sun are still the same. But never mind, you are entitled to your own opinion, P' Flint. I was going to ask for your advice on this, at first, but I changed my mind. Now, excuse me."

"Fey, you're throwing a tantrum like a child."

There, her older sister's remark provoked the girl who was about to step out of her sister's office. The girl turned back to look at her sister's beautiful face, wanting to throw a tantrum.

"This isn't about being childish or not, P' Flint. This is about you messing with Sun, you keep targeting her."

"I'm not targeting anyone but fine, you are directly involved in this as well since your friend is our company's brand ambassador. Her scandal would affect badly on our company's image. If you don't want that to be a problem then deal with it. Because if it affected the company's sales and reputation, the board may have some comments and make suggestions to remove her. If you really worry about your friend, Fey, tell her to keep it down, she wasn't cheap when we paid her to be our brand ambassador."

"Oh, please, the scandal wasn't even that serious, P' Flint. The only one here who wants to have Sun removed is you. If that's the case, you should just be honest with me. So I will know what to do. Or maybe the reason why you're being so difficult right now is because you are jealous of Sun?"

"Fey!"

She refused to be cornered by the person with the most power. The girl decided to drop a huge bomb, fearless against her older sister's authority when she was in this state of emotion.

Azure sneered and kept her nose high as she walked out of her sister's office, feeling somewhat irritated.

*Gosh, she's so awful and useless!*

One day, when her friend was able to move on from her sister, Azure would throw a feast, fireworks and all.

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Inside a luxurious condo at the heart of the city, there was a girl, beautiful and soft-looking, whose name was currently in the news. She appeared to be baffled, the girl just woke up late after she had been working tirelessly on her series for months.

And now, after she showered and got ready to go outside, she had to sit down and scroll through the news, looking stressed.

Her manager had come all the way to her condo with the news that everyone had been talking about on social media. It was the cause of the endless confusion in her head.

"How did something like this appear on the news? I don't even know what's going on?"

"Well, now you know, N' Sun. The headline makes it so obvious, it can't be anyone else."

The well-known manager's eyes were shifting in different directions, the trans woman was pretty stressed as well because everyone knew who the industry's Angel in the entertainment business was.

"But I really don't know what it was about, I don't even know that man personally so how could I sneak into his condo? I barely have the time to sleep as it was and every time I go out, I always inform you first, P'

Mooham. I only go back home to see my father, but only from time to time. The only person I hang out with often is Fey."

"I know that. But I'm not sure if other people do. We cannot deny that the scandal damages your reputation and many brands that have you as their presenter. If the news has serious backlash, those brands might have something to say to you."

The more they talked about it, the harder it was to find the root cause of the problem. The girl was no longer a rising star that people would try to shut her off. This was the lead actress that she herself had crafted out, the girl was famous since the first year of her debut in the entertainment industry.

Now, the soft-looking actress had become one of the highest-paid A-list actresses and one of the most influential celebrities despite her young age. She gained so many fans that the department store would be clustered with her fans every time she showed up at an event in the mall.

The nickname industry's Angel was not easy to obtain as well. It took her talent, skills, endless patience, and hard work, and she had never been involved in any scandal.

Because of this perfect image of her, the scandal, which had been viral on social media overnight, had affected her reputation greatly.

"I'm sorry, P' Mooham, you have to be anxious because of me."

"Why would you apologize? It's not your fault, N' Sun. You shouldn't worry too much for now, or it'll disrupt your beauty sleep, dear. Let me handle the rest, I'll have to check the new sources anyway. If they dare to write a headline like that without any proof, then it's time I'll have a talk with them."

She mumbled as her eyes were searching the girl's unblemished face that did not have makeup on, the girl looked stressed.

The young woman's brown hair was wavy without using any curler. Everything about this famous actress was a masterpiece, crafted into perfection without the need for surgery at all.

Her eyes were sweet and doe-like, her facial features were soft but alluring.

Atita was the type of woman that the more one looked at her, the more mesmerizing she would become. She truly looked angelic, it could not be denied that she really fit the nickname the industry gave her.

"At least you're lucky that you don't have to go to any event in this couple of days. So you'll have time to catch a breather. But the reporters will find a way to ask you about this, that's for sure, so it's best if you prepare how to handle that, okay? By the way, didn't you say you are going out to see N' Fey today?"

"I am, I told Fey that I'd hang out with her at her place since last week but I keep postponing It. From the look of it, Fey will probably interrogate me about that news."

"That's for sure with that one. How's your wrist? Let me see,"

She grabbed the young woman's delicate wrist that was offered to her. She tucked her sleeve up above her wrist.

The wrist support strap looked as if it was about to fall apart at any moment, the manager shook her hand fondly.

Even the smallest thing, the actress in her care managed to make it look so adorable.

"Would you look at this, how did you strap it. N' Sun? You might sprain your wrist again like this."

"It's not easy to strap it myself, though."

"Oh dear, what am I to do with you?"

Despite her complaints, she unwrapped the wrist support strap to check the bruise from a minor accident on the set. Then she carefully rewrapped the support strap for her as gently as she could as if she was handling a porcelain doll.

But well, the girl was so petite and thin, how could she, a chubby trans woman, not become protective of her?

"Thank you so much, P' Mooham, but I'm not hurt anymore, you know? My

wrist just feels a little stuck, that's all."

"Even so, you shouldn't drive, I'll drive you in there. Call me when you're done, and I'll come pick you up, sounds good?"

"You can just drop me off, P' Mooham. I'll just ask Fey to drive me home. I will call you the moment I get home, okay?"

"Stop with that sweet smile, dear, do you have any idea how dreamy and sweet your eyes are? This is why your co-star actor that you are shipped with is totally enamored with you, he doesn't even hide it from the press. All because of your beauty, love."

Whenever this topic was brought up, her sweet smile faded almost entirely. Her co-star's interviews tended to mislead the readers that she was seeing him even though there was nothing between them at all.

And that was the problem, it had an impact on how she felt towards the man. She fell uncomfortable whenever they met. She did make herself clear that she was not interested but because of her work, and their trending ship, sometimes, she had to service her fans on many occasions, and now there was this recent news.

*Where did it all start?*

Why was her reputation tainted with these scandals that everyone kept talking about like they all had something to say on the matter?

All these times, Atita was sure that she had been cautious. She never got involved with anyone more than work and never gave anyone a chance because her heart had been reserved for someone else all along.

It was rooted so deep, it practically became part of the breath she took, so how could she get involved with anyone else?

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# Chapter 02

**Skylar Supercar Import Corporation Ltd.** A large sign attracted everyone's attention from the moment they turned their car into the large office building. A delicate figure stepped down from the manager's car as she fixed her tea-colored sunglasses that covered almost half her face.

She walked in dark brown ankle boots, wearing a white, bow, chiffon shirt, and a high-waist skirt a little above knee length, showing off her long, fairskinned legs. Her delicate shoulders were straight, and every step she walked towards the office building showed her striking character.

Atita stopped her steps in front of the reception counter to tell the staff the purpose of her visit, following the company's regulations.

But because she was the company's brand ambassador and the executive member's best friend, the famous actress found herself heading towards the elevator to go up straight to the executive level without going through the screening procedure like other people.

The sound of footsteps continued in a steady rhythm on the floor, a few moments passed and She came to make a stop at the front desk secretary's table, in front of the vice president's office.

The other woman was made aware of the famous actress's visit from the footsteps. She looked up from her computer and greeted her favorite actress enthusiastically.

"Good Morning, Khun Sun."

"Good Morning, P' Nid. I'm here to see your boss if that's alright."

"Oh, yes, I am aware. Khun Azure informed me that you will see her today. Please wait inside for a moment, Khun Sun. Right now, Khun Azure is busy with a client in the reception room. She should finish soon."

"Thank you so much, P' Nid."

After she reported everything that her boss ordered her to the secretary gestured for the famous actress to wait inside her boss's office as usual. She served the girl a glass of orange juice and some biscuits. Then the famous actress was left alone inside that grand office.

Once silence fell in the room, her mind recalled the rumors from earlier but Atita couldn't bring herself to scroll the news on her phone like that, it would be bad for her peace of mind.

She tried to distract herself by taking in her surroundings. Her eyes stopped at the large window that had taken up one side of the wall where one could gaze at the view outside.

The view from the window was panoramic, the woman who was stressing out felt compelled to get up from the sofa and stood where she could see the view of the whole capital.

From where she stood, she could see so many buildings, both high and small. The sky was clear today with only a few clouds clustered together here and there.

The sun was blinding with its rays, as if it was embracing all creations in the world with its warmth and buming heat. It ended up becoming a balance of nature that made people enticed by the beauty in front of them.

All of her thoughts were swimming in her head before they dragged her deep into thoughts.

Everything around her seemed so far away for a moment until she noted a faint fragrance of someone's scent that made the beat of her heart shake violently.

Atita stopped crossing her arms and slowly turned back to face the person whose scent was deeply embedded in her memory. There was nothing about this person that she could not recognize.

Her voice, the way she spoke, even her scent, Atita recognized it all as if it was about the person she loved.

"P' Flint..."

All she felt when her eyes met the person she loved was nervousness. No matter how many years had it been, how many months they had not met, this woman still made her heart skip just like before.

Her charming piercing eyes were emotionless. It made this thirty-threeyear-old woman look even harder to approach yet so much, more alluring.

But all of the things she described today were filled with annoyance as if someone pissed the woman off. Atita's hunch notified her since she was used to those accusing eyes the most, those eyes that were ready to pick a fight with her.

"I would like to have a word with you."

"Of course,"

She had expected this so what the woman said did not come as a surprise to her,

"You want to talk to me about the scandal, right, P' Sun?"

"At least you are aware."

Once again, Atita wanted to avoid this confrontation by walking away. Every time they met, the woman either picked up on her or ignored her completely with indifference.

If the woman was not her friend's bigger sister, the two of them were just acquaintances. Though, the way the woman she loved was acting, she probably did not like her that much.

She knew that, but her heart belonged to this person for years but she still couldn't get over her. She had been hurt so many times but she still could not stop her feelings. It was like she was trapped in this whirlpool and she could not get out. Because loving her was what nourished her beating heart all these times.

Every ambition and patience, every hard work, many things she gave her sweat and tears into, she only ever did it so this woman could notice her. Perhaps this habit slowly became the thing that nourished her every breath, making her fixate on this woman without knowing.

"Yes, it is something I should know, at least."

"Then do you know who else could be affected by your scandal?"

"I am aware. But the scandal isn't true. I never do something like that, and my manager is trying to fix it right now."

"Hmph!"

The corner of Skyla's mouth twitched, her piercing eyes were like a hawk, glaring at that breathtaking face, trying to control her emotions as much as she could.

Atita's beauty was truly mesmerizing and honey-sweet, her fair skin was radiating even with a small amount of makeup. She looked so young, she could easily pass off as a high schooler.

This face was the reason, it was a temptation for the beholders, half of the male population tried to approach her all the time.

Time made the innocent girl in the past become a charming, bewitching woman.

"You don't have to keep your image with me. I'm just here to warn you about the scandal. Even though it is your personal matter, what you have been doing with god knows who, as the company's brand ambassador, you should be more thoughtful about your duty and your profession."

"I understand."

Everything she said was not hard to understand at all. If one thought of it as a stern warning from their employer, it was completely normal. But when it came from the person she was in love with, the woman's remark, no matter how small it was, made her feel like her heart was taken out of her chest and crushed into pieces.

Her heart was a small thing, it did not have the strong armor to withstand the impact of the person who owned her heart. The hurt was overwhelming, her eyes started to burn, and the feelings Inside her were forming a lump coming up in her throat.

In the end...it became difficult for her to control her sensitive emotions which should not have happened at all.

"From now on, I will be careful so something like this won't happen again. P' Flint, if that is all you want to say to me, I will take my leave now."

"I'm not finished, why are you walking away from me?"

She did not wait for the girl's delicate frame to walk past her, the woman grabbed her small wrist. She put little effort into pulling the girl but that petite girl easily lost her balance and fell against her chest. When the girl looked up through her lashes, her eyes were filled with tears, it was as if something twisted a knife in Skyla's heart.

She could feel the wrongness from the delicate wrist that was hidden underneath her long sleeve so she loosened the hold on the girl's wrist. The woman's fierce, beautiful face softened, she could not help but feel concerned about that small wrist.

"Why do you act like you are about to cry? I barely said anything."

"It's nothing. So, P' Flint, do you have more remarks you'd like to let me know?"

Skylar was still for a long time because of the girl's trembling voice. She hated this feeling, it was likep something was oppressing her, making her uncomfortable and hurt.

The human mind was hard to comprehend, even if it was our own, one could not say that they fully understand themselves.

So many feelings crowded in her chest. All this time, it was not like she could not see how her little sister's friend felt toward her.

A seventeen-year-old girl with her childish infatuation. Nothing lasted forever, if someday this kind of relationship could not go on, no matter how intimate they used to be, nothing might last, even their closeness.

It might be a stupid way of thinking from someone who wanted to keep this sun with her as long as she could. But that thought turned out to be her grave mistake. Finding another woman to get attached to did not make her heart forget about that sweet, pretty face in the slightest.

When she knew that the girl felt the same way, but they became distant one day because life took a different turn. Now, her little lady caught everyone's attention. It made her waiting heart uneasy as if it was burnt with fire.

It was always like this but now the feeling intensified when their lives intertwined once again.

"I didn't know that you like to act like this. It's a shame that Fey did everything to protect you, yet you are undeserving of your friend's protection with the way you are acting.

"P' Flint, if you are talking about the scandal, I already told you. It wasn't me."

"If it wasn't you then why did the news say that? Are you saying that the journalist made it up entirely?"

She did not want to act impulsive but she could not control her anger. She was so possessive of the girl that she could not control herself. Her emotions ran wild and she had to clench her jaws.

Before this, there was a rumor going on about her and that actor people shipped her with.

Skylar had hoped that nothing would come out of it. But now there was a rumor about the girl sneaking into some man's condo even though the girl had never been involved in a scandal before. She used to think she could stand it but her patience had crumbled down now.

"You won't believe me no matter what I say, P' Flint. So what good would it do?"

Atita said sadly, her eyes watered from the hurt.

She felt strangely numb and deeply wounded. It was not the first time that she received those sharp remarks that wounded her heart every time, other than the time that she received the woman's indifferent demeanor.

Sometimes, Atita did not understand, what did she ever do to her that made the other woman hate her this much.

The past seven years were exhausting, and that was true. Even though the woman did not love her back, she still did everything for the person who showed no sign of interest to her.

Sometimes, her heart was tortured by that indifference, she had to comfort herself and soothe herself from the hurt and the pain.

But it seemed that time, she was more sensitive than usual, the pain was too much. Part of it was the scandal that was stressing her out but above all, it was about how so many people looked at her with admiration but she was never enough, never worth admiring for the person she loved in secret.

The first tear dropped, no matter how much she tried to hold back, it made her pity herself even more. Now, she showed her weakness in front of the person who never even gave her a tiny space in her heart. It was so damn embarrassing.

She did not voice out her plea, but Atita was trying to gather all her strength to free herself from the older woman's hold. It did not work and the arms wrapped tighter around her like a snake. It made their bodies pressed so close together that they practically merged as one.

"Let go of me, P' Flint."

"Why? You're an actress, getting handsy with people is part of your job. It wouldn't hurt for you to get intimate with me for once today, right?"

After that, the person, who had always wanted to own this delicate frame, bent down and pressed a kiss on those delicate lips.

Skyla's other hand latched on the smaller woman's nape, keeping her there and ravishing her full lips. As for the girl who received the demand from the person she loved, she could not reject her, her heart easily surrendered to its master.

Atita did not think about pulling the other woman away. As a woman, she was affected by this, her lips parted to welcome the warm, wet, tongue that was trying to invade her mouth. Her delicate hands came up to fist the woman's shirt collar.

The kiss was gentle and demanding, it melted her heart and body, like wax in front of fire.

Her full, red lips were tested again, again, it was like her dark desire from somewhere deep within was awakened. It was turning Skylar into a starving demon. By the time she parted away from sweetness, the delicate frame woman was panting so hard her body shook from it.

But above all, she caught the third person at the corner of her eye, who remained frozen at the door. Atita's cheeks and ears burned from embarrassment more than when she was kissed.

"Um... should I leave?"

Azure smiled sheepishly, her face was so red from the embarrassment. Never in her wildest dream would she expect to see the heated fight between her best friend and her sister.

Oh, well...

It was so heated, they decided to go mouth to mouth as well...

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# Chapter 03

"No need, Fey, but I'll have to borrow your friend today. You two can catch up some other days, yes?"

"Um..."

Azure was speechless but then she caught her friend pleading for help with her eyes. Words just came out of her mouth in a flash,

"Where are you taking Sun, P' Flint? You can't just kidnap Sun like this,"

Skyla's eyes turned to glare at her younger sister,

"Have you thought about it before you said that out loud?"

Azure felt embarrassed when she faced that question. If it was in the past, she would have made a scene or done her best to fight for her friend.

But now that she accidentally saw what happened earlier, she felt like an outsider. This was something between the two of them, maybe she should not intervene.

Especially when her friend and sister needed time to sort things out for real. And Azure thought that now would be the time for her sister to stop putting up an act and pretend to be cool as she did for a long time.

. .

Then the girl was dragged out from her friend's office, she could not do anything other than follow the taller woman. But because of their height

differences, even though the other woman did not rush her steps, the smaller girl still had to quicken her pace to catch up with her.

Then they stepped into the elevator, even though it was not an appropriate time to let her mind wander, Atita still used this chance to quietly admire the one who owned her heart.

Skylar was a very tall woman with long, elegant limbs, like a model. She was probably as tall as the actors she worked with. She was 178 cm tall, the height that she had been obsessed with for a long time.

Atita preferred taller women, it was her type. It was not just her friend's older sister, she liked to admire tall women with great personalities, but a woman named Skylar was the only one who had her heart.

She was lost in her thoughts until the elevator reached the lower floor. Her small wrist, which had been held even in the elevator, was pulled toward the fierce supercar that was parked in front of the company.

There was a dark blue Lamborghini that had the same four digits on its license plate that she got from the license plate auction. If her estimation was anything to go by, the bidding price probably worthed more than dozens of eco cars.

"Get in the car."

"Where are you taking me, P' Flint? I'll go back to my place."

"I'll drive you there. Get in."

Skylar repeated herself. The girl could not refuse her, she was a public figure so she already attracted much attention as much as it was.

So when the woman ordered her in front of the bypassing office workers in the area, the famous actress decided to get in the car so she would not catch any more attention.

Skylar sighed while she walked to the driver's seat. Then she drove the car away from the company to the main road. The atmosphere inside the car was filled with awkward silence.

The traffic during noon was not bad, they did not get stuck in the traffic. The driver's piercing eyes were focused on the road in front of her. Silence fell inside the car while she was arguing with herself internally.

Years ago, she and her little sister's best friend had always been on good terms. Even when she started to suspect that the girl had feelings for her, she still managed to keep on being the girl's older sister even though she felt the same way.

But then when the girl's life started to change after the day Atita decided to fully enter the entertainment industry, they started to drift apart.

The upcoming star from that day became successful in the path she chose. But she, the person who had been watching the girl for years, never felt happy for her success at all, if one could believe it.

Every time the famous actress was rumored to be involved with anyone, it was always bad for her heart. The wall she built turned her into an awful person.

She was awfully jealous, possessive, and was not herself every time they met.

Many things had proven to her, time and time again, that she could not forget about the other woman. Now that they started to see each other often again by her sister's intervention, it was like the feelings she had buried were awakened.

The feelings that sank into the bottom of her heart stirred up and started acting out. Then, when it got overwhelmed, all of her patients went down the drain like today.

Skylar did not like it when she was acting this way, she did not like it when her heart went frantic like she was going insane. She tightened her grip on the steering wheel because she hated herself, hated the mistake she made, hated everything, she hated the time that changed her girl into someone that caught many people's eyes.

Both of them let the silence fall between them during the whole journey until the car entered the area of a luxurious condominium located in the central business district that was known for its insanely high price.

Skylar did not park her car to drop the girl off at the main entrance as she was supposed to. Instead, the woman continued driving past the entrance to the parking lot inside the building.

Atita turned her head to the woman beside her, looking surprised. It was not strange for the woman to know where she lived. What baffled her was the fact that her condominium had a very secure security system, only people with key cards could enter and exit the building.

But the woman's car could drive into the building to the parking lot, it was something that could not go unnoticed.

"P' Flint, how come you are able to drive into my building?"

Instead of answering, the taller woman got out of the car and walked over to open the door for her. Her expression was emotionless.

"It's fine if you want to sit here in the car. I'll just head to your room."

"But you still haven't answered my question, P' Flint."

Atita stepped down from the car but she still demanded to get a clear answer. She could think of a few reasons but Atita did not want to make assumptions.

"We will talk when we get to your place. I don't like repeating myself. You must already know this."

"......"

Atita could go against the whole world but for the person who had her heart, she chose to do what the woman said obediently.

**Sun Yan**

She followed the woman into the elevator, feeling conflicted by the older woman's actions.

Still, she decided to take out her key card from her bag and tap it on the elevator's control panel. She pressed the floor number on the square-shaped button on the floor buttons.

When they entered her room, Skylar took a quick glance around the room. It was a very spacious condo, the interior design was luxurious. The girl had all the accommodation one could ever need, as expected from one of the biggest actresses in the industry.

"You can sit on the sofa, P' Flint. Besides water, I have some juice in the fridge and coffee. What would you like?"

"No need for that. I want to talk, take a seat."

The woman was probably used to ordering her subordinates around. But the smaller girl did not take it personally.

Atita was about to sit on the other side of the couch that was further away from the other woman. However, the woman had been waiting for this opportunity, she would not let the girl have it her way.

The girl took half a step, then an arm came to wrap around her delicate waist and pulled her forward. She lost balance and fell right into the woman's lap as the older woman wanted.

"P' Flint, what are you doing? Let go of me, now."

She squirmed when her hips were settled right on the other woman's lap. Skylar smirked and tightened her arm around the girl, pulling the soft body closer to hers. She lightly pressed her nose on the girl's soft cheek.

"You shouldn't get handsy with me."

"Why not? Are you telling me you don't like it?"

Atita placed her hands on the woman's shoulder to put some distance between them. Her cheeks and ears were all red, she never thought she would be corner like this.

It did not seem like something the Skylar she knew would do. Before, the woman only gave her a cold shoulder and acted like she was utterly disgusted by her every time she came close to the woman.

But what happened right now and earlier made Atita feel conflicted. She did not mind the touch from someone who owned her heart but she was just a girl who was affected by everything the object of her affection did. If the woman did not reciprocate her feelings then she should not do this to her.

"You shouldn't be doing this, P' Flint."

"Why can't I? You let me kiss you earlier, you did not resist me at all. Or did you let me kiss you because you got so used to kissing other people? Did it become something you just do like it's nothing?"

"P' Flint."

The corner of Skyla's lips lifted with disdain, it was a self-deprecating smile that was not directed at the girl. Her emotional maturity was out of the window all of a sudden. Skylar did not want to let her emotions get the best of her but she was so jealous. She grunted cruel remarks through her teeth at the girl.

Skyla's eyebrows furrowed, she kept staring at those full lips. She got confident after she had her first taste. She could but right now, she did not want to restrain herself. She bent the girl's pale nape closer and then ravished her lips completely.

"Mhm!!"

The girl protested so sweetly when her lips were invaded so forcefully. Both of her delicate hands clawed on the taller woman's shoulder, their bodies clung to each other from the forceful kiss, turning it into something passionate that made her feel butterflies.

She was losing her mind but before they took things further, her smartphone rang, interrupting them both. It made Skylar come to her senses, she was breathing hard when she pulled away from the kiss. The girl on her lap flushed deeply.

Skylar could not deny that her desire was on fire after it had been suppressed for a long time. If nothing interrupted them, she might just go all the way. She pulled herself together for a second. She realized that the incoming call had not come from her phone. Skylar let go of the delicate girl in her arms.

The girl was panting hard, breathing hard through her flushed, red lips to get air into her lungs. Her shoulder shock from the force. She was still in a daze but she tried to get herself together so she could pick up the call despite how nervous she still felt.

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"Yes, P' Mooham. I just got back to the condo."

[You said you would call me the moment you arrived, Nong Sun.]

"Oh, I was about to. But you beat me to it first."

She told a big lie because she completely forgot about it.

[It's fine, let's not talk about it now. We have more important things to discuss. I know what's going on now, about your scandal, Nong Sun. I just arrived at your condo, I'm heading up, okay? I was planning to wait for you here, that's why I called. I was going to tell you to hurry but you're here and that's great. I want to know the story behind the scandal as well.]

Her manager sounded grim as if she was implying that something was not right. It made her feel uneasy,

"Um, what makes you say that, P' Mooham?"

[Let's talk face to face, okay? I'll be there in five minutes, See you.]

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The other end of the line hung up. But her last words clearly worried the girl, it was clear on her expression.

Atita turned to the other woman who was still watching her. It would be fine if the woman was still here by the time her manager arrived. This was Atita's private space, the only people allowed in here were her manager, Azure, and this very same woman who had just taken advantage of her earlier.

As she was still lost in her own thoughts, the woman got up from the couch. She could guess what was going on from the conversation. Skylar approached the girl, making her startled by their close proximity.

"I'll head back for today. We can talk about us later."

. .

Skylar left after that. The famous actress had no idea that the woman, whom she had some suspicions earlier, took the elevator to the highest floor of the building.

To the luxury penthouse that had more than 300 square meters of space.

There was only one reason why Skylar chose this place.

Shortly after, the renowned manager came to her for the second time that day. The manager was looking at her strangely as she sat on the sofa. It stressed her out even more.

"P' Mooham, why are you looking at me like that?"

"Nong Sun, let me ask you something, be honest with me, okay? Please don't hide it from me."

"Hide what? What are you saying, P' Mooham? I don't follow."

Instead of explaining, the famous manager took out her phone from the bright-colored bag, she scrolled and tapped the screen a few times. Then, she handed the information they got to the girl.

"I contacted the head of the news agency that wrote that scandal about you. They told me that they did not make it up without any evidence. They have pictures too, we wouldn't be able to deny the rumor if the pictures got out. They did not want to write about it at first, seeing that it's you and that we go way back. But the reporter who got the pictures would be upset if nothing came out of it. So the head of the news agency ordered the reporter to write the news in a way that we could still find a way out of it. So that's how the story got out. Here, see for yourself."

Mooham wanted to facepalm so bad, she used to be so sure before that her actress would not do what the news implied. Now, even if she did not want to believe it, the pictures made it hard for her to deny the scandal.

The girl, who was staring at the photo displayed on the phone, was at a loss for words. It was only some of her side profile but the picture was very clear. The facial features, the build, the demeanor, even the blonde hair that she had just dyed at the salon for a role she was playing in the series, they looked so much like her.

Atita looked up to her manager, her face paled. She nearly couldn't find her own voice after she saw it.

"How is it possible? That isn't me."

# Chapter 04

**It was midnight** but the delicate frame still tossed and turned on her bed in the darkness of her bedroom. Sleep did not come to her easily.

Atita was restless, she felt uneasy about the unanswered question. She turned on the light and glanced at the digital clock to check the time. Once she was certain that her best friend would not be asleep yet at this time, she grabbed the smartphone on the nightstand and dialed her best friend.

"Can't sleep? I thought so."

Azure picked up and said knowingly. They just hung up the phone two hours ago. She planned to ask her friend all about what happened between her best friend and her older sister. But she ended up listening to her friend rambling about the leak.

So the topic of her friend and her sister had to be put aside for now since it seemed like her friend was not in the mood to answer her about this morning incident for sure.

"Yeah, I admit that I can't sleep after that after what happened."

"Calm down, Sun. Even if the person in the picture looked so much like you. I know that you won't do something like that. Be confident in yourself, a lot of people look alike, okay?"

"What if that was actually me?"

She whispered. After she hung up the phone call the first time, she had been thinking about it for more than two hours as she tossed and turned. She was so stressed out that her imagination ran wild and she came up with some possibilities.

It made her little heart shake in fear,

"What if it was me who did that without knowing, Fey? Do you think that's possible?"

"Sun, you're overthinking it. Are you saying that you have multiple personalities or something?"

"Well, there's proof for it, right? It's stressing me out, Fey. Should I see a psychiatrist?"

The more she talked, the more uneasy she felt. The photo was obviously evidence that told a story against her, she could not find a way out of it.

She could not stop the thoughts that she had when she was under stress. She thought about what patients with multiple personalities did without knowing.

Atita was scared that she might do something like that. She might sleep with another person while her heart still belonged to someone all along.

She did not think she could live with herself if that were what she did.

"Don't be like this, Sun. You're overthinking too much. It's not like mental illness like that just happens to anyone. You don't have any disorder, and you never experience violence that makes you prone to that condition, okay? We should just wait and see for now. If it is too much for you and you think you want to seek professional help, I'll take you to the shrink myself."

"......."

"Believe me, Sun. It's probably nothing, don't think about it too much. Don't you have a modeling gig tomorrow morning?"

"Yeah."

"Even more reason for you to get some rest. Sleep."

"Then, sweet dreams, okay?"

Atita ended the call with her best friend, it probably had something to do with her friend's affectionate voice. She still had some unanswered questions but since it turned out like this. Maybe she should really follow her friend's advice.

. .

Atita got up and dressed the next morning after her alarm clock rang. She had a photoshoot at ten o'clock today.

She pulled her hair up into a high ponytail, tucking all her hair strands, showing a clear view of her face, and applied light makeup to cover how tired she looked from the lack of sleep last night.

After Atita found herself presentable enough, the girl grabbed her shoulder bag and went to the condo's lobby downstairs to wait for her manager to pick her up.

They both arrived at the studio where they would do the photoshoot ten minutes early. Atita smiled at the crews that were setting up the props and equipment to get ready for the shoot.

"Good morning, Nong Sun, P' Mooham. Always so early, you two. You are never late."

"Well, duh, darling Time is precious for everyone. So, does Nong Sun have to go to the stylist now?"

"Yes, you and Nong Sun can go to the dressing room, the stylist is waiting for you there. I'll send a crew to fetch you some water and a light snack while you're getting ready."

"Thank you so much, doll."

After they met the coordinator who oversaw the photoshoot process, the model of the day was invited to the dressing room to get her hair and makeup ready.

An experienced fashion stylist came to get her hair and clothes done, then the petite girl went to the studio room where they would do the shooting again.

When she first entered the show industry, Atila was nervous every time she had to show off her body in front of other people. It took her a long time to get used to it but now, the shy girl from that day had become a professional who could strike a pose in front of the camera with confidence.

"Please get in the set."

A woman with a sweet voice shouted to instruct the model. Atita just found out that one of the best photographers in the country would be shooting her today. The photographer was known for how she only accepted the job that interested her regardless of the pay.

The client could pay her ten times more than other photographers. But if she did not want to accept the job, the generous pay could be easily ignored just like that.

On the other hand, if she wanted the job, she would work her hardest as a photographer even if she did not get paid for it.

Not everyone could carelessly throw away their income like she did. But Piwarun's family was more than loaded, she was an exceptionally skilled professional photographer who never did it for money. This was just something she enjoyed doing.

Cracking shutters was just a hobby that she loved.

"Just keep moving around with your posts, okay?"

"Okay."

Atita responded as she stepped on the set. Then she started posting as she was instructed, showing this remarkable photographer how professional she was. She did not want to be a burden or make any mistake.

"Tilt your face up a little."

The repeated sounds of shutters cracking as Atita posted. Then about three minutes later,

"Some touch-up for the model, please,"

After the photographer said that, the makeup artists hurried to fix the beautiful model's hair and makeup. The model smiled softly at the crew who took care of her.

Meanwhile, the person, who repeatedly cracked the shutter, lowered her camera. She let out a long sigh when she looked away from that blinding, mesmerizing beauty in front of her.

Well, staring at something this beautiful for too long might cause her a heart attack, alright? She had met so many models and actresses but this was the first time she had seen someone this stunning, every single part of this girl was just stunning.

Holy cow, even the tip of her hair was pretty.

Piwarun commented internally. When the makeup artists started to move away, her few moments of pulling herself together were finally over.

She lifted a seven-figure-worth camera and focused it on the model once again. The sound of cracking shutter after shutter came, only stopped when they changed the shooting scene and the clothes

They took hours and now, Atita was standing in front of the monitor screen next to the photographer who was scrolling through each set of photos to check her results.

"Every picture turns out amazing. We save a lot of time in this photoshoot, you help spare us the time as the model. Thank you, Khun Sun. I appreciate your work."

"I have to thank you too, Khun Peach."

Everyone in the industry called her that but when someone as calm and collected as Piwarun smiled in a friendly manner at her, it made the girl who was talking to her feel more comfortable.

"I think you look tired, Nong Sun. Maybe you should go change and then take a break for a bit? I will ask the staff to bring some cold juice for you before we go back home."

"Oh, okay then. If you excuse me, Khun Peach."

"Please, don't make me keep you."

Atita smiled at the woman again. She was aware that the lack of sleep had taken a toll on her body. She felt more weary than normal. So she hurried and changed before she came out of the dressing room and waited for her manager, who went to get her some cold juice as usual.

"Do you mind if I sit here for a moment?"

"Not at all, Khun Peach, please."

Atita replied and smiled politely. She used this small opportunity to take in the woman who was about to sit in a chair opposite to her.

Piwarun was tall and slim, she had a pretty face with sharp, piercing eyes and a prominent nose like she was mixed race. The woman was pretty, rich, and talented and she had a good educational background.

Everyone knew about her preference so it was not unexpected when many girls in the community mentioned Piwarun as their type and their dream girl.

"Now that I think about it, we both heard of each other before. It's just that we have never worked together or officially met each other before, right?" "Yes."

"So does that mean we are officially acquaintances now?"

"I guess you can say that."

Atita smiled at her, it made her heart swing like a wrecking ball.

It was normal to be attracted to beautiful girls. Piwarun was the type of person who knew how she felt early on. If she liked someone, she did not need to think long before she decided to approach and get to know them.

"Now that we are acquainted, is it alright for me to call myself P' and call you like the others called you?"

"Of course, I'm not fussy. If you are comfortable with it then it's fine."

"Hm, I want to compliment you, Nong Sun."

"Oh, what about?"

"Work. When you were in front of the camera, I couldn't tell at all that you were tired. I only knew when you got out of the scene, you looked exhausted all of a sudden."

"Am I that easy to read?"

She just gave her a compliment but the girl was looking so unsure of it. The woman laughed softly at her reaction.

"Not really. I probably couldn't tell if I had not been paying attention. That's why I compliment you, Nong Sun. I didn't think that you could give your fullest to work like this in the morning after you had fun at the nightclub that late at night. You are very professional."

"Come again?"

Her smile froze. What the other woman said made her frown,

"If I heard you correctly, you are saying that I went to a club last night?"

"Yes, I saw you at the nightclub around two a.m. We even toasted together."

Atita was speechless, she started thinking about what she had done. But when she tried to recall last night, she found that she did not go out anywhere. She was sleeping at her condo. Atita was sure of that because she was still staring at the clock in her bedroom at two a.m.

It was a relief when she heard what the woman said. At least she could rule out the possibility that she had a mental disorder that she was worried about. But she wondered, who was that other person that people thought was her?

It was not the first time something like this happened, she did not know how to deny that it was not her. As she was blinking blankly to sort out her thoughts, her manager appeared and helped her get out of this confusing situation she was facing.

Piwarun was polite enough to not say anything after she received no reply. The girl looked surprised when she told her about it so she assumed that the girl might not remember the event.

It would not be strange too if she could not recall a memory of meeting someone whom she did not know personally. The famous actress met a lot of people daily, Piwarun mused that it was not the actress's job to remember every single face she saw anyway.

Atita said goodbye to the people at the set before she left. During the ride home, she hid her suspicion but then she realized that it was something her manager should know about.

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She told her manager everything with a worried expression when the two of them were about to arrive at her place a few minutes later.

"P' Mooham, did you know that when I was talking to Khun Peach, she told me that she ran into me at the nightclub last night? She even clicked her drink with me."

"What? How is that possible? You? Going to a nightclub?"

The girl could barely stomach a glass of cocktail at the series warp parties without getting drunk. How could her actress even drink in a place like that?

"Precisely. It is not possible. I was on the phone with Fey last night for hours. I was still staring at the clock at two a.m., Fey can confirm it for me. I even thought that I had some personality disorder last night. If Khun Peach had not told me about that event, I would not be this certain that it was not me. I thought that I would really have to see a psychiatrist."

"Oh!? Are you telling me that you did not get any sleep, Nong Sun? Now, why would you do that, dear?"

She might not know what was going on but as a manager, she did not want anything to affect the actress in her care at all.

As a manager, she not only had to take care of her stars' work schedules and benefits, but she also had to take good care of her actors' and actresses mental health.

So when the actress that she had been coddled the best she could said that she did not sleep because she was stressed about the scandal, suddenly, the topic they were discussing was not as important as the famous actress's mental health anymore, nothing was.

"Nong Sun, don't you dare do this again, alright, love? Don't worry, don't stress over it. It's my job to take care of the problems you have. All you need to do is do your job the best you can. Promise me you won't do this again, do you understand?"

"I do but..."

"No buts, Nong Sun. After I drop you off, you will shower and rest, yes? You have to go to the set, it's the last day of the shooting for this series."

"Okay."

She did not want to make her manager worry so she nodded and smiled at them. The petite girl walked to the elevator after she got out of her manager's car.

When she entered the elevator, someone tall followed her closely behind, she held her breath and nearly stopped breathing entirely.

Before she knew what to do, the keycard in her hand was pulled to the control panel. That someone pressed the floor button and kept her keycard inside their suit pocket just like that.

"P' Flint? How did you get here? That's my key card."

"We're still not done with our talk from yesterday. As for this key card, I'll keep it for now. It will be easier for me to come to see you this way."

"P' Flint?"

Skylar did not understand at all. It was a feeling she had when she reached a dead end, she could not rationalize her reason for all of these crazy behaviors. The only thing she knew was that she could not resist what her heart demanded anymore.

This was a warning sign to let her know that from now on, Skylar would not be able to stop her feelings anymore.

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# Chapter 05

She still did not understand but deep down, she was overjoyed by what the person she loved did.

She might sound easy but it was true, she was being easy. No matter how much the other woman was invading her privacy, she never minded. She was willing to welcome the woman into her heart, her space and she readily let her in her place.

"Where were you today?"

"I had a photoshoot at the studio."

"Have you eaten?"

"I haven't eaten dinner yet but I usually don't anyway. If I'm hungry., I'll just eat fruit salad. What about you, P' Flint, have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

She replied briefly. The girl simply nodded in acknowledgement. She could guess it from how the other woman dressed, she was still wearing a suit. So the woman probably just got out of her company and had not gone home yet.

"If you're hungry, I have some instant meals in the fridge that you can reheat. Or some fruit to fill you up a bit. If you're hungry, I will fix you something."

"No need. Just a glass of water is fine but I'll get it myself. You must be tired, go shower and make yourself comfortable then we'll talk. I'll wait for you here." "But.."

"I'll wait."

Skylar told her again, that maybe she was used to ordering people around and she felt more at ease now that she came to the girl's place. So she made herself at home here.

Skylar took out her suit and put it on the sofa inside the living room and unbuttoned two buttons of her shirt. She also rolled up her sleeves to the elbow.

Skylar's movements were so natural that it made the girl's little heart skip a beat. Atita watched her, her heart was pounding in her chest. She could feel the heat creeping from her face to the tip of her ears from her not-soinnocent thoughts. Her imagination ran wild when she thought about what she had desired for so long.

If the two of them could become something more, if they could be together, belonging to each other in a way that she never had all these years. How nice it would be.

But life went a different way, her dream never came true. Everything was all in her head which made her pity herself every time. No matter how hard she tried to make that woman notice her, Skylar had never even looked at her. Not even once.

"Then wait for me a bit, P' Flint. I won't take long."

"Sure."

She did not say much, which was something Atita was already accustomed to. That was why the girl did not bother her further and walked away to freshen up, leaving Skylar in the living room as she wanted.

It took fifteen minutes for Atita to freshen up. She returned, looking much more awake. She changed into a pair of beige, long, soft pants and a matching long-sleeve top, it was comfortable but polite enough to greet a guest in her room.

Skylar looked at the petite girl with an unreadable expression. The girl had just showered, she smelled nice and clean. There was also that gentle fragrance from her shower gel that seemed to stir something deep inside Skylar

"You said you wanted to talk to me, P' Flint."

"I don't like to yell just to talk. I wouldn't have come all the way here to your place if you were going to sit that far apart from me. I would just shout at you while we were at the company."

It was clear in her sarcastic remark that the woman was annoyed. The girl had to move to sit closer to her instead of the sofa opposite the woman where she was going to sit.

She did not know if it was because the woman was annoyed or displeased but she did not seem to stand the distance. The older woman grabbed her delicate wrist and pulled lightly. The girl lost her balance and fell right into her lap just like last time.

"P' Flint."

Why was she like this?

She wanted to shout at her so she could get an answer. But all she could do was try to get out of the woman's embrace. She did not understand why the older woman was doing this,

If Skylar did not like her that way, why did she seem so keen on touching her? Was she just messing with her? Maybe she just wanted to toy with her heart.

"P' Flint, let go of me. We can sit and talk like normal people, right?"

"What's wrong with sitting like this? You don't like it? Is it not the same when you are surrounded by those actors? My arms did not make you as excited as theirs, perhaps?"

"P' Flint..."

"Answer me."

She demanded and tightened her arms around that delicate waist.

She was very confident when she learned that the girl had a crush on her. But when other people started to come between them, she became restless and selfish with her wants. The feelings were piling up, making her even more irritated at herself.

"What do you want me to say, P' Flint? We are not in a relationship where we can just talk about this."

"What do we have to be to talk about it then? The same relationship you have with that rich boy? Or do you have any other men you like to mention?"

"I've never been in that type of relationship with anyone. If that's all that you want to talk about, let me go now. I'm tired. You have done nothing but mess with me, P Flint. If you hate me that much then I will do my best to stay out of your life."

She grumbled, feeling hurt. But no matter how hard she tried to get out of the embrace, nothing made those arms loosen around her.

Skylar watched the girl on her lap lovingly. The girl's doe-like eyes glanced up at her with so much hurt, it made her heart melt.

She found it hard not to keep her hands to herself when she was alone with this girl like this. Skylar did not trust herself and she was not planning on resisting this feeling anymore.

"Did I ever say that I hate you?"

"P' Flint."

Her heart raced, it was just a bunch of vague words. But because it was Skylar who said those things with hidden meanings in them, it had too much effect on her.

Maybe Atita was just a fool who believed a few, empty words coming from the person she loved. That was why when that beautiful face moved closer to her, she did not pull away.

**"Be mine, Sun. Don't see anyone else, please?"**

She was in a trace, those words were quiet and came with a hand that slid up on her back. She was losing her mind from the touch.

Those eyes were melting her heart. She forgot everything around her when those perfect lips pressed against her lips. She closed her eyes, returning the kiss with all her heart.

"Hmm,"

Skylar made a pleased sound in her throat when the delicate arms wrapped around her neck, and the girl opened her mouth, welcoming the sensation of her tongue passionately.

The faint scent of that alluring body made her drag her hand across the girl's back more forcefully. Skylar pulled their bodies closer until every part of their bodies were pressed against each other. The feeling of those soft breasts against her skin drove her wild.

The more they kissed, the more their bodies rutted against each other. They were burning with want so intense they could not stop it. Their blood ran so hot under their skins that they needed to express how they felt through heated touches, their breathings became more labored.

Skylar released the girl from the kiss to press her mouth against the girl's neck. The scent of her pale neck aroused her so much that she wanted to explore every inch of the girl's body.

"P' Flint,"

Atita did not shy away from the kiss. She protested because of the prickling sensation in her lower stomach she felt when the older woman caressed her bare skin underneath her lop.

"C-can we stop for a moment?"

"Why? You don't want to do it with me?"

"...."

She understood what the other woman demanded. She looked away from that heated gaze that filled with want, she hesitated.

"I just think that maybe this is too soon for us to do this?"

"You think after all these years, this is too soon?"

"What?"

She could not think straight or process the words when the woman's hand slid up to fondle her breast. Her beautiful face flushed deep red.

She didn't even know when her bra was pulled off. By the time she knew it, she felt fingers playing with her nipple until it hardened under the touch.

She was not even naked but their bare skins touched so intimately.

"P' Flint,"

The girl's sweet voice trembled when fingers flicked her breast harder. Her breasts heaved from her labored breathing. Her body responded to every place it was touched, the sensation set her body aflame.

Her lower part was already heated up from the embrace and the kiss, she could feel the wetness there. Her beautiful eyes were hazy and Skylar's control snapped. She threw the girl's top out of the way and sucked on that lovely nipple, making the girl tremble.

"Ah..."

Atita did not have the strength to stop her, no one could control the heart after all. Her heart was filled with so much love for the other person, so she let the woman have her way, teasing her nipple with her tongue until the woman had her fill.

When hunger took over Skylar, she flipped their position, then the girl was pressed against the long sofa.

It was an alluring sight, the girl's upper body was bare, her defined, feminine curves were in her view, and Skylar's want thrived higher than she could control.

"What are you doing, P' Flint?"

Atita asked, her voice was hoarse. Her beautiful face flushed when her pants were pulled off her slim legs along with her underwear. The woman who stripped her off with ease came to kneel between her legs

Skylar's eyes burned with raging desire. Her primal urge was taking control of her senses. If she stopped now, it would be like she was cutting herself free from this addiction and she had no interest in doing that.

She wanted to devour the girl whole.

"I can't stop now, Sun."

She said sweetly, her eyes pleading, she could not stop this all-consuming desire.

Skylar bent down and peppered kisses on the pale thighs, her kisses climbed higher as her hands caressed both of the girl's thighs.

"Ngh, P' Flint,"

The girl let out that embarrassing noise as she rested against the sofa. She bit her lips hard.

Every touch was gentle and slow, all made her skin shiver. Heat expanded and took hold of her body, making her pant hard. Every part of her body was set aflame by the woman's touch. She wanted to move her hips away from that experienced coaxing touch. But then the older woman held her round behind firmly, not letting her escape.

"I won't put anything inside if you are not ready. Just my tongue, I'll only use my tongue."

"....."

The beautiful girl blushed hard when she heard that straightforward request. She covered her private part when the beautiful woman moved too close to that area.

She knew what was about to happen but she was too embarrassed to let it happen just like that.

She was nervous, she never lay bare in front of anyone like this before.

Skylar looked up to meet her eyes and slowly pressed kisses on the girl's flat, toned stomach gently and so slowly.

The gentle, reassuring touches drove the girl wild, the girl clenched her stomach and squirmed a little. She let out a soft moan at the sensation.

"Ah..."

Skylar smiled. She gently lifted the girl's hand away from her core. She wanted to fully see that enticing beauty. She saw the trace of fluid coming from those light pink petals, her whole body burned with want when she scented the girl's essence.

At this moment, there was no way she could stop herself from devouring the girl even if the sky fell in front of her.

"I can't stop now."

She told her frankly and pressed a kiss on her soft entrance to inhale that sweet, floral scent.

The wet sensation from a warm mouth made Atita moan out loud. Her eyes were hazy with lust. Just a touch of that hot, wet tongue on her petal was enough to make her body shiver with need.

She pursed her lips and without knowing, her hand pressed the woman's head down, bringing the woman closer to her core as much as she could. It felt so good that she moved her hips to meet that warm tongue as it invaded deeper inside her.

"Hmmm,"

Skylar let out a pleased groan when the girl's round hips pressed up to her as the girl moaned shakily. The taste was so enticing, so sweet just from the first time, oh, how she wanted to swallow the girl whole.

She licked and flicked every part of the girl's core, expertly exploring every inch inside her. Then she rolled her tongue inside, making the girl squirm from the sensation.

"Ah! P' Flint, n-no more, please. I-I can't....."

The smaller woman blurted out incoherently. Skylar understood her anyway, still, she flicked her tongue faster and held the girl's butt in place. A few seconds later, the girl's hips jerked violently a few times. Skylar smirked, pleased with her handy work.

The petite girl was still panting hard when Skylar sucked the nectar that came out of the reddened flower after it was brutally attacked with her tongue.

"P' Flint, n-no more."

After the girl was brought to ecstasy, she started to feel embarrassed again. But her pleas had no effect on the taller woman. Skylar let go of the girl's core and came up to kiss her before she started coaxing again, making the inexperienced girl tremble.

The girl was pushed until she lay flat against the sofa, Skylar never kept her lips off the girl as she hovered on top of the petite girl.

Skylar was taken by an overwhelmed desire again, she could not control herself anymore.

She lifted up her hips to unbutton her pants and pulled them down her legs with ease.

The girl trembled, her face blushed when the heat in their centers pressed against each other.

Her body was still sensitive to the other woman's experienced tongue. It was not hard to stimulate the fire inside her again, making her shudder with rapture when the person on top of her rutted her hips, pressing her wet core against hers.

The girl closed her beautiful eyes, accepting the gentle sensation that the woman above her gave. Every movement was so full of love, desire, and years of longing.

Skylar bent over to kiss the girl under her, one hand took hold of the girl's breast and squeezed as her hips rutted against the girl, chasing their ecstasy.

She did not have her every way nor did she have her all the way. However, what they did was enough to make her feel overwhelmed by the sense of possessiveness, the feeling was so intense that it terrified her.

If this girl got intimate with someone else, the thought of it made her heart feel tight. She was so possessive of the girl that she became selfish. She wanted to keep her by her side so that she would be the only one who could look at the girl.

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# Chapter 06

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE**

**Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY**

**Copy : Sun Yan**

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She could hear the sound of labored breathing next to her ear. Her little heart beat so violently when the taller woman kept thrusting into her over and over. Then the woman collapsed on top of her after her desire thrived and reached her ecstasy.

The woman's lips were still moving against her neck as she was panting hard. The petite girl frowned when she felt the sharp pain coming from the woman above her as she left love bites on her pale skin.

"P' Flint, that's enough."

Her voice came out hoarse. It pulled the older woman out of her desire, she moved away from the girl's neck after she made love to the girl.

Skylar lay next to her. She pulled the girl's naked body closer to her until they were pressed against each other until they almost became one. She quite liked how narrow the actress's sofa was. Because of the limited space, she could easily press closely against the girl, giving her no room to leave.

"Can I at least put on some clothes?"

"What? You're worried that I will have you again?"

"......"

She was so embarrassed by what the older woman said. But what affected her more was the woman's legs that were still tangled up with her, coiling around her legs like a snake. The woman deliberately thrusted up against her to rub their sensitive parts together. The girl just had two orgasms, she was so sensitive, it made her latch on the other woman's collar.

"P' Flint, d-don't."

"Why not? What if I want to go for another round?"

The beautiful girl blushed when she was asked so bluntly. They were pressed so close against each other that Atita could not look away from that heated gaze that looked at her like she wanted to devour her.

Atita's legs were trembling as she tried to move. Skylar's hands moved to fondle her round butt in a steady and slow motion.

The girl closed her eyes, embarrassed by the fact that this older woman had to touch every inch of her body. She was stripped bare but that woman only took off her pants and she had the nerve to make her blood burn with desire like this.

"I have to go to the set tomorrow."

"I'll stay the night here then."

Skylar stopped feeding her carnal desire. If she continued teasing the girl, she would probably be the one who broke her promise and went all the way with the girl as she wanted.

"T-then, do you want to shower first? I can bring you some clothes to change."

"....."

Skylar let her go because she did not trust herself to keep her hands off this soft body. She took responsibility for her action by grabbing the clothes on the floor before the girl could pick them up herself.

"I'll help you put your clothes on. Stay still."

"I can put them on myself, though."

"I know you can but I was the one who took it off. I'm a responsible person, I take responsibility for my actions."

She was beating around the bush but the underlying meanings behind those words made the girl's heart quicken. If Atita did not overthink things, maybe Skylar was telling her that she did not plan to pretend this didn't happen.

Atita sat still and let the older woman have her way. The other woman's piercing gaze looked pleased as she took in the girl's fair-skinned body. Every inch of her body was covered with love bites that Skylar deliberately planted. It made her heart feel so full inside her chest, it nearly exploded.

Possessiveness took a toll on her and it made her mind wander despite her intention.

"Have you ever had sex with a woman before me?"

"......"

Atita wanted to turn away and hide when she heard the question. The hidden meaning of that question pained her because it implied that Skylar didn't have faith in her at all.

She felt hurt, it felt like a lump was stuck in her throat. So she remained silent in protest. Atita knew that she could never change what the other woman thought of her even though she gave Skylar her body.

"You asked me that because you think I have done it with someone else before, didn't you? And you didn't want to know just the women I might have had sex with either.

"I asked you a question first. Shouldn't you answer my question and not ask another one in return?"

"You never have faith in me, P' Flint. So what good would my answer do?"

The hurt that was reflected in the girl's eyes made her heart ache. Skylar's eyes were unreadable as she regarded the girl. The younger woman was so shy and inexperienced while they were making love, it made her want to believe her instinct.

But a small part of her still did not think it was possible. She could not be the first person who took this girl to bed, right?

She knew that Atita had a crush on her in the past. But she could not possibly know for sure if the girl had been involved with anyone as the news suggested, at some point in her life.

The thought stirred many emotions inside her chest, she clenched her jaw. Now that they had been intimate with each other, Skylar felt even more possessive of the girl, the urge to owe the girl increased tenfold.

The feeling was so overwhelming that it irritated Skylar. She was the one who brought this topic up and now she was angry at something she could not control.

Skylar tried to use the silence to calm herself down. She let the smaller woman go to her bedroom. The girl returned with a sad look on her face that made Skylar's heart drop.

"You can use my bathroom. I prepared a new towel and something for you to wear to bed. They are on the bed."

No matter how hurt she felt, her dear heart never learned. Atita could not understand herself.

It would not be surprising if the woman thought she was easy, even now, Atita was acting exactly like that.

The tension between them was uncomfortable, Skylar decided to enter the girl's bathroom to shower. She hoped the cold water would calm her temper down.

In less than fifteen minutes, the taller woman walked out of the bathroom, wearing an oversized white shirt that the girl prepared for her.

She found the petite giri preparing a blanket for her, she had another pillow in her arm. It made the older woman frown, displeased.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm arranging a place to sleep for you."

"You're kicking me out to sleep somewhere else?"

She already knew it but she asked anyway. She really did not like the idea of being kicked out by this girl.

The girl who planned to do exactly that looked puzzled when she heard the woman's harsh tone. Then the woman approached her, taking the pillow and the blanket away from her hands before throwing them on the long bed bench without a care.

"I'm sleeping with you here, in this room, in this very bed. If my presence is making you uncomfortable or disgusted then I kindly ask you to bear it for a little while. Because I will sleep wherever you are."

Then the taller woman walked over and disposed herself to the bed. The girl was too sleepy to argue with that demanding woman so she didn't say anything.

The petite girl went to bed and tucked herself into the blanket she shared with the other woman, who was watching her in silence. Atita turned off the lights on her bedside after that.

The room was surrounded by darkness. Still, the woman on the other side of the bed kept bothering the girl. Şkylar moved closer and embraced her under the thick blanket, it made the girl freeze.

But she did not do anything more than that so Atita slowly relaxed. She felt a kiss pressed gently on her head, warmth seeped into her heart at the sensation.

Skylar confused her, her actions were so different from her mean words that kept hurting her.

Atita was as happy as she was upset. She was only a woman who was affected by everything the person she loved said or did.

The more intimate they got, the more Skylar affected her.

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The next morning, Skylar was watching the girl's unblemished face as the girl was sleeping in her arms. The older woman's eyes were filled with love and possessiveness.

She pressed a kiss on the smooth forehead, Atita's pleasant scent and the warmth from her soft skin still ingrained in her memory even after she had been holding her all night. Skylar did not want to be part of her again, not even for a second.

Atita's full lips were a natural shade of red, they looked so kissable that she stared at them for a long while. She could not stop her thoughts from wandering in a certain direction.

But before she could do anything, the girl with those thick eyelashes opened her eyes. Skylar had to cover up her desire to have her fill of the girl again, she pretended to look neutral.

"P' Flint, when did you wake up?"

"I just woke up, what time do you have to travel to the set?"

"I'll leave after I finish getting ready. You can sleep in if you like."

"How will you get there? Where's the set located?"

"P' Mooham will pick me up. The series set is in the Ramintra area. I have to get ready now. Go back to sleep, P' Flint."

"Wait.."

Skylar tightened her hold around the girl's waist when the girl was about to get out of bed. She leaned in and pressed her nose to the girl's smooth cheek, inhaling the soft scent of the girl's skin that was mixed with the smell of baby powder. She had grown used to this scent, it seemed.

"Call me when you arrive at the set."

"I will."

Atita met the other woman's eyes. It seemed that cuddles and kisses were not enough because the woman used this opportunity to kiss her soft lips deeply.

A few touches were all it took for her desire to ignite. Skylar's hands slid underneath the girl's top and fondled her breasts. The morning atmosphere was enough to get Skylar in the mood for more. Her breathing started to hitch and became heavy.

But before her desire could go any higher, a rapid knock on the door pulled Skylar out of the haze. She had to pull away from the girl's soft lips.

"Nong Sun? Nong Sun, are you awake? I tried calling you many times. Why did you turn off your phone? Are you alright?"

Atita's manager shouted out of concern from the door as she kept knocking. The petite woman pulled out from the taller woman's embrace to grab her smartphone and check her notification.

But the screen was dark, Atita never turned off her phone before. She looked worried.

No wonder her manager came to her place in the early morning. And because of the situation at hand, the girl was clearly distressed when she made eye contact with the taller woman, Atita was not sure if the other woman wanted other people to know about their relationship or not. "I.... normally P' Mooham doesn't come into my bedroom so if you don't want anyone to know that you stayed the night here, you can stay here in my room."

"I'm not a secret for you to keep."

"I didn't mean it like that."

"Khun Mooham is waiting. Are you going to make them wait?"

Skylar said to end the conversation. The girl had no choice but to get out of her arms when the woman remarked sneakily. Atita took a brief moment to make sure she was presentable before she headed to the door. She slowly opened the door, only enough to pop her head out to speak with her manager.

"P' Mooham, I'm so sorry for making you worried. I fell asleep last night. I just realized that my phone died after I woke up."

"That's a relief, at least you're okay. Don't do this again, okay? I was so worried about you, I ran through so many red lights. The police will probably send a dozen tickets to my address as we speak."

"Um... I didn't know there were a dozen red lights from your place to mine?"

"Nong Sun! You're talking back to me after you made me so worried?"

She dramatically glared at the famous actress but then the chubby manager raised a hand to their chest and cried out from the sheer shock.

"Goodness!"

*Oh my God!*

She spotted the bruises on the actress's fair skin and then she saw a tall figure walking over to stand behind the actress's petite frame and smiled politely at them. The manager opened her mouth to say something before closing it again like a fish out of water.

"Khun Skylar? What are you doing here? Don't tell me."

She did not finish the sentence because it was obvious from how the two women looked. Her reaction did not make Skylar, who was ready to show off her possessiveness, falter at all.

The petite girl, on the other hand, clearly looked awkward because the taller woman wrapped her arms around the girl's waist and lowered her head, meeting the girl's eyes with a smirk. Atita felt heat travel across her whole face.

"Good Morning, Khun Mooham. I happened to have some business with your actress last night and it lasted until late at night. So please take good care of Sun today. I don't like to see anyone bothering my girlfriend."

"....."

"....."

The famous manager was not the only one who was shocked by the news. The other person who heard the word ***girlfriend*** also froze from hearing that unexpected word.

However, the woman who announced the news still appeared nonchalant. Skylar bent down to whisper to Atita's ear so that only the two of them could hear it.

"From now on, I won't let anyone replace my marks. If you see anyone else, I will kill that person."

"P' Flint.."

Once again, the petite girl was speechless as she stared at the taller woman.

She was just a small girl, why on earth did Skylar keep threatening her? There was no one else in her eyes, only this meanie who kept scolding her, so how could she even start seeing other people?

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# Chapter 07

"What's exactly going on, Nong Sun? I haven't seen you for a day and my actress has a girlfriend now? What is this? I'm lost!"

"I have no idea either."

Her response did not seem to answer anything. She did not say that because she saw her manager complain as she drove. Atita was equally confused by the situation.

"I still don't know how it happened."

"Oh, Goodness, Nong Sun! I'm getting a headache. You don't know but you let Khun Skylar have her ways with you? I thought you said it was a onesided crush on your part? And you told me that Khun Skylar liked to pick a fight with you because she didn't like you. How come someone who claimed to not like you came all the way here and announced that you are her girlfriend?"

"I..."

Atita didn't know how to answer the questions because she was not sure as well. Everything happened so fast and unexpectedly. She knew that being an easy lay was not a good thing. But at that moment, everything happened out of love, not the excuse like *'it just happened*' that people liked to use.

Atita knew what she had done so if she woke up tomorrow and got her heart broken from how easy she was. She prepared to cry her heart out later.

However, everything went in a different direction. She was confused and baffled. She admitted that she was taken aback by the sudden announcement that Skylar made that they were dating now.

A part of her might be happy about it but another part of her was paranoid. That woman had always been cold towards her and Atita never thought she had a chance with her. How was it even possible for them to date because the older woman liked her?

It was impossible, Atita was sure of that even now. The whole thing between them probably happened because Skylar wanted her body and that was all. No matter how she looked at it, this was the only possible reason she could find.

Things like this happened quite often between an actress and an elite billionaire. She was likely one of rich people's toys, a thing to play with. Atita did not think she could hope Skylar would see her as something more than that.

"No matter, it's not like you did anything wrong by seeing someone. I just have a feeling that I will be in big trouble, that's all."

"How so?"

"Well, your Khun Skylar is so scary. If one of your co-stars tries to flirt with you, I might have thrown a bucket of holy water at them to keep them away, you know. I'll be as good as dead if your girlfriend finds out, Nong Sun. She seems to be very possessive."

"I don't think you have to go that far, P' Flint, probably didn't mean it, I don't think she's saying that because she's the possessive type."

"Really? Not the possessive type?"

Mooham asked, raising her voice in a high pitch. No way she would believe

it, Skylar said it with a straight face with dead serious eyes. Most importantly, everyone knew that Skylar was not just some woman, something about her demanded respect from other people.

The Supawaret family's influence exceeded beyond the business they were in, not just in the luxury car import business that Skylar herself founded and oversaw at the moment. The Supawaret family owned many businesses, countless of them even.

The family was well-to-do since Skylar's parent generation, they were filthy rich, terrifying so.

They could spend a whole day describing this family's wealth and it would not do it justice. That was why the manager did not dare to disobey Skylar's order at all, she was only a manager.

Of course, she would be happy if one of the actors or actresses in her care ended up with someone as perfect as Skylar, the woman that everyone wanted to date.

Even though Atita was already Azure's best friend, being a lover of someone in that family was a whole league different. Being Skylar's woman meant that the girl would never have to worry about money for the rest of her life. She could do nothing or simply spend money every day and they still had plenty to spend.

Skylar was standing at the very top of the social hierarchy which ordinary people could not climb up to. But her actress's stand was pretty high on the top too. So this sun could stand beside someone like Skylar as equal in every way.

"By the way, you covered the bite mark on your neck, right? There will be some gossip about you if the makeup artist sees it."

"I did."

Atita said shyly. She did not know how to talk about it without feeling embarrassed. After her manager pointed it out and advised her how to cover up the love bites in the area where people could see, Atita did her best to cover them up. She will heat travel across her whole body.

She was vaguely aware when she felt that warm mouth making marks on her body. But it was only when she took a look at herself when she showered did she realize that the love marks were all over her body.

The marks and bruises were everywhere, her neck, her chest, her stomach, and even her inner thighs. Every mark brought back memories of their lovemaking.

What was worse was that the person who was responsible for them kept hovering around her. She almost could not get dressed, and that woman did not seem to sense just what she did to Atita at all.

Skylar was scary, demanding, and terribly wicked.

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When they arrived at the shooting set, Atita and her manager greeted the crew as usual.

Then the sweet-looking girl had to put on her actress mask when she had to greet her male co-star, whom she was shipped with. The lead actor was getting his makeup done at one corner of the large house where they would be shooting the scenes today. It was one of the last scenes of this TV series.

Atita greeted him politely, her smile was faint but she was still as polite as usual.

The actor turned his attention to the girl that he had his eyes on. He could not hide the heat In his gaze. Like everyone else, he also heard the scandal about the girl sneaking up into some famous rich guy's condo.

He and Atita did not have a scene that they had to do together in these past few days so he did not have the chance to meet the famous actress.

It was ironically funny and kind of embarrassing if someone found out that he, the actor who was shipped with her and rumored to date the show industry's angel, did not even have the actress's personal phone number. He did not have any way to contact her privately.

Of course, people started to ship them because he always made it painfully obvious that he was interested in this gorgeous actress.

If he had to give a selfish answer to explain his actions, he'd say that he did this on purpose to eliminate the competitors. Atita might not show any sign of interest towards him but he was pretty confident. He was a good-looking man who had a good profile after all.

He planned to flirt and get to know her, slowly while he used this whole ship to his favor and made the famous actress feel persuaded by their fans and the media's pressure.

When the scandal came out, it was like someone took the cake he had been hoping to taste. He was a dog in a manger so of course, the news made him restless.

Now that they saw each other today, he was waiting for the right time to talk to her in private but there seemed to be something stopping him from doing just that.

The actress's manager did not leave the girl alone even for a second, not when the girl was getting her hair and makeup done or when she was waiting for her scenes.

*Does the manager have no need to go to take a shit or something?*

Annop scoffed internally at the girl's manager when his time with her was running out. He decided to go to her head-on.

"P' Mooham, Nong Sun, may I sit with you guys?"

"Oh, please do, darling."

Mooham smiled knowingly. She knew why this handsome lead actor was here. She had been observing how the young man kept glancing at her actress.

Even if she wanted to go to the restroom, there was no way she would leave her gorgeous actress alone unless the girl was shooting her scenes. She could not let anyone approach the girl so easily, that she was certain.

The actor made small talk then after a while, he mentioned what he was as curious about as anyone.

"Hey, I didn't mean to be rude, but I heard the rumors going on. So I wanted to ask you today now that we met face-to-face about it, I'm worried about you, you know. And I want to know how I should answer the reporters since everyone thinks that Nong Sun and I are dating. You understand, don't you, P' Mooham?"

"Yeah, I do."

Mooham humored him. It was normal to put on an act and fake their politeness in the entertainment industry. No matter how rude the question was, she had to pretend to be nice about It.

"I and Nong Sun appreciate your concerns, Nong Nop. But there is nothing going on between Nong Sun and that elite."

"Is that so? I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes. Nothing happened because Nong Sun was with her significant other that night. She couldn't possibly sneak out to see someone else."

He felt as if he had been slapped in the face. He was not the only one who was stunned by what the famous manager said. Even Atita did not expect her manager to rescue her his way.

But then again, it was a good thing, very good, in fact, if the male lead that she was shipped with would stop bothering her and stop saying things that didn't happen to the press.

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Meanwhile, the significant other in question was currently facing her younger sister who barged into Skylar's office and bombarded her with questions. Azure did not give her sister a chance to avoid her after they got out of the meeting.

The tall woman looked fed up, she petted the collar of her white shirt that she wore under the dark blue suit. Her younger sister's accusing eyes were expected anyway.

Skylar sighed softly. It seemed like she would have to answer her sister's question about the girl's best friend today.

"P' Flint, you haven't come home ever since that incident. You are avoiding me."

"I don't need to do such a thing."

"Is that so?"

"Just get it over with and ask what you want to know. People will think you don't have a job with how you're acting."

"Why are you being so mean?"

She glared at her sister and remarked internally.

Her sister was very pretty all right but she was so mean and so damn scary. She had no idea how her best friend was in love with her sister.

"....."

"I'll get to the point then. I never mind your business even once, P' Flint. But I can't overlook this one if it concerns Sun. You probably already know why."

"Hm,"

Skylar responded like she did not care but she was paying attention to her sister.

"You are my sister, P' Flint. And Sun is my best friend. So, as someone who is in the middle of this, I don't want my friend and my sister to fight to the point that they can't be in the same room with each other. All these times, you acted like you don't like Sun very much so why did you do that to Sun? Were you just messing with her because you don't like her? If so, don't."

"When did I say that I did it because I don't like her?"

There it was, the beating around the bush. Azure nearly laughed out loud but she wanted to save some of her older sister's face, no matter how much she wanted to burst out a laugh.

Skylar was very reserved, she knew that. So reserved that it made a lot of people didn't dare to approach her. Even though her older sister was not actually a bad person or anything, the way she acted was honestly annoying.

"So you're telling me that you like Sun?"

"....."

Skylar did not answer. She shook her head tiredly when she saw her sister's teasing gaze.

What a weird individual, she took her best friend's side more than she took her beloved older sister's.

"Fine, don't answer it."

Azure shrugged. She did not care how tough her older sister was acting, that woman was just embarrassed. But she was too cool to say it. If nothing pushed her to do something, who knew how long she would show her true feelings?

"At least I know for sure now that you don't hate Sun, otherwise."

Azure made a long pause. The other woman looked irritated when she met her eyes,

"What? Don't mess with me like I'm a child."

Skylar couldn't help it. She was annoyed at herself too but she was trying to keep it cool, so she didn't make it too obvious. Though, it didn't seem to work because Azure seemed to enjoy making her sister talk.

Azure did not know for sure what was going on between those two. But her sister who used to be calm did not seem so calm anymore.

"Oh, nothing. It was just that I planned to introduce one of my close friends to Sun. Maybe they could get to know each other and go on a few dates. Who knows, maybe Sun would like them."

"Just because you're friends, it doesn't give you the right to pair your friend up with someone against her will."

"I'm not going anything against her will. I just want the best for her, I want her to meet someone who deserves her, someone she can love."

It struck a nerve. Skylar was pissed, she glared at her younger sister.

She could not keep it inside anymore. Her heart was threatening to get out.

"Watch it, Fey. What makes you think I don't deserve your friend? **That's my girlfriend you're talking about**."

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# Chapter 08

"I'm sorry, what? Girlfriend!?"

She could not hold it back anymore. Azure let out a laugh, her shoulders shaking from the force despite her sister's glare. She really couldn't help it, seeing someone who was so uptight lost it was way too hilarious.

"Stop it, Fey. What's so funny about it?"

"Okay, I'll stop. My bad, I can't help it, really."

Skylar glared at her younger sister again, her face felt hot with embarrassment from losing her cool. The younger girl grinned, satisfied that she achieved her goal when she heard her sister's affirmation.

Azure did not want to bombard her older sister with more questions. It was already surprising that someone as stubborn as Skylar was willing to reveal her feelings. This was good news, Azure was happy for her friend.

Honestly, the two of them should have ended up together a long time ago.

They loved, adored and reciprocated each other's feelings for a long time. Yet it took so many things to get them together.

It was one hell of a marathon, really.

"So you're dating now, right? I don't have to set Sun up with anyone now, I take it?"

"Fey!"

"Okay, I think it's time for me to leave. I'll go now so you can get back to work. I have to get used to referring to my best friend with a new title since she would be my sister-in-law soon."

She teased before she left. The older woman could only shoot her a glare of annoyance. After her sister left, she let out a sigh, feeling spent from losing her composure.

Skylar glanced at her smartphone on the table. Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest when she thought about someone's sweet voice that spoke directly in her ear.

She headed to the meeting room. Her actress did not ignore what she had told the girl at all because that petite woman called her as she promised the moment she arrived at the shooting location.

The girl was too adorable.

Skylar was no longer young but she felt her heart flutter. She had lovers before, she had dated women. But because she already had someone in her heart, she never felt this fulfilling warmth in her heart before.

On the contrary, all she felt was uncomfortable and guilt because she had to force herself to be a good partner for someone who she did not even love. Humans could not change or keep up with the act for someone that long.

In the end, the relationship that felt so forced reached a breaking point. Skylar knew it was her fault. So after her serious relationship ended after they dated for over a year, she did not think about finding someone new again.

However, now that she had been intimate with the person she loved, it was boundless, the influence and meaning it had over her heart. She was too possessive of the girl to let her go.

As she contemplated it, Skylar pressed the internal communication device and told her front desk secretary outside her office.

"I want the most beautiful bouquet for a special someone. Please see to that. I want it on my desk by four in the afternoon."

"Of course, Khun Skylar. I will see to it and bring the flowers to you by four."

"Thank you."

She ended the call. Her eyes glinted with many emotions.

Looking back, Skylar had loved the girl for years. Even now, she was not completely sure who fell first, her or her sister's best friend.

Her heart had skipped a beat from the very first day Azure introduced her best friend to her.

She fell in love with that high school girl the moment their eyes met. But the girl was so young back then, it wouldn't be appropriate for her to want someone that young.

Still, Skylar could not deny the feelings inside her heart. She was just a human who had desires after all.

No one knew that every time her sister's friend came by their house to study or for whatever reason that made them spend time together, she never thought of her as a sister, she always had inappropriate thoughts toward the girl whom she knew would grow up to be a very beautiful woman even then.

She wanted to be close to her, to hold her, to kiss her and to do so many other things that would cross the line between someone who was like a sister to her. However, she still had a conscience, so she did everything she could to avoid spending time with her because she was afraid that she could not control herself.

She was afraid that she would lose control and do what she really wanted. But then it was taking too long, Atita should have been hers ages ago. If she let the girl go again, it'd be like losing her whole heart for real this time.

Skylar would never recover from it if that ever happened. She wanted to block every way, drawing lines around Atita to keep her in Skylar's life forever. She would never let this heart of hers go even if there was someone better out there waiting for the girl.

She promised herself and several hours later, she got in her car with a large bouquet. Her car was filled with floral fragrant.

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The Lamborghini that had an expensive license plate drove to the location that the famous actress's manager sent to her. It took her a while to travel from her company to the shooting location.

Skylar parked her çar outside and looked for the girl at their meeting spot through her black, geometric-shaped sunglasses. Though, there was no sign of the girl.

Skylar waited for a while, and then a few seconds later, she saw something that made the atmosphere suddenly look unappealing.

She saw a familiar figure walking to their meeting point but the person walking beside her was not her manager. It was the male lead that the actress was shipped with.

If they were walking so far apart then it would be fine but they were practically pressed against each other like they wanted to possess the other person's body. That man tried to get handsy with her woman, it made Skylar's mood turn sour.

The tall, slender woman stepped out of the car. She straightened her suit, looking visibly annoyed. Her fair skin seemed to glow in the sunlight, it made her easily stand out from her surroundings.

Atita spotted the woman she loved the moment she stepped out of the car.

Her manager told her that Skylar would pick her up today, she already knew that. But when she saw the tall figure approaching her, looking irritated, her heart was suddenly beating fast, she could not control it.

"Isn't that Khun Skylar? What is she doing on our set?"

Annop spoke to the girl next to her, he sounded excited. The tall woman was stunning and prideful, yes, but the actor eyed her fancy car just the modification cost was enough to make him, who was quite a car enthusiast, exclaim 'holy cow' internally.

Skylar was a famous elite who was known for how unapproachable she was. So it was a surprise to see her make an appearance on a series shooting set that had nothing to do with her.

Someone at her level did not have to make an appearance around the set. If she wanted some actress or actor to do something that benefited her in business or in other matters, Annop knew that all Skylar needed to do was gesturing them with a flick of her finger and plenty of them would come to her like obedient servants.

It was such a shame that Skylar Supawaret preferred beautiful flowers over muscular men, it was a known fact for everyone.

"I'm here to pick you up, you're done with your work, right?"

"Yes."

Atita nodded. The man's question was answered by the conversation between the two of them.

It was like Annop was invisible, he smiled at the newcomer but was met with a brief, sharp glance, so sharp that it could kill him. He could practically feel the possessive air around that woman, It caused a shiver to run down his spine.

Earlier, he did not truly believe what the actress's manager told him in the afternoon. However, his instinct was telling him that the very fact that he tried to ignore was true.

That stunning elite glared at him and wrapped one of her arms around the famous actress's small waist. It was a clear sign of ownership, so clear that no word was necessary at this point.

Her action made it clear, it made his face feel numb. He had not been slapped but it was a near thing. Skylar did not even greet him out of courtesy, yet she still managed to make him feel like they were in a whole different league even if Skylar had not done anything.

*Beautiful, charming, but she was too scary to get involved with, damn it!*

What an arrogant woman.

"I have to go now, P' Nop."

"See you at the wrap-up party."

"Okay."

Atita replied out of politeness. She could see the intense glare from the other woman. She knew that a few seconds from now, the woman would quarrel with her again.

"Where's Khun Mooham? Why did she let you walk alone?"

"She went to the restroom so she told me to go wait for you first. She didn't want you to wait for me. Let's go."

Atita gathered her courage and wrapped her arm around the person next to her. She still remembered what Skylar threatened her this morning and she did not think it was just an empty threat.

But then again, some situations were out of her control like how that man took the liberty to walk her here no matter how much she tried to decline him. She couldn't stop the man.

At any given chance, Annop would try to get handsy with her, especially when they were in public, in front of their fans or even when they did a scene together. It was like the man had been waiting for moments like this all the time because she could never avoid or reject him during these times.

Even though today was the last day of the set, they still had to see each other at the wrap-up party. And after the series was on air, they would have to attend events, ad gigs, and TV shows together as co-stars. So they still had to see each other frequently from now.

Annop always made her uncomfortable, Atita could not do anything other than suck it up. The series would be on air in a few days. She had to wait until the series's popularity dropped a little before she could refuse to work with him again.

Once she got into the car, the girl quickly let her manager know where she was. Silence enveloped the car after she hung up the call.

Even though Atita acted for a living, she was not a talkative person. She was too quiet to argue with someone. So the situation right now made her hands sweety on her lap.

She could smell the overwhelming scent of flowers inside the car but she did not dare to ask or even to turn around and look. But then, the other woman who had been quiet the entire time reached out and held her hand on her lap.

Atita turned and met her eyes, her heart was pounding when she felt the warmth from their interlaced hands. Skylar's face was void of emotion but her touch was enough to turn whatever she was feeling into excitement.

"Do you want to eat something?"

"I already ate at the set."

"Then do you want to go straight to the condo?"

"Yes."

After their brief conversation, the car fell into silence again. Although, as the car drove, their hands still laced with each other. Skylar's piercing eyes glanced at the girl occasionally. She used this silence on the way to the condo to cool down her emotions.

It took around a little over an hour for them to arrive at the condominium's parking lot. Atita still wondered how on earth did Skylar manage to enter the building and even now, she did not get an answer to her question.

Skylar parked the car at one corner where the space was enough to park only one car. She did not turn off the engine. Skylar had cool down a little but she still could not get rid of the jealousy she was feeling.

"We have to talk."

"Okay,"

Atita gave her a short reply before turning to meet her eyes, a sign that she was listening.

"I have an early flight to Hong Kong tomorrow. I have to stay there for two nights or maybe more. I'll have to go home after I drop you off."

"Okay, you don't have to pick me up, you know."

"Why? You don't want me to pick you up because you're afraid that your male lead will find out about our relationship or something?"

"I'm not afraid of anyone knowing."

"Then don't tell me not to pick you up. I don't want anyone to touch what's mine."

"Yours? How so?"

Atita looked into the other woman's eyes as if searching for an answer.

Deep down, she was afraid of the answer, the one that she expected to hear. But she did not want to be in an ambiguous relationship. If all she was to Skylar was a toy to play with then she would know and walk out of this. "Do you have amnesia or a short memory? Do I have to remind you what I did to you last night?"

"That doesn't answer my question. P' Flint, if I am just a toy for you then please just say it to my face."

"A toy?"

Skylar felt her lips twitch into a self-deprecating smile. She explicitly told her that she was her girlfriend. It seemed that her actress lost her memory about that.

Skylar's eyes conveyed every emotion as she stared into the girl's eyes. Atita smelled good, it made her move closer to the petite girl who was cornered back until her back hit the seat.

Atita should stop her, she should turn her head away from the other woman who was creeping closer and closer to her. But she stilled as she felt the woman's warm breath. Skylar was now hovering over her body, the space between them was paper thin, and barely existed.

Even when those perfect lips pressed against hers, she followed her heart and willingly opened her mouth to welcome the tongue that was exploring her mouth.

Skylar tilted her face to get a better angle so she could kiss the girl under her passionately. Once she touched her, it was like the fire of desire had been ignited oh so easily.

She slipped her hands under the girl's shirt to touch her plump breasts, Though, before she could get carried away, the girl protested and pushed her away by the shoulder as she was breathing hard.

"P' Flint, don't do this,"

They were both still in the car. It would be inappropriate to do something like this in a place where people could walk in on them even though the car was parked in a secluded spot.

"I never see you as a toy."

Everything this woman said or did had too much impact on Atita's heart more than she could bear. Skylar's eyes conveyed how she felt, then she turned around and picked up a bouquet that was placed on the space between the back seats.

Atita did not even know when the flowers that smelled so sweet on the entire ride were placed in her hands.

"I wanted to give you these flowers. The things I did last night, I have to take responsibility by being your girlfriend, don't I?"

"You shouldn't be someone's girlfriend just because you want to take responsibility for your actions. You never liked me, P' Flint. You don't even want to be near me, you don't love me. So you don't have to do any of this, P' Flint. I can forget that it even happened."

Atita had been thinking about it all day. If Skylar told her manager about their status only because they slept together last night. Then it was not a relationship that was born from the other woman's love. No matter how badly she wanted to be the woman's girlfriend, she did not want to use this as an excuse to tie someone to her, it would be painful for her.

"Is that what you think? Something like that is easy to forget for you, isn't it?"

Skylar sneered. She paid the girl's rejection no mind. What really got on her nerves was how Atita spoke like someone who had been with many people before her and how Atita did not seem to care that they slept together.

But for Skylar, it mattered. Did the girl think she could just forget about it that easily?

"Go ahead, whatever you say I don't have a problem with it. After all, I already had your body."

"P' Flint!"

Her eyes flickered with sadness. What else could the other woman mean by that?

See how complicated feelings could be? Even if she was the one who suggested they forget about it. She didn't expect it to hurt this much when Skylar said that, it was like she did not care about her at all.

"What? Did I say something wrong? If you don't want me to take responsibility. Then I'll just do what I want. And since you don't want to be my girlfriend, you should just be my wife."

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# Chapter 09

Atita came back to her room, feeling like she was in a daze. The possessive words that wanted to bind her with a status like that still echo in her head. She touched her lips, the kiss that they shared before they parted ways still burning in her mind.

She did not want to get over herself but if she unpacked those words that had beat so far around the bush, the meanings behind those words were so plain to see. And if that was what Skylar demanded from her true feelings, even just a tiny piece of it, then who was Atita to play hard to get?

Her heart had loved Skylar for a long time and it tended to have power over any reason. She was easy to get, yes, because deep down, she was still scared that Skylar didn't care about her.

That was why she didn't deny the status that Skylar forced on her at all.

Atita was following her heart just like before because, in the end, she was just a human who had her selfish needs. She could not say no to it now that she had the chance to accept the status that the other woman had given her. After all, it was a chance that could lead her to the goal that she had been dreaming about all this time.

She wanted to be Skylar's partner, to be someone who stood beside that woman. And her dream that she had put all her effort into through hardship all these years was about to come true. Even If Skylar was not ready to give Atita her heart, she could always try harder, right?

Would Skylar ever see her, could that be possible? Atita was not greedy but deep down, she still hoped for the day that Skylar, who had been nothing but cold to her, could be fond of her one day

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***The next morning..***

Skylar arrived in Hong Kong before noon. The first thing she did after she arrived at the hotel was call her lover to let her know.

It was the start of their relationship as lovers. Now that their relationship had come to this, Skylar wanted to follow her heart and simply did what she wanted.

Even if she was a little awkward about the sudden change, she tried... she tried to adjust and change herself so the relationship would head in a positive direction.

The things between them might not get better overnight but Skylar believed that they would be better than where they were now.

"I arrived in Hong Kong. I'm at the hotel right now. What about you?"

"I'm in the car right now with P' Mooham. We're heading to the photoshoot studio."

The girl's sweet voice came out as a whisper. Atita was still embarrassed to talk to her very new significant other in front of her manager who kept shooting her a mocking look. Her face felt heated.

"Don't forget to take care of yourself, okay? Don't let anyone get close to you unless it is necessary. I only allow it if it's work-related."

"You're so demanding with me, P' Flint."

"Who would I be demanding with if not with you? I have you as my wife, I can't just go and be demanding with some random woman."

Atita's face was burning up again. Why must she always remind her of this? It was so embarrassing to her.

"Um..I have to go now, I'll hang up, okay?"

"...."

"Hang on,"

"Yes?"

"I miss you, and I'm very possessive of you, you know."

She couldn't do it anymore. Atita hung up the call as heat flashed across her face, blood traveled to her face and reached her ears,

"Nong Sun, you good? Why are you blushing that hard? All you did was talk to your partner on the phone, right?"

"I'm blushing?"

Was it that obvious? The famous actress petted her cheeks idly. Even now, she did not know what to do now that she was dating the person she loved.

"I..."

"Never mind, I won't make fun of you anymore. But oh, how I am jealous of you lovebirds. See? I'm so jealous right now."

"P' Mooham, you just said that you won't make fun of me."

P Mooham chuckled fondly at her.

It was not surprising really, the actress that she carefully crafted with her own hands had always been shy. Being an actress had turned the girl into a confident, famous actress today.

Still, her personality could not be erased, especially when it came to certain stuff.

Now, for example, love was turning her actress into that naive girl from those days when she just entered show business. It took a lot of work to get the shyness out of her.

Fortunately, her actress was determined enough to overcome that obstacle. As her manager. Mooham knew where that determination came from on the day that they had a long talk to discuss how to fix her problem of being too shy.

"So, about the wrap-up party on Saturday, the director told us to meet at a restaurant on the road next to the Ramintra tollway. I'll pick you up at your condo at six, alright? Get ready and be pretty for me, Nong Sun."

"Roger that, P' Mooham."

The heat on her face seemed to cool down when her manager changed the subject. If P' Mooham continued to make fun of her, Atita probably crawled into the car's carpet and rolled into a ball.

*Embarrassment was really something that she had no control over.*

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The sun set twice and then it was Saturday, the day when the wrap-up party took place.

The petite girl dressed in a white lace blouse and a denim skirt that was about ten inches above the knee. She wore a small silver necklace with a cute little pendant, and white stiletto heel ankle boots.

She applied light makeup on her youthful, delicate-looking face, it almost looked like she didn't put on any makeup at all. The famous actress transformed into a flawlessly gorgeous woman in her manager's eyes when the manager came to pick her up.

They drove out from the condo, they planned to arrive at the restaurant around seven p.m.

Meanwhile, Skylar decided to fly back to Bangkok that evening. She arrived at the airport around nine p.m. She had to meet up with some of her close friends whom she had not seen in a while so she did not go straight to the condo as she intended.

Skylar arrived at the restaurant. It was divided into two sections: a restaurant and a bar, where there was a separate area for people to sit and drink. She talked to the staff and followed them to the VIP table, which had the best view in the bar.

She greeted her two best friends and sat on the sofa. A waiter, dressed in the restaurant's uniform, came to arrange the table for them.

There were menus and some drinks on the table, Skylar ordered another drink for herself.

After the waiter took her order and walked away, she and her friends started catching up, their conversation continued in the usual condition.

Skylar had been friends with the two of them since middle school and then she had to go study abroad. She and her friends became distant from the time and distance that they were apart.

Then after she graduated, she came back to Thailand again as a businesswoman. She had the chance to reconnect with her friends again when they were all adults.

Though, reconnecting with her friends was not difficult and it even lasted until today.

Skylar looked around the restaurant. The decor was classy, and there was a band of young. good-looking actors who were performing live music.

The band might be able to attract many people's attention in the restaurant. But Skylar suddenly noticed a familiar petite figure at the drink bar.

She frowned and looked at the woman who was wearing a skin-tight red dress, the back of the dress was open to her waist, her bare back was smooth and fair with only her long blonde hair to cover it up.

She was sitting cross-legged on the high stool, she was wearing black stiletto heels. The girl was clearly asking for attention, her dress was tucked up, revealing her pale legs and so much skin.

Skylar was livid. She was trembling in anger but she had to control the emotions that were stirring up in her chest. She drank all of her drink in one go as she glared at her target without blinking.

How could she control her temper when the person beside her lover was that rich boy who was in the scandal last time? The two of them were giggling together cheerfully.

Her jaw clenched hard. Her friend who was sitting next to her noticed and asked if she was okay. Skylar smiled at them to hide her anger.

She was trying her hardest to control herself and not walk straight to them now. She had to wait until her target was isolated.

Then it was her chance. The petite girl looked like she was about to go to the restroom. The taller woman excused herself before following the girl while keeping her distance.

Once she followed her to the toilet that only had a few people occupied, she caught a glimpse of that pale back and disappeared into the furthest restroom.

Skylar was calm enough to wait until the woman was done. When she heard the sound of the restroom door unlocking and opening, she rushed to block the girl's way, a dark look on her face.

The sweet-looking woman wore a lot of makeup on her face that made her look sexy and sleek. She looked up, a little off guard when suddenly a good-looking stranger blocked her way and glared at her murderously.

She was so scary, was she a demon or something?

"Excuse me but you're blocking my way. If you want to use the restroom, step aside and let me walk out first."

Skylar was a little confused by the words that sounded so distant but jealousy and rage completely took over any rationality she had. She clenched her jaw, her anger was boiling, she stepped closer to the girl and sneered.

"Didn't you say you have a wrap-up party? How come you are here, flirting with your lover?"

"Hey! What are you talking about? Go home if you're drunk, woman."

Then the girl was about to walk past the taller woman. But her shout and the hardened look in her eyes seemed to provoke Skylar and she snapped.

She grabbed the small wrist and pulled the girl to turn around and face her.

The girl who was harassed before she could do anything looked angry in that instance. She tried to get out of that woman's hold, she's pretty but she seems crazy!

"Hey! What the hell are you doing? Let go of me!"

"Go home with me now."

Skylar snarled darkly. Though, the other woman did not seem to have any reaction towards that scary voice and demeanor at all.

"Woman! If you are sick in the head then you should seek professional help, not bothering people like this. Let go!"

"It's you who should stop talking when you're drunk. Go home with me now. A few drinks and your cute, demure image is ruined, right? Just look at you now, you're practically a sex kitten! I was gone for two days and you need to get it so bad that you have to go out and find someone to sleep with!?"

***Smack!!***

A soft hand slapped Skylar's left cheek when she was throwing accusations at her. Skylar's face was turned by the force, her tongue nudged her inner cheek before she turned back and looked at the woman, completely livid. All her emotional maturity seemed to vanish in the heat of the moment.

"This is for what you said. Watch it, don't say that nonsense like that to me again."

The girl's pretty eyes were hardened from her anger. Then she walked away from the person who made her so angry that she couldn't control herself.

With a mouth like that, she deserved it. Even though it might be the alcohol talking for that woman.

She only stepped away but Skylar did not plan to let that minx go, no, the girl had to face the consequence of her action. Everything happened so fast, the petite girl was pulled into the stranger's arms and suddenly she was kissed brutally.

"Mhm!"

The girl's instinct was telling her to resist that tongue that tried to invade her mouth. Their size differences were very visible but the petite girl gathered all her strength to shove that stranger away. She succeeded. Then she slapped that person's cheek the hardest she could.

***Smack!!***

Her cheek felt numb from the second slap by that soft hand. Skylar sneered at the brutal force from such a small hand. She snapped her gaze to the girl who was glaring at her like a tigress even though she was the size of a kitten.

Skylar pushed her hair back to keep it in place, she still managed to care about her image.

Meanwhile, the girl who was watching Skylar watched nothing more than crawling that woman's pretty face out for harassing her even though they had never met.

That woman looks well-to-do, she can't believe the woman would be so foul.

"Don't do something this disgusting to anyone ever again. It doesn't matter how rich you are or how good you look, not every woman lets you do this to her."

Those words made Skylar even angrier. The petite woman stomped away in her stiletto heels when someone came into the restroom. Skylar clenched her fists to suppress her rage.

No one had laid a finger on her before, especially not someone who had never been this hostile to her. Her anger reached past the boiling point.

There were so many emotions, love, and possessiveness, gathered and formed like an underwater wave, ready to explode when she snapped. She was not thinking straight, she did not even think about those strange things the woman said at all.

Her ears were ringing, all she saw was red. She was called disgusting because she kissed her wife.

Then what does one call it when a woman sneaks out from her girlfriend to get all cosy and flirt with someone else? A slut?

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# Chapter 10

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE**

**Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY Translate : Sun Yan**

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"Hey! Where are you going?"

Before she could react, the six-figure designer bag that had been left beside her was swiftly snatched up by its owner.

Phuwin straightened his back and set his drink down on the table as he noticed the irritated demeanor of his companion. But why did it seem like they wouldn't leave together after all?

"I'm going home. Not in the mood to party anymore. Just had a bad experience in the bathroom."

She spoke loudly over the music, her words carrying a Western accent. Yet, despite that, her choice of language was clear and fluent, reflecting her heritage.

Yes, she was Thai, but she had grown up in New York. Besides English, French, and Chinese, Thai was another language she spoke fluently— thanks to her strict mother, who had insisted on it.

However, switching languages had become second nature to her. She mixed them as needed, sometimes without realizing it, especially when she was emotional.

Like now—so angry that her words tumbled out in rapid Thai. She cursed under her breath and stormed out, her face still tense with frustration.

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By the time Skylar regained her composure and pushed through the crowd, she was already gone. When she glanced toward the bar, she no longer saw her—only a high-society young man sitting with a tall, model-like guy.

A strange sense of relief washed over her. Maybe it was because seeing that man alone, without her girlfriend by his side, meant that after tonight, there was no way they would be leaving together.

Realizing this, Skylar made her way back to the table. But with her heart burning with frustration, she couldn't bear to sit there any longer. She excused herself and left early.

As she walked toward her car, she shook her head a few times, trying to clear her thoughts. The alcohol she had consumed earlier was starting to take effect, seeping into her bloodstream and leaving her slightly lightheaded.

She pulled out her phone to call her lover, but no matter how many times she tried, her calls were ignored. Frustrated, she tossed the phone onto the seat beside her.

Her slender fingers gripped the steering wheel tightly, the veins on the back of her hand standing out. She took a deep breath, exhaled slowly, and then pressed down on the accelerator. The car sped off faster than usual, fueled by her emotions and the empty roads past midnight.

When she finally arrived at the condo, there was only one destination in her mind—her lover’s room. But as she pushed open the door and scanned the living room and kitchen, she found no sign of them. Without hesitation, she headed straight for the bedroom door.

Seeing that it wasn’t locked, she took the liberty of pushing it open. But then—her eyes widened in shock, surprise flickering across her delicate features.

"P' Flint, are you back?"

The soft voice came from someone who had just stepped out of the bathroom, her expression briefly flustered. As she composed herself, she quickly pulled the edges of her clean white robe together, trying to shield herself from the intense gaze lingering on the slit of her robe.

Having lived alone for so long, she had gotten used to it—so much so that she had forgotten to lock the door. And that was exactly why, at this

moment…

She was still not fully dressed, making it difficult for her to adjust to the situation so quickly.

"Did you rush to take a shower to wash away the scent? And you got back so fast, too."

"I..."

Atitha frowned in confusion at the accusatory tone. Even though Skylar's expression remained calm, her instincts told her something was off.

And of course, this wasn’t the face of someone who had been saying they missed her. Not at all.

"Why aren’t you saying anything? Got nothing to say now that I caught you off guard?"

"It’s not that.. I just don’t understand what you’re talking about, P' Flint. But if you mean coming back from the party, I got back at eleven."

It was now past midnight. She hadn’t enjoyed the party much and had only stayed for appearances. Then, she had found an excuse to leave early and asked her manager to drop her off.

Atitha had chosen to come back to the condo to wait, knowing that Skylar would return tonight. Even though Flint had messaged her earlier, saying she might go straight to her apartment after stopping by a friend’s birthday party, Atitha had still decided to wait.

But now, instead of a happy reunion, there was only a mocking smirk on Skylar's lips. The air between them felt heavy, like dark clouds gathering before a storm.

"You got back at eleven… but then went somewhere else, didn’t you?"

"Where would I have gone? I don’t understand. After I left the party, I came straight back to the condo. I didn’t stop anywhere."

"Don’t act like you don’t know, Sun. Drop the innocent act. We just saw each other at the club, and I followed you back! I caught you red-handed meeting that rich guy—are you still going to deny it?"

"That’s not true! I didn’t go out to meet anyone, and I don’t know why you’re accusing me of this. If you don’t believe me, you can call P' Mooham and ask!"

"You think I wouldn’t? And you expect me to believe you didn’t plan this with your manager?"

The immediate retort left Atitha speechless. She was so lost in the accusations that she couldn’t even form a response. But to Skylar, her silence only confirmed her guilt.

"Tell me, is that rich guy really that special? Is he so great that you just can’t let him go? Am I not enough for you, Sun? Whatever you want, just tell me—I’d give you anything. But don’t do this. Don’t cheat on me when we already agreed to be together."

"I’ve never cheated on you, P' Flint."

Atita shook her head as she began to grasp the long string of complaints spilling from her lover's mouth. Her long legs started to move closer, and in just a few steps, she was able to grab her slim waist and pull her closer.

Two bodies pressed closely together. Even though there were clothes in the way, but the faint fragrance from her delicate body stimulated the blood in her body to surge until it was chaotic. The alcohol that she had drunk seemed to be able to easily arouse her desire.

"P' Flint, please trust me just this once. That woman is not me."

"If it's not you, then who else could it be? With a same face like this, a voice like this, are you going to say you have a twin who suddenly appeared and made people think it was you?"

This time, the listeners felt like her ears were ringing, and her brains seemed to be knocked out, unable to think for a moment.

And it seems that the prolonged silence has only intensified Skylar's feelings. The doubt is tightly lodged in her chest. Once she received clarity from the incident caught red-handed, she became convinced that her partner was unfaithful.

But instead of retreating, her heart that could not accept defeat demanded more and more.

Love, lust, and jealousy overflowed and mixed together making Skylar could not control herself.

The shapely lips pressed a kiss onto the plump lips with a sense of possessiveness. The slender tongue attempted to slip into the warm mouth, filled with a desire to possess. The delicate hands tried to remove the bathrobe from the fair body, followed by pushing the slender body onto the bed, with her body straddling it.

"P' Flint never trusted me."

Atitha asked softly, looking into the eyes of the person who had pulled away from the kiss, tears welling up. Although she could somewhat piece together that it might have been a misunderstanding, she couldn't help but feel hurt, forcing herself to swallow the lump in her throat with a heartwrenching pain.

*Skylar has never trusted her, not even once.*

"Until now, I still don't understand. If in P' Flint's eyes, I am not a good woman, then why is P' Flint involved with me?"

The trembling voice accompanied by a curtain of tears could shake Skylar's heart.

It's true that her excuse for being anxious is jealousy, but when faced with such weakness, her heart, which was already full of love and possessiveness, becomes even more possessive.

Two arms tightly embraced the precious body. Skylar didn't think of replying with words, but rather released the pent-up emotions in her heart with a passionate kiss, filtered through overwhelming feelings.

The tattered bathrobe was shed from the fair body, leaving only her nakedness. Even the clothes that were removed from her body were no different.

Flesh against flesh, bodies pressed together in every part. The enticing scent of the flesh stimulates the desire glands, causing the blood in the body to pump and heat up all over.

Skylar gently kissed the slender body with affection, while Atitha could not resist the strength of the older person.

The faint smell of alcohol mixed with the smell of breath, the tip of the tingling tongue that was entwined with the small tongue in the mouth began to increase in heat according to the uncontrollable emotions.

The more they kiss, the more passionate it becomes. The lover's fiery touch slowly drains away their strength. Atitha cannot separate her body from her heart. When the arousal intensifies, her body is ready to respond to every touch from the one above without hesitation.

"Ahh!"

The slender body let out a husky moan, her body instinctively arching towards the hot mouth, trembling all over. The wicked tongue flicked rapidly over her nipple, alternating between biting and teasing with strong teeth, causing a sharp pain that mixed with a tingling sensation at the same time.

The soft hand accidentally moved up to grasp the long, flowing hair of the person above, intertwining fingers with the thick, dense hair. Breathing heavily, the tongue's tip flicked rapidly against the erect nipple, which stood firm against the tongue.

"Mmm,"

Skylar moaned through her throat with satisfaction. The alluring scent of flesh stimulated the blood in her body to spurt, surging. The sweet-sounding moans of the person beneath her further aroused her desires, making her lower body tense with a pleasurable ache.

The discomfort she felt made the tall figure who was between the legs of the person below her press her hips hard to lose her mind.

The same part with the other side slowly, the moans began to rise in pitch according to the ignited emotions.

Skylar began to press her heavy hips against the delicate body, causing it to sway. Atitha looked into her lover's eyes with a reproachful gaze, but the current of lust only heightened the thrill due to the irresistible caresses.

The shapely lips kissed the thin lips again, but because she did not think to teach her lover a lesson with this lovemaking, the palm that caressed every fine and smooth skin of the perfect body passionately, slowly moved down to circle the white thighs.

Skylar lifted her hips and immediately replaced them with her palms that shot towards the target.

"P' Flint."

The sweet, raspy voice and almost breathless tone, the fingertips pressing and kneading the sensitive spots, a shiver of pleasure in the sensitive areas of the body when Skylar skillfully uses them.

The sweet pair of eyes were half-closed with desire, her nails digging into the shoulders of the person above. A tingling sensation made her lower abdomen tighten. She tried to lift her body to escape as the slender fingers repeatedly pressed on her sensitive spot.

"Uh.. P' Flint, that's enough."

"You are my wife. If you want something like this, just tell me. There's no need to go looking for anyone else."

"I've never did that."

The slender figure tried to resist to reclaim justice for herself. Even though the other person stopped the crushing force, the fingers and delicate strokes that were sent to rub against the moist petals still created an equally intense sensation.

But before the body could choke on the intense pleasure from the new love lesson, which seemed heavier than the previous one, the slender finger that went deep inside without saying anything caused the delicate body to tense and tremble.

Both sharp pain and discomfort, because a foreign object penetrated deeply into the body all at once.

The first teardrop flowed out from the corner of her eye. It was so uncomfortable and tight that she accidentally tensed her stomach. She wanted to move away but couldn't.

As for Skylar, she froze. The intense squeezing force inside the warm cavity. The body's response, including the tears that showed the pain, it became a clear confirmation that she had been wrong all along.

The truth that had just appeared rushed into her face until her face was numb. It was completely different from what she had understood. The slender fingers that were soaked in the other person's body did not move. The meaning that was packed in her eyes, there was only joy until her heart swelled.

Having complete possession made Skylar not want to run and find any reason anymore. Her heart was weak and filled with pride. The body that was completely hers made the feeling grow even more. No matter how much tenderness there was, she was ready to give it to the cherished woman in front of her as much as possible.

“Sun,”

The shapely lips kissed the smooth forehead, reaching the eyelids decorated with beautiful, curved eyelashes, the small, high nose bridge, and then stopped at the plump lips that were starting to swell from the poison of the kiss that happened earlier.

"Just relax, I won't hurt my wife. It won't hurt anymore."

Those comforting words, something she had never heard from her before, seemed to wrap her drifting emotions in warmth and gentleness.

Skylar chose to give her a deep, meaningful kiss. When they finally pulled apart, her beautiful face rested against the warm curve of her neck. Then, Skylar slowly started to arouse her by moving her face towards her plump breasts again.

Athita bit her lips tightly, feeling like she was just a foolish little girl, no matter what the other party said, she obediently complied without resistance, because as soon as the still fingers began to move in and out slowly, the internal tension started to ease, adapting to the other person's presence.

The painful discomfort was replaced by a tingling sensation. The body, attacked both above and below, trembled all over. Delicate hands tangled in the thick hair of the person buried in the chest, trying to release the pressure of the tongue that was curling into waves inside.

The overwhelming sensation surged through, almost causing the body to explode into pieces. The intense internal movements made the slender figure gasp and cling tightly to the taller person, who was applying more force.

A light touch, yet it sent shivers down her spine. The feeling surged towards the shores of dreams, causing her delicate body to collapse. She gasped for breath, her fair cheeks flushed and radiant from the intense rush of blood. The profound lesson of love transformed into a new lesson, tightening her heart's embrace with this person even more.

"Sun belongs to me alone."

Speechless, the one who had fully possessed the other used one slender arm to pull the fragile body, still trembling, into a tight embrace with great affection. But the fingers, still embedded in the body, forced the delicate figure to try to pull the other's hand out of the love channel that was still tinged with lingering pleasure in every nook and cranny.

In a moment of happiness, there is a constant undercurrent of resentment, because this time, despite giving it my all, it seems there is only endless suffering in the same form reflecting back.

This heart might hurt even more than before because the love poured into it never penetrated the other person's heart at all. As consciousness gradually returns, every word spoken before seems to come back and torment the heart, causing deep pain.

It hurt even more because she had let the cruel person take possession of her body completely.

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# Chapter 11

The exhausted body, having rested for only a few hours, woke up to a new morning after experiencing repeated moments of passion in the battle of love on the bed.

Even though her lover remained distant and indifferent, Skylar refused to let the delicate figure stray even a little from her embrace.

Every time she stirred awake in the middle of the night, she instinctively pulled the fragile body into her arms. Though the sunlight barely seeped through the gaps in the curtains, the two bodies remained intertwined beneath the thick blanket.

It might have been too long that the atmosphere between them were left in silence, with no conversation coming out of their mouths, but the sound of the air conditioner working softly, accompanied by the sound of soft breathing.

Skylar pressed the tip of her nose against the smooth, pale shoulder, inhaling the lingering scent of the person who had spent the entire night turned away from her. The subtle movements earlier had made it clear that her lover was already awake, yet she still remained as distant as the night before.

"Sun...."

The slender hand resting on a flat stomach began to move restlessly. The curves of the delicate body stirred Skylar’s senses, igniting a deep desire. However, the recipient of her advances instinctively curled up, bringing her hands up to shield her chest.

"Last night wasn’t enough for you?"

The soft voice held an unfamiliar tone, accompanied by a determined effort to break free from the arms that had held her captive all night. Skylar tightened her embrace, unwilling to let go, even as the smaller woman tried to inch away, reducing her space on the bed to almost nothing.

She was on the verge of falling off.

"Don’t struggle. Can we talk? Please don’t keep turning your back on me."

"We already talked last night."

"Sun, you know it’s not over."

"What more do you want from me, P' Flint? I’ve given you everything. You already believe that I betrayed you, that I cheated, that I had someone else —that I’m not a good woman. I have nothing left to defend myself with. So tell me, P' Flint, what else do you still want from a woman like me?"

"I don't want anything except my own wife. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for speaking so harshly."

Her trembling voice carried the weight of bottled-up emotions, squeezing the listener's heart until it ached unbearably.

Skylar tightened her embrace as if afraid she would slip away. Her warm breath brushed against her soft cheek, as if trying to comfort her.

She admitted she was wrong for speaking so harshly without thinking. The undeniable truth—that she was the first to claim this body—hit her hard, making the guilt weigh even heavier on her heart.

And yet, the lingering questions still clouded her mind, leaving her confused and uncertain. If her lover was so certain that she hadn’t gone anywhere after the party, then who was the woman she had assumed to be her lover?

Her mind had been working tirelessly all night, replaying everything that had happened, trying to make sense of it all. She thought back to the look in her eyes…

Her eyes looked at her as if she were a stranger. Her palm had left the imprint of five fingers on her cheek—twice. That was far from how a lover should act.

Maybe it was a mistake, something she had failed to notice or question in time. But that didn’t mean she had to take all the blame.

Even foolishness had its reasons. In a moment of intense emotions, faced with an uncanny resemblance, how many people would stop to carefully examine the details and search for differences that were nearly impossible to find?

If someone else had seen their wife with a man she had been rumored to be involved with, alone in a condo together, would they be able to endure it? Would they be able to stand there calmly and act as if nothing had happened?

"I have an event today. I need to get up, shower, and get ready before P’Mooham comes to pick me up. Can you let go of me, please?"

"Just one minute… just one minute, okay?"

Skylar pleaded softly, gently trying to turn the slender figure back toward her. But when their eyes met at such a close distance that she could feel her breath, her heart trembled. She couldn't bear to see the pain reflected in those eyes.

"I know my words must have hurt you,"

She admitted, her voice low and sincere.

"I won’t try to make excuses. But there’s one thing I want you to know… I desire you. I’m possessive of you. And… I love you."

"....."

That quiet confession of love wrapped the space between them in silence once again.

She shouldn't waver so easily, but her heart—so deeply in love—couldn’t help but be shaken by those few simple words.

It was impossible for her not to feel something after hearing the words she had longed for. But the pain, the insecurity, and the fear of betrayal overshadowed it all, allowing her resentment to fade for only a moment.

Harsh words couldn’t be erased so quickly. The hurt, the endless questions, they still weighed heavily in her chest. Yet, she couldn’t bring herself to speak, couldn’t find the courage to search for the truth that might slap her in the face.

What she already knew was painful enough. And deep down, a terrifying thought crept in—that maybe, just maybe, the only reason she had stepped into the role of her lover was simply to indulge in the pleasure of her body.

But when it came to the word "love," could a few nights of physical intimacy truly compare to the years of indifference between them? Could she really believe that the other had fallen in love with her overnight?

It was impossible. No matter what label tied them together, even if they were supposed to be lovers, the truth remained the same.

*She was just a lover who had never been loved.*

"I have never understood you, P’Flint. Not once. Not even now,"

She said, her voice trembling.

"If you don’t truly feel the way you say you do, then you don’t have to force yourself. I understand that jealousy is normal in a relationship, and you have every right to feel that way. But if you're saying you love me when you don’t—if you’re just saying it to play with my emotions—please don’t do it."

Tears welled in her eyes before finally spilling over, falling uncontrollably. The weight of it all crushed her, making her struggle to free herself from the arms that held her so tightly, refusing to let go.

But the more she struggled, the tighter the embrace became.

Skylar moved closer, her face near Sun’s, unable to resist the pull. Then, without hesitation, she pressed her lips against the soft pink ones in front of her.

She didn’t deepen the kiss, just pressed their lips together, letting the gentle touch convey every overwhelming emotion in her heart. She wanted those feelings to seep into the heart of the girl struggling in her embrace.

Athita's heart pounded against her ribs at the tender contact. Her delicate frame seemed to freeze, as if entranced, allowing the taller woman to slowly taste and savor her lips.

Skylar pulled back slightly, only to press another kiss, then another—soft, lingering, relentless. She kissed her repeatedly, as if determined to make the smaller heart surrender, to melt away every ounce of resistance.

How could she not be shaken? The mere exchange of breath between them felt like it was melting her heart, making it sway like a pendulum. She kept reminding herself not to give in, but the heart that already loved had long since lost the battle. It never once wavered in the direction of logic.

"I love you, and I never meant to play with your heart. I love you. Do you hear me?"

"....."

The silence that followed made Skylar feel as if she could hear her own heartbeat ringing in her ears. But when she was reminded of the event that was waiting, she finally loosened her hold, letting Athita go.

Even then, she didn't neglect her. Skylar carefully supported Athita, who was weak in the knees, helping her into the bathroom. She waited until she was dressed and ready, watching as she left with her manager for the event.

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As soon as they were out of sight, Skylar quickly headed to her own penthouse to shower and change.

She had already made up her mind about her next move. But she couldn’t just come out and ask to tag along—that would be too much. Besides, today was her day off, a rare free Sunday with nothing scheduled.

But if she spent it as a starstruck fan for once, would that really be such a bad thing?

Since the event was scheduled to begin around 11:30 AM, Athita and her manager arrived at the venue nearly an hour in advance.

This marked Athita’s first public appearance since the scandal had made headlines and turned into a hot topic. Avoiding the press was no longer an option today.

Because the event was held on a weekend, the ground floor of the upscale shopping mall was packed with fans and members of the media.

She wore a sleek black bodycon dress. Her long hair was gathered into a high ponytail, each strand neatly in place, revealing a flawless face enhanced by luxury-brand makeup—a brand for which she was a global ambassador.

A delicate necklace adorned her slender neck, accompanied by a single pair of earrings. Other than that, she wore no additional accessories, leaving her radiant, pearl-like skin to shine under the bright lights.

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Meanwhile, at a luxurious condo just a five-minute walk from the mall, a tall, well-dressed socialite stood outside her own door, looking visibly impatient. A phone was pressed against his ear as he waited.

"Can you hurry up? I called before I even got in the elevator, and you're still taking forever. I'm not in the mood to stand here waiting."

"Who told you to wait? Just open the door yourself and come in. Why are you acting all proper and making a big deal out of it, Mr. Gentleman?"

As soon as the annoyed voice finished speaking, the door was yanked open, revealing the speaker—a strikingly beautiful woman who peered out with a slightly exasperated expression.

She was far from ready to receive guests. The towel wrapped around her head was perched like a pyramid, and her pristine white bathrobe made it clear to Phuwin that she had just stepped out of the shower.

"You're so slow," he muttered.

"Give me ten minutes. Why are you in such a rush? At least let me put on some underwear first."

"Why bother? You said yourself you don’t have boobs."

"Wow, that’s real classy. And what’s the point of you having a head if there’s no brain inside?"

She fired back effortlessly before flipping her hair and strutting back into the bedroom, leaving the actual owner of the condo shaking his head. With a sigh, he strolled over to the couch in the living room and dropped himself onto it.

A stack of documents containing penthouse listings—ones she had asked him to find—was tossed onto the coffee table in front of him.

About five minutes later, the petite figure reemerged from the bedroom, now dressed in a snug white tank top and a pair of shorts. The towel pyramid still sat atop her head.

"Why didn’t you dry your hair first? I’m not in that much of a hurry,"

Phuwin asked.

"I can dry it while we talk. Saves time,"

She replied, pulling the towel off and roughly rubbing her damp hair right then and there.

It was cute and sexy—just not to someone currently rolling his eyes at her antics.

"Now that you’re back in Thailand, maybe try acting a little more proper. You know, behave yourself."

She snorted.

"I do behave—when Mom’s around. But since she’s not here, I don’t have to be on my best behavior, do I?"

Her voice carried a fleeting sadness at the mention of her mother, but the emotion disappeared almost instantly, replaced by a neutral expression and a faint smirk.

"The penthouses you asked for—take a look and see which project you like. Once you've decided, let me know, and I'll handle the rest."

"Thank you,"

She mimicked in a high-pitched, exaggerated accent before shifting her gaze to the stack of documents. Reaching for them, she flipped through each listing one by one, scanning the details.

When it comes to multitasking, Phuwin has to give credit to the woman in front of him. She's amazing at it. It’s not just what you see on the outside — she can actually do so many things at once, like her senses are all working separately to handle everything.

“Last night, some crazy woman kissed me in the bathroom,” she said.

“What?!”

Phuwin was shocked by what he heard. But seriously, could the one who got kissed at least act like it bothered them even a little bit?

“That’s harassment! Why didn’t you say anything last night, Jan? What’s wrong with you?”

“What would it have helped? I already got kissed.”

Phuwin sighed and leaned back against the sofa, clearly frustrated with how chill she was about the whole thing. Her face, softer now without heavy makeup, and her small, delicate frame made her look sweet — but she was actually pretty feisty.

And honestly, talking to her gave him a headache half the time. If only she could act like a normal person with her friends once in a while, it’d be great.

She got kissed, but reacted like someone just lightly tapped her little finger.

"Did she have a reason for what she did? Like... maybe you were okay with it? Or gave her a flirty look or something?"

"You're talking nonsense. I just told you — I have no idea who she was. Never seen her before. If she wasn’t drunk or crazy, then it must’ve been a misunderstanding. From what she said, she probably thought I was her girlfriend sneaking out to party with someone else or something like that." "See? I told you, but you never believe me. It has to be what I thought."

Phuwin muttered with total confidence, sure he was right. Meanwhile, the slim girl kept reading through project documents like nothing had happened.

The condo they were in was big and fancy — definitely matched Phuwin’s lifestyle. It wasn’t hers, though. She was lucky he’d let her crash there for the past two weeks. And honestly, it had been a pretty stressful two weeks.

She knew she was attractive — enough to get stares when she went out. But ever since she moved back to Thailand about two weeks ago, that attention had increased like crazy. It was to the point where it started invading her personal space.

She had mentioned it a few times to Phuwin, complaining here and there. That’s probably why she remembered him telling her more than once that she looked a lot like a famous Thai actress — something he’d repeated over and over again.

She never followed Thai celebrities on social media. Never cared, never wanted to know. Even when her friend tried to show her the actress’s photo many times, she always brushed it off.

But after what happened last night, she couldn’t ignore it anymore. Now, she was curious. How could two people who aren’t even related look *so* alike that people couldn’t tell them apart?

“You once said there’s an actress who looks like me, right? Can I see her picture?”

She had never been interested before — but one unexpected kiss from a stranger was enough to suddenly make her *very* interested.

Phuwin didn’t play hard to get. He just made a little sarcastic comment in his head, then pulled out his phone and searched for a photo of the famous actress. He handed the phone over without a word.

And that was the moment her calm, soft expression completely froze. Her eyes stared at the photo, like she couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

Now **Sasapin** finally understood why, every time she went out, it felt like her privacy kept getting invaded.

It was the shocking resemblance — like looking into a mirror — that made the young woman raise her fingers to rub between her brows, trying to gather her thoughts. She looked back down at the phone screen again.

Besides the surprise, a flood of questions started to fill her mind. That overwhelming similarity was impossible to ignore, and it shook her a little.

Her curiosity kicked into overdrive. She quickly swiped through more photos, checking different angles. The more she looked, the harder it was to find any real difference between them. Driven by a need to know more, her finger tapped straight into the actress’s profile without hesitation.

**Sun Athita —** both her nickname and full name connected to the sun.

Her own nickname was **Jan** (Moon), and her full name was **Sasapin**, which also meant something related to the moon.

Was it just *too* much of a coincidence?

Sure, coincidences happen in this world — but this one hit so hard, it made the blood rush to her head so fast she could barely think straight.

She took only a moment to calm herself down, but even then, the resemblance alone didn’t satisfy someone like her — someone who never believed anything without proof.

So, the moment her eyes landed on the actress’s birthdate, a cold chill ran through her from head to toe.

*No way.*

Sasapin blinked rapidly, thinking maybe her eyes were playing tricks on her.

But no... even if she blinked a hundred, a thousand times, the birthdate listed in the actress’s profile never changed — not even a little.

***Sun Athita.***

That blazing sun… how exactly was it connected to *this* moon?

She couldn’t stop herself from wondering — and it didn’t feel like a coincidence anymore.

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# Chapter 12

There was a certain feeling that tugged at the heart. Even though they hadn’t grown up together, the bond of kinship still allowed them to sense the presence of a sibling connection.

In a time when life felt empty and lonely—despite the immense fortune left behind by her adoptive father—there was nothing to truly anchor her heart.

A life of solitude. Just knowing that someone who shared her bloodline was still in this world made that connection deeply significant. It was an instinctive feeling, a natural part of being human.

She didn’t know what kind of person her twin sister was. What was her personality like? Would she feel troubled, indifferent, or perhaps even happy if she knew that someone who was like a reflection of herself was breathing in the same world?

One was raised by their father. The other by their mother.

*Was Athita living well?*

*What kind of life was she leading?*

Did she have a complete family? Had their father remarried? If he had, was their stepmother kind to her twin? Had their lives turned out similarly in any way?

So many questions filled her mind, each one fueling her eagerness to search for answers.

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"This woman is my twin sister."

"What?!"

Sasapin turned sharply to look at his friend, who seemed overly shocked— his ears perked, eyes wide, looking almost like a French Bulldog at this point.

"We were born on the same day, month, and year. The evidence is clear. If I don’t lie to myself, there’s no other explanation, Win. But still… I want confirmation."

"So, what are you going to do?"

"I’m going to the mall. My twin is there right now."

Being someone who acted as quickly as she thought, a glance at the actress’s social media updates was all it took to decide what her first move should be.

"Don't tell me you're just going to barge in and announce that you're her twin. Don't forget, she's a celebrity. If you rush in recklessly, you'll definitely become the talk of the town. *'Long-lost twins reunited at 24'*—it's like something straight out of a soap opera."

"Did you even think before asking that? I know exactly what I need to do."

"Hey! Now you're calling me dumb? I was just giving my opinion, offering some guidance. Do you even understand Thai?"

"Of course I do. My mom happens to be Thai, and I also remember that I never said you were dumb. The word I used was 'reckless'."

"And how is that any different?"

Phuwin’s mouth hung open, unable to argue back. When it came to twisting words, he had to admit the person in front of him was a master.

"Fine, fine. Call me dumb if you want. But are you sure you don’t want me to go with you?"

"No, thanks. I don’t want to stand out. Whenever I walk with you, people always stare. If that happens, it'll turn into news, and I don’t want to cause trouble for someone who looks like me."

"Oh, please. Last time, the damage was already done. It’s a bit late for regrets now, don’t you think? You didn’t care back then. I’ve been talking so much, I feel like my words are about to drill into your ears."

"That was then. This is now. You should head back already. I need to get changed or I won’t make it in time."

With that, she waved him off and disappeared into her bedroom. When she came out again, she was fully dressed and ready to face the outside world.

Her destination was a nearby shopping mall.

When she arrived at the event venue, Sasapin had no intention of rushing in and revealing herself. She simply wanted to observe her twin from a distance—to see what kind of person she was.

Blending in with the fans, she dressed discreetly in a fitted long-sleeve crop top, sweatpants, and sneakers. A white mask concealed her face, and for extra cover, she had just bought and put on a fresh bucket hat from Ralph Lauren.

The young woman arrived at the event just as it was nearing its end, but she was still in time to see the actress standing in the middle of a crowd of reporters. Dozens of microphones were pointed at her delicate face, which carried nothing but a warm smile.

From the second floor of the mall, Sasapin watched every move her twin made. Meanwhile, the surrounding fans chanted the actress’s name in unison, their voices echoing so loudly it nearly hurt her ears. Neon signs displaying the name "*Sun Athita*" filled her view.

It was only now, standing among the crowd, that Sasapin truly realized just how famous her twin was.

As she tried to blend in with the fans, she suddenly noticed someone staring at her. A young fan stood frozen, eyes locked onto her, suspicion evident on her face.

A wave of unease rushed through her. Instinctively, she adjusted her mask and pulled her hat lower, hoping to cover herself better.

But the effort was in vain. The fan whispered something to her friend, who then turned to look at Sasapin with the same curious expression.

*Damn it!*

Did her beauty really have to stand out at the worst possible time?

The young woman decided to step away from the risky situation. But just as she was about to get out of the crowd, her ears caught a sentence that made her stop in her tracks.

“Hey! That guy just called and said that after P’Sun finishes the interview, the bodyguards will take her out that way to the car. Let’s go quickly or we’ll miss her!”

With that excited voice, Sasapin saw a group of high school kids heading toward the escalator.

With such a perfect chance like this, of course someone blending in with the superstar's fans wouldn’t miss out.

She followed the group of girls from a short distance. Judging from how excited they looked, they must be real die-hard fans.

Just by looking at their hats and shirts, which all had “*Sun*” printed on them, it was clear they were hardcore fans.

Just knowing so many people loved her twin like that, a sudden feeling of pride started growing inside her for no clear reason.

The young woman followed the group of fans down to the lower level. It was so crowded that she was finally able to spot her twin from a distance.

The famous actress was just finishing her interview and started moving, now standing among several bodyguards in black who were clearing a path for her to walk through.

But as soon as the star started to walk along the cleared path between the crowd, Sasapin felt the urge to back away from the spot she was standing in — the people pushing from behind were starting to knock her off balance.

She was small, and with all the fan energy around her, it was getting harder to stay on her feet.

And because she’d never been in a situation like this before, in just a blink of chaos, her body got pushed right into the path of the bodyguards and the actress — completely by accident.

“Miss, please step aside. You can’t be in this area,”

One of the front bodyguards said firmly. But before he could grab her and move her away, a gentle voice interrupted.

“She was pushed. She didn’t mean to get in the way. Let her walk out by herself.”

In that brief moment, when the two similarly-built women looked into each other’s eyes — even though one was wearing a mask and a hat that hid most of her face, only her eyes were visible — something unexplainable sparked between them, making Athita freeze for a second.

For a second, everything around her seemed to fade away. Sasapin felt the same. She hadn’t planned on facing her twin up close like this, but things had gotten out of control.

As soon as she snapped back to her senses, she quickly lowered her head, using the brim of her hat to hide the resemblance. Then, without hesitation, she stepped back and got out of there.

In just a few short seconds, everything happened so fast. With no other option but to move forward, Athita had to pick up her pace and head toward the parking lot.

But the feeling from that familiar gaze still lingered in her mind, leaving her confused. And just as she arrived at the parking area, all those thoughts came to a sudden stop — a sleek supercar pulled up right in front of her at just the perfect time.

There was no need to ask who sent it. Her manager was standing nearby, smiling brightly and motioning for her to get in.

“Hurry up and get in. As for the script for the new show, P’ Mooham will drop it off at your condo tomorrow morning. Bye-bye, Nong Sun! See you tomorrow!”

With no reason to argue, the slim actress went along with it. Once the car pulled away from the mall and headed toward the main road, the driver broke the silence inside the car.

“P’ Mooham said you only had a bite of bread earlier, so let’s stop somewhere for a proper meal. I already reserved a table. I rushed out this morning — haven’t eaten a thing all day.”

“And why didn’t you eat? It’s already afternoon!”

“Because your wife was too busy being your number-one fan. I couldn’t take my eyes off you. If Fey finds out I acted like this, she’d never let me hanging around."

"...."

Was it okay to feel shy? Because she wasn’t used to being sweet-talked like this. Her heart was now pounding so hard, she could barely control it. The way she glanced at her — eyes twinkling and full of sweetness — even if she didn’t want to get her hopes up, the look in her eyes was enough to melt her heart like wax near a flame.

Athita shook her head at herself. She tried to stay grounded, but if she kept teasing her like this, how long could her heart hold out?

After about half an hour on the road, they arrived at the restaurant. They shared their first proper meal of the day in a relaxed setting. The conversation was smooth and easy, almost like the beginning of a life shared between two people in love.

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About an hour later, they returned to the condo. Skylar gave her partner a chance to shower and change. When she came back out, she was wearing a white sleeveless top and shorts.

“P’Flint, aren’t you going out today?”

“I already went out, didn’t I? I followed my wife to work. And now, I just want to stay with her—I don’t want to be apart.”

"...."

She was completely caught off guard. This wasn’t the Skylar she used to know. The one she knew wasn’t this persistent in showering her with sweet words and affectionate gazes.

“Do you have a moment? I want to show you something.”

“What is it?”

From where she was sitting, Skylar stood up to her full height and stepped closer, reaching out to gently intertwine their fingers.

“Come with me.”

She didn’t say a word — just quietly followed her out of the room toward the elevator. She noticed her take out a keycard and tap it on the elevator panel, followed by pressing the button for the top floor.

That’s when her brain kicked into gear and put two and two together. The top floor of most buildings is usually reserved for larger, more luxurious units — suites or apartments that are way more spacious than regular condos.

People call them *penthouses* — basically homes in the sky, often taking up the whole floor or even more.

And just as she guessed, that’s exactly where they arrived. She e led her to a unit at the very top, then opened the door using a fingerprint scan.

“There was a time you asked me how I could park my car here… I guess this kind of answers that question, doesn’t it?”

“You own the penthouse here… don’t you?”

“Yes. I bought it a long time ago. I made the decision the moment I found out you were buying a condo here.”

Her heart nearly skipped out of her chest. She tried to tell herself that it couldn’t be — that she wouldn’t have bought this place just because she lived here.

Maybe it was just coincidence. Maybe there was another reason — something other than what her heart wanted to believe. Even now, Athita kept trying to hold on to that logic.

Her eyes wandered across the space — over 300 square meters in size, decorated with elegant, high-end furniture.

Every corner was perfectly designed and separated: bedroom, bathroom, living room, kitchen — and even a large balcony with a private swimming pool. It felt less like a condo and more like a luxurious private home in the sky.

She wasn’t excited by her lover’s wealth — that wasn’t anything new or surprising. What made her heart race more was the woman who suddenly wrapped her arms around her from behind, catching her off guard.

“P' Flint…”

She tilted her head slightly as she took the chance to nuzzle her neck and cheek with the tip of her nose. Her touch sent waves of emotion through her. Deep down, she was just a woman — a woman who could easily be swayed by the actions of someone she loved.

“I decided to buy this place because of you. From now on, you have every right to come and go as you like… because you’re the one I love.”

*Why?*

What she heard from her lips made her ears ring for a moment. It was far beyond anything she’d expected. She had never imagined that someone who once seemed so distant would suddenly confess she spent a fortune on a home — just because of her.

“I know that no matter what I say right now, you might not believe me. But… could you please give me a chance? Let’s give ourselves the chance to really get to know each other. Please don’t judge me based only on my past mistakes… not yet, Sun.”

It wasn’t a demand — it was a gentle, heartfelt plea.

Because she wasn’t someone with a hard heart — in fact, she was quite sensitive — no matter how many times she’d told herself not to fall again, her heart just wouldn’t listen.

It was tired from chasing after her changing moods, yet deep down, it still longed for her in a way she couldn’t deny.

Athita had already discovered what it truly meant to love someone with all her heart. The night they had shared only tightened that bond even more, making it nearly impossible to let go. Every feeling she had was now buried deeper, belonging completely to her — and only her.

If the sweet words she kept giving her now were secretly poisoned, she felt like she’d still willingly drink them all. She’d become the kind of person who didn’t think twice — ready to pick up the poisoned cup and take it in.

The voice of her heart spoke louder than reason. It was ready to dive back into the same whirlwind she’d been in before. Even if she spent her whole life trying, Athita still didn’t know if she’d ever be able to truly get over a woman named Skylar.

The way she used to love her — it hadn’t changed. In fact, her feelings had only grown deeper and stronger, to the point where it scared her.

And now... she was afraid of her own heart.

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# Chapter 13

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE**

**Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY Translate : Sun Yan**

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After that interview, news of her denying the rumor about sneaking into the luxury condo of a young businessman spread across social media for several days before gradually fading away, buried under other trending topics.

A full month passed as life continued as usual. But beyond work, one thing had changed—someone had gradually become a bigger part of her daily routine.

They didn’t hide their relationship, but they also didn’t make a grand announcement.

They simply lived their lives naturally, letting their actions speak for themselves.

Because of this, for the past month, gossip columns had frequently featured candid photos of the entertainment industry's "*angel*" and the elegant businesswoman, Skylar. Their appearances together kept fueling speculation, making them a hot topic of discussion.

Dressed in an elegant suit, Skylar sat behind her large desk. After placing down the pen she had just used to sign the final document, she stood up to her full height and walked toward the slender figure who had been waiting on the sofa for over twenty minutes.

"I'm sorry for making you wait, Sun. Are you hungry?"

"A little, but it's okay. I don’t mind waiting."

"What did Fey say? Have they decided on a restaurant yet? Did she call?"

"She just texted a moment ago. She finally got free from her clients and said she made a reservation at a restaurant in the mall. She told us we can head over anytime. But… are you done with work, P’Flint?"

"Yes, all done. But before we go, can I have a little encouragement?"

Simply asking sweetly wasn’t enough—Skylar eased herself down onto the same sofa, pressing close to her lover. Her arms wrapped firmly around Athita's slim waist. Being as light as a feather made it effortless for Skylar to lift her onto her lap.

“P’Flint! What if someone sees us?”

"This is my office. Who would dare barge in? Besides, my secretary knows better than to disturb me,"

Skylar said with a playful smirk.

"But if we take too long, Fey will have to wait for us,"

Athita protested softly.

"But you barely gave me any reward. I haven’t seen you all day—I missed you so much, you know?"

Skylar's voice was sweet and coaxing as she gazed at the soft, slightly parted lips in front of her. The delicate face, enhanced by only the lightest touch of makeup, was mesmerizing. Maybe it was because Athita was an actress, or maybe it was just because she was *hers*.

Skylar's palm, resting gently on Athita's slender back, tightened slightly, pulling her closer. Then, without rush, her lips pressed against the soft, rosy ones before her, savoring their warmth with unhurried tenderness.

The kiss was both passionate and gentle, filled with reverence and longing. It wasn’t just desire that guided their movements—it was love, care, and an unspoken promise woven into every touch.

This wasn’t just about indulging in passion. It was about conveying emotions too deep for words, creating a craving that would never quite be satisfied—one that would always leave them wanting more.

"Why are you this adorable?"

Skylar murmured as she finally pulled away from the kiss, her arms tightening possessively around Sun’s slender waist. It was a feeling that only grew stronger with each passing day.

"Can we go now?"

Athita asked, her voice slightly breathless.

"Wait a moment," Skylar whispered.

"Hmm?"

"I love you. I love you so much. More and more every day."

She held Athita's gaze, her deep eyes filled with sincerity. It wasn’t just empty words—it was a truth that had settled deep within her, spilling out through her voice and the way she looked at the woman in her arms.

By now, Athita could no longer deny her own feelings. The love she had once struggled to push aside had already taken root too deeply. Every time Skylar spoke those words, they erased the painful memories little by little, replacing them with the warmth of someone who had asked for a second chance—and had truly meant it.

"I love you too, P’Flint. I’ve loved you for so long... if only you had opened your heart to me sooner,"

Athita admitted shyly, her cheeks tinged with the softest shade of pink. Skylar couldn’t help but smile at the confession.

Being together each day was happiness in itself. They had known each other for a long time—gone through ups and downs, periods of distance, and misunderstandings. But now, as they moved forward in a deeper relationship, the feelings that had always been there only multiplied.

Love. Possessiveness. A desire to protect and cherish. A yearning that never faded, no matter how much time passed.

Skylar was no longer the person she used to be. Because now, with every breath she took, there was only one sun shining in her sky.

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From that day on, Sasapin took a full month to decide on the perfect penthouse for herself while also secretly gathering information on the twin siblings.

Since Athita was a celebrity, details about her personal life were relatively easy to find. But for anything deeper and more private, she had Phuwin to thank.

His relentless investigation had led them here, standing in front of a grand house, instead of browsing furniture and home decor at a shopping mall as originally planned.

"Are you sure about this? Just barging in like this? You’re not afraid of getting shot? And I don’t mean *you*—I mean *me!* Can we please think about my survival for a second? How about we turn the car around and go buy furniture like normal people instead?"

Phuwin looked visibly uneasy as he scanned the house from behind the windshield, assessing the security measures in place. A towering wroughtiron gate, a guardhouse, and a uniformed security officer stood watch. The tall walls surrounding the property ensured that no one outside could get a clear view of the home belonging to a lieutenant general.

"You're being dramatic. Look at my face. Did you forget who you’re with? Just drive up to the gate—I’ll handle it."

"Janjan, I swear… at least try to protect your poor friend here."

Even as he grumbled, Phuwin still did as instructed, maneuvering the car forward until it was right in front of the gate.

Sasapin brought the car to a stop in front of the grand house before lowering the window, making her intentions clear. The security guard stationed at the gate immediately took notice and walked up to stand beside the car.

"Excuse me, may I ask who you're here to see?"

His sharp eyes scanned the vehicle thoroughly, as was his duty. Not only was he unfamiliar with the car’s make and license plate, but entry into this house required direct permission from its owner.

Phuwin, feeling slightly nervous, pressed himself back into his seat, leaving the situation to the person beside him. Sasapin leaned out slightly, flashing a polite smile.

"Is the General home?"

"Oh! I was wondering who it was—Young Miss! Yes, the General is inside. Please, go right in."

The guard’s demeanor changed instantly upon recognizing her as the eldest daughter of his boss. He quickly gestured for them to proceed before jogging back to the guardhouse to press the button that opened the automatic gate.

"So, that’s all it takes? Just looking like the owner's daughter is enough to get in? No ID check, no second-guessing in case someone's impersonating her?"

"You've been watching too many spy movies, Phuwin. Your imagination is running wild,"

Sasapin teased with a light laugh.

She glanced around the expansive estate, befitting a high-ranking military officer, while unfastening her seatbelt. As soon as she stepped out of the car, a housekeeper appeared at just the right moment to greet them.

"Hello, Khun Sun. I was wondering who it was—the car wasn’t familiar at

all."

The maid smiled warmly at the eldest daughter of the homeowner.

Normally, the well-known actress came by in her own car or with her manager’s. So when she showed up with a handsome young man who looked quite polished, the maid couldn’t help but feel curious.

*Hopefully this isn’t the future son-in-law being introduced or anything, she thought.*

"Hello, is the General home today?"

"Yes, he’s home. He didn’t go anywhere today. Please, come inside—both of you. I’ll have someone let the General know you’re here. Right now, the Madam is sitting in the living room with Miss Praew."

"Ah, thank you. Would you mind showing us the way?"

The maid was a little puzzled by how different Sun’s tone and manner were. Still, even though she felt something was off, she led the pair into the house and into the main living room.

Sasapin saw a well-dressed, elegant middle-aged woman sitting inside.

From what the maid said earlier, it wasn’t hard to guess—this must be her father’s new wife. Sitting next to her was a young girl, probably around 14 or 15 years old. Both of them looked at her with calm, unreadable expressions—no sign of happiness or a warm welcome at all.

Both of them turned to look at Sasapin and Phuwin with blank expressions, showing no warmth or hint of welcome.

You can just sense when someone doesn’t like you—no one has to point it out.

Since she had already looked into the people living in this house, it wasn’t really surprising. The only thing that made her feel a bit sad was the girl looking at her coldly right now.

*Technically, they were half-sisters, but she still felt that blood connection.*

Maybe that sadness came from the cold, distant vibe she was getting from both the mother and the daughter.

“Hello,”

Sasapin greeted politely with a traditional Thai wai. Phuwin followed her lead, greeting the woman the same way.

“Hello. If I remember correctly, you were just here last week, weren’t you, Sun? Do you have more free time lately, or is there something urgent you need to discuss with the General?”

The woman’s eyes flicked toward the young man beside her. Even though she didn’t follow celebrity news, she had seen bits and pieces about the two of them. And the gossip—well, it made her think her husband’s dear daughter clearly didn’t care about his reputation or the fact that he was a Lieutenant General.

Whether it was pride or fear that her stepdaughter might outshine her own child, as the current wife and mother in the house, she’d never liked her stepdaughter. Not even a little.

“Yes, it’s something important,”

Sasapin replied simply.

“Why do you keep coming back so often? Don’t you know you’re annoying?”

A sharp voice chimed in.

“Annoying?”

Sasapin turned to look at the teenage girl, locking eyes with her cold expression for a brief moment. Then she slowly curled her lips into a small, knowing smirk.

Pieces of the puzzle were starting to fit together. And lucky for her, she wasn’t stupid. The behavior from the mother and daughter was obvious enough to make everything clearer.

If she wasn’t wrong, this might actually be the reason why her twin sister had chosen to leave the house and live alone ever since she started university—despite having a mansion to stay in.

Her father’s new wife clearly fell into the “*evil stepmother*” category—not the kind-hearted, gentle type at all. And that nasty attitude seemed to have been passed on to her daughter in full force.

Sasapin didn’t want to drag her father into this, but from what she was seeing, it was hard not to think:

*How could a high-ranking officer like him raise such an unpleasant kid?*

“Wow, what a polite way to say hello,”

She said sarcastically.

“I didn’t know kids these days were being raised to talk to adults with such rudeness and disrespect. Must be pretty embarrassing to take them out in public.”

“Sun,” the woman called out sharply.

“Yes?”

Sasapin replied calmly, completely unfazed.

Meanwhile, the woman was fuming, her face turning red with anger. In all these years, her stepdaughter Athita had never dared to act this boldly. Not once. For a moment, she even felt unsure—this didn’t seem like the same girl at all. But her fury overtook any doubts, and she shot Sasapin a cold, sharp glare.

“You should watch your mouth. Show some respect. I’m standing right here, and the so-called ‘guardian’ you're talking about—he’s your father too.”

Sasapin almost laughed. If that woman was expecting her to show any respect, she was clearly dreaming.

She hadn’t come here to play nice or build any kind of relationship with this woman. The only reason she was even here was to get the truth— confirmation of something important from Nita herself. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have set foot in this house at all.

And just a little longer—just a bit more—before the full weight of their shared resentment finally came to light.

The arrival of the head of the house completely flipped the mood. The wife, who just moments ago looked furious like a raging storm, instantly switched to a sweet, gentle expression.

*Two-faced much.*

That was Sasapin’s quick and clear judgment of the woman in front of her. She didn’t need to waste time thinking about it. Her eyes then shifted to the man—the middle-aged figure who carried an air of power and authority. In real life, he looked even more impressive than the photos she’d seen online.

She should’ve felt nervous or excited about meeting her father for the first time. But inside, she felt… nothing. Or rather, it was all negative.

Everything that had happened today, along with what she’d already learned before coming here, made her lose any respect or admiration she might’ve had for the man who gave her life.

“Oh, Sun! What brings you here today, sweetie? Why didn’t you call and let me know first? What if I hadn’t been home? You would’ve wasted your time,”

Her father said warmly as he walked up and stopped just a step away from her.

But the moment their eyes met, and his daughter gave a polite wai with a slight bow of her head—her face calm and distant—it made him freeze.

She used to greet him with warmth, even playfulness. Now her posture was stiff, her expression proud and cold, completely unfamiliar.

“Hello,” she said plainly.

No warmth. No emotion. Just a flat, formal greeting.

It hit him hard. The General stared at his daughter, confused and a bit shaken. His chest tightened, his hands and feet started to tingle. He could feel the distance between them—clear as day. And in his eyes, there was no trace of the girl he once knew.

“Jan…”

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# Chapter 14

Lieutenant General Jakarin froze for a moment, unable to believe his own eyes. But the stark difference he sensed assured him with certainty—this was his other child, the one taken away and raised by his former wife.

"Is that you, Jan?"

He asked again, needing to be sure. His twin daughters were identical, born from the same egg, making them nearly impossible to tell apart.

To the average person, distinguishing between the two would be a challenge. And though his last memory of his eldest daughter was from when she was only five years old, he had spent years raising her twin.

He knew her mannerisms, her personality, and—most importantly—he was aware of the existence of the other. Even the smallest details were enough to tell them apart.

Athita was sweet-natured and gentle, qualities that had shaped her personality over the years. But the defiant gleam in this girl's eyes, the stubbornness that refused to back down—that was something else entirely.

That was his other daughter, and it confirmed what his instincts already told him.

Meanwhile, Sasapin showed no reaction to her father’s realization. She had never intended to impersonate her twin; she simply enjoyed the fact that people couldn’t tell the difference. And if that worked to her advantage, she saw no reason to correct them.

Father and daughter locked eyes for a long moment before Sasapin shifted her gaze to the two-faced woman across the room. Her expression remained neutral, but a small, knowing smile tugged at her lips—not a warm, friendly smile, but one that carried a sharp, almost menacing edge.

"Yes. Actually, I only intended to stop by briefly to discuss an important matter with you, General. But I never expected that my first visit to your home would feel so unwelcome—at least, not by your wife and daughter."

"Uh…"

Being called out so directly, the woman who often revealed her true nature only behind her husband's back was suddenly at a loss for words.

Not only was she caught off guard by the unexpected confrontation, but she had never imagined that the stepdaughter she despised would fight back in this way.

And to make matters worse, the strange exchange between father and daughter only fueled her growing suspicions.

Was this woman in front of her really Athita?

"Never mind," Sassapin continued.

"I don’t want to waste my time on things that have no value to my life. Let's just get to the point. As I mentioned earlier, I only came here to discuss something important with you, General. If possible, could you spare a few moments to speak with me privately?"

"Of course. Let’s go talk in the sitting room."

His deep, authoritative voice left no room for argument. But before leading the way to the more private space, Lieutenant General Jakarin didn't miss the opportunity to send a warning glare at his wife and younger daughter, who now stood looking visibly uneasy.

He wasn’t a fool. The behavior he had just witnessed wasn’t new to him. He had sensed it for years. He had simply hoped that when his daughter chose to live on her own, it would put an end to these problems.

Yet even now, his wife refused to change the behavior that had caused countless arguments in the past.

And this time, he could no longer ignore it.

The atmosphere in the sitting room was heavy with silence as father and daughter sat face-to-face, staring directly at each other. Lieutenant General Jakarin’s gaze remained fixed on his eldest daughter, who had settled onto the sofa across from him. His emotions were difficult to describe.

For nearly twenty years, he had held onto the hope that one day he would have the chance to see her again. And now, that day had finally come.

"Are you doing well, Jan? I’m glad to see you again. And… how is your mother?"

"I'm fine," Sassapin replied evenly.

"As for my mother, she passed away in an accident last year."

Her voice was calm, but for a fleeting moment, she felt a crack in her resolve. And if she wasn’t mistaken, the mention of his former wife stirred something in him.

If there were no lingering attachment, then his expression wouldn’t have darkened the way it just had.

"I'm truly sorry,"

He said, his voice heavy with regret.

"I never expected that the day I would finally see you again would also be the day I learned that your mother is no longer in this world. Are you planning to stay in Thailand permanently now? If you ever need anything, just tell me. I’m willing to help you with anything you need."

"You don’t need to go that far,"

She replied coolly.

"The reason I decided to return to Thailand is simply because this is my mother’s homeland. My homeland as well. As for everything else, I can take care of myself. The only reason I came today was to ask for a small favor, nothing more."

"Why are you keeping me at such a distance, Jan?"

"I'm sorry, but to be honest, I'm not used to this. I don't feel familiar with you yet."

Lieutenant General Jakarin nodded in understanding. He couldn't blame his daughter for this. The fault was entirely his own. Their distant relationship was a direct consequence of his past mistakes, and he had to accept that.

"I understand how you feel, Jan. We've been apart for too long. I never had the chance to raise you. But no matter what, I'm still your father, and I still love you."

"Thank you… for still caring."

Her words lacked sarcasm, but they also held no warmth—just a polite acknowledgment of his sentiment.

"So, I assume you've already met your sister? Is that how you found your way here? Why didn’t you bring Sun along?"

"The reason I came today is because of that, actually. But now, I believe I’ve already found the answer I was looking for."

Jakarin frowned in confusion. He couldn’t quite piece together what she meant. It felt like she had yet to get to the heart of the matter she had hinted at earlier.

"Your words just now,"

Sasapin continued.

"You’ve confirmed for me that I have a twin. That Sun is my sister. And from everything I’ve seen today, I’ve learned more than enough. That’s all I came for. I’ll be leaving now."

"Wait—aren’t you going to stay for dinner? Or at least talk to me a little longer?"

"I have other matters to attend to. I won’t take up any more of your time. But before I go, there’s one last thing I want to tell you. I’m not complaining—just informing you."

"Why would you think I'd see it as complaining? Go ahead, say whatever’s on your mind."

The voice that spoke was deep and pleasant to the ears. Despite his daughter's cold demeanor, Lieutenant General Jakarin couldn't help but admire her confidence and sharp intellect.

She was perceptive, unafraid to confront her enemies, and clearly not someone who would tolerate being pushed around. That much was evident in her tone and posture.

"Over the years, I had no idea how you raised Sun, or in what ways she was neglected by her own father. But after what I witnessed today, I’ve gotten all the answers I need. My life has nothing to do with your new family, so from now on, I will take care of Sun myself. I won’t let her have anything to do with your household anymore. Please tell your wife that she doesn’t need to act like an adult bullying a child again—it’s hardly fitting for the wife of a lieutenant general. If there's nothing else, I’ll take my leave now. Goodbye."

"Wait, Jan—"

"I may be the kind of father you think I am," Jakarin admitted.

"I accept that. And I apologize for everything in the past. I know I have no right to demand anything from you, not even for you to call me 'Father.' But I just want you to know that I'm glad I got to see you again. And I’m glad that you’ll be by your sister’s side. Please take care of her. It’s the least I can ask, to make up for my failures. I know I’ve been absent all these years. But if either of you ever need help, I’m still here. I will always be your father."

"Thank you for your concern, but it's not necessary,"

Sassapin replied coolly.

"We’re old enough to take care of each other now. We don’t need anyone else. I’ve said all I came to say. I'll be going now."

She pressed her palms together in a polite farewell, acknowledging him only out of courtesy.

The bond of blood might exist, but it was so faint that she hardly felt anything toward the man she had met today—the man who was supposed to be her father.

Because, in the end, Lieutenant General Jakarin had made his choice. He had chosen his new wife and daughter. That wasn’t necessarily wrong— people had the right to live in the present rather than the past.

But a first meeting like this, filled with nothing but disappointment, only deepened the distance that had always been there.

After all, she had grown up in a loving home. Even after her mother remarried and built a new life, she had never been neglected. Her mother had raised her well. And her stepfather, a foreigner, had been more of a father to her than her real one ever had.

So, a bond that was never truly formed no longer held any importance in her life.

It was just a connection of blood, tied only by birth, but emotionally, they were distant—no different from strangers who happened to breathe the same air, like people passing by each other in a shopping mall.

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"Where are you heading next? Are we still stopping by the mall to buy things as planned?"

"Hmm."

The short response came as the car pulled away from that house. Phuwin glanced at his friend. Despite the calm expression, he knew how much effort it took for his friend to suppress his emotions.

Of course, after facing such cruelty from a stepmother, someone as strongwilled as Sasapin must have been holding back a lot—enduring it only for the sake of his father.

"It’s been years… Sun, it must have been suffocating to live with that family."

"Probably. That stepmother seems quite vicious, and she’s passed down that cruelty to her child too. Can you believe it? That kid is the real child of a general, yet they behave worse than an uneducated brat. Now that you know this, what are you going to do? Will you go straight to see your twin sister?"

"I’ll have to find a way to meet her as soon as possible, but right now, I have no idea how. Normally, how do people get to meet celebrities? But whatever it is, it can’t be like last time—what a mess! I’m still traumatized by it."

Phuwin burst into laughter, his voice echoing inside the car. He still vividly remembered his friend’s story about that first attempt—an absolute disaster.

"Relax, there are plenty of ways. But you’re not planning to just pay her appearance fee and hire her for a fake event, right?"

"Your family’s company always has some excuse. Why don’t you help set something up? I don’t mind the cost—even ten times the usual rate. I’d be

fine just hiring her to sit and eat ice cream with me."

"Oh wow! Big spender alert! But good luck with that—how long do you think you’ll have to wait if you go that route? Do you think a top actress’s schedule is as short as… a ‘h̶a̶n̶g̶-̶y̶i̶n̶g̶’ or something?"

"What!? What’s a ‘hang-ying’?"

Oh, dear. Phuwin nearly choked on his laughter. Beyond that serious, confident exterior, his friend had moments of complete cluelessness that were honestly hilarious.

But still, despite occasionally being a bit dense, Phuwin knew that his friend’s sharp mind never stopped working. Who knows? He might just come up with a hundred different ways to approach his twin sister— because someone like Sasapin never let anyone outsmart him.

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"Are you very hungry? This morning, I saw you only had a little porridge."

"No, I’m used to it. What about you, P’Flint?"

"I'm starving. Really, really hungry."

“...”

It sounded like a simple answer, but the way it was said made Athita's face heat up instantly. The soft, pleading tone, combined with the gaze of her lover, made it clear that Skylar wasn’t just talking about lunch anymore.

"In that case, should I call Fey and ask her to order food in advance? That way, when we arrive, you can eat right away without waiting."

"Why bother calling Fey?" Skylar replied smoothly. "When the only person who can truly satisfy me is sitting right beside me? So fragrant, so sweet, so delicious… and no matter how much I have, I never seem to get enough."

"P’Flint..."

Athita should have been used to this by now. And yet, when those intense eyes locked onto hers, filled with an unmistakable hunger, a wave of heat rushed through her, making it impossible to fight back.

"Were you always like this?"

She asked, trying to keep her composure.

"I don’t know if I was before, but ever since I met you, I feel like I’ve been getting greedier every day."

"Is that so?"

A deep blush spread across her face, but for a brief moment, another thought flickered through her mind—something she couldn't quite ignore.

She shouldn't have thought about it. But now that she had become his, those little insecurities, so typical of women, started creeping in uncontrollably.

"So, before this… with other women, did you also have such a big appetite, P’Flint?"

"Are you asking because you’re jealous?"

A sudden, inexplicable wave of happiness washed over Skylar. All this time, her lover had never shown even the slightest possessiveness.

She never sulked, never complained, never asked, and never acted childish. Because Athita never outwardly expressed her feelings, she was the one who always ended up feeling everything—so much so that she often wondered if this beautiful leading lady ever got jealous at all.

"Sometimes, I wish you'd be possessive. I want to know just how much my wife can be jealous of me—because I’m absolutely crazy about you. Do you know that, Sun? I can’t stand the thought of losing you."

"I’ve never had anyone else besides you, P’Flint—not in body, heart, or even in my gaze. So how could I not be possessive of you?"

She couldn’t hold back a smile. Now that she had finally opened up and laid her feelings bare, the love she had for her felt like it was about to overflow. It was like a massive tank filled to its absolute limit, ready to burst.

Love, desire, obsession, and protectiveness—every emotion rushed into her heart, and she embraced them all.

So this is what it feels like to love someone so much it hurts. Skylar had never truly understood it until now.

"I told my parents about us. And they said they miss you. It’s been a while since they last saw you. Can you find time to have dinner with them one day?"

"Of course. I’ll ask P’Mooham to check my schedule. I miss them too."

Athita smiled a little at her lover’s words. She had known her parents for years, initially as the mother and father of her close friend, Azure. They had shared countless meals together back then.

But that was years ago. Time had passed, and things had changed. Back then, she was just a friend. But now… her status was completely different.

Would her parents still adore her as they once did?

"And also… about us, in the eyes of others. I want you to know that I'm ready to go public anytime. If reporters ask, just tell them that Sun belongs to me. Tell them that we belong to each other."

"P’Flint, aren't you afraid of breaking girls’ hearts?"

"Not at all. My heart already belongs entirely to the person beside me. What I’m more afraid of is that people won’t know you’re mine."

Hearing those sweet words, which Skylar never failed to say, made Athita heart flutter.

The traffic light switched from red to green, forcing Skylar to let go of her lover's hand and focus on the steering wheel as the car moved forward.

But then—just as she glanced to the side—her heart nearly stopped.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of something strikingly familiar. The face of a woman sitting in the car beside them in the right lane —so similar, almost identical, like a perfect copy.

It made Skylar's breath hitch. Without realizing it, she turned sharply to look at Skylar, comparing the face she had just seen to the one beside her.

Her body reacted before her mind could process the shock, and without meaning to, her foot pressed down on the accelerator.

The traffic was not in her favor. The car she was fixated on surged forward at high speed, weaving through lanes until other vehicles gradually filled the gap, cutting off her view. In the blink of an eye, the target car was gone, leaving only distance between them.

*"P’Flint, please, just trust me this once. That woman… she wasn’t me."*

*"If it wasn’t you, then who was it?"*

*Flint’s voice was firm, tinged with disbelief.*

*"That face, that voice—are you saying you have a long-lost twin who just happened to appear and confuse everyone into thinking she’s you?"*

Skylar gripped the steering wheel tightly as memories of a certain night came rushing back.

If the woman she had encountered at the club wasn’t her lover, then why did she look exactly the same? And the woman she had just seen—was she the same person Skylar had accidentally kissed that night?

The more she thought about it, the more questions arose. Could there really be someone out there who looked so identical to her lover that she had actually kissed the wrong person?

*This absolutely insane!*

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# Chapter 15

A slender figure in a black, form-fitting dress, contrasting sharply against her fair skin, walked gracefully into the shopping mall. The rhythmic clicks of her three-inch stiletto heels echoed against the polished floor.

Her delicate face was accentuated with bold makeup, giving her a confident, striking look. A pair of tinted sunglasses covered nearly half of her small, oval face, attempting to make her presence less conspicuous.

But it seemed that her beauty wasn’t cooperating with her plan. Even through the shaded lenses, she could see the lingering gazes of passersby, their curiosity evident.

Being a celebrity was suffocating—privacy was a luxury she rarely had. She had no idea how her twin sister managed to endure it.

"Win, can you walk a little farther away? Otherwise, we'll end up in the tabloids again."

"What? I’m already keeping my distance. How far do you want me to be? A whole meter away?"

Phuwin shot an exasperated glance at his friend. In the past, this same person used to cling to him whenever they were out, scaring away all the buff, handsome guys in the vicinity.

And now? The moment she found out she had a twin sister in the entertainment industry, she suddenly became all about personal space.

"If possible, yes. I just don’t want to cause trouble for my sister, got it? Last time was bad enough."

"Alright, alright, Miss Considerate Big Sister. So, what's the plan? Are we heading straight to shopping, or do you want to stop somewhere first?"

"Shopping takes time. It's almost noon, and I haven't eaten anything since this morning. We should grab lunch first. I'm still pissed off from dealing with those two earlier."

"Pissed off? You’re the one who gave them a verbal smackdown. Anyway, what do you feel like eating? Pick a place in advance. I need to hit the restroom real quick. Just call me when you’ve decided."

She quickly abandoned the idea.

“Never mind. Let’s just wait together. I’ll wander around here while you go.”

"You, huh?"

Phuwin shook his head before heading toward the restroom nearby. The moment her friend disappeared from sight, Sasapin began casually browsing the surrounding shops, letting her eyes wander.

Perhaps it was an old habit from her more independent life, but she quickly became engrossed in her surroundings, momentarily forgetting the significance of her own face.

It wasn't until a few minutes later that she started noticing something unusual.

A subtle tension in the air. The unmistakable sensation of being watched.

Her instincts kicked in, making her shift her gaze away from the store displays to scan her surroundings.

That was when she saw them.

Several pairs of eyes fixed on her. Some people grinned so widely she could practically count their teeth. Others simply glanced at her in passing, assessing her before moving on. But the most obvious reactions came from two teenage girls standing nearby.

They were practically vibrating with excitement, stomping their feet in place as if trying to contain their emotions.

Sasapin couldn’t help but chuckle, equal parts amused and endeared.

Alright. She had a pretty good idea of what was happening now.

Once she understood what was happening, her smile became even sweeter.

Sasapin had no idea how long she had been the center of attention for the two young girls. But the moment she turned to meet their eyes and smiled at them, they seemed to gain the courage to approach her instead of just standing there watching.

"P’Sun! I'm your fan! I really, really like you. I never imagined I’d have the chance to meet you this close in real life. You're so beautiful—like you're not even real!"

Sasapin kept smiling sweetly at the compliment. Denying that she wasn’t the twin sister wasn’t an option in this situation, so she had no choice but to play along just this once.

"Thank you so much! Do you want to take a picture with me?"

"Ahhh! Can we? P’Sun, you're so kind! We were too nervous to come over before because we didn’t want to bother you."

"It's no problem at all! If we meet again, feel free to come say hi. Come on, step closer,"

She said, waving them over in a friendly manner.

"Shall we do a mini heart?"

As she got ready to pose, Sasapin—pretending to be her twin—crossed her index finger and thumb into a small heart and flashed a bright smile at the phone camera, giving the fans plenty of shots to capture.

They took selfies, duo pictures—everything they wanted. And before they left, she even waved them off with a cheerful expression, like a true celebrity giving a fan service moment.

Meanwhile, someone who had just returned to witness her antics could only shake his head. Phuwin glanced around, noticing that more and more people were starting to take an interest in his friend. He quickly waved his hand slightly, signaling for her to be more aware of the situation.

If she kept this up, the "temporary actress" might end up getting completely swarmed by fans, leaving no chance to grab a bite to eat.

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Inside a restaurant on the seventh floor of a shopping mall…

Skylar swept her eyes over the menu as dishes were gradually brought to the table by the staff. The repeated complaints of "I'm hungry" from her younger sister since they arrived were now being confirmed by the variety of dishes placed in front of them.

"You must really be starving. Seeing this makes me feel guilty."

"Of course, P' Flint. You should feel guilty! And as punishment for making me wait, you're paying for this meal!"

"Isn't that always the case anyway? And why didn’t you order something while waiting? Why starve yourself like this?"

"Can we eat first? I'm hungry."

That was all she said before turning her full attention to the food in front of her, ignoring any further conversation with her older sister.

Seeing that, Skylar shifted her focus to the person beside her instead, letting the meal continue peacefully, with occasional light conversation filling the air.

"So, P' Flint, you're not going back to the office today, right?"

"Probably not. Lately, your friend here has been busy, and now that there's finally some free time, I want to spend it with my girlfriend."

"Oh, come on! P' Flint, could you take your sweetness somewhere else? Have some sympathy for us single people!"

Azure pouted and scrunched her nose at her older sister. The spoon she had been holding was set down, and instead, she reached for her glass, taking a sip. Suddenly, she felt full—not from food, but from secondhand embarrassment.

Who would’ve thought that someone once so stubborn would turn into such a lovestruck person?

It was enough to make her completely forget the image of the cold, stonehearted Skylar from before.

"Don't act like it's a bad thing, Fey. Not having a boyfriend is good. You're still young—what's the rush?"

"Excuse me, P' Flint, but did you forget something? Sun is the same age as me, and yet she has a girlfriend."

"......"

Caught off guard, the overprotective sister was left speechless. Skylar's possessiveness wasn’t just reserved for her girlfriend—it extended to her little sister as well. With their ten-year age gap, Skylar had always been extra cautious about Fay's love life. She just wanted her little sister to meet someone truly good and worthy.

"It's different."

"How is it different?"

Azure rolled her eyes dramatically, then glanced at her friend sitting beside her, who was simply smiling. Someone this overprotective was just begging to be teased.

"Sun, we're the same age, right? You're still young, too. Maybe you should rethink dating P'Flint. No need to rush—I fully support you."

"Fey!"

Skylar shot her sister a glare. She knew full well she was being teased, but there was no way she would let it slide. She had waited too long for this love—if she had to wait any longer, her heart might just explode.

And amidst this playful sibling battle, Athita's gaze suddenly shifted toward the entrance, where someone was walking into the restaurant, following a staff member. That person’s eyes locked onto hers, followed by a small smile and a slight nod in greeting.

Out of politeness, Athita had to return the greeting with a similar gesture. Her reaction immediately caught the attention of the two sisters, who instinctively turned their gaze toward the same spot.

In the social circles they had been a part of since childhood, the world wasn’t so vast that the Suphawaret sisters wouldn’t recognize the famous photographer, Phuecharun.

Most people knew her as a renowned photographer, but within business circles, it was well known that Phuecharun was also the heir to a wealthy and prestigious family, ranking among the country’s high society elite.

"Isn't that Puech, the legendary photographer everyone says is impossible to reach?"

"Wait, Fey, you know Puech?"

"Of course, I do! But as an opponent, not a friend. I accidentally rear-ended her car just last week. By the way, do you know her personally?"

"Not exactly, but we've worked together before. Sun did a shoot with her once, and there's another photoshoot coming up soon. Puecharun is the photographer for that one as well."

"When and where is the shoot? I heard that she rarely accepts modeling jobs. Isn't she super selective?"

The one who asked this wasn't Azure, but someone who had been silently listening to the conversation between the younger sister and her lover for a while.

There was no time for Athita to focus on anything or anyone else—her attention was entirely captured by the woman standing before her, whose face left her utterly stunned.

The abrupt halt in her steps forced the couple walking behind her to stop as well.

This time, it wasn’t just Azure or Skylar who were shocked by the sight in front of them. The sheer resemblance—like looking into a mirror—left Athita frozen in place, as if she had been turned to stone.

For a brief moment, she thought she saw a flicker of surprise on the identical face before her. But in just an instant, that expression softened into something gentle, followed by a warm, friendly smile.

Athita could feel it—through instinct alone, she understood.

Her eyes trembled as she locked gazes with the stranger, an unexplainable feeling washing over her. A flood of questions surged through her mind, but only one managed to escape her lips, in a voice so soft it was barely audible.

*"Why... do you look so much like me?"*

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# Chapter 16

Sasapin could hear every question and unsure comment from her twin sister. But someone else’s presence nearby caught her attention and made her glance over at the tall woman standing next to her sister.

With looks that striking, anyone would remember her—not because she was breathtakingly beautiful, but because of how clueless someone like her had been.

What a waste of beauty. Being pretty means nothing if you’re just going to flirt with everyone. It really brings down that elegant charm by half.

Sasapin was pretty sure this tall, businesslike woman recognized her too. Even though the woman tried to stay calm, there was a flicker of surprise— and maybe even panic—in her sharp eyes, even if it lasted just a second.

*She must be guilty of something!*

Exactly what I thought.

“Oh, it’s you. We meet again,”

Sasapin said casually, but with a subtle smirk that showed she was teasing —and maybe even enjoying it.

That short greeting alone was enough to confirm Skylar suspicion:

'*this woman was the same one she had accidentally kissed—only to get slapped across the left cheek… twice'.*

And thinking back to what had happened on the road about an hour ago, Skylar was pretty sure the woman who had caught her attention and made her speed up to follow was this one right here.

The outfit matched—even if she only saw the upper half through the car window. Skylar still remembered it, along with her hair color and the makeup that turned her sweet face into something much bolder.

At this point, her curiosity was working overtime. She was trying to figure out what differences, if any, there were between this woman and her own lover—was it the body shape? The face? The skin tone? Because if someone dressed both of them exactly the same, people would probably get confused and not know who was who.

But during that short moment when she got lost in her own thoughts, she happened to catch her lover’s gaze—full of silent questions—and her strong heart suddenly dropped to her feet. It shrank from its usual size to about the size of her thumb. That chilling feeling down her spine? Skylar truly understood what that meant today.

And in this super awkward moment, not knowing how to act, the beautiful woman didn’t seem to be taking it too seriously. She was just teasing a bit, probably piecing together that what happened the other night was just one big misunderstanding—fueled by jealousy, nothing more.

And now, getting to meet again today only confirmed it even more for her: *this woman had to be none other than the lover of her own twin sister.*

Still has a sharp tongue though. That attitude—who could possibly be okay with that?

“No need to be surprised,” she said.

"....."

“Whatever you’re wondering about right now—I do have answers. But this isn’t really the best place to talk about it.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Once Azure calmed down, she quickly jumped in to speak. No matter how much this woman looked like her best friend, the world doesn’t exactly teach you to trust strangers so easily.

Whether that resemblance came from surgery or pure fate, as long as there was no clear proof to explain it, she had every right to think the worst first.

It wasn’t about being negative—it was just the reality. In today’s world, anything can happen. And Athita was a public figure, so being extra careful was only natural.

“First of all, I’m sorry. But based on what you just said, I don’t think my friend will be able to accept your offer. We don’t know who you are. But at the same time, I’m pretty sure you already know that Sun is Athita. You say you have answers to what we’re all wondering, but you’ve been dodging our questions. So how can we really trust you?”

“That’s good—you shouldn’t trust people too easily.”

Sasapin didn’t take offense at the words, since she expected something like this. Meeting under such random and suspicious circumstances, of course it would go this way.

If she were in their shoes, she wouldn’t trust anyone right off the bat either. So instead of being offended, Sasapin actually appreciated the smart and cautious response from the woman in front of her.

At least it showed that her twin sister was surrounded by real friends—ones who were more protective than their own father, even.

“Uh… wait, everyone, let’s calm down a bit,” said a man, stepping in.

“Please let me explain. First, I’d like to introduce myself. I’m Phuwin. You might recognize me from social media… Sorry, I’m not trying to brag or anything. Wrong time, I know. But I do know all three of you—Khun

Skylar, Khun Azure… and as for Khun Sun, well, everyone knows her.

Even if you don’t know my friend personally, the news stories that mentioned Khun Sun… well, maybe that’s enough reason for you to at least hear her out?”

“That’s exactly the problem,” Skylar replied.

“That just makes things worse,”

Azure cut in.

“If the people in the news were really the two of you, then that means *you two are the reason Sun got hurt in the first place*.”

“Wait, Fey, take it easy. Let’s hear them out first,”

Athita gently nudged her friend’s arm. She knew how much Azure cared, but deep down, she still believed that these two didn’t come with bad intentions.

“I’m really sorry,”

Athita spoke up politely,

“but I can’t accept your offer to go somewhere else and talk. However, if it’s not too much trouble, could you please tell me your name? I never imagined there could be someone in the world who looks so much like me —when we’ve never even met before. If this is fate bringing us together, then maybe it wouldn’t hurt for us to get to know each other… don’t you think?”

Sasapin looked at her younger sister with a soft smile. Athita always knew how to speak gently, easing people in with calm words and kindness. The genuine curiosity in her eyes made Sasapin pause for a moment, lost in thought.

It wasn’t that hard to say who she was—but the real issue was whether her sister would believe her.

Some things were too delicate to explain in just a few minutes. Sure, there were plenty of ways she could try to prove who she really was—but none of them would work in this exact moment.

Because someone like her—sitting down and explaining herself, or even digging up proof just to say who she was—that just wasn’t her style.

She was a thinker and a doer, not someone who wasted time making simple things complicated. That’s why, at this point, only one possible solution came to mind.

Even if it meant getting involved with her father—something she had no desire to do.

*...but in this situation, her father was the best option for answers.*

“My name is Sasapin. My nickname is Jan. But if you're still wondering how I’m connected to Sun—Athita—try calling General Jakarin. He’ll give you the answer.”

That was all Sasapin said, but it hit hard enough to leave her twin sister completely frozen, like the world had stopped spinning for a moment.

Athita’s mind was racing, putting every piece of that sentence together. The names, the way everything seemed to line up... and then—her father’s name. Spoken by someone who looked like her reflection.

No wonder her whole body suddenly went cold. Her blood felt like it couldn't reach her hands and feet fast enough.

She quickly reached into her small shoulder bag, digging out her phone with shaky fingers. Every second waiting for the call to connect made her heartbeat go wild. Her hands were slightly trembling from all the emotions flooding her system.

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“Hello, Sun? What is it, sweetie? I’m so glad you called. I was actually planning to call you today too!”

“Really?”

She tried to keep her voice steady. Her eyes were locked on the woman who looked just like her—along with everyone else who seemed to be watching her closely.

The weight of all the curious, expectant stares made her nerves spike, and her voice almost got lost in the whirlwind of anxiety.

“I just... I have something really important to ask you, Dad.”

“Is it about your sister, Jan? So... you’ve met her already, haven’t you?”

“Jan?”

Her brows furrowed. Her eyes darted to the woman he just mentioned.

“Yes, Jan—your twin sister, sweetie. She dropped by the house this morning to ask about you.”

“My twin sister?”

Her voice was barely a whisper now. The woman standing in front of her started to blur as tears filled her eyes. So many emotions hit her all at once when she realized who this woman actually was. “I’ve met her now, Dad. I’ll call you back later, okay?”

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Athita ended the call with trembling hands. She didn’t even know where the tears were coming from—all she knew was that they were streaming down her face, born from a joy that overwhelmed her chest.

She had no idea if her twin sister felt the same way about meeting her. She didn’t know how happy her sister might be, knowing that somewhere out there, a little sister like her existed.

They hadn’t grown up together. But even so, her heart—starved for love and affection for so long—felt a deep, overwhelming happiness knowing that there was finally someone she could feel truly connected to.

The wave of emotion showing on her face now, perhaps, was the result of a lifetime spent not receiving enough love and warmth from her father. So when she saw the gentle gaze and the warm smile from her twin sister, it was more than enough to bring tears pouring down.

She was too full of emotion to hold it in anymore. The joy inside her was just too much. Athita suddenly threw her arms around her sister, burying her face in her shoulder with a smile soaked in tears.

“P’Jan... I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“I’m so sorry I didn’t let you explain anything at first.”

“Sorry? What for?”

Sasapin smiled softly and held her sister close, gently rubbing a soothing hand across Athita’s slender back.

“It’s completely normal. Who trusts a stranger the moment they meet?”

Sasapin's voice was calm and kind, comforting. Truthfully, her own heart was just as overwhelmed. But since she had already known about her sister’s existence for some time now, she had more time to process and prepare for this moment.

She simply managed to keep her emotions in check better, that was all.

So when she felt the delicate shoulders trembling in her arms, the gentle eyes she met were glistening with tears—but only softly brimming, not falling.

“And aren’t you going to introduce your friends to me?”

Sasapin asked with a light tease, her eyes drifting toward the group.

At that, Azure, who had been standing there wide-eyed and speechless, blinked rapidly before giving a crooked grin. From the bits and pieces she’d picked up, she could more or less guess what was going on now. She had jumped to conclusions so hard and fast she basically skidded right off the curve—face-first.

“P’Flint… please help me pick up the pieces of my shattered pride,”

She groaned dramatically.

Her half-pleading tone made Skylar want to laugh, but she couldn’t quite bring herself to do it. Because it wasn’t just Azure who had to scoop up her pride from the floor—it was her too.

She felt like she’d shattered into so many fragments that she didn’t even know where to begin piecing herself back together.

No matter what their mistake had been—or the mess they’d just made—it was enough to leave everyone involved feeling guilty, scrambling to make sense of the situation… and themselves.

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# Chapter 17

As the one in the middle, when her twin sister made that comment, Athita didn’t hesitate to turn and introduce everyone. She only used nicknames, of course, thinking it was a casual, friendly setting among people who all knew each other well enough.

But it became quickly apparent that her twin sister didn’t quite want to be “friendly” with her significant other. The next words that came out of her mouth made Athita sense something was… off.

“I heard Win call you by another name just now. It’s a lovely name, really. Nice to meet you, Khun Skylar. Khun Azure.”

The double standard was as clear as day. She was happy to call Athita by her nickname, but with Skylar? There was a notable distance. Almost formal—even just short of using her full name and surname.

Still, despite recognizing it, Skylar didn’t take it to heart. So, when the twin sister extended a hand to shake Western-style, Skylar reached out to return the polite greeting. Phuwin followed suit, offering a handshake in the same manner.

After the introductions were out of the way, Athita suggested they find a quiet place to talk. When it was ultimately decided that her own condo would be the best spot, Azure—who had an important task to take care of— excused herself to head off.

Phuwin also declined, explaining that it probably wasn’t appropriate for him to intrude on the private space of such a famous leading lady.

So, naturally, the responsibility of driving the two sisters to the condo fell to Skylar.

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Once they arrived, Skylar took her leave and retreated to her own penthouse upstairs, giving the sisters their long-overdue time alone. Though a small part of her was still anxious—afraid she might be thrown under the bus for her earlier misunderstanding—she knew better than to come off as rude or intrusive.

This was a special moment between siblings who’d just met for the first time. The least she could do was step aside and let them have it.

When they arrived at the condo, Skylar politely excused herself and retreated to her penthouse suite, giving the sisters space to be alone. There was a small flicker of anxiety inside her—part of her worried that her earlier misunderstandings might be exposed.

But no matter what, she couldn’t allow herself to be rude. She had no intention of inserting herself into such a meaningful moment between two sisters who had only just found their way back to each other.

This was Athita’s time—a time she truly deserved. The light in her eyes, the pure joy radiating from her smile, so unclouded by sadness unlike before... it had become, to Skylar, the most beautiful smile in the world. And it was one she longed to see as often as possible.

But that thought only brought back bitter memories—harsh, careless words she had once used to hurt the one she now loved. Skylar closed her eyes, feeling a pang in her chest. Shame washed over her until she didn’t know how she could possibly make up for such foolishness.

By now, whether Sassapin told her twin about that night or not no longer mattered. Skylar had already decided—she wouldn’t keep any secrets from Athita anymore.

There are no secrets that stay hidden forever, especially not between people this close. If she had started this relationship with dishonesty, it would only lead to harm in the long run.

The two sisters ended up talking for hours, from the afternoon into the early evening. Skylar, meanwhile, spent her quiet day off alone, until the sound of her phone vibrating on the low table in front of the TV caught her attention. She reached out and picked it up. The moment she saw the caller ID—Athita—a gentle smile curved her lips as she brought the phone to her ear.

“What’s up? Did your sister head home already?”

“Nope. I actually invited P’Jan to have dinner with us. P’Flint, can you come downstairs? I ordered food to the condo—it should be arriving any minute now.”

“Okay, I’ll be right down. See you in five minutes!”

After hanging up, Skylar quickly slipped her phone into her pocket. At over 178 centimeters tall, she made her way to the elevator and headed downstairs. When she reached the door, she pressed the doorbell out of courtesy, then entered the passcode and walked in without waiting for the owner to open the door.

They lived together like a married couple, so whether it was her lover’s condo or the penthouse on the top floor, both of them could come and go freely as a couple.

Skylar gave a friendly smile to greet her lover’s twin sister as she walked in. But before she could join the conversation between the two women sitting on the couch in the living room, the sound of the doorbell rang again, stopping her in her tracks.

“That must be the food delivery,” she said.

“I’ll get it,”

Skylar quickly offered, seeing her partner about to get up from the sofa. Part of her just didn’t want anyone to see her lover’s beautiful face. So she stepped outside to receive the food from the condo staff—who always gave special service to this room, thanks to Skylar often tipping them well.

When she returned with the food bags and set them on the dining table, the two women who had been chatting got up to help set the table. It was a small moment that felt warm—like being part of a family. But for her lover, this simple meal brought more smiles than anything else.

As they all ate and talked, Skylar could see how happy her partner looked. Normally quiet, she was chatting a lot more today. That little happiness was contagious, making everyone around her smile too.

As for Sasapin, after spending hours with her younger twin sister as requested, she started to understand the relationship between her sister and Skylar.

Skylar owned the penthouse upstairs, and the two of them lived together just like any normal couple. That was why Sasapin often found herself quietly watching her sister’s partner, trying to get a better read on her.

It was just natural instinct. Their first meeting hadn’t left a great impression. Still, Sasapin didn’t exactly dislike Skylar for no reason—it was just that something about her rubbed her the wrong way, especially when she remembered the harsh words Skylar had thrown at her that night.

If she, someone who could handle herself, got talked to like that—how much worse would it be for her gentle sister? Even if that situation came from jealousy or love, Sasapin could easily picture her kind, soft-spoken sister being unable to stand up for herself.

“Is the food okay, P’Jan? Do you like it?”

“You ordered it like you read my mind. How could I not like it?”

“You’re not just saying that to be nice, right? I just guessed you might not like spicy food. When you were living in New York, did you get to eat Thai food often?”

“Oh, all the time. When Mom was still alive, she loved cooking Thai food for Dad and me. And she always made me speak Thai with her. She said one day we’d come back here—and she was right. You know, I think if you and Mom ever lived together, she would’ve loved you so much. She liked sweet, polite people... which definitely wasn’t me. I always did little things that annoyed her.”

After talking about her late mother, Athita let out a soft laugh at the memory.

It showed just how cheerful and easygoing her sister really was.

Even though meeting their mother in person was now just a dream too far to reach, Athita still got to know her through the stories Sasapin shared. Bit by bit, those stories helped her imagine who her mother was and filled her heart with a beautiful image that would stay with her forever.

They had only just met, and yet after spending hours together, their bond as sisters already felt deep and unshakable—stronger than words could explain.

So many memories and life experiences were shared between them, and through that, a new kind of happiness quietly took root in Athita’s heart— one she never thought she’d feel. It was the kind of love and care that came from pure sincerity, something she could instinctively feel.

The emptiness she had always carried in her life now felt a little more whole—as if something that had once been taken from her was slowly being returned.

She felt a kind of warmth that she’d never gotten from her father. Maybe that was because Sasapin, to her, had started to feel like a piece of their mother brought back into her life.

The room was full of joy and laughter as they shared a meal, but then a phone nearby began to ring, pulling someone’s attention away from the table.

“P’Mooham is calling. I bet Fey already called to tell him all about you before I even had the chance. I’m gonna take this call real quick, okay?”

After letting both her sister and her girlfriend know, Athita got up and went into the bedroom, leaving Skylar and Sasapin alone at the dining table.

The mood between them might not have been so awkward if their first meeting hadn’t left such a weird feeling hanging in the air.

Sasapin looked at her sister’s girlfriend and gave her a half-smile. Meanwhile, Skylar, fully aware of her past mistake, wasn’t about to ignore it. She couldn’t just pretend nothing had happened.

“I want to apologize for that misunderstanding the other night.”

“That was quick,”

Sasapin replied, slightly amused.

“You’re not saying this just because you’re afraid I’ll go tell my sister, are you?”

“I’m just doing what I believe is right—owning up to my actions. Whether or not you tell your sister, that’s entirely up to you.”

“So you’re saying you’re not afraid it might hurt her feelings?”

“I think you already know the answer to that. I love your sister. And I’m not trying to hide this from her because I believe she’ll understand—if she knows it was just a misunderstanding, not something done out of bad intent.”

“You seem really confident that any woman would be able to understand something like this that easily. But fine. You’re her partner, and if this is how you show honesty—by not hiding anything—I won’t interfere. I just hope that everything you’ve said doesn’t end up hurting my sister or making her feel bad. That’s not going to happen, is it?”

Skylar just looked at her calmly. She didn’t see Sasapin as an enemy, even though there was a teasing glint in the woman’s eyes—despite her face remaining completely still.

Now, Skylar had a clearer understanding of how different this woman was from her partner. Even though they were born just minutes apart, their personalities couldn’t be more different.

Maybe it was because of the different environments they were raised in— but Sasapin clearly came across as more mature.

She seemed clever, sharp, and aware of everything around her. Her whole vibe was confident and strong—not the type to let anyone walk over her.

The completely opposite personalities of the twin sisters made it easy for Skylar to notice just how different they really were.

Even though she had only spent a short time getting to know the other twin, she was confident that from now on, with both sisters likely to be around her often, she’d never mix them up again.

Because even though they looked so much alike that it was nearly impossible to tell them apart at first glance, their similarities ended at appearances—their hearts, their energy, their way of being were very different.

Just like there’s only one moon in the sky… there’s also only one sun in her heart.

And if that’s the case…

Why wouldn’t she be able to remember the one and only sun that lights up her world?

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# Chapter 18

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE**

**Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY Translate : Sun Yan**

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After Sasapin had gone back, only the couple was left. They were busy cleaning up and washing the dishes. Even though Athita kept telling Skylar to just sit and wait, she refused and insisted on helping—even though she clearly wasn’t very good at it. Instead of being helpful, she actually ended up making more work.

"See? Your shirt's all dirty now. I told you to just sit and wait, but you wouldn’t listen. Why are you like this?"

Athita said with a soft smile, a mix of scolding and affection, as she looked at the dish soap splattered on Skylar's white shirt. She had just finished putting the last clean dish on the drying rack. Then she quickly washed her hands and turned to help her take off her apron.

"I just wanted to help. How could I let you do everything alone? You didn’t even wait for the maid like I said."

"This is just a small thing. I can handle it. I’ve always done this on my own anyway," Athita said.

"And who let my wife go through all that trouble by herself?"

"It’s not trouble at all. It’s just something I’ve always had to do. When I’m alone, if I don’t do it, who will?"

"But now you’re with me. I don’t want you to go through any trouble anymore. Next time, let the maid handle it, okay?"

"Where’s the trouble in this?"

Athita understood that what Skylar saw as “trouble” might be because she grew up without having to do these things herself. Her hands were probably only used to signing papers, typing on keyboards, studying, or focusing on business. So to her, even small chores might seem like a big deal.

"I think you should go take a shower now, P' Flint. Do you want to soak in a warm bath? I’ll go run the water for you."

“Can I really?”

“Of course you can.”

“Why are you so sweet like this?”

With a clear goal in mind, Skylar didn’t see any reason to turn down her lover’s offer.

Athita walked back into the bedroom, while Skylar disappeared into the bathroom to start running warm water into the tub. But before she could grab the shower gel to pour in and make bubbles, Skylar—now freshly changed out of her clothes—appeared behind her and gently took the bottle from her hand to put it back on the shelf.

“Just soaking in plain water is enough,” she whispered.

With how close they were, Athita couldn’t help but glance over at her. Skylar was only wearing a loosely tied bathrobe, purposefully left open just enough. The untied robe revealed parts of her toned body, and she couldn’t take her eyes off her. Her gaze wandered down to the well-defined abs on her flat stomach.

Just seeing her made her face heat up. And when she started thinking about how she liked touching her while she was wrapped around her, her whole body started to feel hot and tingly, especially in her lower stomach.

She realized she was having thoughts she never imagined she would—at least, not to this extent.

“Take a bath with me?”

“But...”

“I missed you the whole day. Don’t you feel a little sorry for me?”

Skylar said with a soft, pleading voice and those puppy-dog eyes.

With that kind of look and tone, how could someone as soft-hearted as Athita possibly say no? But when Skylar reached out, clearly intending to help her undress, she quickly stopped her by grabbing her hand.

“I’ll do it myself, okay? You go sit in the tub first,” she said gently.

Athita avoided eye contact by lowering her gaze to her neck instead. She wasn’t embarrassed about being naked in front of her—it was the way she looked at her that made her feel flustered.

Skylar smiled softly. The blush on her cheeks was enough to convince her to back off and stop teasing—for now. Since Athita didn’t want help undressing, Skylar simply turned around, slipped off her own robe, and slowly stepped into the warm water, lying back in the tub while waiting for her lover to join her.

Even then, her eyes kept stealing glances at Athita's every move. She had seen her partner’s body many times before, but no matter how often, Skylar never stopped being completely captivated by her beautiful, perfectlyshaped figure.

As each piece of clothing slipped off Athita's fair skin, Skylar found her breath catching in her throat. Her mouth went dry—even though it wasn’t hot in the room at all.

Athita stood suppressing her embarrassment for a moment before stepping into the tub with her naked body. But hoping to use the water level to cover her figure from her lover's gaze was futile. The eyes filled with burning desire that were fixed on her made it easy for Athita to guess the other person's intentions.

Which was exactly as expected, because as soon as she lowered herself into the water, the water level rose almost to her chest. The person who had been waiting for this moment then gathered her waist and moved her to sit on her lap nonchalantly.

And the movement under the warm current suddenly caused the water in the tub to hit the bottom edge, creating a resonant sound that echoed throughout the large room.

"I want to help you take a bath. Let me help you lather the soap, okay? I promise to make you clean all over."

“I figured it’d turn out like this,”

Athita replied.

“You knew, but you still let me, didn’t you?”

Not just saying it, but her beautiful, sharp face was leaning down to caress the white neck, inhaling the unique scent that could stimulate desire every time. Her slender palm slid towards her beautiful, curved tail, and she used force to massage it, seeing the desire that seemed to be about to erupt quickly.

"Uh... P' Flint."

“You smell so good… do you know that?”

Skylar's voice was hoarse, while moving her face down to rub against her plump breasts. Her naughty palm caressed all over her beautiful body hidden under the water. Her blood was so hot that she had to move her hips to grind against the sensitive part of the person on her lap.

Even just a few movements were enough to send a wave of pleasure through her, making Skylar let out a low moan.

"P' Flint, w..wait."

Athita gently cupped Skylar's face, pulling her away from her chest. Interrupted, Skylar looked up, eyes dark with desire, her flushed face showing just how hard it was for her to hold back.

“Why?” she asked, her voice needy.

“I want you so bad right now…”

“Can I ask you something first, P'Flint?”

“What is it? Can’t you ask later?”

She murmured, already nuzzling back into Athita’s chest, her desire clearly growing stronger, making Athita bite her lip to keep her focus.

“Wait… P'Flint, I just want to ask about P’Jan. I remember when you first met her, she spoke to you like you two had met before.”

That made Skylar stop and lift her face again to meet her lover’s eyes. Athita looked deep into her gaze. Thinking back to their argument that night and the strange tension between them, she’d started to piece things together. And now, everything made more sense.

“That night we fought… it was because you saw P’Jan and thought she was me, right?”

Skylar froze for a moment. Athita might be quiet and gentle, but she wasn’t clueless. There was no point in lying or hiding anything.

“…Yes,” Skylar said softly.

“I saw your sister and thought she was you. And… there’s something else I need to confess.”

Her face showed clear guilt and hesitation. But Athita already had a feeling. Knowing how intense Skylar could be, especially when hurt or jealous, it wasn’t hard to imagine something had happened when she met her identical twin sister. The only question was—how far had it gone?

“I’m sorry.. I misunderstood you. That night… you weren’t lying like I thought. I started a fight with you because I’d seen your sister with Phuwin… and I… I acted inappropriately toward her because I thought she was you.”

“Inappropriately?”

“Yes… inappropriately,”

Skylar admitted, still a bit stunned herself. Honestly, she wasn’t the kind of person who could easily say out loud that she kissed another woman in front of the person she loved. But still…

“You can tell me, P'Flint. I promise I won’t get mad,”

Athita reassured her gently. She had been suspicious from the beginning anyway, especially with how stiff her sister had been around Skylar.

“That night, I argued with your sister. And… I got too close. I ended up kissing her because I really thought she was you. It wasn’t until later that I found out the truth. Please… don’t be mad at me.”

A kiss?

That truth, spoken so honestly by the woman she loved, filled the air between them with a heavy silence. Of course, Athita felt a pang of jealousy at first—what woman wouldn’t? But more than that, she understood. It had been a mistake, born from confusion. And to get mad at Skylar over something like that… she just couldn’t bring herself to do it.

“Then P’Jan… she must still be mad at you,” Athita said softly.

“When you stepped out to talk on the phone with Mooham today, I took the chance to apologize to her. I’m not sure if she’s still upset… but all I ask is —please don’t be mad at me too.”

“You don’t think I should be mad, do you?” Athita asked gently.

This time, Skylar was completely at a loss for words. All she could do was look at Athita with pleading eyes. But instead of the anger she expected, Athita gave her a small, gentle smile. And just like that, the heaviness Skylar felt in her chest started to lift.

“I do get jealous, P'Flint. It’s because I love you so much. And I love P’Jan too—she’s my sister. But since all of this was just a misunderstanding, how could I stay mad at you?”

No words could express all the love she had. Her lover was too cute, so cute that she couldn't help but lean her face towards her plump lips again. The lingering emotion from earlier, when stimulated a little, was ready to turn into a burning passion again.

"Umm, P' Flint?"

"I really like it, my love. I like your voice,"

She whispered hoarsely close to her white ear. Skylar gently bit down on the delicate thing that was starting to blush. One hand moved up to squeeze her breast and teased the sweet-colored nipple with her fingertips.

The slender body shuddered as the chest was increasingly invaded. But just a moment after the body was touched, aroused by the intimate caress, the lover's dominant hand slid down between the thighs and used the fingertips to swirl and tease amidst the soft petals, causing the slender figure to involuntarily sway and writhe as it could no longer withstand the overwhelming pleasure.

"Umm, P' Flint... I..."

"What is it, Sun?"

Skylar kissed the skin of her cheek, which was beginning to blush with a rosy hue. Her plump lips parted slightly, letting out a moan. It only heightened her desire, making it almost unbearable to resist the temptation any longer.

Although she was sweet, when she was in the midst of love to the limit, her lover was so sexy and tempting that it made her heart tremble.

"Sun... can you let me come inside your body?"

Athita closed her eyes tightly when her body was being stimulated until it was difficult to stand the desires. The shyness disappeared without a trace, leaving only the lust in the eyes that were half-closed with desire.

And there's no need to repeat it. Skylar's long, slender fingers are ready to delve into the softness that is ready to respond to her fingertips immediately.

"Ah!"

Athita bit her lip tightly, raised her hand to grip the shoulder of the tall person to relieve the tingling sensation. The muscles in her body were clenching the other person fiercely. Especially when the long fingers entered her body with an emphatic rhythm, her cheeks, smooth like pearls, suddenly turned red.

Both choking and tingling, feeling tightness rising up to the lower abdomen. The legs are trembling, battling with the overwhelming sensation as if the heart will burst. Even though she was soaking under the current, her body was burning hot like a volcano about to explode. Every movement in her body was leading her body to soar to the shore of her dreams. The fire of desire ignited by this person has never, not once, been able to withstand these boundless cravings.

She never knew the end of the emotional phase of love, because whenever the other party called, her body was ready to respond without the strength to resist.

It was so weak as if it couldn't control itself, but deep down, Athita knew well that it was because the woman in front of her was Skylar. She was ready to be controlled and to fall into the enchantment of the woman who owned her heart...

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# Chapter 19

It had been almost a month now, and the news about the famous actress dating a beautiful, successful businesswoman named *Skylar* was still trending on social media. People couldn’t stop talking about it for weeks.

It wasn’t just about them going public after pictures of them holding hands and going out together were leaked. What really got people talking was a photo of the actress having a meal with *Suphawaret’s* family, which Skylar posted on her social media. She even wrote a caption that clearly stated the actress’s special status in her life.

Many people said she was perfect to be Suphawaret’s daughter-in-law.

Their love was no longer a secret. Their relationship was built on mutual respect and fully accepted by Skylar's family.

For the actress, who had always made decisions on her own, this was the beginning of letting someone else become part of her life.

It was a bright and clear morning—a perfect day for the opening ceremony of her new drama project, which she had accepted earlier that month.

Athita woke up early to shower and get ready. But while she was hurrying so her manager could pick her up, someone tall—already dressed for work —was playfully bothering her.

"P' Flint, please, that’s enough. P’Mooham is on the way, and I’m going to be late."

"Just one more time, okay? Just one kiss."

The tall woman kept trying to sweet-talk her while her sharp nose gently nuzzled against Athita’s soft cheek. One kiss earlier clearly wasn’t enough to satisfy her. So just as Athita was about to grab her lipstick to reapply it, it was taken right out of her hands—replaced by another kiss as their lips met again.

And because she had no chance to refuse, Athita gave in, parting her lips to welcome the tongue that slipped in to explore. Her arms slowly wrapped around the taller woman’s neck, tilting her head to deepen the kiss, responding to her partner's passionate tongue play with her own.

The sweetness of her lover always stirred something in her, making her feel breathless. But they both had responsibilities, and as much as the desire was there, it had to be kept in check with a bit of self-control.

“If I didn’t have such an important meeting today, I wouldn’t let you go,” Skylar murmured.

“You know, my girlfriend’s getting more and more spoiled every day,”

Athita teased.

“That’s only because you’re too cute—I just can’t help myself. If anyone’s to blame, it’s you and your cuteness.”

“.....”

Athita, who could never win in these flirty battles, simply turned her attention to fixing her lover’s shirt, buttoning it up and adjusting the collar neatly.

Skylar couldn’t help but admire the way Athita always took care of her. She had just told her how cute she was, and now here she was again, doing something even more adorable, making Skylar fall even deeper for her. “I’ll come pick you up after your opening ceremony is done, okay?” “P’Mooham keeps complaining to me lately, saying someone else is slowly taking over all her duties,”

Athita replied with a little smile.

“But I only pick you up and drop you off, okay? I haven’t gone as far as sitting around the set watching you yet.”

Her playful words made Athita glance up at her with a smile. She was completely confident that something like that would never actually happen. Skylar was a busy businesswoman—there was no way she'd have enough free time to sit around on set all day just to watch her film.

If that did ever happen, the sky would probably fall. The press would have a field day with it.

Once they both finished getting ready, they went their separate ways to handle their own work. Athita arrived at the location for the opening ceremony about half an hour early. After greeting the producers and her fellow actors, she was invited to sit in the front row of neatly arranged chairs.

Next to her sat the male lead, a more senior actor she was paired with for this drama. The empty chair next to his, Athita guessed, was probably reserved for the actress playing the villain.

At that point, who would believe she still didn’t even know who the villain in the drama was? When her manager first showed her the full cast list to check, she hadn’t paid close attention.

Back then, she only skimmed it. She hadn’t checked carefully which actor was playing which role.

Because of past tension and discomfort from working with Arnon—the previous male lead she was paired with—she had been more focused on making sure she wouldn’t be working with him again. That’s why all she’d looked at was the name of the male lead this time, completely forgetting to notice who else she’d be working with.

But just a few minutes before the ceremony started, a stunning actress made her entrance, and Athita couldn’t help but feel shaken.

Her eyes locked onto the beautiful woman, who was busy greeting the producers and the other cast members.

Her beauty absolutely stood out, glowing even in the middle of a crowd. Her perfectly sculpted face was enhanced by flawless makeup, giving her a striking, fierce look.

Despite being away from the entertainment industry for nearly two years, the senior actress hadn’t lost her shine one bit. She was still as elegant and stunning as ever—enough to make people turn and take a second look.

As she stepped toward the empty seat beside Athita, it became instantly clear who the villain in this drama was going to be.

***Mahya.... Skylar's ex.***

The woman who once inspired Athita to dream of being where she was now.

And Athita couldn’t deny that truth—not even to herself. Back then, Mahya had been the only woman Skylar cared about. The desire to be seen by someone she secretly loved had pushed a high school girl like Athita to chase after the spotlight. She wanted to be famous, successful… maybe just half as perfect as that woman.

And now, seeing Mahya again today—it hit her harder than she expected.

All throughout her journey in the industry, Athita had never had the chance to work with Mahya. They had crossed paths here and there at events, but Mahya had already been stepping back from the scene during that time. Their careers moved in different directions, so the chances of them working together had always been slim.

But now, here they were. About to work on the same project.

Sure, she used to think of Mahya as nothing more than her sister’s ex—or rather, *her friend’s sister’s ex*—but now everything had completely changed.

*The woman Mahya once loved… was now her girlfriend.*

And just that thought alone stirred up a mess of emotions she didn’t quite know how to deal with.

No one ever really knew why Mahya suddenly disappeared from the spotlight a while back. But the rumors were loud—people said she stepped away to heal after breaking up with Skylar.

*Was that the reason?*

Was that the real reason behind this complicated, unclear feeling in her chest that made her feel uneasy deep down?

Whatever the reason was, as the junior actress who now had to work alongside her, Athita couldn’t avoid greeting her senior properly.

“Hello, P’Yah,” she said politely with a wai.

“Oh, hello,”

Mahya replied, returning the gesture out of courtesy.

There was a faint smile on her beautiful face, but something about her tone —something in the air—felt off. Athita could feel it immediately. It was clear Mahya didn’t really want to connect or be friendly. So, as someone younger, Athita chose to stay quiet and not try to force anything.

When the ceremony began, the uneasy tension in her chest started to fade away naturally.

Everything proceeded in order—rituals, offerings, blessings—and everyone on the cast and crew played their parts smoothly.

When it was all done, the lead actors were asked to line up in front of the microphones so the media could start their interviews.

Of course, this kind of event—a blessing ceremony for a new drama— should have been all about promoting the show. But it seemed like the reporters were more interested in the personal lives of the two leading ladies than anything to do with the drama.

One of the first questions thrown at them was:

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(Khun Yah, you’ve been away from the industry for almost two years. Can you share where you’ve been during that time? Did you know your fans have really missed you?)

“Everyone still misses me, right?”

She said with a soft smile, glancing at the reporters gathered in front of her.

“Actually, I haven’t really gone anywhere. I’ve been going back and forth between Thailand and the U.S. It was a time I wanted to take a break and also spend more time with my mom. As many of you know, my family lives there. But maybe it felt like I disappeared because I didn’t take on any acting roles, that’s all.”

(Now that you’re returning to acting, you’ve chosen to play a villain for the first time. How do you feel about working with Sun for the first time?)

“It’s great! I’m really happy. I mean, who wouldn’t want to work with Sun? She’s like the angel of the entertainment industry. How could I not be excited?”

(So there’s no issue between you and Sun, right? Since you probably already know she’s currently dating Skylar, your ex-girlfriend)

That question felt like dragging both the ex and the new girlfriend into a crowded intersection. It wasn’t just Mahya who felt frozen; even Athita, the new girlfriend, felt the sting when they called Skylar **“Hya’s ex.”**

“Why would there be a problem? Just because your ex and your current partner are working together, it’s not a big deal at all.”

(And what about you, Sun? How do you feel working with Hya?)

“I’m really happy. P’Hya is super talented and such a respected senior actress. I still need to learn a lot from her.”

(You’re still as humble as ever. We also heard that Azure been helping you out so much lately, she’s basically your personal assistant now. Plus, there was a picture of you having dinner with her family on her Instagram, and she even captioned it, ‘*Welcome, my future sister-in-law*.’ Does that mean there’s good news coming soon?)

“Good news?” she replied with a little laugh.

Athita raised an eyebrow slightly, but the sweet smile on her face never faded. She knew exactly what “good news” meant. But to her, it was clearly just her cheeky friend trying to stir things up—with a little help from her older sister.

Honestly, those two were perfectly in sync like a flute and a pipe.

“As you all probably already know, Fey and Sun are best friends. Fey just loves to tease. That day, I was only having a normal dinner with P'Flint’s parents—nothing special at all.”

As the questions started digging deeper into her personal life, a quiet pressure started to build up inside. Still, Athita kept her smile on and pushed through, walking toward her manager who was waiting nearby.

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“Tired, aren’t you?”

“A little,”

She replied, smiling and reaching out to take the drink her manager handed her. But as she did, the gentle, concerned look in her manager’s eyes made her glance away—trying not to meet the gaze of someone who knew her too well.

“You okay, Sun? They really hit you hard with those questions.”

“I’m okay,” Sun said.

“They were just doing their job. I’m used to it by now.”

“That’s a good way to look at it. By the way, Skylar just called—she’s driving around out front looking for parking. Maybe go say goodbye to the senior folks first? So you can head home and get some rest. You’ve got a photoshoot the day after tomorrow, remember?”

“Okay.”

She only replied with a simple “Okay”, before she and her manager walked arm-in-arm to say goodbye to the cast and crew—many of whom they knew well after years in the industry.

And with Mooham being such a well-connected, respected manager, even someone as famous as Hya—now returning to play a villain for the first time—still took the initiative to come greet her.

“Hi, P’Mooham. Heading out already?”

“Yes, we are. Gosh, it’s been ages since we last saw each other, Hya. And look at you—you’re still as gorgeous as ever! I swear, how many lifetimes would I have to be born to look even half as good as you?”

She said playfully, full of her usual flair. Everyone in showbiz knew Mooham was like this.

“Thank you! And you haven’t changed either. Always so sweet with your words.”

“Sweet? No way! I’m just saying the truth—beautiful girls like you deserve all the compliments!”

While they chatted, Hya subtly glanced over at the quiet younger actress standing beside her manager—Athita.

It wasn’t surprising that Hya still kept tabs on her ex, Skylar. That lingering attachment had her occasionally checking in on her life. And truthfully, part of why she accepted this role—the first villain in her career and her return to acting after two years—was because the lead actress in this drama was none other than Athita.

Sure, she had her reasons for coming back. But before her thoughts could spiral further, someone’s arrival stole her focus entirely.

She turned and locked eyes with a tall, striking figure walking directly toward where she stood.

However, for those who focus only on her lover without noticing others, she feel a little stunned when she unexpectedly encounter her ex-lover.

**“Hya.”**

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# Chapter 20

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE**

**Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY Translate : Sun Yan**

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The smile on her face slowly faded. Even though her expression didn’t show whether she was happy or upset to see her ex, standing between her past and present lovers without warning was definitely uncomfortable.

“Hi Flint, it’s been a while. I didn’t expect to see you here. How have you been?”

“I’ve been good. And you, Hya? Are you doing well?”

“Me? Well, as you can see. But I guess I’m not that great since lately, it seems like you’ve been ignoring calls from your old friend like me.”

That greeting made Skylar feel so awkward. The meaning behind those words could easily be misunderstood. And when she glanced at her current partner, even though she didn’t show any anger, there was a flicker of unease in her eyes that shook Skylar's heart.

“I’ve just been really busy lately,”

Skylar replied shortly, then turned her attention to her partner’s manager, who was silently watching the conversation with a frown.

“Anyway… is the work done now, Mooham? I’d like to take your leading lady with me.”

“Of course, Ms. Skylar. I have to head out to another event anyway. Please take care of Sun for me.”

“That’s my job,” Skylar smiled.

“Shall we go now?”

She asked her partner, wrapping an arm gently around her waist to show clearly she was there to protect her.

“Yes… I’ll be heading out now, P’Hya.”

“Alright. See you at the set.”

Yha forced another smile for the woman who felt like a rival in love. It was human nature—sometimes you just can’t control your own feelings. Deep inside, she still had strong emotions for her ex, so it was impossible to feel happy about her ex’s new relationship.

During their time together, Skylar had never once shown the kind of affection and protectiveness she was now showing this new woman. So everything Yha was seeing now felt like sharp thorns stabbing right into her heart.

She couldn’t help it—jealousy and irritation were building up inside her, turning her into someone a bit petty. And honestly? She wanted to stir things up just a little.

“Wait a moment, Flint. Before you go, I need a quick favor,” Mahya said.

Skylar kept her face calm and emotionless. Her free hand stayed tucked in her pocket, though she almost clenched it tight when she saw Mahya's eyes fixed on her girlfriend.

“What is it?” she asked, voice flat.

Mahya smirked slightly at the cool response. It was polite, sure—but it felt cold and distant, especially coming from someone she used to share sweet memories with.

Skylar was trying to be considerate of her new partner’s feelings, and that made sense. But Mahya? She didn’t feel the need to be understanding at all.

She never really gave Mahya the chance to take up space in her heart the way Mahya had once hoped. In the end, their relationship reached a breaking point—because neither of them could keep pretending anymore.

When a relationship ends badly, both sides are left with scars. And behind it all, there are always hidden reasons.

Skylar might have once felt guilty toward her ex. But mixed in with that guilt were complex emotions—things too difficult to explain to anyone. Some memories were just better left buried along with the relationship that had ended.

She didn’t want to dig up the past and make herself feel worse than she already did. And as for Mahya, if things could just end on a note of friendship, Skylar would be fine with that.

But seeing the discomfort in her current partner’s eyes made Skylar keep asking herself over and over again:

*Did I handle this the right way?*

If running into her ex was causing her girlfriend to feel insecure, then what could she do to prove that her heart truly belonged to just one person?

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And because both of them were lost in their own thoughts, the whole ride home was filled with nothing but silence.

By the time they got back to the condo, the tension in the air was so heavy, like a thick cloud blocking the connection between them. Skylar couldn’t take it anymore. As soon as the door closed behind them, she quickly moved in to hug her girlfriend from behind.

“P’Flint, what are you doing?”

Athita tilted her head, trying to avoid her girlfriend’s nose brushing against her neck so affectionately. But as soon as she was wrapped up in Skylar's arms, the anxiety she’d been feeling seemed to ease—comforted by a touch she always longed for.

“I’m hugging my girl, making it up to her. Whatever it takes to show how much I love you.”

“P' Flint, you’re acting like someone who’s feeling guilty. Do you realize that?”

"Not at all. I’m not doing this because I’m guilty. I’m doing it because I can tell something is bothering you. I just don’t want you to carry someone else’s problems on your shoulders. I don’t want those things to hurt us. I don’t want you to doubt me. Can you please trust me?"

"I admit I’ve been overthinking a bit… but I also know there are a lot of reasons I should try harder to understand, right?"

This time, she turned around to face the one she loved. She knew running away wouldn’t solve anything. Mahya's return was just another part of life coming back around. If one day that return brought pain again, she knew she probably couldn’t avoid it.

But right now, the person she loves is standing here, asking for trust — still showing they want to be with her. So how could she shut the door on something that might still be good for both of them?

It hadn’t been easy getting to this point — finally loving someone and being loved back. That’s why her heart was trying to stay strong and protect itself from falling apart again. She just hoped that strength would grow enough to hold on.

But it seemed like fighting against her own feelings wasn’t going to be easy… because suddenly, her partner’s phone started ringing from their pocket.

And when she saw the name on the screen, it hit her even harder — a name saved in her private number in the phone, that made her try to swallow her tears back..

She had tried so hard to protect her heart, to stop herself from overthinking, but now… it was all starting to slip.

It was hard not to feel something, because everything—from the woman’s words, her looks, to her behavior—clearly sent a message. And that message told her that the woman didn’t want things to just end here.

"P' Flint, please take the call. I’m going to take a shower," Athita said softly.

"If am going to answer the phone, I will only do it while you're with me— right in front of you. You're still mine."

It wasn’t just a request. Skylar gently held her onto her arm with one hand, trying to keep her there. But it didn’t seem to work. She didn’t pull away or resist physically—but the way she calmly used logic and kind words... that hit her even harder. Like an iceberg crashing into her heart, leaving her frozen.

"I understand you, P' Flint. And I really hope you understand me too. Whether I’m with you right now or not... that’s not what matters. We don’t live our lives together every second. I don’t want you to feel trapped by being with me. Let’s just live our lives normally, and do what we each think is right. That’s all."

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# Chapter 21

Because she couldn’t argue against her lover’s reasoning, Skylar let the slim figure pull away from her arms. Trust doesn’t come from holding someone back and trying to keep them close all the time.

She understood the meaning behind it. So, with worried and caring eyes, she could only watch as the person walked into the bedroom.

Skylar let out a deep sigh while looking down at the list of missed calls again. Even though she felt uncomfortable, avoiding the situation wasn’t the right answer.

"Hello, this is Skylar speaking."

“Why do you sound so distant? Don’t tell me you deleted my number from your private contacts.”

Right after that, Skylar heard a soft laugh on the line. Of course, Mahya was trying to mess with her head. Mahya knew well that the number she was calling was Skylar's private one—only a few people had it.

Besides her family, close friends, and personal assistant, the only other person who had this number was her lover. In the past, Mahya used to be one of them.

“Let’s get to the point, Mahya. You called because you want to talk about the car, right?”

“Why are you in such a hurry, Flint? Can’t exes talk about normal things too? Or is it because you have a new girlfriend now, so you can’t even talk to someone familiar like me? Are you afraid of your own feelings… or afraid your new girlfriend will misunderstand?”

Skylar chose to stay silent instead of answering, which only gave the other person more reason to laugh loudly with satisfaction. When they were still together, Mahya couldn’t deny how good of a partner Skylar had been. And maybe that’s exactly why—she never truly got over losing her to someone else.

“Okay, fine. I’ll stop teasing you. The reason I called was just to ask—if I drop by your office tomorrow around 1 p.m., will you be free?”

“You can drop by.”

With just that short reply and no further conversation, the call ended right away. Mahya lowered her smartphone and stared at it, a small smile forming on her lips. Then she looked out at the city view, her eyes wandering with no real focus. The mix of tall buildings scattered across the capital made her think back to the past—back when she still had someone special in her life.

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"Have you been awake long, Flint?"

Mahya, still groggy, opened her eyes after feeling movement from the person she had been cuddling under the thick blanket. Her body was tired from the intimate moment they had shared not even an hour ago, and she had dozed off.

But the moment she opened her eyes and saw her lover’s blank, serious expression, she quickly moved to climb on top of her—playfully, like she used to when trying to get her attention.

“Get off me, Mahya.”

“Why? Are you saying you’re not in the mood? We hardly ever get a chance to be alone like this. Are you mad at me about something? At least tell me, so I can make it up to you.”

Mahya wasn’t just trying to talk sweetly to make up. She was also moving her heated body, pressing it against the same spot on Rafah’s body, trying to stir desire. But not only did Skylar show no interest, she also pushed Mahya away—as if she was disgusted by her.

After shaking Mahya off, Skylar quickly jumped up from the bed like she had touched something hot. Mahya just sat there, stunned, watching her lover grab the clothes tossed at the foot of the bed and hurriedly get dressed.

Then Skylar reached for Mahya’s phone on the nightstand and shoved it into her hand with a very serious expression.

“I don’t want to say too much. Just look at this and tell me—how long has this been going on?”

“What are you talking about, Flint? Did you snoop through my phone?”

Mahya snapped, clearly upset. Even though the phone had a password, she realized she had fallen asleep earlier, and Skylar wasn’t stupid. So it probably hadn’t been hard for her to unlock it.

“Sorry for being rude, Mahya. But between being rude and being a fool, I’d rather be rude.”

Hearing that, Mahya gave in and unlocked the phone. She opened the app Skylar had left open—and right there were the

“Answer me, Flint. Tell me—was I right? Is what I said true? Because the more you stay quiet, the more I’m sure everything I said is exactly what’s going on.”

“That’s enough, Mahya. No matter the reason, it’s not okay to use that as an excuse to sleep with someone else while we’re still in a relationship. How could you do that? You slept with that actor last night, and today you come back and sleep with me like nothing happened.”

“You’re only yelling like this because you depended on me, or are you just embarrassed that I cheated on you?”

Mahya gave a bitter smile. Everything she had bottled up inside was finally spilling out.

“If I had to guess, I’d say it’s the second one. Because you were never truly into me. You never got jealous. No matter how nice you were to me, it wasn’t enough, Flint. As long as you weren’t serious about us, you shouldn’t have let me waste my time being stuck with you. I have other options in life. There are so many good people ready to walk into my world. But staying with you has made me miss those chances.”

Whether her words came from anger or just to hurt her back, once they were spoken, there was no taking them back. The look in Flint’s eyes was completely empty—so much so that even Mahya, who had just ended things, felt her heart drop.

“You’re right, Mahya. Being with me only makes you miss out. So maybe it’s time we end this.”

“You want to end it… because you have someone else, don’t you? Then tell me, Flint. Who is she? Because if you don’t tell me, I’m not letting you go either.”

"Yes.."

"Tell me, who is that woman? How dare she try to steal you away from me?"

"That's enough, Yah. No one stole me away from you. Whether I have someone new or not, it doesn’t matter anymore. You already slept with someone else—that alone means we can't go back to how we used to be.

Let's end it here. If I ever did anything wrong to you in the past, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry for wasting your time, for making you miss out on other chances in life. Truly, I'm sorry."

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Mahyah closed her eyes, trying her hardest to swallow the pain. Even after the breakup, time hadn’t helped her forget her. Every time the past came back to her mind, it only reminded her of all the regrets… and how foolish she had been.

Skylar was the one who made her feel what it was like to lose. During the first year after the breakup, she couldn’t move on. She still kept trying to reach out to her in every way she could, hoping to win her back. But Skylar never gave her anything more than just friendship.

Still, for her, even getting a reply from her once in a while felt like a chance. A chance to make things right. A chance that maybe, they could go back to the way things were. So she kept contacting her, hoping she’d change her mind.

But after six months, Skylar stopped picking up her calls almost completely. The change in her made her afraid—afraid she’d lose her for good. And in the end, her hope of getting back together fell apart completely when news broke that she was dating Athita, a younger actress.

Just dating was already hard to take. But when she brought Athita home— something she had never done with her—that was the last straw. Mahyah couldn't stay quiet anymore.

That's why she decided to fly back to Thailand and accept her first drama role—playing the villain. All because she found out who the lead actress was.

She had first heard of Athita as a rising star, a new actress who quickly found success in her first year in the industry. But recently, Mahyah found out something else—that Athita was actually the best friend of Azure, her ex’s younger sister.

And honestly, it wasn’t that strange that Mahyah never knew this before. She had only met Azure once, a long time ago, before the girl went abroad to study. And even then, they didn’t actually get to talk or get to know each other. All she knew about her came from social media or things Skylar had told her.

To put it simply—she never had the chance to truly get to know anyone in Skylar's family. Because Skylar never let her.

*Not even once.*

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Mahyah arrived at her ex’s company right on time. She went straight to the reception and let them know the reason for her visit. Soon, she was invited to sit in the guest lounge to wait.

Things weren’t like they used to be. The way they treated her now was more distant, less important—because her status had changed. But it wasn’t exactly unexpected. She didn’t complain or act entitled, since she still wanted to keep up her image.

A staff came in with snacks and drinks, and just five minutes later, a tall figure in a sharp suit walked in…

Skylar walked into the guest lounge, followed by an employee in uniform carrying an iPad and a folder of documents.

"I want to talk to you in private. And I believe I already told you that."

The beautiful staff member, who was actually the manager, glanced at her boss for direction. She had no choice but to give a small nod, letting her know she could leave the documents and step out as the guest had requested.

"So… are you really that scared to be alone with me, that you had to bring an employee along for backup?"

Mahyah said with a teasing tone.

"You said you were coming here about the car, didn’t you, Yah?"

"Are you saying you really don’t know why I’m here? Or did I misunderstand something? I mean, someone with a brilliant business mind like yours, Skylar, should’ve figured out what I wanted by now, right?"

"If you're not here about the car like you claimed, then just say what you really came for, Yah."

"Okay then!"

Yah shrugged, locking eyes with her ex, a sly smile on her lips.

"I just came to congratulate you on your new love. Honestly, I didn’t expect you to end up with your little sister’s best friend… and an actress at that! So, can I assume you picked her to replace me?"

"No one’s replacing anyone. Whatever was between us, it’s in the past now, Yah. There's no point in digging it up again. You once said you wanted us to stay friends, and I still want that too."

Mahyah almost laughed at how ridiculous that sounded. She had never wanted to be friends with an ex. Never even thought it was possible.

"You know the truth, Flint. All this time I’ve been trying to win you back, hoping we could get back together. But now you’ve chosen to go public with someone else. You even brought her home to have dinner with your family — something I begged you to do for so long, and you never did. But with that girl, it didn’t even take long before she was welcomed into your home. Why, Flint?"

"....."

"You barely even dated her and already brought her home. Why, Flint? I just want to know.... what she has that I don’t.”

"That's enough, Yah. You shouldn’t talk about someone like that, and you shouldn’t drag anyone else into this."

Her once calm expression shifted to one of deep emotion — because deep down, she knew she’d been in the wrong all along. That’s why she had always tried to keep things between them on a friendly level. She had tried to overlook her past mistakes, believing that both of them were partly to blame for everything that had gone wrong.

But now, hearing her speak so harshly about the woman she loved — it was too much. She couldn’t stay silent anymore.

"What, she’s off-limits? Do you love your new wife that much?"

"You’re just being unreasonable now, Yah."

Her voice and expression were both steady and calm. At this point, Mahyah was still someone who couldn’t admit her own mistakes. And honestly, she was just too tired to keep arguing with someone like her.

"One thing you shouldn't forget is that what we had is already over. But if that question — the one that’s been eating away at you — is the reason you came all the way here, then… I want to say I’m sorry. If someone has to take the blame for everything, it should be me. Because if I had been brave enough to follow my heart back then, I wouldn’t have pulled you into that relationship at all. I'm sorry, Yah."

It felt like a slap across the face — no, more like a dozen of them. What else could words like that mean, if not that Skylar had been in love with that woman all along? Maybe even before she had started dating Mahyah in the first place.

It's funny, but it's not funny. She didn't come here for this kind of answer.

She didn’t come here just to see the look in her eyes, filled with love and protectiveness when she talked about another woman.

Because if she really loved that woman that much… Then someone like her, who still had lingering feelings, couldn’t possibly stop the jealousy building up inside.

It was just too hard to be happy for a love that belonged to someone else.

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# Chapter 22

**Book : MY ONLY SUNSHINE Writer : FLOWER OF MEMORY Translate : Sun Yan**

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After Mahya had left, Skylar locked herself up in her office again, sitting there deep in thought for a long while. Mahya's visit had stirred up quite a bit of worry in her heart.

The way Mahya just walked away quietly made it hard for Skylar to guess what she was really thinking. She couldn’t be sure if her ex would really stop trying to get back together.

From past experience, Mahya was stubborn and determined to do whatever it took to revive their relationship—even though it could never be the same again.

Skylar closed her eyes, trying to push all those thoughts away and focus on her work.

Time passed, and as it got closer to 5 p.m., she finally picked up her phone and called her girlfriend. She waited as the phone rang. That heavy feeling in her chest slowly turned into relief when she heard the sweet voice on the other end.

At least... even though things were still a bit tense between them, her girlfriend hadn’t avoided her call, which had been her biggest fear.

"Where are you now, Sun? Are you back from the event yet?"

"I'm back already. I'm at P'Jan's penthouse now."

"When will you come back? Did Mooham drop you off there? Do you want me to come pick you up?"

"It’s okay. I plan to stay here tonight. P'Jan has a bit of a headache, and I don’t want to leave her alone."

She doesn’t know if it was the truth or just an excuse. But just now, when she let herself believe that her girlfriend wouldn’t avoid her… can she take that thought back?

She picked up her call, but she’s not coming home. How is she supposed to sleep peacefully when the person she always cuddle with every single night isn’t here?

She is more attached to her girlfriend than a baby is to their mom. Just one night without her and she might go crazy. Seriously, is it really that easy for her?

“Is she feeling really bad? Do you want me to come stay and keep you company?”

“…”

Just hearing the gloomy tone mixed with words that indicate an attempt to appease is enough to leave a soft-hearted person speechless.

“You don't have to go that far, Khun Skylar. I just want to borrow my younger sister to keep me company for one night, and I'll return her to you tomorrow, That’s all, okay?"

What a total mood killer. Because the voice replying wasn’t her girlfriend— it was her twin sister. The same sister who wouldn’t hesitate to hang up on her without a second thought.

Skylar could only stare at the screen and let out a sigh, not knowing what else she could do. Her heart was aching from missing her. She felt so restless and unsettled that she honestly didn’t know how she’d fall asleep tonight.

It just felt too cruel—to be apart from the person you love, especially when things between you two were still so unclear.

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And while Skylar was drowning in her emotions, Athita could only sit quietly in front of her sister, looking so down it made her seem pitiful.

Sasapin let out a big sigh and handed the phone back to her twin sister. She just couldn’t stand watching her sister sulk like that—hiding from her girlfriend and making up lies just to come cry on her big sister’s shoulder. It was too much. That’s why she ended up being rude and snatched the phone to talk instead.

“You let them meet, but now you’re sitting here looking all sad and paranoid. And if all you wanted was to come stay with me to feel better, then you could’ve just told her the truth. No need to make up some excuse. Come on now.”

“I just didn’t want P'Flint to feel pressured. This is the only way I can deal with my feelings. Because even though we’re in a relationship, we can’t be together all the time. Even if they didn’t meet today, they’ll have other chances, right? Sometimes… I don’t even know what I should do.”

“What you’re saying isn’t wrong. But don’t forget—running away isn’t a real solution. It’s okay to take a step back, to clear your mind or rethink things. But in a relationship, you need to face things and talk it out. Trust is important, yeah, but that doesn’t mean you have to always give in or pretend everything’s okay. You have the right to ask questions. You have the right to know. Do you get what I’m saying, right?”

“So... what you’re saying is, what I’m doing right now is just really stupid, isn’t it?”

“When did I say that?”

Seeing her sister’s sad face made Sasapin look at her with gentle eyes. She couldn’t help but feel a bit protective. How had her little twin sister been raised to be this sensitive?

But at the same time, Athita was incredibly strong—always holding in her emotions, carrying the weight of her feelings all on her own.

Sasapin knew just how much her sister struggled with her own thoughts and emotions. Even if she didn’t say anything, it was clear as day.

Athita was an open book. She wasn’t good at handling problems, and she still lacked confidence in so many areas—especially when it came to her relationship.

“Sun, this isn’t what I’d call ‘stupid.’ It’s just... the kind of fear and insecurity any woman might feel. Being jealous of your partner isn’t wrong. But it would be so much better if you chose to stay by her side instead of backing away and giving her a chance to get closer to someone else. She’s your girl. Don’t just hand her over like that.”

“I just...”

“When it comes to love, there’s nothing to be unsure about, Sun. If you're still feeling uneasy, you can stay here tonight. But if your heart feels restless because of something unresolved, then maybe it’s time to go back and talk things out with your person. Don’t let misunderstandings ruin your happiness—or hers. Don’t keep running away or overthinking things. If Khun Skylar didn’t love you, she wouldn’t have introduced you to her family like that. You should know what kind of person she is—if she wasn’t serious about you, she wouldn’t go that far.”

That was something Sasapin had seen clearly for a long time. Ever since the two sisters came back into each other's lives, she had watched Skylar prove again and again just how much she cared for Sun.

Skylar did everything to show respect, love, and tenderness toward her sister—so much so that Sasapin could hardly recognize her as the same sharp-tongued woman she first met that night.

Everyone in the Suphawaret family adored Sun. It was a warmth that her real father’s side of the family had never given her.

“So... you think I should go back to P'Flint?”

“Do you want to go back?”

That soft voice, gently returning the question, wrapped Athita in a sense of warmth. Without thinking, she leaned in and hugged her twin sister tightly.

With tears welling up in her eyes, she finally understood how wonderful it is to have someone by your side—someone who offers advice when you're feeling down.

Throughout her life, she had never once experienced this kind of warmth. Whenever she was distressed, all she could do was wallow in her own thoughts and try to find a way through the pain by herself every single time.

Sometimes, she never even knew whether the decisions she made were right or the best ones. Every step she took was filled with uncertainty. But the one thing she was always good at was endurance and persistence.

She could endure anything. She could stay committed and wait for someone for a long time, even when that person never once realized how she felt. If only she had a fraction of the courage and decisiveness of her twin sister, maybe she wouldn't have had to endure the pain of silently loving someone for so long.

She knew everything—but never once was she able to overcome her own flaws.

But now, Sasapin was like a giant mirror that constantly reflected her weaknesses back at her, allowing her to finally see them.

She was a positive force, always pushing her forward and helping her to feel more confident in herself than ever before.

It was a different kind of happiness and warmth—one that would hold and support this younger sister, so she wouldn’t have to feel so alone like she had in the past.

“Thank you so much. I love you, P’Jan. Even though we didn’t grow up together, I don’t know why I love you this much.”

“It’s because we’re like two parts of the same whole. No matter what happens, I’ll always be by your side. Now, if you don’t want to hear any more sappy stuff, get up already. I’ll give you a ride. I also plan to stop by and see Win. It’s been a while since we last met. Lately, he keeps whining that ever since I got a little sister, I’ve tossed him aside.”

The gossip about her friend ended on a humorous note, and Athita couldn’t help but laugh along. The close bond between her sister and Phuwin wasn’t much different from the one she shared with Azure—it was truly a beautiful relationship.

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And once certain feelings had been unlocked, the heavy burden she’d been carrying began to lighten. Athita arrived at her condo with her sister kindly offering to drive her there. But upon arriving, she found a tall figure slouched in front of the TV.

"Why are you home so early today, P’Flint? I thought you were still at the office."

"I left the office right after I called you. I came back hoping you’d change your mind and come home—and I was right."

The weight of the ambiguity between them had become unbearable. Skylar could no longer hold back her feelings. After sitting there silently for so long, the tall figure rose from the sofa and stepped toward the slender woman who had only greeted her from afar without taking a step closer.

“P’Flint…”

“This isn’t good. I’m not okay with how things are between us,”

Skylar said quietly, tightening her arms around her delicate frame. Even the smallest misunderstandings had left her heart feeling hollow—almost too much to bear.

Over time, she had wasted so much on countless mistakes. Now, she didn’t want to lose even a second more.

She couldn’t afford to lose that precious feeling again.

“I’m sorry for making you feel uneasy, Sun. But from now on, I won’t let anything like this happen again. I don’t want us to be in that kind of situation ever again.”

“It’s really okay, P’Flint. You don’t have to apologize. I was at fault too. Honestly, I shouldn’t have acted so foolishly and made things difficult for you. I’m sorry—I’ll try to be better.”

“Just being who you are now is more than enough, my love. You’re already the best for me—the most precious person to me. From now on, whenever something’s unclear between us, please don’t turn your back on me, okay? You have every right when it comes to me—whether it’s asking questions or being possessive. You have that right.”

Skylar gently pushed her slender figure back just enough so she could meet her eyes—eyes through which she poured every emotion.

Before this, she might have been too afraid to speak her heart, worried that such a short time together wouldn’t be enough to make her words believable. But today, nothing could hold back her feelings anymore.

Time could never be reclaimed, but from this moment on, her future and her dreams would have Athita in them. And maybe it was finally time to reveal the feelings she had buried deep inside for so long.

“I don’t know how much what I’m about to say will make you trust in me.

But I still want you to know, Sun... I’ve been in love with you for a long time now.”

Her slender hand gently cupped the sweet face in front of her, as the tip of her thumb softly brushed over the smooth skin of Athita's cheek with delicate affection.

“I’ve been in love with you since the first time we met. I fell for the sweet girl who was my little sister’s best friend. Do you know how hard I’ve had to hold myself back all this time? Every time our eyes met, every time I saw the feelings in your eyes for me—I could barely contain myself. I wanted to hold you. I wanted to kiss you. I wanted to do so many things to show you how much I love you, and how deeply I feel for you. But in the end, I kept telling myself that my little girl back then was still too young. I always thought your life had so much more ahead, so many things left to experience. That’s why I never had the courage to follow my heart. Because I was afraid that someday, you’d meet someone better... and when that day came, I wouldn’t be able to handle it.”

She could hardly believe her ears. But every word of that confession sent her heart swaying like a pendulum. Still, there was one thing she had been holding back—something she couldn’t keep in any longer.

“But all this time... you acted like you hated me. You always picked fights with me.”

“That’s because I depended on you too much. When I found out you were joining the entertainment industry, I lost it—I was irrational and resentful. I didn’t want anyone near you. I didn’t want you involved with anyone. I didn’t want your world filled with other people… because I was afraid I’d no longer have a place in it.”

“You say you’ve loved me for so long… but you still chose to be with Mahyah, didn’t you?”

"That was all my fault, my love. I once believed that being with someone else might help me forget you. But in the end, I never could. Not even once. Eventually, things between me and Mahyah had to come to an end. I just want you to understand… there’s no going back to what we had. The only woman I’ve ever truly loved has always been you, Sun."

Skylar chose not to reveal the full truth. Even though they had broken up, she had never let go of the goodwill she once held toward her former lover. She had no intention of speaking ill about someone who had once been important to her.

That’s why, some things were better left unsaid—buried alongside the relationship that had come to its quiet end. After all, if someone had to be blamed, it would be her—for pulling another person into a relationship that had always been complicated from the start.

But deep down… no one knew that Skylar had never treated her time with Mahyah lightly. She wasn’t the kind of person who played around. In every relationship with a woman, she had always given her genuine heart.

They had once shared beautiful, sweet moments. But with time, Skylar realized that her effort to make space in her heart for someone else had always been in vain. No matter how much time had passed, she could never erase the woman who had already taken root deep inside her heart.

“Did you ever realize, P’Flint, that you were the reason I decided to enter the entertainment industry?”

This time, the speaker chose to move closer to the one she loved, wrapping both arms around the other's waist. She nestled her face against Skylar's left chest and closed her eyes, allowing all her feelings to flow freely as tears trickled down—tears stirred by memories of everything she’d been through.

“Did you ever know that after you chose to be with Mahyah, I did everything I could to endure and push forward, just to stand here today? Even though I knew full well you already had someone… I still wanted to be someone you’d notice. I was just a shameless girl in love with someone else’s partner—hoping the person I loved in secret would turn and look my way, even just once.”

She tried to hold back the sobs. It had taken so much to get through those feelings—so much pain, so much suffering.

Loving someone in secret… hiding every emotion inside… It was suffocating. Every heartbreak had to be swallowed alone.

But this time, she wasn’t crying alone anymore. She wasn’t shedding tears while the person who caused them remained unaware. Now, the woman she loved was right there, holding her tightly, pouring out all her love with a tender kiss placed gently on her forehead.

Athita smiled through her tears, embracing every touch her heart had longed for. If they loved each other this much, why should they continue hurting over misunderstandings?

Too much time had already been lost—time that could have been filled with warmth, laughter, and togetherness. From now on, she would hold her lover’s hand tightly and walk forward—together, with no more fear.

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# Chapter 23

Love often has its own colors. When the clouds of confusion are blown away by the wind, the sky becomes bright and clear again—just like the sweet moments of love.

There’s a mix of happiness and sadness. Sometimes it’s sweet, sometimes it’s tough. Every love story comes with its own flavors, and along the way, we learn to hold each other’s hands tightly and walk forward together.

But life is rarely smooth. It’s more like a graph that goes up and down. One moment, the weather is clear and sunny, and by the afternoon, dark clouds can start forming, ready to pour heavy rain on those below.

Athita and her partner's life continued as usual. Their mornings started with a simple breakfast, then each went off to do their own work.

Skylar headed straight to the office, while Athita went to the film set with her manager. It was the first day of shooting for her new drama. Today, she had only a few light scenes to film with the male lead—kind of like a warm-up. But even among those light scenes, there was one where she had to act with Mahyah, a more senior actress.

The first day of filming went smoothly. Everyone was professional, so things moved along without any problems or stress.

Time passed, morning turned into afternoon. Around 3 PM, while the other actors were still filming, Athita had finished her scenes. She headed back to her dressing room, which the staff had prepared for her, to change clothes.

However, in that moment, the urgent knocking on the door accompanied by the manager's voice made the person who had just returned — still in the same outfit — quickly step toward the door and open it.

“What’s wrong, P'Mooham? Why do you look so alarmed?”

“What else could it be, if not a big scandal coming our way?”

There was no need for the actress to furrow her brows in confusion. The manager immediately handed her a phone with a news article open on the screen.

“Reporters are waiting outside. It’s packed. They’re most likely here to ambush and grill Nong Sun because of this news.”

“That sounds terrifying,” she replied.

Athita scanned the content of the article, which was causing an uproar across social media. Some of the comments were so harsh they couldn’t be aired publicly. Others were slightly more restrained but still very aggressive.

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*“Isn’t this what they call two-timing? Bringing a guy up to her condo like that, they probably hooked up for sure. I feel so bad for my poor Flint, getting cheated on by her girlfriend.”*

*“I knew it would be this actress. Last time she was seen having dinner with someone else. Back then, they hadn’t gone public yet. Now, who knows which guy came first?”*

*“Which one’s the side piece and which one’s the boyfriend? Does she think she's so beautiful that she can just pick and choose?”*

*“I’m so disappointed. I used to be a fan. But openly hooking up with a guy like that? I’m out. I feel sorry for her boyfriend.”*

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And with all the other criticisms flying around, Athita couldn’t help but turn pale. It wasn’t quite the same level of panic as last time when she was caught up in a viral scandal, especially now that she knew the woman in the video was actually her twin sister.

Still, it was impossible not to feel uneasy. With the situation blowing up this badly, how was she supposed to push through the crowd of reporters waiting outside?

“From what I saw in the video clip, nothing looked inappropriate,”

The manager said.

“At first glance, it just looked like they were carrying things up to the condo together. But the keyboard warriors are tearing it apart because everyone knows Nong Sun is dating Khun Skylar. It wasn’t a big deal before because Sun hadn’t gone public with anyone. But now that this is the second time something like this has made headlines, it’s hitting a lot harder than last time. And this time there’s a clear video to back it up.”

“I understand,” Athita replied.

She completely agreed with her manager. The video only showed her sister walking into the condo with Phuwin, her close friend, both of them carrying bags.

But from the perspective of the general public—who all assumed the girl in the clip was her—the apparent closeness could easily be misinterpreted, leading people to draw all kinds of conclusions based on what they saw.

“Just now, Khun Skylar called. She’s already parked in front of the set with Nong Fey. Got here so fast, you’d think she flew instead of drove. What a top-tier wife,”

The manager added with a smirk.

“We’re in crisis mode, and you’re still teasing me?” Athita shot back, half amused and half exasperated. “Honestly, it’s not that bad, Nong Sun. The person in the news is actually Nong Jan, not you. It’s a minor issue, and we can handle it. The bigger problem now is how we’re going to sneak you out of here looking graceful,”

The manager said.

“We don’t even know if someone might be hiding near the back exit. If that’s the case, we’re doomed—because I already told Khun Skylar to wait there with the car.”

Before the manager could even finish her thought, the lead actress’s personal phone started to ring from the shoulder bag the manager was carrying. During shoots, all personal belongings were usually handed over to the manager for safekeeping.

“It’s Nong Jan calling,”

She said, pulling the smartphone out and handing it over to its owner.

“Hello, P’Jan.”

“You saw the news, right?”

“Yes, I did. I’m talking to P’Mooham right now—we’re figuring out how to

sneak out of the set. There are reporters swarming the front, and unfortunately, P’Mooham parked the car around that area too.”

“I saw. I’m parked somewhere around the front too. So, there is another exit, right?”

“Yes, P’Mooham said P' Flint and Fey are already waiting in the car at the back exit. Maybe you should head back to the condo first, P’Jan. If any reporters recognize you, you’ll probably get mobbed.”

“I’ll stay here and monitor the situation in case anything comes up and you need help. If so, we’ll drive out together. Take care of yourself.”

“See you soon. Drive safe, okay?”

After hanging up with her twin sister, both Athita and her manager wasted no time. They left the dressing room and quietly made their way toward the back route, aiming to reach the pickup point.

But every move they made was already being watched. Someone, hidden nearby, had been observing them. A phone was raised to their ear, a few words were spoken—and soon after, a group of reporters broke away from the front area and began making their way to the rear exit. It was a route usually only known by insiders.

The chaos that was about to erupt was already having an effect on those watching from another corner—some even found a strange sense of satisfaction in it.

“P’Flint, look! How did the reporters know we were waiting here? And we even used my car to drive here. Won’t Sun be swarmed like crazy?”

Azure, who was sitting in the passenger seat, muttered to her older sister when she saw a group of reporters starting to break away from the front area and rushing toward the spot where she and her sister were waiting in the car.

“Fey, get in the driver’s seat. I’ll go down and meet Sun myself.”

“No way. If you go, you’ll get swarmed just like Sun. But I’m not the target, so they probably won’t mob me. I’ll go instead—Sun is already running this way!”

As she spoke quickly, her eyes caught sight of her friend and the manager hurrying toward the car. Azure quickly opened the car door and then the back door, leaving it open in readiness, while she stepped out in front of the vehicle to shield her friend from the approaching reporters.

But amid the chaos, suddenly a tall figure emerged out of nowhere, pushing through to use her body to help block the reporters as well.

Her assistance seemed more like she was trying to prevent the reporters from getting close to her specifically.

“Thank you for helping,” she said.

“You still have time to thank me? Well, I won’t turn it down. Let’s just say it’s compensation for the time you accidentally drove into my beloved baby and then followed up with excellent post-collision service.”

*What a smartass! That was service from the repair center, not her!*

Azure wanted to say that to the expressionless man, but the situation didn’t allow her much room to argue with the annoyingly attractive photographer.

Because right after her beloved friend and manager had scrambled into the car to narrowly escape being swarmed by the reporters, Azure quickly seized the moment to hop in after them. As the car pulled away, she caught one last glance at the man who stood out among the crowd of reporters still furiously clicking away, even aiming their lenses at the license plate.

And lately, it seemed like the universe had been throwing Puech's pretty face in her path far too often.

“Is everyone okay? Did anyone get hurt?”

“No, I am okay. Luckily, that guy, Puech, showed up just in time to help hold the reporters back. No idea where he popped out from,”

Azure said, still catching her breath.

“There’s a photo studio next door. He’s probably doing a shoot with one of those gorgeous models,”

The plump manager added from the back seat.

“What about you, Sun? Are you alright?”

Skylar asked, her eyes meeting her lover’s through the rearview mirror. Her voice was full of concern—so much so that everyone in the car could feel it.

And of course, the one receiving that concern felt it most of all.

“I’m totally fine. I got into the car just in time. Everyone helped out—thank you so much.”

“Good thing you made it just in time. A few seconds later and you’d definitely have been swarmed. But seriously, how were those reporters so quick to spot us?”

The manager’s muttered remark sparked a quiet suspicion in Skylar's mind. She didn’t want to link everything together, but the coincidence of spotting someone’s movement earlier—while watching everything unfold from the car—made it hard for her to shake off that lingering doubt.

*The thought took hold.*

Skylar unconsciously tightened her grip on the steering wheel, trying to suppress her emotions. If things were really happening the way she suspected, she wasn’t sure she’d be able to hold herself back.

If someone had crossed the line this far, it would be difficult—if not impossible—to look at them the same way again. And there was no way she could just let this go.

It took less than an hour to reach the condo of the person at the center of the controversy. Once everyone settled into their seats, not even two minutes had passed before Azure blurted out:

“I think if things have gotten this far… maybe it’s time for a press conference. Or does anyone think otherwise?” “I agree,” Moo-Ham chimed in.

“Honestly, I was thinking the same thing.”

“And what about everyone else?”

Azure turned first to her older sister, then to her close friend, and finally to her friend’s twin sister—who had been staring at her phone since they arrived. While everyone else shifted around, Sasapin remained focused, replaying the same viral clip over and over.

Her sweet eyes, framed by long lashes, narrowed slightly. Then, in a sudden motion, she looked up and locked eyes with the group. A sharp glint flashed across her gaze, and the next moment, she grabbed her shoulder bag, swung it over her shoulder, and stood up abruptly.

“Where are you going, P’Jan?”

“We do need to hold a press conference, just like you said. But first, I need to take care of something. We can talk about the rest later. I’ll call you, Sun.”

Without giving anyone the chance to ask a single question, Sasapin strode out of the room, leaving everyone bewildered—everyone except Skylar, who showed not even the slightest surprise at her lover’s sister suddenly rushing off.

Throughout the time Sasapin had been watching the video clip with that thoughtful expression, Skylar hadn’t missed a single detail.

It seemed that whatever shady business was going on wouldn’t be able to escape Sasapin’s growing suspicion. And if it was serious enough, it wouldn’t even make it to Skylar's hands—Sasapin would handle it herself long before then.

Because, knowing Sasapin’s personality…

There was no way she’d let anyone mess with her twin sister so easily. Skylar still remembered the stinging slap the woman had left on her cheek all too well.

And as expected, things unfolded just as Skylar had predicted. Not long after Sasapin left, she drove straight to her own condominium and headed immediately to the condo management office.

She stated her purpose in just a few clear sentences, and soon after, the surveillance footage—focused on a specific angle she had mentally predicted—was pulled up by the staff to match the date and time of the viral video that had been circulated.

After spending several minutes reviewing the footage and comparing it with the angle and movements shown in the viral clip, Sasapin was convinced. That was all the evidence she needed to come here and get to the bottom of it.

And within seconds, her earlier suspicions were confirmed—right there in front of her eyes, as well as the property manager who sat beside her, blinking at the screen.

“Since it’s clearly a hidden recording, this really shouldn’t be happening in a condo of this standard, should it? I believe you already understand how important this footage is to me. If I need a copy of this video, you can make that happen, can’t you?”

“Of course, Miss Sasapin. We’ll get it for you right away. Please give us a moment.”

There was no way he was going to risk the condo’s reputation—not to mention, it was his duty to monitor and ensure the safety of the property. And when it came to a VIP resident who owned the entire penthouse floor of the condominium—who would dare refuse her?

There may have been lingering doubts about how much this woman resembled a famous actress, almost identically so, but her name didn’t match the star’s, which meant nothing could be confirmed. Still, suspicions were all the property manager could afford to have—he didn’t dare cross any lines.

And now that she had the crucial piece of evidence in hand, it was time for her dear friend, Phuwin, to step in and help. Sasapin raised her phone and placed a call.

“Win, I need your help.”

“What is it this time, See? What do you need?”

“I need to track a woman’s movements. Can you take care of that? Make it fast—the sooner the better.”

After ending the call, Sasapin quickly typed out the details of the person in question and sent them directly to her friend’s phone.

Power and money are always influential forces. And just two hours later, Sasapin was already parked in front of a restaurant, lying in wait. Her eyes locked onto a specific car in the parking lot—everything matched the information she’d been given: the color, make, and license plate. That brought a slight smirk to her lips.

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She reached out with her elegant fingers and pressed a button to play some music inside her car, setting the mood while she waited.

It didn’t even take fifteen minutes before a tall, slim woman walked directly to the car in question.

But Sasapin wasn’t in a rush. She let the woman get inside and waited until the vehicle began to pull out of the parking space. Then, with perfect timing, she slammed her foot on the gas and sent her striking red Porsche 911 zipping forward to cut off the other car, stopping directly in front of it.

“What the hell?! Who drives like that? So rude!”

Mahyah cursed angrily and honked her horn at the car that had suddenly pulled in and blocked her way, showing no manners at all. But it seemed like the driver was either deaf or just didn’t care—the honking was loud, but the car didn’t move an inch.

She sat there, annoyed for a moment, glancing around to look for a staff member who should’ve been nearby in the parking lot—but there was no one in sight.

Her job forced her to stay calm, so Mahyah took a deep breath and quickly fixed her expression before rolling down her window, ready to talk to the driver of the other car.

Just then, the other driver rolled down their window too, revealing the pretty face of a younger actress, who gave her a slight smirk. Her small face was partly hidden behind big brown sunglasses—which made no sense, considering it was almost 8 p.m. and already dark. Mahyah had no idea why she was even wearing them.

But that wasn’t her problem. Whether the encounter was a coincidence or planned, Mahyah didn’t feel even a bit worried about facing this younger actress.

Because a sweet, gentle-looking girl like Athita didn’t seem like someone who could cause her any trouble—not even a little.

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# Chapter 24

Because of her pride and arrogance, the things she did behind the younger actress’s back, didn’t really help her fake a friendly face. Mahyah still acted the same—dignified and full of pride. She didn’t bother to say hello first, thinking,

*“I’m older anyway, so she should be the one to greet me.”*

But things didn’t go the way she expected. Not only did the younger actress not greet her, she also seemed to have left her manners at home—especially when it came to basic road courtesy. Instead of backing up her car to let Mahyah drive out, the woman just left her flashy Porsche 911 blocking the way like she didn’t care at all.

To make it worse, the younger actress opened her car door, lifted her chin proudly, walked right over to Mahyah’s car, and took off her sunglasses to look her straight in the eye.

Just that one cold, sharp look was enough to wipe the smirk off Mahyah’s face. She was used to seeing this girl act polite and sweet around elders, but now that her true colors were showing, Mahyah didn’t feel like pretending to be nice anymore either.

“You parked in someone’s way. That wastes people’s time, you know. Anyone seeing this might think you bought your driver’s license.”

No politeness. No sweet, respectful words like when they were around others. The other woman’s arrogant attitude made it clear—there was no need to fake niceness with someone she saw as a rival.

“I just wanted to stop by and say hi to a colleague. Today’s news is quite juicy, huh?”

“Oh, the news.”

Mahya let out a short, sarcastic laugh. Even though the younger actress acted like she already knew everything, Mahyah wasn’t worried at all.

“Too bad. Stories about cheating—most people don’t take them well. So, how’s my ex-girlfriend doing?”

“You seem very concerned about your ex’s new love life.”

“Well, we used to be something. It’s only natural, you know?”

Mahyah smiled, clearly trying to provoke her.

“We had our sweet times together. Hearing this kind of news, I can’t help but worry a little. I just hope you’re not the reason—"

“I’m not bothered by that at all,”

The younger actress cut in smoothly.

“And honestly, when it comes to men and relationships, I don’t think we need anyone else to come around acting all concerned. Usually, people who sleep together don’t waste time talking things out—they just get on with it.”

Mahyah’s fist clenched tight without her realizing, and her eyes turned cold. She had only ever seen the girl acting polite and respectful, so this blunt, ruthless side caught her off guard.

“Don’t get too full of yourself, Athita. This kind of thing stinks. People always get what’s coming to them. You’ve seen it yourself. So if you’re done, move your car. You’re wasting my time.”

“Relax,” Athita replied calmly.

“From the way you’re talking, it sounds like you really understand karma. If you know it that well, then you should also know—when a private story like that gets leaked on purpose, the one who did it should be ready to face the consequences too, don’t you think?”

The playfulness disappeared from her face. Her tone was now serious.

Mahyah narrowed her eyes and stared right back at her. Neither woman backed down. The younger one had clearly crossed a line now.

“If you’ve got something to say, just say it.”

“A smart woman like you... I’m sure you already know what I mean.”

“You know… once something’s lost, it’s hard to get it back—especially when it’s someone’s reputation. For artists and celebrities, that kind of thing is worth even more than it is for regular people. Don’t you think?”

“What do you want, Athita?”

Mahyah asked, her voice sharp.

“A reminder.”

Sasapin replied instantly, calm but firm. That’s exactly why she came today —not to start drama.

“Or maybe consider it a warning. Because when someone acts recklessly, trying to hurt others just for satisfaction… the damage they cause can be bigger than they think—especially if they realize it too late.”

“Don’t act like you’re so smart, Athita. Keep your silly little warning to yourself. Even if you do know who leaked that video, what can you even do? The woman in the clip—the one going up to a condo with a guy, just the two of them—that was you. The proof is right there. Clear as day.”

Mahyah stared at the younger woman like she wanted to cut her down with just her eyes. Athita was over ten years younger. Honestly, they weren’t even in the same league. She had no business acting all tough in front of her. And now she dared to lecture her?

“Consider this my warning to you,”

Sasapin said, cool and steady.

She left it at that, turned around, and walked back to her car. Her eyes were firm, a little hard, as she drove off.

A time bomb had just been triggered for someone.

Because when her warning was tossed aside like it meant nothing, the price that woman would have to pay… it would be just as high as the reputation her twin sister had lost.

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Late morning the next day, the large conference room of Skylar Import Supercar Co., Ltd. was chosen as the venue for today’s press conference. And the one taking full responsibility for organizing everything—officially supporting the event—was none other than the company’s CEO, Skylar, who also happened to be the famous actress’s partner.

News of the press conference had been sent out to the media the night before. So by now, the spacious room—big enough to hold hundreds—was packed with reporters, all eager to get in on the drama.

“Even for just a press conference… how come my girlfriend still looks *this* beautiful?”

“Are you trying to cheer me up, P'Flint?”

“Of course I am.”

Skylar reached out to gently tuck a loose strand of hair behind her girlfriend’s ear. Even though today she’d chosen a modest, semi-formal outfit—a white blazer set with a skirt just above the knee—she still looked just as sweet and lovely as always.

Her youthful face was done up with soft, natural makeup, in contrast to her older twin sister, who usually leaned toward a bolder, edgier style. The twins had dressed in similar styles today, the main difference being color— her sister was wearing a striking red outfit.

“It’s time now. I have to go into the interview room,”

Athita said, turning to speak to everyone gathered in the lounge next to the main conference room.

Then she followed the personal manager out of the room, with Skylar walking behind them. That left just Azure, Phuwin, and Sasapin still waiting quietly inside, watching the live stream from the tablet screen in front of them.

As Athita stepped into the interview room, her slim figure settled into the chair prepared for her…

In front of her were dozens of microphones, along with voice recorders neatly arranged on the table. The chair beside her remained empty, as it was not yet time for the person in question to step into the room.

“First of all, I’d like to greet all the members of the press here today, and also... say hello to everyone watching this press conference live,”

Athita politely greeted the media and the audience at home. Her sweet gaze scanned the room, delivering the statement with a bright smile.

“As everyone already knows, the reason for today’s press conference is due to the video clip that has recently caught everyone’s attention.”

At that moment, there was no tension or stress reflected in the eyes of those watching — nothing like what one might expect. Understandably, no one truly knew the real reason behind it all better than she and the loved ones close to her.

“Because the video clip that was released, along with the news that previously stirred public interest, may have caused some confusion and speculation, today I’d like to clarify everything for everyone. First of all, the headline that claims I secretly went to a condo with Mr. Phuwin while I was supposedly in a relationship with Ms. Skylar is not true.”

After delivering that sentence, Athita paused deliberately to observe everyone’s reaction in the room. A collective silence fell — perhaps because everyone was focused and waiting to hear her further explanation.

“The truth is, Mr. Phuwin is a close friend of my older sister. And the woman everyone saw in the video clip is actually my sister. Today, she has come with me to attend this press conference. Please welcome my sister, Jan, to join us inside.”

As soon as she finished introducing her sister, a loud stir of excitement swept through the room. This was caused by the entrance of a woman whose face looked nearly identical to the famous actress — an appearance that went far beyond what anyone had expected.

Surely, no one had anticipated that such an incident would occur.

Sasapin lowered herself into the empty seat beside her twin sister. She then raised her hands in a respectful Thai wai gesture, before resting them gracefully on the table. Her face, naturally sweet, was enhanced with a touch of bold elegance, reflecting her confident personality.

Her gaze was focused forward, accompanied by a charming smile intended for everyone in the room—maintaining her composure despite the blinding flashes and the presence of a large crowd.

She acted as if the situation before her was completely normal, adapting seamlessly as though she were a professional actress.

And in their unique similarities and differences, the twin sisters were now presenting this concept for everyone to see.

“Hello everyone. First of all, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sasapin, but you can call me Jan. I believe many of you here are probably wondering why I look so much like everyone's beloved actress. Well, that’s because I am Sun’s twin sister.”

As soon as she finished speaking, another wave of astonishment rippled through the room. Sasapin deliberately paused to let the noise settle before continuing.

“The reason no one has known about me until now is because the two of us didn’t grow up together. Sun was raised by our father here in Thailand, while I lived in New York with our mother and was raised there. From today onward, I will be living permanently in Thailand. So, just to prevent any misunderstandings, if you happen to come across a woman who looks exactly like Sun, it might actually be me. In that case, you’ll have to pay close attention to figure out who is who. As for other matters, I hope you’ll understand that I prefer not to go into further detail.”

Sasapin smiled calmly all around without waiting for reporters to interject questions. A long, unscripted speech flowed out smoothly once again.

"The issue about the appearance has already concluded. So from now on, I’d like to move on to the main points I want to clarify today. Whether it's the video clip or the headlines that previously circulated and became a hot topic, I want to confirm that the woman in the video is me. And the man in the clip is Mr. Phuwin, who is just a close friend—just a friend, really. I have to emphasize this a bit because I'm afraid people might misunderstand and that no one would dare approach me—because I'm still single."

As she finished her slightly playful statement, laughter erupted throughout the interview room. The atmosphere had become more relaxed, and the beautiful woman—whose face resembled a famous actress to a remarkable degree—was so cheerful and radiant that many people couldn’t help but be charmed by her.

"So in conclusion, everyone now knows the truth. The rumor that my twin sister was two-timing isn’t true. I’d like to kindly ask the journalists here to help correct that story, as I'm afraid my twin sister might get upset. But before wrapping up today’s press conference, there’s still one more thing that’s been weighing on my mind."

Her words caused Athita, who was sitting next to her, to glance over curiously. This part hadn’t been planned or discussed beforehand. Still, Athita chose to remain quietly seated, waiting to hear the next explanation.

"Of course, the leaked images have caused significant damage to my sister. And those criticisms—those words—shouldn’t be coming from people who know nothing about the situation. It wouldn’t be such a big deal if the damage wasn’t intentional. If it had just been a candid moment captured by someone admiring their favorite celebrity, that would’ve been one thing. But the intent behind the release of these images was far from goodnatured. That’s why I cannot simply let this go."

Sasapin’s expression changed, all traces of playfulness vanishing. She picked up the smartphone lying beside her and swiftly swiped across the screen a few times with her fingertip. Then, she lifted her head to refocus her gaze straight ahead.

"I obtained this piece of evidence from the condominium's legal entity where I reside, and it reveals that the leaked images came from the actions of a certain individual. The footage clearly shows an intent to damage my sister’s reputation.

Therefore, this video clip in my possession will now be shared across social media for everyone to see. After that, I ask that you all consider the actions of the person responsible. That will be all for today’s press conference. Thank you very much to everyone who made the effort to attend, and to those watching the live stream from home—thank you."

With just those final words, her finger tapped the share link on her smartphone. And within moments, that crucial piece of evidence spread rapidly across various social media platforms.

She wasn’t a cruel person—but if someone came at her with malice, she knew how to respond in kind. This would be a costly lesson for anyone who sought to harm others without considering the consequences. Mahyah was about to learn that the hard way.

Once the video clip was released, it stirred a commotion among everyone in the interview room—and undoubtedly reached the person watching the live stream from her own condo as well.

Mahya’s hands broke into a sweat from shock. The footage of her lifting her phone to secretly capture the man and woman together was now being shared all over the internet. What had stemmed from jealousy and a moment of vindictive satisfaction had now come back to shatter her own reputation into pieces.

She never expected the situation to turn so completely against her. She hadn’t imagined that her romantic rival would have a twin. And she certainly hadn’t expected that the threat from a woman ten years her junior would become a spear aimed straight at her, piercing her back with deadly precision.

It was a monumental mistake—a true flaw that stemmed entirely from her own arrogance. Her excessive pride and overconfidence had blinded her to the weak spots that others could exploit and turn against her.

It was such a simple thing, something Mahya could’ve easily thought through herself. And yet, she slipped up so badly that she was left carrying the weight of her defeat in full.

Yes—she was utterly defeated, not because of anyone else, but solely because of her own pride.

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# Chapter 25

After the press conference ended, everyone gathered again in the lounge.

Phuwin, Mooham, Azure, Skylar, and the twin sisters were all there—each with different feelings. The older twin, Sasapin, remained calm about her big reveal. But her younger twin, Athita, clearly looked worried.

Even though Athita didn’t blame her sister for what she did, she just hadn’t expected her to strike back at that woman in *that* way—a way no one else in the room had seen coming.

And by “no one,” that probably didn’t include Phuwin, who seemed like he knew all about it from the start. His calm and casual attitude made it obvious—he was in on it. "Did we go too far, P’Jan?"

Athita asked quietly.

"I didn’t go too far. And there’s no such thing as 'too far' in this case, Sun," Sasapin replied.

"If you think that woman trying to ruin someone’s reputation was just some silly act, then fine, don’t worry about it. But if not, then just accept it—she got what she deserved. She threw the first stone. Now she knows what it feels like when it comes flying back and hits her in the eye. When someone hurts others just for fun, it usually ends like this."

"I get it, P’Jan. I just…"

"You just feel sorry for someone who tried to destroy your name,"

Sasapin cut her off, crossing her arms and sighing deeply.

"Once your name is ruined, it’s really hard to fix. How much damage do you think would’ve been done if we had no way to defend ourselves? I didn’t do this just for revenge like she did. I even went out of my way to talk to Mahyah before making my move. But she refused to back down. So now, she just has to live with the consequences. That’s all there is to it."

The final, firm words—backed by solid reasoning—left everyone in the room completely silent. Sasapin didn’t feel any regret about what she had done. Everything had been carefully thought through. That’s just how she was. If she hated someone, she really hated them. No going back. Her actions proved that.

It wasn’t wrong for Mahyah to still have feelings for her ex. But what she shouldn’t have done was try to hurt someone else just to make herself feel better. That’s not right. And she also needed to remember that going after someone who has a brain and knows how to fight back isn't so easy. If you throw the first punch, don’t be surprised when it comes back harder—like today.

“So I think we can finally put this behind us now,”

Sasapin turned to her sister.

“From now on, when we go out, no one will get the wrong idea anymore.” She looked at the others in the room.

“Thank you, everyone, for today—especially you, Khun Skylar. Thank you for standing by my sister.”

“It’s the least I could do,”

Skylar gave a gentle smile to her lover’s older sister. She truly understood Sasapin’s actions—deeply.

“Well then, I’ll be heading off now, Sun. Don’t overthink everything, okay?”

Sasapin pulled her little sister into a hug. She knew exactly how Athita felt. That’s just how her sister was—gentle and kind. A person like that deserved kindness from others, not cruelty like what Mahyah gave her.

Athita had never really hurt anyone. She didn’t deserve that.

“You’ve got a soft heart, Sun—I know. But in some situations, we don’t have to let people walk all over us. As long as I’m still by your side, I won’t let anyone hurt you.”

“I love you, P’Jan,”

Athita said, eyes brimming with tears. She hugged her sister tighter, feeling safe and warm just by having her near.

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Sasapin let go of her younger sister and turned to say goodbye to everyone. Since it was about time for everyone to leave, they slowly started heading out to go back to their own responsibilities.

Skylar, however, chose to walk back into her office with her partner, since she still had some paperwork to sign. But instead of going to sit at her desk, she gently pulled her partner toward the sofa in the room.

For a moment, silence filled the space between them. Athita understood how her partner felt and wasn’t upset at all, even if she was affected by the unexpected situation.

Originally, everyone thought today was just a normal press conference. But then her sister threw in a big surprise without telling anyone beforehand. So maybe… it made sense if Skylar still felt a little concerned about her ex — at least as someone she once dated.

Even if that were true, Athita didn’t feel upset or jealous about it at all.

“Are you okay, P'Flint?”

“Why are you asking me that?”

“I just… worry about how you feel. Because at the end of the day, you and Mahyah used to…”

“Can you come sit on my lap? I want to hold you.”

Skylar asked gently — but didn’t wait for an answer. With just a small movement, she easily lifted the light, delicate body of her partner and placed her on her lap.

Athita didn’t resist at all. In moments like this, sometimes a warm hug from the person you love is exactly what both people need.

“Let’s sit and talk like this. It’s easier to look into each other’s eyes.”

Her gentle voice warmed the listener's heart, and the way she looked into her partner’s eyes said everything—open, sincere, with nothing to hide.

From what had happened earlier, it wasn’t that she felt nothing. But Sasapin’s reasons made it clear—everyone had no choice but to accept her actions without argument.

Skylar couldn’t deny that the emotional bond she still had with her ex, as someone who once meant something to her, made it impossible for her to hurt Mahyah. So the best choice she could make… was to step back and let Sasapin take on her role as the older sister fully, without interfering.

Sasapin did the right thing. She had every right to protect her younger sister.

What Mahyah did was a little too much—crossing the line. Because if Skylar had been the one who had to shut her ex down with her own hands, she knew it would’ve been incredibly hard.

Mahyah was part of her past. But she never saw her as an enemy. Still… the person sitting in her lap right now—this was someone she loved.

She was Skylar's future. Her heart. Her breath. And if Sasapin hadn’t stepped in to protect her sister, maybe Skylar would have had no choice but to become the “bad guy” in Mahyah’s story—just to shield this precious heart in her arms.

And truthfully, Skylar never wanted things to reach that kind of breaking point.

“I’ll admit, as a friend, a small part of me still feels sorry for Mahyah. But in the end, we have to face the truth—everything that happened came from her own actions. Sun… you’re the woman I love. There's no way I could just sit back and feel nothing when someone’s out there trying to hurt you. Everyone has to face the consequences of what they do—that’s how we learn. Even me… I’ve hurt you so many times before, I can’t even count. And to this day, I still carry the guilt inside me. Because those consequences… were from my own choices.”

“But I’ve never been angry at you, P’Flint.”

“And that’s exactly why… because this woman is Sun. That’s why I am so lucky. Because if it had been any other woman instead of Sun, things wouldn’t have turned out like this. There wouldn’t be any woman as sweet and kind as my wife, right?”

Skylar tightened the embrace around her slender waist, gently pressing her forehead against her lover’s smooth one. Their warm breaths mingled into one. A longing that had taken root in their hearts brought their noses closer, nuzzling tenderly. Then their lips followed, moving toward each other to savor the sweet taste of love — a flavor they never grew tired of.

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Love surrounded them like a warm blanket, and Athita was ready to embrace it with gratitude. All along, she had always told herself that if she ever got to have this love, she would cherish it and take care of it with all her heart.

And to this day, her small heart has never once forgotten her grand purpose.

As for Mahyah, though she felt great sympathy for the other woman, in the end, she still believed that the veteran actress’s years of experience in the entertainment industry would help her get through this difficult time with ease.

Athita deeply understood that life in the entertainment world is like a double-edged sword — it can bring immense benefits, but at the same time, even the slightest mistake can turn back and hurt you.

Over the years, her time in the industry had taught her many lessons. And now, those lessons were clearly reflected in the outcomes she was witnessing, making her understand how to live her life with caution and mindfulness.

Just a few days later, the buzz on social media began to die down. Mahyah's life had many options, and since she hadn’t tied herself solely to the entertainment industry, news of her withdrawal from the drama she had previously signed on to began circulating and became a topic of conversation for the public.

Mahyah chose to quietly book a flight back to the U.S. Not only did she view it as a chance to rest, but she also wanted to spend time with her family — to make up for the time she had once sacrificed for her career in the industry.

After more than ten years of living in the spotlight, she could honestly say that she had long reached a point of fulfillment. Mahyah wasn't troubled. She never saw herself as someone who had to cling to that path forever.

Her career as an actress over the past decade hadn’t been paved with rose petals. She had weathered countless media storms and scandals. That’s why this recent drama hadn’t shaken her much — it hadn’t really affected her life or her mental state.

But this time, the lesson might have made her reflect on herself a little more. Perhaps she had begun to acknowledge some of her flaws. Still, Mahyah was Mahyah — she remained the kind of person who wouldn’t back down easily.

As for her past love, she no longer felt any emotional debt. In the past, when she found herself constantly thinking about it, perhaps deep down she still felt guilty for what she had once done. She had always thought she needed to be the one to apologize and ask for forgiveness. But when the truth came to light — that she had never truly been in that person’s heart — the lingering feelings seemed to dissolve.

Skylar was no longer the woman worthy of her heart.

And even though there was no lingering attachment left now, she still couldn’t bring herself to feel happy for the other woman’s love life. She was still the same — unwavering, proud, and never willing to open her heart easily.

Willing to lower herself to just being friends with an ex-lover.

If they couldn’t love each other, then it was better to become complete strangers than to linger in a bond that no longer made sense. The emotional fracture had already happened — there was no mending it.

Her life had so many other paths, so many choices. She wasn’t fixated on a woman named Skylar. That person was never her only goal. And once she realized that what she had reached for could never be hers again, she simply chose a new direction.

A path that would belong to her — completely, body and soul.

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# Chapter : The End

Months passed, and everything changed with time. Having the chance to live together felt like the beginning of a real relationship.

Every happy and sad moment, every smile and every tear—they were like tests of love, and also the force that made their hearts stronger together.

As they held hands and faced everything side by side, their feelings grew deeper and more solid with each passing day.

When their love reached a point where everything felt complete, Athita started thinking about taking fewer jobs in the entertainment world. She wanted to spend more time with the one she loved.

It wasn’t that she was tired of being in the spotlight, but acting had never been her true dream from the beginning. So slowly stepping away from something that wasn’t really “her” didn’t feel sudden or strange.

Athita had been thinking about this for a long time. She knew that part of who she had become was because of the silent love she had always carried for someone.

But now, her happiness and dreams that once felt far away had finally come into her arms. Everything seemed to fall into place at the right time.

And that led her to a turning point—where she was ready to move forward in life with someone by her side.

Soft morning sunlight slipped through the curtains into the bedroom, making the two sleeping bodies under the thick blanket start to stir.

Though her eyes were still closed, the touch of a hand resting on her flat belly began to gently move, sending a warm shiver through her body—until the one being teased couldn’t help but wake up...

The beautiful eyes that had been peacefully closed slowly began to open. Athita looked up at her partner, who was leaning in with loving eyes. Her face turned red as she thought about the passionate moment they had shared just a few hours ago.

But it seemed like her partner was already in the mood to stir things up again, making her heart race all over.

"Why are you being so playful this early in the morning?"

Her soft, slightly husky voice brought a smile to her lips. She looked at her with such admiration—she was beautiful, even just waking up. Her glowing skin was as soft and fresh as a baby’s, and Skylar couldn’t take her eyes off her.

"Because my wife is so beautiful. That’s why I can never resist."

The way she looked at her—like she was about to devour her—made her feel a warm flush rise again. And when her hand started sliding down, almost reaching her sensitive spot, Athita had to quickly grab her hand to stop her.

“Mmm… P’Flint…”

“Just a little bit, okay?”

Skylar whispered in a low, pleading tone, her face full of desire. And with that look, Athita found herself too weak to say no.

Athita was starting to get used to waking up with morning sex as a way to begin the day with her partner. Since it was a day off today, she didn’t want to say no, especially after having had a packed filming schedule for the past few days.

Skylar shifted and leaned her body half over hers, their skin touching closely. The warmth between them was quickly sparking desire.

She leaned down and kissed her deeply. Every kiss and touch from her easily made Athita feel weak and sensitive. Her body reacted naturally when her hand slowly moved lower, exploring her gently.

Her warm lips kissed along her shoulder and neck, then moved playfully to her chest. Her mouth and tongue teased her until she could feel the heat rising inside her.

“Have your breasts gotten bigger?”

Skylar asked in a dreamy voice, still lost in her curves that she seemed more obsessed with each day.

“Ah!”

Athita let out a soft sound when she gently bit and sucked on her.

It hurt a little, but it also felt strangely good—just enough to make her feel more excited. Her body leaned into her without thinking, her hands running through her soft hair as she stayed focused on her.

Her passionate touches and soft scent felt like she was casting a spell on her. Athita was breathing harder when she started moving lower, kissing down her stomach and stopping right in front of her most sensitive area.

“P’Flint… wait, I…”

“I want to taste you. Please, let me?”

Even though it was early in the morning and she might’ve felt unsure, she clearly didn’t realize how clean and fresh she already was. Just looking at her up close like this was enough to drive her nearly crazy with desire.

Her throat felt dry, craving her taste so badly she couldn’t wait any longer. Rafah didn’t waste even a second. The way she looked and smelled—soft, warm, and sweet—pulled her in completely.

Her warm tongue slowly explored her, savoring every part of her with intensity. Athita could barely hear anything around her, overwhelmed by the way she moved with such skill. She couldn’t hold back the soft, breathy sounds escaping her lips.

Her most sensitive spot was being gently teased, not just by her tongue but also by her fingers, which moved in smooth circles through her growing warmth.

The intensity made her toes curl, her body responding naturally, hips pressing toward her touch. Her cheeks flushed deep red from the overwhelming sensations.

“P’Flint… please… I can’t take it anymore,”

She said, her voice soft and shaky.

Her plea only seemed to stir even more desire in her, like she was a volcano on the verge of erupting. Slowly, her fingers slipped inside her, meeting her warmth, while her body twisted from the wave of emotions flooding through her.

As she reached her peak, Skylar moved in rhythm, helping her soar toward complete bliss.

A long, breathy moan escaped from Athita as her body trembled, her inner muscles tightening around Skylar's fingers. Skylar smiled with satisfaction.

“Why are you breathing so hard? Are you tired?”

She asked with a gentle smile.

Skylar moved up beside her, wrapping her arms protectively around Athita’s still-shaking body. Her fingers gently brushed through Athita’s soft hair before pulling back to look into her eyes with a tender, loving gaze.

Athita didn’t want to feel shy, but every time Skylar looked at her like that, it was like falling in love with her all over again.

“Can I ask you something?”

Athita said softly.

“What is it?”

Skylar raised an eyebrow, surprised. It wasn’t often that Athita asked for anything.

“Can you promise me… not to look at any other woman the way you look at me?”

Skylar almost laughed out loud, but instead, she lifted her hand to caress Athita’s cheek lovingly.

“These eyes? They’ve only ever been for you, and they always will be. After all this time, do you still not realize how much I love you?”

“And what if… one day I see you looking at someone else like that?”

“That day will never come, my love. You’re the only one for me. I don’t want anyone else. I just want us—to keep loving each other for as long as we can.”

She pressed a soft kiss to Athita’s lips, gentle and sweet, not wanting to go any further.

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Since they still hadn’t had breakfast, the two of them got up, showered, got dressed, and finally sat down for a late breakfast, made from simple ingredients they always kept stocked in the fridge.

After breakfast, the living room became their little cozy retreat. Since it was their day off and neither of them had plans to go anywhere, they decided to spend the time just enjoying each other's company, doing small things together without worrying about the noise and rush of the outside world.

Every now and then, Skylar would glance at Athita’s smooth, glowing face, as if waiting for just the right moment. Eventually, she found her chance to quietly slip into the bedroom. When she came back out, she saw her partner standing with her back turned, talking on the phone with her older sister.

The light that morning was soft, not too bright, which made Athita’s clear, fair skin almost glow under the gentle sunlight. The image was so beautiful, Skylar couldn’t take her eyes off her.

Athita was wearing an oversized white shirt that reached her upper thighs, making her look delicate, gentle, and effortlessly alluring.

As soon as Athita hung up the phone, Skylar walked over and gently wrapped her arms around her from behind, resting her chin on Athita’s shoulder.

Together, they looked out at the quiet view in front of them—Skylar's gaze fixed not just on the scenery, but on the woman beside her. The only one she could imagine a future with.

“Sun,” Skylar said softly.

“Yes?” Athita replied.

“Do you think we’ve been together long enough? Long enough for you to start thinking about a future with me?”

Her sweet, tender voice brought a warm smile to Athita’s lips.

Instead of answering right away, Athita turned around to face her. Because Skylar was taller, she had to tilt her head up to meet her eyes.

She looked up and met her gaze. Whenever they stood next to each other, her head always reached just below her chin. This difference was one of the things that made Athita feel like she wanted to be protected by her all along.

“Why would you ask me something like that, P’Flint? I love you. I’ve always loved you—past, present, and even in the future. My heart has never changed. So in the future, I still want you to be in it.”

Upon hearing such sweet words that affirmed everything she ever needed to know, her eyes—locked onto hers, filled with love—sparkled with overflowing joy.

Throughout all this time, Athita had been her comfort. Over the many months they’d gotten to know each other as lovers, so many things had proven to her that she wasn’t just someone she loved—she was everything to her.

She was every breath, every dream. She was the only woman Skylar was certain she wanted by her side through every moment of her life.

When love grew so full it overflowed, she could no longer hold back. Skylar gently stepped back from her and slowly knelt down on one knee, pulling a pristine white velvet box from her pants pocket.

She looked up at the woman she loved, while Athita stood there with tears welling in her eyes, staring at the elegant diamond ring she held with overwhelming emotion.

“I had this ring custom-made while waiting for this very day. I can’t let time slip by any longer, my love. I want to wake up every morning with you by my side as my life partner. I want every night on our bed to have you in my arms. I want every future moment to have you in it. Will you marry me?”

No words escaped her soft lips right away. Her throat tightened, leaving her speechless. Her heart was filled with indescribable happiness—she had never dreamed she’d receive something so precious from the person she loved and admired with all her heart.

“I love you, P’Flint. And I will marry you.”

Athita smiled through her tears, then slowly reached out her left hand so the woman who had waited for her answer could gently slip the ring onto her finger.

Skylar kissed the back of her hand, then stood tall once more. She cupped her face in her hands and gently wiped away her tears of joy with her fingertips.

Skylar placed a gentle kiss on the back of her beloved’s hand before rising to her full height. She reached out and cradled her smooth, delicate face, softly brushing away the tears of emotion that had gathered on her cheeks with the tips of her fingers.

“I love you so much, Sun. More than anything. Stay by my side. Let’s be together like this… for as long as I still draw breath.”

For no one can ever truly know how long forever will last. In this lifetime, she wished only for their love to endure until the very last moment of breath.

No one can predict how long the journey of life together will be or where it might end. No love in the world is filled with only light and joy without facing obstacles.

Along the way, there may be thorns that cut, heavy fogs that blur the path, or storms that rage and batter them.

But as long as they hold tightly to each other’s hands, nothing will ever be able to tear them apart.

Skylar leaned in close, gently pressing a tender kiss on her soft, rosy lips— pouring every ounce of her affection into that moment.

Through that kiss, she conveyed all her love, all her care, and all the warmth she carried for the woman who had become her very breath.

*The woman who was like the one and only sun shining brightly in her heart —always had been, and always would be—as long as the sky continued to hold the sun.*

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