

# Chapter 01

The winter morning sunlight streamed through the thin fog, and the chilly wind gently swept through the narrow streets of the big city, bringing a bone chilling cold that brushed against the skin of passersby. But amidst the freezing air stood a small flower shop that always felt warm and lively.

The sweet fragrance of various flowers wafted out from the store, mix with the chime of a mobile hanging by the door. Every time a customer opened the door, that sound would ring out, like a friendly greeting.

Inside the shop was Fan Jam, the young owner with a bright smile. The young florist was busy arranging flower bouquets for customers. She introduced each flower with a soft voice and deep knowledge, like a master perfumer.

“This red rose symbolizes deep love, perfect for giving to someone special on an important occasion.”

She said while handing a bright red bouquet to a smiling young woman at the counter.

While Fan Jam was busy calculating the bill for the customers, another young man walked into the shop. He went straight to a flower vase in one corner of the store, looking not just at the flowers but also gazing at the shop owner.

“These flowers are really beautiful.”

He said with a sweet smile at the florist.

“This vase has various types of flowers. There are roses, lilies, hydrangeas, and other flowers. Each one has its own meaning and unique symbolism.”

"They are different." She said.

She loved telling stories about flowers, always trying to find the perfect beauty that suits for her customers.

“That's really interesting.”

The young man replied, moving a little closer.

“And as a flower expert, could you recommend some flowers that are suitable for a beautiful woman?”

The young man then looked at the florist, hinting at his intent. “I’m trying to impress someone….”

The florist blinked in surprise but still keep smiling.

“Well then... maybe a sunflower would be a good choice. It looks bright and cheerful!”

"It's really bright, isn’t it?"

“Or maybe this pure white lily represents pure and sincere love, suitable for giving to someone you love.”

Fan Jam picked up the bouquet of lilies to show off to customer. As she had taken great care in growing these lilies.

“But I think you’re more suitable for sunflower...”

The young man reaching out and pick up the sunflower. “I wonder if the shop owner would let me flirt a bit?”

The hopeful gaze of the young male customer was fixed on her, as if he was waiting for an answer.

“I’m really sorry... but please don’t, dear customer.”

She refused with hesitation. However, she really couldn’t accept his request. “That’s pretty cruel, isn’t it?”

The young man smiled at her. He accepted the way things were. Since the girl wasn’t interested, why pressure her for an answer?

“But it's okay, I understand.” “Thank you.”

“Then I’ll take this sunflower, please.”

The young customer said and asked the florist to ring it up and pay before leaving the store.

Once the last customer stepped out the door, the sound of the little bell signaled for Lubpad and Veena to finally let loose and playfulness that they had been holding back all day. The two girls walked over to the friend, who was arranging the flower bouquet on the table, with big smiles on their faces.

“Hey Phi Fan,”

Lubpad called out sweetly, before playfully pretending to sound sad.

"That's why Phi Fan is like this. No one’s ever been able to hit on you. How could you rejecting a handsome customer?"

She said while acting regretful. Veena immediately add,

"Exactly! You're closing your heart too much. Everyone’s interested in you! You're so cute and super nice! All guys in lining are crying."

She winked at her friend playfully.

Fan Jam looked up from her bouquet, her gaze warm as she looked at the younger staff members, then gently shook her head.

"It’s nice just the way it is. No need to drag anyone else into the mess."

She sighed softly, putting the bouquet down on the table and walk over to sip her coffee.

"I don’t want love to complicate my life." Lubpad make a gesture of disapproval.

"What do you mean by ‘mess,’ Fan Jam? Whoever becomes your boyfriend is so lucky. You take such good care of flowers. If you have someone who loves you, you'll definitely take a hundred times better to take care of them."

She shrugged cutely.

Veena nodded in agreement.

"That’s right, Phi Fan. You don't have to be afraid of love. Sure, it might make your heart race a bit, but it also makes life more colorful."

She smiled widely at Fan Jam in encouraging.

Fan Jam smiled faintly, staring at the coffee in her hand. "Sometimes I am afraid. Afraid that I'll disappointed again,"

She said softly. Before, she had been in a relationship, but that guy cheated on her with someone else... That's why she ended up opening a twenty-four- hour flower shop.

For her, flowers heal everything. The smell of fragrant flowers helps to relieve a lot her sadness.

Lubpad gently held her hand and said,

“Don’t worry, babe. We’ll always be by your side.”

“Exactly! If anyone makes you sad, we’ll take care of it ourselves.” Veena added.

The three of them laughed together, and the warmth and friendship in this little flower shop made the florist momentarily forget her worries.

The conversation about their friend's love life continued for a while before shifting to the topic everyone was excited about... her birthday party next week.

“Phi Fan, please come to the club with us!” Veena pleaded.

“It’ll be a nice break for you.”

She jumped in to cling onto her friend's arm. “Yeah, come on!”

Lubpad added.

“We want to see Phi Fan have some fun too.”

She wrapped her arms around the other side of Fan Jam's arm.

Fan Jam looked at the girls with hesitation. She wasn't really into late-night outings, but seeing the pleading looks in Lubpad and Veena's eyes made her heart soften.

“Okay then,”

She smiled faintly.

“But let’s not get too drunk, okay? I might not be able to take care after you all.”

The silence enveloped the office of **Ploy Napphan** at night. The light from the chandelier was bright enough to illuminate the piles of documents scattered across the desk. The shadow of Ploy Napphan flickered on the wall, moving in time with the rhythm of her pen that was scribbling away non-stop.

The sweet scent of white lilies that used to fill the room has now faded away leaving only the musty smell of paper and printer ink. The

freshness once brought by the beloved flowers had disappeared, causing the stress that has settled in her heart feel even more intense.

She lifts her gaze from the pile of work and looks at the vase of flowers, now contained only the remains of withered lilies. It felt as her heart had withered away along with them.

A heavy feeling of frustration welled up in her chest as Ploy, feeling drained, let out a long sigh. She could feel exhaustion gnawing at both her body and mind. She slammed her pen down on the table, the loud clatter echoing her irritation that she was trying to release.

Ploy Napphan reached for her phone to call Nipa, her trusted secretary. After just a few rings, Nipa picked up.

"Yes, Ploy,"

Nipa's bright voice came through.

"Nipa, can you come into my office for a minute?"

Ploy Napphan said flatly, trying to hide the irritation that was starting to build up.

Not long after, the office door opened, and Nipa walked in with a curious look on her face.

"What can I do for you, Ms. Ploy?"

She noticed her boss looked more exhausted and stressed than usual. "Can you change the flowers for me?"

Ploy Napphan glanced at the flower vase in a bad mood. "They're all wilted."

Nipa looked a bit uncomfortable.

"All the flower shops are probably closed now, but I'll make sure to rush out and get some new ones for you tomorrow morning.”

Ploy Napphan gently massaged her temples. “Alright, then you should go home and rest. It's late.” She tried to suppress her irritation.

“And what about you, Ms. Ploy...” “I’ll be back in a while,”

Ploy Napphan smiled faintly at her secretary, then turn her attention away and looked at the documents in front of her.

When Nipa walked out, Ploy stared at the withered lily again. Her frustration made her want to throw it away. She let out a big sigh and bent her head down to continue working.

The sketches of the jewelry she designed still weren't satisfying. She crumpled up several sheets of paper and tossed them aside, but she still couldn't create a perfect piece. Her mind felt stuck, as if her brain was blocked by a thick wall.

Ploy Napphan leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes for a moment as she tried to gather her thoughts and find some inspiration again. But the image of the wilting lily kept circling in her mind, making her feel inexplicably depressed.

Amidst the silence, the ringtone of her mobile phone broke the stillness in the office. Ploy Napphan opened her eyes, feeling annoyed. She grabbed her phone to check the screen, her cold gaze softened slightly when she saw the name "Sira" appear, and she answered the call with a neutral expression.

“What’s up?”

Ploy Napphan asked in a flat tone, her slender fingers tapping rhythmically on the desk.

[Oh wow, why are you so serious, Ploy?]

The deep voice of Sira came through the line, laced with amusement.

[Just because you're the owner of a big company doesn't mean you have to act like a queen all the time.]

Ploy Napphan sighed deeply, leaning back in her chair.

"I'am sitting and working alone. It's not like I'm laughing like a madman? Where have you been all day?"

[Checked the store, there were some minor issues.] Sira replied,

[But don't worry, I've sorted it out.] Then, Sira got to the point of the call.

[By the way...Your birthday is next Sunday. Are you going to celebrate it at my pub? How many girls should I bring to sit with us?]

Ploy raised her eyebrows.

"No need, I don't want anyone to come and bother me," She replied curtly.

"I just want to sit and eat, drink, quietly by myself." [Understand.]”

Sira laughed.

[Do you want to say something else to me?]

Ploy Napphan was silent for a moment before responding in a calm voice, "No, I will work."

[ I feel hurt…Then I'll hang up. You should get some rest too, don't overdo it.]

"Yeah,"

Ploy Napphan replied briefly before hanging up. The phone was placed back on the desk. Silence enveloped the office once more.

Ploy, with thousands of thoughts, gazed out the window, watching the twinkling lights of the big city sparkle. She felt as if she were just a small shadow in this vast city, lonely and desolate.

Despite having a kind buddy like Sira, Ploy Napphan still feels the emptiness in her heart. She leans her head against the back of the chair and slowly closes her eyes. Thoughts swirl in her mind like a carousel that won't stop spinning....

It might be because of her ex-lover, Jinna, that made her like this.

Her thin lips pressed tightly together, bitterness surged up and lodged into her throat. Does the person who was

abandoned really have to suffer this much? A tear rolled down her cheek without she realizing it.

# Chapter 02

## A week later

The neon lights illuminated the pub, casting their glow over every corner of the place. The scent of alcohol hung in the air, mingling with the fragrance of the people. The music blared so loudly that it nearly drowned out the conversations, yet it was the kind of music that stirred emotions and urged everyone to move their feet in rhythm. Fan Jam looked around hesitantly, her big eyes scanning the people who were having fun. She felt like a tiny person in the middle of an ocean of lights.

"With so many people, won't it be too chaotic?"

She asked her two junior, her voice barely audible, almost drowned out by the music.

"Of course there will be a lot of people at the bar, babe."

Veena replied with a wide smile, grabbing her friend's arm tightly. "Don't worry, we'll take care of it ourselves."

Lubpad giggled,

"Yes, dear, it's okay to let go sometimes. Tonight, let's have a blast!" She said while pulling the other arm of Fan Jam.

Fan Jam looked at the two young sisters. Although she still felt a bit nervous, she allowed herself to be drawn into the world of lights and sounds.

Inside the pub, many people are swaying their hips to the beat of the music, some are engaging in lively conversations with friends, while others are sipping colorful cocktails with delight. The atmosphere is filled with life and fun, as if it were another world where people can let go of all their stress and worries.

Fan scanned the area for a suitable seat. She wasn't very familiar with this kind of atmosphere before pointing to the VIP area, which was a bit further away.

"Shall we sit over there? It seems quieter,"

She suggested. In fact, she just wanted to find a peaceful place to talk with the younger ones comfortably.

Lubpad and Veena looked on before nodding in agreement. The three of them then made their way through the crowd to the table Fan had chosen.

As soon as they sat down, the staff quickly brought over the drink menu. The woman opened it carefully, thoughtfully imagining the flavors of each cocktail. After some consideration, she decided to order a "Cosmopolitan," a beautifully pink cocktail.

Lubpad chose a sour and salty margarita, while Veena ordered a Long Island Iced Tea, a strong drink mixed with various spirits. When the drinks were served, the three of them raised their glasses and clinked them together, bursting into bright laughter before starting a night of indulgence that they would never forget.

While the three of them were having fun, Ploy Napphan walked into the pub. She was wearing a simple elegant black dress. Although she appeared graceful and composed on the outside, her heart was filled with emptiness and exhaustion. She wanted to escape from the chaos of her daily life.

“Finally, you’re here!”

Sira waved her over, inviting her to sit.

“Come sit here.”

Ploy walked straight to the bar, ordered a drink, and sat down quietly. Her eyes scanned the nightclub until they landed on Fan Jam's bright smile at the VIP table. She was dressed in a short pastel-colored dress, her slender hands tugging at the hem as if to ensure it wasn’t too revealing.

“Are you interested?”

Sira teased with a sly grin, glancing at her best friend.

Ploy Napphan didn’t respond. She simply raised her glass and took a sip, her sharp gaze still fixed on the young woman at the table. Sira followed her line of sight, and a mischievous smile spread across her face.

"Would you like to sit closer? The table next to hers is still empty,"

Sira whispered. Ploy remained silent, showing no obvious interest. But Sira could feel the hesitation in her best friend's eyes.

Sira sighed, fully aware that her friend never expressed her feelings openly. As a close friend, Sira wanted to help her find some happiness. So, she decided to play a Cupid a little.

Sira called over a waiter and instructed them to move their drinks to a VIP table near the one occupied by the charming stranger. Then, without giving Ploy Napphan a chance to protest, she grabbed her friend's wrist and dragged her best friend to sit at the table next to the young woman without letting her know that someone watching her.

Ploy Napphan sit down at the new table without saying a word. But Sira noticed her friend seemed slightly more lively. The weariness in her eyes had been replaced by a soft, enchanting glow. Ploy stole glances at the woman while sipping her drink, her mind seemingly adrift.

Sira smiled at her friend, thinking to herself that her cupid little plan was going well.

The two friends didn’t approach Fan Jam right away. Instead, they stayed quietly at their table, observing and waiting for the perfect moment to strike up a conversation.

Meanwhile, at the other table, Lubpad nudged Fan Jam and Veena gently, nodding toward the table nearby with mischievous eyes.

"Look at that woman over there," She whispered.

"She keeps glancing this way, doesn’t she?" “Do you think she’s interested in you, Fan?” Lubpad teased, nudging Fan Jam.

Fan Jam laughed lightly and picked up a glass of colorful cocktail, taking a sip without any care.

“Who would be interested in me?”

“That woman over there. The pretty one,” Lubpad replied, pointing subtly.

“No way.”

Fan Jam dismissed the idea, raising her glass for another sip.

“I don’t know if she’s interested or not, but I think that person might be interested,”

Veena added, nudging Fan Jam.

“Look over there… is that Phi Rachachat?”

Fan Jam and Lubpad turned to follow Veena’s gaze. Fan Jam’s heart sank as she spotted her ex-boyfriend holding another woman close, his arm

wrapped tightly around her waist glanced at her. A sharp pain spread through her chest. She pressed her lips together, trying to hold back tears from flowing out.

“Yeah… it’s him,” she murmured.

The lively atmosphere around them seemed to fade instantly. The joy that once filled the air was replaced by a heavy silence. Fan Jam took a deep breath, struggling to keep her emotions. With a steady voice, she called the waiter.

“I’ll have three ‘The Last Kiss’ cocktails, please.”

Lubpad and Veena exchanged surprised glances. ‘The Last Kiss’ was infamous for being the strongest drink in the bar, a fiery red cocktail mixed with tangy fruit juices, burning all the way down from the first sip.

“Are you sure you can handle that? Why order three?” Veena asked, clearly concerned.

“I just want to get drunk tonight,”

Fan Jam replied softly, her voice betraying her attempt to stay composed. She was determined to drink away her pain.

Fan Jam forced a smile at her two friends, but her eyes betrayed the pain she was trying to hide.

Inside, she felt nothing but emptiness. The sight of Rachachat with someone else cut deeply, and all she wanted now to forget, even just for one night.

She tilted her head slightly, her gaze locking briefly with the sharp eyes of the woman at the nearby table, who had been watching her.

Ploy Napphan held her gaze for a moment before casually taking a sip from her glass, as though the exchange hadn’t meant anything.

Fan Jam downed the strong drink the waiter had just brought her in one go. Rising to her feet, she turned to her younger friends.

“I’ll be back in a bit,”

She said simply. Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed the other two glasses and walked straight to the table of the woman who had been watching her.

### “Excuse me… May I sit with you?”

# Chapter 03

The dim lights and soft music playing in the bar created an atmosphere heavy with unspoken emotions. Fan Jam, feeling a mix of vulnerability and determination, walked directly to the table of the woman with a face as serene and unyielding as a sculpture.

“Excuse me… May I sit you?”

Fan Jam asked softly, her voice gentle yet laced with a quiet hope.

Ploy Napphan looked up from her glass of drink, her sharp eyes meeting Fan Jam’s with an unreadable intensity. Her calm demeanor resembled the still surface of water, betraying nothing of the intrigue she felt. Though she was clearly interested in Fan Jam, she didn't show it on her expression and posture remained composed.

Sira, Ploy Napphan’s close friend, quickly sensed the tension in the situation. She nudged her friend gently, urging her to respond to the polite request. But Ploy Napphan remained silent, her composed demeanor unchanging. Taking charge, Sira smiled warmly and answered on her behalf,

“Please, have a seat.” Sira then excuse to leave.

“I’ll just go check on another table for a moment. Take your time and enjoy the conversation.”

She said, promptly standing up and leaving the two women alone.

The atmosphere at the table fell silent again as Fan Jam sat down. Without a word, she slid one of the alcoholic drinks she had brought with her across the table to Ploy Napphan, a gesture she had never made to anyone before.

But tonight, however, she needed someone to share her feelings with, someone to ease the pain of seeing her ex-lover Rachachat with someone else.

Ploy Napphan raised an eyebrow slightly, glancing at the drink that had been placed in front of her. A faint smile tugged at the corner of her lips as she looked back into Fan Jam’s eyes.

“You drink such as strong drink? Do you have a high tolerance for alcohol?”

She asked in an calm tone, her voice carrying a hint of curiosity. “Not really, I don't usually drink.”

Fan Jam replied softly.

“But… tonight, I just feel like having someone to drink with.”

She averted her gaze briefly, feeling nervous in the presence of this elegant and commanding woman.

“Someone to drink with?”

Ploy Napphan repeated the words under her breath, a mischievous smile appearing on her lips.

“Well then, it's nice to meet you… drinking buddies.”

She took the glass of liquor in her hand, she examined the beautiful liquid inside before lifting it to her lips for a sip. Her sharp eyes remained fixed on Fan Jam, studying her intently as though trying to read her.

“So, my new drinking buddies, is there something on your mind tonight? Something bothering you enough to need someone to drink with?”

Ploy Napphan asked, her voice calm yet probing.

Fan Jam’s big round eyes trembled slightly, and her lips pressed tightly together. She tried to hold back the tears welling up in her eyes, forcing herself to look away from Ploy Napphan. Her gaze shifted to Rachachat, standing not far away. She was still watching him with an expression she couldn’t interpret.

Fan taking a deep breath, fight to steady her swirling emotions. Turning back to Ploy Napphan, she shake her head slightly.

“No… not really. I'm just bored.”

Her voice softened, the end of her voice trembling slightly.

Silence enveloped the table once again. Fan Jam lowered her eyes to the glass in her hand, thankful that Ploy Napphan didn’t press her further. Yet, at the same time, s, he felt a pang of guilt for not telling the truth.

“Um…”

Fan Jam finally broke the silence, lifting her gaze to Ploy Napphan, searching for a way to ease the awkwardness.

“What’s your name?”

Ploy Napphan smiled faintly, her expression unreadable. She raised the glass Fan Jam had offered her and drank it down in one swift motion, as if it were nothing more than water. Her voice, low and smooth, carried a touch of mystery as she replied,

“There’s no need for drinking buddies to know each other’s names.” She placed the empty glass back on the table with a gentle.

“After tonight, we won’t see each other again. Just like this drink…”

Ploy Napphan let the words hang in the air, allowing the silence to settle around them once more.

Ploy Napphan spoke again, her voice dropping to an almost inaudible whisper.

“The Last Kiss… it’s so hot, I didn't dare go too far.”

Her gaze locked with Fan Jam’s, and the meaning behind her words was as clear as a flame flickering in the darkness.

Fan Jam let out a soft, bitter laugh, tinged with melancholy. Imitating Ploy Napphan, she picked up her own glass and drank it down in one go. Her voice, now steadier, carried a subtle defiance.

“It might not be as bad as it seems.”

Then Fan Jam raised her hand to call the waiter. “Can I have another glass, please,”

She said, her tone firmer now, as though she was trying to prove something, to herself and to Ploy Napphan.

Moments later, the waiter returned with another glass of The Last Kiss. Ploy Napphan watched the petite woman in front of her with an unreadable expression. Then, with a soft voice, she asked,

“Are you challenging me?”

Fan Jam propped her chin on her hand, the alcohol she’d consumed starting to take effect. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes glistened as she gazed at the alluring Ploy Napphan.

“And if I am? Will you take me on?”

She replied, her tone playful yet tinged with a daring edge.

Ploy Napphan shook her head slightly at Fan Jam’s boldness. Then, with a teasing smile, she reached out and gently tilted Fan Jam’s chin upward.

Leaning in close, her soft lips just brushing against Fan Jam’s ear, she whispered,

“And you’re already blushing this much?”

As Ploy Napphan pulled away, Fan Jam felt a wave of heat rush through her body, leaving her both flustered and exhilarated.

Fan Jam quickly brushed off the flustered feeling and looked up to meet Ploy Napphan’s gaze.

“I’m not drunk yet,”

She said with a small smile.

Ploy Napphan nodded and raised her glass for a toast.

“Let me treat you tonight. It’s my birthday, and I want us to have fun together,”

She said naturally, switching to a more casual pronoun for herself. Fan Jam’s eyes widened in surprise.

“It’s your birthday? It’s mine too!” She exclaimed excitedly.

“What a coincidence!”

“The world is really small,” Ploy Napphan chuckled softly.

“Then, We should celebrate our birthdays together.” Fan Jam nodded eagerly.

“Yes! So… what would my drinking buddies like as a birthday gift?” She asked, her eyes shining with curiosity.

Ploy Napphan raised an eyebrow and tilted her head slightly.

“Hmm… I haven’t thought of anything yet. I’ll keep it in mind for now,” She replied with a mischievous smile.

“What about you? Is there anything you’d like?”

Fan Jam hesitated for a moment before answering softly, “I want someone to listen to me.”

Fan lowered her gaze, feeling at ease with the woman in front of her. After a pause, she looked up again and asked tentatively,

“Would that be okay?…” “Of course,”

Ploy Napphan said warmly.

“You said you came here because you were bored, but I can see sadness in your eyes. You can tell me anything; I promise I won’t share it with anyone. After all, we’ll part ways after tonight.”

Fan Jam bit her lip, deliberating, before finally confessing in a low voice, “I… I just saw my ex boyfriend with his new girlfriend.”

“Oh… I see,”

Ploy Napphan nodded, her tone understanding.

“That’s tough, but it’s okay. You don’t have to keep it all inside.” She leaned in slightly, her eyes filled with empathy.

"Yes, I understand that feeling,"

Ploy Napphan said softly, reaching out to place her hand gently over Fan Jam’s.

"Is it that man over there?" "Yes,"

Fan Jam replied, her gaze falling to the hand resting on hers. The warmth that radiated from Ploy Napphan’s touch was oddly comforting, easing the tension she felt inside. She took a deep breath, feeling a bit more grounded.

Their conversation continued, flowing naturally as they shared stories and emotions they had kept hidden, as if they had been close friends for years.

Time seemed to slip by unnoticed amidst the music and dim lights. Fan Jam felt a warmth and understanding from Ploy Napphan that she had never experienced before. She looked up at her newfound buddies, a genuine smile gracing her lips.

It was clear from the smiles they exchanged that they had both found something meaningful in each other that night, a connection, a friend.

"I am going back to my friends now,"

Fan Jam said hesitantly. She didn’t want to leave but felt a sense of duty not to abandon her younger friends, Lubpad and Veena, on her birthday. It wouldn’t feel right to let them sit alone for too long.

"Of course,"

Ploy Napphan replied warmly, her smile reassuring.

Fan Jam returned to her table, where Lubpad and Veena were waiting. Despite the bright, colorful lights flashing through the club, Fan Jam noticed the worried expression in Lubpad’s eyes, as if something was troubling her. Furrowing her brow slightly, Fan Jam leaned in and asked gently,

"What’s wrong? Is something bothering you?"

"Is everything alright, Lubpad? You look pale," Fan Jam asked, her tone filled with concern.

Lubpad flinched slightly at the observation, avoiding Fan Jam’s gaze. She responded hesitantly, trying not to sound burdensome.

"I’m sorry, P’Fan. I can’t stay longer. There’s a bit of an issue at home."

Fan Jam nodded in understanding and didn’t press for details. Instead, she offered kindly,

"Do you want me to take you home?"

"There’s no need, thank you. Veena will take me,"

Lubpad replied politely, standing up from the table alongside Veena. In moments, the two left hurriedly, leaving Fan Jam sitting alone amidst the pulsating music and the shifting crowd.

Fan Jam watched them leave, worry evident in her eyes, but she chose not to call after them. She let out a deep sigh and raised her glass, taking a distracted sip. A wave of loneliness washed over her as she sat there, the vibrant scene around her contrasting sharply with her quiet despair. The image of Rachachat with his new girlfriend lingered in her mind, reigniting the ache in her heart.

But before the sorrow could settle further, Ploy Napphan appeared beside her, her radiant smile lighting up her elegant face, cutting through the chaos of the crowded club.

"May I sit and have a drink with you?"

Ploy Napphan asked sweetly, her tone playful. "I'm not drunk yet."

# Chapter 04

"May I sit down and drink with you?" Ploy Napphan asked sweetly.

"I’m not drunk yet."

Her large eyes, slightly blurred under the influence of alcohol, looked up at Ploy Napphan. Although everything seemed a bit hazy, the beauty and charm of the woman in front of her became even more noticeable. The sharpness in her gaze, under the dim, sparkling lights, and her lips, slightly parted in a faint smile, felt like a dream that she longed to reach for.

"Sure, go ahead,"

Fan Jam replied softly. Her delicate hand rose to brush away the strands of hair that fell over her forehead, almost unconsciously. She shifted slightly, making space for her. Let the other person sit down.

Ploy Napphan moved to sit on the chair opposite. She gave Fan Jam a sweet smile before lifting her drink to take a sip.

"Thank you," She said.

Their conversation flowed smoothly, amidst the sound of music and people moving around. Ploy Napphan listened attentively to Fan Jam's story, nodding occasionally and giving her an understanding look.

"I was so hurt back then,"

Fan Jam said, her voice trembling as she spoke about a relationship that ended.

"I never thought he would cheat on me and be with someone else." A tear shimmered in her eye.

"Is it the guy who's been looking at us?"

Ploy Napphan asked, glancing at the young man standing not far away.

Fan Jam followed Ploy Napphan's gaze to Rachachat, her ex, who was staring at her with an unreadable expression. She bit her lip tightly, trying to hold back the storm of emotions inside her, then answered in a voice that tried to sound firm.

"Yes."

Ploy Napphan smiled faintly.

"Don't be sad. Someone as lovely as you will have people wanting to date you again soon,"

She said, trying to comfort her.

"But I don't want to be in a relationship anymore," Fan Jam replied in a soft voice.

"Don't close yourself off just yet,"

Ploy Napphan reached out to gently hold Fan Jam's hand. "Love might hurt us, but it can also bring us happiness."

Fan Jam looked up to meet Ploy Napphan's eyes. The warmth transmitted through their clasped hands made her feel slightly better. She forced a smile.

"Maybe you're right."

While the two were talking, Rachachat approached Fan Jam with a slightly drunken demeanor. He smirked mockingly,

"So after breaking up, my good girl has turned into a drunk? Are you that heartbroken over me?"

Fan Jam clenched her fist, her slender fingers digging into her palm until it hurt.

"No, I'm not heartbroken... I was never heartbroken,"

She replied, trying to suppress her anger, but her trembling eyes couldn't hide the deep-seated pain.

"Not heartbroken, yet still no new boyfriend,"

Rachachat continued to provoke her. He smirked with a victor's grin. "Stop being so stubborn, my dear. I know you still love me."

"No!"

Fan Jam responded firmly, but her heart wavered as old memories came flooding back.

Ploy Napphan, who had been sitting beside her listening, couldn't take it anymore. She could feel Fan Jam's pain. She decided to stand up to her full height.

"Fan Jam has a new lover now. She doesn't need to love someone unfaithful like you,"

She said coldly, her sharp eyes staring fearlessly at Rachachat.

Rachachat whirled around to look Ploy Napphan up and down before smirking.

"And who are you? Why are you meddling?” "I'm Fan Jam's girlfriend,"

Ploy Napphan said, holding Fan Jam's hand tight. Rachachat laughed really loud.

"Don't lie."

He didn't think Fan Jam could stop loving him so easily.

Fan Jam stood up next to Ploy Napphan. She looked right at Rachachat, holding Ploy Napphan's hand tight, and said very clearly,

"Yes, she is my girlfriend." Her voice was strong and sure.

Rachachat kept laughing and didn't believe what Fan Jam said. He thought she was just pretending.

Fan Jam didn't want anyone to be mean to her anymore. She moved closer to Ploy Napphan, her heart beating fast, and gave her a soft kiss.

When Fan Jam kissed her, Ploy Napphan felt like she was in a dream. She felt warm and happy all over. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sweet moment.

Rachachat just stood there, very surprised. He never thought Fan Jam would do something like that in front of him. He started to feel angry and jealous.

When Fan Jam stopped kissing her, Ploy Napphan kept her eyes closed for a little bit. She slowly opened them and looked into Fan Jam's big eyes. She felt something special in her heart that made her very happy.

"Do you believe me now that I've a girlfriend?"

Fan Jam asked Rachachat in a strong voice, holding her head high.

Rachachat stopped for a minute, looking very angry. But before he could say anything mean, a lady came up to him. She was thin and wearing pretty makeup. She held onto Rachachat's arm and said in a sweet voice.

"Let's go back to our table, P'Chat. They are just transgender."

The lady said. Her words made Rachachat less angry. He looked at Ploy and Fan Jam in a mean way before walking away with the lady.

Ploy and Fan Jam both took a big breath. They didn't want any trouble that night, but what the lady said helped them understand about Rachachat and her.

When Rachachat and the lady disappeared into the crowd, Fan Jam turned to look at Ploy Napphan. She felt sorry for kissing Ploy Napphan without her consent.

“I'm sorry,"

She whispered softly,

"For... what happened earlier." Ploy gently shook her head. "It's okay,"

She replied with a warm smile. "I was happy to help.”

They looked into each other's eyes again. A comfortable silence fell between them, but it was a silence filled with a feeling that was hard to explain. Their eyes seemed drawn to each other, as if there was some kind of invisible connection between them.

Ploy broke the silence.

"Just now... I still can't forget the taste of your kiss,"

She said softly, her beautiful face turning a slight shade of pink. "Can... can I have another?"

It wasn't a demand, but a gentle request filled with longing and tenderness. Fan Jam looked deep into Ploy's eyes. She saw the sincerity and the emotions hidden behind the girl's usually cold demeanor.

Fan Jam's heart raced. She knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't deny the feelings that were bubbling up inside her. She nodded in agreement, her voice barely a whisper.

Ploy smiled brightly. She slowly leaned in, and their lips met again. This time, it was softer and gentler than before, but it was filled with a deeper, more sincere feeling. The lights of the club seemed to dim, and all that was left was the image of Fan Jam's face getting closer.

"Mmm..."

Ploy hand unconsciously trailed along Fan Jam delicate leg that trembled slightly under Ploy Napphan's touch. A surge of heat rushed through her body. She tried to remain calm, but the effects of the alcohol and Ploy's gentle touch made it impossible for her to resist any longer.

"This place isn't very suitable,"

Fan Jam murmured, breathing heavily. Her lips were pressed tightly together.

"Should we. continue somewhere else?"

Her words were soft, but they echoed loudly in Ploy Napphan's heart. It was like an invitation, whispering for her to enter a private world where they could fully experience each other.

Ploy Napphan slowly removed her hand from Fan Jam's leg. She looked up into Fan Jam's round eyes, which were filled with an undeniable desire. A small smile played on her lips.

"Sure,"

Ploy Napphan replied, her voice slightly hoarse.

"There's a VIP room upstairs... if you're okay, I'll take you there."

# Chapter 05

As the music in the club continued to play loudly, Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam climbed the stairs to the second floor of the club. The atmosphere around them became quiet and calm, contrasting sharply with the chaos below, as if they had entered a different world. Excitement and nervousness mixed together in Jam's heart.

Meanwhile, Ploy Napphan felt a challenge and excitement like never before. She had never imagined that the VIP room she had bought for personal relaxation would become a place where she could spend time with someone she had just met a few hours earlier. The feelings that this petite girl gave her that night were so different from any experience she had before.

When they reached the door of the room, Ploy Napphan kept her lips close to Jam's. With one hand, she gently opened the door. The warm scent of passion and lingering alcohol made Jam's heart race. She felt warmth spreading throughout her body, mixed with excitement and a little fear, as if hundreds of butterflies were fluttering in her stomach.

As soon as the door closed, Ploy Napphan pushed Fan Jam ini delicate body against the wall of the room. Her slender fingers quietly locked the door.

Fan wrapped her arms tightly around Ploy Napphan's neck, as if afraid that she might disappear. Their eyes met in the silence, filled with the sound of their hearts beating irregularly.

A mix of emotions rose in Jam's heart happiness, excitement, and a little worry. But above all, she felt safe and warm in Ploy Napphan's embrace.

Ploy Napphan pressed her soft lips against Jam's white neck, kissing passionately and leaving red marks as symbols of her desire.

“Mmm…”

The feelings bubbling inside Ploy Napphan was about to explode. She had never wanted anyone this much before. Fan Jam let out a sweet moan, her small hands tangling in Ploy Napphan's soft hair without thinking. Her legs instinctively wrapped around Ploy Napan’s waist, drawn together by an irresistible attraction.

Ploy hand slid deep into the sweet colored dress. Her delicate fingers touched the smooth, fine skin beneath the thin inner layer. The gentle yet passionate touch made the person being caressed shiver all over. She arched to receive the touch, her body twisting and writhing to the rhythm of the seductive caress.

The two momentarily pulled away from each other, only to lock eyes again. Their gazes were filled with an irresistible desire. Ploy Napphan looked deep into Fan Jam's eyes, seeing hesitation and uncertainty, but also a hidden longing. Ploy Napphan asked in a hoarse voice,

"If tonight ends with a one-night stand...Are you okay?" "I’m okay,"

She replied softly.

That answer made Ploy Napphan smile with satisfaction. A feeling of relief mixed with excitement coursed through her body. She knew tonight would be more special than ever. She leaned down to kiss her sweetheart again, their hot tongues entwining passionately. The night’s melody had just begun.

The lips of Ploy Napphan softly pressed against the skin of Fan, a gentle touch. The faint sweet scent from her jet black hair wafted up to her nose. She slowly traced along the graceful neck, awakening the hidden feelings inside, like a small flame starting to shine, waiting for the moment to burst into fire.

The sound of music in the room blended with the rhythm of their pounding hearts. The dim red light caresses the smooth skin, covered Ploy Napphan's smooth skin like velvet.

She whispered sweetly,

"Let your heart go with your feeling."

Her gentle hands moved over the full chest, sliding up from the flat stomach. The light but strong touch woke up the hidden feelings inside, making them stronger. Her lips followed the curves, creating a warm feeling that spread all over the body.

"Uhh, baby,"

A soft and sweet moan slipped from Jam's lips. The overwhelming feeling made her unable to control herself any longer.

Ploy Napphan smiled with satisfaction before gently lifting Jam's body onto the soft bed. Her warm breath brushed against Jam's smooth skin. The faint scent of perfume lingering in Jam's hair made Ploy Napphan inhale deeply, captivated.

The gentle yet intense touch made Jam almost forget to breathe. The feelings she had never experienced before enveloped her in a state of bliss. Soft moans escaped her lips from time to time, expressing emotions that were beyond words.

Ploy Napphan slowly removed the sweet-colored dress from the small figure, revealing the beautiful curves hidden beneath the fabric. She gently ran her hands over the smooth skin, leaving a trail of warm touches.

“Ah,”

Fan Jam moaned softly, overwhelmed by feelings that she could no longer contain. The intensity of her emotions built up inside her, causing her body to surge with pleasure.

Ploy Napphan moved with expertise, her lips and hands exploring every inch of skin, creating feelings that were deeper and more intense. Every touch, every movement was filled with desire and longing.

Ploy hands caressed along Jam's long, slender legs before slowly moving up to touch the sensitive spot hidden between her thighs. She gently slid her fingers into the sweet curve, exploring with a delicate yet eager touch.

“Ah, babe,”

Jam moaned sweetly as Ploy Napphan slender fingers moved in and out slowly. Her body tensed and shook at sensations she had never felt before.

Ploy Napphan smiled with satisfaction, knowing she was making Jam feel good. She increased the speed of her movements, intensifying Jam's desire to its peak.

“I can’t take it anymore,”

Fan Jam gasped in short breaths, her body trembling with anticipation. The overwhelming feelings were about to explode.

Ploy Napphan leaned in closer, whispering in Jam's ear with a husky voice, “Let it all out. Show me how tempting you can be.”

Fan Jam could no longer bear it. She released her pent up feelings, accompanied by moans that echoed throughout the room.

Ploy Napphan smiled gently. She kissed Jam softly to soothe her. “Stay with me tonight,”

She whispered sweetly, before leaning down to give Jam another tender kiss.

The music continued to play softly in the background, filling the room with an atmosphere of warmth and overflowing love. Tonight would be a night

that both of them would remember forever, a single night amidst the dim red lights and the soothing music that has captivated Ploy Napphan.

"......."

"...One more round, please?”

# Chapter 06

Soft, warm sunlight came through the thin curtains and shine on the wide bed. It created a stark contrast to the heated atmosphere of the previous night. Ploy Napphan condo, once filled with desire, now silent. The only sound was the air conditioner working hard to maintain a cool temperature, as if reflecting the emptiness in Jam's heart.

Ploy Napphan's slim body was curled up in bed, her beautifull face looking relaxed as she slept. Jam watched her and felt a mix of emotions rising in her heart, happiness, guilt, and longing.

Jam felt unsure, and all her feelings rushed in along with a throbbing headache from the alcohol last night.

“If tonight ends like a one-night stand... are you okay with that?”

Ploy Napphan’s voice echoed in her head. She tried to remember what happened last night, but the memories were blurry, like they were covered by thick fog.

Did it really happen? Jam wondered to herself. She glanced around the room. The soft scent of Ploy Napphan still lingered in the air. On the bedside table was a vase of white lilies, now withered and drooping, just like their relationship seemed to be coming to an end.

Fan Jam deciding to quietly get out of bed. Her body ached from their activities last night as she dressed. She walked over to grab a notepad and a pen, writing a short message for Ploy Napphan.

### “Dear... my drinking buddy, I really enjoyed our time together last night. You’re amazing, but we probably won’t see each other again. It was nice meeting you.”

That is all I can do... Fan Jam thought to herself as she wrote the note. She felt like she was waking up from a sweet dream into a reality she didn’t want to face.

She placed the note on the bedside table, grabbed her bag, and quietly left the condo, leaving behind only emptiness and the cold air from the air conditioner.

On her way home, Jam looked out the taxi window, watching the soft sun shine without helping ease the lonely feeling in her heart. She sigh deeply, thinking about the flowers at the shop she needed to talk later today. But deep down, she knew it wasn’t the same as having someone listen to her life stories.

Why did she so easily open up to strangers? She asked herself repeatedly. A sense of disappointment began forming inside her. The fleeting overnight relationship ended abruptly, leaving scars in her mind far greater than expected.

Or maybe she wanted something more than a one-night stand?

Fan Jam questioned herself, shaking off scattered thoughts. She knew that she shouldn't have any hope for Ploy. They had agreed from the start.

Morning sunshine that used to seem warm now became harsh daylight, hitting her eyes like a reminder that yesterday’s encounter was nothing but a temporary illusion. Feeling lost and alone hit her heart once more. All she could wish was for these feelings to fade away soon.

But deep down, she knew it wouldn’t be that easy...

The mobile phone ringing outside the flower shop door caught Jam’s attention when she opened it. Inside the store, everything was calm except for the bright sunlight shining through clear glass windows mixed with chilly wind blowing through.

The sweet scent of various flowers wafted in, touching her nose and inviting relaxation, but it couldn’t ease the exhaustion in her heart.

Sunlight hit the clear glass vases lined up on the shelf, reflecting sparkles like jewels.

The soft music playing in the shop only emphasized the loneliness that filled the space. Jam sank into a chair behind the counter, her pale face and red eyes showing her physical and emotional fatigue.

“You are here, Jam?”

Said Lubpad, the shop’s employee, greeting her with a bright smile. But when she saw Jam's pale face and the same clothes from last night, that smile slowly faded. She didn’t ask anything further, only giving Jam a concerned look.

Jam nodded slightly. She felt heavy as if she were carrying the whole world on her shoulders. The confusion and pain from last night still gnawed at her heart relentlessly.

She walked straight to the small bedroom at the back of the shop that she had set up for resting during her long hours of work. She closed the door quietly and sank onto the soft bed, feeling utterly drained.

Leaning back against the soft pillow, she closed her eyes for a moment before slowly getting up to take off her clothes in preparation for a shower, revealing faint red marks on her skin, traces of joy and passion from the previous night.

Images of Ploy Napphan appeared in her mind, the smiles, laughter, and heated touches, all still clear as if they had just happened moments ago.

“Forget about her, Jam,”

She tried to tell herself. But the more she tried, the clearer Ploy Napphan's image became.

Jam sighed deeply and stepped into the bathroom, turning on the shower to wash away her body and distracting thoughts. She looked at herself in the

mirror; her pale face and red eyes from crying made it hard to recognize herself after last night’s happiness.

She hurriedly took a shower, got dressed, and dragged her tired body out front.

Customers began to arrive at the shop to choose flowers. She had to shake off all her thoughts and get back to work.

Lubpad look at Jam with concern. She noticed changes in her boss but chose not to ask anything, waiting for Jam to be ready to talk when she wanted.

“You don’t look so good today,”

Lubpad said worriedly. Jam forced a smile. “I just stayed up too late, I’m fine.”

All day long, Jam tried to focus on arranging flowers, answering customer questions, and managing the shop. She worked hard not to let thoughts of Ploy Napphan intrude, but every time she caught a whiff of lilies, she would think of Ploy Napphan's smile.

That woman is a perfect match for the white lilies that often went unnoticed.

“Just forget about it, Jam,”

She murmured softly to herself as she arranged a bouquet of flowers. She knew well that forgetting someone was not easy, especially when that person had touched her heart so deeply, even if it was just for one night.

The afternoon sunlight was low, casting golden light into the shop and creating a warm atmosphere. But it couldn’t chase away the chill in Jam's heart. She sighed again, waiting for the day to pass quickly so she could rest...

“Go take a break, Jam. I’ll handle things here,”

Lubpad said.

# Chapter 07

The sparkling lights of the big city shone into Ploy Napphan's luxurious condo, yet those colorful lights felt faint, like a dream, compared to the darkness that enveloped her mind. The cold air conditioner worked hard to maintain a steady temperature in the room, but it couldn't extinguish the simmering heat still burning in her chest. The faint smell of alcohol and cigarettes lingered in the air, clearly reflecting the turmoil in the owner's heart.

Ploy Napphan sat on her favorite sofa, her slender fingers loosely gripping a crystal glass of liquor. Her beautiful eyes stared blankly out the window, gazing at the twinkling lights of the city below.

Tonight, she felt only loneliness and emptiness, as if she had been left alone in the middle of the sea.

The sweet face of Jam appeared vividly in her thoughts, the bright smile, the innocent laughter, and the gentle touches from last night still lingered in her memories like a movie replaying in her mind. Ploy Napphan couldn't help but smile slightly when

recalling those moments. But then that smile faded, replaced by a feeling of emptiness as she realized they might never meet again.

"It felt good... but just disappeared like that,"

Ploy Napphan murmured to herself, shaking her head. She picked up the note that Jam had left behind and read it again.

*"Dear... my drinking buddy, I really enjoyed our time together last night. You're amazing, but we probably won't see each other again. It was nice meeting you."*

She kept asking herself what she had done wrong. Why was she left alone in bed this morning without a goodbye? Ploy Napphan poured red wine into a glass until it nearly overflowed and gulped it down without caring about its complex taste.

It was bitter... bitter like the feelings in her heart right now.

Ploy Napphan tried to shake off her wandering thoughts, but the more she tried, the more confusion crashed over her. She was the one who told Jam to treat last night as just a one-night stand, so why did she still keep thinking about her all the time?

*"Or is it... that she didn't liked what i do?"*

Ploy Napphan's soft voice rose in the silence. She knew she shouldn't have any hopes for her one night stand partner, but why did her heart keep calling out for her uncontrollably? Her body felt hot, as if she could still feel her embrace and lips from last night.

Ploy Napphan decided to get up and walk out to the balcony. She picked up a cigarette, lit it, and the gray smoke floated up into the air like the uncertainty building up in her heart. She stared at the city lights shining below, like a faint hope still lingering in her heart. She took a deep breath of smoke, as if trying to inhale the truth.

After smoking a cigarette, Ploy Napphan walked back into the room. Her eyes caught sight of a white lily vase that had now wilted a lot, just like their relationship that ended quickly. She felt as if her heart was also drying up along with it.

The lilies that she placed everywhere she went, just like how she liked that stranger woman named Fan Jam.

This night felt very long for Ploy Napphan. She was lost in thoughts of longing and confusion, like a small boat drifting in the ocean. Where would these feelings take her?

A knock on the door broke the lonely silence.

Ploy Napphan pulled her gaze away from the sparkling city lights and turned to listen to the sound for a moment before putting out her almost- finished cigarette in a glass. She took one last puff before letting it drift away into the air, like the faint hope in her heart.

When the door opened, it revealed the tall figure of Sira, her close friend. Sira was dressed casually, with dark brown hair contrasting her fair skin. Her sharp features were brightened by a wide smile. She raised an eyebrow when she saw Ploy Napphan's messy room, filled with the smell of smoke and alcohol.

"You're smoking again,"

Sira said while covering her nose with her hand. "You'll get cancer and die."

She walked into the room without waiting for an invitation and sat comfortably on the sofa. Her sharp gaze scanned the room before landing on Ploy Napphan's pale face.

"Are you heartbroken again?"

Sira asked playfully, but her eyes showed concern. Ploy Napphan shook her head slightly. "Heartbroken? What are you talking about?"

She replied flatly, trying to hide her troubled feelings behind a calm expression.

"The last time I saw you like this was when you broke up with Gina,"

Sira said while scratching her chin. Her eyes caught sight of a note lying on the table next to the sofa. She picked it up and read it quickly, a mischievous smile appearing on her face.

"Why did she leave a note? Was last night not good enough?"

Sira teased loudly. Ploy Napphan felt as if she had been slapped in the face by her close friend.

*"Wasn't it good enough?"*

Ploy Napphan murmured to herself, her sweet face flushing as she recalled the passionate touches from last night. The sweet scent and moans of her partner were still etched in her memory.

"Here, drink this so you can shut up,"

Ploy Napphan poured wine into a glass for her friend Sira, trying to cover her troubled feelings with irritation toward her friend.

Sira laughed as she took the glass of wine. "Yeah, yeah, I know,"

She said, looking at her best friend with slightly softened eyes. "You don't have to act tough, I know you're sad."

Ploy Napphan pressed her lips tightly together. She didn't want anyone to see that side of her, not even her close friend. She turned to look out the window again; the sparkling city lights appeared distant and blurry, like the happiness she once had.

The night continued, amidst dim lights and meaningless conversations. Sira tried to engage Ploy Napphan in conversation, but she only responded briefly, as if her mind was elsewhere.

Her thoughts kept circling back to her partner. She struggled not to think about the sweet touches and sweet words, but the more she tried, the clearer the image of her partner became in her mind.

"What's wrong with you, Ploy?" Sira asked impatiently.

"You're usually not like this."

Ploy Napphan let out a big sigh. She knew she couldn't hide her feelings from her close friend any longer.

"I just miss her,"

She confessed in a soft voice. "Who?"

Sira asked curiously. "The girl from last night,"

Ploy Napphan replied quietly, feeling like she was revealing a secret. Sira's eyes widened in surprise.

"Are you serious?" She asked in disbelief.

"I thought it was just a one-night stand." Ploy Napphan slowly closed her eyes. "I don't know either,"

She answered with a trembling voice. "But I can't stop thinking about her."

Sira reached out and gently patted Ploy Napphan's shoulder. "It's okay," she said comfortingly.

"I'll stay here and keep you company."

# Chapter 08

## A week later

Inside Ploy Napphan's quiet office, documents about jewelry design were scattered across her desk, reflecting the turmoil in her mind. The faint scent of air freshener did nothing to ease the growing irritation inside her. The vase of lilies that used to sit in the corner was now empty and lifeless, just like Ploy Napphan's feelings over the past few days.

Ploy Napphan leaned back in her chair and stretched her arms lazily after a long day of work. She let out a long sigh, feeling the weight of her emotions.

Ploy Napphan felt exhausted, both physically and mentally. The documents in front of her, which once represented success and ambition, had now become nothing more than worthless paper that bored her. She leaned forward and grabbed the cold coffee cup beside her, taking a sip. The bitter taste did nothing to refresh her.

Ploy Napphan pressed the intercom button to call Nipa, her close secretary who was outside the room.

"Nipa, is the flower shop we usually order from open yet?"

She asked in a flat tone, trying to hide the irritation that was starting to build up again.

Nipa replied with some hesitation,

"Not yet, Ms. Ploy. I've called several times, but no one is answering." Ploy Napphan frowned.

"Maybe they've closed down," She murmured to herself.

"It's probably not," Nipa responded.

"I passed by there yesterday and saw a sign saying they were closed for renovations."

"Renovating again?"

Ploy Napphan sighed. She felt like everything around her was conspiring to create frustration.

"Get me the address of the shop; I'll go check it out myself." Nipa nodded.

"Okay, I'll go get it for you right away."

"And also... please gather information about jewelry market trends for next year,"

Ploy Napphan continued giving orders.

"I want a graph showing sales figures for each type of jewelry as well." Nipa quickly jotted down the details in her notebook.

"Understood, Ms. Ploy."

As Nipa left the room, Ploy Napphan returned to the pile of documents in front of her. She opened the presentation file filled with numbers and colorful graphs. She tried to

make sense of the information, but the numbers danced in her head without meaning.

She moved the mouse around aimlessly, her sharp eyes scanning the rows of numbers and graphs, but her mind couldn't process the data.

Ploy Napphan felt like she was walking in a maze. She tried to find a way out but only encountered dead ends. She let out a big sigh as feelings of boredom washed over her again. She closed the presentation file and turned to look at the empty vase, a longing feeling forming in her heart.

She thought about her partner, recalling the bright smile and warmth she felt that night. Even though it was just a brief moment, it made her feel happiness she had never experienced before.

The image of her partner floated back into her mind, causing her to smile unconsciously, but that smile quickly faded away. She shook her head slightly, trying to shake off the distracting thoughts.

Ploy Napphan suddenly decided to get up from her desk. She grabbed the car keys sitting on the table beside her and walked out of the office without looking back. She wanted to go breathe some fresh air, hoping that the sharpness of nature and the sky would help blow away her discomfort.

She drove down familiar roads, with orange streetlights flickering on and off like the faint hope in her heart. Ploy Napphan drove aimlessly, letting her thoughts wander freely, yet the image of her partner still lingered in her mind, the gentle face, warm smile, and eyes filled with complex emotions.

Eventually, she decided to go to the flower shop that Nipa had mentioned. She wanted to fill the emptiness in her heart with beautiful flowers like she always did. Perhaps the scent of flowers would help ease her restless feelings.

Ploy Napphan drove to the address on her phone that Nipa had sent until she arrived at a small flower shop located by the roadside. She parked her car and walked into the shop casually.

As soon as she stepped inside, pleasant music played and the sweet scent of various flowers wafted through the air. Ploy Napphan closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, feeling refreshed as if filling up the emptiness within her.

She walked around admiring different flowers in the shop until her gaze caught a bouquet of pure white lilies. She picked it up and held it in her hands, feeling something was forming in her heart. She decided to buy the lilies.

As she was about to walk to the cashier, a polite voice from the shop staff said,

"I'm sorry, but we're closed for renovations today."

Ploy Napphan glanced at a small posted note on the wall.

### "Closed for renovations for 1 week."

Ploy Napphan let out a quiet sigh.

"I'm sorry; I saw that the front was open."

She felt like fate was playing a joke on her as she gently placed the bouquet of lilies down.

"The owner is doing some work today, so we opened the front for deliveries. I'm really sorry,"

The young staff member quickly explained. "It's okay,"

She replied to the staff.

"I can come back another time."

She prepared to leave the shop feeling disappointed, but then she stopped in her tracks when she saw a familiar figure walking into the store.

"Babe!"

Ploy Napphan called out that name without thinking. Her partner looked over at the sound of her voice, her sweet face showing a look of surprise

upon seeing Ploy Napphan standing right in front of her.

The woman who her partner didn't even know by name, despite their relationship having gone deeper than strangers.

"Hey,"

She said hesitantly.

"What are you doing here?" Ploy Napphan smiled happily. "I came to buy flowers,"

She answered,

"But the shop is closed." Her partner nodded. "Yes, they're renovating," She said softly.

"Do you want to look at some flowers first?"

The partner asked Ploy Napphan with a gentle tone.

Her eyes sparkled when she saw Ploy Napphan again, and although she tried to hide her happiness, her calm demeanor couldn't conceal it.

Ploy Napphan frowned slightly in confusion. "But isn't the shop closed?"

She asked, glancing at the small notice on the wall. "This is my own shop,"

Fan Jam replied with a faint smile. She felt happy to have the opportunity to welcome Ploy Napphan into her shop, even though it was under renovation.

"Oh...Really?"

Ploy Napphan exclaimed in surprise. "Then... can I take a look?"

She felt a little excited to learn that her partner owned this lovely flower shop.

"Of course!"

The partner nodded.

"Let me go find my staff first."

She said as she walked briskly toward the counter.

Ploy Napphan smiled as she watched her partner walk to the counter with an interested gaze. She was impressed by her partner's enthusiasm and professionalism.

"You can close up for now,"

Her partner told the staff behind the counter.

"The delivery called and said they won't be able to bring the hydrangeas today. Thank you so much for coming in on your day off."

"It's no problem, Phi Fan,"

The staff member smiled brightly at the partner before whispering teasingly,

"I remember this is the pretty girl we met that day, the one who made you feel gray for a whole week."

Fan Jam's face turned red all over. She quickly turned to look at Ploy Napphan, who was standing not far away, but fortunately, Ploy Napphan didn't hear what the staff member had said. She sighed in relief before turning back to continue talking with the staff.

The staff member giggled before stepping away from the counter to grab her bag.

"I should go now. I don't want to be a third wheel," She joked.

"A third wheel? What are you talking about?" Ploy Napphan's partner protested softly.

"She's a customer, so she should be welcomed." She tried to act as normal as possible.

"But the shop is closed today," The staff member pointed out. "It's open,"

The partner countered. "The owner is right here,"

She said playfully, smiling widely.

The staff member laughed out loud before waving goodbye and walking out of the shop. Ploy Napphan's partner turned back to her.

"Please, come in,"

She gestured for Ploy Napphan to enter and look at the flowers in another section of the shop.

"Is there anything special you want to see?"

She asked in a tone that tried to hide her excitement. Ploy Napphan shook her head.

"Just the white lilies,"

She replied with a slight smile, feeling strangely warm inside.

Her partner nodded and led Ploy Napphan into the shop, where various flowers bloomed beautifully, filling the air with their sweet fragrance. Ploy Napphan followed her partner slowly, her eyes focused on her partner's delicate back. A certain feeling began to form within her.

She didn't know what it was, but she knew she wanted to stay close to her partner for as long as she could.

# Chapter 09

The afternoon sunlight bathed the pure white lilies in front of her. Colorful butterflies fluttered among the delicate petals. The sweet, gentle fragrance wafted up to Ploy Napphan’s nose.

She closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, as if trying to capture this feeling deep in her heart. A warmth spread throughout her chest, and she felt like a small light was shining in her once-dark heart.

“It’s so beautiful,”

Ploy Napphan said, a wide smile breaking across her face, revealing true happiness. The partner had never seen this smile from her before; it was bright and pure, like the blooming lilies in front of her.

“I’m glad you like them,” Her partner replied.

“I planted them myself.”

Ploy Napphan nodded appreciatively.

“You put a lot of effort into growing them,”

She said as she walked closer to the flower bed, her eyes tenderly focused on each lily.

“Each flower looks so perfect.”

She instinctively reached out to gently touch the petals, as if she were touching a dream.

“Yes,”

Her partner smiled at the compliment, her gaze fixed on Ploy Napphan’s hand as it caressed the flower petals softly.

“It wasn’t easy to grow them this well; they require a lot of care and attention,”

She continued.

“Since opening the shop, not many people have asked about lilies.” “I’ve loved white lilies since I was a child,”

Ploy Napphan confessed.

“My mother adored them. She said they represent pure love.” Her partner nodded in agreement.

“In that case, you should bring your mother to visit the shop sometime.” Ploy Napphan gave a faint smile, but her eyes reflected sadness.

“I can’t do that anymore; my mother has passed away.” Her partner’s expression fell.

“I’m so sorry; I didn’t know.” “It’s okay,”

Ploy Napphan replied. “It was a long time ago.”

She fell silent for a moment, the memory of her mother casting a shadow over her heart, like clouds blocking out the sunlight that once shone brightly.

Silence enveloped them for a moment, amidst the sound of birds singing,

Ploy Napphan gazed at the white lilies in front of her, their delicate petals reflecting her fragile feelings inside.

Her partner observed Ploy Napphan, noticing her distant expression. Feeling the sadness hidden behind that smile, she decided to change the subject.

“It doesn’t seem fair,” She said.

“You know my name, but I don’t know yours yet.”

Ploy Napphan looked up and met Fan Jam's gaze, a faint smile still on her lips.

“My name is Ploy Napphan,” She replied.

“Honestly, if you hadn’t run away from me before, we might have gotten to know each other better.”

Fan Jam furrowed her brow slightly, sensing the longing in Ploy Napphan’s voice but unsure how to begin.

“Ms. Ploy,”

She said softly, for the first time using Ploy Napphan’s name. It felt new and refreshing. Ploy Napphan turned to look at her partner, her eyes filled with questions.

“Is there something on your mind?” Fan Jam took a deep breath.

“It’s nothing,”

She answered with a smile.

“I’m just happy to see you again.” Ploy Napphan smiled back.

“I’m happy too,” She said sincerely.

“Thank you for bringing me here.” “It’s no problem,”

Fan Jam replied.

“No one else has ever come here before except…” She paused for a moment before continuing, “…You.”

Ploy Napphan felt warmth in her heart. She had never thought of herself as someone special to anyone, even if it was just entering this beautiful garden of flowers.

Gratitude overflowed within her, and she wanted to say something to her partner, but the words got stuck in her throat.

“Thank you,”

She repeated again, this time with genuine feeling.

They stood together among the white lily beds, the sweet scent of flowers wafting through the air, a moment that was peaceful and warm. The soft sunlight shining down seemed to break through the walls Ploy Napphan had built to protect herself.

Even without saying much, both felt a connection forming between them. Their eyes met, and in that instant, they both knew this was not just another meeting; it was the beginning of something more special.

### “I’ve missed you so much,”

Ploy Napphan finally said softly, her voice low but filled with deep emotion.

Fan Jam bit her lip, gazing intently at Ploy Napphan. Her heart raced as feelings she had kept hidden began to surface. She took a deep breath before responding quietly,

### “Me too.”

That answer made Ploy Napphan's heart race even faster; she hadn’t expected such a response from her partner, a small hope began to form in her heart. She decided to ask the question that had been on her mind.

“About that day when you left the note saying it was good, was it really as good as you said?”

Ploy Napphan asked, her voice trembling slightly. Her face flushed a little, and she couldn’t bring herself to meet Fan Jam’s gaze directly.

Upon hearing Ploy Napphan's question, Fan Jam's face also turned red, her cheeks burning. She shyly avoided Ploy Napphan’s eyes before stammering,

“Yes, it really was.”

But Ploy Napphan seemed skeptical. She raised an eyebrow slightly, looking at Fan Jam with eyes full of curiosity.

Fan Jam quickly explained,

“Well, that night we agreed it would be a one-night stand. Also, when I woke up, I didn’t know how to face you because we were both drunk that night.”

She spoke softly, trying to avoid Ploy Napphan’s gaze.

Ploy Napphan moved closer, feeling a bit shy around someone who seemed younger like Fan Jam. She gently tucked a strand of hair behind Fan Jam’s ear, her fingers brushing lightly against her smooth cheek before saying,

“I want to be close like this forever.”

Fan Jam looked at Ploy Napphan, her wide eyes filled with surprise. “What do you mean by ‘like this’?”

She asked softly, feeling the warmth of Ploy Napphan’s breath just inches away.

“Like being able to see each other’s faces and being close all the time,” Ploy Napphan replied seriously, her eyes filled with desire.

Fan Jam swallowed hard, feeling her heart race. She wanted to accept Ploy Napphan’s request, but she knew she couldn’t do that just yet.

“Right now, I’m not ready to start a romantic relationship,” She said quietly.

“I’m really busy with work at the shop.”

Ploy Napphan nodded in understanding she didn’t want to pressure Fan Jam.

“It’s okay,”

She said with a warm smile.

“You can let it be whatever it is; I’m fine with that.”

After saying this, Ploy Napphan gently brushed her fingers against Fan Jam’s lips. She leaned in closer and whispered sweetly,

“I really want to kiss you.”

Fan Jam looked at Ploy Napphan with trembling eyes. She felt the warm breath of Ploy Napphan on her skin; this closeness made her almost forget how to breathe. Her heart raced as if it would burst from her chest.

Slowly closing her eyes, she surrendered to the feelings surging within her and allowed Ploy Napphan to fill the emptiness inside. Their soft lips met gently in a warm and tender kiss, reminiscent of blooming lily petals.

# Chapter 10

The lips of both women met once again, this time more gently than before. But it wasn't long before the pent-up longing began to erupt. The kiss, once soft and sweet, transformed into something more intense, passionate, hot and deep. Ploy Napphan wrapped her arms around Fan Jam's neck, pulling her closer until they seemed almost to merge into one. Their warm tongues entwined in a fervent dance...

Time seemed to stand still, all that could be heard were their heavy breaths and the rapid beating of their hearts. The kiss lasted so long that Ploy Napphan had to pull away, fearing it might go too far.

Yet, the look in Fan Jam's eyes was still filled with undeniable desire that couldn't be hidden. She leaned in closer, Fan Jam gazed at Ploy Napphan with eyes full of longing, yet tinged with shyness.

"C...can we continue?"

Fan Jam asked, her voice trembling. "Right here?"

Ploy Napphan replied, her voice hoarse, a teasing smile playing at the corners of her mouth as she fixed her gaze on Fan Jam.

Fan Jam's face turned bright red as she lightly hit Ploy Napphan's arm. "Crazy! In the bedroom... my bedroom."

"Lead the way,"

Ploy Napphan said, not refusing the invitation. At that moment, she was almost intoxicated by the smaller woman's presence. Even without the effects of alcohol this time, the desire still burned fiercely within her, just like that first night.

Today is the first time for both of them without alcohol involve...

Fan Jam took Ploy Napphan's hand and led her into the small bedroom inside the shop. The door closed behind them with a click, and silence enveloped the room, but the atmosphere was heated as if flames were igniting.

The two were like magnets drawn to each other irresistibly. Their clothes were quickly torn off, leaving only their bare bodies pressed together. The soft sunlight streaming through the window illuminated every curve and movement clearly.

Fan Jam gently pushed Ploy Napphan down onto the bed before climbing on top of her slender frame. She leaned down to whisper in her ear.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there when you woke up."

As soon as she finished whispering, Fan Jam's hips began to grind against Ploy Napphan's body, She moved slowly and pressed herself against Ploy Napphan's body in a teasing way. A warm feeling spread through her, making Ploy Napphan let out a sweet moan.

Her small hands touched and ran along Ploy Napphan's bare back with interest. Her fingers could feel the smooth skin and a little sweat starting to appear.

"Fan... my love,"

Ploy Napphan softly called out the other's name, her husky voice carrying a burning passion.

"Mm... sweetheart,"

Fan Jam murmured in response, a tingling sensation coursing through her body. She raised her face to meet Ploy Napphan's gaze, their eyes locking with an uncontrollable desire.

They took turns exploring and pleasing each other, starting with a passionate sixty-nine position. Ploy Napphan slowly leaned back onto the soft mattress, her eyes sending an inviting look for Fan Jam to come closer.

"Come here, my love,"

Ploy Napphan whispered sweetly. "Let me taste your sweetness."

"I want to taste you too, darling," Fan Jam replied eagerly.

Fan Jam leaned down toward Ploy Napphan slowly, kneeling between her lover's hips. She adjusted herself so her tender part was close to Ploy Napphan's face. Meanwhile, Ploy Napphan's soft petals were just inches away from Fan Jam's lips.

"Ahh..."

Ploy Napphan moaned softly as Fan Jam's lips and tongue began to move. "Mm..."

Fan Jam moaned softly, feeling a thrilling sensation spreading through her body as the other began to take the lead. Their desire, impossible to stop, filled the room with loud moans.

Both of them moved their tongues faster, teasing and exciting each other to the limit.

"I... I can't hold it anymore,"

Fan Jam whispered, her voice shaking as her body trembled. The feelings inside her were about to explode.

"Ahh..."

Fan Jam and Ploy Napphan couldn't resist anymore. They let out their emotions, loud moans echoing across the room.

Their passion wasn't over yet. They changed positions again. This time, their delicate parts pressed tightly together.

Their legs intertwined, and Ploy Napphan felt the warmth of Fan Jam's body against hers. The feeling made her lose control.

"Ahh... Fan,"

Ploy Napphan moaned sweetly as Fan Jam began to move her body. "Ploy..."

Fan Jam answered with a moan, the sensation spreading through her whole body.

"This feels so good... Ahh..."

"Shake it harder, love... Ahh..."

Their movements synced perfectly, their eyes locking together as heavy breathing and moans filled the room.

Until both of them reached their climax again... the second time that day.

Soft music continued to play in the background, and the room was filled with a mix of passion and overwhelming love.

At the same time, Ploy Napphan didn't let the moment pass in vain. She lowered her face to Fan Jam's center again. This position allowed her to take in every inch of Fan Jam clearly.

The soft afternoon sunlight illuminated Fan Jam's smooth, pale skin, and the sight, combined with her own rising desire, nearly drove Ploy Napphan mad. She tirelessly alternated between her tongue and fingers, giving Fan Jam endless pleasure.

"Ahh, babe... Mm..."

Fan Jam moaned sweetly, her small hands gripping the bedsheets tightly. She felt as if she might melt under Ploy Napphan's touch.

"Does it hurt?"

Ploy Napphan asked softly.

"N-No... Ahh, it feels so good,"

Fan Jam replied, her lips trembling as her hips rose to meet the thrusts. "Ahh... Love, ahh..."

"Are you close?"

Ploy Napphan whispered hoarsely, she knowing that Fan Jam is about to reach her peak once again.

"Yes, I'm close,"

Fan Jam moaned, her body trembling harder. Ploy Napphan quickened her movements, using her tongue and fingers expertly to stimulate every sensitive spot until Fan Jam finally released her built-up tension, letting herself go in pure pleasure.

Finally, the two of them fell asleep in each other's arms, leaving only sweet memories and the warmth of their embrace behind.

They locked eyes again. The silence in the room was not empty, it was filled with deep and tender emotions. Both of them understood that this wasn't just a physical connection; it was a bond between two hearts longing for one another.

Neither of them knew where their relationship would go from here. But Ploy Napphan still wanted to keep the smaller woman by her side...

### Even if it was only as friends with benefits.

# Chapter 11

Darkness enveloped the small bedroom at the back of the flower shop, with only the soft orange glow from the bedside lamp casting enough light to reveal the elegant face of Ploy Napphan, who was peacefully asleep beside Fan Jam. Silence filled the air, broken only by the gentle sound of their breathing, a quiet reminder that they were not alone.

Suddenly, Ploy Napphan stirred awake. She slowly opened her eyes, her deep brown gaze scanning the room groggily before landing on the alarm clock on the bedside table. The red digits displayed 2:00 AM. Ploy Napphan frowned slightly. She wasn’t used to waking up in the middle of the night like this.

She moved slightly, trying not to disturb Fan Jam, who was still sound asleep beside her. However, even the smallest movement caused Fan Jam to wake up. Slowly, she opened her eyes, looking at Ploy Napphan with a sleepy gaze.

“Are you awake?”

Fan Jam asked softly as she moved closer to Ploy Napphan, wrapping her arms around her loosely.

“Mm-hmm,”

Ploy Napphan murmured in response, snuggling into Fan Jam’s shoulder affectionately.

“Why are you awake? Did I wake you?” “No,”

Fan Jam replied, “I’m just so tired...”

She paused for a moment before laughing softly. “I guess it’s because we had such a busy night.” Ploy Napphan chuckled along with her.

“And whose fault is that? Someone kept asking for more and more,” She teased while tightening her embrace.

“But I’m really happy.” “Me too,”

Fan Jam replied, looking up at Ploy Napphan with eyes full of undeniable joy.

They held each other’s gaze for a moment before Fan Jam asked, “Are you hungry?”

Ploy Napphan nodded. “Yes, I am,”

She answered.

“Uh… how about instant noodles?”

Fan Jam asked hesitantly, unsure if Ploy Napphan would enjoy something so simple. She looked like such a refined person from the outside.

“Of course! When I’m alone, I make it all the time.” “Okay, I’ll go make some for us,”

Fan Jam said as she got out of bed.

Ploy Napphan watched as Fan Jam left the room, feeling an overwhelming sense of warmth and happiness. She never imagined anyone would take care of her like this before.

Not long after, Fan Jam returned with two bowls of steaming noodles. She set them down on the bedside table and sat beside Ploy Napphan.

“Just simple instant noodles,”

Fan Jam said as she handed a bowl to Ploy Napphan. “I don’t know if you’ll like it.”

Ploy Napphan took the bowl in her hands.

“Just the way you makes it is delicious already,” She said with a smile.

They began eating together. The room was peaceful, with only the occasional sound of noodles being slurped breaking the silence. Ploy Napphan watched Fan Jam enjoying her meal. She felt grateful to have met someone who made her feel happiness and warmth she had never known before.

“Is it taste good?”

Fan Jam asked, looking up at Ploy Napphan. “It’s delicious,”

Ploy Napphan replied, setting her bowl down and reaching out to hold Fan Jam’s hand.

“Thank you.”

Fan Jam smiled warmly.

“It’s nothing,” She said. “I’m glad you like it.”

They continued eating until the bowls were empty. Fan Jam got up to clear the dishes and then returned to sit beside Ploy Napphan once again.

“Are you sleepy yet?” Fan Jam asked.

Ploy Napphan shook her head. “Not yet,” She replied.

“I just want to stay with you a little longer.” Fan Jam smiled.

“I feel the same,”

She said, resting her head on Ploy Napphan’s shoulder.

They sat snuggle together on the bed, in the silence the of the night. A warm and happy feeling spread throughout the room. The simple instant noodles had turned into the most special meal of their lives. It wasn’t just the food but the feelings they shared that made the moment unforgettable.

Ploy Napphan glanced at Fan Jam resting on her shoulder, feeling a deep sense of gratitude. She never thought she would meet someone who could make her feel this way. Leaning down, she softly kissed Fan Jam’s forehead.

“Thank you,” She whispered, “For everything.”

Fan Jam smiled and looked up at her.

“I should be the one thanking you,” She replied.

“For all the happiness you’ve brought me.”

After finishing their meal, Ploy Napphan spoke up in a soft voice.

“Hey, can I come back and see the lily garden you’ve been growing? I really loved it.”

Fan Jam smiled warmly.

“Of course, anytime you want to come. I’m usually at the shop since it’s open 24 hours,”

She paused for a moment before continuing.

“But this year I’ve closed it twice. The first time when i broken heart.”

Ploy Napphan frowned slightly, feeling a pang in her chest at the mention of "heartbreak", but she tried to hide it.

“What about the second time?” She asked, curious.

“The second time…”

Fan Jam hesitated, avoiding Ploy Napphan’s gaze.

“It was when I missed someone so much that I couldn’t stop thinking about that certain person,”

She said softly.

“So I decided to renovate the shop to keep myself busy.”

Ploy Napphan stayed silent for a moment before asking directly,

“Was that person me?”

She knew it might sound a bit self-absorbed, but she couldn’t help but ask.

Fan Jam looked at Ploy, her big eyes sparkling. After a brief pause, she softly replied,

“Yeah...It was you.”

Ploy Napphan smiled brightly, her heart swelling with joy. “Was it really me?”

She asked again, even though she already knew the answer. She just wanted to hear it from Fan Jam.

Fan Jam nodded gently. “It was you,”

She said quietly, her cheeks turning slightly red.

Ploy Napphan felt like her heart was about to burst with happiness. She reached out and held Fan Jam’s hand tightly.

“I missed you so much too,” She said sincerely.

They locked eyes again, the silence between them filled with deep and tender feelings. This wasn’t just a fleeting connection, it was the start of something much more special.

Ploy Napphan could only hope that one day, Fan Jam would truly open her heart.

# Chapter 12

Days later, the atmosphere in the flower shop was filled with the sweet scent of blooms and bursts of laughter. The chime of the doorbell rang frequently as customers came and went in a steady stream. The shop that once-quiet had come alive, buzzing with energy.

The renovations of the shop seemed to have worked better than expected. Business was booming, leaving Fan Jam with barely any time to catch her breath.

Amid the chaos, Ploy Napphan had started spending nearly every day at the shop. She helped Fan Jam arrange flowers, greet customers, and even made her coffee during the busiest times.

The way they looked at each other, the gestures they exchanged, it was clear to anyone watching that their relationship had grown into something far beyond just "acquaintances".

Even the shop employees, such as Lubpad and Veena, couldn’t help but notice and start speculating.

“Hey, Veena,”

Lubpad whispered softly while they were arranging a bouquet. “I think... I think Fan and Ploy are... more than friends.”

Her voice was low, her cheeks turning pink. “I’m kind of ship them,”

She added with a shy laugh.

Veena glanced up from the rose arrangement she was working on and followed Lubpad’s gaze toward Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam, who were arranging a floral vase together on the other side of the shop.

The two were giggling and exchanging sweet smiles. Veena’s heart skipped a beat; she knew exactly what Lubpad meant.

“You think so too?”

Veena asked quietly, trying to suppress a grin.

“It’s so sweet it’s like ants are going to swarm the shop. No way they’re just regular friends.”

Lubpad nodded in agreement, her face flustered.

“Totally! When Ploy arrived earlier, Fan’s smile was so wide it practically split her face,”

She said excitedly.

“And Ploy takes such good care of Fan Jam, handing her things, making her coffee, it’s like they can read each other’s minds.”

Her voice filled with excitement. “Right?!”

Veena said with equal excitement.

“Yesterday, when Ploy brought snacks for Fan, I swear I saw Fan blushing so hard. It was adorable.”

She glanced at Fan Jam again.

“Honestly, I think Ploy is just perfect for Fan,” She said confidently.

“She’s here at the shop almost every day.” Lubpad nodded enthusiastically.

“Yeah, Ploy really cares about Fan,” She continued.

“Do you remember that time when Ploy helped lift those heavy flower pots?”

“I saw P’Fan looking at P’Ploy with that kind of gaze... oh, it could melt anyone,”

Lubpad said.

“Melt how? Melt how?”

Veena asked eagerly, her curiosity piqued. Lubpad made a dreamy expression.

“Like... like the whole world stopped spinning, and there was only P’Ploy,” She said with a giggle.

“I think P’Fan has fallen for P’Ploy.” “I think so too,”

Veena nodded in agreement.

“But I don’t think P’Fan realizes it yet.”

The two girls looked at each other, wide smiles spreading across their faces. “If P’Fan and P’Ploy really become a couple, I’d be so happy for them,” Lubpad said sincerely.

“P’Fan deserves someone good by her side for once.” “Absolutely,”

Veena added.

“P’Fan is so kind and sweet, she deserves to have a good person by her side.”

She paused for a moment, her voice taking on a slightly somber tone. “Especially after what happened with P’Chat…”

Lubpad quickly interrupted, “Let’s not talk about that, Veena,” She said softly.

“P’Fan probably doesn’t want to be reminded.” “You’re right,”

Veena nodded.

“But I can’t help thinking about how much P’Fan must have been hurt.” She sighed.

“Still, I think she’s starting to be happy again now since P’Ploy is here.” “Yeah, I feel the same,”

Lubpad nodded.

“P’Ploy has brought P’Fan’s smile back.” “They’re perfect for each other,”

Veena said with a smile.

“I just want to see them happy together.”

Lubpad and Veena secretly watched Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam again. The two of them were still laughing and talking happily. The scene made them feel strangely warm inside. They hoped the relationship between Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam would develop positively, and they wished that Fan Jam would finally find the happiness she truly deserved after facing so much pain for so long.

…Switching to another corner of the shop, Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam were sitting side by side, arranging flowers together. Smiles lit up their faces, and the atmosphere around them was filled with happiness and warmth radiating from the two of them.

Ploy Napphan hid a pink rose behind her back before calling out to Fan Jam in a cheerful voice,

“Sweetie?”

Fan Jam looked up from the bouquet she was working on, her eyes filled with curiosity.

“Yes?”

Ploy Napphan held out the pink rose to Fan Jam. “Here.”

Fan Jam stared at the rose in Ploy Napphan’s hand, her big round eyes widening slightly. Her heart raced. The beautiful pink rose seemed to match the person in front of her perfectly.

She took the rose into her hands, feeling both happy and nervous at the same time.

“Why are you giving this to me?” Ploy Napphan smiled sweetly.

“You can let your guard down now. I don’t want to flirt with you anymore, I’ve been flirting every day, and you might get bored,”

She joked, but her eyes revealed how serious she truly was.

Fan Jam lowered her face to hide the emotions that were welling up inside her. She tried to suppress the nervousness in her heart, feeling guilty for letting her thoughts wander too far, even though they had already agreed.

“But… our relationship can only be temporary,” She said softly.

Ploy Napphan saw the disappointed look on Fan Jam’s face and felt guilty. She quickly tried to lighten the mood.

“That’s sad,”

She said in a quiet voice before laughing. “I’m kidding, don’t take it seriously.”

Fan Jam gave a faint smile, trying to hide her disappointment. She knew she was hoping for something beyond what was possible.

Both of them returned to arranging flowers in silence for a moment before Ploy Napphan spoke again.

“Sweetie, can you teach me how to plant flowers?” She asked excitedly.

Fan Jam looked up at her. Ploy Napphan’s excitement was obvious, and Fan Jam couldn’t help but smile.

“Sure, how about today? I can take you to plant them in the garden behind the shop.”

“That sounds great!”

Ploy Napphan replied enthusiastically.

“What flowers should we plant? Help me decide.”

Fan Jam looked at the pink rose in her hand. Its soft pink color reminded her of the feelings she had for Ploy Napphan.

“What flowers do you want to plant?” She asked.

Ploy Napphan thought for a moment before smiling brightly. “Let’s plant roses then, pink roses. They suit you.”

Fan Jam felt warmth fill her heart. She nodded. “Alright, let’s go plant them.”

# Chapter 13

The late afternoon atmosphere in the garden behind the flower shop was fresh and soothing. A gentle breeze carried the cool air, and the soft sunlight made it the perfect time for planting the pink roses that Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam had planned.

“First of all,”

Fan Jam began teaching Ploy Napphan with focus and care. She knelt down beside the flower bed, her slender hands holding a small trowel skillfully as she dug into the soil.

“We need to dig a hole deep enough to support the roots of the rose bush,” She explained, demonstrating how to dig with precision and expertise.

Ploy Napphan stood watching Fan Jam with admiration in her eyes, her hands resting on her hips.

“You’re really good at this,”

Ploy Napphan said with a wide, admiring smile as she watched Fan Jam dig.

“You make everything look so effortless.”

Fan Jam blushed slightly, glancing up at Ploy Napphan for a brief moment before returning to digging.

“I’ve been doing this for a long time,” She replied shyly.

Ploy Napphan crouched down beside her, sitting on her heels. “You’re so cute, especially when you’re this focused,”

She said sweetly, her eyes fixed on Fan Jam.

Fan Jam felt her face heat up and couldn’t bring herself to look at Ploy Napphan.

“I…”

She murmured, unable to find the right words. Instead, she focused on digging the hole, trying to hide her shy smile.

Once the hole was ready, Fan Jam began explaining how to plant the rose bush step by step; preparing the soil, placing the sapling, covering it with soil, and watering it.

“I don’t know if I can do this,”

Ploy Napphan mumbled as she tried to position the sapling straight, letting out a nervous laugh.

“I’m used to holding pens and sketching paper, not this.” Fan Jam smiled warmly.

“You can do it. Take your time, and I’ll help,”

She said as she moved closer, her small hands gently guiding Ploy Napphan’s hands as they held the seedling.

“You’re so kind,”

Ploy Napphan said sweetly, looking up at Fan Jam with sparkling eyes. “If I finish planting this, will you give me a reward?”

Fan Jam felt her cheeks grow hotter. She avoided Ploy Napphan’s gaze and asked softly,

“What kind of reward?”

Ploy Napphan grinned mischievously. “Whatever you want to give.”

Fan Jam chuckled lightly.

“Then, we’ll have to see how good you can do,”

After she finished speaking, Fan Jam saw Ploy's lustful gaze looking at her. Ploy Napphan giggled.

“I didn't thinking about anything else.” “Sure you weren’t,”

Fan Jam replied playfully, pinching Ploy Napphan’s nose gently. She laughed softly as Ploy Napphan pouted in mock annoyance.

The two of them returned to planting the rose bush, their work accompanied by laughter and joy. By the time they finished, the late afternoon sunlight bathed the garden in a golden glow.

Beads of sweat formed on Ploy Napphan’s smooth forehead, and she let out a big sigh, wiping her sweat away with her hand.

Noticing this, Fan Jam took out a handkerchief and gently tap Ploy Napphan’s forehead.

“Are you tired?”

She asked with genuine concern, her gaze full of care.

Ploy Napphan looked at Fan Jam, her eyes filled with happiness and a hint of exhaustion. She reached out and held Fan Jam’s small hand.

“I’m not tired at all, as long as you’re by my side,” She said in warmly tone.

Fan Jam felt her cheeks flush as her hand was held. She averted her eyes slightly before responding softly,

“You’re so sweet.”

Ploy Napphan met her gaze and tightened her grip on Fan Jam’s hand. “Do you know what I like the most about you?”

Fan Jam looked up at her, her round eyes sparkling with curiosity. “What is it?”

“I love your smile the most,” Ploy Napphan said.

“It makes me so happy.”

Fan Jam blushed, smiling shyly. “I love your smile too.”

The two of them gazed at each other, their smiles glowing in the gentle sunlight. Their eyes held a shared happiness that overflowed between them.

“Sweetie,”

Ploy Napphan called softly. “Yes?”

Fan Jam replied.

Ploy Napphan leaned closer until their noses were almost touching. “Can I…?”

She paused for a moment, a teasing smile on her lips, before continuing in a husky voice,

“I can’t resist anymore.” “Yes…”

Fan Jam closed her eyes, her lips slightly parted, waiting for Ploy Napphan’s touch.

Ploy Napphan chuckled softly and leaned in closer, her lips brushing lightly against Fan Jam’s cheek.

“Thank you for teaching me how to plant flowers,” Ploy Napphan whispered into her ear.

Fan Jam opened her eyes, surprised, before laughing lightly. “I thought you were going to do something else.”

“Like… a kiss?”

Ploy Napphan asked playfully. “Well…”

Fan Jam replied shyly.

“If I kiss you, I won't be control myself. I’ll want to…” Ploy Napphan smiled slyly.

“Well, maybe another time, when it’s just the two of us,”

Fan Jam said sweetly, her eyes playful. She stood up and added,

“Let’s go check out the lilies I planted in the other bed. They’ve started blooming, unlike these roses that we just planted.”

Fan Jam stood and followed Ploy Napphan. The two walked side by side to the lily bed, where the late afternoon sunlight illuminated the flowers, making them look even more beautiful.

“These are so beautiful,”

Ploy Napphan said in admiration. “They’re as beautiful as you,” Fan Jam replied.

Ploy Napphan turned to look at Fan Jam. “And you’re just as beautiful,”

She said.

“I don’t know how much longer I can hold back. I don’t want to resist anymore,”

She teased, moving closer until their faces were only inches apart.

Fan Jam looked into Ploy Napphan’s eyes, unflinching. Slowly, she leaned forward, whispering softly into Ploy Napphan’s ear,

“Then don’t hold back… There are a lot of customers right now. Veena and Lubpad aren’t paying attention to us.”

# Chapter 14

The atmosphere in Fan Jam’s bedroom was filled with desire. The sweet fragrance of Fan Jam’s favorite flowers floated in the air.

Ploy Napphan and Fan Jam kissed passionately, their tongues intertwining in a fiery embrace. Their bodies were so close together that there was hardly any space between them.

Ploy Napphan’s heart was pounding so hard it felt like it might burst out of her chest. She had never felt like this before. It was as if she was sinking into an ocean of emotions she had never experienced before. The feelings were so deep and overwhelming that she could barely breathe.

“Sweetie…”

Ploy Napphan moaned huskily, her hand gripping the back of Fan Jam’s neck tightly as she deepened their sweet and intense kiss.

Fan Jam responded to Ploy Napphan’s kiss willingly. She passionately entwined her tongue with Ploy Napphan’s, her body trembling with desire.

She held the back of Fan Jam's neck tightly, pressing their sweet kiss even deeper.

Ploy Napphan let go of Fan Jam's neck. Her fingers lightly trailed along Fan Jam's collarbone before gently removing Fan Jam's clothes piece by piece.

Her gaze never left Fan Jam, not even for a second. She wanted to memorize every detail, every curve of this beautiful body.

When Fan Jam's clothes were completely removed, Ploy Napphan threw them onto the floor carelessly. She buried her face into the fragrant nook of Fan Jam's neck before moving downward to explore her full chest.

Slowly, she used her tongue to tease the delicate pink tips while one hand gently massaged and kneaded the other breast, switching between them skillfully.

“Ahh… Mm…”

Fan Jam moaned softly, her small hands gripping Ploy Napphan's back tightly as waves of pleasure surged through her body.

Satisfied with her attention to Fan Jam's chest, Ploy Napphan guided Fan Jam to the bed, gently pushing her back onto the soft mattress. She lifted Fan Jam's legs onto her shoulders.

“You’re beautiful, every part of you,”

Ploy Napphan whispered huskily, her hands caressing Fan Jam’s body with adoration.

“How could I resist something like this?”

One of Ploy Napphan's hands moved down to touch the moist center of Fan Jam's body.

"Ah..."

Fan Jam moaned loudly as waves of pleasure coursed through her entire body.

"You are so wet… Do you want it badly?"

Ploy Napphan asked in a husky voice, gazing into Fan Jam's eyes, now filled with desire.

"Yes…"

Fan Jam replied softly, unable to hide her desire any longer. Ploy Napphan smirked.

"How many fingers should I use?"

She asked teasingly. Fan Jam bit her lip gently before responding in a trembling voice,

"… Don't ask."

Ploy Napphan chuckled softly. “How about three?”

Without hesitation, Ploy Napphan slid three slender fingers into Fan Jam’s wet core. Fan Jam tilted her head back, taking a deep breath, trying to suppress the moans that were on the verge of escaping. Her small hands gripped tightly onto Ploy Napphan’s wrist.

"I'm stuck... ah... it's so tight,"

Fan Jam moaned softly, her voice filled with pleasure she could no longer contain.

Hearing this, Ploy Napphan smirked mischievously and leaned down to whisper softly into Fan Jam's ear,

"How tight, darling?" "More..."

Fan Jam whispered, just as Ploy Napphan deliberately thrust her fingers deeper, making Fan Jam's body arch with the movement.

Fan Jam's body moved with the rhythm of the thrusts. "Ahhh, Ploy!"

She moaned uncontrollably, tears of indescribable joy streaming down her soft cheeks.

Ploy Napphan gently kissed Fan Jam's face, wiping away the tears with tenderness.

"If it feels good, just let it out," She said sweetly.

Her warm tongue traced along the tear-streaked cheeks before moving down to capture Fan Jam's lips in a deep, passionate kiss.

“Mm… Ah…”

Fan Jam responded to the kiss passionately, her sweet moans escaping as her small hands gripped tightly onto Ploy Napphan’s back.

Waves of pleasure coursed through her entire body.

Ploy Napphan pulled away from the heated kiss, gazing into Fan Jam’s beautiful eyes, now hazy with desire. A satisfied, mischievous smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

"Ah... Ahhh... Ah-ah-ah-ah..."

Then, Ploy Nappan increased the speed of her fingers without giving her partner a chance to adjust. She spread her partner's legs wide, giving her fingers the freedom to explore the sweet depths within.

Her partner cried out as if on the verge of losing herself, her body writhing in Ploy Nappan's embrace.

"Darling..."

Ploy Nappan used her thumb to rub her partner's delicate spot while thrusting her fingers in and out, creating intense sensations. Her partner arched her body up and down in rhythm with the motion of her fingers, her voice hoarse as she begged.

"Ahhh... Harder... Ahhh!" "Of course, my love..."

"Mm... darling... can I have your tongue too?"

Ploy Nappan didn’t hesitate. She leaned down and pressed her mouth against her partner’s delicate spot, her hot tongue swirling and flicking.

"Ahh... it feels so good,"

Her partner moaned, trembling and arching her hips to meet the dual sensations Ploy Nappan was giving her.

"Ah... darling..."

"Ahh... I’m going to come... Ahhh!"

It took a long while for her partner to reach the peak of pleasure. She released herself fully, with clear liquid gushing out. Yet Ploy Nappan didn’t stop. She continued to lick and savor the sweet taste without any hint of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, her partner’s body kept trembling, her moans continuing unabated.

"Ah... ahh,"

She cried out, eventually feeling a renewed desire for Ploy Nappan. "Darling..."

She whispered softly, her body limp. "I can’t take anymore... ahhh."

Ploy Nappan finally pulled away, gazing at her partner’s flushed face and trembling body with eyes full of love and desire. She leaned down to gently kiss her partner’s forehead.

"One more round, please?" She said sweetly.

"Let me stay with you tonight."

# Chapter 15

Ploy Nappan's office was no longer just a place for work. The sweet fragrance of her favorite white lilies filled the air, transforming the once somber space into one brimming with freshness and hope.

Sitting behind her desk, her sharp eyes scanned the towering stack of documents in front of her. She let out a soft sigh, raising a hand to gently massage her temples.

*Time to get to work, isn’t it?*

But before diving in, she picked up her phone and snapped a photo of herself, flashing a sweet smile at the camera. A small smile crept onto her face as she pressed the shutter button.

Ploy Nappan sent the photo to Fan Jam with a simple message:

*"Miss you."*

After that, she put her phone down, turning back to focus on her work while humming a cheerful tune.

Nearly an hour passed before the sound of knocking broke the quiet. Ploy Nappan looked up from the pile of documents.

“Come in,” She permitted.

The door swung open to reveal the familiar figure of Sira, her best friend. Ploy Nappan shook her head slightly and smirked.

“I thought you disappeared with that kid,” She teased.

Sira sauntered in and dropped herself comfortably into the chair across from Ploy Nappan.

“I should be asking if you’ve ditched me for some girl,”

Sira retorted, crossing her arms and eyeing her friend knowingly.

Ploy Nappan raised an eyebrow in question, prompting Sira to elaborate. “Your secretary, Nipa, told me.”

“I know my secretary well,”

Ploy Nappan said, shaking her head with a soft laugh. “You must have pressed her into talking.”

“Pretty much,”

Sira admitted, leaning back in her chair. Then she leaned closer, curiosity gleaming in her eyes.

“So, what’s the deal with you and that girl?” Ploy Nappan sighed.

“We’re just... friends with benefits,”

She replied matter-of-factly, twirling a pen between her fingers. Sira burst out laughing.

“Pathetic!” She teased.

She leaned back against the chair, looking at the white lily on the desk. Its fragrance reminded her of the person she cared about, and a sweet smile appeared on her face again.

Maybe, "just a friend... sleeping" might be a good starting point for a new love.

Sira looked at her friend, who was smiling slightly, the corner of her mouth turning up with a hint of mischief, before speaking in a serious tone,

"Smiling a lot, don’t tell me you’re thinking more than that."

Ploy Napphan didn’t answer, she just leaned back against the chair and gazed out the window as if she were looking into the future she had dreamed of.

Sira widened her eyes.

"You in a game with no status, someone will get hurt. Believe me," She said seriously, trying to pull her best friend back to reality.

Ploy Napphan smiled slightly and shook her head.

"Who’s going to get hurt? Right now, I’m trying to make the person I care about soften up,"

She said confidently, as if everything was under control.

Sira laughed and gently placed the papers she had prepared on Ploy Napphan’s desk.

"I really believe that."

Ploy Napphan furrowed her brows. "What?"

She asked, curious, as she reached for the papers.

Sira raised an eyebrow and winked at her best friend.

"This is information about potential partner. Help me look at this part."

Ploy Napphan quickly glanced through the document before her eyes widened in surprise.

"Jinna?"

She asked in a high-pitched voice, as if she couldn’t believe her eyes. Sira nodded.

"Yes, your ex-lover. She’s going to invest in our company," She paused for a moment before adding,

"She contacted me herself, saying she’s interested in the jewelry business and want to invest. She also wants you to manage this project directly."

Ploy Napphan stayed silent for a while, her old memories with Jinna flooding her mind. She let out a soft sigh.

"It’s probably just about work,"

She muttered to herself, feeling as though a cloud of uncertainty had blocked the light in her heart.

Sira lightly patted her friend's shoulder.

"I think Jinna is coming back for you... If that happens, how will you decide?"

Ploy Napphan shook her head.

"I’m not thinking about anything anymore."

"But Jinna is thinking... I don’t know, I just have a feeling that this is going to be messy somehow,"

Sira said softly, unsure whether to feel sorry for her best friend, Jinna, or the person her friend was pursuing.

“...”

"Never mind," Sira continued,

"We’ll have to work together anyway. You can’t avoid it."

Ploy Napphan nodded, slightly concerned. She knew Sira was right, she would have to face it.

"Yeah, and about work... are you sure it won’t be affected?" Sira asked. Ploy Napphan sighed again.

"I’ll try,"

She replied, her voice full of exhaustion.

Ploy Napphan furrowed her brows, and the smile that had been on her face faded as if it were blocked by a cloud. Her expression became serious immediately when Sira spoke the next sentence.

"Tomorrow, Jinna will come to discuss work with you. Get ready." "Tomorrow?"

Ploy Napphan asked, her voice tense, her heart racing. A flood of mixed emotions hit her all at once.

Everything seemed to be happening so fast. Since breaking up with Jinna, she hadn’t seen her again because Jinna had been avoiding her.

And suddenly, what did this return mean? She tried to hold back the confusion inside her, but couldn’t deny the worry building up in her heart.

Sira excused herself. Ploy Napphan nodded silently, her face expressionless. Sira walked over and patted her best friend’s shoulder lightly.

"Don’t overthink it,"

She said in a comforting voice before leaving the room, leaving Ploy Napphan alone with her thoughts.

Ploy Napphan leaned back in her chair. It felt like something heavy was pressing down on her head, causing a throbbing pain.

The stress overwhelmed her, making her want to lie down and rest, to close her eyes and escape the chaos. But then, a message from the person she cared about appeared:

### "I miss you too."

That short message made Ploy Napphan feel better, like a small light shining in the darkness. She decided to call the person she cared about, hoping that their voice would help relieve the heavy feelings in her heart.

"Hello, sweetheart,"

The sweet voice of the person she cared about rang out, pulling Ploy Napphan out of her trance.

"Sweetheart,"

Ploy Napphan whispered, her voice full of fatigue. [Are you okay? You don’t sound well.]

Fan Jam asked, concerned, their voice filled with care. "I just have a little headache,"

Ploy Napphan replied, trying to hide her true feelings.

[Have you taken any medicine yet?] "Not yet,"

Ploy Napphan paused for a moment, gathering her courage before continuing with a mischievous tone,

"Come take care of me tonight, I need a shot."

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before the soft laugh of the person she cared about echoed.

[Okay, I’ll come take care of you.]

Ploy Napphan smiled happily. Even though today had been a day full of confusion, just hearing Fan Jam's voice made her feel much better. The weight in her heart had lightened.

"Thank you," She said sweetly.

[No problem, I also want to get a shot.] She said playfully.

"Are you sick?"

[I want to... Yes. See you later.]

Her significant other replied with a teasing tone. "You’re stubborn."

[Go back to work now. I’ll come to your condo tonight]

# Chapter 16

Ploy Napphan's luxurious condo stood tall on the top floor, offering a breathtaking view of the sparkling city lights below. The scenery was as beautiful as a dream, but inside the room, the atmosphere was even more intense.

Ploy Napphan led her significant other into the familiar room. Her partner had visited before a few days ago, but tonight, the feeling was completely different. Tonight wasn’t just a casual visit, but a response to an invitation to fulfill each other’s longing.

As soon as she stepped into the room, Fan Jam took the lead, gently pushing Ploy Napphan approaching the sofa, Ploy Napphan sat down on the soft couch, looking at Fan Jam with eyes full of desire.

The slender, delicate figure of Fan Jam rested on her lap, soft lips teasing at her neck, inhaling the sweet scent. A warm tongue traced along her ear, sliding down to playfully tease her smooth chin. Gently whispering in a husky voice,

"Where would you like the doctor to inject the medicine, patient?" Ploy Napphan chuckled softly at that teasing demeanor.

"Can a patient ask for the doctor to give me a shot?"

With that, Ploy Napphan flipped the situation, positioning herself over Fan Jam on the sofa and whispered to her.

“Can you tease me a lot?”

Fan Jam didn’t respond but instead ran her hand along Ploy Napphan's smooth shoulder. Her thumb gently brushed against Ploy’s full lips, while her other hand started to unbutton her own shirt, one button at a time.

Ploy Napphan watched Fan Jam intently, her breath catching slightly as she saw the smooth skin slowly being revealed, until Fan Jam had taken off all her clothes.

"Ah..."

Fan Jam stroked her body lightly, squeezing and massaging it gently while making soft moaning sounds. This made Ploy Napphan almost lose control.

“Sweetheart...”

Fan Jam sweetly responded, “Love...”

“Can you please help yourself for me to see...”

Ploy Napphan, seeing this, moved her hand to guide Fan Jam’s hand to rest on her beautiful body.

Fan Jam followed Ploy Napphan's request, starting to move her fingers back and forth on her sensitive part. The delicate part of her body let out sweet moans, and Ploy Napphan gazed into her eyes, captivated and lustful.

"Ahh,"

Fan Jam's moans grew louder and louder. Clear liquid flowing down and cover Fan Jam's small fingers, indicating that she was getting aroused. Fan Jam looked at Ploy Napphan's face and inserting her fingers into her own love canal, moving them in and out. Her mouth calling out Ploy Napphan's name in arousing manner.

Her mouth passionately calls out Ploy's name repeatedly. "Ah...Ploy... Ploy, my love..."

The sound of her partner's moans echoed in the room. She closed her eyes tightly while her delicate fingers kept moving without pause. A tingling sensation coursed through her body, causing her to inadvertently bite her own lip.

Ploy, lost in admiration, watched the scene before her with keen eyes, her sharp gaze fixed on every movement of her partner. A satisfied smile spread across her lips.

"Do you want me to do it for you?"

Ploy Napphan whispered hoarsely, leaning closer until the tip of her nose touched the soft cheek of Jam.

Fan Jam nodded rapidly, her big round eyes sparkling with desire. She looked up at Ploy Napphan, her lips slightly parted as if she is pleading.

But Ploy Napphan held onto Fan Jam's hand, refusing to let her stop. “But... I already told you that I want to see you do it,”

She said in a sweet voice, though her eyes sparkled with mischief. “Use your fingers, and let me control the rhythm.”

"Ugh..."

Fan Jam moaned softly in protest but complied with Ploy Napphan's desires. She began to move her fingers in and out to the rhythm that Ploy Napphan dictated. Her body trembled, and the tingling sensation intensified continuously.

“Your fingers are long, does it feel good?"

She intentionally asked to tease Fan Jam even more. "Ah... Ahhh!"

Fan Jam groaned loudly. Her slender fingers continued to move back and forth without pausing. The countless tingling sensations that Ploy gave her almost drove her crazy.

“Ah... Ah.”

“Yes, faster than that!” “Oh...Stop, stop for now...Ahhh”

Her body tensed with pleasure. Tears of joy streamed down her cheeks.

Ploy Napphan gazed at the scene infront of her with fascination. She had never imagined she could feel this way before. Experiencing the joy of seeing Fan Jam as hers only.

“Ah... Mmm... Ahh,”

Fan Jam moaned loudly, her body trembling more intensely. She knew she was approaching her climax.

Ploy Napphan smiled with satisfaction as she quickened the pace of her movements, until Fan Jam released her pleasure once again, the sound echoing throughout the room.

“More...”

But Ploy Napphan wasn’t ready to stop, she continued to guide her hand. Fan Jam, keep moving even though her body is already weak.

"Ah, is that not enough yet? Ahh," Fan Jam asked softly, panting heavily.

Ploy Napphan leaned down to whisper in Fan Jam ear, "I'm still not satisfied,"

She said in a hoarse voice.

"I want to see more of you.”

Fan Jam looked at Ploy Napphan with eyes full of desire. She knew she couldn't refuse Ploy Napphan, so she nodded softly in agreement.

“Ah, sure ... Whatever you want.”

Ploy Napphan smiled with satisfaction and then said to Fan Jam in a gentle voice.

"I really want to reward the good girl."

Just like that, Ploy Napphan moved down to sit on the floor beside the sofa, spread her partner's legs wide apart, used her hands to part the love canal until she found the sensitive button, leaned down, and slowly extended her tongue to that spot.

"Ah...Ahhh..."

Fan Jam arched her hips, gripping the sofa tightly, moving her buttocks in rhythm with the powerful flicks of the tongue, moaning and breathing heavily.

Ploy Napphan was captivated, licking and sucking until Fan Jam moved her hands to squeeze her own chest hard. She tried to pull away, but Ploy's slender hands locked around Fan Jam waist, preventing her from going anywhere.

"Ploy...That's enough...Ahhh,"

Fan Jam exclaimed, gasping loudly.

Ploy Napphan continued to lick until her lover was completely satisfied. The sweet nectar from her lover's body flowed down her face. Ploy Napphan didn't stop, she used her tongue to sweep and collect it.

She licked up all the sweetness until it was gone before slowly moving herself to hug Fan Jam tightly, snuggling close to her face.

She whispered,

“Do you want to see the view? The view from my room is beautiful. Look at the view ”

“Mm. ”

Fan Jam moaned softly in her throat. She felt tired and exhausted, but the desire that Ploy Napphan had sparked still hadn’t faded.

Ploy Napphan didn’t wait for an answer. She lifted Fan Jam’s small body into her arms, holding her close to her chest, and walked straight to the large window. It showed a beautiful view of the big city at night. The lights twinkled like millions of stars below, shining brightly against the dark sky, creating a romantic and tempting feeling.

Ploy Napphan gently laid Fan Jam down on the floor by the large window. Their bare bodies pressed closely together under the soft light of the moon, which shone through, revealing their glowing skin and intimate embrace.

Ploy Napphan leaned down and whispered in Fan Jam’s ear, “Are you ready to enjoy the beautiful view with me?” “Yes. ”

Fan Jam replied softly, her voice barely audible. She lifted her face to look at Ploy Napphan, her eyes filled with trust and longing.

Ploy Napphan smiled with satisfaction. She slowly leaned in to kiss Fan Jam again, this time deeper and longer than ever before.

Their tongues intertwined passionately, savoring each other under the moonlight and the breathtaking city view.

# Chapter 17

Ploy Napphan helped Fan Jam, still exhausted, up from the sofa and guided her toward the large window that offered a stunning view of the big city at night.

The twinkling lights below shimmered like millions of stars, contrasting beautifully with the dark night sky. It created a romantic and enchanting atmosphere.

“It’s beautiful...”

Fan Jam softly exclaimed as she gazed at the view before her. She felt both excited and deeply moved by the breathtaking scenery that Ploy Napphan had brought her to see.

“It’s so beautiful,”

She said, her voice trembling slightly. “But... won’t anyone can see us?”

Fan Jam asked Ploy Napphan with a worried tone.

Ploy Napphan smirked slightly before leaning in to whisper softly into Fan Jam’s ear,

“No, they can’t. The glass is one-way. You can see the view outside, but no one outside can see in. Just let yourself relax, okay?”

Then her warm tongue teased along Fan Jam’s ear, sending a shiver through her body.

“Are you excited?”

She asked in a husky voice. “Mmm...”

Fan Jam let out a soft moan in her throat, goosebumps rising all over her skin as Ploy Napphan’s tongue gently touched her sensitive ear.

Ploy Napphan’s slender hand slid to Fan Jam’s chest, grabbing it firmly with playful intent.

“Ploy... ah,”

Fan Jam moaned faintly, closing her eyes. The fiery touch from Ploy Napphan made her almost forget to breathe.

Ploy Napphan pulled her lips away from Fan Jam’s ear, gazing at her flushed face and trembling body with eyes full of passion. Then she leaned down for another kiss, deeper and longer than before.

“Ah...”

Fan Jam moaned softly into the kiss, wrapping her arms tightly around Ploy Napphan. Their bodies pressed closely together as Ploy Napphan slowly broke the kiss, her eyes filled with love and desire as she looked at Fan Jam.

“You’re so beautiful,” She whispered gently. “I want to…”

“What do you want to do?”

Fan Jam asked breathlessly, her voice trembling, already knowing the answer as she gazed at Ploy Napphan.

Fan Jam wanted to hear what Ploy Napphan truly desired, even though she already knew deep down. She longed to hear it directly from Ploy Napphan's lips.

“I want to make you the happiest you’ve ever been,”

Ploy Napphan replied in a husky voice. Slowly, she slid her hand down, touching the damp warmth between Fan Jam’s thighs.

“Right here... I’ll make you forget everything.” “Ah...”

Fan Jam let out a soft moan as warmth surged through her entire body. The desire Ploy Napphan ignited in her was almost overwhelming.

Without hesitation, Ploy Napphan slid her fingers firmly into Fan Jam’s intimate space, starting a rhythm that sent waves of pleasure through her. Under the shimmering city lights outside the window, Fan Jam’s sweet moans grew louder, a testament to the bliss Ploy Napphan was giving her.

“Ahh... Ploy...”

Fan Jam moaned sweetly, lifting her face to gaze at Ploy Napphan with eyes filled with happiness.

Ploy Napphan smiled softly, knowing she had brought immense joy to Fan Jam. That knowledge made her even happier than anything else.

“Are you stressed today?”

Fan Jam asked softly, her voice trembling, as Ploy Napphan continued to press against her neck with more intensity than usual.

Ploy Napphan lifted her face to meet Fan Jam’s eyes. “How did you know?”

“You seemed... rough today,”

Fan Jam replied in low voice. “I’m sorry,”

Ploy Napphan said quickly.

“But... do you like it? Do you like it when I’m rough?”

At Fan Jam’s words, Ploy Napphan immediately pinned her wrists above her head with one hand while the other slid down to her slim waist, pulling her hips closer to hers.

Ploy Napphan’s hand slowly moved downwards, gently stroking Fan Jam’s center, teasing her until a soft moan escaped her lips.

“I actually have a lot of toys. Do you want to try one?” Ploy Napphan whispered huskily.

“Is it... scary?”

Fan Jam asked softly.

“It’s not scary at all, but it’ll make things more exciting. It’s bigger than my fingers.”

“Is it really big?”

Fan Jam asked curiously. “Try it and you'll know.”

Ploy Napphan replied before pulling herself away. She walked to a drawer and pulled out a sweet-colored toy with bumps on both ends, along with slippery lubricant.

Although Fan Jam’s natural wetness was plenty, the size of the toy might cause discomfort, so the lubricant gel would help.

Ploy Napphan returned to Fan Jam and whispered in her ear, “Are you ready?”

Fan Jam nodded slightly. Although her heart was beating widly, but excitement bubbled up inside her chest. She was curious about how the “toy” Ploy Napphan mentioned would make her feel.

Fan Jam nodded again as she felt the unfamiliar yet smooth sensation gliding against her intimate area. She let out a moan when Ploy Napphan hesitated to fully insert it.

“If it hurts, tell me,”

Ploy Napphan said quickly.

Fan Jam nodded, her voice pleading softly,

“Ploy... please, put it in. Ahh, I can’t wait any longer...”

Fan Jam felt as if she was melting into the sensations that Ploy Napphan was giving her. Suddenly, Ploy Napphan carefully pushed the tip of the toy into Fan Jam with some difficulty. Fan Jam cried out, spreading her legs wider and arching her hips toward Ploy Napphan, welcoming the foreign object into her.

“You’re doing so well, handling my toy.”

Ploy Napphan whispered with admiration. Fan Jam’s intimate area had taken in half of the toy, where it paused. Confused as to why Ploy Napphan wasn’t moving it, she realized the reason when Ploy Napphan began undressing.

Ploy Napphan took the other end of the sweet-colored toy and began rubbing it against herself. At this point, Fan Jam was positioned with her back to Ploy Napphan, while Ploy Napphan worked to insert the other end into herself.

Slowly, her body began to take it in bit by bit, until Fan Jam, wanting to tease, suddenly pushed her hips back, forcing the toy deeper into Ploy Napphan. Their bodies pressed tightly together.

The action made Ploy Napphan’s knees tremble, her fingers digging into Fan Jam’s shoulders from the overwhelming sensation.

“Ah... please gently ?” She whimpered.

But Fan Jam ignored her plea, moving her hips faster and harder. The quickened rhythm drew louder and louder cries from Ploy Napphan.

“Ahhhhh!”

Their bodies moved against each other, the intensity building with every thrust. The room filled with the sounds of their moans and the rhythmic slap of skin meeting skin, creating a symphony that echoed through the entire space.

Breathless pants and unrestrained moans filled the room. “Ah… Ahhhh…”

Ploy Napphan let out a sweet cry as she released all the pent-up feelings inside her.

“Mmmmmm…”

Fan Jam moaned deeply in her throat, overwhelmed by a joy so intense it felt as though it might overflow from her very being.

The two remained close together, collapsing onto the floor, their bodies still trembling from the bliss they had just shared. They locked eyes, a smile forming on both their faces. Though exhausted, the happiness they felt was beyond words.

“Can I take it out now?”

Ploy Napphan asked, her voice tender and filled with affection. She reached out to gently stroke Fan Jam’s hair.

“Not yet… I want more,”

Fan Jam replied with a sweet smile, snuggling into Ploy Napphan’s embrace. She took a deep breath, savoring the warmth and scent of the person next to her.

Then, with renewed energy, she climbed on top of Ploy Napphan, moving her body up and down.

“Ahhh, Ploy…”

# Chapter 18

The morning sunlight couldn’t penetrate the thick curtains, leaving Ploy Napphan’s bedroom immersed in a dim darkness. Only the soft glow from the bedside lamp lit the room faintly. The atmosphere was calm and quiet, broken only by the gentle breathing of two people lying in a close embrace on the wide bed.

Ploy Napphan slowly opened her eyes, awakening from her slumber. She felt the warmth and softness of the body nestled close beside her. The faint floral scent of Fan Jam’s favorite

fragrance lingered in the air, brushing her senses. It brought her an indescribable sense of relaxation and happiness.

Ploy Napphan stirred slightly, turning to face Fan Jam, who was still fast asleep beside her. Fan Jam’s soft lips were pressed together, and her bright eyes, usually so expressive, were hidden behind closed lids.

Ploy Napphan gently traced her fingers over Fan Jam’s delicate features, feeling an overwhelming surge of affection. A heavy feeling pressed on her chest as she wrestled with the reality of their relationship, *“friends with benefits.”*

But the closer she was to Fan Jam, the more undeniable her feelings became.

Ploy Napphan sighed deeply. She knew she couldn’t keep lying to herself. Fan Jam had taken over her heart completely. She wanted to confess, but fear held her back, fear of destroying what little connection they had.

She stared at Fan Jam for so long that the other stirred awake, blinking groggily before meeting Ploy Napphan’s gaze.

“Are you awake?”

Fan Jam asked softly, shifting closer to wrap her arms loosely around Ploy Napphan.

“Mm,”

Ploy Napphan hummed in response, snuggling against Fan Jam’s shoulder. “Did I wake you? Sorry.”

“No,”

Fan Jam reassured her.

“But… why do you look so worried?”

Concern filled her voice as she raised a hand to stroke Ploy Napphan’s back gently.

“Are you okay?”

Ploy Napphan forced a smile, knowing she couldn’t hide her feelings any longer. She decided to speak, though cautiously.

“I have a stressful meeting today,” She admitted, taking a deep breath. “It might be tough.”

“You’ll be fine,”

Fan Jam encouraged her.

“You’re amazing, and I know you can handle it.”

She pressed a tender kiss to Ploy Napphan’s forehead.

Ploy Napphan smiled gratefully, feeling comforted by Fan Jam’s words. “Thank you,”

She said sweetly. After a moment of hesitation, she added, “But… I also have a meeting with my ex-girlfriend today.”

Her voice softened as she lowered her gaze, guilt evident in her tone.

Fan Jam froze for a moment. Her chest tightened as a sharp pain pierced her heart. She tried to suppress the emotion, unwilling to let Ploy Napphan see her vulnerability.

“Oh… I see,”

She replied evenly, forcing her voice to remain steady. However, the slight tremble in her gaze betrayed her.

Ploy Napphan noticed and felt a pang of regret. “Are you okay?”

She asked softly.

Fan Jam nodded, her lips pressed tightly together. “I’m fine,”

She said, though her voice wavered. “Fan Jam…”

Ploy Napphan murmured, her voice tinged with hesitation.

“Do you think… you could see me as more than just a friend in bed?”

Silence hung heavy between them as Fan Jam struggled to find the words. She knew she had feelings for Ploy Napphan, but fear of heartbreak kept

her from speaking. Tears welled up in her eyes as she remained silent.

Seeing this, Ploy Napphan sighed again. She realized she couldn’t expect an answer and got up from the bed, putting on her robe.

“You can leave if you want,” She said quietly.

“I need to get ready for work.”

Fan Jam watched Ploy Napphan disappear into the bathroom. Her heart ached, torn between her feelings and her fear. Finally, she got out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and left the room without looking back, leaving behind a heavy silence and unresolved emotions.

When Ploy Napphan heard the door close, she stepped out of the bathroom. Her eyes lingered on the now-empty doorway, filled with regret. She sat on the bed, a single tear slipping down her cheek before she noticed.

Taking a deep breath, she went to her vanity, brushing her hair in preparation for the day ahead a day she dreaded.

But no matter how hard she tried to focus, the image of Fan Jam lingered in her mind, making her realize that she needed to decide on the future of their relationship before it was too late.

### At Work

Ploy Napphan’s big office felt tense. Papers were scattered all over her desk, showing how messy her thoughts were. She tried to concentrate on the report in front of her, but the words were hard to read, as if her mind was foggy.

On top of the pile was a folder labeled,

### “Joint Venture with J Corporation.”

The bold black letters on the clean white cover made it feel like trouble was on the way. Beside it was another folder with jewelry market trends for 2025 and a notebook with unfinished jewelry sketches. Everything around her reminded her of the stress she couldn’t escape.

Suddenly, a knock on the door broke her thoughts. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself and look normal, then said,

“Come in.”

The door opened, and Nipa, her trusted secretary, walked in politely. “Ms. Jinna, our partner, has arrived,”

Nipa reported. “Let her in,”

Ploy Napphan replied, trying to steady the tremble in her heart. She braced herself to face the past she had tried so hard to forget.

Moments later, Jinna’s elegant figure appeared at the door. She wore a sleek dark gray suit, exuding sophistication and authority.

Her long hair was tied neatly at the back, and her sharp, beautiful face was adorned with a faint smile. She greeted Ploy Napphan with a friendly tone.

“Hello, Ms. Ploy.” “Hello, Ms. Jinna,”

Ploy Napphan responded, keeping her voice as neutral as possible. “Please, take a seat.”

She gestured to the chair opposite her desk.

Jinna nodded politely and gracefully walked over to sit down. She placed a folder on the desk.

“Thank you.”

“Is there anything specific you’d like to discuss today?” Ploy Napphan asked to start the conversation.

“I’ve brought a proposal for a joint investment for you to review,”

Jinna replied. She opened the folder, took out a document, and slid it across the desk toward Ploy Napphan.

“Here are all the details about the project.”

Ploy Napphan accepted the document and reviewed it carefully. She read every word with focus, though her thoughts were still somewhat unsettled. She worked hard to maintain a professional demeanor.

“This seems like a very interesting project,”

Ploy Napphan remarked after finishing the document.

“I really like the idea of blending traditional jewelry designs with modern technology.”

“Thank you,”

Jinna replied with a smile.

“I believe that with your skills and experience, we can create something outstanding.”

“And what about the funding?” Ploy Napphan asked.

“How do we plan to divide the investment?”

“That’s something we can negotiate,” Jinna said. “I’m flexible on that.”

Ploy Napphan nodded.

“Alright, shall we move on to discussing marketing strategies and distribution channels?”

The meeting continued as the two exchanged ideas like true professionals. Despite the underlying emotions building between them, they managed to separate work from personal matters.

When the work discussion ended, Ploy Napphan looked up at Jinna. “So... how have you been lately?”

She asked, her tone softening slightly. Jinna gave a faint smile.

“Same as usual,” She replied.

“Work, exercise, nothing special.” “That’s good,”

Ploy Napphan said.

A brief silence fell over the room. They looked at each other, but neither spoke.

Finally, Jinna broke the silence. “Ploy...”

She called softly.

“I… I’m sorry for everything.”

Ploy Napphan’s expression softened as she looked at Jinna. She understood what Jinna meant and let out a light sigh.

“It’s okay,” she said.

“I’m not holding onto it anymore.” “Really?”

Jinna asked, her voice trembling. She looked up at Ploy Napphan with hopeful eyes.

“Yeah,”

Ploy Napphan confirmed with a smile.

“The past is the past. We both need to move forward.” Jinna smiled with relief.

“Thank you, Ploy,” She said.

“I’m glad you don’t hate me anymore.” “But…”

Ploy Napphan hesitated for a moment before continuing, “I have something to tell you too.”

“What is it?”

“I’m in love with someone now,” Ploy Napphan admitted.

“If you’re thinking about coming back, it’s not possible. To be honest, I was worried you might mix personal feelings with business.”

Hearing this, Jinna’s expression shifted slightly before she forced a smile. “I’ll admit, I used work as an excuse,”

Jinna confessed.

“But since you’ve been so honest, there’s nothing I can do now.”

# Chapter 19

When the office door closed and Jinna’s figure disappeared from sight, Ploy Napphan sank into her expensive leather chair. It felt as though an invisible hand was squeezing her temples, amplifying the pain of the migraine that had been building since the morning.

Her eyes, fixed on the graphs and numbers filling her computer screen, seemed to add fuel to the flames of her suffering.

With trembling hands, Ploy Napphan picked up her phone. Her slender fingers dialed the number of Nipa, her trusted secretary. It wasn’t long before Nipa’s cheerful voice came through the line.

[Yes, Ms. Ploy.] She said brightly.

“Do I have any other tasks today, Nipa?” Ploy Napphan asked in a hoarse voice. [None, Ms. Ploy.]

Nipa replied.

“Then I’ll leave early,”

Ploy Napphan said before ending the call.

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a moment, trying to calm herself and ease her headache, but it didn’t help. With a deep sigh, she

stood up, grabbed her bag and car keys, and slowly walked out of her office.

The afternoon sunlight poured into her luxury car as she drove away from the company, heading toward her private condominium. She drove carefully, doing her best to stay focused despite the sharp pain in her head.

When she arrived at her condo, Ploy Napphan almost crawled into her apartment. She tossed her bag carelessly onto the sofa and staggered toward her bedroom.

Collapsing onto the soft bed, her breathing was uneven. The pain overwhelmed her completely. Curled up on the bed, tears streamed down her cheeks without her realizing it.

For the first time, she felt completely alone and weak.

Eventually, her exhaustion and the intense pain began to make her feel faint. But before she could fully drift off, her phone rang. It was a call from the one person she wanted by her side the most.

The ringing phone pulled her back to reality. With trembling hands, she picked it up and held it to her ear. The bright light from the screen made her squint, but the name *“Fan Jam”* appeared clearly.

“Sweetheart … come here, please,”

Ploy Napphan answered, her voice weak and hoarse, barely above a whisper.

Fan Jam was alarmed the moment she heard her. [Are you okay? You don’t sound good at all.] She said, her concern clear.

“My head… it hurts. A lot,” Ploy Napphan replied faintly.

[Where are you?] Fan Jam asked. “My condo…”

[Could you hold on?]

Fan Jam asked with deep worry, but there was no response. [Ploy...Ploy...?]

She called again, but there was only silence. Panic began to rise in her chest, her heart racing uncontrollably with worry.

[I’ll be right there.]

Fan Jam said urgently before hanging up and running out of her room.

She quickly told the staff to help take care of the shop. Then she went straight to her car, start the engine and drove away immediately, heading to Ploy Napphan's condo. The tires quickly ground the road, as if reflecting the urgency in her heart.

It was unbearable for Fan Jam to think of the one she loved going back to someone else, but in the end, the decision rested with Ploy Napphan.

Fan Jam had called Ploy Napphan to talk about her concerns, but she hadn’t expected to hear such a tired, pain-filled voice. Worry overwhelmed her, and she quickened her pace to reach Ploy as fast as she could.

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When she arrived at the condo, she used the keycard Ploy Napphan had given her and unlocked the door quickly. She rushed into the bedroom to find Ploy curled up on the bed, her face pale and drenched in sweat.

“Ploy!”

Fan Jam hurried to her side, taking her hand tightly. The warmth of Fan Jam’s touch brought a slight comfort to Ploy, who slowly opened her eyes, her vision blurry as she gazed at Fan Jam.

“Mm…”

Ploy murmured weakly, almost out of strength. “I’m here,”

Fan Jam said gently, leaning down to place a soft kiss on Ploy’s forehead. “Let me get some medicine. Do you have any?”

“Drawer…”

Ploy managed to whisper, her voice hoarse and barely audible.

Hearing this, Fan Jam quickly stepped away. She opened the drawer, grabbing painkillers and a glass of water, then rushed back to Ploy.

Supporting her to sit up slightly, she handed her the medicine and water. “Take this and rest,”

Fan Jam said with a voice full of care.

Ploy nodded faintly and swallowed the pill with difficulty. Fan Jam placed her hand on Ploy’s forehead, feeling the heat radiating from her skin. She realized immediately that Ploy had a fever.

“You’re burning up,”

Fan Jam muttered to herself. She got up and fetched a cloth, soaking it in cold water before gently wiping down Ploy’s body, trying to bring her temperature down.

Once she finished, Fan Jam went to the kitchen. Opening the fridge, she grabbed simple ingredients and started making rice porridge for Ploy.

The soft sounds of chopping vegetables and stirring filled the quiet condo, bringing a hint of life to the otherwise somber atmosphere.

When the simple meal was ready, Fan Jam brought the hot bowl of porridge to the bedside table and sat beside Ploy. She spooned small portions and fed them to her, her eyes full of tenderness.

“Does it taste good?” Fan Jam asked softly.

Ploy nodded in response. Though the flavor was a bit bland, the warmth of the porridge and Fan Jam’s care made this meal the most special one she’d ever had.

After finishing the porridge, Fan Jam quickly cleaned the empty bowl and returned to sit beside Ploy. She reached out and gently stroked Ploy’s hair.

“Your fever will go down soon,”

She said softly, her voice full of reassurance. Ploy Napphan held Fan Jam’s hand tightly. “You’re not going anywhere, right?”

She asked softly, her eyes filled with worry. She didn’t want to be alone at this moment.

Fan Jam smiled gently at her.

“I’m not going anywhere. I’ll stay and take care of you tonight,” She said, stroking Ploy’s hair lightly.

“Get some sleep. I’ll be right here.”

Ploy Napphan smiled with relief, nestling into Fan Jam’s embrace. She closed her eyes, feeling at ease. The faint, comforting scent of Fan Jam made her feel safe and relaxed.

Fan Jam watched as Ploy drifted off to sleep, her emotions a mix of love and concern. She knew she should go back to her shop, but she couldn’t bring herself to leave Ploy alone.

She decided to stay the night, sitting by Ploy’s side, wiping her forehead when she grew warm, and keeping watch over her.

Time passed slowly. Fan Jam looked at Ploy with love and care, dozing off a few times but waking up suddenly each time to check that Ploy was still okay.

Eventually, as Ploy’s fever subsided, Fan Jam could no longer fight the overwhelming drowsiness.

She drifted off into a deep sleep, right there beside the one she loved.

# Chapter 20

A new morning dawned at Ploy Napphan’s condo. Gentle sunlight filtered through the thin curtains, casting a soft glow into the bedroom.

She felt a tender touch on her cheek and neck, followed by soft lips brushing lovingly against her skin. The tickling sensation stirred her from her slumber.

Fan Jam opened her eyes to see Ploy Napphan’s face close enough to feel her breath. Ploy Napphan’s slender hand was playfully exploring under the blanket, lightly caressing Fan Jam smooth legs.

“Mm… Ploy…”

Fan Jam murmured, her voice husky. She felt a warm, thrilling sensation from Ploy Napphan’s affectionate touch, even though she wasn’t fully awake yet.

“Feeling better, huh? That’s why you’re being so naughty this early morning,”

Fan Jam teased sweetly, giggling softly. She looked up at Ploy Napphan, her cheeks blushing a light pink.

Ploy Napphan smiled widely and pulled Fan Jam into a warm hug. “I feel much better now,”

She replied.

“Thank you so much for staying with me last night.”

She buried her face into Fan Jam’s shoulder, inhaling the familiar soft scent that comforted her.

As Ploy Napphan’s hand began to wander to Fan Jam’s delicate spots, Fan Jam quickly stopped her by holding her hand.

“Don’t do this, Ploy. Not like this. We haven’t even talked yet.” “Talk about what?”

Ploy Napphan asked innocently, nuzzling against Fan Jam’s neck. “About us,”

Fan Jam replied softly.

“I’ll be whatever you want me to be,” Ploy Napphan said tenderly,

“Just don’t disappear from my life.” “Are you going back to your ex?” Fan Jam asked cautiously.

“I don’t want to go back to her,” Ploy Napphan answered.

“Why not?”

Fan Jam asked curiously, pausing her movements as she waited for Ploy’s response.

Ploy Napphan closed her eyes for a moment, as if gathering the courage to speak about her painful past.

“Jinna and I… we didn’t end things well,”

She began.

“I found out she was cheating on me.”

Fan Jam fell silent, feeling a deep ache in her heart for Ploy Napphan. Even though she had never experienced being cheated on, she could imagine the pain it caused.

“I was devastated,”

Ploy Napphan continued, her voice trembling slightly.

“I never thought someone I loved and trusted could do that to me.” “And… what did you do next?”

Fan Jam asked softly, reaching out to gently stroke Ploy Napphan’s hair in an attempt to comfort her.

“I let her go,”

Ploy Napphan said, looking up at Fan Jam.

“I didn’t want to hold onto someone who didn’t love me.” “Weren’t you sad?”

Fan Jam asked quietly. “Of course I was,”

Ploy Napphan admitted.

“But I knew it was the right thing to do.”

She paused, taking a deep breath before continuing,

“After that, I closed myself off. I didn’t let anyone in… until…”

She locked eyes with Fan Jam. “Until I met you.”

Fan Jam looked deep into Ploy Napphan’s eyes, seeing the sincerity and emotion hidden behind her usually calm exterior.

“I don’t know how it happened,” Ploy Napphan said.

### “But I fell in love with you. So deeply. I want to take care of you and be by your side forever.”

Fan Jam felt like her world had stopped. She never imagined hearing Ploy Napphan say the word,'***love***'.

Tears of joy welled up in her eyes as she leaned in and kissed Ploy gently.

### “I love you too,”

Fan Jam finally admitted.

“Then… will you be my girlfriend?”

Fan Jam asked, her voice trembling with emotion.

Ploy Napphan paused, then looked up at Fan Jam with shining eyes, a hint of uncertainty still visible.

Fan Jam added,

“If I ask you to be my girlfriend now… is it too late?” She leaned closer, teasing Ploy in return.

Ploy Napphan reached out and held Fan Jam’s hand tightly. “Can I be the one to ask instead?”

She said with a soft smile.

Fan Jam looked at her in surprise, her heart racing as she waited. Ploy Napphan took a deep breath.

“Will you be my girlfriend?”

She asked, her voice steady and filled with genuine emotion. Fan Jam’s eyes sparkled with happiness as she nodded. “Yes,”

She whispered, her voice filled with overwhelming joy.

Ploy Napphan smiled widely and pulled Fan Jam into a warm embrace. “Thank you,”

She said, her voice trembling. “Thank you for loving me.”

They kissed again, this time with deeper affection and connection. It was a tender yet passionate kiss that filled Ploy Napphan with a happiness she had never felt before. It was pure and honest, like a delicate white lily blooming in her heart.

When their lips finally parted, Ploy Napphan gazed deeply into Fan Jam’s bright, love filled eyes.

“Darling,”

Ploy Napphan whispered softly, her voice full of love. She gently ran her fingertips along Fan Jam’s soft cheek.

“Yes?”

Fan Jam replied sweetly, resting her head on Ploy Napphan’s shoulder playfully.

“I love you,”

Ploy Napphan said again, wanting to reassure her feelings. “I love you too,”

Fan Jam replied, looking up at Ploy with eyes sparkling with happiness.

Ploy Napphan smiled warmly and leaned in to kiss Fan Jam again. This time, her lips brushed softly against Fan Jam’s before gently deepening the kiss.

Fan Jam responded willingly, wrapping her arms tightly around Ploy, their bodies pressing close under the golden morning sunlight that filled the room.

Ploy Napphan’s hands gently caressed Fan Jam’s back, slowly moving lower to rest on her hips. The quiet room was filled only with the sounds of their breathing and soft, tender sighs.

“Ploy…”

Fan Jam murmured, her voice trembling with emotion as she felt the warmth spreading through her body. Ploy Napphan’s touch made her feel weightless, lost in the moment.

Ploy Napphan slowly pulled away, her eyes meeting Fan Jam’s with a look full of love and promise.

With eyes full of love and desire, Ploy Napphan whispered softly, “I want to…”

“What do you want?”

Fan Jam asked in a trembling voice. She knew what Ploy Napphan wanted, but she longed to hear it from her directly.

“I want to…”

Ploy paused briefly, then continued with a firmer voice, “Be yours; mind, body, and soul.”

Fan Jam felt as if her heart was about to burst. She had never imagined hearing such sweet and sincere words from Ploy Napphan. Tears of happiness streamed down her cheeks as she nodded quickly.

### “Yes… I want you to be mine too.”

Ploy Napphan smiled brightly, filled with joy, and leaned down to kiss Fan Jam again. This time, it was deep and lingering, conveying a love and connection that felt eternal.

Her slender hand slid down to Fan Jam’s wet warmth again, gently exploring the softness and heat within.

“Ah…”

Fan Jam moaned softly, feeling waves of pleasure course through her body. Ploy Napphan increased the rhythm of her movements, building Fan Jam’s desire to its peak once again amidst the sounds of sweet moans and heavy breathing.

“Ploy… Ahhh,”

Fan Jam cried out, arching her back to meet Ploy’s touch. Her body trembled with overwhelming pleasure.

“Does it feel good?”

Ploy Napphan asked in a husky voice, gazing into Fan Jam’s eyes, now glimmering with happiness.

Fan Jam shook her head slightly, “It’s… so good,”

She replied faintly, her voice filled with ecstasy.

Ploy Napphan smiled and began moving slowly, gently creating waves of bliss for Fan Jam.

“Ah… Ahhh…”

Fan Jam moaned as she held Ploy Napphan tightly. Ploy could feel the warmth and love radiating from Fan Jam, and it filled her with pure joy.

They moved together in perfect harmony, their eyes locked, amidst the sounds of their breathing and moans echoing through the room until Fan Jam reached her climax once more.

“I love you,”

Ploy Napphan whispered into Fan Jam’s ear, her voice full of love and sincerity.

“I love you too,”

Fan Jam replied, burying her face in Ploy’s chest, listening to the steady rhythm of their hearts beating as one.

The two lay wrapped in each other’s arms, bathed in the soft morning sunlight streaming into the room. The warmth and love they shared illuminated the space with happiness.

From that day forward, they would no longer be just '*friends with benefits'.*

They would be partners, ready to face everything in life together.

------- **THE END ------**