

# Chapter 01: Meeting Again

The banquet for the high-ranking Alphas was filled with soft music and the glittering glow of chandeliers overhead. Guests in elegant gowns and expensive suits moved gracefully, engaging in polite conversation. Some held fine wine glasses, chuckling softly, while others scanned the room for potential business partners.

**Narin**, an Omega girl from an ordinary family, wore a simple black server’s uniform. She was one of the many staff hired to serve at tonight’s event. Despite the pressure of being surrounded by the thick scent of Alpha pheromones, she focused on doing her job as best as she could.

Carrying a tray of drinks, she moved silently through the crowd, keeping her head down. She didn’t dare meet anyone’s eyes—she knew that the people attending this event saw her as nothing more than a servant.

If they did take notice of her, it was likely only to look down on her as a lowly Omega in the eyes of the elite.

“Hey, you! Come here.”

A man’s voice called out just as she was passing a table. Narin stopped and turned around, spotting a middle-aged man in a black suit. His eyes were filled with arrogance as he pointed at the wine glass in front of him.

“Refill my wine.”

“Yes, sir,”

Narin responded softly, stepping forward. She knelt slightly and carefully poured the wine into his glass.

But instead of letting her go, the man reached out and lightly touched her wrist. Narin flinched. She tried to pull away, but his grip tightened. "An Omega like you dares to pull away from an Alpha like me?"

His voice carried a smug, mocking tone. Narin felt the weight of several gazes turning toward them. She swallowed hard, forcing herself to reply with a shaky voice.

“I-I’m sorry… I didn’t mean to.”

The man chuckled before tugging her hand closer.

"Your scent is interesting. What are you using to suppress your pheromones? Come on, let it out. Don’t Omegas love the attention from Alphas?"

Narin tensed at his words.

"Let go of me,"

She said, trying to pull away again.

Before the situation could escalate further, a cold, authoritative voice cut through the air.

"Let her go. Now."

Narin looked up toward the source of the voice. A woman in a luxurious black suit strode toward them, her sharp gaze fixed on the man still gripping Narin’s wrist. Her face was calm, yet radiated power.

“S-Sylvia…”

The man stammered, his confidence wavering.

“I was just joking—”

"I don’t think it’s funny,"

Sylvia replied in a calm but firm voice, carrying enough pressure to make the man immediately release Narin’s hand.

"Don’t ever let me see you do this again. Otherwise, I’ll make sure you have no place in gatherings like this anymore."

The man quickly lowered his head in acknowledgment before standing up and leaving reluctantly. He knew that if he stayed any longer, an enigma like Sylvia wouldn’t let him off easily.

Sylvia turned to Narin again, her gaze softening slightly.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

Narin shook her head quickly.

"I’m fine... Thank you very much..."

As she looked up at the woman in front of her, her heart pounded when she realized she had seen her before.

"You..."

She whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

Sylvia paused for a moment before smirking.

"Looks like you remember me."

Panic flashed across Narin’s face as she hurriedly spoke,

"Excuse me..."

The moment she finished, she spun around and bolted toward the back door.

Sylvia watched her go in surprise, furrowing her brows slightly. She murmured to herself,

"Running away again...?"

Before sighing softly and turning back to her table.

Narin sprinted out of the banquet hall as fast as her legs could carry her, ignoring any calls or curious stares. She pushed through the door leading to the back area of the building, a quiet and deserted space.

She finally stopped in a narrow hallway, dimly lit and seemingly safe. Pressing her back against the wall, she slowly slid down until she was sitting on the floor.

Her hands clutched her chest as she felt her heart pounding wildly, almost as if it was about to burst. Anxiety gnawed at her, making it hard to breathe.

"Calm down, calm down,"

She whispered to herself, but her trembling voice only reinforced the fear creeping in.

She closed her eyes, trying to take deep breaths, but Sylvia’s powerful gaze and commanding presence flashed in her mind again. It felt as though those sharp eyes could see right through her, piercing into something she was desperately trying to hide. Something important.

And if Sylvia found out—

"No,"

Narin whispered, fear filling her eyes.

"That enigma must never know..."

She bit down on her lip, hard enough to sting, in an attempt to ground herself. She knew very well that Sylvia wasn’t just an ordinary person—she was a powerful and influential enigma among the elite.

To others, Sylvia stepping in to help might have seemed like an act of kindness.

But to Narin, it was a warning.

A warning that she must stay far away from Sylvia at all costs.

Narin hurriedly walked out of the banquet, each step filled with panic and a determination she had never felt before. In the past, she had always hesitated in her decisions, been considerate of her employers, and endured everything just to make a living. But today, she chose to walk away without looking back.

She knew that leaving like this meant she would never be able to work there again. No matter what, the only thing she could do now was run—run as far as possible, just as she had been doing for the past three years.

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Reaching the main road in front of the banquet hall, she waved down the first taxi that passed by and gave her destination in a shaky voice.

"Please go."

The taxi moved through the quiet night streets. Narin sat in the backseat, clutching her bag tightly. Her eyes flicked to the rearview mirror every now and then, checking to see if anyone was following her.

She tried to calm the fear pounding in her chest, but her heart refused to slow down.

When she arrived at her apartment building, she quickly paid the fare and rushed up to her floor. But instead of going straight to her own room, she walked next door and knocked lightly.

It didn’t take long before **Nawela**, her friend from the neighboring room, opened the door.

“Oh? Narin? You’re home early today. Did something happen?”

Narin gave a small nod and replied in a hurried voice,

“Something big happened. I’ll explain later, but right now… where’s **Alin**?”

Before Nawela could answer, a small voice piped up from inside the room.

“Mama! You’re back? Alin missed you so much!”

Narin looked down to see a two-year-old toddler waddling out of the room, tiny hands reaching up toward her. She immediately crouched down, scooping up her daughter into a tight embrace. In that moment, all of her fear melted away, replaced by a deep, overwhelming love.

## “Mama missed you too, Alin…”

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# Chapter 02: Troubled Heart

Narin gently bent down and kissed her daughter's small head before speaking in a soft, gentle voice.

"Let's go pack our things, okay?"

She gave her daughter a small smile and lifted the little girl into her arms.

Then, Narin turned to Nawela, her best friend, who was watching with concern.

"If anyone comes looking for me… please tell them you haven't seen me."

Nawela nodded. Though her heart was filled with questions and doubts, she chose to stay silent. Instead, she gave her friend an encouraging smile. She knew Narin was troubled, and asking questions wouldn’t help.

Narin’s small feet hurried back into her room. She began packing only the necessities into a small suitcase.

Alin walked closer, looking up at her mother with big, round eyes. In her sweet, slightly unclear voice, she asked,

"Mommy… why hurry?"

Narin paused, turning to look at her daughter. She gave a faint smile and gently stroked the little girl's head.

"Mommy is taking you on a trip. We're going somewhere far away."

Alin nodded excitedly. She didn’t fully understand, but she smiled innocently while Narin continued packing. Once everything was ready, Narin took her daughter and left the dormitory—without looking back.

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Narin and Alin boarded a bus heading to the countryside, a place she hadn't returned to in years—the small house where her mother had once lived, hidden in a quiet corner of the rural landscape. It had once been the warmest place in her life, but now it was just a painful memory.

That house had once been a safe haven for her and her mother. When her mother passed away, the house rightfully became Narin’s… Thankfully, that man didn’t know.

The man who never once fulfilled the role of a father.

When the bus reached its destination, Narin carried Alin off and walked toward the small house behind the old wooden fence. She took a deep breath before opening the door. The familiar silence and scent of the house stirred countless memories.

This house had once held her best memories, but now… nothing good remained.

She lowered her head slightly, and without realizing it, tears started falling.

"Mom…"

She whispered, her voice as soft as the wind. Years of longing and sorrow overflowed, spilling out in tears that wouldn’t stop.

Seeing her mother cry, little Alin reached out her chubby hands to wipe the tears away. She tilted her head in confusion but still tried to comfort her mother in her bright, innocent voice.

"Mommy… don’t cry… Alin is here."

Narin flinched slightly at the gentle touch of her daughter. She quickly wiped her tears with the back of her hand and smiled at the little girl. Even though her heart still felt heavy, she knew she had to be strong for her child.

"Mommy won’t cry anymore. Thank you, my little angel,"

She said, stroking Alin’s head gently.

Then, Narin placed her daughter down on the floor. The little girl looked up at her mother with innocent, round eyes. "Alin… shall we clean the house together?"

Alin eagerly nodded.

"Clean! Clean! I’ll help Mommy!"

She repeated excitedly, clapping her tiny hands as if making a promise to do her best.

Narin chuckled at her daughter’s enthusiasm.

"Alright, let’s get started."

She reached out and took Alin’s little hand, and together, they began exploring the house, preparing to clean.

By the time they were done, they were exhausted… though, truthfully, most of the exhaustion came from Alin creating more messes every five minutes.

"Hehe! Mommy, there’s soap on your face!"

"You little troublemaker! Come here and let Mommy catch you!"

"Nooo! Mommy! Nooo!"

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## On the Other Side—

**Sylvia** sat in her office, deep in thought. The dim glow of the desk lamp cast shadows across her face, which remained expressionless but filled with quiet frustration.

How long had it been since that night? The night she met Narin.

Her slender fingers tightened around the pen in her hand as she tried to organize her thoughts. But the more she thought, the more irritated she became.

She exhaled sharply, her voice laced with annoyance.

"Did she really dare to run away from me?"

That night, she had chosen to let the little Omega go. But why couldn’t she forget about her? Something about Narin lingered in her mind, gnawing at her thoughts. She could no longer deny it—this feeling wasn’t just frustration. It was the urge to conquer.

"Sleeping with me is what Omegas desire, isn’t it?"

Sylvia muttered to herself, her sharp eyes flashing with anger and dissatisfaction.

"Then how dare that little thing run away without saying a word?"

That feeling still lingered in Sylvia’s mind. Narin’s stubbornness didn’t just make her angry—it bruised her pride.

*Sylvia had never let anyone escape her grasp.*

She pressed the intercom button, summoning one of her subordinates. A tall man in a black suit entered the room, standing respectfully as he awaited her command.

Looking up at him, her eyes were cold and unwavering.

"Do you remember the woman I helped at the banquet?"

She asked, her tone firm.

The man gave a small nod.

"Yes, I do."

"Find out where she is now,"

Sylvia said, setting her pen down with a sharp click against the desk.

"I want the information as soon as possible."

"Understood, Miss Sylvia,"

He replied with a steady voice before bowing slightly and leaving the room.

Sylvia leaned back in her chair, her gaze fixed on the city skyline outside. The darkness beyond the window did nothing to quiet her thoughts. There was only one thing she knew for sure—she would not let Narin escape her again.

That Omega had to be punished for disturbing her peace for this long.

She was still lost in her endless thoughts when a sudden knock on the door interrupted the silence. Before she could even grant permission, the door swung open.

The sharp sound of high heels echoed through the room in slow, deliberate steps. Sylvia lifted her eyes from her paperwork, meeting the gaze of the woman who had entered.

*Her fiancée.*

*The fiancée she hadn’t chosen.*

Dyna offered a small, knowing smile as she approached, setting her handbag on Sylvia’s desk before closing the distance between them without hesitation. She reached out, spinning Sylvia’s chair to face her, then confidently straddled her lap.

"Sylvia,"

She murmured, her voice smooth and teasing.

Sylvia spoke her name in a cold, detached tone, her eyes betraying a flicker of irritation.

"You look exhausted today…"

Dyna mused, her smile soft but her eyes filled with seduction. She trailed a hand up the pale skin of Sylvia’s neck before leaning in, brushing her lips lightly against it.

"Let me help you relax…"

She whispered near Sylvia’s ear, her other hand slipping down to Sylvia’s chest with practiced ease.

But Sylvia caught Dyna’s wrist with firm precision, pulling her hand away. She inhaled deeply, forcing her emotions into check before speaking in a steady, commanding voice.

"I have work to do. Go home."

Dyna didn’t retreat so easily. Instead, she let out a soft, amused chuckle.

There had never been a time when Sylvia wasn’t drawn to her.

Why would today be any different?

"Stop."

Sylvia’s patience was wearing thin, but when Dyna continued her teasing, she finally snapped. Her voice rang out louder than usual.

"Leave!"

The sharp command made Dyna freeze. She stared at Sylvia in disbelief before slowly rising to her feet, clearly reluctant.

"You…"

"Get out before I lose my patience."

Dyna's lips curved into a faint smirk, masking her frustration.

"I understand… Call me anytime when you're in a better mood."

She picked up her handbag, casting one last lingering glance at Sylvia before turning on her heels and walking out.

The door clicked shut behind her, leaving the office in heavy silence.

Sylvia let out a long sigh, leaning back into her chair. Her sharp eyes drifted back to the window, but the city lights did nothing to calm the irritation still swirling inside her.

She was annoyed—annoyed that she knew so little about Narin…

A name and a face were all she had— But it was enough to haunt her.

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# Chapter 03: Escape

## Three years ago

The nighttime omega trading market was filled with chatter, auction calls, and the thick scent of pheromones in the air. In a luxurious VIP suite on the second floor of the building, Sylvia was lounging on a plush sofa. Her hazy eyes, clouded by alcohol, flickered as she nearly dropped the glass of liquor in her hand. Yet, she still raised it to her lips, drinking mindlessly.

A knock on the door disrupted the atmosphere in the room. Sylvia mumbled something indistinct before the door creaked open. A young girl in a server’s uniform stepped inside, carrying a tray with drinks and small snacks.

Sylvia slowly lifted her head, her blurred vision settling on the girl's slender figure. Drunk and overwhelmed by her emotions, she mistook the situation and beckoned the girl closer.

"Come here,"

She commanded, her voice firm and clear despite her intoxication.

The unsuspecting omega hesitated before stepping forward, carefully placing the tray on the table. As she attempted to step back, Sylvia suddenly stood up and grabbed her arm. The alpha’s sharp, heated gaze locked onto the wide, innocent eyes of the omega before her.

"A new girl…? They sent you to me, didn’t they?"

Sylvia murmured, tightening her grip and pulling Narinn closer.

"N-No! I just—"

Narinn tried to explain, but her voice was swallowed as Sylvia leaned in, pressing her face against her soft, pale neck. The strong alpha pheromones sent Narinn’s heart racing. She struggled to free herself from Sylvia’s hold.

"P-Please… I’m not here for—"

Sylvia smirked, pausing briefly before speaking in a mocking tone.

"Trying to raise your price, huh? Fine. How much do you want? Tell me… I’ll pay anything."

The faint, enticing scent of Narinn’s pheromones only fueled Sylvia’s desire.

"N-No… Ah—"

But before Narinn could finish her sentence, Sylvia’s pheromones triggered something deep within her. A warmth surged through her body, making her tremble uncontrollably. Her breathing grew heavy as the onset of heat took hold, her mind clouding under the natural response.

Sylvia, still gazing at her intensely, spoke in a husky voice.

"What’s your name?"

"I…"

Narinn hesitated, her voice faltering.

Sylvia leaned in further, her tone more demanding.

"I asked—what’s your name?"

Her burning gaze bore into Narinn, as if willing her to answer.

Narinn averted her eyes, trying to turn away, but her lips trembled as she finally whispered,

"Narinn…"

Hearing that, Sylvia smirked in satisfaction before whispering softly near her ear,

"My name is Sylvia. Remember it… in case you want to moan it later."

"Mmh…"

Sylvia leaned in closer, her slender hand slowly trailing down Narinn’s back. Her touch was scorching, like a flame steadily spreading. Her sharp eyes remained locked onto Narinn, who was desperately trying to avoid her gaze. The omega trembled slightly, like a helpless deer trapped in a corner.

"Never done this before?"

Sylvia asked in a low, husky voice, her tone both commanding and heated. Narinn flinched slightly at the question, biting her lip. Her pleading eyes, filled with fear and shame, met Sylvia’s powerful gaze.

A barely audible voice escaped her lips.

"No."

That answer made Sylvia smirk in satisfaction. She leaned in, whispering into Narinn’s ear, her voice thick with desire.

"Even if it’s your first time… I won’t be gentle, little one."

Narinn’s heart pounded so hard it felt like it might burst from her chest. But before she could respond, Sylvia moved. Her lips pressed hungrily against Narinn’s delicate neck, trailing kisses from her collarbone to her shoulder. One hand held her slender waist firmly, while the other explored the curves of her body.

At first, the omega struggled slightly, but the overwhelming scent of the alpha’s pheromones made her gradually freeze in place. Her body responded instinctively, beyond her control. Her breaths grew heavier as Sylvia tightened her embrace.

"See… our bodies are perfectly in sync,"

Sylvia murmured in a husky voice, tracing her fingers along Narinn’s jaw before capturing her lips in another kiss. This time, the kiss was rougher, hotter—desperate. Their lips clashed hungrily, and a soft whimper escaped Narinn, unable to suppress it.

Sylvia guided Narinn down onto the sofa, her hand gliding over her smooth, flat stomach before stopping at her hip. She wasted no time igniting a fire within the delicate omega. Despite her intensity, she kept the rhythm steady, ensuring the passion never waned.

Every touch from Sylvia seemed to set Narinn’s body ablaze, the heat surging through her uncontrollably. Their moans and heavy breaths filled the air, carrying on until dawn… Sylvia was satisfied, already considering a long-term arrangement.

However… when morning came, the little omega had vanished without a word.

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### Weeks Later

Sylvia sat in her office, the air cold and eerily silent. A knock on the door shattered the stillness, followed by the entrance of her trusted subordinate, holding a file in his hands.

Sylvia stared at her subordinate, her expression calm yet filled with curiosity and expectation.

"Speak."

Her voice was brief but carried an authority that commanded fear and respect.

The subordinate opened the file and handed her a photograph. Sylvia took it immediately. The image showed a simple wooden house by the river, peaceful and quiet. But what caught her attention the most was the sight of Narinn—standing beside a little girl. "This child is Miss Narinn’s daughter,"

The subordinate reported firmly.

Sylvia’s heartbeat quickened. She studied the photo again, focusing on the child’s face. The eyes, the nose, the smile—everything resembled her too much to deny.

## "That little omega… How dare she run away with my child?"

Sylvia murmured, her voice cold as ice, but her mind was in turmoil. She didn’t know what to feel—anger, shock, or something unfamiliar stirring deep inside her.

She had never searched for Narinn before. She had assumed the omega was just another fleeting lover, a temporary indulgence. Sylvia never cared about past partners, nor was she the type to chase after anyone. But the events of that night had shifted something within her.

She now realized that Narinn wasn’t the kind of woman she had assumed.

A woman who only sought pleasure wouldn’t choose to keep a child, knowing how difficult it would be. And if Narinn had planned to use the child to demand money from her, she wouldn’t have disappeared again.

Sylvia recalled that night—the night they were together. She had never revealed her true identity. The auction house maintained strict confidentiality for its clients. So why had Narinn run? What was she afraid of?

Her fingers tightened around the photograph.

"Prepare the car," Sylvia ordered.

"I’m going to that riverside house."

The subordinate nodded and left the room.

Sylvia remained seated, gripping the photograph. Questions filled her mind.

And there was only one person who could give her the answers—**Narinn**.

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# Chapter 04: Papa

Sylvia traveled to the riverside house, her mind restless and filled with questions. The journey from Bangkok had taken several hours, and the longer the trip, the more certain she became—Narinn hadn't just run away. She had run far, intentionally.

"All the way out here?"

Sylvia muttered to herself, staring out the car window. The thought gnawed at her, frustrating her more with each passing second.

When the car finally stopped in front of the small wooden house, she stepped out immediately, two subordinates following close behind. She inhaled deeply, taking in the quiet, peaceful surroundings.

The house was simple, modest, and unassuming, but to Sylvia, it screamed struggle.

Narinn had raised a two-year-old child all alone. And before that, she had endured an entire pregnancy by herself. How difficult must it have been?

Sylvia pushed the thought away with irritation. She didn’t like how it made her feel—something unsettling, something unfamiliar.

*What the hell is happening to me?*

Not bothering to knock, she walked straight into the house with confidence. Despite its small size, the home made her feel something she couldn't quite put into words. Her sharp eyes scanned the room before following the faint aroma of food drifting from the kitchen.

Inside, Narinn was busy preparing a meal. She hadn’t noticed Sylvia yet— not until she turned around.

And froze.

Sylvia stood there.

Her piercing gaze locked onto Narinn, unwavering. A tense silence filled the air, thick enough to stop time itself. Panic flickered across Narinn’s face. She glanced quickly around the kitchen, her heart pounding.

*Where is my child?*

She could only pray that Sylvia hadn’t seen her daughter yet.

But Sylvia’s attention never wavered. She didn’t say a word, but the intensity in her gaze made it clear—she wasn’t here for a friendly visit.

Narinn set down the things in her hands, forcing herself to stay calm. Step by step, she moved toward Sylvia, her voice trembling as she spoke.

"Leave. We don’t know each other."

Sylvia smirked. Amusement flickered in her eyes.

Then, in one swift motion, she closed the distance between them.

Her slender fingers wrapped around Narinn’s waist, pulling her close—so close there was no space left between them.

Narinn froze.

Her heart pounded wildly in her chest as Sylvia’s breath ghosted against her skin. The words whispered into her ear were both taunting and dangerous, stirring up memories she had spent years trying to bury.

*That night. Three years ago.*

The mere mention of it made her shiver. She had called Sylvia’s name.

Narinn’s hands trembled as she pushed against Sylvia’s shoulders, her voice breaking under the weight of her emotions.

“Get out!”

Before Sylvia could respond, a small, innocent voice interrupted them.

"Mama… Who is this, Auntie?"

Narinn spun around, her face pale.

Standing there, blinking up at them with wide, curious eyes, was Alin.

Narinn’s breath caught in her throat.

*No.*

*Not now.*

Sylvia followed her gaze, her piercing eyes softening the moment they landed on the little girl.

Narinn turned back quickly, desperation lacing her words.

“Please… just leave.”

She hurried toward her daughter, reaching out to take her tiny hand, ready to lead her away. But Sylvia was faster.

The Alpha reached out, gently taking Alin’s other hand.

Narinn’s heart nearly stopped.

“Eh?”

Alin tilted her head, confused but unafraid.

Then, Sylvia did something Narinn never expected.

She knelt down.

Lowering herself to meet the child’s eye level, she gazed at Alin—not with her usual cold expression, but with something entirely different. Something warmer.

Then, she smiled. A smile so genuine that Narinn barely recognized her.

"No need to call me Auntie, sweetheart.”

Sylvia’s voice was soft, almost tender.

"Call me… Papa."

Narinn’s stomach twisted.

Alin blinked again, as if processing the new word. Then, in her small, sweet voice, she repeated it.

"Papa?"

Narinn’s fingers tightened into fists.

She hated how effortlessly Sylvia had inserted herself into her daughter’s world—into their world.

Sylvia turned back to Alin, her voice dripping with certainty. "Yes, Papa. Because I love you just as much as Mama does."

That was the final straw.

Narinn dropped to her knees in front of her daughter, barely holding back her tears.

“Sweetheart… go inside for a moment, okay? Mama needs to talk to ***Auntie***.”

Alin hesitated, looking between them before nodding obediently.

“Okay.”

She turned to Sylvia and smiled.

“Alin go first…”

Sylvia gently ruffled the child’s hair.

“Good girl.”

And then, she was gone—leaving Narinn and Sylvia alone.

As soon as the door closed, Narinn’s expression hardened. The softness in her eyes was replaced with unyielding anger.

She stood up, spine straight, gaze sharp.

"Why are you here?"

Her voice was cold.

Sylvia met her glare without hesitation. Her stance was unwavering, her tone absolute.

"I came to bring my wife and child home."

Narinn laughed bitterly. "You must be mistaken.”

She shook her head.

“There is no wife and no child of yours here. Leave.”

She turned, intending to walk away.

But Sylvia didn’t let her.

In one swift motion, Sylvia grabbed her wrist—pulling her close.

Too close. Close enough that their breaths mingled.

Close enough that Narinn could feel the heat radiating from Sylvia’s body.

Then, in a hushed, dangerously low whisper, Sylvia spoke. “Do you need me to remind you… who your wife really is?”

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## Three years ago

A new morning arrived. Narin opened her eyes, feeling exhausted. Her body felt as if it hadn’t rested at all through the night. As soon as she moved even slightly, she felt the weight that was holding her in a tight embrace.

She turned to look and saw that Sylvia was still fast asleep beside her, her arm wrapped tightly around Narin’s body.

Narin sobbed inwardly. That cruel Enigma had overwhelmed her so much that she barely had any strength left. Who would have thought that taking a part-time job at the auction house that night would lead to her becoming a plaything for an Enigma like Sylvia?

The memories of last night kept repeating in her mind. The person lying here… how many times had they been with her last night? She couldn’t remember. All she felt was pain and exhaustion deep in her body. Luckily, the other person hadn’t accidentally formed a bond with her. Otherwise… it would have been a big problem.

She had seen it before—how painful it was to live with a partner you didn’t love. And she… she would never let her life end up like that.

*Like her mother’s life.*

Narin slowly got up from the bed and quickly put on the clothes scattered on the floor. She turned to look at Sylvier, who was still sleeping peacefully.

That face looked so calm, nothing like the cruel person she had faced last night.

She clenched her teeth and burned that face into her memory… engraving it deep in her mind. Once… her first time… had been taken by this person.

## "I hope we never meet again…"

Narin thought before turning and walking out of the room—without a single word.

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# Chapter 05: At Ease

Narin walked back to her daughter, who was waiting in the room. Little Alin, her well-behaved child who never caused trouble, was sitting on the floor, playing with a small toy in her hand.

When she saw her mother enter, the chubby little girl quickly moved closer, beaming with a bright smile and looking up at her with innocent eyes.

"Did Papa leave already? I miss Papa!"

Narin froze at those words. The way Alin referred to Sylvia made her uneasy. What had that man been putting into her child's head? Papa? Someone like her didn’t deserve that title.

She was just a passerby… someone she never wanted to see again.

She let out a quiet sigh before picking up her daughter and holding her close.

"Come here, my little darling,"

She murmured, placing Alin on her small bed before sitting beside her. The child looked up at her with pure innocence.

"Alin, sweetie,"

Narin began gently but firmly,

"if she comes again, don’t go near her, okay? If you see her, you must come inside right away. Do you understand?"

Alin tilted her head slightly and asked in a sweet, pleading voice,

"Did Papa make Mama angry? I don’t want Mama to be angry..."

For a moment, Narin was speechless. She didn’t know how to answer her daughter. Was she angry? No… what she felt was fear. Fear that Sylvia would take her child away. She slowly shook her head and gently stroked Alin’s small head.

"Mama isn’t angry,"

Narin said with a soft smile.

"But if she comes, you must do as Mama says, okay?"

Alin nodded obediently. Narin sighed in relief before standing up and reaching for her daughter's hand.

"Let’s go eat, sweetheart. Mama made us some food."

The little girl immediately jumped off the bed, grabbing her mother’s hand and following her out with a bright smile. But despite Alin’s cheerfulness, Narin’s heart felt heavy. If it weren’t for Sylvia showing up so suddenly, she and her daughter could have been enjoying a peaceful meal together…

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Meanwhile, Sylvia sat in her car, heading back. Her mind wasn’t on the work she had to deal with—it was stuck on Narin and their daughter. She found herself imagining a future where they could be together.

"What the hell is wrong with me?"

She muttered in frustration. She didn’t understand why seeing Narin’s face made her so happy. She had never felt this way before—not even once— during all the time she spent with the fiancée she never chose.

Sylvia looked up and asked the subordinate sitting in the front,

"After this job, is there anything important left?"

The subordinate shook his head before replying,

"There’s nothing important work-wise, but there’s your father-in-law’s birthday party..."

Sylvier let out a long sigh, exhausted.

"If it weren’t for business, I would’ve cut that woman off already… I don’t fancy her in the slightest,"

She said, leaning back against the seat. Her eyes were serious, but deep down, there was an unexplainable determination.

Right now… the only thing she wanted was to make Narin—*that obedient omega*—fall for her. And that included the little girl too.

She wanted Alin to call her *Papa* with ease, because in her eyes, Alin was already her daughter.

It was strange—she had never imagined having a child before, but the moment she met Alin, she fell in love with her instantly. That feeling brought a small smile to Sylvia's lips. She shifted slightly, leaning back to rest her eyes before giving a soft command to her subordinate.

"The party… I’m not going. Get a gift on my behalf."

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## The Next Day

It felt like everything was looping again. Sylvia had decided to go shopping for supplies and essentials for Narin and Alin—her little daughter.

On the way to that riverside house, the atmosphere in the car felt different. It was enough for Techit, Sylvier’s trusted secretary, to notice.

"You seem to be in a good mood today,"

Techit remarked casually. He had come along since Sylvia only wanted a small group with her. She didn’t want to make Narin feel pressured.

Sylvier smiled slightly before replying,

"Getting to see my wife and kid—of course, that’s a good thing."

That statement made Techit burst out laughing. Because of his close relationship with his boss, he dared to laugh—but if it had been any other subordinate, they wouldn’t have even cracked a smile.

Sylvier turned to him with narrowed eyes.

"What’s so funny, Techit?"

Techit immediately stopped laughing, then carefully responded,

"Has Miss Narin… *accepted* that she’s your wife?"

Sylvia's smile instantly faded, her expression turning cold. Her voice came out low and firm.

"Techit."

Sylvia's trusted secretary remained silent for a moment before deciding to offer some advice.

"If you want Madam to accept you… I think you might need to adjust a little, Miss Sylvia."

Sylvier raised an eyebrow.

"Adjust how?"

"Women… If you just act a little sweet, they’ll soften up,"

Techit answered with a knowing smile.

Sylvia frowned slightly.

"Act sweet? I’ve never done that for anyone in my life."

Techit chuckled before adding,

"But Miss Narin doesn’t seem like someone who’ll give in easily. If you keep acting so harsh and controlling… I think Miss Narin and the little one will just push you away."

Sylvier let out a small sigh before nodding.

"Fine… I’ll try to adjust."

She leaned back against the seat, deep in thought.

How could she get Narin to open up? To accept her—not just as a partner, but as Alin’s father, too?

…What was happening to her? Why did she want so badly for Narin to be by her side?

. .

Not long after, Sylvia's car pulled up in front of the small riverside house. This time, she had decided to approach things properly. Standing at the doorstep, she rang the doorbell and waited.

A moment later, Narin peeked outside, and the instant she saw Sylvia, her expression made it clear—she did not want a visitor.

Sylvia sighed. But since Narin showed no sign of opening the door, she pressed the doorbell again. And again. Until Narin started looking visibly annoyed.

"You—! This is too much!"

Narin snapped, her voice full of irritation.

Sylvia smiled slightly before replying,

"Well, you wouldn’t open the door for me…"

She couldn’t help the sharp tone in her voice, but Techit’s words about being gentle echoed in her mind. Taking a breath, she softened her voice.

"Come on, open up."

"I told you not to come here! Why are you here?" Narin’s voice was firm, her displeasure unmistakable.

Sylvia remained unfazed, meeting Narin’s eyes directly.

"I came to see my daughter."

Narin still refused to open the door. Her voice was sharp.

"You have no right to see my daughter!"

Before the standoff could drag on, a small figure suddenly dashed out from inside the house.

"Papa!"

Alin’s bright voice rang out, full of excitement.

Narin nearly raised a hand to massage her temples in frustration.

*"Why is my child like this…?"*

She muttered to herself.

Taking advantage of the moment, Sylvia took the liberty of opening the door. She bent down, scooping Alin into her arms, pressing a big kiss to the little girl’s cheek.

"Papa bought lots of snacks and toys,"

Sylvia said warmly.

"Let’s play together, and then we’ll have some treats."

Alin clapped her hands excitedly.

"Yay!"

Narin quickly interjected,

"Miss Sylvia, you *can’t* do this!"

But Sylvia ignored her protest. She simply smiled at Alin and continued,

"Let’s go! If Mama wants to play too, she’ll follow us on her own, right?"

Narin watched as Sylvia led her little daughter inside, a deep sense of worry settling in her chest.

She had no idea how to handle this stubborn and greedy enigma.

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# Chapter 06: Falling Head Over Heels

Time passed, and Narin kept arguing, trying to push Sylvia out of her and Alin’s life. But Sylvia's stubbornness and determination wore her down, until she finally had no choice but to surrender.

…She didn’t want Alin to see them fighting. So, she reluctantly allowed Sylvia to stay a little longer.

Standing at a distance, Narin watched as the mafia woman played happily with her daughter. At first, she had wanted to keep Alin away from Sylvia. But seeing how much Alin adored her… she hesitated.

Techit, Sylvia's trusted secretary, approached her and spoke in a low voice.

"Miss Sylvia has been talking about you and young Miss Alin all day. She can’t focus on work at all."

Narin turned to him, surprised. She hadn’t expected Sylvia to be so fixated on her and Alin.

Techit continued, his tone serious.

"Yesterday, my boss wasn’t herself at all. She kept thinking about how to get you and Alin to accept her."

Narin raised an eyebrow.

"Accept her?"

Techit nodded.

"Yes… I’ve never seen her like this before. Miss Sylvia really likes you."

"We barely even know each other,"

Narin replied coldly, unwilling to believe him.

"I don’t want her around Alin at all. Alin is too innocent to be involved with someone so cruel."

Techit sighed softly and pleaded,

"Please give my boss a chance. She may not be as heartless as you think."

Narin still shook her head uncertainly. But her gaze drifted back to Sylvier and Alin, playing together, Alin’s bright laughter filling the air.

It would be nice… if her daughter had a truly warm and loving family.

But how could that ever be possible?

. .

Hours passed. The two played until they were exhausted. Soon, it was time for Alin’s afternoon nap.

Narin walked over to where Alin was still giggling, completely absorbed in playing with Sylvia.

"Alin… it’s time to stop playing, sweetheart. It’s nap time now,"

Narin said gently, but with firm authority.

"If there's no real feeling… it won't last."

Narin's voice was soft but firm, her gaze steady as she looked into Sylvia's eyes.

Sylvia held onto her hand, unwilling to let go.

"Then let me prove it to you. Let me stay by your side until you believe me."

Narin sighed, pulling her hand away.

"It’s not that easy."

"Then I'll make it easy,"

Sylvia countered. Her voice was gentle, but her determination was unwavering.

"I won’t force you, Narin. I just want to be here… for you and Alin."

Narin lowered her gaze, heart conflicted. A part of her wanted to believe Sylvia. But another part—one that had spent years learning to survive alone —warned her against it.

"I don't trust you," she admitted.

Sylvia smiled faintly.

"Then I’ll earn your trust."

Silence hung between them. Narin could feel the weight of Sylvia's words, the sincerity in them. But was sincerity enough?

She turned away.

"We'll see,"

She murmured, before walking back toward Alin’s room, leaving Sylvia standing there—watching, waiting, and hoping.

"But I like you… I’ve liked you since the first time I saw you. For the past three years, I’ve never stopped thinking about you. And the more I got to know Alin, the more I fell in love, completely and deeply."

Narin closed her eyes, hesitating for a moment. But every word that Sylvia spoke carried a sincerity that was undeniable.

She admitted that raising Alin alone all this time had been difficult. She had done everything to ensure her daughter wouldn’t suffer.

But wouldn’t it be better… in a world where omegas were seen as inferior, to have an Enigma by their side?

Without protection, life would never be peaceful. She didn’t want Alin to face the cruelty of this world the way she had.

Taking a deep breath, Narin asked, her voice filled with concern,

"Can you promise… that you won’t make Alin sad?"

Sylvia nodded without hesitation, her gaze unwavering.

"Yes… I promise. I will never make you or your daughter sad."

Narin frowned slightly and quickly corrected her,

"Just Alin. This has nothing to do with me."

Sylvia gave a small smile, her tone teasing.

"Of course, it does."

Before Narin could respond, Sylvia stepped closer, gently wrapping her arms around the petite omega’s waist. The unexpected gesture made Narin freeze in place.

"You—"

Narin protested softly, trying to push away, but Sylvia leaned in, whispering in a deep, velvety voice,

"Won’t you soften up to me, just a little?"

Narin shook her head, gathering her resolve and pushing Sylvia away.

"No."

Sylvia simply watched with a faint smile as Narin quickly turned and walked off. The young omega’s cheeks were flushed bright red, as if the warmth from within her was spreading across her entire face.

Her reaction made it clear—she was confused and shaken by what had just happened.

*Hurry up and give in,* Sylvia thought to herself.

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## Evening

Alin woke up from her nap and happily ran around playing with Sylvia. Narin stood watching for a while before finally speaking, her voice tinged with suspicion and slight annoyance.

"Miss Sylvia… why are you still here?"

Sylvia looked up and answered with a completely straight face,

"I’m staying the night with my daughter."

Narin’s eyes widened in shock.

"No way! How can you sleep here?"

She tried to keep her emotions in check. She didn’t want visitors— especially not this particular Enigma. Her small house was far from comfortable for someone like Sylvia.

"This place isn’t suitable for you… Why are you even staying?"

Sylvia gave a small smile.

"I'm staying the night with my daughter."

Sitting nearby, Alin clapped her hands excitedly.

"Yay! Papa is sleeping with Alin!"

Narin let out a long sigh, exhausted. She looked at her daughter, who was practically bouncing with joy, and couldn't help but think—

Seriously? I carried her for nine months, raised her for another two years, and yet she’s more attached to Sylvia? Why isn’t my daughter on my side at all?

Sylvia turned to Alin and asked gently,

"Are you hungry, sweetheart?"

Alin rubbed her tummy and nodded.

"Hungry!"

"But before we eat, we have to take a bath first… Papa will help you, okay?"

Sylvia said, scooping Alin up in her arms with care. Then, she turned to Narin.

"Mama, are you coming with us?"

Narin let out another deep sigh. Sylvia’s stubbornness was impossible to resist. But when she saw Alin’s bright, happy smile, her heart softened.

"Ugh… Fine,"

She muttered, following them to the bathroom.

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## In the Bathroom

The small space was soon filled with laughter and playful chaos. Alin sat in a little bathtub surrounded by bubbles, giggling as Sylvia splashed water playfully.

"Papa! I'm all wet! Hehe! I’m soaked!"

Alin laughed, kicking her feet in the water while Sylvia continued splashing at her.

Standing to the side, Narin shook her head but couldn’t hide the small smile on her lips. She held a towel, ready to help, but suddenly froze when Sylvia turned to her with a mischievous grin—before splashing water at her.

"Miss Sylvia!"

Narin exclaimed, frowning slightly.

"I'm not here to play!"

But despite her scolding tone, there was warmth in her voice.

"Mama, come play with us! It's so fun! Mama, hurry!"

Alin called out, grinning as she sent a handful of bubbles floating toward her mother.

"Yes… join us,"

Sylvia added, smiling wide before splashing again, sending soapy bubbles onto Narin’s arm.

Narin sighed deeply.

"You two are such troublemakers."

"Mamaaa!"

"Fine,"

She finally relented, letting out a small chuckle as she stepped closer to the tub.

The moment she did, Sylvia and Alin teamed up, splashing water at her until her clothes were damp. Narin could only shake her head in surrender, laughing softly. She then reached down and playfully dabbed some bubbles onto Alin’s nose.

"You little troublemaker… You’re really enjoying this, aren’t you?" She teased, her laughter light and affectionate.

Alin giggled before reaching out her tiny hand to hold her mother’s.

"Mama and Papa! I like it!"

Sylvia’s smile widened as she spoke gently,

"It’s called a family, sweetheart."

She lifted her hand to softly wipe away the bubbles clinging to Alin’s cheek.

The bathroom was filled with warmth and laughter. The splashing water, the cheerful giggles, and the smiles on their faces melted away any lingering tension between the parents—without them even realizing it.

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# Chapter 07: A Cunning Plan

After finishing dinner, Narin started preparing a bed for Sylvia in the small room she had arranged. However, Sylvia followed her with a look that clearly showed she had no intention of sleeping there.

“Miss Sylvia, this is your room,”

Narin said, pointing to the small bed she had prepared.

Sylvia gave a faint smile but shook her head.

“I want to sleep with my child.”

“You can’t! She has to sleep in her own room.”

Sylvia smirked mischievously.

“Then... why don’t we let her decide?”

She turned to Alin, who was playing with her toys on the bed.

“Alin, sweetheart, if Papa sleeps with you, do you want Mama to sleep here too?”

Sylvia asked gently.

Alin looked up with a bright smile.

“Yes! Mama, sleep here too! I want to cuddle with Mama and Papa!”

Narin sighed.

“Miss Sylvia, you can’t teach her to bargain like this,”

She said, glancing at Alin, who was grinning widely.

“I’m not bargaining!” Alin pouted.

“I just want Papa and Mama to cuddle with me.”

She blinked her big, innocent eyes at her mother.

Narin stood there, gazing at her little daughter’s pleading expression. She tried to resist, but with both Alin and Sylvia smiling at her like they had conspired together, she let out a long sigh.

“Alright, but only for tonight!”

Narin finally gave in.

Alin cheered loudly.

“Mama is the best! I’ll sleep in the middle, okay?”

And so, the three of them climbed onto the big bed in Alin’s room. Alin lay happily in the middle between her parents, while Sylvia lay on her side, facing both Narin and their daughter, gently stroking Alin’s head.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said softly.

Narin avoided her gaze.

“I did it for Alin,” she replied quietly.

Alin hugged her mother tightly before mumbling sleepily,

“I love Mama… love Papa too… I’m so happy…”

Her words made Narin smile without realizing it. Sylvia’s smile widened as well. She reached out her other hand and gently held Narin’s.

"I promise… I’ll do my best in everything,"

Sylvia whispered softly.

Narin didn’t respond. She simply nodded slightly before closing her eyes, letting the warm atmosphere of their little family fill their hearts that night.

*She couldn't deny that she liked it.*

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## The Next Morning

The sound of Sylvia’s phone ringing woke her from sleep. She blinked awake and looked around, spotting her little daughter, Alin, still fast asleep beside her. A soft smile appeared on Sylvia’s lips as she leaned down to kiss Alin’s cheek lovingly.

“I love you so much… How is it possible to love someone this much?”

She murmured, gently stroking Alin’s head before carefully getting out of bed, making sure not to wake her.

Sylvia walked over to pick up her phone from the bedside table. When she saw that the call was from her father, her expression changed. She had a pretty good idea of what this conversation would be about.

The moment she answered, her father’s firm voice came through.

"Why didn’t you attend the party?! How could you leave Dyna waiting like that?! Being alone looks bad, Sylvia!"

Sylvia let out a small sigh as she stepped out onto the balcony to talk. She replied playfully,

“Dad, don’t sound so serious. I know for a fact that even if I wasn’t there,

Dyna already had someone else by her side.”

There was a brief silence on the other end before her father’s voice returned, now laced with frustration.

"You! At this age, when are you ever going to get married? I want grandkids already!"

Sylvia chuckled quietly before responding,

“Then why don’t you just call off my engagement with Dyna?” Her father’s tone immediately grew sharper.

"What?! Are you being stubborn again? Why would I do that?"

Sylvia spoke casually.

“If you cancel the engagement, I’ll bring you a daughter-in-law and a grandchild right away.”

Silence. Then, her father’s confused voice came through.

"What do you mean?"

Sylvia smirked slightly.

“Call off the engagement first, and I’ll tell you.” "No!" he replied firmly.

Sylvia chuckled before adding one last tease.

“Up to you… but you have to choose—an adorable daughter-in-law and a sweet little granddaughter or a spoiled and temperamental Dyna.”

The other end of the line erupted in a mix of panic and excitement.

"Don’t tell me you secretly got someone pregnant!"

Sylvia didn’t answer the question. She simply said,

“That’s all for now. Don’t forget to call off the engagement… Bye, Daddy.”

Then, she ended the call immediately.

She set her phone down and chuckled softly to herself.

…Her father might seem like a ruthless mafia boss on the outside, but deep down, he was actually quite funny.

Sylvia murmured to herself as she gazed out at the view before her. She couldn’t help but think… she was starting to act just like him.

So much for keeping her cool.

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Stepping outside, Sylvia spotted Narin in the kitchen. She quietly walked in without saying anything. Narin glanced up briefly before returning her focus to cooking, though her heartbeat had already begun to race.

The memory of last night—Sylvia holding both her and Alin tightly— lingered in her mind. Her eyes flickered toward Sylvia for a brief moment, and her thoughts drifted back to that night… the night that had changed her life forever.

A strange sensation spread through her body, and before she realized it, the soft scent of her pheromones began to fill the air.

Sylvia, standing nearby, immediately noticed. Her sharp eyes locked onto Narin’s before she stepped in closer.

Wrapping an arm loosely around Narin’s waist, Sylvia leaned in, her deep voice whispering near her ear,

“Your pheromones… they’re pulling me in.”

Narin flinched, quickly turning to push Sylvia away.

“You—”

Sylvia gave her a playful smile.

“What were you just thinking about?”

Avoiding her gaze, Narin quickly denied it.

“Nothing at all!”

Normally, she would wear perfume to mask her natural scent, but since she hadn’t gone out lately, she hadn’t used any… What a mistake.

Sylvia’s smile widened as she leaned in again, teasing,

“Were you thinking something dirty?”

Narin’s face turned red as she immediately raised her voice.

“You’re making things up! I wasn’t thinking anything like that!”

“Alright, alright, just joking.”

Sylvia laughed softly before finally backing off. Instead of pushing further, she quietly helped Narin with the cooking. The atmosphere gradually eased.

As they worked together in the kitchen, Sylvia suddenly spoke in a serious tone.

“Narin, I want to be serious about you and Alin. If you’re ready… will you come meet my family with me?”

Narin’s hands paused for a moment before she turned to look at Sylvia in surprise.

“Your family?”

Sylvia nodded, her expression steady and determined.

“Yes. I want to build a family with you and Alin.”

Those words made Narin fall silent for a moment. Thoughts swirled in her mind, yet deep inside, an unfamiliar warmth began to bloom. She didn’t respond right away—just gave a small nod before turning back to her cooking.

*A family.*

It had been so long since Narin felt something like this.

Not long after, Alin sleepily wandered out of the bedroom, looking utterly adorable. The little girl rubbed her tiny fists against her eyes before calling out to them in her sweet, clear voice.

“Mama… Papa… Alin’s awake now.”

Narin immediately set her work aside and walked over to her daughter. She bent down, lifting Alin into her arms and gently stroking her head.

“My little girl is awake? Let’s go brush your teeth so you’ll feel fresh, okay?”

She said with a warm smile.

Alin nodded eagerly.

“Okay! Alin will brush teeth with Mama,”

She chirped, wrapping her arms tightly around Narin’s neck.

With Alin in her arms, Narin carried her to the bathroom, leaving Sylvia to finish up in the kitchen. She set her daughter down on a small chair specially prepared for her, then squeezed a bit of children’s toothpaste onto a tiny toothbrush.

As Alin brushed her teeth with great focus, Narin crouched beside her, watching with love in her eyes. After a moment, she gently asked, “Alin… do you want Papa to stay with us forever?”

Alin looked up at her mother, her big round eyes shining with innocence. Without hesitation, she nodded excitedly.

“Yes! It’s so fun when Papa is here! Papa plays with me a lot! Alin loves Papa!”

She answered happily, her enthusiasm melting Narin’s heart.

Narin gave a soft smile and gently patted her daughter’s head.

“If my little girl is happy, then Mama is happy too,” She whispered before pulling Alin into a tight embrace.

Alin’s bright laughter filled the room once again.

The warmth of this moment made Narin realize—perhaps a family was not something she needed to reject anymore.

Maybe it was time to open her heart.

And besides, Sylvia wasn’t as heartless as she had first thought.

In fact, she was so sweet that Narin had already started falling for her without even realizing it.

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# Chapter 08: Going Too Far

For many days, Sylvia stayed at the riverside house and refused to return to work in the city. Eventually, Techit, her close assistant, had to come and get her.

"Boss… you have work to do. If you don't go back, everything will be delayed,"

Techit said in a half-serious, half-teasing tone as he stood at the door of the riverside house.

Sylvia, who was sitting on the carpet playing with Alin, sighed in frustration.

"I know, I know. You sound just like my dad,"

She replied while glancing at her daughter, who was busy drawing.

Techit smiled slightly and turned to Narin.

"Boss is too attached to Madam and the little one. If this keeps up, work will be a mess."

Sylvia smirked and pulled Alin into a tight hug.

"I'm not just attached… I love them. Right, my little princess?"

She said before planting a big kiss on her daughter's cheek.

Alin giggled and spoke in a sweet voice.

"Papa, stay with us! Don't go anywhere."

"Then let's go out today," Sylvia suggested.

"Yay! Outing!" Alin cheered.

Sylvia wanted to make the most of her time before returning to work, so she suggested taking Narin and Alin to a nearby park. Narin hesitated for a moment, but when she saw the excitement in Alin’s eyes, she agreed.

When they arrived at the park, Alin immediately ran to the playground. The little girl laughed joyfully as she climbed and played, calling out,

"Mama! Papa! Look at me!"

Hearing her daughter's bright voice, both Sylvia and Narin unknowingly smiled.

"Alin looks so happy,"

Narin said with a small smile.

Sylvia looked at her and asked softly,

"And you… are you happy?"

Narin hesitated for a moment. She didn't answer right away but just nodded slightly.

Sylvia smiled gently before standing up.

"Wait here. I'll be right back,"

She said before walking away. Narin watched her go with curiosity.

A short while later, Sylvia returned with three cups of ice cream. She handed one to Narin before heading toward the playground.

"Alin, come take a break and have some ice cream!"

Sylvia called out.

Alin ran over with a big smile.

"Yay! Ice cream! Papa is the best! I love ice cream so much!"

She said loudly before sitting down next to Sylvia and eagerly taking a spoonful.

Narin watched them with warmth in her heart. She saw Sylvia gently wipe the ice cream off the corner of Alin’s mouth while playfully chatting with her.

"You're really good with kids," Narin commented without thinking.

Sylvia turned to her with a smile.

"I want my daughter to love me… and her mom too."

Hearing that, Narin's heart skipped a beat. She quickly looked away to hide her reaction.

When the ice cream was gone, Alin hopped down from her little chair and grabbed both of their hands.

"Let's go for a walk! I want to catch butterflies again!"

She said, jumping excitedly.

Sylvia and Narin exchanged glances before following the cheerful little girl. They strolled through the park slowly, enjoying the peaceful atmosphere. Sylvia carried Narin’s bag without saying a word and gently brushed off a dry leaf that had fallen onto Narin’s shoulder.

"Thank you," Narin said softly.

Holding both her parents’ hands, Alin happily skipped along.

"Papa, Mama, I want to come here again!"

Sylvia turned to Narin before saying,

"Next time, let’s come together again… as a family."

Narin didn’t say anything. She simply gave a small smile, but deep inside, she felt something growing in her heart—something she wasn’t ready to face.

As the day came to an end, they returned home. Sylvia gently patted her daughter's head and spoke in a soft voice.

"Papa has to go take care of work now, but I’ll come back to you as soon as I can."

Alin pouted slightly.

"Papa, you have to come back! I don’t want you to go." She hugged Sylvia tightly around the neck.

Sylvia chuckled and touched her daughter’s forehead.

"Papa promises. I’ll come back as fast as I can, my little angel."

Narin, who had been quietly watching, couldn't help but smile at their sweet moment. Sylvia then turned to her with a playful yet serious expression.

"I’ll be back. Don’t change your mind. I’m coming back to win you over."

Narin smiled faintly but didn’t say anything. She only nodded, though deep inside, she was afraid Sylvia might not return. She kept that feeling to herself.

As Sylvia stepped out of the house, Alin ran to the door, waving and calling out,

"Papa, come back soon!"

Sylvia turned back with a wide smile and called out,

"Papa promises! You can wait for me, okay?"

After Sylvia left, the riverside house became quiet again. But for Narin, that silence felt strangely empty.

*She will come back… right?*

*. .*

That day, Sylvia returned to her family’s large mansion. Although she originally planned to go straight to her condo to catch up on work, she couldn’t ignore her father’s urgent call, his tone leaving no room for refusal.

When she arrived, the house was as grand and quiet as ever, but there was a sense of tension in the air. A housekeeper greeted her with a polite smile and said in a respectful tone,

"Your father is waiting for you in the sitting room."

Sylvia nodded in acknowledgment. She looked relaxed on the outside, but deep down, she had a feeling that this conversation would be anything but easy.

Stepping into the room, she saw her father sitting on an armchair with a stern expression. With her usual playful attitude, she greeted him,

"Who made the old man so grumpy? You look like you’re about to eat someone alive."

Her father glanced up, his voice firm.

"Don’t play games with me, Sylvia. Tell me, where have you been for the past several days?"

Sylvia chuckled softly and casually sat on the sofa nearby.

"Someone as powerful as you, if you really wanted to know where I was, it wouldn’t be hard to find out. You already know, don’t you?"

She replied lightheartedly.

Her father let out a tired sigh.

"Explain yourself. What is going on?"

Sylvia gave a small smile before answering simply,

## "I was just spending time with my wife and child."

That statement made her father freeze for a moment. He raised a hand to his temple, as if he couldn’t believe what he had just heard.

"What? What do you mean… wife and child?"

"Exactly what I said. My wife and my child. Alin, my adorable daughter. And Narin, her mother,"

Sylvia stated confidently.

Her father fell silent for a long moment before letting out a deep sigh.

"And what about Dyna? What are you going to do about that? Do you think breaking off the engagement is that simple? There’s business, power, and so much more at stake."

Sylvia leaned back against the sofa, meeting his gaze.

"I never wanted those things, Dad. If you want power and business, you can handle it yourself."

Her words left her father momentarily speechless. He stared at her with a serious, unreadable expression.

Sylvia continued in a firm voice,

"Right now, the most important thing to me is Alin and Narin. I want to live my life with them. You should be happy—you have a granddaughter now, and she’s the sweetest little girl."

Her father opened his mouth as if to say something, but in the end, he fell silent. He looked at his daughter, seeing the seriousness and confidence in her eyes. The room remained quiet for a moment before he let out another deep sigh.

"You're so stubborn,"

He muttered, but there was a hint of acceptance in his tone. After a brief pause, he added,

"Hurry up and bring them to meet me. Old men don’t have much patience."

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# Chapter 09: END

Sylvia returned to the office late at night. After spending several days with Narin and Alin, she had only just realized how much work had piled up, leaving her barely any room to breathe.

Despite her exhaustion, she had no choice but to catch up on urgent matters that couldn’t wait until morning.

“It wasn’t this bad before,”

She muttered to herself, staring at the mountain of documents stacked on her desk. Letting out a long sigh, she acknowledged how tired she was—but she didn’t regret the time she had spent with Narin and her daughter.

“When did I become so attached to my wife and my child?”

She murmured with a faint smile before settling into her chair and getting back to work.

Just then, Techit, her trusted subordinate, walked into the office, a file in his hand. He observed his boss, who was deep in thought, before teasing lightly,

“When you’re at work, you should focus on work, boss.”

Sylvia glanced up at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Are you scolding me, Techit?”

“Not at all,” he replied smoothly.

“I know you always handle things well. But judging from your expression… whatever’s on your mind right now isn’t just work.” He smiled slightly, not in mockery, but simply stating the obvious.

Sylvia chuckled softly.

“You’re right.”

She picked up a document to sign before continuing in a calm voice,

“I miss Narin and Alin. It’s strange… I never thought I’d feel this way before.”

Techit nodded, acknowledging his boss’s newfound devotion.

“That’s a good thing,”

He said before shifting to a more serious tone.

“So… what are you planning to do about the, uh… other side of the business?”

By "*other side*," Techit was referring to the underground network of power Sylvia’s family controlled. It wasn’t entirely criminal, but their influence was strong enough that no one dared challenge them.

The family had also relied on their arranged alliance with Dyna’s family to maintain stability and power.

“That so-called stability…”

Sylvia murmured, leaning back in her chair, her eyes fixed on the documents as if weighing a difficult decision.

“It doesn’t mean as much to me as my family does.”

She paused for a moment before continuing,

“I don’t want more power. If I have to cut ties with it… then I will.”

Techit looked at her with admiration. He knew this decision wasn’t an easy one. But Sylvia had chosen to prioritize what truly mattered to her most.

“You made the right decision… When you’re exhausted, having a home to return to makes all the difference,”

Techit said with a small smile. He stood there quietly as Sylvia resumed her work.

*A home, huh?*

Sylvia worked tirelessly until she eventually dozed off at her desk. The exhaustion from catching up on the overwhelming workload had pushed her to work through the night.

She didn’t want Narin and her little one to wait too long for her return.

A rough estimate of the remaining tasks told her it would take at least three or four more days—if she didn’t sleep at all, that is.

A sudden knock on the door pulled her back from the edge of sleep. Before she could respond, Pran, her close friend and business partner, pushed the door open with an amused expression.

“Did you come in early, or have you just not gone home yet, Miss Syl?”

Pran teased with a playful grin.

Sylvia stretched slightly before responding in a flat tone,

“You already know. Why ask?”

Pran chuckled and stepped closer.

“Where the hell have you been these past few days?”

Sylvia hesitated for a split second before answering nonchalantly,

“Looking for my wife.”

That short reply made Pran’s eyes widen in shock.

“Your *wife*? Are you serious?”

She had never heard Sylvia use that term before.

“You? *You* have a wife? Do you even remember your flings’ names and faces?”

Sylvia smirked faintly.

“I remember *this* one very well.”

Pran’s shock only deepened.

“Wait… don’t tell me you mean *that* omega. The one you used to talk about all the time?”

Sylvia’s expression faltered slightly. She shifted her gaze back to Pran without a word, but her silence spoke volumes.

Pran’s mind flashed back to an event three years ago. She remembered it vividly—Sylvia had stormed out of a VIP suite, visibly frustrated, more annoyed than Pran had ever seen her.

And the reason? The omega she had spent the night with had disappeared without a trace.

“No way…”

Pran muttered, still struggling to believe it.

Sylvia’s lips curled into a small, confident smile.

“Yes. And now, she’s the mother of my child.”

Pran noticed the undeniable shift in Sylvia’s demeanor—her eyes, her tone, everything about her had changed.

Smiling slightly, Pran spoke in a half-serious tone,

“You *do* look happy… but listen, I’m warning you. Clear out your roster first. No more backup plans.”

Sylvia lifted her gaze from the stack of documents, looking at her best friend with an unreadable expression before replying in an even tone,

“Those women were just passing flings. I never took anyone seriously. I only kept them around to forget about Narin—the one who ran away from me.”

But no matter who she was with, no one could ever replace *her*…

Pran raised an eyebrow before teasing,

“Must’ve been *really* good if you’re this hung up on her.”

Sylvia narrowed her eyes and shot her friend a warning look.

“That’s my *wife* you’re talking about. Watch your mouth.”

Her voice was low and serious, making Pran burst into laughter.

“Damn, you’re *that* possessive? I was just messing with you!” Pran said, raising both hands in surrender.

Sylvia shook her head slightly before changing the subject.

“So? Why are you here?”

Pran placed the documents she was holding onto Sylvia’s desk.

“Work. *Important* work. Handle it fast,”

She said with a smirk before turning on her heel and leaving the office.

Sylvia looked at the new stack of paperwork and let out a long sigh before picking it up.

*More work. When will this ever end?*

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## Three Days Later

Sylvia was still buried in work, locked inside her office. Her lack of sleep and barely eating anything had begun taking its toll, her body showing signs of exhaustion. But she pushed through, determined to finish everything as soon as possible.

Picking up her phone, she called one of her subordinates stationed at the riverside house to check in.

“Everything okay over there?”

Her voice was steady, but there was a clear undertone of concern. [Everything’s fine, boss. Miss Narin and little Alin are doing well…] The subordinate reported.

Hearing that, Sylvia exhaled softly in relief before ending the call. She turned back to the mountain of documents on her desk, ready to continue—

But before she could even start, the door suddenly swung open without a knock.

“What do people think my office is, exactly?”

Sylvia muttered, lifting her head to see an uninvited guest walking in with an irritated expression.

*Dyna.*

She strode inside without hesitation, her face stormy with anger.

“What the hell is this supposed to mean, Sylvia?”

Dyna’s voice was sharp.

“This nonsense about breaking off our engagement—what do you think you’re doing?”

Sylvia let out a slow, measured sigh before responding in a calm, unwavering tone.

“It means exactly what it sounds like. I don’t want to be engaged anymore. That’s all.”

“*That’s all*?”

Dyna’s voice rose, filled with frustration.

“Do you really think it’s *that* simple?!”

Sylvia leaned back in her chair, her sharp gaze turning icy as she stared at Dyna.

“This should’ve ended a long time ago.”

Her blunt words made Dyna tremble with rage. She refused to back down.

“No. I won’t accept this.”

“Suit yourself. Now leave.”

“You—”

Before Dyna could argue further, Sylvia stood up from her chair, releasing her pheromones in full force, exerting dominance.

She was exhausted and had no patience for pointless conversations. She had made herself very clear.

“If you don’t leave now, I’ll have my men throw you out.”

Sylvia’s voice was low, firm, and commanding.

The overwhelming presence of her pheromones made Dyna’s breath hitch, her body instinctively recoiling.

Clenching her fists, she took a moment to regain her composure before finally turning on her heel and storming out of the room without another word.

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# Chapter 10: Getting a Fever

Sylvia had finally finished all her work. The first thing she wanted to do was go see Narin and their daughter.

Her secretary, seeing the exhausted state of his boss, couldn't help but voice his concern.

"Boss, you don't look well. Shouldn't you rest first?"

But Sylvia was stubborn. She simply said,

"I *have* to go."

Left with no choice, Techit immediately arranged for her trip.

The journey took several hours before Sylvia's car finally pulled up in front of the riverside house. The first thing she saw was Narin sitting outside, playing with their little daughter.

The soft sunlight illuminated their faces, making the scene look unbelievably heartwarming.

The moment they noticed Sylvia's car, both Narin and Alin's faces lit up with joy. Narin unconsciously murmured,

"You're here..."

A smile spread across her face before she could stop it.

Sylvia stepped out of the car, and Alin immediately ran toward her.

"Papa!"

Sylvia crouched down, opening her arms to catch her daughter as the little girl threw herself into her embrace.

She pressed a big kiss to Alin's soft cheek and said warmly,

"Papa missed you so much, sweetheart."

"Alin missed Papa too!"

The child giggled. Sylvia let out a soft laugh before looking up at Narin.

Her voice turned gentle.

"I missed you too..."

Narin didn't say anything back, but she offered Sylvia a small smile. Her gaze swept over Sylvia, observing her carefully before her brows furrowed in concern. She reached out, pressing her palm against Sylvia's neck.

"You're burning up... Are you sick?"

She asked, her voice laced with worry.

Sylvia shook her head as if to dismiss the concern, but Techit, who stood nearby, quickly spoke up instead.

"Miss Sylvia has been overworking herself, Miss Narin. She barely got any rest... and she's barely eaten either."

Narin immediately turned to Sylvia with a disapproving glare.

"Go inside and rest now. If you can't even take care of yourself, how do you expect to take care of anyone else?"

Sylvia let out a small smile. Despite the scolding, warmth filled her chest at the genuine concern in Narin's voice. She didn't argue, simply following her inside the house-Alin still clinging tightly to her arm, unwilling to let go.

After settling Sylvia in to rest, Narin and Alin stepped out of the room, giving her space to recover from her exhaustion.

Alin, still clinging tightly to her mother's arm, tilted her head and looked up with big, innocent eyes before asking in her sweet little voice,

"Mama... is Papa sick?"

She furrowed her brows slightly in concern.

Narin smiled gently and stroked her daughter's head.

"Yes, sweetheart. Papa isn't feeling well." Alin's face lit up with determination.

"Papa has to get better! I will help Papa!"

Her words made Narin chuckle softly. She glanced down at her daughter and suggested,

"Then, how about we make some rice porridge for Papa? It will help Papa feel better faster."

Alin nodded enthusiastically.

"Yes! I'll help! But... Mama, make a lot, okay? I wanna help eat it too!"

Narin laughed at her daughter's logic before taking her hand and leading her into the kitchen. She made sure to keep Alin away from anything dangerous, letting her help by handing her small ingredients while chattering excitedly.

"Mama, Mama! Can we put lots of these veggies? Papa will love it!"

Alin said, holding up a handful of greens.

Narin accepted them with a warm smile.

"Of course, sweetheart. With you helping, I'm sure Papa will get better in no time."

Once the porridge was ready, the mother and daughter carefully carried a tray into Sylvia's room. Alin held a small spoon and followed behind her mother with determination.

"Papa! I made porridge for you too!"

Alin announced excitedly, flashing a bright smile as she walked up to the bedside.

Sylvia turned to look at her daughter with soft, affectionate eyes. Though her voice was still weak, it was filled with warmth.

"Thank you, my little angel."

Narin sat down and gently fed Sylvia the porridge while Alin sat close by, watching her Papa with concern.

"Mama... is Papa sleeping alone tonight?"

Alin asked, her little face scrunched up in a pout.

Narin stroked her hair and explained,

"Yes, sweetheart. Papa is still sick. If you sleep with Papa, you might catch a cold too."

Alin nodded in understanding but quickly added in a cheerful voice,

"Then Mama, you be careful not to get sick too!"

Narin let out a soft laugh.

"Mama is strong. I won't get sick that easily."

She then gently urged,

"Now, go to bed, sweetheart. Mama will stay and take care of Papa."

"Okayyy!"

Alin chirped and obediently followed along, happily chatting the whole way as Narin led her to bed.

After making sure everything was settled, Narin returned to the room where Sylvia was resting.

As soon as she saw the bowl of porridge, barely touched, she frowned and turned her gaze toward the patient on the bed, her eyes filled with silent reproach.

Sylvia, who had been trying to rest, seemed to sense the shift in atmosphere. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at Narin, a bit flustered.

"My throat hurts... I can't eat much,"

She murmured weakly, looking up with the expression of a guilty puppy caught in the act.

Narin let out a sigh.

"If you eat this little, how will you take your medicine? And how will you get better if you don't eat at all?"

She picked up the bowl, then sat down beside the bed.

"If you can't eat by yourself, I'll feed you."

Sylvia wanted to argue, but the determined look in Narin's eyes made her obediently open her mouth for the spoonful of porridge. She looked just like a sulking child being forced to eat, making Narin chuckle softly.

"Who would've thought that the fearsome Enigma could act like such a baby when she's sick?"

Narin teased.

Hearing that, Sylvia flashed a playful smile.

But when it came time to take her medicine, Sylvia turned her head away.

"You."

Narin raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

Sylvia smirked.

"If you feed me with your mouth, I might take it easier."

She gave Narin a mischievous look.

The words made Narin's face flush red all the way to her ears. She quickly turned away and scolded softly,

"You... you're so shameless."

But Sylvia only chuckled in amusement.

"Aren't you going to try?"

She coaxed, her teasing tone still present.

Narin had planned to ignore her, but after a moment, an idea flashed through her mind. She turned back with a small smile and calmly reached for the medicine.

"Alright,"

She said, sounding composed, but her heart pounded in her chest.

Sylvia froze for a second, not expecting Narin to actually go along with her teasing. Before she could say anything, Narin leaned in close. Just as she had suggested, Narin used her own lips to pass the medicine to Sylvia.

The bold action left the Enigma speechless.

When it was over, Narin pulled back, her face burning red. But she still sent a pointed look at Sylvia.

"Satisfied now?"

For once, Sylvia-who had only meant to tease-was left speechless. Then, a slow, pleased smile spread across her face. She murmured under her breath,

"Very satisfied."

Flustered, Narin quickly stood up, avoiding eye contact. Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Get some rest."

Then, she hurried out of the room, leaving Sylvia lying there, smiling to herself in satisfaction.

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# Chapter 11: I Miss You

## Evening

Narin sat on the floor with her little daughter, who was staring intently at pictures in a book. She was teaching Alin to learn words through pictures. Alin's small voice echoed sweetly as she repeated after her mother.

While they were enjoying their lesson, Sylvia, who was feeling better after resting and taking medicine, stepped out of the room. She watched them with gentle eyes, wanting so badly to hug and kiss her daughter. But since she was still sick, she decided to sit a little further away.

As soon as Alin saw her father, she beamed with excitement.

"Papa!"

She called out happily, jumping up to run to him. But Narin's voice quickly stopped her.

"Alin, sweetheart... Mommy already told you, right? Papa is still sick. You can't go near him,"

Narin said, raising her hand to stop her.

Alin froze mid-step. Her little face turned sulky.

"But Alin wants to hug Papa..."

She pleaded, her bright eyes looking at her mother.

Sylvia gave her a soft smile and gently comforted her.

"Alin, let's wait until Papa gets better, okay? Then Papa will give you lots of hugs!"

Alin pouted a little, looking like she might cry, but she lowered her head and mumbled,

"Papa, get well soon... I miss you."

Sylvia chuckled softly before turning to Narin.

"See? Our daughter really wants to hug Papa."

Narin rolled her eyes slightly but couldn't help smiling. Sylvia then turned back to Alin with a playful idea.

"Alin, if you want Papa to get better faster, you have to let Mommy sleep with Papa tonight. That way, Mommy can help Papa recover quickly."

Alin nodded eagerly without a second thought.

"Okay! I'll let Mommy sleep with Papa!"

She declared loudly, completely unaware of what her father was planning.

Hearing that, Narin immediately raised an eyebrow at Sylvia. She knew exactly what Sylvia was trying to do, but she didn't argue. Maybe, deep down, she missed Sylvia too.

After spending several days together, Sylvia had to leave for work, and that made Narin realize something-she had missed her more than she thought.

The little family spent a warm and happy evening together. When it was time for bed, Sylvia and Narin helped Alin get settled in her room. The little girl quickly drifted off to sleep, exhausted from all the fun she had that day.

After Alin had fallen into a deep sleep, Sylvia and Narin walked back to Sylvia's room. Now alone together, silence filled the space between them for a moment before Sylvia finally spoke, a playful smirk on her lips. "Tonight, you have to take really good care of the patient... or I won't get better,"

She teased, giving Narin a mischievous look.

Narin let out a quiet sigh and replied in a calm voice,

"You're so sneaky."

But even as she said that, the small smile on her lips never faded.

Sylvia moved closer, closing the distance between them. Her hands rested lightly on Narin's waist, pulling her in gently.

"I missed you so much,"

Sylvia murmured, her voice soft but filled with sincerity.

"When I went back to work... it was so hard not to think about you and our daughter."

Narin tried to hide her flustered expression, even though her heart was pounding in her chest. She mumbled,

"You're being dramatic."

But her face and eyes betrayed how much she was affected by Sylvia's words.

Sylvia chuckled softly before leaning in, taking in the familiar, soothing scent at the crook of Narin's neck. That unique scent, her personal pheromone, always made Sylvia feel calm yet utterly captivated at the same time.

Her hand, still resting on Narin's waist, started to move-tracing gentle, warm circles that sent a small shiver through Narin's body.

"I really missed you..."

Sylvia whispered against her ear before pressing a soft kiss to her cheek. Her lips lingered, trailing lower until they hovered at the base of Narin's neck.

Narin tried to protest weakly.

"You..."

Her voice was barely a whisper, uncertain, yet there was no real resistance in it.

"Hmm?"

Sylvia replied, her voice dripping with sweetness.

"I just want to be close to you like this."

Her hands continued their slow, deliberate movements, sliding down with feather-light touches that were both tender and intentional.

Narin let out an involuntary sound in her throat, trying to gather her thoughts, but Sylvia's warmth and touch made it impossible to pull away. Her heart pounded harder as Sylvia's fingers traced lower, making her breath hitch.

"Sylvia..."

Narin murmured hesitantly, shifting slightly.

"You will catch a cold."

But Sylvia only gave her a small, confident smile.

"I won't. And if I do... I'll take full responsibility."

That single sentence made Narin's heartbeat stutter. She tried to avoid eye contact, but Sylvia only leaned in closer.

And then, her warm lips pressed gently against Narin's.

The first kiss was soft, delicate-testing. But soon, it deepened, growing hotter, more intense, pulling Narin into a moment she couldn't escape from... and maybe, she didn't want to.

Sylvia's hand started to slide up and down over the clothes. The touch caused a hot sensation to surge throughout Narin's body.

From where the two were sitting on the bed together, Sylvia slowly pushed Narin down to lie on the bed. One hand was still kissing Narin's delicate body while the other hand pulled Navin's hand to place it on her chest.

"My heart beats fast every time...when I'm near you,"

Sylvia whispered hoarsely, her lips lightly touching Narin's neck.

"Your pheromones...are driving me crazy, Narin."

Narin looked at Sylvia with lustful eyes. Her face was clearly red. She knew that since that night, she had never had anyone else. And now she felt like she was about to release the feelings that she had been holding back for a long time.

Sylvia's shirt was quickly taken off, followed by Narin's shirt that was pulled off by Sylvia's hand and thrown to the floor in a hurry.

Sylvia's hand ran down Narin's legs. Before lifting her legs on her shoulders. Silvia's sharp eyes stared at Narin's body with passion, as if she wanted to swallow everything in front of her.

Narin, who felt those eyes, quickly spoke out in embarrassment,

"Don't look."

She averted her gaze, but Silvia smiled and spoke back in a deep voice.

"Why are you embarrassed... You're so sexy."

Silvia slowly leaned down, her lips following Narin's smooth skin. The soft kisses that started from her stomach gradually moved to the sensitive part that Narin never thought anyone would touch so gently.

Narin, who was lying under Silvia's body, tried to suppress the sound in her throat from leaking out. Shyness and excitement mixed together until her heart beat so hard that it felt like it would jump out of her chest. Her hands gripped the bedsheet tightly as Silvia slowly used her tongue to touch that sensitive part gently.

"Silvia,"

Narin called out to the other person's name in a trembling voice. The heat that surged throughout her body made her unable to control herself anymore.

Sylvia smiled faintly before using her tongue to create a rhythm that made Narin escape from her shyness. The soft moans that escaped from Narin's lips made Sylvia feel even more satisfied. She increased the rhythm and light pressure until Narin's body twisted uncontrollably.

Narin's hand that used to grip the bedsheets now raised to cover her mouth to stifle the sound, but in the end, she could not resist. A sweet moan escaped clearly when Sylvia increased the rhythm and used her hands to enhance the touch.

"...Enough... I can't take it anymore,"

Narin said with a trembling voice.

Sylvia smiled before adding a little more pressure at the last moment.

Narin's body twitched, tensed violently, and a moan escaped uncontrollably. The heat in her body exploded in waves that made her body weak.

Sylvia slowly moved up and pressed a light kiss on Narin's forehead.

"You're so cute..."

She whispered softly before hugging Narin tightly, letting him rest for a bit from the heavy feeling she had just created.

"Are you ready?"

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# Chapter 12: Making Alin's younger sister

"Are you ready?"

Sylvia looked down at Narin who was panting lightly. Her face was flushed from the heat that had just shot through her body. Sylvia leaned in close and kissed Narin on the forehead gently.

"Do you know... how much I miss your touch?"

Sylvia whispered hoarsely in her ear. Narin didn't answer anything, only lowering her eyes shyly, but didn't resist when Sylvia pressed a kiss on her lips.

The kiss started out softly, but it got deeper and deeper. Sylvia's hands roamed over Narin's body, caressing her smooth skin as if she wanted to remember everything again after almost three years apart.

"Narin,"

Sylvia called her name softly before moving down again. Her hands held Narin's legs, slowly separating them. The hard shaft, which was full of heat, was pressed down to touch the delicate part of the young omega.

Narin flinched slightly. Her breathing became heavier as the touch got closer.

"Mmm..."

Silvia used her hands to caress and comfort before slowly pressing herself closer. Narin accidentally gripped the bed sheet tightly when Silvia's shaft started to penetrate.

The tightness that was deep inside made both of them stop to adjust. Silvia looked at Narin's flushed face. She leaned down to kiss the other person's eyelids lightly.

"I'm sorry... It'll be better,"

Silvia said in a gentle tone before starting to move slowly. The tightness that hugged her shaft made her almost lose control, but Silvia tried to maintain the rhythm, not too fast so that Narin wouldn't get hurt.

A soft moan escaped Narin's lips. She felt the heat and depth that was filling her body. The longing that had been held back for a long time started to be released along with Silvia's increasing rhythm.

When Silvia saw that Narin was starting to adjust, she flipped Narin over to be on top.

"Now, you control the rhythm yourself,"

Silvia said in a voice full of desire.

Narin, who was still shy, lowered her head, but slowly moved. She started moving with a gentle rhythm before speeding up as the sensations in her body surged. Her sweet moans became louder and louder until they couldn't be hidden.

Silvia's hands moved to grip Narin's hips tightly, helping to increase the pressure until Narin's body stiffened, her hands unconsciously digging into Sylvia's chest. She groaned loudly as the sensations that reached their peak made her release.

"Silvia,"

Narin called out the other's name with a trembling voice. Her body was panting heavily from exhaustion. She lay down on Silvia's body, who raised her hand to hug her tightly, and whispered softly in her ear.

"Can I love you?"

"Sure, if you love me, you won't have the chance to run away again."

Silvia ran her fingertips along her back gently.

Until Narin said softly,

"I'm not going anywhere."

Those words made Silvia stop for a moment, before a sly smile appeared on her face. She turned Narin up, stared at the blushing face filled with shyness, and then pressed a kiss on Narin's lips hard, as if wanting to release all the feelings she had been holding back.

Silvia's lips pressed down brutally. The tip of her tongue filled Narin's mouth until she could barely breathe. She bit her lower lip lightly, causing Narin to flinch slightly, but she didn't resist.

Silvia didn't let the feeling stop there. She turned Narin to lie on her side. Strong hands grabbed Narin's legs to spread them apart before inserting his strong shaft deep inside at once.

"Silvia,"

Narin shouted in a shrill voice. Her delicate body tensed when she felt the deep tightness that filled her instantly. Her tightness made Silvia almost go crazy. She pressed herself against Narin with more force with every beat.

"You're so cute, how could I forget?"

Silvia whispered before leaning down to whisper in her ear,

## "Let's make a younger sister for Alin."

Every movement of Silvia was filled with violence and fierceness. Narin's body that was tight, receiving every beat made Silvia increase her force even more. The sound of the banging echoed throughout the room, almost drowning out Narin's soft moans.

Narin tried to raise her hand to cover her mouth for fear of making too much noise. She whispered softly,

"Silvia, the baby will wake up. Oh."

Silvia smiled at the corner of her mouth before speaking in a sly tone,

"Alin is sleeping deeply. You can moan loudly."

Those words made Narin blush, but she couldn't hold back herself any longer the moans that escaped her lips.

Silvia increased the pace, more intense and heavier. Every movement she made was filled with lust and desire. Her hands gripped Narin's hips tightly, increasing the pressure with every thrust she made.

Narin, who felt the heat surging through her body, could no longer resist. She gripped the bedsheets tightly, her body tensing up as she reached her climax.

"Oh..."

Her sweet moans filled the room, almost drowning out all the other sounds.

Silvia stopped moving when she felt Narin releasing again. She leaned down and kissed Narin's forehead softly.

"I really love you,"

She whispered before hugging Narin tightly, moving forward as if she didn't want this moment to end.

"Mmm... Silvia."

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# Chapter 13: Curious

It's a new morning. Soft sunlight streamed through the curtains into the room. Narin woke up first, turning to look at the person beside her, who was still fast asleep. Sylvia's face looked peaceful now, so different from how intense she had been last night.

Narin let out a small sigh and placed her hand on Sylvia’s forehead to check if she still had a fever. Feeling that her temperature was normal, she felt relieved.

“How can a sick person have so much energy?”

Narin mumbled to herself. Last night, the woman in front of her had seemed perfectly strong.

She was about to get out of bed when suddenly, the hand of the person she thought was still asleep reached out and pulled her close.

“Can’t we sleep a little longer?”

Sylvia’s husky voice whispered near her ear, followed by a soft kiss on her forehead.

Narin’s face turned red. She quickly looked away and pushed against Sylvia’s arms.

“You’re so bad,”

She grumbled, lightly hitting Sylvia’s arm.

Sylvia smiled mischievously and said,

“Just ten more minutes, okay? I’ll get up and check on Alin later. You should rest a bit more… You were really tired last night, weren’t you?”

Narin, who had been trying to pull away, froze at those words. Her face turned bright red as she looked up at Sylvia, who was smiling innocently. “I was just worried you wouldn’t be able to walk,” Sylvia teased.

Now completely flustered, Narin didn’t know where to hide her face. She smacked Sylvia’s arm again before burying her face in Sylvia’s chest, trying to hide her embarrassment.

“Why would you say something like that?”

“Why not?”

“Stop it!”

Narin’s muffled voice protested, but Sylvia only let out a soft laugh and gently stroked Narin’s head.

“Okay, okay. I’ll stop.”

“Now move away.”

“Nope. I just want to stay close to you a little longer.”

Hearing those words, Narin looked up at Sylvia. Even though she was still embarrassed, she let herself stay in Sylvia’s arms for a little while longer, her heart pounding in her chest.

At this point, she and Sylvia had gone too far to turn back.

It really was ten minutes, just like Sylvia had said, before she finally let the smaller woman go. Once Narin was free, Sylvia kept her promise and went to Alin’s room to check on their little daughter.

When she entered the room, the little girl was still fast asleep on her small bed. Sylvia stood there for a moment, watching her. A deep, overwhelming love filled her heart, making it impossible not to step closer and press a gentle kiss on her daughter’s forehead.

Alin’s face was the perfect blend of both her and Narin. These two were now everything to her. Sylvia couldn’t even imagine what her life would be like without them. Maybe she would’ve drowned herself in work until she completely lost her way.

“Papa…”

A small voice suddenly called out as the little girl stirred and sat up, looking at her parent with sleepy eyes, as if she hadn’t been sleeping at all.

“You’re awake, my little angel?”

Sylvia asked with a warm smile.

Alin nodded eagerly and spoke in her soft, unclear voice,

“Papa, haaii… Alin wants Papa to get better fast…”

She reached out her tiny hands and gently patted Sylvia’s cheek in the sweetest way, her babyish tone making her words even more innocent.

Sylvia chuckled and reassured her,

“Papa’s all better now. We can play together again.”

“Really? Yayyy!”

Alin grinned widely, clapping her small hands with excitement.

Sylvia reached out and lifted her daughter off the bed before speaking gently,

“Come on, let’s wash your face first. Then, how about we cook breakfast for Mama together?”

Alin nodded enthusiastically but then tilted her head and asked,

“Where’s Mamaaa?”

Sylvia smiled softly.

“She’s resting today. Let’s let Mama sleep in. The two of us will take care of things, okay?”

The little girl beamed with pride, eagerly holding her Papa’s hand as they left the room, ready to start another bright morning together.

In the kitchen, Sylvia and Alin were busy preparing breakfast. The atmosphere was filled with warmth, laughter, and small conversations between the parent and child.

“Papa, what are we making today?”

Alin asked, her big round eyes shining with curiosity as she stood on a little stool to reach the counter.

“We’re making fried rice with eggs and vegetable soup,”

Sylvia replied, handing a boiled egg to her daughter.

“Can you help Papa peel the eggs?”

Alin looked at the egg in her hands, confused.

“How do I do it, Papa?”

“Like this, sweetie,”

Sylvia said patiently, demonstrating how to peel the shell before handing the egg back.

Alin watched carefully before trying it herself. She focused hard, peeling the egg with determination. It got a little messy, but her effort was so adorable that Sylvia couldn’t help but laugh.

“Papa… why do eggs have shells?”

Alin asked again, looking up at her parent with curious eyes.

“To protect the egg inside, just like how Papa protects you and Mama,”

Sylvia replied with a warm smile.

Alin grinned widely.

“Then I’m the egg, right? And Papa and Mama are the shell?”

“That’s just a metaphor, my little chick,”

Sylvia chuckled, reaching out to gently ruffle Alin’s hair.

As they continued cooking, Alin switched to washing vegetables but didn’t stop with her questions.

“Papa, why do we have to wash vegetables?”

“Because they might have dirt on them. We need to clean them before eating,”

Sylvia explained.

“Then does that mean I have to take a bath every day, just like the vegetables?”

Alin tilted her head, deep in thought.

“That’s right! Because you’re my sweet little girl, and you have to stay fresh and clean like a brand-new vegetable,”

Sylvia teased, laughing softly.

They kept working on breakfast together, with Alin still full of questions.

“Papa, why do you like cooking?”

“Because I want to make delicious food for you and Mama,”

Sylvia answered as she carefully plated the food.

Alin nodded as if she completely understood and then declared proudly,

“Then I’ll help Papa cook every day!”

“That’s my smart little helper,”

Sylvia said, kissing Alin’s cheek before lifting her down from the stool.

Once everything was ready, Sylvia and Alin carried the food to Narin, who was resting in the living room.

“Mama! Alin and Papa made breakfast for you!”

Alin announced proudly, holding up a plate to show off their work.

Narin looked at her daughter and Sylvia standing beside her, warmth filling her heart. She smiled softly.

“Thank you, both of you.”

The three of them sat around the table, enjoying a cozy meal together. The dishes that Sylvia and Alin had made were neatly arranged, making the moment feel even more special.

As they ate, Sylvia suddenly set her spoon down and looked at Narin seriously.

“Are you ready to meet my family?” She asked.

“I really want this to be serious.”

Narin, who had just taken a bite, froze for a moment.

“Your family?”

She repeated softly, exhaling as a hint of worry flickered in her eyes.

“I… I’m not sure,”

Narin said hesitantly, lowering her gaze.

“I’m just an Omega with nothing—no education, no special skills…”

Sylvia reached out and gently took Narin’s hand, squeezing it reassuringly.

“You don’t have to worry about any of that. My family doesn’t care about those things… I love you just the way you are.”

Narin looked up at Sylvia, uncertainty still in her eyes. She knew how different their worlds were.

Seeing her hesitation, Sylvia gave her a reassuring smile.

“My father may seem strict, but what matters most to him is my happiness. And if you and Alin are my happiness, he’ll accept and take care of you both.”

Sylvia’s words warmed Narin’s heart. She still felt nervous deep down, but after a moment, she nodded softly.

“Alright… I’ll go.”

“Thank you,”

Sylvia said warmly, giving Narin’s hand a gentle squeeze before turning to Alin, who was happily eating her food.

“Papa, Mama, where are we going?”

The little girl asked curiously.

“We’re going to meet Grandpa,”

Sylvia answered, patting Alin’s head softly.

Alin’s face lit up.

“Alin wants to meet Grandpa! Is Grandpa nice, Papa?”

Sylvia chuckled.

“He’s the nicest.”

Narin watched Sylvia and Alin chatting and couldn’t help but smile. The table was filled with warmth, and they continued eating together, laughter and happiness filling the room.

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# Chapter 14: Falling Deeply

## Two Days Later

Everything was chaotic but exciting as Sylvia helped pack Narin and Alin’s things to move in with her. Not to the big family house, but to her condo— the place she had always lived and felt comfortable in.

However, before going to the condo, Sylvia decided to take her child and the child’s mother to meet her father first.

On the way to the family house, Narin looked clearly nervous. She let out small sighs multiple times, and Sylvia noticed.

Sylvia reached out and held Narin’s hand to comfort her.

“Don’t worry. Everything will be fine.”

Narin looked up at Sylvia. She still wasn’t sure, but the warmth from Sylvia’s firm grip eased some of her worries.

“But… I don’t know if I’m good enough for this.”

She had always been taught that omegas were inferior… That fear still lingered inside her.

“You are more than good enough,”

Sylvia reassured her.

Sitting between them, little Alin turned to look at her mother with big, innocent eyes.

“Mama, don’t be scared. Grandpa must be nice!”

She smiled widely and reached out her tiny hands to hold her mother’s tightly.

Sylvia chuckled.

“See? Even our child isn’t scared. You don’t have to worry.”

Narin looked at Sylvia and Alin, her heart slowly filling with warmth. She nodded gently and smiled back.

“Thank you… both of you.”

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When they arrived at the family house, Sylvia helped Narin and Alin out of the car as soon as it stopped. The housekeepers, who had been waiting at the entrance, quickly came forward to greet them with polite warmth.

They looked quite surprised to see Sylvia arriving with her own family.

It was unusual.

“Welcome home, Young Miss… and you… um…”

One of the housekeepers glanced at Narin and Alin, unsure of what to say.

Alin cheerfully waved her little hand.

“Hello! My name is Alin!”

Her sweet voice instantly melted the hearts of all the housekeepers.

The eldest housekeeper crouched down and spoke to Alin gently.

“You’re such a lovely young lady, Miss Alin.”

Alin grinned widely.

“Thank youuu!”

Then she turned to Sylvia and held her hand tightly.

“Papa… is this Grandpa?”

Sylvia chuckled.

“No, sweetheart. This is Aunt Jit. Grandpa is inside. Let’s go meet him, okay?”

Narin watched as Alin happily chatted away, showing no fear or nervousness like she did. This little girl was truly the light of her life. Taking a deep breath, she followed Sylvia into the grand house, her heart pounding.

Inside, the atmosphere was serious. When they reached the living room, Sylvia’s father, the head of the family, was sitting on the main sofa.

He looked calm, but the moment he lifted his gaze and saw Sylvia, his eyes flashed with clear anger.

“You came without even telling me first?”

His deep voice filled the room.

Sylvia laughed lightly and replied in a relaxed tone.

“Come on, Dad. This isn’t new. Why are you acting like it is?”

She sat down casually near her father, then waved for Narin and Alin to sit beside her.

“This is my wife, Narin. And —”

She patted Alin’s head—

“This is your granddaughter. Surprise!”

Her father stared at the three of them with a blank expression before speaking in a flat tone.

“I don’t accept this.”

Those words made Narin’s heart sink. She lowered her gaze, unsure of what to do. But before the atmosphere could get any more tense, Sylvia spoke up confidently.

“Like it or not, you have to accept it, Dad. I know deep down, you’ve always wanted a grandchild. No need to pretend. Look at her—she’s adorable.”

Sylvia turned to Alin with a smile. The little girl blinked at her grandfather, remembering what her papa had told her earlier—be as cute as possible to win Grandpa over.

“Grandpaa!”

Alin’s sweet voice rang out as she politely placed her hands together in a respectful greeting.

“My name is Alin… I love you, Grandpa!”

Her innocent charm was too much for the old man, who had been trying to keep a stern face. He let out a heavy sigh before reaching his hand toward the little girl.

“Come here… sit on Grandpa’s lap.”

Alin beamed with joy and quickly climbed onto his lap.

“Grandpa! Am I cute?”

Sylvia’s father let out a small smile as he gently patted her head.

“Yes… very cute.”

Watching the scene, Narin finally started to relax. The tense atmosphere was fading away.

Sylvia turned to her with a knowing smile and whispered,

“See? I told you—Dad just has a tough exterior.”

“No way, Syl!”

“What? Don’t complain, or I’ll take our daughter back.”

“No way in hell!”

Sylvia’s father scooped up little Alin and carried her off to play in the backyard, keeping her away from her parents. Sylvia, still sitting there, chuckled softly.

She turned to Narin and said,

“See? I told you there was nothing to worry about. My dad is actually super softhearted.”

Narin followed Sylvia’s gaze and watched as Alin giggled happily while climbing all over her grandfather without any shyness.

The once stern-looking man now had a big smile on his face, pure joy radiating from him.

“He really is softhearted,”

Narin murmured, smiling a little.

Sylvia gently took Narin’s hand and asked,

“Should we stay here tonight? Looks like my dad wants to spend more time with Alin.”

Narin nodded slightly.

“I don’t mind.”

Sylvia smiled and turned to Aunt Jit, the housekeeper standing nearby.

“Aunt Jit, could you prepare a room for us?”

Aunt Jit nodded warmly.

“Of course, Young Miss.”

Then she paused for a moment before adding playfully,

“I never thought you’d be this attached to someone.”

Sylvia chuckled.

“Isn’t it normal, Aunt Jit? Anyone who meets Narin and Alin would get attached.”

Aunt Jit laughed along with her before heading off to prepare the room. But before she got too far, Sylvia called out again,

“Oh, and put Narin’s stuff in my room.”

Hearing that, Aunt Jit turned back with a knowing smile.

“If this is what you call normal, then I’d say you’re completely in love.”

“Absolutely.”

Narin, who had been listening the whole time, blushed deeply. She turned to Sylvia, who was laughing at Aunt Jit’s teasing, and mumbled,

“You… are so shameless.”

Sylvia flashed her a bright smile and said in a gentle voice,

“How am I shameless? I’m just telling the truth.”

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# Chapter 15: Bond

While everyone was having dinner together, the grandfather spoke up seriously but with a warm smile.

"Narin, thank you so much for coming into Sylvia's life. This child used to be such a workaholic that she lost herself. But after having you and Alin, she seems to have changed for the better."

Narin gave a small smile in response. She wasn't used to receiving compliments from elders, but what he said next completely caught her off guard.

"Should I officially ask for Narin's hand in marriage as my daughter-inlaw?"

Sylvia, who was drinking water, almost choked.

"Dad, are you saying you want to propose to Narin?"

"You-"

"It's okay, Dad,"

Narin quickly interrupted.

"I don't have anyone. This isn't necessary. Just being with Sylvia and our child is more than enough for me."

"Why not? I'm serious about this. Narin carried Alin and raised her alone-it wasn't easy. That's something to be proud of, Sylvia."

His voice turned firmer as he scolded his daughter.

"You were irresponsible! How could you leave Narin to go through the pregnancy and raise my granddaughter all by herself?"

Sylvia scratched the back of her neck awkwardly.

"Dad... I know I was wrong. That's why I'm trying to make up for it now."

"If I had known from the start that things were like this, I would've made you bring Narin back home on day one,"

Sylvia's father said firmly.

Hearing those words, Narin felt an indescribable warmth in her heart. She never expected Alin's grandfather to accept and support her this much.

The journey had been tough, but at this moment, she felt an overwhelming sense of encouragement from what she now saw as her new family.

"From now on, you won't have to struggle anymore, my dear."

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Later that night, Sylvia found Narin standing by the window, looking out at the peaceful night view. The quiet evening made the atmosphere feel even warmer and more intimate.

She walked up to Narin, gently placing a hand on her waist before wrapping her arms around her from behind. Resting her chin on Narin's shoulder, Sylvia took a deep breath and smiled contentedly.

Instead of sleeping with her little daughter that night, Sylvia's father had managed to steal Alin away.

"Looks like my dad loves his granddaughter more than his own daughter now,"

Sylvia said playfully. The love and affection he had for Alin were beyond words.

Seeing how she had become the extra person in the family, Sylvia couldn't help but laugh softly.

"It's so wonderful to have you and our child in my life."

Sylvia spoke softly, but her words were filled with sincerity. Narin froze for a moment before turning to look at her, her eyes reflecting a mix of emotions.

"Are you really sure... that you choose me? That you want to marry me?"

Sylvia smiled gently, then turned Narin around to face her directly. She cupped Narin's cheeks with warm, tender hands.

"Of course, I'm sure. More than anything. I want you to be my partner, my one and only... No one could ever take your place."

"Let's get married. I love you."

Narin's heart pounded at those words. She couldn't take her eyes off Sylvia anymore.

Slowly, Sylvia leaned in, and their lips met in a soft, tender kiss. It started gently but gradually deepened, filled with growing passion.

Sylvia's hands slid down to Narin's waist, pulling her closer. Without realizing it, Narin wrapped her arms around Sylvia's neck, their hearts beating as one in the quiet night.

When the kiss finally ended, Sylvia kept her gaze locked on Narin's eyes, her voice steady and sincere.

"Narin, I want to form a bond with you. I want us to belong to each other forever."

Narin fell silent for a moment. She knew how important bonding was between an Enigma and an Omega. It wasn't just a promise-it was a vow that they would never part.

Taking a deep breath, she nodded.

"Yes. I'll do anything... because I love you."

Her voice was firm, filled with conviction.

Sylvia's smile widened before she leaned down to place a gentle kiss on Narin's forehead.

"Thank you... Thank you for trusting me."

Then she pulled Narin into a tight embrace, warmth and happiness filling both of their hearts.

With their love and commitment now sealed, Sylvia wasted no time in making this night an unforgettable memory for both of them. In one swift motion, she lifted Narin into her arms in a bridal carry.

Narin gasped, her cheeks flushing.

"Sylvia! What are you doing? Put me down!"

She squirmed slightly, but the way Sylvia looked at her-with such longingmade her stop.

"Alin is sleeping with Grandpa tonight. The path is clear,"

Sylvia murmured with a playful smile as she gently placed Narin down onto the large bed.

Sylvia's strong hands pinned Narin's wrists above her head, her eyes filled with love and desire. Then, with the infinite tenderness, she began to touch and explore her.

The tip of her tongue passed through her slender neck and then go to her smooth shoulder. The soft lips kissed all over the chest and flat stomach, as if she wanted to imprint her ownership on every spot on her body.

Narin moaned softly, the heat in her body spreading everywhere. Sylvia didn't stop there. The heat dragged down to Narin's most sensitive point, causing her to let out a sweet moan without realizing it.

The delicate body started to twitch when it reached its climax in no time.

"Sylvia, I,"

Narin tried to make a sound, but she was attracted by the other party's gaze filled with desire, leaving her speechless.

Sylvia grabbed Narin's chin and lifted it up slightly.

"Now is our time... I'm sorry."

Then she held Narin's hand tightly, gathering her courage before placing her hand on her neck, as if to press it lightly, just enough to feel the control.

Sylvia lightly bit the back of Narin's neck. Traces of ownership began to appear. At the same moment, she inserted her shaft into Narin all at once. The delicate body trembled. The slight pain from the bond was covered by a greater tingling sensation.

"Ahh,"

Narin moaned in a hushed voice, her hands gripping the bedsheet tightly. But Sylvia did not let up. She thrust her shaft in and out with a deeper and stronger rhythm, hoping to make Narin's body feel tingling instead of the pain.

"Ahh, Sil..."

"Scream again, my wife. No one can hear."

Sylvia whispered in her ear before increasing the rhythm until the sound of their bodies hitting each other echoed throughout the room.

"I can't take it. Ahh, Sylvia,"

Narin moaned loudly, her body tensing up when she reached her climax again.

But Sylvia did not stop. She grabbed Narin and carried him in a way that made their bodies close together again before inserting her shaft again.

Narin's delicate body trembled every time Sylvia violently rocked her body. The moans of both of them blended together until their bodies reached their peak at the same time.

Silvia expanded her shaft into a groan, holding Narin close to her with all her strength.

"Ahh..."

"You're so good at teasing, how can I not fall for you?"

She whispered softly, her ears ringing.

Narin blushed, and she buried her face in Sylvia's shoulder in embarrassment. Before the exhaustion would lead both of them to sleep, filled with warmth and happiness that nothing could replace.

In the end, the two of them became a perfect couple.

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# Chapter 16: The Sea

A new morning arrived after a night full of intense activities. Narin snuggled in Sylvia's arms, feeling the warmth that made her relax. Even though her body was sore, she still slept peacefully.

"Narin, wake up,"

A soft, deep voice whispered near her ear, followed by a gentle kiss on her cheek.

"Go wash your face first, then we'll go see our daughter..."

Narin let out a small groan and sleepily opened her eyes.

"Mmm..."

She tried to snuggle in again, but Sylvia held her tighter.

"Our daughter is waiting downstairs,"

Sylvia said, kissing her forehead again. That made Narin snap out of it. She quickly got up from the bed and went to freshen up in the bathroom. Even though she was exhausted, her love for her daughter made her move quickly.

Once they were both ready, they went downstairs. But instead of seeing Alin playing as expected, the atmosphere in the house was unusually busy.

Everyone was packing. The housekeepers were rushing around, and several suitcases were lined up in the living room.

"What’s going on?"

Narin asked, looking at Sylvia in confusion. Sylvia looked just as puzzled.

"I have no idea,"

Sylvia replied. Just then, her father walked over to them.

"You're finally up,"

He said in a calm but warm voice. He glanced at his daughter and daughterin-law before pointing at the luggage.

"I thought before you go back to work, you should take a break."

"A break?" Sylvia raised an eyebrow.

"What do you mean, Dad?"

"I'm taking my granddaughter to the sea."

That made both Sylvia and Narin freeze for a moment.

"The sea?" Narin repeated in disbelief.

"Yes. She wanted to go to the sea, so I couldn't say no,"

Her father said with a small smile before calling out to his granddaughter, who was running around excitedly.

"Alin, come here, sweetheart!"

Alin ran over happily, her eyes shining.

"Grandpa, are you really taking me to the sea?" "Of course, sweetheart. I've packed everything for you,"

He said, gently patting her head.

"But Mommy and Daddy have to come too, right?"

Sylvia chuckled softly before turning to Narin, who still looked surprised and confused.

"So, Mommy... should we go to the sea?"

Narin looked at Sylvia and Alin, who were both grinning at her, then sighed in defeat and nodded.

"Alright, let's go."

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## Hours Later

When they finally arrived at the beach, the fresh air and the sound of waves crashing against the shore immediately made everyone feel relaxed. Alin seemed the most excited, holding tightly onto her grandfather and mother’s hands, jumping around, and eagerly pointing at everything she saw.

"Grandpa! The sea is so big!"

Alin’s cheerful voice made everyone laugh.

After settling into their rooms, Alin ran straight to her grandfather, gently shaking his hand while looking up at him with big, pleading eyes. "Grandpa, can I sleep with Mommy tonight? She'll be lonely without me!" Her grandfather gazed at her warmly before chuckling.

"Alright, alright. But tomorrow night, you have to come back and sleep with Grandpa, okay?"

Sylvia, watching nearby, smiled widely before teasing her father.

"Be careful, Dad. If she keeps staying with her mom, you might lose your favorite granddaughter!"

Her father turned to her and shot back playfully,

"You should be careful too. If your wife and daughter sleep together all the time, I don’t think Alin is getting a little sibling anytime soon."

Sylvia’s eyes widened in shock.

"Dad!"

She quickly turned to see Narin carrying Alin into the room, pretending not to hear anything.

She was *so* embarrassed.

"Dad, stop talking!"

Sylvia muttered, but she couldn't hide the small smile creeping onto her lips as she followed them inside.

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## Inside the Room

When Sylvia entered, she saw Narin sitting on the bed with Alin in her lap, both of them laughing. She walked over and wrapped her arms around the two of them.

"My girls," she whispered.

Alin turned to her with a bright smile, tilting her small cheek up.

"Papa, give Alin a kiss too!"

Sylvia laughed and planted a big kiss on Alin’s cheek, then turned to Narin and did the same.

"This one is for my sweetest little girl... and this one is for the woman who stole my heart."

Just as Sylvia was about to hug them tighter, Narin gently pulled away.

"I need to unpack first. We’re here to have fun—I don’t want to just stay in the room all day."

"Yay! Let’s go take pictures!"

Alin cheered excitedly.

The little family of three worked together to unpack and organize their things. It didn’t take long before everything was neatly in place.

Once they finished, they headed out of the room and went straight to Alin’s grandfather to help prepare dinner. Tonight’s meal was a seafood feast, perfect for the setting.

"Wow… Alin loves shrimp!"

The little girl clapped her hands excitedly, her eyes sparkling with joy as she saw the shrimp neatly arranged on the dining table.

"That’s right, my little one loves shrimp so much," Narin said, gently patting her daughter's head. "Are you in a good mood because of the shrimp?"

Alin nodded enthusiastically and grinned.

"Mommy, I’ll eat a lot!"

Sylvia, who was peeling shrimp for her daughter, smiled and placed a large shrimp on Alin’s small plate.

"Here you go, Alin. A big shrimp just for you."

Alin’s eyes widened in delight.

"Wow! Papa, I love you! Thank you so much!"

Just then, her grandfather, who was standing nearby, looked at Sylvia with mock disapproval.

"Hey, why did *Papa* peel the shrimp for her before *Grandpa*? She should love *me* more, not Papa!"

Narin couldn’t hold back a small laugh.

"You two are always competing for Alin’s love, aren’t you?"

She smiled at both of them.

"Who’s competing? I’m just speaking the truth, Narin,"

Her father-in-law said as he picked up another shrimp to peel.

"Alin, come here, sweetheart. Grandpa will feed you."

Alin glanced at her grandfather, then at her papa. It was as if they were in a friendly battle to win her over. The little girl grinned and waved her hands.

"I’ll eat from *both* Grandpa and Papa! I love everyone!"

Her words made everyone in the kitchen burst into laughter. Her bright and cheerful personality filled the room with warmth.

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## That Night

Later that evening, their large bedroom was filled with laughter and warmth as Narin, Sylvia, and Alin cuddled together on the big bed.

Before bedtime, Sylvia picked up Alin’s favorite picture book and started reading to her.

"What story do you want to hear tonight?"

She asked with a warm smile. Alin, sitting comfortably on her mother’s lap, quickly raised her hand.

"The magic pony!" she said excitedly.

Sylvia chuckled before starting to read the story about a rainbow-colored pony in a magical land.

Narin sat beside them, helping to bring the story to life by pointing at the pictures and asking fun little questions. "Do you think this rainbow pony can fly, Alin?"

The little girl eagerly bounced on the bed.

"Yes! It can fly super high!"

But before they could continue, Sylvia playfully changed the story.

"Once upon a time, there was a rainbow-colored cloth..."

She began. Then, she added, "And it *loved* eating grilled shrimp..."

Alin quickly joined in, giggling. "And then it carried its little cloth baby on its back to find *more* shrimp!"

Everyone burst into laughter, especially Narin, who shook her head in amusement. These two were completely off-track from the original story, but somehow, they understood each other perfectly.

"What is this, Alin?"

Narin asked, smiling.

"It’s a shrimp story, Mommy!"

The little girl declared proudly.

As time passed, Alin started getting sleepy. Narin gently picked her up, tucking her under the blanket. Sylvia scooted closer and whispered,

"Should we all cuddle and sleep together tonight?"

Narin nodded with a soft smile.

"Yes." She lay down beside their daughter, watching her drift off to sleep.

Sylvia pulled the blanket over them and wrapped both Narin and Alin in a warm embrace.

"Good night, my two precious girls,"

She murmured.

And just like that, the three of them fell asleep, wrapped in each other’s arms.

After a long, joyful day, there was nothing better than ending it together, filled with warmth and happiness.

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# Chapter 17: Chaos

## A few days after returning from the beach…

A new day began. Sylvia and Narin walked downstairs from the upper floor of their large home. Their vacation was officially over. As they entered the living room, they saw Sylvia’s father sitting with Alin.

The two of them were having fun playing with colored strings spread across the coffee table.

“Papa! Mama!”

Alin’s cheerful voice rang out the moment she saw her parents. She waved excitedly, her adorable expression making Narin smile warmly.

Sylvia approached her father and spoke respectfully but casually.

“I have to go to work today, Dad.”

Her father glanced at her before responding in his usual calm voice.

“Go ahead. I’m not stopping you. But leave my granddaughter here.” He patted Alin’s head as the little girl giggled, enjoying his playful teasing.

Sylvia chuckled.

“Alright, then. Please take care of her for me.”

Her father nodded, then turned to Narin.

“And what about you? Do you want to stay here or come see how Sylvia works?”

Before Narin could answer, Techit, who had been standing nearby, spoke up.

“You should come with us, Miss Narin. It’d be interesting to see Sylvia in work mode.”

Narin hesitated and looked at Alin.

“But I’m worried about leaving her…”

Sylvia’s father let out a small laugh, his voice full of confidence.

“You don’t have to worry. I’ll take good care of her. Besides, you deserve a little break, too.”

Narin hesitated for a moment before nodding.

“Alright, then. Please take care of her.”

Her father smiled proudly.

“Of course. She’s my granddaughter, after all.”

He lifted Alin onto his lap, and the little girl laughed happily, clearly enjoying the attention.

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With everything settled, Narin and Sylvia prepared to leave for the office. Sylvia turned to Narin with a gentle smile and lightly held her hand.

“Shall we go?”

Narin smiled back. “Yes.”

Hand in hand, they walked out together, leaving behind Alin’s bright laughter and the warmth of a grandfather completely smitten with his beloved granddaughter.

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When they arrived at the company, Sylvia stepped out of the car first and immediately reached for Narin’s hand, holding it tightly as they prepared to face the day ahead.

Sylvia turned and gave Narin a gentle smile.

“Are you ready?”

Narin nodded. Even though she felt nervous inside, the confidence in

Sylvia’s eyes and the warmth of her touch made her feel much more at ease.

As they walked into the company building, all eyes turned to them. It was as if the employees were witnessing a scene they never expected to see in real life. Whispers began spreading through the office like wildfire.

“Who is that woman? She must be someone special to Miss Sylvia…”

“But I heard that Miss Sylvia is dating Dyna…”

“Exactly.”

The murmurs grew louder until one of the employees—who had been placed there by Dyna to monitor the situation—quickly pulled out her phone and dialed her boss with urgency.

“Miss Dyna, you need to know this. Miss Sylvia just brought a woman to the office… and they were holding hands openly.”

The employee’s voice trembled with unease.

Meanwhile, Sylvia led Narin into the elevator, completely unaware of the storm that was brewing. Her every movement radiated confidence, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

“Why are they all staring at us?”

Narin whispered.

“Don’t mind them.”

Sylvia’s voice was soft but firm as she gave Narin’s hand a reassuring squeeze.

Narin offered a small, shy smile.

“Okay.”

As the elevator doors closed, their hands remained intertwined. Despite the tense atmosphere outside, Narin felt a growing sense of warmth and security.

Once they reached Sylvia’s office, she walked over to her desk and flashed Narin a small smile.

“Come sit here,”

She said, patting her lap.

Narin’s face turned slightly red.

“Are you sure?”

She hesitated. But before she could think further, Sylvia gently pulled her onto her lap, wrapping an arm around her waist.

“This is the perfect place for you,”

Sylvia whispered near her ear, her voice warm and affectionate. Then, as if nothing had happened, she opened a file on her desk and began working.

The atmosphere between them was filled with quiet intimacy. Sylvia focused on her tasks, but every now and then, she would glance at Narin, smiling whenever she caught her sitting stiffly, still flustered.

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Hours passed peacefully—until the door suddenly swung open.

Dyna stormed into the room, her face dark with displeasure. Each step she took carried an air of dominance, as if she wanted to remind them of her power and status.

"Why are you here?"

Sylvia asked in a calm voice, but there was an underlying firmness. She let go of the file in her hands before turning to face Dyna.

"I should be asking you that! Why did you bring this woman in here?"

Dyna spoke, her sharp gaze locked onto Narin, filled with anger and contempt.

"How shameless of you to step foot in this place."

Narin lowered her eyes, feeling uncomfortable but remained silent. Sylvia stood up, positioning Narin behind her. Her eyes were serious as she stared at Dyna.

"We've already talked about this, Dyna,"

Sylvia said coldly.

"I told you we're calling off the engagement. You don’t love me, and I don’t love you. So why are you still doing this?"

Dyna ignored her words and lunged toward Narin as if to attack, but Sylvia immediately stepped in the way without hesitation. Dyna raised her hand and slapped Sylvia hard across the face.

Narin froze in shock.

"Sylvia!"

She gasped. Sylvia lifted a hand to touch her cheek, then looked at Dyna with an even colder expression.

Her voice was firm.

"You can do whatever you want to me, but you have no right to lay a finger on Narin. She is the one I chose. And she is the mother of my child."

Dyna was stunned for a moment. She glared at Sylvia with rage, but seeing the unwavering determination in her eyes, she found herself at a loss for words.

"Leave," Sylvia ordered decisively. "And don’t interfere with us again."

Dyna clenched her teeth.

"No."

"Don’t make me cut ties with your company, Dyna. You know I can do more than you think."

Dyna's company was something she and her father cherished. She couldn’t afford to risk losing it.

She realized she had made a mistake by coming here. The humiliation was unbearable.

"Fine. Enjoy your time with your low-class lover,"

She spat before storming out of the room. The door slammed shut, leaving Sylvia and Narin alone.

Sylvia turned to Narin, her eyes now gentle.

"It’s okay now… I won’t let anyone hurt you,"

She whispered, raising a hand to softly caress Narin’s cheek.

Narin gazed at Sylvia with a mix of emotions—gratitude and concern. She reached out, touching Sylvia’s reddened cheek.

"Does it hurt?"

"Just a little, but I’m fine."

Narin hesitated, doubt flickering in her eyes. Summoning her courage, she asked,

"Who was she?"

Sylvia let out a quiet sigh and gently held Narin’s hand, looking into her eyes with sincerity.

"Dyna is my ex-fiancée... but please listen to me first,"

Sylvia said seriously.

Narin paused when she heard the word "*fiancée*," but she decided to listen.

"This engagement wasn’t because of love. It was just for business,"

Sylvia explained.

“It was an arranged engagement between our families. We never loved each other, and we both knew it. I told her it was over, but she refuses to let go.” Narin lowered her gaze, processing the information.

Narin stayed quiet for a moment, but her expression softened slightly. She looked at Sylvia and asked,

“But she still cares about you, doesn’t she?”

Sylvia let out a small sigh.

“She doesn’t care about me, Narin. She cares about her pride. That’s why she acted like that today.”

She gently squeezed Narin’s hand.

“But you don’t have to worry. I won’t let her—or anyone else—hurt you.”

"Besides, Dyna doesn’t love me. She wouldn’t waste her time or risk her company over this. So, you don’t have to worry."

Narin nodded slightly. She finally understood the situation. The sincerity in Sylvia's voice and eyes made her trust her completely.

"I believe you."

Sylvia smiled gently and cupped Narin’s cheek.

"I love you, and I will never let anyone ruin our happiness."

Everything that happened today had made Sylvia uneasy. She knew that Dyna’s sudden involvement could cause trouble for Narin, and she would never let anyone misunderstand the person she loved.

Holding Narin’s hand, Sylvia led her outside. The employees around them watched with curiosity, whispering among themselves. The cool breeze helped ease the tension, but Sylvia was already thinking about how to handle the situation.

Before she could say anything, her close friend Pran walked over, carrying important documents. Sylvia smiled slightly when she saw him, but Pran looked at her and Narin with a suspicious expression.

He purposely walked closer and asked in a loud voice, making sure the nearby employees could hear,

"Who’s this?"

Sylvia smiled and answered firmly, without hesitation,

"My wife."

Narin's face turned bright red, her heart racing, while the employees around them started whispering excitedly.

Pran raised an eyebrow, clearly amused, and asked,

"Oh? And what about Dyna?"

Sylvia replied casually,

"She’s just a coworker."

She smiled confidently and led Narin back into her office, leaving the curious employees behind.

Pran, still curious, followed them inside. She glanced at the documents on the table before setting them down on Sylvia’s desk.

"A plan, huh?"

Pran asked with a sly smile.

Sylvia nodded.

"Forget it… I have to remind everyone that she belongs to me."

"What happened?"

"Dyna making a fuss."

"How dare she?"

"It’s good,"

Sylvia replied casually as she flipped through the documents. They were business contracts—specifically, those linking Dyna’s company to their joint ventures.

"What’s next?"

"Nothing. My father will handle it. With evidence this clear, there’s no way we can keep working together."

"Very cruel."

"They brought it on themselves,"

Sylvia said before turning to Narin with a softer voice.

"Besides, she came here and tried to hurt you. I can’t just let that slide." Pran chuckled lightly, then extended a hand toward Narin.

"I almost forgot! I’m Pran, Sylvia’s best friend… or, to put it simply, her advisor on everything."

Narin gave a small smile and politely shook her hand.

"I’m Narin. Nice to meet you."

Pran grinned.

"You really have an effect on Sylvia. Three years ago, she was a complete mess—drunk out of her mind, missing you."

She teased, making Sylvia roll her eyes and lightly smack Pran’s arm.

"Enough, Pran. Go do your work."

Sylvia said.

"There’s plenty to do."

"Alright, alright. I won’t interrupt."

Pran laughed, stepping toward the door. But before leaving, she threw in one last remark.

"I get it now. No wonder Sylvia’s been so much happier lately… her wife is adorable."

"That’s enough out of you!"

Sylvia picked up a pen and tossed it at her. Protective as ever.

"Get out."

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# Chapter 18: Sylvia's Love

## Wedding Day

When everything was ready and the right time had come, this day finally arrived—a special day filled with love and happiness.

Inside the dressing room, Narin was getting ready, assisted by her only close friend, Nawela. Dressed in a simple yet elegant outfit, Nawela carefully placed flowers in Narin’s hair while wiping away her tears.

"Why are you crying, Nawela?"

Narin asked with a soft laugh, looking at her friend, whose face showed she was truly about to cry.

"I'm just happy. It's always been just the two of us. I still remember when you had to struggle alone. And look at you now—you’re about to marry someone who loves you so much,"

Nawela said in a shaky voice.

"You deserve this happiness."

Narin looked into her friend's eyes and held her hand tightly.

"You deserve happiness too, Nawela. I'll be waiting for the day you have a moment like this as well."

Her words made Nawela laugh softly as she wiped away her tears once more.

"I have no boyfriend… so heartbroken."

"You'll have one soon!"

Just then, a little girl in a fluffy white dress came running in and hugged Nawela.

"Nawela! Nawela! Does Alin look pretty?"

Nawela turned to look at her little niece and couldn’t help but fall in love with her all over again.

"So beautiful, my little princess,"

She said, gently cupping Alin’s chubby cheeks. The little girl giggled and played with Nawela’s hair.

"Nawela, can you come live with us?"

Alin asked innocently.

Nawela laughed and patted the little girl's head.

"Just visiting is enough, princess. If I live in the same house, I bet your daddy won’t allow it."

"Then stay with P’Pran!"

"Who’s that?"

"A friend of Sylwia’s,"

Narin explained, making Nawela chuckle. She had no idea who that was— kids these days!

"No, Alin. It’s better if I stay in my dorm, sweetheart."

Narin let out a soft laugh as she watched her best friend and daughter get along so well. A warmth filled her heart, an indescribable feeling of happiness.

Everything about today felt like a dream come true. She had given her little girl a family, and she herself loved Sylvia—who loved her just as deeply in return.

When everything was ready, Nawela turned to Narin with eyes full of care and encouragement.

"Are you ready, Narin?"

Narin nodded gently, her heart pounding.

"I'm ready. Thank you, Nawela."

"Then let's go. Today, you’re the most beautiful bride."

Nawela smiled warmly before picking up Alin and holding her close.

"Let’s go cheer for Mommy, okay, little princess?"

Alin giggled and nodded eagerly.

"Yes! Let’s go find Papa!"

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The wedding venue was filled with the soft scent of flowers and the gentle melody of background music. The ceremony was set in an elegantly simple yet luxurious space.

Tables and chairs were arranged perfectly, and only close family and friends were present to witness this special day.

All eyes turned to the center aisle as Narin stepped forward in her wedding gown. The dress was elegant and pure white, fitting her petite frame perfectly.

A delicate lace veil draped over her shoulders, adding a touch of grace and charm. Her large eyes shimmered with unshed tears of emotion, capturing the hearts of everyone in attendance.

At the altar, Sylvia stood waiting. Her gaze, filled with admiration and deep love, was locked onto Narin. Her heart pounded as if it might burst from her chest, and a soft, tender smile formed on her lips. She knew—Narin was the woman who completed her life in every way.

*She loved her so much that she didn’t even know how to put it into words.*

As Narin reached her, she stopped in front of Sylvia, their eyes meeting in a gaze that spoke a thousand words. Sylvia stepped forward, taking Narin’s hand firmly in hers.

When she spoke, her voice wavered slightly, overwhelmed by emotion.

"You’re so beautiful… like an angel who fell from the sky just for me."

"That’s so dramatic,"

Narin mumbled, blushing as she lowered her gaze, too flustered to meet Sylvia's loving eyes.

“You’re making me shy.”

"I mean it. You make me fall in love with you all over again every second." Sylvia lifted Narin’s hand and pressed a gentle kiss to it.

The whispered words and Sylvia's tender touch made Narin feel like she was floating in a dream. Smiling, she whispered back,

"I love you too."

The guests erupted into applause as the couple walked hand in hand toward the altar. Every gaze in the room followed them with admiration, witnessing a love so pure.

And then, it was time for the most important moment of all.

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The night of celebration had reached its final moment as the bridal chamber door closed. Sylvia stood, gazing at Narin with eyes full of love and desire. She stepped closer and swiftly lifted Narin into her arms in a bridal carry.

A soft laugh escaped from Narin, but Sylvia only smirked mischievously.

“Tonight, you belong to me alone,”

She whispered near her ear.

As she gently placed Narin onto the bed, Sylvia slowly leaned in, their eyes locking. Narin knew there was no room for hesitation tonight. She smiled softly, reaching up to caress Sylvia’s cheek. The warmth and affection between them grew stronger with every passing second.

This time, Narin took the initiative. She placed a gentle kiss on Sylvia’s lips before trailing soft kisses along her jawline and down her neck.

Sylvia seemed momentarily surprised by the bold move, but soon, she surrendered, allowing the smaller woman to explore every inch of her.

“I love it when you’re like this,”

Sylvia murmured with a soft chuckle, taking Narin’s wrist and guiding her hands over her body.

“Don’t stop.”

Narin smiled, deepening her touch. Sylvia let out a quiet moan as Narin gently nibbled at her earlobe and neck, her hands gliding over Sylvia’s chest and abdomen, heightening the intensity between them.

Then, at one moment, Sylvia suddenly flipped their positions, taking control.

She kissed Narin with fiery passion, moving from her lips down to her neck and delicate shoulders, stopping at the most sensitive spots. Narin shivered slightly at the gentle touch.

“Syl…” she whispered her name softly.

Sylvia chuckled under her breath before trailing her hands along Narin’s slender legs, kissing her slowly and deliberately. She used her lips and tongue to explore every part of her, making Narin tremble with pleasure.

“You’re so beautiful,”

Sylvia whispered before pressing a deep kiss onto Narin’s forehead. Her love and desire overflowed in every touch.

Before long, Sylvia let Narin take control. Feeling the rising heat within herself, Narin moved slowly at first before gradually increasing the rhythm, following the pull of her desires. Their soft moans and heavy breaths filled the room, the atmosphere intoxicating and filled with intimacy.

As they reached their peak together, Sylvia let out a deep, shuddering moan, their bodies trembling in unison. Exhausted, Narin collapsed onto Sylvia’s chest, breathing heavily.

Sylvia gently stroked Narin’s back.

“You’re amazing,”

She whispered in her ear before kissing her forehead.

They lay there in the quiet, holding each other close, until Sylvia softly spoke again.

“You’ve made this the most special day of my life… Thank you for being mine.”

Narin gave a soft smile before replying,

“I’m the happiest I’ve ever been too… Thank you for loving me.”

The two of them fell asleep together, their hearts full of love. This night was one they would never forget.

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**Thanks for "Bb"** 😉

# Chapter 19: The Best Big Sister

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## Three years later

One morning, in a quiet beachside house that Sylvia had bought because her wife and child loved it, the gentle sound of waves rolled in with the soft breeze, making the atmosphere peaceful.

The curtains in the living room swayed slightly with the wind.

Alin ran excitedly to Narin, who was sitting on the sofa, casually reading a thin book.

The little girl quickly climbed up beside her mother, her bright, cheerful smile making Narin chuckle softly.

"Mommy… is the baby moving?"

Alin asked in her clear, sweet voice. Her big round eyes were fixed on her mother’s belly with curiosity.

She reached out her small hands and gently touched it.

Narin smiled warmly, stroking her daughter’s head with love before answering,

"Yes, sweetheart. But let’s be gentle. How about we count the kicks together?"

Alin bounced slightly on the sofa, her excitement obvious.

"How do we count, Mommy?"

She asked eagerly.

Just then, Sylvia walked in from her home office, setting down some documents.

She smiled at the sight of her wife and daughter talking.

"Can Daddy help too?"

She asked as she sat down beside Narin.

Narin nodded, smiling at Sylvia, then took Alin’s tiny hand and placed it gently on her belly.

"We’ll wait and feel the baby move. When you feel a kick, say ‘one,’ okay?"

She explained patiently. Sylvia placed her hand over both Alin’s and Narin’s, and the three of them focused intently, waiting for the special moment.

Before long, Alin gasped in excitement.

"Oh! The baby kicked! One!"

She announced in a bright, happy voice.

Sylvia and Narin laughed softly at Alin’s serious expression. Sylvia stroked her daughter’s head.

"Good job, my smart girl. The baby must be happy to have such a caring big sister."

"Yes, Alin is helping Mommy a lot,"

Narin added, giving her daughter a big kiss on the cheek. Alin giggled, delighted.

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From that day on, every night before bed, Alin took on a special new role— reading bedtime stories to her mommy and the baby.

She carefully picked her favorite stories and even copied the way her daddy read to her.

"Tonight, I’ll tell the story of the princess and the prince,"

Alin announced proudly. She gently patted her mother’s belly.

"Baby, you have to come out soon and play with me, okay? I’ll tell you lots of fun stories!"

The soft voice of little Alin talking to her baby sibling made Narin’s eyes well up with happy tears. Sitting beside her, Sylvia couldn’t help but smile.

She reached out and held Narin’s hand tightly, whispering softly,

“We really have the perfect family, don’t we?”

Narin turned to look into Sylvia’s eyes, and a warm smile passed between them.

At that moment, Alin looked up from her storybook, glanced at both of them, and grinned widely.

“Mommy, Daddy, Alin loves you the most!”

She declared cheerfully.

Her words felt like proof that this little family was each other’s whole world, living together under a warm beachside home filled with love and laughter every single day.

When the day finally came for baby Lalun to open her eyes to the world, the once-quiet beach house became lively with laughter and excitement.

Everyone had a role to play, but no one was more excited about the new baby than Alin.

She circled around the crib all the time, refusing to leave even for a second. Her big round eyes were locked onto her baby sister, filled with wonder.

“Baby… I’m your big sister, Alin,”

She said sweetly, making everyone in the room chuckle in amusement.

Narin, who was gently rocking in a chair while feeding Lalun, smiled as she softly stroked Alin’s head.

“Alin, do you want to help Mommy get a diaper for your baby sister? That way, you can help take care of her too,”

Narin suggested.

Alin immediately ran off excitedly to fetch a diaper, then handed it to her mother with her small hands.

“Here, Mommy! Does the baby look like me?”

She asked eagerly.

Sylvia, who had just entered with a tray of fresh fruit for everyone, smiled warmly and answered for Narin.

“She looks so much like you.”

She set the tray down and gently patted Alin’s head.

Alin beamed proudly.

“Then she’ll be super cute like me when she grows up!”

Sylvia chuckled and exchanged a knowing glance with Narin. Without saying a word, they understood each other perfectly. “Of course, sweetheart. Because you’re already the cutest,”

Narin said softly.

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That evening, after dinner, Sylvia cleaned up the kitchen while Alin sat beside her baby sister’s crib.

Holding her favorite storybook in her tiny hands, she began reading with a bright, clear voice.

“Baby, listen closely! This story is really fun,”

She said as she carefully flipped through the pages.

Even though baby Lalun was still too little to understand, Alin’s cheerful voice filled the house with warmth.

Narin, sitting nearby, watched with pride, smiling at the love and care her daughter showed toward her new sibling.

Just then, Sylvia walked over with neatly folded diapers in her hand. She gently placed a hand on Alin’s shoulder and asked playfully,

“Can Alin tell a story for Daddy too?”

Alin giggled.

“Of course!”

“You’re the best big sister in the whole world,”

Sylvia praised before planting a big kiss on Alin’s cheek.

“Daddy… Alin loves you, Mommy, and baby too!”

The little girl declared sweetly. Her tiny voice filled Sylvia and Narin’s hearts with warmth.

Their family might not be perfect, but it was overflowing with love—love that would never fade.

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**---------THE END------**

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**Thanks for "Bb"** 😉

**Translate by Sunyan**

**07 March 2025**