# Chapter 01 : The Twins

The lunch menu at the canteen was always Khemjira’s favorite. Her lunchbox, packed for work, had a few Thai dishes she loved: spicy stir-fried seafood, clear soup, boiled veggies with grilled chicken, and a deliciouslooking Thai omelet that her wife especially liked.

Khemjira smiled to herself when she looked at the food, thinking of the person she loved. She had packed it all because she wanted to take it to her beautiful wife and child at home—whatever they were doing right now.

“Hey, Khem! Where are you trying to sneak off to?”

The voice from her colleague made her freeze mid-step. She slowly turned around and gave a sheepish smile to the two coworkers who were sitting with their own lunchboxes, eyeing her suspiciously.

“I wasn’t sneaking off…”

“But we saw you trying to take your lunch and run! Didn’t you say you’d join us at lunch to gossip about that sales girl at the event? We’ve been waiting to hear the story! We wanna know if that grumpy lady had any idea who you really are. Why was she so freaked out at you?”

Khemjira scratched her head and smiled awkwardly. She had said she’d talk about it. Even though most people at the company knew by now that she was the wife of the CEO, not everyone treated her like they treated Praenarin.

She knew she shouldn’t take things personally, and honestly, she didn’t. She understood that in work life, clashes happen—especially between the sales team, who get the brief directly from the clients, and her department, which receives it next.

“Okay, fine! I’ll admit it. I just wanted to go have lunch with my wife… and see our baby too. Can we talk about the sales girl thing later when we’re back to work? Maybe others will want to hear about it too. Just the three of us gossiping won’t be as fun!”

Once her nosy, always-curious coworker Balloon (who loved digging into everyone’s business) heard that, he smiled proudly—feeling like he had finally convinced Khem to spill some juicy gossip. After all this time, Khem was finally ready to talk!

“Oh wow, must be nice being someone with a wife and kid on the top floor of the company! So, how many times have you gone up to the CEO’s office today, Khem?”

“Counting this time… three. Once before work, once during break, and I’ll probably go at least two more times this afternoon. Is it starting to be a bit too much?”

The two coworkers looked at each other and giggled. Khemjira, who was being teased, couldn’t help but smile shyly. She really was head over heels in love. Their baby was only five months old and in the super cute stage. And Praenarin, her wife, still had that soft, radiant glow after giving birth, which made her even more lovable.

“Well, I just miss them, okay? Our baby is still so tiny and so cute!”

Khemjira answered playfully. These days, Praenarin was acting as the CEO, taking over for her father, so sometimes she brought the baby to work if her schedule wasn’t too packed and she could manage it.

Usually though, they left the baby at home and Praenarin would pump milk. But on the days she brought the baby to the office, Khemjira would take any excuse to go upstairs more often than usual—sometimes during lunch, sometimes even when she had no real reason.

“Hey, we’re not blaming you or anything. Go on. We’re just teasing! We’ll chat more later in the office.”

“Alright then, I’ll go ahead. You two enjoy your lunch—seriously, with your matching meals and all, you don’t even have to say you're dating, it's obvious!”

Her teasing made the two newly-in-love coworkers blush and smile bashfully. Khemjira grinned, feeling amused, then walked off briskly to go see her wife and baby.

These days, she could finally take the elevator without panicking. She used to be super claustrophobic, but Praenarin helped her face it a little at a time —holding her hand, encouraging her every day. And now, though she still felt a bit uneasy in small, tight spaces, it wasn’t enough to send her into a full-on panic attack like before.

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**Grace:**

**Hey Rin, are you free for drinks tonight? We haven’t gone out since you had the baby!**

**Julie:**

**Well yeah, she’s gotta take care of the baby. The baby’s still tiny and needs milk all the time.**

**Grace:**

**Oh please, Rin pumps milk and stores it every day. She could stock up and come hang out, Julie! Rin, just ask Khem to watch the baby for a day or leave the baby with your dad and come with us. Khem is fun to talk to anyway!**

**Ying:**

**Exactly! Let Rin drink milk, and we drink alcohol. Easy peasy party. I’ve been dying to vent about my mom and we still haven’t had a full group hang!**

**Proudfah:**

**I bet Rin saw the messages and just went quiet.**

**Ying:**

**Don’t tell me you don’t wanna drink milk—you do wanna down some shots, right?**

**Grace:**

**If not, we can just go chill at Rin’s house. I wanna play with the baby!**

**Proudfah:**

**Yeah! Or should we just storm Rin’s place? The kids would love to see us. We’re the hottest auntie squad ever—like, Miss Universe level.**

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Praenarin looked at her phone and laughed quietly as the messages from her goddess gang—Proudfah, Grace, Ying, Julie—kept coming in nonstop. Sure, she did enjoy drinking, from a light glass of wine to strong liquor. Her wildest moment? That time she got blackout drunk after that stupid boy ghosted her.

But now? Until her baby’s weaned, she was staying sober. And honestly, ever since that night she got wasted and made a fool of herself, alcohol didn’t appeal much anymore. She was too scared of wrecking her health and missing out on life with Khemjira and the baby.

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**Rin:**

**If it was the weekend, I could go. But today I can’t—it’s our third wedding anniversary. I’ve already got plans with Khem.**

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As soon as she sent the message, the girls blew up the chat again with teasing replies, pretending to be heartbroken and saying she was too obsessed with her wife.

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**Rin:**

**By the way, girls… can I ask you for a little favor?**

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***Knock knock knock.***

Someone knocked softly on the door. Rin put her phone down and called out to let them in—already knowing who it was. Her sweet, clingy wife was here for lunch.

“My beautiful wife… I missed you!”

She stepped in, shut the door, rushed over to Praenarin at her desk, and placed the lunchbox down. Then, without hesitation, cupped both of Praenarin's cheeks like she always did. Praenarin pulled out her pocket mirror to check for lipstick smudges—like she always did—and smiled despite herself.

“My cheeks are covered in your lipstick again.”

This time, she didn’t scold her wife. She’d stopped worrying about breaking out because nothing had happened so far.

“Well, I missed you and our baby.”

“But this is the third time you’ve come to see me today. My cheeks are gonna bruise!”

“Doesn’t matter. I still miss you. And now that I’ve kissed you, I feel full inside and out.”

“No lipstick, okay? I’m about to eat,”

Praenarin turned her face away shyly, making Khemjira smile—her wife was just too cute sometimes.

Khemjira then walked over and peeked at their twins, who were lying on a soft baby mattress, chewing on plush toys. The little area was cozy and tucked into a corner of the office where the air from the AC wouldn’t hit directly, but still within Praenarin's line of sight the whole time.

She had set this little corner up herself: soft padding, low partition walls, layers of blankets, and some baby care essentials. All to make sure the twins were comfy and safe.

“Do they fuss much? Are they bothering your work?”

Khemjira asked softly.

“Not really. You know our kids are pretty chill. Once they’ve had their milk, they usually fall asleep. If not, they just lie there playing with their toys like that.”

It was true. Baby Plai-Fon and Ton-Now didn’t cry much. The first three months had been rough, sure, but after that, they became easier to handle— probably taking after their calm and composed mom.

“Peekaboo! How are you two? Feeling cold?”

Khem crouched down and greeted the babies. One of them smiled brightly, clearly in a good mood—maybe recognizing the familiar face of the person who cradled and lulled them to sleep every night.

Each baby had a small plushie—tiny enough to fit in a hand. They looked more like little piggies than bears, and Praenarin always placed them at the head of the mattress. The babies seemed to love them, and those toys might just become their precious “forever stuffed animals.”

Khemjira glanced up, curious about the room temperature. She didn’t feel chilly, so she checked the AC setting and saw that Praenarin had set it higher than usual—warmer than what she normally preferred.

That made her feel better. The babies wouldn’t catch a cold.

And in her heart, she couldn’t help but think, Praenarin must be letting herself get a little hot just to keep the babies warm. What a sweet mom.

“Sweeties, don’t kick your blanket off, okay?”

Khemjira said softly while tucking the small, pinkish twins back under the covers. She played with them gently, switching her hands between the two until their tiny faces broke into big smiles—probably because they thought it was funny.

“Come on, eat first. You can play with the babies later. They just woke up, so they’re not going to sleep again anytime soon,”

Praenarin called out, reminding her gently.

Still beaming from playing with the twins, Khemjira tucked them in one more time, then dragged a chair over and sat beside her wife. She opened up the lunchbox she brought.

“Look, Khun Rin. I brought you some of your favorite omelet.”

“Thanks.”

“Eat a lot, okay? So you can make more milk for the babies,”

She even reached out and lightly touched Praenarin's chest. Praenarin lowered her eyes to glance at her hand—these days, she had pumped so much milk that their freezer was almost out of space.

“You don’t think we have enough milk already?”

“Well yeah, but I want it to stay like this until the babies are weaned. I really love watching you breastfeed, Khun Rin.”

Khem said it like she was thinking about the babies' well-being—but her playful tone and the way she tilted her head with those wide eyes said otherwise. She never changed—still just as sweet and cheeky.

“You’re teasing me, aren’t you?”

“Nope, not teasing. I mean it. I just love how cute it looks when the babies latch onto you—their tiny mouths drinking milk from mommy. But if I stare at your boobs at other times, you can say I’m being a perv and I’ll admit it.”

She grinned, totally owning it.

“You’re being cheeky.”

“I’m not being cheeky,” Khem pouted,

“I just think it’s cute, that’s all. When their little mouths latch onto you—it’s the cutest thing ever. But, hey, if I stare at your boobs at other times, you can say I’m being pervy, I won’t deny it. I really am.”

“You’re too much,”

Praenarin laughed out loud at that, shaking her head at her wife who had learned how to tease her in all the right ways.

Instead of pushing the topic, she just smiled and started scooping food onto Khemjira’s plate. Some things were better left cute and fleeting.

“Let’s have dinner out tonight,”

Praenarin said, casually but sweetly.

“I already asked Khwanrin to babysit the twins.”

“Our anniversary, right?”

Khemjira immediately remembered what day it was. Ever since that one time they almost lost each other, she never let the date pass without doing something special. She’d turned into quite the romantic, a side Praenarin had never seen before.

“Yep. This time, let’s go eat something simple at the night market by the canal. I want to live a little like you used to when you were a kid.”

“Deal! I’ll take you on a trip back in time,”

Khemjira grinned, excited at the idea.

But before they could get too far into their little moment, baby Ton-Now suddenly started crying, bringing reality crashing back down. Khem quickly got up to tend to him without hesitation.

And just like always, her timing was impeccable—if a bit cursed. Because as soon as she picked the baby up, she was greeted with a surprise… a very full diaper.

Of course.

Praenarin couldn’t help but smirk. .

“You promised, remember? You said diaper duty was yours.”

And so it was. Every. Single. Time.

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# Chapter 02 : 3rd Anniversary

Since her work wasn’t as demanding as when she was a CEO—where she had to oversee every department in the company and report results to the board and the chairman—Praenarin came home at 3 PM to bathe and dress the kids, then handed them off to Khwanrin to look after, while she waited for her wife to get off work and pick them up for their anniversary celebration.

The two little ones stayed with their aunt at home while the mothers, Praenarin and Khemjira, held hands and strolled through the riverside market. Both trusted Khwanrin deeply to take care of the twins well in their absence, even though she had never looked after babies before.

That’s because Khwanrin was a gentle woman with strong maternal instincts and a mature mind. Even though the twins weren’t her biological relatives, she clearly adored them—something the couple could feel just from the look in her eyes.

“It’s so crowded. Are you really okay, Khun Rin?”

The taller woman asked as she held her lover’s hand and looked around. It was rush hour, with people shoulder-to-shoulder shopping for food, and she was worried her partner might feel overwhelmed in this unfamiliar setting.

“Yes, I’ve wanted to come to a place like this. Everything looks so delicious.”

“Then you sit and reserve that table first, okay? I’ll go grab us something to eat,”

Khemjira said, spotting an empty marble table by the canal fence. She quickly led her partner to secure the spot. Although there were a few more tables nearby, they were all already taken.

The tall, well-proportioned woman bought several skewers of meatballs and sausages, some street food snacks, iced sweet drinks, and a bowl of fish maw soup each. Once she got everything, she hurried back to her wife who was waiting.

The meatballs her wife brought were served on a paper plate and drizzled with a mildly spicy dipping sauce.

“Mmm, smells so good,”

Praenarin leaned in to sniff. She was quite mindful of her diet since she was still breastfeeding, and it seemed Khemjira was just as thoughtful— choosing hot fish maw soup for her. So she only planned to nibble just a little on the deep-fried sausage and starchy snacks.

“This is the flamingo sausage,”

The moment Praenarin picked up one of the pastel pink sausages, the woman who bought it beamed with pride as she presented it.

“I call it that because the color looks exactly like a flamingo. Look at it, Khun Rin—doesn’t it look just like one? It’s like they turned a flamingo into a sausage or something. But seriously, it’s so good, it'll blow your taste buds away.”

“Khem… I don’t think I can eat this,”

Praenarin said, wincing at the thought. She felt a little pathetic for being unable to take a bite without imagining a flamingo, thanks to the color.

“Just try it, it’s delicious,”

Khemjira encouraged her. When her wife finally took a bite and her face lit up with delight, Khemjira’s smile followed immediately.

“It’s really good! I love it.” “Do you love the flamingo sausage?”

Khemjira teased.

“I love you,”

Praenarin replied, her eyes gleaming with sincerity, clearly meaning every word.

Khemjira fell silent and averted her gaze. For someone who was usually the bold and assertive partner, getting a dose of affection back like that made her completely flustered.

Her smile vanished into a thin, straight line as she bit back the sudden rush of embarrassment, wanting to bang her head against the table from how overwhelmed she felt.

“I love doing anything, as long as it’s with you.”

“I love it too,”

Khemjira finally managed to say, her lips relaxing into a soft smile. A rosy blush crept up her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with shy affection. The sight made Praenarin adore her even more.

“I really want to kiss you… but there are so many people.”

“Save it for when we’re home, okay? Let’s fill up first. When I went to get the flowers, I saw a ton of food stalls on that side—plus some kids’ toys. We could pick something up for the twins.”

“Sounds good. Let’s get some snacks for Dad and Rin too.”

The kind-hearted girl ate the meatballs like they were the best thing in the world, sauce smeared around the corners of her mouth. Her wife pulled a tissue from her bag and gently wiped it away, just like she would for a child.

As she did, she gazed at Khemjira’s face—somehow, it looked more beautiful every day. In Praenarin's eyes, Khemjira was becoming cuter and lovelier over time. She’d never really paid attention to whether her wife was truly beautiful before.

But now, she thought Khemjira was the most beautiful and lovable person in the world.

Was it because she was falling more and more in love with her?

“Khem.”

“Yes?”

Khemjira lifted her brows in curiosity.

“Will you marry me?”

“Huh? We’re already married, aren’t we?”

She replied, chuckling softly. She paused with a meatball halfway to her mouth, set it down, and held up her left hand to show the wedding ring.

“See? This ring right here.”

“No, that’s not what I mean. I’ve been thinking… Back then, I married you without really being in love yet, so things didn’t feel quite right. I didn’t honor you the way you deserved. We didn’t even have a proper photo together—just awkward ones. And the kiss… it didn’t mean much. But now, I love you.”

Her soft pink lips curved into a smile—genuine and filled with warmth.

“I want to marry you again. And this time, I want to do it right.”

“KhunbRin… you’re making me blush,”

Khemjira’s cheeks flushed again from the heartfelt words. She twisted in her seat, practically coiling up from the embarrassment. Ever since the flower stall moment, Praenarin hadn’t given her a break.

Praenarin let out a chuckle at her wife’s reaction and reached out to gently cup her chin, guiding her face up so they could look each other in the eyes.

“Let’s get married again. Just one more time, yeah?”

“Okay,” Khemjira replied softly.

“When?”

“On the 20th of next month.”

“Wha—!”

Khemjira’s elegant brows shot up in surprise. She suddenly realized it was already mid-month, which meant they had only one month left to prepare.

“I already asked my dad to help organize everything,”

Praenarin grinned, clearly excited.

“The only thing left was to surprise you today.”

She pictured it all in her head—the perfect day. This time, they’d have their two adorable kids as witnesses. Their wedding would be like a scene from a romantic movie.

But instead of smiling, Khemjira looked worried.

“Only one month? That’s so soon…”

“Why? You’re not ready to marry me?”

Praenarin's heart sank a little at her partner’s expression. She’d quietly planned everything with such love, but now feared Khemjira might still be holding on to the hurt from before.

“My heart’s ready. But my body… not quite,”

Khemjira confessed with a sheepish smile.

“I’ve gained a few kilos lately. I don’t even know if I’ll look good in a dress. I guess I need to start working on losing weight fast.”

The younger wife glanced down at her arms, then at her belly. Praenarin couldn’t help but burst out laughing and quickly covered her mouth.

What was she talking about? Khemjira was still tall, beautiful, and had a stunning figure. Her long legs could wrap around Praenarin completely when they slept. Honestly, it was her who still hadn’t lost the baby weight. She’d been trying to get back in shape too.

“You’ve always been beautiful. You don’t need to lose weight at all. Honestly, with your figure now, you’ll look even better in the wedding dress than you did the first time.”

Wait… did that mean she was already beautiful in her wife’s eyes during their first wedding? Caught off guard by the compliment, Khemjira tilted her head and analyzed the statement carefully before teasing:

“So that means you were charmed by me from the very beginning, right? When you said you didn’t like me, didn’t love me—what you really meant was you liked me a little but were just being stubborn?”

But instead of answering, Praenarin blinked rapidly, then took a long sip of the drink she’d bought to hide her reaction, saying nothing at all. That silence told Khemjira everything—Praenarin had fallen for her from the start. No wonder she used to catch her sneaking glances. Typical aloof cat type, acting all uninterested.

“Okay then,” she grinned.

“If you say I’m beautiful, I’ll believe it. Since we’re going to get married again, let me help with the wedding planning too. You’re a new mom—you shouldn’t tire yourself out too much.”

She reached out, gently tucked a strand of her wife’s hair behind her ear, and offered the sweetest smile. Khemjira felt so full of emotion she almost wanted to cry. Her love was finally being returned—more than she ever dreamed—especially now that they had not just love, but two beautiful little witnesses to their story.

The day they had that huge fight… it had left a deep scar in her heart. But then, a miracle happened. She learned that Praenarin truly loved her too. And just like that, the pain began to heal—as if the wound had never been there. In its place, love slowly wove something new, soft, and beautiful, layer by layer, covering those old scars.

If it were possible, she wished moments like this could last forever. Just the two of them, happy like this—always.

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# Chapter 03: Wedding Ceremony

Khemjira and Praenarin’s second wedding ceremony was held in an open garden at a large rented venue. They wanted to keep the traditional style. The event started in the late afternoon, close to sunset, so it would be cooler.

Plus, the garden was shady and peaceful, making the weather quite cool— almost chilly—especially because there had been some unseasonal rain earlier.

This time, Praenarin organized a bigger wedding. She invited not just close friends and family of both herself and Khemjira, but also businesspeople and shareholders she knew. So many people came to celebrate that the place was packed—it was hard to tell who was who.

Even Khemjira, standing beside her wife greeting guests, felt a little overwhelmed since she didn’t know many people.

The wedding had two parts: the ceremony outdoors and the dinner inside the building. After the greetings, people found seats and chatted. Meanwhile, the bride, dressed in a beautiful white gown that matched the garden theme, went around welcoming special guests.

“Congratulations, boss—uh, I mean, Madam President! Congrats to you too, Khem. This is such a big wedding, I’m so excited!”

Said Balloon, clearly amazed. She had never been to such a grand wedding before.

This group was made up of Jay, Balloon, and a few other close teammates of Khemjira. They still weren’t used to changing how they addressed Praenarin, but Praenarin didn’t mind—she wasn’t used to it either.

“Thanks so much for coming. I’m really happy you’re here,”

Khemjira said with a bright smile, eyes almost closed with joy. Even though they were coworkers, they were really close—more like real friends. These days, she felt even closer to them than her old school friends.

“Thanks for coming. Please make yourselves at home,”

Praenarin added with a smile. The group of young friends nodded and smiled back a bit shyly.

"Yes, Madam President."

"Alright, we’ll go find seats now."

Once Khemjira’s coworkers stepped away, the next group entered the scene —strutting in like a squad of actresses. They stood out immediately, and Praenarin recognized them right away.

"Where’s your kid?"

That was the first thing Proudfah asked, and the other three quickly followed with the same question. It wasn’t often that Praenarin looked caught off guard, but this was definitely one of those times. Next to her, someone chuckled softly, and even the bride standing nearby couldn’t help but laugh.

"Hold on—aren’t you all gonna say hi to me first?"

Praenarin shot them a playful glare. Lately, her friends seemed way more interested in her kids than her.

"Oh no, I totally forgot! You guys didn’t even remind me!"

"How were we supposed to know we had to remind you? I was planning to ask the same thing right from the start!"

The four women giggled and teased each other like usual. Praenarin rolled her eyes and glanced at her wife—who was clearly siding with them and enjoying the moment.

"Congrats, Rin! Congrats to you too, Khem! You look especially gorgeous today, Khem—like a display mannequin or something. I wanna take you home and just look at you all the time!"

"Exactly! I just wanna stare at her all day today!"

Hearing those sweet, flirty comments and seeing the dreamy looks from her four besties, Praenarin suddenly felt hot and cold at the same time. She frowned and quickly stepped in front of her wife, blocking her from view while giving her friends a warning glare.

“Hey! Hands off—she’s *my* wife.”

Her friends just laughed and kept teasing, clearly enjoying how protective she was. They even joked about how jealous she always got. But seriously —who wouldn’t be? Khemjira looked more stunning every single day.

“Okay, okay, we’ll stop teasing. Congrats to both of you. We hope this will be your *last* wedding, and that you stay in love until you’re old and grey.”

“Oh, and this—this is our wedding gift. We were worried you and Khem might be too tired to open too many boxes and forget to feed your babies, so we packed everything in one big box,”

Grace said, handing over a large present. Khemjira took it herself—it wasn’t too heavy, but it felt like there was a lot inside.

“Thanks, you guys. I honestly thought you’d be too busy to come.”

Praenarin, who had poured so much love into planning this event, felt her eyes tear up. This was easily one of the happiest moments of her life—and they hadn’t even done the ceremony yet. Seeing her distant grandma show up earlier, and now these longtime friends here to celebrate her—it all just hit her in the feels.

“It’s your wedding. Even if we were busy, we had to come. But hey, don’t start crying now. Your makeup will get messed up,”

Julie said, pushing a tissue into her hand.

Praenarin took it with a grateful smile. She felt so thankful to still have these girls in her life, even though they all had families of their own now. They were still as close as ever.

Since the gift box looked easy to open, Praenarin told Khemajira to go ahead and take a peek. But the moment she saw what was inside, the tears in her eyes dried up fast—and were replaced with a look of mock annoyance.

Inside were all baby clothes and toys—for twins, no less.

“You guys…”

Praenarin said, pointing at them suspiciously.

The “angel squad” giggled guiltily, then quickly scattered in all directions.

“Alright, we’re gonna head over there now—oh hey, Rin said the babies are over by the fountain! Let’s go, girls!”

With that, the group of women hurried to the other side of the venue, where Praenarin’s dad, Khwanrin, and Auntie Malai were watching over the twins. Seeing her friends rush over to greet the babies—dressed in matching pink and blue onesies—Praenarin just shook her head and smiled.

“Those girls never stop messing with me, Khem.”

“Don’t let them get to you. Let’s greet a few more guests, then go get ready, okay?”

Khemjira replied gently.

Praenarin nodded. The ceremony was about to start soon, and most of the guests had already arrived. Just a few more people to welcome.

Time passed quickly, and the wedding was about to begin. Guests were still milling about, some chatting with Wasin, the bride’s father, while others came to say hello to the twins. Everyone seemed happy—except for little Plaifon, who suddenly started pouting.

“Waaaah!”

Plaifon’s cry echoed through the entire venue, turning heads left and right. Even Tonnow, who was in Khwanrin’s arms, looked at his twin sister in shock, as if wondering whether he should cry too.

“Khwanrin, have the kids eaten yet?”

Wasin asked as he gently took Plaifon into his arms from the elderly nanny and tried to soothe her. But the baby girl kept crying at the top of her lungs, making him worry that something might be wrong.

She cried when she was upset, when she didn’t like something—anything really. She’d been more fussy than usual lately.

“Yes, they both ate already. I fed them myself,” the nanny replied.

“Then why is she crying like this?”

“Maybe she’s overwhelmed. There are a lot of people here,” she suggested.

Wasin thought about it and figured that probably was the case. But it felt like a mini-crisis to someone like him who wasn’t great at calming down kids.

“Peek-a-boo! Why are you crying, sweetheart?”

Then, just like that, Khemjira’s voice broke through the noise—and the crisis seemed to melt away.

As soon as she peeked her face out and made a playful “peek-a-boo” sound in a soft voice, the crying child immediately quieted down and smiled. She reached out her arms as if wanting to be held, so Khemjira picked up her daughter to comfort her, gently stroking her back.

"Hey there, did you miss me?"

She said while talking to her daughter, even though all she could do was make baby sounds and look around with a curious expression.

Praenarin also returned with the twins’ favorite stuffed toys in hand, which she had gone to fetch from the dressing room just moments ago.

“Phew, good thing just seeing Mom’s face stopped the crying. That means they’re not sick—now I can relax,”

Wasin said with a smile as he observed the situation. He knew how attached the twins were to their mother. Just a moment ago, they were crying so loudly it could burst an eardrum, but the moment they saw the one who brought them the most comfort, they smiled right away.

“Seeing so many people might’ve stressed them out, Dad. I’ll take them with Aunt Malai to find a quieter spot,”

Praenarin said as she stroked her twins’ heads, feeling a little guilty for bringing them to such a big event with so many people, even though they were only a few months old and should’ve been napping at home.

“Mommy have something important to take care of, okay? Don’t fuss, it won’t be long. I’ll come find you right after,”

Khemjira handed her now-calm daughter to Aunt Malai and gave each child a small teddy bear, the size of a palm. She had picked them out for the twins since they were born, to be stand-ins for her and their father whenever they had to leave the kids with Praenarin or Wasin.

The twins—Plaifon and Tonnow—seemed quite attached to them too, often chewing or hugging them so much they had to be taken away for frequent washes. Now that they had the bears again, they seemed focused only on the toys, their faces much less stressed.

“Rin, Auntie Malai, please take care of the twins for a bit. I’m going to go sort out the wedding arrangements.”

The head of the household nodded in acknowledgment. Truthfully, she had planned to have the other housekeepers look after the twins so Praenarin could enjoy the wedding more freely.

But she had insisted on doing her duty as an aunt instead—so here she was, staying with the kids.

The wedding proceeded smoothly. They exchanged the new rings— carefully chosen to be even better than before—in the garden outside, and then moved into the large banquet hall to celebrate. The hall featured glass walls offering a view of the garden outside.

When it was time for group photos, both brides picked up their little witnesses and asked the photographer not to use flash. Praenarin had thought ahead about the lighting setup in the room because she didn’t want anyone using flash around her son and daughter, who were still so very young.

Not long into the reception, the brides had to say their goodbyes. The guests understood. It wasn’t just Praenarin and Khemjira who had to leave early, but their close friends, Khwanrin and the housekeeper who had been helping take care of the twins, as well.

Everyone gathered at the parking lot to send them off. In the arms of Praenarin and Khemjira were their babies, who both looked very sleepy.

“Thank you everyone for coming. Khun Rin is so happy,”

Said Khemjira. The four women smiled before turning their attention to the sleepy little ones, whose yawns were contagious.

“Aunties are heading back now, sweethearts. We’ll come visit you at home soon, okay?”

Once all the goodbyes were said, Khemjira turned to sincerely thank the two people who had truly been a huge help: Khwanrin and Aunt Malai, who had taken care of the kids throughout the whole event.

Even though her twins were well-behaved and not particularly fussy or mischievous, taking care of young children was still a demanding task.

“Thank you, P’Rin and Aunt Malai, for helping with the kids.”

“It’s nothing at all—they’re my nieces and nephews too,”

Khwanrin replied with a warm smile. To her, Khemjira was like a real little sister, and she loved the twins just as much as if they were her own nieces and nephews.

If asked to help care for the kids for free, she would have gladly done it. But now, she had to accept payment from the uncle because she had quit her job to help them take care of the children.

“Go on, the kids are getting sleepy. You should head home and get some rest. I’ll stay here a bit longer to talk to some of the elders,”

Wasin said as he noticed the little ones dozing off in their mothers' arms. He then called the driver so the others could head home, while he remained at the wedding. After all, a wedding reception shouldn’t be left without any of the hosts.

Once they returned home, everyone went to their own rooms. It wasn’t that late yet, but the little ones had already fallen asleep against their mothers' chests.

“It feels so different from our first wedding night,”

Khemjira said, looking toward their bed, now lightly sprinkled with pink rose petals—arranged by the housemaids on Praenarin's instructions. This time, her partner seemed genuinely happy with their wedding. She’d been smiling throughout the event, her speech onstage sincere.

And most importantly… their kiss had been so sweet that she was the one blushing and too shy to meet anyone’s eyes afterward.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Well, look—we’ve got two little koalas in our arms now. That night we didn’t. But tonight, they’re fast asleep right here with us,”

She said with a grin. Her wife looked down at the peacefully sleeping son in Praenarin's arms and chuckled softly, agreeing that their two little ones really did resemble koalas. Their daughter, nestled in Khemjira’s embrace, was sleeping just as sweetly.

“Then let’s tuck them in, so we can go shower,” she said. “Alright. Let’s bathe together, that way we won’t waste time,”

Khemjira replied with a crinkly-eyed smile.

The two mothers gently helped each other change the babies into fresh clothes and diapers before placing them softly into their cribs. Praenarin tucked in the blankets and set their favorite stuffed animals next to them.

The contrast couldn’t have been clearer. That time, she had felt like they were worlds apart—so unloved it was painful. But now? She was so happy, she couldn’t stop smiling.

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# Chapter 04: Honeymoon

After they finished bathing, the babies woke up again, crying for milk. Praenarin took care of feeding them, while Khemjira helped burp them so they’d be more comfortable and sleep better. They dimmed the lights, leaving only the warm orange downlight on to help the babies feel sleepy. By the time the twins finally fell asleep, it was already really late.

“Finally asleep, huh? My little koalas,”

Praenarin said softly as she tucked the babies in and watched them with a happy smile. Suddenly, she felt someone’s warm arms hugging her from behind.

“Thank you,”

Khemjira whispered, wrapping her arms around her wife and looking over her shoulder at the peacefully sleeping babies. Praenarin rested her hand gently over Khemjira’s on her belly — a sweet way of showing she felt the same love.

“Thank me? For what?”

“Thank you for everything you’ve done... for having our babies, for helping us build this beautiful family.”

Praenarin didn’t say anything back — she just smiled. It wasn’t the first time Khemjira had said thank you like this. She’d seen everything Praenarin went through to create their happy little family.

“You went through so much — the pain, the exhaustion, the sacrifices. I know how much it hurt, but you never once complained. You’re really an amazing wife.”

“I wasn’t always that great though, was I? I hurt you — physically and emotionally. I was horrible to you…”

She couldn’t help but feel emotional thinking about the times she had hurt her partner. Praenarin remembered clearly what she had done, even if they’d already worked through it. She still wished she could go back in time and make it right.

“That’s all in the past. Everyone has a good and bad side. Even I do. And no matter how badly you treated me back then, now you’re an amazing wife. So much so, that I feel lucky — like, wow, I married someone really wonderful.”

“I’m the one who should thank you for staying with me. You could’ve had a better life if you had taken that job abroad.”

“No way. My life with you and our babies — it’s already the best. Even if someone gave me a pile of gold or handed me fame and power, it wouldn’t compare.”

Hearing those sweet words, Praenarin turned to face her partner and gently cupped Khemjira’s cheek with both hands, smiling warmly and sincerely.

“Are you really love me that much? My little puppy…”

“Yes, I do. I love you so, so much. More than anything in the world.”

Khemjira couldn’t hold all that love in anymore, so she let it out with a kiss on her wife’s forehead, then moved to kiss her eyelids, her cheek, and the tip of her nose. But just as she was about to kiss her lips, a soft hand came up to stop her.

“If that’s how much you love me, then… let’s have our honeymoon night.”

“Honeymoon? Now? But the twins are sleeping right here.”

“So what? Just because we have kids doesn’t mean we can’t have our time. We can still… ‘*do homework*.’”

Khemjira raised an eyebrow, thinking. Ever since giving birth, Praenarin never asked for intimacy — not once. It had been months now, and she hadn’t tried anything herself either. She didn’t know how long it would take for her to heal or if she was just too exhausted from caring for two babies.

But tonight… her wife was the one being clingy, like a cuddly little cat. Those sparkly eyes were full of mischief — just like a cat's. Realizing that maybe Praenarin was fully recovered and clearly in the mood for some “homework,”

Khemjira couldn’t help but smile fondly.

“Khun Rin, do you want me to do the homework?”

“No.”

“Huh? Then what is it, really?”

When the other person replied like that, the one who had been 100% ready to do the homework was left stunned.

“I want to do it myself.”

But when that different response came, the wife bashfully shut down again, even though this wasn’t the first time Praenarin had offered to be the one to “submit the homework.” And she always did it so well it left Khemjira barely able to recover.

“Khun Rin, I’m embarrassed… Do you really want to do it again?”

“Why not? Can’t I? Or are you going to block my love?”

“Alright… you know I always give in to you anyway. You can take my innocence whenever you want.”

“You said it now.”

Praenarin gently cupped her wife's cheek and pressed her lips against her.

Khemjira placed her hands on her lover’s waist, tilting her head and moving her lips in return, matching the rhythm. Their soft lips rubbed and pressed together, making emotions run deep for a moment. Their tongues danced together in a slow, romantic rhythm.

Her body slowly backed away from their child’s bed until she suddenly found herself falling backward onto their own bed, with her beloved wife crawling up toward her with eyes like a cat ready to play with its prey.

“You look so beautiful today, you know that?”

Praenarin stroked her lover’s cheek, then moved her hand to pin both her wrists down on the bed. She kissed her neck, still faintly scented with soap, caressing it with burning affection.

“You too, Khun Rin… so beautiful,”

Khemjira answered in a stammering voice, surrendering completely to whatever her partner desired.

The young woman closed her eyes and tilted her head back, allowing the other person to explore her body willingly. A soft, smooth palm moved from one wrist, gliding up her waist to her ribs, before circling to the back to unhook her bra with one skilled hand.

"I will tell you that I am possessive."

Khemjira felt lost in every touch. By the time she realized it, she was left with just a soft t-shirt. She didn't know when the other person did it. Her wife was getting more skilled every day, or was it because she had learned the techniques from her?

The outer shirt was not taken off, but instead, it was lifted up by the beautiful teeth, revealing the two bouncing breasts, as before.

Praenarin pressed her lips against the sweet-colored nipple and opened her mouth to claim it without hesitation. Meanwhile, her palm slipped under the underwear and down to the lower part, kneading the pollen in a steady rhythm.

"Ah..."

The one being touched arched her back to receive the sensation, letting out a soft moan. Khemjira placed her hands on her lover's shoulders. She involuntarily dug her short nails into that place every time the tingling sensation from the upper part reached the lower part.

The young woman let out a soft moan in her slender throat, her legs tensing as delicate fingertips created a tingling sensation in her lower part.

"Ah, it feels so good,"

The trembling voice said to the other party as the warm mouth sucked and released the beautiful nipple, teasing by doing it repeatedly until it felt so good it almost brought tears, the body shivering.

The fingertips kneaded the sensitive parts until she felt a tingling, warm sensation from the warm fluids being released from within. Just when she felt extremely aroused, as if she were about to climax, she paused her movements as if deliberately holding back.

"If it makes you feel good, it must be good."

Praenarin dragged the fingertip to the small pool of water lower down. Once it was sufficiently moist, she knew that.

Khemjira is ready for the next step.

The tall figure was forced to take off her lower half of her clothing, leaving only the outer shirt as before. She was then flipped over, her elbows placed on the bed, kneeling with her legs spread moderately to lift her buttocks slightly off the ground.

Leaving one shirt on and seeing the young woman's body with clear curves, her skin smooth and radiant in this pose, made Praenarin feel like there was a small fire burning inside her. Khemjira has indeed grown more beautiful over the years. Two years ago, she still looked like a scruffy puppy. "Khun Rin, please go ahead. Khem is willing to be eaten."

Because she was stimulated to the point of her sexual arousal almost reaching its peak. Khemjira turned her face to give in to the rhythm. She liked this position because it made her feel very excited when Praenarin inserted her fingers and slammed them into the right spot.

And when her wife's beautiful fingers were inserted, her beautiful hips arched slightly in response.

"Khun Rin..."

"Don't worry, I'll eat you."

Praenarin leaned down to kiss her lover's back. One hand caressed the slender waist, sliding up to grasp the prominent breasts that were so captivating she couldn't resist touching them.

The other hand moved to stimulate the sensitive spot inside the warm, moist channel, causing it to become slick and wet. The body stretched and sank down gradually as if it couldn't stand up.

The sweet moans echoed for several minutes. Her beautiful eyelids fluttered open, but the image was blurred by a veil of tears that had pooled from the intense pleasure.

Khemjira felt so aroused that her body felt light as if she were about to climax several times, but her wife seemed to intentionally tease her by stopping at those moments, and this time, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Khun Rin, I can't take it anymore. Please make me finish.... It feels so good... I want to finish."

The pink, sweet face turned to look at the person behind her who kept doing and stopping to tease her. But he continued to tease her as before and leaned down, whispering in a sweet tone next to her ear.

"Shh... don't moan so loudly, the baby will wake up."

"It feels so good. I want to finish. I want to finish."

Khemjira made a little childish voice, pleading. If Praenarin kept teasing her like this, she might not be able to hold back and do it herself until she definitely finished.

"Is it really that torturous?"

"Very much. Do it harder... Do it harder."

Khemjira nodded, looking pleadingly. So Praenarin did it according to her request.

"Like this?"

The sound of her fingers hitting the wet part was heard with every thrust, making the atmosphere in the room even hotter than before. The one who was being acted upon, Khemjira, tried to hold back her moans and shook her head left and right as if she were about to faint. Tiny beads of sweat emerged, making her skin glisten.

"Yes, like that. Do it hard, yes, really hard."

The slender fingers rubbed against the sensitive spot inside repeatedly.

Because the intense arousal that keeps increasing, her delicate palms spread out and clutched the pillow until it became wrinkled. Her rounded hips tensed, her slender legs began to tremble, and her strength started to wane, yet she still held her position.

Khemjira tried to move away, but her wife grabbed her waist. The sensation then surged down to her feet. This time, it felt like she was seeing a glimpse of heaven right in front of him.

"Ooh.. it feels so good, I really can't take it anymore!"

Khemjira pressed her face into the pillow, moaning in rhythm with her climax. Her beautiful hips twitched several times, and her soft passage tightened rhythmically, unable to resist.

The tips of the toes tensed, the body trembled all over as the inside was stimulated to the peak after being teased for several minutes. The person felt dizzy and heard a ringing in their ears for a moment.

"It feels so good... why does it feel this good?"

Khemjira murmured softly, her breaths quickening.

It must be so satisfying to be the one receiving it. She had received it for Praenarin many times, and not once have she felt less thrilled. Praenarin is quite skilled too, isn't she?

"How is it? Do you like it?"

Praenarin placed her palms on the bed, leaned down to kiss the back of her lover who was still twitching slightly, without moving her fingers. She glanced around to see if she had woken the children, but saw that they were still sleeping soundly as before.

"I like it. It’s so exciting, like my heart is about to burst,"

The person being asked gasped, which pleased Praenarin a lot. She liked this position because it made Khemjira look very excited and much sexier than usual.

The slender fingers covered with clear slippery liquid slowly pulled out of the sweet channel until the slippery liquid dripped onto the bed due to gravity and flowed to coat the sweet outer groove, as if squeezing some lubricant gel.

Khemjira is truly someone who is always fully prepared.

"Wow... is very wet."

Both the images and sounds were sexually arousing. There was a stinging pain that made her want to reach in and finish off her own thing right now.

Before, it had disappeared, making her worried that it would happen again. But now, she was sexually aroused because she saw her wife being happy?

Or should change Khemjira to be a good wife? But never mind, no matter how she define it, she still loves her, just the same.

Praenarin dragged her still wet fingers to rub and knead the tulip petals and the big stamens of her wife until the other party had symptoms of stiffness again, and turned her face to look at her, showing signs of complete satisfaction.

“Uh... um, Khun Rin is bullying Khem."

The gentle touch of the outer part, coated with lubricant, made Khemjira feel a tingling sensation all the way to her soles. She could barely keep her eyes open to look at the other person. Even though it had been done many times, she still could not get used to Khun Rin's selfish version of when it came to this.

“I didn’t. Do you call this happiness being bullied?”

"It's... because you, Khun Rin, made me feel so excited... so excited that I almost had a heart attack,"

The beautiful lips smiled as the fingers gently caressed Khemjira's body, making lewd sounds from touching the area.

She's so touched by her lover's speechless behavior that all soaked.

"Is this exciting enough? Just think about when you did it for me. That was way more exciting."

"Oh no, that's not it. Exciting is exciting."

Khemjira gasped, her voice trembling as the other party coated her with another liquid, making her completely wet again. Then, she moved her fingers to rub and knead her sensitive spot until she felt a sharp, tingling pain that shot down to the soles of her feet.

"I don't know, but I'm going to do it. Let's do it one more time, okay? I want to examine your body. I'm curious why this part is so much bigger and juicier than mine."

Noticing that the other party was gasping for breath intermittently, Praenarin smiled mischievously. Who would have thought that the first time eating her wife would make her crave it continuously like this?

"Even if Khun Rin do it ten more times, I will do it willingly. How could I ever stop you?"

"Very good. And don't moan loudly again. If you wake the baby, there will be a punishment."

The tall figure whose body was pinkish, grabbed her hips and arched them a little higher. Before the one who was more dazzling than before, leaned her face towards the part that had just reached its climax.

Then she used her mouth to caress and devour the outer parts of her again. A tingling sensation shot down to her toes, reaching her heart until it couldn't beat properly. Just as she tried to move away from that warm lips, both of her legs were grabbed by the hands of the person who was doing it. "Ah..., my dear wife, I can't take it anymore. I just finished. on"

The sweet voice moaned the other person's name, pleading for sympathy before biting the blanket with her mouth to avoid making any loud noises that might wake the baby.

The belly, with its thin layer of fat, quivered softly in rhythm with the sucking and nibbling, and even though the tall figure writhed, the one doing it didn't even think of holding back.

This is what they say.....

What people do will eventually come back to them.

The more Praenarin love Khemjira, the more she becomes suspicious of her body—checking this and that all over. The submissive one who used to be exhausted from having to '*turn in homework*' to her wife every day—where has she gone?

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# Chapter 05: Grow Up

Since the children can now start eating supplementary food along with breast milk, every morning Khemjira wakes up to prepare meals for her little ones who are just beginning to try solid food. Today, she plans to make rice with mashed pumpkin and finely minced chicken breast.

She’s done this many times before, mostly for breakfast and dinner. She always tastes the food—even though it may not be very tasty for adults, the kids absolutely love it, which always makes her heart full as the cook.

And because today is Saturday, Praenarin is still asleep, though she might be woken up soon by the children. Of course, Khemjira will also have to cook something that her beloved wife likes.

“All done,”

Khemjira said as she looked at the two small bowls of rice she had prepared and set out to cool. There were also several other dishes arranged on the dining table with the help of the housekeeper, waiting for everyone to come and eat.

The one who had been working since early morning smiled proudly at the thought of how happy the eaters would be enjoying such delicious food.

“That looks really nice, Khun Khem,”

Auntie Malai said as she glanced at the children's bowls and gave her a compliment.

“Right? The kids only have solid food for breakfast and dinner, but I get home late in the evening, so I can’t always make dinner for them.” “Don’t worry at all,” Auntie replied.

“I’ve seen P'Rin studying baby food recipes—she probably wants to cook for the kids too. You might not need to prepare dinner, since that one already treats the kids like her own.”

Thinking of someone she considers her real older sister, Khemjira smiled warmly. She was very happy that Khwanrin was living with her. They had grown up together, and she was grateful that Khwanrin had sacrificed her job to become a full-time nanny. If it weren’t Khwanrin, she wouldn’t have trusted anyone else to take care of her children.

“Oh, that’s true. P'Rin might even be better at taking care of the kids than I am,”

Khemjira said with a chuckle.

The two women, generations apart, laughed quietly. Seeing that it was already breakfast time and no one had come downstairs yet, Khemjira told the housekeeper to fetch her father, who was sipping coffee in the garden. As for herself, she went upstairs to call her wife and sister down for breakfast.

But before she could even step on the first stair, Khwanrin, already dressed beautifully, came walking down.

“Where are you going, P'Rin? Aren’t you staying for breakfast?”

Khemjira called out when she saw Khwanrin heading out on a Saturday morning. Usually, Khemjira would take care of child on weekends so Khwanrin could have a break.

But Khwanrin rarely went out. If she did, it was usually just for personal errands before quickly returning. Yet today, she was fully made up and dressed sweetly like a charming young woman. That was unusual.

“U-um…”

Khwanrin stammered, unsure how to answer her younger sister. Khemjira circled around her, eyeing her suspiciously until she caught the sign— Khwanrin nervously swallowing.

“Suspicious! Lately, you've been dressing up more when going out. Today, you even put on makeup—and it’s not even eight in the morning yet. Do you have a boyfriend you’re not telling me about?”

“Well… I just have a little morning appointment,”

The older woman, just two years older, replied with a shy smile and a hint of embarrassment in her eyes.

Khemjira had noticed that Khwanrin had been happier lately. She’d been observing it for a while. But who could it be—who would become her future brother-in-law?

“Who is it? Do I know him? Is it that junior who used to chase after you? The one from the same department?”

She asked, referring to someone Khwanrin had once said was interested in her, though Khwanrin wasn’t particularly fond of him. Her type seemed to have shifted from a bubbly Gen Z girl to someone with a simpler, more grounded lifestyle—more like her.

“No, not him. I already turned him down.”

“There’s someone else interested in you besides that junior?”

Khemjira’s eyes widened in surprise. She never expected someone as quiet as her sister Khwanrin to attract more than one admirer.

“Well, we happened to meet by chance. She's a little older than me, and we like similar things, so we get along well.”

“Name?”

Khemjira raised a graceful eyebrow, but Khwanrin only laughed at her like she found the situation amusing.

“You want to know that badly? Should I submit a report to you?”

“Oh, come on. You’re my sister, of course I want to know!”

Her younger sister pleaded, her youthful face showing a bit of concern when the topic turned to the person Khwanrin was currently seeing—still at the stage of getting to know one another.

“Her name is Khun Mudmee. But our backgrounds are very different. She’s the CEO of a leading company in the country—wealthy, elegant, and poised. Meanwhile, I’m just an orphan with a normal salary job. Actually, I don’t even have a steady job right now. She’s so impressive that I honestly don’t know how to carry myself.”

*Fate had finally smiled on her sister!*

Listening to Khwanrin describe the woman she was about to go on a date with, Khemjira’s eyes went wide like hard-boiled eggs for a moment before slowly shaking her head in awe, imagining the perfect image of that person.

Her expression said it all—it was the same feeling she had when she looked at herself and Praenarin.

Praenarin was like a flower on a high branch, beautiful and unreachable. When the wind blew and the flower dropped, this little dog thought the branch had bent down for her.

But things don’t always follow the rules. When she left, that elegant flower even came chasing after her out of love. Social status didn’t matter that much in the end—what mattered was the heart.

“Be confident, P’Rin. You’re beautiful. No matter your status, your heart always has value. And if that person truly loves you, she won’t care about any of that.”

Khemjira encouraged her while helping to tidy up her sister’s clothes and makeup. Khwanrin was warm, gentle, and kind—harmless to anyone. Her life was simple and calm, so much so that she often described herself as dull and uninteresting. Growing up as an orphan, she had always kept her head down and stayed humble.

But Khemjira believed that this woman truly liked Khwanrin for exactly who she was. And if their relationship had reached the point of going on dates, it meant that social status wasn’t a concern for her.

“Smile with confidence and go on your date. I’m rooting for you.”

“Thank you.”

Khwanrin smiled with confidence once more. And the moment her sister’s back turned, Khemjira’s eyes welled up with tears. Finally, Khwanrin was about to find happiness in love—after once having her heart broken… by her.

Khemjira had always instinctively known that Khwanrin had once felt something more than sisterly love for her.

But because she was Khwanrin, that feeling was never spoken aloud— never shown in a way that would make anyone uncomfortable. And that was a good thing. Everyone knew, even their father and Praenarin herself, but no one ever brought it up, out of respect for her feelings.

The world around her really was a rare kind of wonderful.

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*Knock knock knock.*

Khemjira tapped on her bedroom door a few times as a signal for the person inside. The door opened to reveal her wife, who was in the middle of getting dressed. Inside the room, the sounds of their baby babbling could be heard.

“The babies are awake, right?”

Khemjira asked.

“They are. I was just about to take them downstairs.”

Khemjira walked over and peeked into the crib, which had high padded sides reaching up to her waist. She saw their twin babies—now old enough to crawl—sitting and playing inside. Meanwhile, her wife was getting their laundry basket ready, apparently planning to take it down for washing as well.

That side of the room looked so relaxed… but on this side?

*Hold on a minute!*

Their babies were tugging at each other’s heads—making baby noises as if they were just chatting normally! Eyes wide, Khemjira rushed over to separate them before Praenarin could notice. Otherwise, Praenarin might blame herself for not keeping a close enough eye on them and get stressed out. The babies were getting better at grabbing things now.

And of course—they grabbed each other’s heads. What she first thought was innocent play turned out to be a mini hair-pulling match.

“Waahh,”

A little voice sounded as one of the babies saw her.

“Waahh,”

That’s… kind of close. Could they be trying to say *Mii*? (*Mommy*) No, probably not. It would still be a few more months before they started saying their first real words. They hadn’t even started walking yet.

“Oh no, no fighting, little ones, please,”

She whispered gently, quickly fixing the baby’s hair back into place. Thankfully, no one seemed to be hurt. These two were quite the handful— were they fighting with each other even before they were born?

“I’ve finished cooking,” Khemjira said.

“You can go down and have breakfast with Dad, Khun Rin. I’ll feed the babies.”

The tall woman scooped the twins up from the crib, one in each arm. Seeing that, Praenarin abandoned whatever else she was doing and stepped forward to take her son into her own arms.

“Nope—let’s do it together so we can finish quickly and eat breakfast.”

“Alright then, let’s head to the kids’ room.”

Since there were now two more members in the family, a room on the lower floor had been set up as a nursery. The walls were padded with soft cushions, and the floor was fully carpeted so the little ones could crawl around without hurting themselves.

Khemjira and Praenarin each held a bowl of baby food.

Meanwhile, the twin babies were crawling around, curiously exploring everything. Especially little Ton Now, who was particularly inquisitive— whenever he saw something unfamiliar, he’d grab it right away. They had to be extra cautious to make sure the kids didn’t put things in their mouths.

And just as her son crawled up onto her lap, Khemjira felt a sudden flutter in her heart, like she was dropping into an air pocket. She gently placed the bowl down and cradled the little one in her arms, looking at his chubby arms and tiny fingers.

Then there were those soft, rosy cheeks—round like daifuku. Little Plai Fon was the same. How could she not fall in love with these two adorable babies?

“Khun Rin, your son crawled over to me too.”

Praenarin smiled at the sweet sight. Their son sat on her wife's lap, sometimes staring at her, sometimes curiously scanning the room. Meanwhile, their daughter, having finished the spoonful of food, was now intently watching the TV that Khemjira had turned on.

“Waaaah!”

Suddenly, Plai Fon let out a loud cry, startling the person who was feeding the younger twin, making her pause and look at her daughter in confusion.

“Why are you crying, sweetie? Is it not yummy?”

“Waaaah!”

She cried again—this time seriously, even crawling back to her mother.

“See? Better change the cartoon channel for her.”

Her wife gave her a look, and Khemjira followed her gaze. On the TV screen was a movie with a large, rugged man with a deep, booming voice— no wonder their daughter got scared. Kids usually didn’t like strangers to begin with.

And little Plai Fon especially was terrified of big people, particularly those with deep voices. That’s why her father never succeeded in calming her down. Khemjira quickly covered her son’s eyes to stop him from crying too, then reached for the TV remote.

“Don’t cry, sweetheart. Mommy’s right here.”

While her wife scrolled through the cartoon channels, Praenarin comforted their daughter. She set down the bowl of baby food and gently picked up the little one, letting her rest against her chest. Her warm palm lightly stroked the child’s small back. In just a few moments, her little one began to calm down.

“Mmm.”

“She’s stopped crying. I have a feeling our kids are going to grow up to be really smart.”

Khemjira watched the scene with a heart full of love. It was so adorably sweet it almost hurt. These two little ones—just being held by either her or Praenarin was enough to make them stop crying instantly. Even Khwanrin too.

“Smiling, huh? Maybe they feel safe.”

“Just like me,” Khemjira said,

“Whenever you hug me, Khwanrin Rin, I feel…”

“Waaaah!”

“Ouch!”

Khemjira flinched just as little Ton Nao’s tiny hand latched onto her hair and gave it a firm tug, clearly trying to bring it to his mouth.

“Khun Rin, Nao’s pulling my hair!”

“Oops...”

Praenarin had noticed, but as she was holding their daughter, she simply covered her mouth to stifle a laugh at the chaotic scene. She knew their son had been super curious lately—grabbing everything in sight. And right now, his favorite thing to grab seemed to be Khem’s hair.

“Your son’s pulling my hair, dear wife! Nao, you little rascal, don’t treat me like I’m your toy!”

Khemjira pleaded dramatically, her head swaying from the relentless grip of her son. But her wife clearly wasn’t coming to the rescue. In fact, when their daughter tilted her head with wide curious eyes, Praenarin simply covered her eyes too.

Khemjira couldn’t even pull her hair out of his grip—she was afraid it would hurt his tiny fingers. Ugh, this child… if there’s nothing else to grab, he grabs the person next to him! Now she was pretty sure who started the hair-pulling war in the bedroom earlier.

Her mischievous little troublemaker… so cheeky!

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# Chapter 06 : Four Years Later

Time has passed, and now their cute Thai-Japanese twin kids are already four years old and in kindergarten year 2. They get along really well with their friends and teachers, so there's nothing to worry about.

Every day, Praenarin picks them up from school around 3 PM and brings them to the office to play. Then they all go home together at 5 PM. On days when she's busy, Khemjira picks them up instead and looks after them in her own office. By now, almost everyone at the company knows the president's son and daughter.

People even say the kids are "little birds," because after school, they just quietly sit and draw or color at Khemjira's desk. Sometimes they're really curious about what the staff are doing, watching seriously-just like their mom. The twins are actually really different in personality from Khemjira.

A lot of people say the kids are calm and focused. Meanwhile, Khemjira is such a talker, she could probably talk a monkey to sleep! It's like the twins inherited their personality straight from the company president.

"Here we come!"

As soon as Khemjira opens the office door, the sweet, cheerful voices of the twins call out. The little ones in their kindergarten uniforms come running to hug her legs, melting her heart every time.

"Don't run, sweeties, or you'll fall."

"Nong Nao missed Mommy!" / "Nong Fon missed you too!"

"Mommy missed you too! Come here and give me a kiss."

She kneels down and hugs them both tightly, planting kisses on their little cheeks. And almost every time they get back from school, at least one of them has something they're excited to share.

"So, what do you two cuties have to show Mommy today?"

"Nong Nao finished all my lunch today, Mommy!"

"Nong Fon finished mine too!"

"Really? That's amazing, sweetheart!"

Khemjira beamed with joy, giving her kids' cheeks a playful squeeze. She was so happy to hear they finished the lunch she made for them that morning. She always packed a bit extra just in case they didn't feel full-so knowing they finished it all gave her a real boost of motivation.

Sounds like it's time to get creative with new menu ideas! Luckily, neither of the twins have any food allergies, so she can cook whatever she wants every day and really enjoys it.

"Can we go to your office, Mommy?"

"Yes please! I wanna talk to Auntie Jay and Auntie Balloon!"

Little Nong Fon, with her cute braided hair, smiled so wide her eyes disappeared into crescents. Khemjira proudly claimed that smile came from her, even though the little girl's calm and quiet nature most of the time was just like Praenarin.

"I wanna watch you work, Mommy," said Nong Nao.

His smile looked exactly like Praenarin's-the kind of smile that Khemjira could never resist falling for. That's why she half-jokingly claimed that the twins didn't just take after her, but definitely after the person who carried them too.

"Alright then, let's go visit Auntie Rin's office too. I bet she misses you guys like crazy."

She gently placed both hands on their heads and gave them a loving pat, her heart full. Her thoughts drifted to Khwanrin, who had stopped being the kids' nanny and returned to working at the company when the twins started kindergarten.

Khwanrin was just as lucky as she was-Dad Wasin adored Khwanrin like his own family. Even though she didn't need to take care of the twins anymore, their father had insisted that Khwanrin stay with them instead of moving out like last time. He didn't want the only two sisters in the family to live apart again.

He simply said, Khwanrin is your sister-and family should stay together.

Unless, of course, the day ever comes when Khwanrin gets married and starts her own family. That's when their father said he'd truly accept her as another daughter. Khemjira cried her heart out then-no explanation needed.

She stood up, took her kids' little hands, and started to walk out of the room, back turned to the room's owner-when a familiar voice called out.

"Hold on a second. Did you forget something, dear?"

She turned back and saw her wife standing there with arms crossed and eyebrows furrowed-just like Praenarin used to do years ago.

"How could I ever forget the mother of the twins?"

Khemjira grinned with her eyes nearly closed. Of course, she hadn't forgotten. She just wanted to see what her wife would do if she walked out with the kids without saying anything. Would the mama cat hiss and claw? Or maybe pull her pants down and put her in time-out with a spanking?

She quickly walked over to her wife-who, even in her forties, still looked as stunning as the day they got married.

"In my heart, the kids are number one... but my beautiful wife is number zero. You know that, right?"

She pulled her into a big hug and kissed her all over, making her wife finally smile. A smudge of lipstick was left on her cheek, looking like a stamp of love.

"You're such a tease... You naughty thing,"

Praenarin gave her a playful glare. She wanted to be mad, but she just couldn't. And holding back a smile? Impossible. She had no idea how this woman could always know exactly how to tug at her heart.

"I tease you because I love you. And if you want to punish me tonight-I'm totally up for it."

Of course, she had a plan all along.

The company president grabbed her spouse's face and planted a kiss of her own, leaving another lipstick mark right on her cheek. The twins, who had been watching all of this, rushed in immediately.

"Mommy! Carry me too! Kiss me too!"

Little Plai Fon lifted her arms to be picked up, just like she always did when she was a baby.

"Mommy and Mama, kiss me too!"

Little Ton Nao wrapped himself around Khemjira's leg like a clingy koala, trying to get attention too.

"See that? We've got two jealous little ones right here,"

Khemjira said with a smile, glancing down at her number one treasures, while still holding her wife gently by the waist.

Both moms chuckled and crouched down on the floor to pull their kids into hugs and kisses-just the way the twins wanted.

Khemjira's smile reached all the way to her eyes. The two of them-along with Dad and everyone in the house-always made sure to show love to the twins openly and often. They showed affection in front of the kids so they'd grow up knowing their family was full of love.

Never lacking. Never unfair. Never making one feel left out. And never spoiling them so much that they forgot discipline when needed.

When the kids were still very little, Praenarin had made it clear-no one was allowed to touch their mouths, out of fear of germs or illness. And Khemjira followed that rule without question.

She understood, of course. That's why, now that the twins were older, she'd become especially clingy and affectionate with them. And Praenarin was the same.

Right now, their family felt so warm, so full of love, that Khemjira felt a little emotional whenever she thought back to the lonely days of her past.

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Around 5 a.m., the sounds of cooking started in the kitchen. Because she cared deeply about the kids' nutrition and development, Khemjira always woke up early to get herself ready for work and prepare the twins' lunch boxes for school. The housemaids had started waking up, too-soon it would be time to prepare breakfast for everyone in the house.

"What are you making for my nieces and nephew today, Khem?"

Khwanrin, as usual, was up early to help with the cooking and housework before heading to work. Khemjira turned to look at her and smiled in that naturally cheerful way of hers.

"Mixed veggies stir-fry, steamed egg, and clear soup. The little ones love the steamed egg with shiitake mushrooms-if I don't put mushrooms in it, they won't touch it. And the soup has to have star-shaped carrots or they won't eat it all."

Khemjira explained while still chopping vegetables-the dishes weren't done yet, just prepped.

"Mmm, sounds good. Now I want some too."

"Should I make extra, then? We'll cook it all together."

"Great. I'll help."

With that, Khwanrin tied her hair back and started helping her younger sister get breakfast ready. Soon, the father, Wasin, would come down for his morning coffee before heading out for a walk in the garden. Praenarin would take the kids to school before going into the office, and Khemjira and Khwanrin would head to work too-just like every other day.

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**6:00 PM**

Usually, Khemjira and Khwanrin came home together since they had the same working hours. Their bond was more than just friendship-it was like they were sisters by blood. They talked about everything, especially love. Khwanrin often came to Khemjira for advice, since she had more experience.

"She invited you to the beach, just the two of you? Wow, she must be serious. Don't tell me she's planning to propose there! The beach is a classic spot for that, you know."

The comment didn't really need a response. It was more of a playful nudge as the two women walked through the front door into the house.

Khemjira was thinking about what her older sister said, and realized that the woman Khwanrin was dating was getting more serious. It looked like she might really become her sister-in-law.

But when she said that, Khwanrin got all shy and didn't know what to say. "Oh come on, we haven't been dating that long. How could I propose already?"

"Well, you never know. I mean, Khem and my fiancé agreed to get married in just one day! Maybe she'll surprise you too. Businessmen are often romantic, you know. But if she does propose, please say yes. It's hard to find a good woman like her. She really seems to love and respect you."

Khemjira said all that to try to convince her.

"If she surprises me like that, I might just faint on the spot."

Khemjira laughed, knowing her sister was a quiet, introverted type. If something like that happened, she'd probably be so embarrassed she wouldn't know where to hide.

"Haha! If you faint, I'll call the ambulance myself,"

She laughed out loud. But Khwanrin just smiled with her teeth showing and then looked over Khemjira's shoulder. When Khemjira turned to look too, she jumped in surprise - their dad was sitting there watching them the whole time. And she had just been laughing so loudly.

"Oh! Dad! I thought you were reading in the garden!"

"I just went to check on the kids while they were coloring. Can't sit on the floor anymore - my knees hurt. You and Rin go get changed and then come help watch them for a bit, okay?"

"Okay Dad!"

"Khun Rin is probably upstairs. Khem, go see her. I'll go change and come back down to play with the kids."

The tall figure nodded and went to their own room. As soon as she opened the door, she saw her beautiful wife coming out, already dressed.

"Hey, sweetheart."

"Oh? When did you get here?"

She asked, smiling brightly like a happy puppy seeing its owner. But then she suddenly looked surprised and pretended not to care.

"It's already six, Khun Rin. You know what time I get off work. Don't tell me you weren't planning to wait for your wife."

She said it like she was teasing her. Her face fell. If she were a real puppy, her ears and tail would be drooping. But since she's not, only her thick eyebrows drooped.

"Oh come on, Khun Rin... are you teasing me?"

"Just joking. Come here,"

She laughed and opened her arms. The tall "kid" walked into her embrace and hugged her tightly, like they always did after work.

She really wanted to flick her ear for asking that kind of question, especially when she obviously wanted a sweet answer.

Kiss!

Khemjira sniffed her soft chest, taking in the warm scent, then rested her cheek there like a baby that hadn't weaned yet.

"You smell so nice, Khun Rin... You always drive me crazy. Maybe I should just eat you up right now,"

She teased, nuzzling her neck, making her shiver.

Praenarin gently pushed on her chest, making her back off before things went too far.

"Stop it! I've got cookies baking-they'll burn!"

At the word cookies, Khemjira lit up with a huge smile. Praenarin had improved so much-since having kids, she'd learned to bake for them. And Khem got to enjoy the treats too. Though when it came to proper meals, she was still the expert.

"Okay, you go down first then. I'll follow in a bit. But save some cookies for me, okay?"

She leaned in and gave her a sweet kiss on the cheek before happily walking into the bathroom. Khem, who always felt at peace around her, watched her go with a warm smile.

No matter how many years passed or how she was now in her 30s, she still had that same cute, playful vibe.

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# Chapter 07 : Girlfriend Material

Not long after, the tall woman who just got back from work had already changed clothes. When she went into the kids’ playroom, Praenarin was already gone—probably in the kitchen again, like usual.

This room used to be a spacious lounge, but after the kids came along, they turned it into a playroom and homework area. There were two low wooden tables, floor cushions, a TV, and a toy cabinet that was always neatly organized.

That’s because Praenarin had taught the kids to clean up their toys after playing. The little ones were surprisingly obedient—just like how she always followed her wife’s instructions without complaint.

The tall woman quietly sneaked up behind the twins and grabbed a toy mask from the shelf.

“Peek-a-boo! Want to go build more LEGO?”

She said as she pulled the bear mask away from her face, smiling with squinty eyes at the kids. But the two of them just stared back with blank faces, not interested.

“Aww, don’t want to play?”

The one trying to play felt like her heart had just been dunked in ice. This always happened when the kids were coloring—they took their art very seriously, and once they got focused, no one could distract them.

“Fon is coloring a giraffe right now,”

One of them replied.

“And Nao is coloring a hippo too,” the other added.

The twins glanced up just for a moment, answered, then went back to their coloring. A kid’s cartoon was playing quietly on the TV in the background.

“So, we’re not playing together today, huh?”

She asked with a playful voice and puppy-dog eyes. If she were really a dog, she probably would’ve whined.

“We can play after we finish coloring,”

They said seriously. The one who came in hoping to relax and have fun with the kids after work was left totally deflated. She thought she’d get to spend some quality time, but the kids were clearly more into wildlife than her.

“Well then, I’ll go check on dinner. Love you both, okay?”

“Love you too! / Fon loves you too!”

Before leaving, Khemjira didn’t forget to kiss the two little kids on their heads. She loved the smell of their heads, like school milk—it was comforting. Other than Praenarin's scent, this was the one that helped her relax the most.

But even with that, her pretty face still showed a bit of disappointment—she really wanted to keep playing with the kids.

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“What’s wrong? Why do you look like that?”

Praenarin asked as soon as her partner walked out of the kids' playroom.

She had just brought some snacks to her dad and now walked over to Khemjira, gently cupping her cheeks.

"What’s wrong? Tell me."

"The kids didn’t want to play with me. My heart hurts."

She answered with a pout, looking like she was about to cry. Praenarin chuckled affectionately—Khemjira looked even younger than the kids sometimes. The kids were well-behaved and easygoing, not very rowdy. Totally different from Khemjira, who—even though she was already 30— still loved playing like a child.

“Why are you laughing at me, Khun Rin?”

Khemjira frowned, thinking her partner was teasing her.

“Can’t I be pitied a little?”

“Are you asking for pity, Khem?”

The tall figure gently held the hand that was resting on her cheek, giving her a pleading, puppy-eyed look, hoping her wife would comfort her for not being able to play with the kids.

“Yes, who else in this house acts like you?”

“Well, I’m just a puppy. A puppy who can charm both mom and the kids, but still always gets ignored.”

Her graceful face softened into a smile full of fondness and sympathy. She squeezed her lover’s cheeks and pulled them side to side before letting go and gently stroking the head of this big puppy who always acted like a little kid around the people she loved.

“Don’t feel bad. That’s their coloring time. You know how much they love coloring.”

“Alright then, I’ll skip playing for one day.”

“Then don’t pout, little puppy.”

Being called “little puppy” with such affection—so different from before they got married—made Khemjira smile softly. She gently lifted her wife’s delicate, elegant hand (fitting for someone from a wealthy family) and placed it on her own head, bowing down slightly like a child asking for affection.

Over time, Praenarin had become much more prone to laughter and smiles. Perhaps…

She was just really, really happy.

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Normally, little Plaifon and Tonnao went to bed no later than 9 p.m. for their healthy development. Right now, Fon was growing faster than Nao because she drank milk better, but as they got older, Nao would definitely catch up and surpass her in size—typical for boys.

Two cribs sat side by side in their medium-sized bedroom, decorated with cute items for toddlers. Praenarin and Khemjira always handled bedtime routines, including brushing teeth and tucking the kids in. If they didn’t, the twins would resist sleep and come looking for cuddles.

After finishing the bedtime story, the little ones began to yawn. Even though *Little Red Riding Hood* had been told a hundred times, Khemjira never got tired of it. The listeners, however, seemed to be—judging by those huge yawns.

“Sleepy already, sweetheart?”

Praenrin asked the younger twin, then looked at the older one too. Both their eyes were heavy with sleep. Khemjira’s bedtime stories really were top-tier lullabies.

"Yes, Nao is sleepy now, Mommy."

"Fon is sleepy too, Mommy."

"Then it's time for bed, my good kids."

Praenarin got up from the children's bed and adjusted their pillows. The storybook that Khemjira had read to them was returned to its usual place. The little ones knew the routine—taking turns going to the bathroom before bed and then getting tucked in.

"Good night, Mommy. / Good night, Mommy."

Praenarin glanced at her wife, who was beaming with a wide smile, and couldn’t help but smile back at the slight dimples forming on her own cheeks. Then she reminded the kids,

"Once you're in bed, no sneaking off to play, okay?"

"Plaifon won’t be naughty, Mommy. I won’t sneak off to play, and I won’t let Nao be naughty either!"

"Nao’s never naughty!"

"Of course, I remember," Nong Fon replied.

"Kids, no fighting. My son and daughter are the cutest,"

Khemjira gently put an end to the small quarrel between the siblings. Her long arms reached out to grab the little bundles of love she shared with her wife, pinching each of their cheeks before sending them to bed seriously.

"Sleep well, okay? So you’ll grow up beautiful and handsome."

As soon as she mentioned looks, the two half-Japanese kids grinned so wide their eyes nearly shut and rushed off to bed, tucking themselves in immediately.

Their mother, Praenarin, hurried to tuck them in properly and switched off the main light, leaving only the soft orange downlight on in case the kids needed to use the bathroom at night.

"Let’s go."

Once the connecting door between the parents’ room and the kids’ room was closed, the strong one quickly swept her beloved wife into her arms and carried her straight to their bed. She gently laid her down and leaned in, filled with the same passion that hadn’t changed in the seven years since they were married.

"Hey, what are you doing again?"

Praenarin placed her hands on her lover’s shoulders as the teasing began again.

"Doing homework, of course."

"Hey, do you remember how old I am now? Why are you still obsessed with handing in homework, hmm?"

Not that she really minded—she liked it when Khemjira “did homework.” Her soft hands caressed her lover’s cheek affectionately. This “puppy” had never once left her starving for affection—not even once. Though thankfully, it wasn't as intense as the early days of marriage, where she barely got any rest.

"So what? My wife still looks like she’s in her early thirties. What’s there to worry about?"

The face beneath her lit up with a satisfied smile.

"Let’s do some homework, okay?"

The soft, tender voice whispered beside her ear, accompanied by a gentle kiss on her head. Praenarin’s eyes grew heavy as her partner began to nuzzle her body, their noses brushing softly against her skin. Both her hands were gently pinned to the bed by her wife's warm palms, fingers interlaced.

The sound of fabric rustling and quiet, breathy moans filled the room, blending into a soft harmony. The atmosphere in this room was always filled with love—romantic and fiery. And it seemed like the more time passed, the stronger that love became.

She felt so lucky to have caught up with Khemjira that day. She couldn't imagine if she had disappeared that day, would they have been as happy as they are today?

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# Chapter 08 : 7th Anniversary

Yesterday was their “something” anniversary. It call it “something” because it was their first wedding anniversary, but they're’re still not quite sure what to call it exactly.

Even though it marked the start of a lot of mistakes in their marriage, Khemjira still sees it as a special day.

*Why?*

Because even if that day was full of mistakes, it was still the day she loved Praenarin — just like she does today.

Since they both felt it was an important day, they left the kids with Dad and went out for dinner. They’d already planned to have another family's member, so they secretly brought home a new little member they had been thinking about for months — planning to surprise everyone today.

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**Late Saturday morning, after breakfast…**

The backyard under the shade of trees became their relaxing spot for the day. They laid out a big mat, brought snacks and drinks for everyone. Since it was the weekend, Khwanrin got to play with the kids along with both

Mommy.

As usual, Plaifon and Tonnao loved drawing. Even though they were outside enjoying the breeze, they still brought their drawing and coloring stuff with them.

“Aunt Rin, do you think my drawing is pretty?”

“Let me see… Wow, it’s really beautiful! Why don’t you go show it to your

mom?”

The little one quickly jumped up and ran over to show the picture he had drawn and colored himself to his mom, who was sitting and having snacks with Mii on the same mat.

“Mommy!”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

Praenarin accepted the paper and took a look before handing it to her partner. It seemed like a familiar pattern—no matter which child it was, they all drew pictures of their families. Ton-Now had drawn a picture of *their* family. But not just the four of them—the little one had drawn everyone he loved. It was truly adorable.

“It’s beautiful. Ton-Now, you’re the best! What do you think, love?”

She turned the question to her partner, knowing how much their little one loved praise.

“Of course! Ton-Now is such a talented little artist!”

“Mommy Rin! Fon finished my drawing too!”

Said the younger sibling. Now that the younger one had turned in her artwork, the older one—still lying on her stomach coloring—handed hers over too. Khemjira took a look and smiled so widely her whole face lit up.

She thought of the drawings she used to make as a child. They used to be kept at her grandmother’s house, but that house now belonged to a cousin and had probably changed completely. She didn’t really have any objects left to remind her of her childhood anymore.

“Fon’s drawing is beautiful too. What do you think, Mommy?”

This time, Khemjira passed the question on to her wife.

“Wow, it’s really beautiful! Mommy’s son and daughter are both so talented! How about Mommy frames them and hangs them in our room?”

“Yes! / Yes!”

“You’ve both been such good kids, so Mommy and Mii have a surprise reward for you! Do you want it?”

Seeing the perfect moment, Khemjira used a playful tone to tempt them. The two little ones turned to her wide-eyed with excitement, just like when they stood waiting for her to cook in the kitchen.

“I want it, Mii!”

“What are you going to give Fon and Now, Mommy?”

“Close your eyes first, okay?”

Khemjira shot a glance at her wife and Rin, asking them to help cover the kids’ eyes. They both complied as if they could read her mind, making her smile so wide she could hardly contain it.

With her long legs, she quickly ran back into the house through the rear door and came out again, this time with a fluffy female Golden Retriever puppy and a fluffy female Samoyed puppy trailing behind her.

“You can open your eyes now, kids!”

As soon as the kids lowered their hands and saw their new furry friends, excitement lit up in their eyes and their wide smiles gave away just how thrilled they were.

“Puppies!”

“The housekeeper said it was chaotic last night. These two were scratching at the door, making such a racket,”

Khwanrin said with a half-laugh, watching the chaos unfold while also trying to keep the food safe from the curious pups.

“It was kind of a last-minute decision, P’Rin,”

Khemjira chuckled sheepishly and scratched her head. Seeing the kids immediately start playing with the puppies, she felt relieved about her impulsive purchase. Praenarin quickly got up to join in the fun with the kids and the dogs too.

Khemjira and Praenarin had been talking for a while about finding some furry companions for the kids—especially now that the children could communicate better and had been asking for pets for quite some time. Now seemed like the perfect moment.

All the supplies for the dogs—food, treats, and accessories—had already been prepared when they made the reservation. And from now on, they wouldn’t feel guilty about running the AC all the time, since these two little furballs would be enjoying it too.

“Alright, I’ll go get the treats for them,”

Khwanrin said. Khemjira nodded, then got up to join the pups running wildly across the lawn.

“Kids, can you help Mommy come up with names for them? They don’t have any names yet.”

"Hmm... can we name this one Teddy, Mom? It looks just like Fon's teddy bear."

Ah... a brown teddy bear on the pillow, right? Praenarin nodded slowly, agreeing with her child that this golden retriever should be named Teddy.

"Hmm, that's good. And what about the other one? What did you name it, dear?"

"Fried cup, Mom. The little one looks like a fried cup."

This one looks like a fried cup, or does her son really love fried cups? This time, the mother turned to her wife and raised her eyebrow, laughing together. I think she knows too.

It's the same.

The kids are really good at thinking and imagining. It's no surprise that they have been well-cared for and nurtured.

"Mommy,"

The cute voice of Nong Plai Fon called out. The tall person knelt down to talk to her.

"Yes."

"Teddy and Fried cup are your pets, right? Mom said you are a dog."

What does that mean...Khemjira raised an eyebrow without understanding.

"Yes, Mommy is a puppy."

"Khun Rin, what are you teaching the child?"

She turned to look at her wife, puzzled, but the other party also looked as if she didn't understand.

"Uh... no, I was just talking about you, my dear."

Not good at all. Even though Khemjira didn't get angry and said she was a puppy for her, it wouldn't be good if the child said their own parent was a dog.

"No, my child. Don't do this or that..."

Praenrin took the opportunity to teach her children another long lesson. The obedient children both apologized with guilty faces like before. But Khemjira didn't seem angry at her children at all. She wonder if this person ever gets angry with anyone.

"It's okay, kids. Mommy is not angry."

The child who was looking dejected smiled and ran to play with the fourlegged friend.

Being a kid is really great—you don’t have to worry about much. When you’re happy, you just laugh.

As the joyful laughter of children echoed outside, the father inside the house came out to see what was happening. Along came Khwanrin too, carrying dog treats and a few toys.

You could say their house has become much livelier since the children came into their lives. And now, with two four-legged companions they’re raising like their youngest kids, things are even more chaotic.

“You’re all really having fun, my dear grandchildren?”

“Grandpa, these are Teddy and Fried cup. Mom and Mommy brought them for us.”

“Really? Can Grandpa play with them too?”

“Yes! Sure!”

The kids ran around playing, and their cheerful energy reached everyone. Khemjira knelt down to snack on some cheese from the board, then leaned in close to whisper in her partner’s ear.

“Should we have another baby?”

Praenarin raised an eyebrow at the question. It sounded playful, but if they were serious, it wouldn’t be easy—it would come with many risks.

“Hmm, no way. I’m in my 40s now, and you’re almost 30. Are we really going to have another kid? Did you freeze your eggs or something?”

Realizing the truth, Khemjira scratched her head and smiled sheepishly. She remembered hearing that the best time to freeze eggs is before 30, to ensure quality and quantity. But oh well, she was just joking anyway—she wasn’t serious about it.

“Yeah, I didn’t freeze them. If that's the case, we can eat until our teeth are full every night. Fon and Nao are enough for us.”

“Don’t say weird stuff like that, the kids might hear you.”

“Then how about we go talk in the bedroom instead? Let the kids play here with the little one,”

Her wife said with a sly smile. Praenarin knew exactly what she meant— and she actually agreed with the idea.

When else would they get a better chance like this, especially with someone helping watch the kids?

“Alright, let’s go,”

She said, taking her hand and grabbing her phone, ready to head back into the house. But her father noticed them.

“Rin, Khem, where are you two going?”

Khemjira didn’t know how to answer. Saying they were going to do something like “homework” didn’t feel right. She scrambled for an excuse and blurted out,

“U-uh… Khun Rin’s feeling a bit dizzy, so I’m taking her inside to rest. Can you watch the kids for a bit, Dad?”

“Oh no, not feeling well? Then go take some medicine and lie down. Don’t worry, I’ll keep the kids busy,”

He said, already turning his attention to his grandkids and even taking out his phone to snap some pictures. With that, the mischievous wife chuckled and led her wife back into the house.

Finally—some alone time. And since Grandpa thought Praenarin wasn’t feeling well, he definitely wouldn’t let the kids come bother them.

“Khem, lying to your elders is a sin, you know,”

Praenarin whispered, lightly smacking her partner's arm. Even though she said that, she didn’t really mind.

“It’s not a lie,” Khemjira smirked.

“Khun Rin is going to feel something… just not a headache—maybe a sore throat from screaming too much.”

“Khem! You’re so naughty,”

Praenarin said, pinching her again. But she was smiling too, unable to hide how amused she was. Then Khemjira swept her up in her arms and carried her upstairs, making her quickly wrap her arms around her neck.

Ah… the perks of still being young. If she ever tried carrying her, her back would probably give out!

As soon as they got to the bedroom, Praenarin quickly locked the door and threw her arms around her wife, hugging her tightly. She rested her face on her chest and took a deep breath, just like she always did.

The soft scent of her soap, that warm smell, even a hint of baby formula— Khemjira loved her scent, and she knew she loved the way she smelled just as much.

“You really love the way I smell, don’t you?”

Khemjira asked.

Praenarin smiled.

“Of course. You’re like a little puppy. I love how puppies smell.”

She had no idea when "little puppy" became her nickname.

Kemjira just thought to herself, *We act all lovey-dovey like this every day— it should be boring by now.*

But instead, she wrapped her arms around her wife even tighter and pressed a kiss to her head, more in love than ever.

“Do you realize the older you get, the younger you look?” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, at first, you never acted cute like this with me. You always had that serious, tough face.”

Praenarin lifted her head from Khemjira’s chest and looked her in the eyes, teasing,

“And now? Do I look cute?”

“You're always cute,”

Khemjira said with a grin.

“Didn’t I tell you? Even if you look mad or scary, my heart still says you’re the cutest.”

*Mad or scary?*

That made Praenarin raise an eyebrow, narrowing her sharp eyes at her wife.

“Wait… are you secretly insulting me?”

“Nooo,” Khemjira replied quickly.

“What I mean is—you’re number one in beauty… and number zero in deliciousness!”

"Is this a joke or what?"

"You look delicious, do you know that?"

"Huh?"

This time, Praenarin didn't let the other person take the lead in the relationship.

The young woman cradled her beautiful wife's face and kissed her. While their lips were locked in a kiss, her warm palm slipped under her shirt, caressing her soft, flat stomach. and slipped under her pants until it met her cute part. She kneaded it gently, causing her to quickly pulled away from the kiss.

"Khun Rin... wait a minute,"

Khemjira was slightly startled when her small, delicate wife suddenly attacked her like this. Her bright face began to flush because of her wife's wild cat-like gaze.

"Why?"

"Well, it's you, Khun Rin, who is being so forward,"

She said. Khemjira felt her legs and arms weaken as the slender fingers traced along the small crevice, sending shivers down her spine. Her arousal heightened rapidly.

"And then what? Can't I do it?"

The soft palm withdrew from the private area. The tall figure was pushed down to lie on the bed, before the smaller person knelt beside her with eyes like a cat ready to play with its prey.

"Sure, anyway, Khem will always belong to you, Khun Rin."

"Then today, you are mine. Submit to me, and let's be happy together."

The beautiful and enchanting face of her wife leaned down until they were just an inch apart. Could this Khemjira refuse the love and desire of this great lump of love?

Long, slender fingers tangled in the other person's hair, tucking it behind their ear. Submissively, like a puppy with a coffee scent, they let the big cat catch and nibble them with pleasure.

Her long, slender fingers tucked the other person's hair behind her ear Submissively, like a puppy with a coffee scent, allowing the big cat catch and nibble her with pleasure.

"Yes, I will give in to you in everything."

“So when you said I would get a sore throat… maybe it should be you instead.”

*That hit hard!*

Khemjira closed her eyes as the beautiful lips kissed and caressed her neck, and the warm, soft palm greeted her once more. Now, Praenarin has resigned from being a teacher.

She didn’t seem too interested in grading homework anymore—and instead, she was always looking for ways to return homework more and more often. Khemjira had never thought of herself as someone seductive or tempting…

Until Praenarin made her sit in the teacher's chair and assigned her homework, writing at the top of the paper in big letters that she, too, was her wife at certain times.

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# Chapter 09 : Winter

From Christmas Eve to New Year, they planned a trip to Hua Hin. This whole idea was Praenarin's, so the family could spend the long holiday together — Khemjira, the kids, Dad, and Khwanrin. They all packed their bags and headed to a luxurious beachside house they had booked.

Of course, they didn’t forget to bring Teddy and Fried cup — their two dogs who’ve grown so big now!

Khemjira and the kids are so attached to those two that there was no way they could leave them at home. And even if they wanted to, they couldn’t really do it anyway, since all the housemaids had gone home for the New Year. So they just left the house under the care of the usual security company.

“Wow, the house is just as beautiful as in the photos, Khun Rin,”

Khemjira said after they’d all picked our rooms and started checking out the place.

It’s a big house with enough bedrooms for everyone. There’s even a connecting room between the parents’ room and the kids’ room. So she and Praenarin took that one, and the kids got the next room, which they could get to through the connecting door.

Next to that was Khwanrin's room, and Dad stayed downstairs — he didn’t want to deal with stairs!

“Now and Fon, what do you think? Do you like it?”

Praenarin asked the kids.

The two little ones looked past the swimming pool toward the beach and the wide-open sea, then nodded happily with big grins on their faces.

“Yes, I like it!”

Seeing how excited the kids were to see the ocean again — the last time being last summer — Khemjira knelt down and gently reminded them, just like she always does when they’re somewhere unfamiliar.

“Fon, Now, promise Mommy first — if you want to go play on the beach, you have to tell an adult first. Don’t ever go by yourselves, okay?”

Even though all of them were keeping a close eye on the kids, Khemjira still felt better saying it — just in case no one was paying close attention…

“I promise! I won’t sneak off by myself. I’ll tell Grandpa, Mom, Mommy, and Auntie Rin first. I won’t let Fon secretly come along either,”

Little Ton-Now said with a big smile, holding out his pinky finger to make a promise. Khemjira smiled too and linked her pinky with his.

“I promise too!”

Said Fon. Seeing her little brother do it, she followed along. Now both kids had their tiny pinkies linked with Khemjira’s, and the sight made the three adults watching smile at how adorable it was.

“You’re both such good kids. The reason we don’t want you going off alone is because Mommy worries about you and loves you both very much, okay?”

She said as she gently patted both their heads—her most precious treasures.

“We know!” they answered together.

“I’m calling dibs on that beach chair,”

Said Wasin, hands in his pockets, looking at a chair by the pool. He planned to go change clothes and relax there for a bit. The weather was just right— not hot or cold. Praenarin really picked the perfect place for a winter vacation.

“Go ahead, Dad. I’ll take the kids to play in the sand in a bit—they’ve been talking about it the whole way here.”

“Let’s go! I wanna play in the sand! Auntie Rin, will you come play with me and Ton-Now?”

Little Fon grabbed Auntie Rin’s hand and looked up at her excitedly. Khwanrin smiled softly, unsure how to tell her niece that she had to step away for a while.

“Looks like Auntie Rin has a little date… a pretty important one too,”

Khemjira jumped in to answer the kids with a teasing tone—she was the only one who knew where Khwanrin was going.

“Huh? Where’s Auntie Rin going? Is there a place more fun than this?” Fon asked curiously.

Khwanrin smiled and gently patted the little one’s head, charmed by how talkative and expressive she was.

“There’s no place more fun than playing with Fon and Ton-Now,”

She said sweetly.

“Auntie’s just stepping out for a little bit. I’ll come back this evening and play with you, okay?”

“Then can you come play in the sand with me, Mommy?”

Ton-Now turned to his mom’s, when his sister couldn’t convince Auntie Rin. He tugged on Khemjira’s arm, worried she might go off somewhere too.

“You want to play already? You just woke up—aren’t you sleepy at all?” Khemjira looked outside. There were big trees shading a wide area, perfect for playing in the sand. But just earlier, the kids had been fussy about being woken up.

“I’m not sleepy! I wanna play in the sand, and Fon does too!”

Ton-Now answered confidently, pointing at his sister for backup.

“Alright, but you both have to change into more comfy clothes first.”

“Yay! Let’s go play in the sand! Grandpa, come watch us too!”

Fon cheered.

“Of course, sweetie. I was already planning to come watch you two,” Grandpa replied warmly.

Once everything was settled, Wasin went back to the room to change clothes. Khwanrin had a little meeting planned with someone staying just a few houses down—someone who had also come here with family.

Meanwhile, Khemjira and Praenarin held the kids’ hands and walked them back to the room to change into more comfy outfits. Once inside, the two little ones—who were now old enough to understand things—immediately opened their bags and picked out what they wanted to wear.

Praenarin stood with her arms crossed, smiling as she watched her kids. Just three or four years ago, they still needed to be carried around and comforted all the time. Now, at five years old, they were so grown up. Time really flies.

“I wanna see you in a swimsuit, Khun Rin,”

She teased with a grin.

"No way, it's too revealing. And you're not allowed to wear one either — someone might walk by and see you,"

Praenarin said, turning to her lover who was the last to walk in. She knew Khemjira had a swimsuit, though she had no idea why she bought one when it was clear Praenarin didn't want her to wear it.

"Are you jealous?"

The tall woman leaned in to whisper teasingly by her ear, just before Praenarin's soft, warm hand cupped her cheek and gave it a gentle playful squeeze, like she couldn't resist her cuteness.

"You’re getting more beautiful as you grow older—how could I not be jealous?"

"I won’t wear it. I don’t like revealing clothes anyway. I prefer being undressed because you take them off,"

Khemjira replied with a provocative line that made Praenarin quickly glance over at the kids. Relieved to see the twins were too excited to notice, she let out a small sigh.

"Watch what you say. The kids are older now — they might hear you."

"They didn’t hear. Look at them, they’re too excited to notice anything."

"If you had no intention of wearing it, why buy it in the first place? What's your motive? Trying to tease me into being jealous?"

Praenarin pointed a finger at her accusingly, but the younger woman just played innocent, which made her even more annoyed — she wanted to pinch her waist right then and there.

"I don’t know… maybe I bought it just to show you. If you don’t like it, you might want to take it off yourself,"

Khemjira said with a sly smile, adding another suggestive remark. This time, though, she leaned in to whisper so the kids wouldn’t hear.

"You’re ridiculous. Go get changed already — the kids are almost done." Feeling her face heat up from her partner’s suggestive words, Praenarin shot her a little glare and nudged her away to get dressed. If they kept talking like this, they’d never make it to the beach with the kids.

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# Chapter 10 : Love Eternity

After changing clothes, Khemjira held her child’s little hand and walked over to play in the sand under a big tree. They didn’t sit too close to the water because it was still sunny. Dad brought a beach chair and sat not far from his grandchild, watching them play. Teddy and Fried Cup, their dogs, walked nearby too.

“Here’s some watermelon juice, Dad. I just made it,”

Praenarin said, handing the homemade juice from the kitchen to Wasin.

“Thanks, my dear.”

Then he took the rest of the glasses and placed them on the mat on the grass under the tree, a bit away from everyone, where he sat watching the kids.

“For those three kids—yes, that includes you too—your drinks are over here. Come and get it so you don’t spill it in the sand,”

Praenarin said, teasing her wife like usual. She always acted like a kid when playing with the children.

“Nong Now, Nong Fon, come drink some juice, sweethearts. You must be thirsty,”

Khemjira looked over at her partner and called the kids for a drink. When she saw her wife made fruit juice, she ran over, grabbed a glass, and sat down beside her.

The kids, excited by the long stretch of sand, ran over, had a quick drink, then dashed back to play, with their two little bodyguards (the dogs) running right behind them. It was all so cute and lively.

The kids seemed to love building sandcastles. When Ton-Now dug in the sand, the dogs copied her and dug too. Maybe she should get a play area built at home for them.

“Khem, didn’t you say the kids don’t act like you? That bump was exactly like you!”

Her wife nudged her to look, so Khemjira followed her gaze and chuckled softly. Then she pulled out her phone to snap a photo and sent it to Balloon and Jay, who had just gotten married and were still in their honeymoon phase.

“Hmm... sometimes they’re serious, and other times they’re playful, like most growing kids. But we’re lucky—they’re not hard to handle. They listen well. Just like me—I always listen to you,” Khemjira teased.

Praenarin squinted at her wife. That was clearly self-praise in disguise.

“If you look closely, the kids are really a mix of both of us.”

“Of course. They might look like me, but they’ve got your calm, focused personality. Wonder if they’ll end up being strict too.”

“Are you calling me strict?”

The older woman pretended to frown. Of course, by now, Khemjira could always tell when she was really mad or just playing around.

“Yes, strict—but cute,”

She replied with a grin.

“By the way, where did P'Rin go?”

She asked, even though she already knew her sister went somewhere. Still, she was curious—why leave when they all came to enjoy the trip together?

“She went to meet Khun Matmee, her girlfriend. I heard they made a planned a family trip nearby once they found out we’d be here too.”

Khemjira was the only one who really knew all the details about her sister’s life, since Khwanrin often confided in her. And she had a feeling something exciting was coming soon. She didn’t need to be told—she could just sense it by observing Khwanrin and her girlfriend.

“What brand does Rin’s girlfriend own again? I can’t remember.”

“126 Food. Super rich. I met her once when I dropped P' Rin off for a shoot. She’s really good-looking too,”

She said, giving two thumbs up.

“They’re meeting her family today, too. Looks like I’ll be losing my sister to another family soon.”

Paenarin nodded in understanding.

“This brand—once you mention it, everyone knows it. You see their products at malls, at convenience stores. That side is rich and quite powerful in the business world. It’s actually great timing that they met.”

*"Well, that’s good. She’s a really good person. She deserves to meet someone good too,"*

Praenarin thought. Now Khwanrin was already quite grown-up, probably two years older than Khemjira. The length of the relationship with that woman was enough to take things to the next level. If she was about to settle down soon, it was something to be happy about.

“You don’t seem to feel anything at all, Khun Rin, even though back then you used to leave me and my sister behind,”

Khemjira asked flatly, just out of curiosity, without any real emotion.

“To be honest, back then I didn’t really like your sister very much,”

Paenarin admitted.

"To tell the truth, at that time, I didn’t really like your sister a little bit. At that time, she seemed to like you and be very close to you, but now she didn’t like you in a romantic way anymore. Plus, she helps take good care of our child, so I like her.” “Thanks on my sister’s behalf,”

Khemjira said.

“Anyway, I love her like we were born from the same mother.”

Praenarin smiled in understanding, just before her phone rang. Seeing that it was a video call from Grace, she quickly answered. But upon doing so, she frowned slightly—the other side seemed chaotic, crowded even. All four women were dressed beautifully in the same frame, like they were together.

“Hey Rin—oh! Khem, you look so bright and cheerful!”

Someone on the screen greeted.

Khemjira waved and responded cheerfully, just as they had said.

“What are you girls up to? Drinking so early in the day?”

“Nope—it’s the class reunion you couldn’t make it to.”

Praenarin nodded with an “Ah, right.” She remembered now. This reunion had been scheduled after she had already planned to take her child out, and she had promised them she’d go today. So, she had to decline the reunion. After all, her children were the most important part of her life.

“It’s okay you couldn’t make it. But come on, let us see the kids!”

Since they asked, she was happy to oblige. Praenarin looked at her son and daughter and called out loudly:

“Nong Now, Nong Fon! Come say hi to the aunties!”

As soon as she used the word *aunties*, the women on the screen immediately pretended to scowl and shot her playful glares. But when the two kids came running into the frame, the kid-loving group instantly melted like chameleons changing colors.

“Sawasdee ka / Sawasdee krub!”

But it wasn’t just the two little ones who showed up on camera—Fried Cup and Teddy also popped in, nudging their noses toward the screen, making the four women flinch in surprise. Khemjira quickly stepped in to wrangle the two animals before they could destroy their relaxing spot.

“Hey there, sweethearts! Having fun at the beach?”

“So much fun! I built a sandcastle!”

Nong Fon beamed.

“How about you, Nong Now? Having fun?”

“Super fun! So much sand! I helped Nong Fon build too!”

Praenarin handed the phone to her kids to let them keep chatting. The “aunties” all looked completely smitten with her children—and truthfully, she adored their kids too. All of them were total kid-lovers.

“Aw, my nieces and nephews are so smart!” one of them gushed.

“I just got back from Japan. I’ll bring you some snacks when you get back home!”

“Yay! Thank you!” / “Thank you!”

The kids replied cheerfully.

After lots of chatting and catching up, the two little ones ran back to their sand piles under Khemjira’s watchful eye—with the two dogs tagging along to cause more playful chaos. The phone was returned to Praenarin. “Hey, whenever you want to visit my house, bring the kids over too, okay?” One of the women said.

“I want to see them! And you all—bring your kids too. Or maybe we should all meet up for Khem’s birthday? It’s just a few days after New Year’s. Could be a good chance for all of us to gather.”

“That’s a great idea!” another chimed in.

“Why don’t we all bring our kids together one day—like running a mini nursery! Yours and mine, just running around together…”

“The house is going to be full like trying to catch crabs and put them in a basket.”

Prowfah’s idea was really good, but when they heard the second part, they already felt tired just thinking about it.

“Then let’s make a new appointment after the long break. I’d like to try putting a crab in a basket for once.”

When she suggested that, everyone agreed. After hanging up, Praenarin opened her camera app and took a video of her wife and kids playing happily – and a bit chaotically.

She felt glad she decided to come to the beach today. Even though the Christmas weather wasn’t super cold, the festive vibe always made everything feel warm and romantic.

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**9:25 PM**

The kids had already fallen asleep from being so tired after running around all afternoon. They needed rest before going to the Christmas festival tomorrow. Everyone had gone to their rooms. Khemjira took her partner’s hand and brought her for a walk along the moonlit beach.

It was cooler than the past few days. She used a scarf to wrap around her partner’s shoulders. They chose to sit on the steps that led down to the beach near the villa’s front lobby. It was quiet there, and not too bright, so they could still see the stars clearly.

“Khem, I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Like what?”

“Sitting on the beach, looking at the stars like this.”

She looked up at the sky. Tonight was clear and beautiful. The full moon was out. Even though it was winter, the night sky felt warm and comforting.

“Why not?”

“Because I always work. I don’t travel much. And even when I do, I’ve never done anything like this. You’re the first one to invite me.”

“Do you like it?”

Khemjira pulled her partner closer, wrapping her arm around her. The night was getting colder, and the wind was blowing.

“I really like the stars. I’ve never seen them this clear anywhere else before.”

Ah… that’s true. The person beside her, now more grown-up, looked up at the sky. It really was beautiful tonight—it could see every star clearly. But Khemjira didn’t actually know which constellation was which, so she wasn’t the type to point them out and explain like in the movies.

“But I get to see the clearest star in the world every day. And it’s the only one in the universe.”

She might not know star names, but she knew how to make a moment romantic with her own words. It might sound a little cheesy, but she didn’t mind if it made her partner feel happy.

“Which star is that?”

“You don’t have to look far,”

She said, gently tapping her partner’s nose with her finger.

“The star I’m talking about is right here.”

Praenarin looked into her eyes, which sparkled in the dim light. That fluttery feeling in her chest—Khemjira could give her that almost every day. Even though they’d been together for many years now, Khemjira never ran out of sweet things to say. It was like she had a whole collection of love lines memorized.

“You’re really good at flirting, you know that?”

“Of course. I’m never going to stop flirting with you.”

“You know, when I’m with you, I feel like I’m young again. You’re so cheerful, full of life, and warm. That’s why I always say you remind me of a playful puppy.”

“But for me,” Khemjira smiled softly,

“it feels like time stops whenever I’m with you.”

Once again, she made Praenarin’s heart melt.

A punch straight to the heart — no idea what they fed her at school when she was little, but she sure grew up to be incredibly charming with her words.

“You never stop flirting. I believe it now, you're really Khem, the queen of clever lines.”

“And do you like it when Khem flirts with you, Khun Rin?”

“I do. If you can keep it up, you can flirt with me until we grow old and die together.”

“If I didn’t have to worry that talking too much would make my teeth fall out and I wouldn’t be able to chew betel nuts, I’d flirt with you until the very last moment of my life.”

They both laughed at the joke. In the past, Praenarin hardly ever laughed — she was always too serious about work. And when she was with Phrapai, that woman wasn’t bright, smiley, or witty like Khemjira at all.

Now her wife had all her attention, so much so that she didn’t even think about the person she once loved so deeply she thought she might die from it. Losing her didn’t even register anymore — she just didn’t care.

The person beside her and their kids were her first priority now. Before, she always put others first. But now, she chose her own family, and only them.

Praenarin took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She hugged her partner’s arm, rested her head on her shoulder, and gazed out at the water shimmering under the light.

So beautiful. She knew they wouldn’t be able to stay here long, but she wished this moment could last forever.

“Khem…”

“Yes?”

“Thank you for being born for me to love.”

Tears were on the verge of falling. Khemjira looked down at her lover, who seemed to be drifting with the late-night seaside atmosphere. She kissed the top of her head gently, then pressed her cheek against her. Their fingers interlocked as they both looked out at the moonlit sea, glowing beautifully.

“Thank you for loving me too,”

Khemjira said softly.

“I love you so, so much—so much that I don't even know what to compare it to. This stray dog is really lucky, do you know that?”

“Lucky how?” she asked.

“Lucky that an angel came down, took off her wings, and brought me to live in heaven—feeding me with love until I’ve grown this much. Can I stay with you for the rest of my life?”

It was yet another sweet line that Praenarin had to endure. The woman smiled again and again until she felt like she might go crazy. She wanted to flirt like that too, but never felt like she succeeded, no matter how much she had learned from her.

“Of course. I’m not letting my puppy the size of a cow go anywhere either. I’ll take care of you till the end of your days.”

“Then… can I have a kiss as a promise?”

“Go ahead.”

A beautifully youthful face leaned in toward the elegant one, pressing soft lips to her wife’s tenderly, just a gentle, affectionate kiss before slowly pulling away.

“Have you ever heard this phrase... ‘a kiss to defy the moon?’”

Praenarin let out a small laugh and replied with nothing but a smile.

Khemjira thought of her parents. She might have been unlucky that her mother wasn’t around to see her growth and success.

As for her father, he had seen it—but he wasn’t there to witness her true happiness. He hadn’t seen the family she now had.

But she believed that today, they could see it all—from above, watching from the sky.

For Khemjira, she had been through her share of pain, and it was love that made her stronger.

And for Praenarin, it was the same. She, too, had endured much emotional pain. They met at a beginning that may not have been ideal. The two of them were like a plug and socket that didn’t quite fit at first—plugged in two or three times without success—but that didn’t mean it would never fit.

There was a time when Praenarin didn’t love her.

But now, Khemjira knew just how much she did. So much that it made her feel like she was being lifted to a higher place, always cherished.

She had never once regretted choosing to walk this path with her. Because even though some parts of their journey had been difficult, she knew that ahead of them, there was always beauty waiting.

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**-------- THE END of Special RIN -------**