

# Chapter : PROLOGUE

Love…oh...Love....

People confess their love in the most romantic settings—beautiful places, delicious food, and soft, sweet music. But when love ends, everything turns upside down. A broken heart, a crumbling sidewalk at night, heavy rain soaking through clothes and blending with tears, and the humiliation of being watched by strangers. All of these are key elements of a breakup.

**“Phrapai.”**

A young woman with an oval-shaped face stood under the pouring rain, holding an umbrella. Before her, someone knelt on the wet ground. Her brown eyes lowered, gazing at the person who was about to become a part of her past.

Her face remained calm, but guilt flickered in her eyes—so different from the pleading gaze looking up at her. That beautiful, captivating face was stained with tears, being washed away by the relentless rain. Anyone who saw it would surely feel a pang of sorrow.

“Pai… no. I won’t break up with you.”

**“Praenarin Kittithakorn**” is a thirty-five-year-old woman who had never bowed to anyone—except the woman she loved. Her slender hands trembled as she reached out to touch the person before her in this heartbreaking moment.

The streetlights illuminated the night, but her vision blurred behind a curtain of tears. Her sorrowful eyes looked up at the woman standing before her, silently pleading.

Once again, Praenarin found herself kneeling on the ground, not caring whether her exposed knees would be wounded. All that mattered was holding on to the woman she loved most—the one who had been by her side for the past five years.

Phrapai was the woman she had met in a lesbian bar years ago. She was the only person Praenarin had truly loved since losing her mother. She had already planned to propose soon, to build a future together. But now, that dream was crumbling before her eyes.

“Let’s break up.”

The woman in the elegant dress stood under her umbrella, shielding herself from the rain, as she spoke those heart-wrenching words for the second time —reaffirming her decision. She had already said it once before, but now she was making it clear.

Desperate, Praenarin moved closer, wrapping her arms around the woman’s legs, hoping—praying—that she would change her mind and reconsider their love.

“Pai, can’t you stay? I love you. I’ll do anything—just don’t leave me.”

She had already been given time to think, and now, even after this second confirmation, Praenarin still clung to the hope that Phrapai might reconsider.

“I’m sorry… but I really can’t choose you.”

Phrapai gently pried Praenarin’s hands away and stepped back, leaving her kneeling in the rain, drenched and alone, as if the heavens themselves were mocking her pain.

No matter how much she begged, the eyes that looked back at her gave the same answer.

They couldn’t go on anymore.

She was being abandoned—again. And this time, she had given her love wholeheartedly, without holding anything back.

“Why? Don’t you love me?”

Praenarin was still kneeling in the same spot. Her once beautiful face now looked dull and exhausted as she looked up at the woman who was about to become a stranger. Tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look utterly pathetic, hoping for even a shred of sympathy.

“I like men. I’m a terrible person. I was dating someone else while still with you. Please, Rin, don’t love me anymore. Hate me if you must—it’s better that way.”

The words hit her harder than the cold rain pouring down on her skin. They made it painfully clear—love and attachment alone weren’t enough to keep two people together forever.

She had always known Phrapai was bisexual. That had never been a secret. But she had never prepared herself for the possibility that her lover might one day waver and be drawn to a man.

She had trusted her completely. But love had made her a fool—a fool who couldn’t even bring herself to be angry about being cheated on. If only Phrapai would reconsider, she would forgive everything.

“Pai, I love you. No matter what mistakes you’ve made, I’ll forgive you.”

She smiled, full of fragile hope, opening her arms to embrace Phrapai’s flaws and missteps. But the response she received shattered that hope into pieces.

“I’m really sorry… but we can’t be together anymore. Forget me. Goodbye. Take care of yourself.”

And just like that, the woman who had once been the sweetest, most intoxicating love of her life walked away—dragging Praenarin’s shattered heart across the ground with her.

This was yet another deep wound, another painful lesson in love. In over ten years of falling in love, she had always been the one left behind—the one drowning in heartbreak, forced to bear the pain alone.

She sat there, sobbing uncontrollably in the rain, not caring who saw her. Memories of their happier days played vividly in her mind, but the pain of loss was so overwhelming that it swallowed up any trace of those good times.

She remained like that, lost in grief, until she suddenly realized that the cold raindrops were no longer hitting her directly. Something was blocking them.

Then, she saw a pair of sneakers stop right in front of her.

Lifting her tear-streaked face, she found herself looking at **Khemjira**—the daughter of her father’s close friend.

Their families had known each other for years, though Praenarin wouldn’t say they were particularly close. Khemjira was just her father’s friend’s daughter, someone her father had always been fond of, treating her like his own child.

Khemjira had been watching the heartbreaking scene unfold for a while now. And there was no way she was going to let this woman sit here crying all alone.

She was still in her university uniform, fresh from her final exams. The moment she found out that the woman she loved was facing the most painful moment of her life, she had rushed through her exam and left as soon as she could.

“Get up.”

Khemjira extended her hand, offering a warm smile filled with encouragement to the woman she loved. She had loved her for so long, even though Praenarin had someone else in her heart. Yet, she had always kept that love hidden, never letting it show—until now.

Praenarin looked at the girl holding the umbrella for her, then at the slender hand reaching out. Just as she was about to take it, she hesitated and pulled her hand back. With what little strength she had left, she forced herself to stand, her body trembling from the cold.

Then, without a word, she started walking along the riverside, lost in a daze, as if her mind had completely shut down.

The pain in her heart was unbearable. It was suffocating. She felt like breathing itself was a punishment.

Even though Praenarin ignored her, Khemjira followed closely behind, unwilling to leave her alone in this state. She wasn’t sure what Praenarin planned to do—whether she just needed to cry until she felt better, or whether she wanted to scream at the sky in frustration. But whatever it was, Khemjira refused to let her face it alone.

Then, suddenly, Praenarin stopped.

She turned to face the vast, dark river. And then… she moved forward, her steps slow and deliberate, as if preparing to jump.

*Jump?*

*Wait—no!*

“Rin! Don’t! Don’t do it!”

Khemjira dropped the umbrella and rushed forward, wrapping her arms around Praenarin’s waist just as she was about to leap.

*She knew.*

*She knew Praenarin couldn’t swim.*

*And she wasn’t about to let her go.*

“Let me go! I want to die! There’s no Pai anymore—there’s no reason for me to live! Let me go!”

“But I won’t let you die! Please, don’t do this! Your father is waiting for you. Come home.”

Khemjira held on tightly, her thin arms locking around Praenarin, refusing to let go no matter how much she struggled. The rain soaked them both to the bone, the cold seeping deep into their skin, but Khemjira didn’t care. She wouldn’t let anything happen to this woman.

“It hurts! I want to die! Don’t you hear me?!”

“I won’t let you die.”

“Why do you even care?!”

“Because I love you.”

Everything fell silent.

For a moment, it felt as if even the pouring rain had frozen in the air.

“I love you, Rin. And I will never let the person I love destroy herself. Please, don’t do this.”

Praenarin stood frozen for several seconds after those words left Khemjira’s lips.

Then, suddenly, she wrenched herself free, tears still streaming down her face. Her voice trembled as she spat out the cruelest words she could muster.

**“I hate love. If you love me, then I’ll hate you too.”**

She declared it with conviction.

If love only ever led her to this kind of pain, she vowed—she would never love again.

Khemjira looked at her with understanding.

“Hating love…”

She knew exactly what Praenarin was feeling right now. And she knew that forcing comfort onto someone who wasn’t ready to receive it—like pressing medicine onto an open wound—would only make things worse.

But would she give up?

Never.

She had never been in love before, but she had always known one thing: when she loved someone, she would love them with all her heart. She would never hurt the person she loved.

Maybe not today.... Maybe not now.

But one day, she would make the woman she loved fall for her—just like she had fallen for her. She would use her love to heal Praenarin’s wounds, even if it seemed impossible.

Khemjira looked away briefly, letting out a slow breath to steady herself. She didn’t want to see Praenarin cry, but when she turned back, she knew she couldn’t just stand there and do nothing.

Slowly, she stepped closer.

Then, gently, she wrapped her arms around Praenarin’s exhausted body, offering herself as something solid to lean on.

“It’s okay,” she whispered.

“Cry if you need to. But remember, I’ll always be here with you. Let’s go home, okay? Let’s eat something good. Your dad is waiting for you. Everything will be okay, I promise.”

“Khem… it hurts. I can’t take it anymore. What did I do wrong? Why did she do this to me?”

“It’s okay,”

Khemjira hands, now ice-cold from the rain, reached up to gently stroke Praenarin’s hair, an instinctive act of comfort.

The sobs in her arms didn’t stop.

She didn’t know how long they stood there, but she knew one thing for sure.

Praenarin was hurting so much that it made Khemjira’s heart ache, too.

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# Chapter 01: Rin Will Never Love Anyone

**Book Title : Rin Will Never Love (Denied Love)**

**Writer : PEONY Translate by :**

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**Several months have passed...**

The sound of high heels from a luxury brand echoed through the hallway. **Praenarin, a 35-year-old woman,** half-walked and half-ran toward a special room in a prestigious private hospital. The surroundings seemed to fall into complete silence.

The sound of her footsteps was so loud in her ears that she could barely hear anything else. For a brief moment, Praerin's ears were ringing, and even the nurses' conversations couldn't pull her attention away.

Room 902-that was the special room her father's personal secretary had urgently told her to come to. Something urgent had happened. Because of that, she had immediately dropped everything at work and rushed here as quickly as possible.

"Dad!"

She pushed the door open in a panic, afraid that something had happened to her father. But as soon as her eyes swept across the room, she found a composed, middle-aged man standing inside, waiting for her with his usual calm expression.

That man was her father.

**"Rin, you must marry Nong... Khem. Marry her."**

Praerin froze, unable to control her expression for several seconds after hearing the first sentence her father said the moment they met. Lately, he had been acting strangely for days.

Today, he had been gone since early morning, and then he had his secretary call her to come to the hospital. She had panicked, thinking something had happened to him. But when she arrived, he was completely fine-only to throw this shocking statement at her instead.

"If you want to become the company's president, you must marry Khem for me."

"Wait-Khem? Why do I have to marry her? I won't do it."

She smiled slightly as she asked in confusion. Was this really the reason he had called her to the hospital? She knew her father had a dramatic personality, but she never expected him to be *this* dramatic-summoning her here just to talk about an arranged marriage.

But as she glanced toward the hospital bed, her eyes met the figure of someone lying there, surrounded by various medical devices and bandages.

**"Khemjira"**-the daughter of Uncle Anek, her father's close friend. But hadn't she disappeared for months? After confessing her love that night, she had vanished.

And now here she was, unconscious in this hospital room.

Praerin looked around. The room was bright due to the floor-to-ceiling glass walls. A humidifier released a faint, pleasant scent beside the bed. There were several bouquets of flowers and even greeting cards.

Several greeting cards suggested that she had been here for days. Praerin frowned slightly and looked at her father, her eyes filled with questions.

"The one in the hospital isn't me-it's Khem."

She placed her luxury-brand handbag on the coffee table but didn't sit down. She had a feeling she would need a lot of energy to talk with her father today.

"What happened to Khem? And what does that have to do with me getting married? I already told you-I will never love anyone again. Don't try to force me into an arranged marriage. It won't work."

"If you want my inheritance, you must marry Khem. If you don't, I will give everything to her-including the president position you want so much. I'll let someone else have it instead."

Praerin's mouth fell open. Her beautiful face stiffened for a moment before she let out a bitter laugh at herself. Her legs weakened, and she sank onto the sofa.

No matter how much she resisted, she couldn't go against her father. He knew exactly how badly she wanted his fortune-especially the company president position he currently held. And because he knew, he was using it to threaten her. How *wonderful* of him!

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Since there was no way she would be in the mood to work for the rest of the day, Praerin decided to stay. She planned to settle this forced marriage issue today. She would also wait for that *kid* to wake up-so she could hear her rejection firsthand. If Khem refused to marry, this ridiculous wedding wouldn't happen.

"Here's your coffee. We should discuss this again later. You seem tired today, Dad. Maybe you said something without thinking it through. I'll pretend I never heard it."

She placed the iced coffee on the table in front of her father after taking a short break to grab something to eat.

"I heard that if Khem wakes up this time, she'll be able to go home tomorrow. Can you take care of the hospital bill for me? After she's discharged, I want her to stay at our house. I don't want a woman living alone."

"Sure, Dad. Bring whoever you want home. You own everything anyway."

He could tell she was being sarcastic. **Wasin** took a sip of coffee and waited in silence, giving his daughter time to think.

At most, he would wait until Khemjira woke up. She had already regained consciousness once before, when he wasn't here, but she had been hysterical, crying over her father's death.

Her condition had gradually improved over the past few days. That was why he had come early today-to be here when his best friend's daughter finally woke up.

Thinking about his longtime friend since their school days, Wasin sighed. He felt sorry for the one left behind-Khemjira.

Before long, the person lying on the bed slowly opened her eyes. He quickly set down his coffee cup and got up to check on her.

"Khem, how are you feeling?"

"Uncle... my dad..."

Khemjira blinked against the light, her gaze meeting the face of the man she had called "Uncle" for as long as she could remember. It was another day of waking up to the cruel reality that her father was gone. He had left her behind-alone. Her mother had passed away when she was young, and now her father was gone too, unable to witness her success in life.

"I'm so sorry, Khem. But you need to be strong so you can recover quickly."

"I have no one left... No one, Uncle..."

The bright eyes that once sparkled were now dull with sorrow. The memory of losing her father was still vivid, and tears welled up in her eyes, her chest tightening with grief.

"You still have me, Khem. I'll take care of you."

Outside, Praerin had just returned after handling the hospital bills. She overheard the conversation and quietly stepped back into the room, careful not to startle anyone.

Seeing her father gently stroking Khemjira's head as the girl cried on the hospital bed gave her an odd sense of unease. She didn't know why Khem was here alone, with no one watching over her.

But even so, she still didn't understand why *she* had to marry her. They had a **twelve-year** age gap. Khemjira had just graduated, while she was already **thirty-five**-a woman with a stable career, the only thing unstable being her emotions.

Khem was just starting her life, while she had already been through enough. They were *far* too different.

To ensure she could be discharged the next day, Khemjira underwent another medical checkup. Meanwhile, Wasin called his daughter out onto the balcony to continue their earlier conversation.

"I want you to look after Khem."

"Why should I? There are plenty of nurses here. And what happened to her, anyway? Drunk driving?"

Praerin had noticed multiple bruises and scrapes on Khem's body-along with a cut at the corner of her eyebrow. It made her suspect that Khem had been in some sort of accident while not in the right state of mind.

"Her car went off a cliff during a graduation trip. Anek was driving. Khem was trapped in the wreckage all night before rescue teams pulled her out at dawn. She was injured but not critically-thanks to her seatbelt. She's been recovering here for days, and her wounds are healing. But Anek... he died on the spot. That's why I want to take her in."

Praerin fell silent for a moment as she imagined the accident Khemjira had been through. She hadn't known anything about it before. Ever since her workload had increased and Khemjira had started university, they had barely kept in touch, despite how close their fathers were.

No wonder her father had been leaving the house early and staying out all day lately, leaving her to run the company alone as CEO. He had been coming here instead.

"Uncle Anek is gone...?"

She asked, feeling an unexpected pang in her chest.

"Yes. But the funeral hasn't been held yet because we wanted his daughter to be there. That's why I want you to marry Khem. She has no one left, and I promised her father that I'd take care of her as best as I could after he was gone."

"And what does that have to do with me? If you want to take care of her, then do it. She can live her life, and I'll live mine."

"Stop clinging to someone who never loved you. You have no one else now, do you? Marry Khem, Rin. It'll help you move on from *that woman.* Don't make me suffer through this with you any longer."

Wasin deliberately avoided answering her question directly. He had his own reasons. He knew that Khemjira had loved his daughter for a long time-and still did. Unlike the others who had entered Praerin's life only to hurt her over and over again, Khem's feelings had never wavered. And yet, his daughter had never been able to let go of her pain.

"Once you live together, you'll grow to love each other. You can take your time-two years should be enough. After that, you'll take my place as the company's president. If you still don't love each other by then, I won't stop you from getting a divorce. You have nothing to lose. I'll talk to Khem myself. She'll *definitely* want to marry you."

Praerin massaged her temples and let out a long sigh. Marrying for an inheritance? Was her father being overly artistic again? Did he really think he could just throw someone at her to heal her broken heart?

She paused to think. Right now, she wanted that presidency. It had always been her and her mother's dream. Marrying Khemjira for two years would fast-track her to that goal instead of waiting for her father to step down or pass away-both of which would likely take a long time, considering he wasn't even close to retirement age.

"...Fine. But only for two years. After that, I'm filing for divorce. Akknd you'd better be ready to hand over that presidency."

She agreed-for now. Two years of marriage to *that kid* would get her everything she wanted. But she had no idea if she'd come out of it with her sanity intact.

Khemjira had changed a lot since she started university.

But of course, there was still one more hurdle to cross. If Khem refused to marry her, then her father's terms wouldn't matter at all.

After getting an answer from the young graduate, her father returned home in an unusually good mood. But Praerin? Not so much.

Not only had Khemjira agreed to marry her, but she actually seemed happier than before. The moment their eyes met, the younger girl's face lit up as if she were an entirely different person.

Praerin already thought Khemjira was strange, but her father was even stranger. How could he bring up marriage when the girl's father hadn't even been cremated yet?

"Have you eaten yet?"

She asked, watching as Khemjira, still sitting on the hospital bed, stared at her without blinking-almost as if she were a long-lost relative.

If she thought Praerin was going to stay and watch over her all evening, she was dead wrong.

"If I'm hungry, will you get me something to eat?"

"No. You'll eat what the hospital gives you. Otherwise, what's the point of having a nutritionist?"

"I don't know... I just feel like my mouth tastes bland and numb. My dad just passed away. I have no one left. If I could eat something you brought me, I'd probably have an appetite."

The 23-year-old girl leaned back against the slightly inclined hospital bed, looking utterly drained. Even though she had several days to process everything, she still felt like the world was collapsing around her.

She had no one left.

But at least she still had Uncle Wasin and Phi Win-the orphan her father had hired to watch over her since she entered high school. They had studied together, gone everywhere together, and practically grown up like real siblings since her father had been too busy to take care of her himself.

"I'm sorry about your father."

"Thank you. He had an incurable disease. Even if he didn't die now, it would have happened sooner or later. If I kept blaming myself, he'd probably be really sad."

Khemjira turned to look at the woman beside her, sitting with perfect posture, her elegant shoulders poised. A small, resigned smile crossed her lips.

She had long come to terms with the possibility of losing her father. She thought she'd be able to handle it easily. But when the moment actually came, she completely broke down for days before she could even reach this point.

"You move on pretty quickly."

"Not really. I just talk big,"

Khemjira admitted with a weak chuckle.

"But it's true, isn't it? If I had been the one who died, I wouldn't have wanted my dad to blame himself for it. We loved each other a lot. We were all we had."

Her voice trembled, and she reached for a tissue to dab at her welling tears. Her vision blurred, but she refused to let herself break down again.

She had already cried so much.

No matter how many tears she shed, her father wasn't coming back. By now, he was probably up in heaven, free from all the suffering his illness had caused.

"I know this might not be the best time," Praerin said, "but I have a favor to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Do you want to do a good deed?"

"How?"

"Tell my father that you don't want to marry me. If you refuse, I'll give you money to start a new life. Your fiancé wouldn't want to marry someone who's ready to throw you away at any moment, right?"

Praerin tried to persuade her, but the response she received made her body heat up, especially her head.

"No, I will marry you-and I will get married willingly."

Look at her! How could she answer so innocently? How dare she challenge me? Fine... She'll soon realize just how unbearable it is to marry someone like me. I'll make sure she feels unloved, unwanted-so much so that she'll pack up and leave because she can't stand being married to me.

Praerin turned her face away to hide her displeasure.

Just then, dinner arrived. After receiving her meal from the staff, the patient, Khemjira, looked at it with boredom, having no appetite. The person who hadn't left her side finally spoke, her voice distant and cold.

"Eat your food."

"Will you stay with me tonight, Rin?"

Khemjira accepted the food but still had enough energy to ask something she knew was impossible.

"Why should I?"

Praerin sat with her arms crossed, looking at the other woman indifferently. What does she think we are, asking me that? Someone like me-I wouldn't stay at a hospital for just anyone. I'd only done it once, for my mother, until she passed. And now, the only person I'd do it for is my father, though thankfully, that moment is still far off.

"Because Uncle asked you to take care of me."

"Listen, we are nothing to each other. Why should I take care of you?"

"Because I'm your fiancée."

"No."

"You're so heartless. Are you really going to let me sleep here all alone?" Khemjira pouted sadly. Even though the wedding gave her some comfort, it still hurt that her future wife seemed to dislike her so much.

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***Knock, knock, knock!***

A series of knocks on the door interrupted their conversation. Then, the person Khemjira was closest to appeared-**Kwanrin**, who had gone home to pack Khemjira's things for tomorrow, as per Wasin's instructions. She was also the one who had been by Khemjira's side since day one.

"Khem, are you feeling better?"

The young woman, two years older than the patient, entered, carrying bags filled with clothes and other necessities.

"Is your name Kwanrin?"

Praerin asked, noticing the familiar face of Khemjira's close caretaker. As soon as she saw her, Praerin quickly grabbed her bag, preparing to leave.

"Yes," Kwanrin replied.

Praerin turned to glance at Khemjira, who was still pretending to be sad on the bed, and then gave a small, indifferent smile. She wasn't anyone's personal nurse. If someone was supposed to take care of Khemjira, it would be someone like Kwanrin, who was close to her.

"There, your caretaker is here,"

Praerin said, as she walked toward the door.

"I'm leaving now."

Just as she was about to step out, she heard Khemjira's voice from behind.

"See you tomorrow at home, Ms. Praerin."

Praerin turned and looked at the pale face of Khemjira before she walked out. This was a huge burden, wasn't it? Marrying the daughter of her father's friend to inherit a billion-dollar fortune and secure the position of CEO, which should have been hers from the start, without doing anything.

But even though it was difficult, she had to go through with it. Khemjira wasn't going to help her, so she had to push herself. From being the lowestranking student in the class, she had worked her way up to become a CEO that everyone respected.

The next step was to become president in her father's place, to fulfill her dream and her mother's.

No matter what, she had to marry Khemjira to achieve that dream. But she promised herself-she would never love her. No matter what happened, in this lifetime, she would never love anyone again.

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Khemjira's family wasn't wealthy enough to have someone take care of her, as her father was just a lawyer with no big business of his own. After leaving the hospital, Wadin had sent someone to pick her up and bring her home. The rest of her belongings had already been moved from her old house.

When the black European car pulled up in front of the grand entrance of the large house, Praerin stepped out with her caretaker, Kwanrin. The house was large, two stories, in a luxury style with white walls, black window frames, and grand archways.

Surrounding the house was an English-style garden, vast and beautifully maintained. It was so different from the house where she grew up.

Praerin had always seen the value in renting rather than buying, especially since her father had to divide his money to pay for her tuition. The house they lived in was rented, more affordable, compared to buying a permanent home.

But now, the situation was different. If she didn't agree to marry Praerin, Khemjira would be in a tough position-especially with no job of her own. Although she had her father's life insurance money, she would have to save it in case, after two years, Praerin decided to kick her out.

Although this house wasn't hers, because Kwanrin was here, Khemjira felt a strange connection to it. Still, she felt more attached to the modest, rented house she had grown up in. Yet here, surrounded by the luxury and the presence of Kwanrin, she found some comfort.

That should make her feel like this was truly her home.

"We're here, Phi Rin."

Khemjira led her close caretaker through the grand entrance of the house and into a large reception hall. The space was elegantly decorated, featuring a set of welcoming sofas and a grand piano. Several housekeepers-about five or six, not including the driver-stood in neat rows, making the house feel lively and well-staffed.

Each of them was dressed in matching uniforms, looking proper and respectful, befitting the household of the president of a furniture design and interior decoration company.

Khemjira greeted them politely, as someone younger should. In response, they introduced themselves one by one with warm smiles, as if welcoming her as another mistress of the house.

"Khun Khem, please hand me your bag. I'll have someone take it upstairs to your room,"

An older housekeeper, Aunt Malai, offered.

"Thank you, Aunt Malai."

Khemjira handed over the bags that Phi Rin had brought from her rented home. Soon after, the housekeepers dispersed, leaving only her, Phi Rin, and Aunt Malai in the hall.

"Are you really going to stay here, Nong Khem?"

"Yes, I'm going to marry Khun Rin. We'll be living here together as Uncle invited,"

She answered confidently. She had loved Rin for a long time. If she wasn't being selfish, she would have admitted how happy she was to marry hereven though Rin clearly wasn't thrilled about it.

"P'Rin, you don't mind staying here with me, right? Now that my father is gone, I can't afford to hire you anymore. But I still want to stay with you."

"I don't mind, as long as Nong Khem still wants me here."

Knowing that her life now depended on Khemjira, Kwanrin couldn't refuse.

She could live anywhere, do anything, as long as she was with Khemjira. Her happiness depended on Khemjira's happiness.

However, she had just graduated and was looking for a job-she couldn't be Khemjira's caretaker forever. Soon, Khemjira would have a family of her own.

"Khem only has P'Rin now. I love you like my real sister, and I won't abandon you,"

Khemjira said sincerely. At 173 cm tall, she turned to the person she trusted and felt safest with, only to hear news that made her heart clench.

"The funeral for your father has been arranged. If you feel up to it, we can go pay respects today. If not, I'll take you tomorrow."

Khemjira stiffened for a moment before forcing a smile, as if to encourage both herself and Kwanrin.

"I want to go today."

"Khem."

A deep male voice echoed from the stairs leading to the second floor. Khemjira immediately turned toward the source and respectfully pressed her palms together in a wai.

"Sawasdee ka, Uncle."

"Are you feeling okay today? If you're in pain anywhere, tell me. Don't keep it to yourself."

Wasin returned her greeting before stepping down to join them. Dressed entirely in black, there was no need to ask where he was going-it was the first night of his best friend's funeral, for which he had taken on the role of host without hesitation.

"I'm feeling much better, Uncle. Um... could I ask you to let P'Rin stay here too? We're really close, and I'd feel more comfortable if she was around."

"Of course, Khem. I already spoke to the head housekeeper. She'll take care of your needs as before. You can do whatever you like-I won't force you."

He gave his promise to his future daughter-in-law before shifting his gaze to the woman whose nickname matched his own child's. He had observed her before. She seemed harmless and didn't treat Khemjira as just an employer's daughter, though she didn't make her feelings too obvious either.

"Alright then, I'll go get changed and pay my respects to my father."

"Go ahead. Your room is next to Rin's. After the wedding, you can move into the same room. I'll head to the funeral first. You can go later with the driver."

"Yes, Uncle."

Once the owner of the house had left, Khemjira was led upstairs to see her new bedroom. The house had two wings, left and right, each with three large bedrooms, separated by a hallway that led to the staircase, study, office, and utility rooms. Her assigned room was on the left wing.

As she stepped inside, she noticed the balcony window had been left open, allowing the white curtains to sway gently in the breeze.

"Feel free to rest, Khun Khem. I'll take care of preparing Khwanrin's sleeping arrangements,"

Aunt Malai offered.

"Aunt Malai, what time does Khun Rin usually come home?"

"Khun Rin finishes work at five. If she doesn't have plans or any unexpected delays, she's usually back by six-thirty at the latest."

"Thank you."

"I'll have the driver ready whenever you're set to leave. Just come downstairs when you're ready."

Khemjira nodded with a smile as the older woman left, dragging P'Win along with her. Once the thick door closed, she let out a deep sigh and began inspecting the room.

The entire space was fitted with built-in furnishings made of polished white Palissandro marble, making her feel like a spoiled rich girl. She quickly unzipped her suitcase and pulled out a black outfit, preparing herself for the funeral.

Even though today was her first day out of the hospital, Khemjira didn't want to rest any longer. She needed to hurry and take a shower, change into black attire, and go greet the one who had gone to rest forever-at the temple.

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# Chapter 02 : Rin's Bed Is Khem's Bed

Today, Praenarin came home later than usual because her father had instructed her to pay respects to Uncle Anek’s funeral before returning home. By the time she got home, it was already past 7 PM.

After finishing work and battling traffic to get to the Sala temple, she barely made it before closing. Then, she had to drive through the congested streets again to get home.

For dinner, she chose only a single beef burger—just enough to fill her stomach—because she wanted to hurry upstairs, take a shower, and change clothes.

***Creak...***

"Ah! How did you get into my bedroom?"

Praenarin exclaimed in shock. The moment she opened the bedroom door, her eyes locked onto someone sitting casually on the sofa at the foot of her bed—in the dark, no less. She quickly flipped the light switch and strode forward, frowning in disapproval.

Khemjira had barely been in her house for a day, and she was already causing trouble.

"The door wasn’t locked, and there was no sign saying ‘*Do Not Enter*,’"

Khemjira replied nonchalantly, tilting her face up to look at Praenarin. She had only come in because she wanted to greet another member of the house.

She had no intention of startling her.

"Stop being annoying. Get out. I want to rest."

Praenarin placed her bag down and removed her coat. She already knew that Khemjira would be staying here with her nanny, who happened to have the same nickname as her—**Rin**. But did that mean she had to welcome her with open arms like her father? No way.

She was only marrying Khemjira for her father’s inheritance. Once the two years were up, Khemjira would be out of her life. She had no intention of giving up her cherished singlehood.

"Wow, you’re really kicking me out? I’m not a dog."

Khemjira, who had been waiting here for quite some time, stood up but didn’t leave. Instead, she gazed at the woman before her with deep admiration. Her long, wavy black hair, her captivating beauty, and her sophisticated style that matched her age—everything about her was mesmerizing.

They were twelve years apart, but that never mattered to Khemjira.

She had loved this woman since before she even started university. But back then, Praenarin had seemed to have someone in her life. It wasn’t until she was abandoned in love once again that Khemjira finally stepped forward, offering her own love.

*Even so, her love remained unwanted.*

But did that change her feelings? Not in the slightest. Because Praenarin was her first love. And Khemjira had preserved her heart, saving all her love for just this one woman.

"That’s right. This is my bedroom. You have no right to be here."

The beautiful-faced woman turned to meet her gaze, then spoke in an icy tone—so cold that not even the employees at the company dared to meet her eyes. But to Khemjira, those aloof eyes were captivating.

"It’s fine. Right now, I don’t have any rights. But soon, I will… after we get married. **Rin’s room will be my room. Rin’s bed will be my bed."**

"You’re even more cunning than I thought," Praenarin scoffed.

"Don’t think for a second that I’ll be infatuated with you. Even if we do get married, you will never sleep in the same bed as me."

She cast a pointed glance at the floor in front of the dressing room.

"That… that’s where you’ll be sleeping."

Khemjira followed her gaze to the foot mat, then smirked indifferently.

"They say beautiful women are usually heartless,"

She said with a shrug.

"But it doesn’t matter. I can sleep anywhere, as long as I have a gorgeous wife like you."

As she stepped closer, Praenarin frowned and gave her a light shove, making it clear that she was not pleased.

"Get out. I’m tired. I want to rest. Next time you enter someone’s bedroom, at least have some manners. Just because the door isn’t locked and there’s no sign doesn’t mean you’re allowed in."

With that, the woman—who carried herself with the arrogance of a highbred Ragdoll cat—turned and walked away into the dressing room.

Khemjira finally left without further protest. She returned to her own bedroom and sank onto her bed.

She tucked a strand of her shoulder-length hair behind her ear, a small smile playing on her lips. Her fiancée was quite the handful. But that was fine. Once they were married, she would tame that defiant spirit with her own hands.

. .

Today was the final day of her father’s funeral. In just a few more minutes, it would be time for the cremation.

Dressed entirely in black, Khemjira lowered herself onto the wooden bench in the temple pavilion beside Uncle Wasin. He had been there from the first day until now, never leaving, because he and her father had been friends since their school days. Even at their age, their bond remained strong.

She had friends of her own, of course, but after graduating, everyone went their separate ways to build their own futures. She truly respected her father for having a friend who was there for him in every way—even taking in his child.

"Khem, are you holding up okay?"

"I’m fine, Uncle. Dad is at peace now. I shouldn’t be selfish by grieving too much… or else he won’t be able to move on."

Wasin smiled at his late friend’s daughter, feeling a sense of admiration. He realized that the two of them shared a similar fate—their wives had passed away while their children were still in school. But his friend had raised his daughter so well, while he himself had struggled with parenting Praenarin.

Yet, despite everything, his daughter had still grown into an independent woman, all on her own.

"From now on, just relax and start a new chapter of your life. If your father is looking down on you, he’ll be at peace, knowing that his child has grown up well."

"Yes, Uncle. At the beginning of next month, after I finish preparing for the wedding, I’ll start working. I won’t dwell on sadness. I’ll live happily, just like everyone hopes for me."

Khemjira smiled. The job she mentioned was at Uncle Wasin’s company. He had offered her a position while she waited for the wedding. The chosen date wasn’t too far off, and honestly, she was surprised by how quickly everything was moving.

But thinking about it, perhaps Uncle just wanted the wedding to happen as soon as possible—so it would be over as soon as possible.

. .

That morning, Khemjira felt much lighter, having come to terms with her father’s passing. She dressed in her work attire, packed her essentials into a backpack, and slung it over her shoulder.

Grabbing her brand-new white sneakers, she left her room. Just as she was about to step out, the door to the adjacent room opened at the exact same time.

Call it fate or mere coincidence, but it was perfectly timed.

"Good morning. Heading to work already?"

Khemjira greeted while glancing at her silver wristwatch. *7 AM…* Praenarin was having breakfast earlier than usual—half an hour earlier, in fact.

"Are you really going to wear a skirt that short?"

Instead of answering, Praenarin shot back a question of her own. Khemjira looked down at her black tennis skirt, which ended just above her knees, paired with a neatly done face of makeup.

It wasn’t against any company rules—other female employees dressed similarly. But just because it was acceptable didn’t mean it wouldn’t attract resentment, especially for a new hire on her first day.

Khemjira glanced at her outfit again—a white crop top layered under a black blazer. It was modest enough, just a typical office look. The only issue, perhaps, was that it made her look *too* good.

"Why? Are you jealous of your future wife?"

She teased with a playful smile.

Praenarin immediately frowned, her face darkening with irritation. She even let out a sharp huff, making Khemjira quickly tone down her smirk.

"I don’t want to talk to you. And don’t you dare talk to me either!"

Praenarin snapped before turning on her heel.

Not willing to let her go so easily, Khemjira took just two steps to block her path. Praenarin sighed loudly, clearly exasperated.

"What now?"

"Can I get a ride with you? We’re going the same way—it’ll save energy."

Praenarin crossed her arms and rolled her eyes, making no effort to hide her annoyance. Her life had been peaceful before Khemjira came along.

Ever since this *pest* moved into her house, Praenarin’s life had become much more chaotic. It was as if they were on completely different wavelengths, constantly at odds with each other—thanks to her father, who was behind all of this.

"My house has two drivers. If you need to go somewhere, just ask one of them to take you. What does that have to do with me?"

"But I want to go with you, not with the driver," Khemjira said with a sweet smile.

"That’s your problem! Stay out of my business!"

Khemjira flinched. Praenarin snapped at her so loudly that she sounded like an angry cat hissing. Then, she simply walked away without even a shred of sympathy. Khemjira stood frozen, looking like a startled deer caught in the headlights of a tiger’s roar.

*How could someone so beautiful be this fierce?*

"Does she ever look satisfied with anything?"

She grumbled under her breath, but just then, Praenarin glanced back at her with a piercing glare, as if she had heard the remark. Khemjira quickly averted her eyes, pretending to look at the walls, the floor—anywhere but at her.

Only when Praenarin finally walked away did she let out a relieved sigh and hurry after her.

She couldn’t afford to waste time teasing her *future wife* today—after all, this was an important day.

. .

"Na Khun, have you spoken with HR about Khem?"

Wasin, the company president, asked his personal secretary while taking a sip of his freshly served coffee. He had arrived at the office a bit earlier than usual today—he wanted to keep an eye on his soon-to-be daughter-in-law.

It was Khemjira’s first day working at the company, in a department she had specifically requested.

"Yes, Mr. President. HR will be giving her a full tour of the company today, as per your instructions."

"Good. And remember, only *we*, HR, and Prae’s secretary should know who she really is. Khem might not want people to know. If she decides to reveal it herself, that’s up to her."

Wasin knew his daughter well. He had given this order in advance because he understood exactly how Praenarin would react.

"Understood, sir."

After his secretary left, Wasin leaned back in his chair, picking up his tablet to browse through suit options.

The wedding was set for the middle of the month, and he couldn't be happier. He didn’t want Khemjira to marry Praenarin just so she could move into the house—he wanted this marriage because he knew Khemjira truly loved his daughter.

And more than anything, he wanted Praenarin to finally experience *real love*.

. .

Khemjira’s official start time was 8:00 AM, but she arrived at the company at 7:50, ten minutes early. The entrance had an automatic revolving door, and before reaching the elevators, there was a security checkpoint requiring an employee badge for access. Since she didn’t have one yet, she had to wait for the HR representative as scheduled.

A few minutes later, a woman in her mid-thirties walked in, greeted her, and led her inside to complete the necessary paperwork and receive her employee badge.

Then, it was time for the office tour. Khemjira was guided through the key departments before they took the elevator to the floor where she would be working. Judging from the large sign in the elevator hall, it seemed like this entire floor belonged to her department.

"This is the R&D department where you’ll be working,"

The HR representative explained.

"As I mentioned briefly before, this department focuses on research and development to create products that meet market and customer demands. Your role will be designing new furniture alongside your team."

Khemjira followed along, taking in her surroundings. The hallway was lined with rooms of equal size, each labeled with its respective function.

The walls facing the hallway were made of clear blue-tinted glass, while the opposite side featured floor-to-ceiling windows that provided a panoramic view of the city. The atmosphere was sleek, professional, and undeniably impressive.

*"124 KT Design"*—

The company had a distinctly modern feel, from its name to its workspace, despite not being a newly established firm.

"It's quite large, isn’t it?"

She remarked.

"This is one of the largest departments,"

The HR representative confirmed.

"You’ll be joining the development team, which is divided into twelve subteams. This floor doesn’t house all of them, but right now, Development Team One has the fewest members, so you’ll be assigned there. Don’t worry—I’ve arranged for two mentors to guide you, and they’re both very kind. You won’t have to worry about being bullied."

That last part made Khemjira pause.

*So, you had to specifically find kind people to mentor me… Does that mean there are unkind ones too?*

If that was the case, then as a newcomer, she might be at risk of being targeted.

She followed the HR representative into a room labeled *Development Team One*. At a glance, there were about ten employees working inside. If the other teams were similar in size, that meant this department alone had around two to three hundred employees.

And that didn’t even include staff from other departments or the production division.

Her future father-in-law’s company was *huge*!

She couldn’t help but regret not choosing to intern here—this was her first time seeing the company in person, and it was far more impressive than she had imagined.

As soon as the office door opened, the HR representative called for everyone’s attention. The entire room turned to look at Khemjira, making her feel like a new student transferring in on her first day of school.

"This is the new employee joining our team today,"

The HR representative announced.

Taking the cue, Khemjira greeted them confidently, despite the slight amusement she felt at the familiar introduction format.

"Hello, my name is Khem. Today is my first day. Please take care of me, and feel free to give me any advice,"

She said with a bright smile.

"That’s Ms. Jee, the head of Development Team One…"

Khemjira followed the introduction, looking at each team member in turn. Her gaze landed on the team leader—who had a sharp, confident demeanor and a face that didn’t exactly seem welcoming. The HR representative went on, listing names one by one, impressing Khemjira with her memory.

Judging by appearances, no one in this department seemed to be over forty.

It was a relatively young team, yet she was still the youngest among them. "And these two will be your mentors. This is Balloon, and this is Jay."

"Nice to meet you,"

Khemjira greeted them with a polite smile.

Both looked to be under thirty-five. Balloon was a woman with an officegirl look, glasses perched on her nose, and an air of competence.

Jay, on the other hand, was a man with delicate features and a charming smile, his mannerisms carrying a certain elegance. If her instincts were right, he was likely a kind-hearted gay colleague—his demeanor practically radiated warmth and friendliness.

"Nice to meet you too, darling! Come on, your desk is over here,"

Balloon said cheerfully, waving her over.

Feeling more at ease, Khemjira followed them to her designated workspace, which was conveniently placed next to her two mentors.

The office was a rectangular room, furnished with light-colored wood and decorated with air-purifying plants. The air conditioning kept the space comfortably cool, creating an inviting atmosphere. It was a perfect environment for designers who needed inspiration and creativity.

"Balloon and Jay, please take care of our new employee,"

The HR representative said before turning to Khemjira.

"And Khem… there may be some tasks that you’ll need to receive directly from Boss Win. She specifically requested it."

With that, the HR representative left, leaving behind a lingering sense of curiosity between the three of them.

"That’s strange… Boss Win never gets involved with any department outside of executive management. And now she’s personally assigning work to a new development team member?"

Balloon mused.

"Maybe she just wants to take a special interest in new employees,"

Jay suggested.

Both Balloon and Jay were curious, but Khemjira simply smiled to herself. She wasn’t worried or anxious about having to report directly to the boss. In fact, she welcomed it—this way, she’d get to see her fiancée more often during the day.

"I'm not sure,"

Jay whispered, lowering his voice so only the three of them could hear.

"But everyone already assumes you're a ‘*special hire*’ because HR is giving you extra attention. Normally, they'd just drop a new employee off at the department and leave. Training is usually self-directed—no mentors assigned in advance like this."

"Does everyone think that?"

Khemjira asked.

"Yeah. But don’t worry. If anyone tries to mess with you, Balloon and I will take care of it. We’ve been here for years,"

Jay reassured her.

Khemjira glanced between the two of them, her body warming with gratitude. But she already sensed she’d be getting hostile looks from some of her colleagues—especially her team leader, Jee. The way Jee looked at her made it obvious, even though she forced a polite smile.

While Khemjira was getting to know her teammates, on the other side of the room, Jee sat at her desk, whispering with a colleague.

"See, who do you think that girl is? Why did she replace your girlfriend?

Your girlfriend got fired, and this newbie just happened to take her place.

It’s obvious the company cleared a spot for her."

"I don’t know,"

Jee replied, crossing her arms.

"Maybe she’s some department head’s daughter or something. But whoever she is, she’s already my enemy."

Jee’s sharp eyes locked onto Khemjira, a deep resentment simmering inside her. She had disliked the new hire from the moment she first heard about her, even before seeing her face.

No, it wasn’t just that—it was because Khemjira’s arrival had forced Jee’s girlfriend out of the company.

. .

When the clock struck five, signaling the end of the workday, employees began gathering their things, chatting as they packed up. Khemjira watched them, then deliberately took her time tidying up, even though she only had a sketchbook and her phone. She was stalling, waiting until she was the last one left.

"Khem, let’s head home," Balloon called.

"Oh, you guys go ahead. I just need to finish chatting with a friend," Khemjira replied, lifting her phone with a smile.

Once the office emptied, she quickly packed up and headed toward the glass elevator in the main hall. She had a fiancée to see. And thanks to HR, she already knew exactly which floor the CEO’s office was on.

But Khemjira didn’t go to the CEO’s office. Since it was after work hours, the best place to find Phraenarin was the executive parking lot.

As soon as she pushed open the door, her eyes landed on the slender figure of someone she had been looking for. Without wasting a second, she ran forward, blocking the woman’s path before she could reach her car.

“Khun Rin, wait!”

“What now? I’m leaving.”

Phraenarin frowned, clearly annoyed. She had assumed Khemjira had already gone home, but here she was again—standing in her way. She had walked fast, yet still couldn’t avoid being bothered.

“Can I ride home with you?”

Khemjira asked bluntly, still catching her breath.

She hoped the woman in front of her would agree. After all, it was the end of the workday, and there was no one around to see them. Plus, they were heading to the same place—living under the same roof. There was no reason to take separate rides home.

“How did you get to work this morning?”

“I took a taxi.”

“Then take a taxi home.”

Phraenarin’s response was cold and indifferent.

Khemjira pouted, then pleaded again, eyes full of hope.

“Come on, we’re going the same way. Don’t be so mean. If you don’t want me to ride as a passenger, I can drive! I have a license, and I promise to drive smoothly. You can even sit in the back seat if you want.”

“I’m not going home. I have plans with a friend. If you don’t want to take a taxi, just call the driver at home to pick you up. Why do you have to come with me?”

Phraenarin crossed her arms and looked away, unimpressed by Khemjira’s childish tricks. She knew all too well that this girl was constantly scheming to get close to her. The way she spoke and looked at her made it obvious.

But Phraenarin wasn’t interested. She didn’t like clingy little puppies. She preferred her own space.

“It’s a waste of resources! And it contributes to global warming! Do you know how much carbon Thailand emits per year? If not, I can—”

“I don’t want to know! Just stop bothering me already!”

Phraenarin snapped, pointing a finger at Khemjira.

“Go wherever you want, just don’t follow me around anymore. You’re annoying!”

Khemjira’s mouth fell open, her shoulders dropping. She hadn’t even finished her explanation before being cut off. Was this a *red flag*? What could she do to make Phraenarin open her heart to her?

Even puppies had feelings. If their owner kept yelling at them, they’d get upset too!

“Our wedding is in a few days, but right now, I am *not* your wife, and you are *not* my husband! Stop acting like we’re a couple and just stay out of my way!”

Phraenarin’s voice was sharp as she stormed past Khemjira and into her car.

Khemjira sighed, watching the woman drive away.

“Wow… beautiful but so cruel.”

Khemjira watched until the European car disappeared from sight, feeling like she might burst into tears.

*She must be so annoyed with me for following her around like this…*

But what else could she do? A little puppy couldn’t help but love its owner.

. .

Phraenarin didn’t head home immediately. She had made plans with her friends at their favorite omakase restaurant, conveniently using the opportunity to hand out her wedding invitations.

Only close friends and trusted relatives were given one—she wanted to keep the wedding as low-profile as possible.

Especially when it came to the identity of her bride. No one could know unless she said so herself. In fact, the only reason she was telling her friends now was that she didn’t consider it all that important. She had even chosen a weekday for the wedding to ensure that as few people as possible would attend.

“Wedding invitations. I’m getting married in fifteen days. But if you guys are busy, you don’t have to come. I don’t mind,”

Phraenarin said casually, handing out simple but elegant invitations to her four friends.

Each of them took one with puzzled expressions, opening the cards with obvious confusion.

“You’re getting married? To who? Don’t tell me you got back together with Praphai.”

“No. Her name is Khem. She’s my dad’s friend’s daughter.”

“When did you move on and start dating someone new? The other day, you were still drunk and crying to us.”

That question nearly made her choke. Even though she had broken up with Praphai a while ago, she still hadn’t completely gotten over that love. Their relationship hadn’t ended on good terms, but she didn’t hold any grudges against her ex. If anything, she wasn’t sure if she could resist wavering if they ever met again.

“I’m not dating that girl. My dad is forcing me to marry her in exchange for my inheritance.”

As soon as she said that, her four friends raised their eyebrows—not because of the arranged marriage aspect, but because of something else entirely.

“That girl? How old is she?”

“She’s probably around twenty-three,”

Phraenarin guessed. She wasn’t entirely sure, but Khemjira had recently graduated and received her degree, so that should be about right. She also vaguely remembered that Khemjira was twelve years younger than her because her parents had struggled to have a child.

“Rin, are you getting yourself a baby girlfriend again? Twelve years apart?! Oh my god! I’m getting secondhand excitement just thinking about it! Rin, are you hearing this?”

Her friends giggled, fanning themselves dramatically.

There was no need to guess why they were acting this way. Every single one of them was a hardcore *fujoshi*—as if they had been born that way. Proudfa, Grace, Ying, and Julie were all die-hard shippers.

Back when she was dating Praphai, they had constantly teased her, saying she had a thing for younger girls since Praphai was already seven years younger than her.

"Would you guys stop getting all excited already? What’s so exciting about this? I was forced into it! My dad is making me marry that kid for two years in exchange for everything he owns. It should already belong to me no matter who I marry—or if I don’t marry at all!"

"But that’s exactly why it’s exciting! You agreed to it, didn’t you? What, did your dad hold a gun to your head? No, right? He just asked you to be married for two years in exchange for ten billion baht, like some reality show. That’s a deal of a lifetime!"

Proudfa poked her in the arm, smirking as she teased her. Phraenarin shot her a glare, but that did nothing to stop her friends from poking fun at her.

*Some friends they are—none of them are on my side!*

"Exactly! You’re not just getting married for nothing. You get your inheritance *and* a cute, young wife too! Look at us—do you know how much we’d love to have a younger husband? But we’re not as lucky as you!"

"Do you have her IG? I wanna see. Let me take a look at my best friend’s new wife!"

Phraenarin rolled her eyes. Even her closest friends weren’t backing her up. Since when was it normal for a father to give his daughter an inheritance *only* if she married someone he chose?

It was outdated nonsense! If she didn’t want to take over her father’s company, she wouldn’t have agreed to this at all. She’d rather just collect a CEO’s salary until retirement.

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# Chapter 03: The Embrace of Someone Without Rights

Tonight, light rain drizzled down, accompanied by soft thunder. A white European car slowly pulled into the garage. Inside the house, the lights were still shining brightly, as it was usual for their family to turn them off gradually as the night went on.

Paenarin stepped inside and immediately noticed a familiar figure. She paused for a moment before greeting him naturally, as a daughter would.

“Dad, why aren’t you asleep yet?”

She glanced at the clock—it was already past 9 PM. Normally, her father was very strict about his bedtime, always going to sleep at exactly 9 PM. But now, he was still in his pajamas, sitting on the living room sofa instead of being in bed.

“I wanted to talk to Khem first. I called, but she didn’t pick up. I thought she was with you.”

“No, she had a plan to hand out wedding invitations with her friends.”

“She’s not home yet. I’m worried about her.”

Paenarin rolled her eyes. What a great father—forcing his daughter to get married in exchange for her inheritance but worrying more about someone else’s child.

“She’ll be back soon,”

She said, about to walk away, but her father stopped her.

“Wait a second. Since you’re here, I have something for you to see.”

He picked up a large tablet he had brought along to pass the time and handed it to her.

“Khem wrote down her conditions. Take a look.”

Paenarin lowered her gaze and took the tablet. The document on the screen looked very formal. The title clearly stated that these were the conditions for her and Khemjira’s marriage, which would last for two years.

The first condition was that, after the time period ended, her father must transfer all his assets and the position of company president to her immediately.

She scanned the text until she reached the important part—Khemjira’s personal conditions that Paenarin had to follow.

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*First, after marriage, they must act like a real married couple, even if they didn’t legally register their marriage.*

*She must also allow Khemjira to call her "wife" and "wife."*

*Second, they must sleep in the same bed and share the same room.*

*Last, she must allow Khemjira to act affectionate at times, which could include physical contact. But that wasn’t a big deal since it was already covered under the first condition.*

*.*

After reading everything, Paenarin frowned and let out an incredulous laugh. There was no doubt—these conditions must have been written by that crazy little girl herself. What kind of bizarre agreement was this? “This is insane! These conditions are way too much.”

“If you don't want to, that’s fine. It just means there won’t be a wedding. As for the company president position you want, you’ll just have to wait until I step down—which might be in, say, twenty years after retirement.”

By then, she’d be old already. If Khemjira could set conditions, then so could she.

Paenarin pulled out the pen hidden inside the device and signed her name before handing the tablet back to her father.

“I’ll get married, and I’ll do it willingly.”

She deliberately emphasized the words with sarcasm.

“But you have to promise that once the time is up, I will become the company president as agreed. I once told Mom that I would do it and make her proud. Now that I’m ready, I hope you won’t play any tricks, Dad. Don’t force me to be the one to cut your chair’s legs myself.”

Her last words were serious. When her mother was alive, she had wanted Paenarin to follow in her father’s footsteps. Back then, she wasn’t ready, but now she was. Even though her mother was no longer here, she believed that she would still see and be proud of her.

“I always keep my word.”

“In that case, I’ll set my own conditions. I’ll send them directly to my ‘*future wife.’* No need for you to be the middleman, Dad.”

Wasin sighed at his daughter’s confrontational attitude. He knew she was gearing up for a war with his future daughter-in-law.

“Just keep it reasonable. Khem has loved you for years—don’t be too cruel to her. **You might end up falling for her one day**, and you won’t want to regret your actions later.”

“Sure, I won’t do anything reckless to your beloved daughter,”

She retorted sarcastically.

Just as she finished speaking, she caught sight of someone approaching.

“Speak of the devil—here she comes. Not that it would make much difference if I did anything to her… Where have you been, troublemaker? You had my dad worried sick. He couldn’t even sleep, you know?”

Paenarin put her things down on the sofa and crossed her arms, taking a firm stance. She wanted Khemjira to realize that she was about to be scolded for coming home late and making the elders worry.

But as the taller woman stepped into the light, Paenarin noticed that she was soaking wet, like a drenched puppy. At least her clothes were starting to dry —otherwise, the whole floor would have been wet, creating more work for the housemaids.

“Khem, why are you back in this state?”

Wasin immediately stood up upon seeing his future daughter-in-law’s condition.

Khemjira glanced back and forth between Wasin and Paenarin before answering in a small voice, as if feeling guilty.

“I took a taxi, but there was a minor accident, so I was delayed. Sorry for making you worry.”

“Are you hurt? Does anything hurt?”

The eldest in the house asked, his voice full of concern.

Khemjira shook her head.

“No, I’m fine.”

She wasn’t hurt at all, even though the taxi she was in had rear-ended the car in front, forcing her to get out in the pouring rain to hail another one. The only thing she felt was shock. And now, Khemjira noticed something unusual—her hands were trembling uncontrollably. She had never been this scared before.

“Why didn’t you call our driver to pick you up?”

“I don’t have his number,”

She admitted.

“So I had to find another taxi, but it took a long time. I’m sorry for coming home late.”

“Then go get some rest. You too, Rin—you’ve been working all day.”

After the tall, model-like woman headed upstairs, Paenarin picked up the paper bags she had brought and followed her. Just as Khemjira was about to open her bedroom door, a slender hand quickly grabbed her arm, stopping her.

“Wait.”

“What is it?”

Paenarin frowned slightly. Something seemed off about Khemjira. Her usual bright and energetic expression from earlier that day was gone. Was there something she wanted to say?

“Just now, when you looked at me… you weren’t blaming me, were you? For not letting you come home with me? You’re not thinking the accident happened because of that, right?”

“No, of course not. Why would I blame you? I just went to grab something to eat and then took a taxi home. It was just bad luck that there was an accident because of the rain.”

This time, Paenarin’s hand slid from Khemjira’s arm to hold her cold fingers. She had noticed from downstairs that the other woman was trembling. The weather wasn’t even that cold—so why was she shaking? “Your hands are shaking. Are you scared?”

“No.”

“Then why are they shaking? Your voice is unsteady too.”

“I’m sorry for not listening to you, Rin. Tomorrow, I’ll have the driver take me instead. Good night.”

Khemjira wasn’t sure what was wrong with her. She slowly pulled her hand away from Paenarin’s grip, feeling strangely out of sorts. Then, she slipped into her room just as Paenarin continued walking to her own.

As soon as the door closed, Khemjira opened her bag, taking out her belongings to dry them. She sank onto the sofa, staring at her trembling hands, whispering to herself that she was fine, trying to calm down.

She never thought she would be this scared over a minor accident. But the memory of that car crash—the one where she and her father lost control and went off the road—was still vivid in her mind, as if it had happened just yesterday.

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***Knock, knock, knock.***

Barely a minute had passed before a few knocks sounded at her bedroom door. For a moment, Khemjira thought it might be Rin, still wanting to continue their conversation. But before she could be sure, the visitor revealed themselves.

"Khem, it’s me. Can I come in?"

Khemjira quickly got up and opened the door, letting Phi Rin step inside. The moment the door closed again, she threw herself into the older woman’s arms, seeking comfort.

"Khem…"

The person being hugged smiled softly at the sudden embrace. But that smile slowly faded as she reminded herself that she shouldn't feel anything beyond what was appropriate.

Khemjira was about to get married in just a few days. No matter how much she, an orphan, had been lucky enough to receive an education and Khemjira’s love like a real sibling, it didn’t give her permission to think of her as anything more than a little sister—or the daughter of her employer.

"I'm scared."

"It's okay. I'm here now."

Even though Phi Rin didn’t know what Khemjira was afraid of, she could tell that the person she cared about most was feeling vulnerable. So she gently stroked the younger woman’s hair, offering silent comfort. Several seconds passed before Khemjira finally spoke, without Phi Rin even having to ask.

"The taxi I was in had a small accident. It rear-ended another car. But I got so scared. I never knew I could be this afraid. Before, I was never like this."

Phi Rin reluctantly pulled away from the hug to check for any injuries, even though a part of her wished she could hold onto Khemjira just a little longer. But what mattered more was the other woman’s feelings. She suspected that Khemjira was still deeply affected by the accident she had experienced not long ago.

"Are you hurt anywhere?"

"No, I’m fine."

"I saw you come home soaking wet, so I brought you some medicine in case you catch a cold. Go take a shower, change into dry clothes, and get some rest. It’s okay now. You’re safe."

Phi Rin's warm hand once again ruffled Khemjira’s brown hair, offering reassurance. She smiled gently, as if trying to transfer her own strength to the younger woman. This was all she could do for her. And after Khemjira got married, she probably wouldn’t be able to do even this anymore.

Khemjira met her gaze and nodded slowly. Phi Rin handed her a small packet of cold medicine before quietly leaving the room. Left alone, Khemjira shook her head a few times, trying to clear her thoughts. She refused to let that accident leave scars on her mind.

She truly meant what she had told Win earlier. If she could just put aside her stubbornness and pride—just a little—and listen to her, letting the family driver take her to and from places, she wouldn’t have had to go through something so troublesome.

From now on, she would obey Rin like a loyal dog to its owner.

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*"Achoo!"*

"Oh my! Khem, are you sick? That sneeze scared me!"

Balloon, who was sitting next to Khemjira, jumped in surprise and placed a hand over her chest. Jay, sitting across from them, was just as startled. Their loud exchange drew the attention of their coworkers, who briefly looked up from their work.

"I think I have a slight cold, but I already took some medicine, so I should be fine."

Khemjira dabbed her nose with a tissue and gave a sheepish smile. Ever since she woke up, she had felt congested, and her nose had been running. It was probably from getting caught in the rain last night.

"I think the three of us should take a break outside for a bit. It’s way too cold in here, and you might get worse," Balloon suggested.

Khemjira nodded, and the two senior colleagues gathered their tablets and led her outside, bringing along an extra pack of tissues.

They ended up in the company’s facility area, a quiet workspace near the break room with a warmer atmosphere than their air-conditioned office. With a cup of warm tea in her hands, Khemjira took small sips while Balloon and Jay continued working beside her.

"Don’t forget, Mathuros will come to pick you up this afternoon. You have to meet Boss Rin. Make sure you wear a mask, or the boss might scold you,"

Jay reminded her.

Khemjira raised an eyebrow.

"Mathuros? Is that the boss’s secretary?"

"Yep, that’s her. But our boss is… well, a bit intimidating. Just try not to look too nervous, or you might actually pass out—especially since you’re already feeling unwell."

"Huh? Pass out?"

She set her cup down and raised an eyebrow again, confused. Her two colleagues exchanged looks before setting aside their work, shifting into gossip mode.

"Even I almost passed out once when I was alone with Boss Rin in the elevator,"

Balloon admitted dramatically.

"She’s the picture of elegance—impeccably dressed, smells amazing—so many G’s in that ‘gorgeous.’ But you can’t get within a meter of her. And don’t even think about making eye contact! She’s so cold it feels like being frozen solid!"

To emphasize her point, Balloon hugged herself as if shivering. Seeing how entertained Khemjira was, she felt even more eager to spill office secrets.

"It’s true! People say there have been plenty of cases where employees nearly fainted during meetings with Boss Rin. I’m worried about you, Khem—what if you get hit by her deadly aura and end up feeling even worse?"

Khemjira chuckled at how the CEO of the company had become the star of office gossip. But she wasn’t entirely convinced. Stories got exaggerated the more they were passed around.

Though one thing was definitely true—her fiancée was cold. That much, she already knew.

"Oh, and Khem, you probably don’t know this, but the employees here even gave Boss Rin a nickname."

"What is it?"

*"Queen Elsa."*

"Huh?"

"That’s what people call Boss Rin—cold as ice, freezing to the core. Even when wealthy and good-looking men and women try to pursue her, she shuts them down so hard they leave humiliated."

Balloon leaned in conspiratorially.

"But Khem, don't go repeating this anywhere. If the department heads hear, we’ll all get a scolding."

"Got it."

"We’re just telling you for fun, though. Don’t get too scared of the boss."

Khemjira put on a bright smile, pretending to enjoy the conversation. But in reality, she wasn’t paying much attention to the gossip about Rin's coldness.

What caught her interest was the mention of men and women pursuing her.

*People actually come to the office to flirt with her?*

It wasn’t surprising. Rin was stunning. It would be weirder if no one was interested.

"Don’t worry about me,"

Khemjira said confidently.

"I’m strong-willed. I won’t faint in front of Boss, I promise."

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12:50 PM, after enjoying a meal in the company’s five-star cafeteria,

Khemjira returned to her desk. Her teammates hadn’t come back yet— Balloon and Jay had gone out to buy bubble tea from a shop in front of the building. They wouldn’t be back until a little after 1 PM.

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***Knock, knock, knock.***

The sound of someone tapping on the glass door caught her attention. She quickly turned and saw a neatly dressed woman standing outside, looking more formal than usual.

Khemjira immediately stood up and smiled politely.

"Miss Khem?"

The woman, who seemed to be in her forties, addressed her.

"Please come with me."

Understanding that she was being summoned by her *soon-to-be wife*, Khemjira grabbed a notebook and pen, just in case Rin had work instructions for her. She also took a face mask, worried about spreading her cold.

When the elevator doors opened on the CEO’s office floor, Khemjira was led to a private room separated from the outer hall by solid walls. It was much more secluded than her department’s open workspace. From the large, thick office door and the nameplate, she knew exactly whose office this was.

"This is Boss Rin’s office,"

Mathuros explained.

"I came to escort you today since it’s your first visit. But next time, I’ll just call you when the boss needs you."

Khemjira nodded in understanding, then took a deep breath and knocked a few times before pushing the door open.

Inside, the office’s owner was seated in a sleek, modern executive chair, gazing out of the tall windows overlooking the city. At the sound of the door opening, Rin slowly turned her chair around, locking eyes with Khemjira before furrowing her brows.

"Why are you wearing a mask?"

"Uh… I caught a bit of a cold. I didn’t want to spread it to you."

Rin’s sharp eyes flicked over Khemjira’s face before she deliberately picked up a document and began flipping through it with practiced ease.

"Before we discuss anything else, I have something for you to see."

She handed over an important-looking document. Khemjira took it and started reading from the top. It was another formal agreement, complete with the owner’s signature at the bottom. She began reading it out loud: *"Clause One... If Khem cancels the wedding or breaks off the engagement, Rin will immediately gain the chairman position and everything that belongs to her father."*

*"Clause Two... The marriage must remain a secret. No social media posts, no telling anyone. If Khem reveals anything to the public or anyone else without permission, the agreement will be null and void."*

*"Clause Three... There will be no official marriage registration. And Clause Four... Rin can mess with Khem anytime she feels annoyed—wait, what?!"*

Khemjira’s eyes widened. The first three conditions weren’t surprising, but the fourth one? That was completely unfair! It was like giving the guilty party free rein to do as they pleased. "If you don’t like it, don’t get married."

Rin smirked, tilting her head slightly.

"Just tell my father you don’t want to, and that’s the end of it."

She looked so smug, as if she held all the power.

Khemjira pursed her lips, then smiled sweetly in return. Two can play this game. Without hesitation, she picked up the pen she had prepared and signed her name, officially agreeing to the terms. Then, she handed the document back.

"I accept, Rin."

She maintained her polite tone.

"So, did you call me here just to sign this, or is there something else you need me to do?"

Rin glanced at the signed document and smirked slightly, pleased with the outcome. But deep down, she felt a twinge of disappointment. She had expected Khemjira to be scared enough to back out.

*Well, this will be a lesson for the stubborn girl.*

"Sit down."

Rin gestured to the chair across from her.

"What did your trainer teach you yesterday?"

Khemjira obeyed without complaint, her demeanor turning serious.

"They explained the company's workflow, particularly what my department handles. I was also given a small task to complete with the team."

Rin quietly folded the document and put it away. This was probably the first time she had taken the initiative to question Khemjira this much.

Normally, she never paid attention to anyone unless they genuinely interested her.

Even though Khemjira had been openly showing interest in her for months, Rin had never felt the need to learn more about her—until now. Now that they were about to get married, she pretended not to care.

"What was your major again? I don’t remember."

"Fine Arts."

"Your father is a lawyer. Why didn’t you study law?" "Well, I never wanted to be a lawyer. Why would I study law?"

Khemjira replied matter-of-factly.

"Don’t tell me your memory is so short that you forgot who got me into this field in the first place."

Not wanting to let Khemjira turn the conversation back on her, Praenarin quickly moved on to the real reason she had called her in.

"Alright. The reason I called you here today is to assign you a task. A friend of mine hired a designer to create furniture for a condo. I want you to design two or three sets as a test of your skills."

As she spoke, she pushed a stack of documents across the table.

Khemjira accepted them, though her smile was tight with confusion. If the client had already hired someone, why was Rin the one approving the designs? Normally, a salesperson would be the one relaying the job. And now the reviewer was Rin, too?

"Wait… shouldn’t the client be the one confirming the designs?"

"I’m the CEO. The one who confirms everything is me."

Khemjira narrowed her eyes at her. This isn’t a real job from a friend, is it? It seemed more like a fake assignment with Rin as the actual client.

"That’s odd. Once I finish the designs, they’ll need to be reviewed by senior staff for structural mechanics, ergonomics, patterns, and materials."

She tilted her head.

"Normally, the client and the experts would evaluate them, so why are you the one approving everything? Do you even know about this stuff?"

"Did I give you permission to question me?"

Rin’s face betrayed her irritation, though she quickly masked it with an air of superiority.

"Oh, I wasn’t questioning you. I was just curious."

"Go do the work I assigned. You have 24 hours. By 1 PM tomorrow, I expect your designs on my desk. And one more thing…"

Rin leaned in slightly.

"Hand-drawn sketches only. No digital models."

Khemjira frowned as she glanced at the brief in the document. This wasn’t fair at all. Designing three living room sets, complete with sofas, by hand, in such a short time? That was ridiculous!

"If we’re counting actual work hours, that’s only eight hours. There’s no way I can finish that fast. I still need to learn the workflow from my team and consult my seniors about structure and materials. You can’t expect to approve or reject my work in just one day."

"Oh? Can’t do it?"

Rin’s smirk turned mocking.

"Then quit. This company only hires capable employees. If someone joins and can’t do their job, I see no reason to keep them."

Her condescending tone made Khemjira’s jaw clench. She’s so unreasonable.

But was Khemjira angry? Not at all.

In fact, the more Rin acted like this, the more she wanted to grab her smug fiancée and smother her with kisses just for being so adorably frustrating.

Khemjira suddenly stood up from her chair, planting both hands firmly on the desk and leaning in close with a teasing smirk.

"And what do I get if I finish on time? Something special, maybe?" Praenarin scoffed.

"I don’t need to give you anything special. You’re already getting paid. Your only job is to complete the work within my deadline. If you can’t, then quit. But if you keep wasting time pestering me, you might not finish at all."

So ruthless. Khemjira stared at the elegantly arched brows that made Rin’s already striking face look even more intimidating. Her seniors weren’t wrong about her cold-hearted nature.

Fine, then. If Rin wanted a quality employee, she’d give her one.

"Got it! I’ll get right to work, then."

Khemjira flashed a bright, cheerful smile, snatched up the documents, and practically skipped out of the room.

Praenarin was left momentarily speechless, watching the younger woman’s absurd enthusiasm.

Was she seriously this oblivious, or was she just pretending not to realize she was being messed with?

Either way, a small smirk tugged at Rin’s lips, accentuated by her perfectly applied lipstick.

That puppy-like girl was constantly hovering around her. But not anymore. With this task, she’d be too swamped to bother her.

There was absolutely no way she’d finish on time.

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# Chapter 04:Willing to Be Deceived

Because she had received the assignment directly from her boss, the team had temporarily put off assigning tasks to Khemjira. That afternoon, the young woman gathered all the necessary equipment, escaping the chill of the office, and went out to sit in the outdoor lounge area.

She spent over two hours working until the project began to take shape. Then she heard the sound of high heels approaching. Deep in concentration as she worked hard to meet the deadline by tomorrow afternoon, she paused her work and turned toward the noise, thinking it was her fiancée.

“What are you doing, Khun Khem?”

But when she looked up, the owner of the clicking heels was not the person she had expected. Both individuals were holding coffee—each with a cup, as if they had just stepped out of the beverage station.

One was a senior colleague from her team, and the wearer of the high heels was P’J, the team leader whom she remembered seemed rather unimpressed with her.

Still, as the youngest on the team, she had no choice but to stand up when the team leader was present. Even though it was clear they were giving her a hard time, she had to remain deferential as the new employee.

“Oh, Boss Rin ordered Khem to design the guest table set,” she said.

“Looks like it’s rushed. When is it due?”

“Tomorrow at 1 PM.”

At this, a sly smirk crept across Ji’s lips, her mind brimming with devious plans.

“Then let’s go. Don’t give poor Khem any more trouble.”

Seeing that the new employee’s work was progressing too beautifully— exactly the way she didn’t want it— the young woman pretended to invite her female colleague to go elsewhere.

But she had another intention: she deliberately bumped her elbow against her colleague’s arm, causing the coffee in her cup to spill all over Khemjira’s work.

“Oops! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it!”

And it happened just as planned. The coffee from the cup splashed forcefully onto the paper on which Khemjira was sketching. Although it wasn’t a huge amount, once it stained the work, there was no way to continue using it.

“Oh my... you spilling coffee on a junior’s work like that will surely mean it has to be redone. You’re so clumsy—truly.”

“Damn it, I really didn’t mean it!”

“Like a corpse wrapped in a shroud—what a piece of trash you are.”

The culprits put on an act of shock and began blaming each other. However, Khemjira, the owner of the work, showed no signs of panic. She had, after all, somewhat prepared herself for such occurrences. All she could do was stand there and watch her work become ruined, silently cursing them in her heart.

"I apologize on behalf of my friend, Khem. But you’ve only done a little so far, right? Starting over shouldn’t be a big deal… Oh! It’s almost time for the team meeting. I have to go. Sorry again!"

Ji spoke as if she had already forgiven herself and then walked away shamelessly.

"Huh…"

Khemjira looked at her ruined work and let out a deep sigh of despair. She crouched down, carefully blotting the spilled coffee with tissue paper. But no matter how much she wiped, the white paper was still stained with brown. There was no avoiding it—she would have to redo everything.

Still, there was a silver lining to this misfortune: she hadn’t gotten very far yet. Most of her time had been spent just trying to understand the brief.

But wait…

She stared at her coffee-stained sketch and suddenly had an idea. Picking up her work, she made her way to the large working space on the upper floor. This area was designed as a quiet café-style lounge for employees, covering the entire floor. At this hour, it was nearly empty.

Khemjira opened a storage cabinet, took out watercolor paints and brushes, and examined her ruined sketch again. Instead of seeing a mess, she saw art. Those two senior colleagues thought they could force her to start over and get scolded by Boss Rin. No way.

This time, she would let them "*prank*" her. She had been aware but careless, and as a new employee, she had only been here a few days. But if they ever crossed the line and caused her real trouble, she promised she wouldn’t just curse them silently.

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Nearly 24 hours had passed since she received this special assignment. Khemjira submitted two clean drafts to her senior teammates for review and made quick revisions.

As for the coffee-stained version, she didn’t show it to anyone. It was just a minor piece in the game. With three designs to choose from, surely at least one would satisfy Khun Rin.

When it was time to submit her work, Khemjira took the glass elevator in the grand hall up to the CEO’s office. She reported to Khun Mathurot before stepping inside.

It was the first time that day she got to see the beautiful face of her fiancée. That morning, she had left extra early to fix her work in time for submission to the company’s beloved, stunning boss.

"So, how is it? Is my work acceptable?"

She handed over the completed sketches, which she had spent the entire night perfecting without sleep. The usually cold and distant woman took the papers and examined them. Then she caught a strange scent lingering on one of them—her favorite drink.

Praenarin narrowed her eyes at the woman before her. At first, she was surprised that the work she had assigned was completed so neatly. But with that model-like woman standing in front of her, she had to keep her composure and act indifferent.

“The smell of coffee… Why does it smell like coffee?”

“The brief mentioned that you wanted furniture that felt warm and cozy, like being in a café, because the client loves drinking Americanos. So I tried using coffee for the coloring,”

Khemjira explained.

It was obvious that coffee had been spilled on it. Praenarin secretly smirked at how quick the other woman was at handling the situation. But she quickly put on her usual cold expression and masked her amusement by continuing to critique the work.

“The idea is good, but it’s still not warm enough. I want something that feels more calming. None of these three designs are acceptable.”

She handed the paper back, marking a large X through the design with her marker. Khemjira accepted it without complaint, as if being assigned extra work was simply a way to keep her too busy to bother Praenarin.

“I followed the brief, but you’re still not satisfied. That means you already have a design in mind, right? Something in your head that you can’t quite describe unless you see something similar.”

She was right, but Praenarin didn’t respond.

“How about I pull up some models that the company already has? Maybe one of them is close to what you have in mind, which would make things easier. I can bring my computer here to show you, and if any of them are close, I can adjust them in the program to create a 360-degree view.”

“No. You need to redo everything—hand-drawn sketches, three new designs, just like before.”

“What?”

Khemjira’s face fell. She had already poured all her time and focus into the work, finishing it with as little last-minute rushing as possible. And now, Praenarin wanted her to start over completely? Was she intentionally making a simple task harder?

The company had ready-made models, yet she had to sit there, blindly guessing at Praenarin's vision and sketching everything from scratch with multiple angles?

“If you can’t imagine it, I’ll send you some reference images.”

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Praenarin didn’t just say it—she immediately sent table design samples to Khemjira’s email.

The email notification popped up, and as soon as Khemjira opened the images, she sighed at Praenarin's unreasonable demands. But she had no choice—she was just an ordinary employee, and the one giving orders was the CEO, who seemed even more demanding than P’J and Balloon had warned her about.

“So, when is the deadline for these revisions?” she asked.

She had assumed that someone as beautiful as Praenarin might be kind enough to extend the deadline. Or at the very least, she expected to be given until 1 PM tomorrow, just like before. But it seemed she had been too optimistic…

“Tomorrow at 9 AM.”

“What? Why not 1 PM?”

She couldn’t hide the shock on her face, and the other woman couldn’t hide the smug satisfaction of teasing her either.

“I’m excited. I want to review the work at 9 AM. Do you have a problem with that?”

That slight smirk on Praenarin's lips made Khemjira want to grab her and smother her in hugs and kisses. But fine, if she was going to steal something, she might as well aim for the big prize. Once they were married, she would tame this stubborn woman completely.

“No problem. I’ll start right away,”

She replied before dragging her exhausted body out of the office, dark circles and all.

She knew she was being tricked, but she willingly let herself be fooled. She wanted to see if working this hard would make Praenarin soften toward her. But she would only push herself as far as her body could handle.

After all, it looked like she would be pulling another all-nighter. And if Praenarin dared to mess with her again tomorrow, she wouldn’t just take it quietly.

Khemjira worked tirelessly from the moment she received the assignment yesterday until 5 AM today. She finally stood up from her desk and looked at her nearly finished sketches, letting out a small, relieved smile.

It felt like she had hacked her own body just to complete this task. But her body was starting to fight back.

“Not again…”

Within seconds of standing up, she rushed to the bathroom, clinging to the toilet as she vomited—despite not having eaten dinner. Her head felt foggy, her stomach twisted painfully, and she knew exactly what was happening.

This always happened when she didn’t get enough sleep. Dizziness, nausea, itchy red rashes spreading over her skin like they had planned a surprise attack.

Last night, she had slept less than two hours, determined to prove that she wasn’t some spoiled rich girl who couldn’t handle work and only clung to a wealthy wife.

The sound of rushing footsteps echoed through her head. Khemjira pressed her fingers against her temples, feeling like her skull was about to explode. Then, a familiar voice snapped her back to reality.

“Khem, are you sick?”

P’Rin stood there in a neatly pressed outfit, her face filled with concern as she reached out to support her. Khemjira quickly raised a hand to stop her, pretending she was fine. She didn’t want the older woman to worry.

“I’m okay. Just a little nauseous. Why are you here at this time, P’Rin?”

"I saw the light on, so I thought you were awake. But I knocked several times, and you didn’t answer, so I came in. You didn’t sleep at all last night, did you?"

"Uh…"

Khemjira stood up quickly, feeling awkward at being caught. Back in school, she used to pull all-nighters without a problem, but over time, her body just couldn’t handle it anymore. And ever since that accident, she’d noticed she was much weaker, especially when she didn’t get enough rest.

"You know you can’t handle sleepless nights. Why do you keep doing this to yourself?"

Khwanrin glanced at the scattered papers on the desk and the still-lit lamp, instantly understanding the situation.

"I promise I’ll sleep early tonight. Let me go shower and get ready first—I have to get to the office early."

The younger woman turned to leave, but Khwanrin grabbed her wrist, speaking in a voice filled with concern.

"Stay home today. Didn’t you say the company allows you to work from home one day a week?"

"It’s fine, P’Rin. I have to deliver my work to Khun Rin by 9 AM. I have no choice but to go."

"But you’re not feeling well—"

"P’Rin, I’m old enough to be getting married in a few days."

Khwanrin froze. That forced bright smile, combined with those words spoken so casually, carried an unspoken message. And anyone who wasn’t completely oblivious would understand what Khemjira was implying.

She was getting married… Right. In just a few days, her little heiress would be walking down the aisle.

Khwanrin shouldn’t love her—because Khemjira already had someone she was supposed to love.

"Alright then, go ahead. If you're in such a hurry, I’ll make you a sandwich to eat on the way."

Khemjira took a quick shower, threw on her clothes, and grabbed her favorite backpack before heading downstairs to pick up the sandwich Khwanrin had prepared. She could have eaten the breakfast provided at work, but that would take time she could use to finish her project instead.

"Khem, come have breakfast before you go."

As soon as she entered the dining room, she saw Uncle Wasin sitting with his morning coffee. He was always an early riser—before 6 AM and already dressed for the day.

"Uh… I need to get to the office early. I’ll just take the sandwich," she said, quickly stuffing it into her bag.

"Why the rush? Work starts at 8 AM, doesn’t it? The office isn’t that far. Or are you worried about traffic?"

That was exactly it. Khemjira preferred to get to the office early and work there rather than deal with rush hour.

"I just want to keep working. Sorry, Uncle."

"Make sure you get enough rest. Your wedding day is coming up—you don’t want to look worn out."

Khemjira’s eyes widened as she instinctively placed her hands on her cheeks. Worn out? If her uncle pointed it out, that meant she must have really looked tired over the past two days.

She forced a sheepish smile before turning away to get into the car she had arranged the night before. But now, she couldn't stop worrying about her face. This wouldn’t do. After today, she needed to take better care of her skin—she had to look her best for her wedding day, to be worthy of Praenarin.

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Inside the CEO’s office at exactly 9 AM, the air was crisp and silent despite the presence of two people. Khemjira stood quietly, watching Praenarin review her work with a satisfied smirk.

She was sure she had done everything right this time. She had followed instructions to the letter, revising every detail exactly as requested. There was no way she would fail this time.

But things didn’t go as she expected.

"I don’t think it looks good enough. Redo it."

The design she had worked so hard on was crossed out and shoved back toward her. Praenarin had barely glanced at it before dismissing it entirely, sitting back with her legs crossed, looking completely at ease. Khemjira, on the other hand, felt her face fall.

Everything she had struggled through—it was all for nothing. The moment she heard the feedback, the sounds around her felt distant, her head spinning from the pressure. What was the point of pushing herself so hard if nothing she did mattered?

"But… Khun Rin, you were the one who told me to use this design. How can you say it’s not good after I spent all night fixing it? I worked on this until my hands cramped and my eyes nearly popped out of my head!"

Tears threatened to spill. She loved Praenarin, yes, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t feel hurt and frustrated when treated unfairly. It was obvious that Praenarin was deliberately making things difficult for her—creating impossible conditions to push her into giving up on the wedding.

"If I say it’s not good, then it’s not good. Fix it and have it ready before evening."

*Completely unreasonable.*

The woman in charge simply crossed her arms and spun her chair around, turning her back on Khemjira. But this time, Khemjira refused to let it slide.

Gone was her usual cheerful demeanor. She strode forward, grabbed the chair, and spun it back around so that Praenarin was facing her again. Leaning in, she placed both hands on the chair’s armrests and furrowed her brows in determination.

"Khun Rin… you’re thirty-five years old."

"You—! Are you mocking my age?"

When the other person raised her voice, Khemjira moved a little closer, until their faces were nearly touching, their breath warm against each other's cheeks. The one sitting, now frozen in place, could only stare back, unable to move. Their faces were barely an inch apart, and if Praenarin tried to resist, they might end up kissing unintentionally.

"No, I’m not. I was just going to say, you’re this age now. I know you’re mature, but you're just deliberately bullying me. So, I’m not going to do it. I consider my work finished. If you want the work, you can use the six designs I’ve done. But if you’re still not satisfied, you can design it yourself. I’m going home to sleep and won’t be working anymore today."

This time, it was Praenarin who wouldn’t give up. The young woman pushed the other’s chest and tried to move out of the restricted space, only to be held back by the strong arms of the other, not letting her go.

"Let go!"

The smaller figure struggled in the embrace, so Khemjira tightened her hold and leaned in to whisper in her ear. Praenarin probably didn’t realize that she could afford much more than what she appeared to be.

"Why are you bullying me, Khun Rin?"

"Because you like to challenge me every morning. See, when you’re not around, I’m comfortable and don’t have to be stubborn."

That was the terrible reason. Praenarin answered and arrogantly tossed her head, not even considering that someone as high up as a CEO would have such a mindset.

"Is that all?"

"Because you always follow me around!" she snapped.

"Is that all?"

"No. I'll keep bullying you until you can’t stand it anymore and cancel the wedding. Because if you don’t agree to marry me, no matter how much my father forces me to marry you for the inheritance, it’s all pointless."

"Then why don’t you cancel it yourself? Why does it have to be me?"

"You know I can’t cancel it. If I cancel, my father won’t give me the CEO position. And all the family wealth will be gone. It’s you who needs to cancel it."

"No. I won’t do what Khun Rin says. I’m going to marry you. In just a few days, I’ll be your wife. Excuse me, I’m going back home."

Khemjira said firmly as she pulled away from the other person and turned her back.

"You can't. It's work time,"

The boss said, slightly irritated that she couldn’t control the situation. She grabbed Khemjira’s arm, but what she saw was Khemjira slowly turning around to face her, with blood starting to drip from her nose. The sight made her eyes widen in shock.

"Can you stop bullying me now? I’m going to sleep,"

Khemjira said, feeling her vision blur. The face of the person she loved began to fade, as if it were a dream, before her body grew weak, and she nearly collapsed to the floor, if not for someone catching her.

"Khem!"

Praenarin rushed to support her, shocked, and held her oval face.

"Your nose is bleeding!"

Not only was blood flowing from her nose, but her body felt hot and feverish too.

Khemjira lifted her hand to wipe the blood from her nose and tried to avoid the other person, not wanting to be bullied any further. She felt dizzy, nauseous, and knew she couldn’t last until evening. If she did, she might collapse right there at work. She didn’t want P'Jay and P'Balloon to have to take care of her while they were also working.

"Wait a second, what’s going on? Why are you like this?"

Praenarin noticed red rashes on Khemjira’s chest and neck, contrasting with her pale skin, and immediately pushed her shirt aside to check. But

Khemjira looked at her like a child, feeling resentful, and tried to pull away.

"Let go. I’m going home."

"I’ll take you,"

Praenarin said, allowing her to stand on her own but quickly grabbing her belongings and putting them in her own bag. She supported Khemjira’s body again because if Khemjira stayed like this and she didn’t do anything, it could get worse. If something happened to her, Khemjira’s father would come after Praenarin for sure.

"I can walk by myself. No need to help me."

"Don’t be stubborn. What if you fall in the elevator and die? If that happens, my father will take all my inheritance. What should I do?"

When Khemjira finally stopped being stubborn and allowed Praenarin to support her, they headed out of the office toward the elevator to go to the parking lot. Praenarin didn’t forget to tell her personal secretary to pack up Khemjira’s things and bring them along.

While they were in the elevator together, Khemjira felt a bit better, but Praenarin still held onto her arm as if afraid she might collapse. The frustration she had felt earlier quickly dissipated, replaced by a sense of warmth and appreciation. It seemed like Praenarin still cared for her, at least enough not to let her be hurt.

"Did you really think of me as just a money-making tool?" Khemjira asked.

"Well...yes,"

Praenarin replied coldly, yet there was a strange calmness in her voice. Khemjira began to understand how P'Balloon must have felt when he was alone with the boss in an elevator.

She subtly shifted closer to Praenarin noticing that she smelled really nice. It was a fresh scent, not overpowering, but pleasant enough to make Khemjira want to breathe it in longer.

"Khun Rin, you smell so good. What perfume are you wearing?" Khemjira asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

Khun Rin responded.

"I already told you. It smells nice. Or maybe your hearing is starting to fade? But I think you still have a long way to go before that happens. Is this your premature aging catching up to you?" Khemjira teased.

Praenarin looked at her, even when she was sick, she still had the energy to annoy Khemjira.

"I’ll forgive you since you’re sick, but don’t ask any more questions. It’s better if you just stay quiet. If you keep talking, I’ll take you to the quietest forest and leave you there so you can’t bother me anymore."

"A forest?" Khemjira asked.

"A cemetery."

"You're so cruel!"

Khemjira looked at her sideways, but Praenarin just stared back. Khemjira turned her face forward, swallowing her words and deciding not to ask any more questions. If she did, she might not make it back home today.

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# Chapter 05: A Dog That Guards Its Owner

As soon as Khemjira got home, she took the fever medicine from Kwanrin before hurrying straight to her bedroom. She collapsed onto her beloved bed, still in her work clothes, and fell into a deep sleep instantly.

Seeing this, Kwanrin went upstairs to check on her and helped change her into more comfortable sleepwear. It was clear that the young woman wouldn’t be able to go back to work today.

“What exactly is wrong with Khem?”

Praenarin stood with her arms crossed, looking at the peacefully sleeping woman on the bed with suspicion. She seemed sick, yet the moment she got home, she slept so soundly that Kwanrin had to put a cooling gel pad on her forehead later. Even then, she remained fast asleep.

“You might not know this, Miss Rin, but Khem has had a weak immune system since she was a child. If she doesn’t get enough rest, she ends up like this—breaking out in rashes and vomiting. She already threw up once this morning before going to work, and I told her to take the day off, but she refused.”

“Oh? So does she need to go to the hospital?”

“She just needs proper rest, and she’ll recover on her own. No need to worry, Miss Rin.”

Praenarin frowned slightly, then turned to the young woman standing beside her and responded with a sharp tone.

“I’m not worried. Don’t think for a second that I care about your little lady.”

The younger woman lowered her head, unable to argue. Kwanrin might be a housekeeper like the others, but she was also Khemjira’s caretaker—not someone who directly served Praenarin’s household.

“Then why doesn’t your little lady get some sleep?”

“Well, Khem has work to do.”

The caretaker couldn't outright say that her young lady ended up like this because she had to work for Praenarin. So instead, she chose to phrase it in a way that would let the other woman figure it out on her own.

Hearing this, a tinge of guilt crept into Praenarin’s heart. She had only intended to push Khemjira to fall behind on her tasks and admit defeat. Who would have thought that Khemjira would stay up for two whole nights working? Did she think she was a vampire or something?

“Go take care of your other duties.”

Waving her hand dismissively, Praenarin waited for Kwanrin to leave before sitting down beside the sleeping woman. She leaned in and smirked as she looked at the sickly face before her.

Back when Khemjira was in her senior year of high school, she had seemed so fragile and naive. How had she suddenly grown bold enough to challenge her like this? Not only was she a trickster, but she was also stubborn enough to insist on marrying her.

*Did she love her that much?*

Thinking back to the past, when Khemjira used to pout with teary eyes, a small smile appeared on Praenarin’s lips. Back then, Khemjira had been so adorable—too much so to be bullied like this.

*"If you don't want to be teased again, then stop chasing after me every morning. Call off the wedding. Got it?"*

She murmured softly, careful not to wake the peacefully sleeping woman. However, she suddenly froze when she realized that, without thinking, she had been gently stroking Khemjira’s smooth cheek.

What was she doing? Was she feeling sorry for her?

She shook her head, pushing away the thought. Why would she feel sorry for someone as irritating as Khemjira? She deserved to be bullied. And if she thought Praenarin would take pity on her and stop, she was dead wrong.

Once she recovered, Praenarin would continue assigning her endless work —until Khemjira finally gave up on her own.

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Khemjira had no idea how long she had been asleep. Slowly, she opened her eyes, still feeling a dull headache. She sat up, looking around her bedroom, only to find that it was already past three in the afternoon. The cooling gel on her forehead had been removed.

She glanced down at her clothes. It didn’t surprise her that someone had changed them—after all, Khwanrin was here. Khwanrin was the only one who ever took care of her like this.

What did surprise her, though, was seeing Praenarin leaning against the headboard, fast asleep beside her. A tablet rested on her lap, as if she had been working but had dozed off.

"Khun Rin, why are you sleeping here?"

Khemjira poked her on the shoulder a few times. Praenarin opened her eyes, immediately putting on a stern expression.

"I accidentally fell asleep. I had no intention of sleeping next to you in the first place."

"I didn't say anything about that,"

Khemjira replied, grinning.

"But why are you in my room?"

"I just came to check on you. If you had died, I could have informed my father and called off the wedding."

Hearing that, Khemjira scratched her head and laughed. She crawled closer, staring at Praenarin's beautiful face with a triumphant look. She knew Praenarin cared about her.

How could someone who had once supported a child's dreams—enough for that child to achieve them—be truly heartless?

"If you’re watching over me this much, just admit you’re worried about your future wife,"

Khemjira teased.

Being this close, plus hearing Khemjira repeatedly call herself her "*future wife*," made Praenarin flustered. She quickly pushed Khemjira away and pretended not to be affected—though her reaction was suspiciously exaggerated.

"You're so talkative. Are you feeling better already, or do you just like arguing with me?"

"I'm feeling much better now."

"Next time, don't overwork yourself. You’ll only cause trouble for others."

"Then stop overloading me with work. If I die because of you, Uncle might not give you your inheritance,"

Khemjira quipped playfully.

"You—!"

Praenarin raised her voice, frustrated by Khemjira’s sharp tongue. But the other woman only grinned mischievously, completely unfazed.

"Khem's going downstairs to get something to eat. If you want to stay, Khun Rin, go ahead. I don’t mind sharing my bedroom."

Khemjira got up from the bed, but the moment she stood, dizziness hit her. Her vision blurred, and she wobbled before collapsing back onto the mattress. She hated this feeling. If she kept getting pushed to the limit like this, she would have to do something about it.

"Are you dizzy again?"

Praenarin asked, standing up with her belongings in hand. She looked at Khemjira, but her expression showed nothing more than mild curiosity.

"Why? You’re acting like a wildcat that claws its prey, only to feel sorry afterward. That doesn’t suit you at all. Or is it because this prey is just too adorable?"

"Can you stop talking like that? It’s annoying."

Praenarin frowned in irritation.

"I'm going downstairs. If I see Khwanrin, I'll tell her to come take care of you."

With that, she turned to leave, but before she could take a step, her phone buzzed with a new message. She froze mid-step, staring at the screen. Her expression shifted so noticeably that Khemjira, who had been watching her, became curious.

"Is something wrong?"

"No."

Praenarin denied it, but her face was tense. Khemjira took it upon herself to lean in and peek at the phone screen—only to see a message from **Phrapai**, Praenarin’s ex-girlfriend. She had accepted the invitation to their wedding. "You invited your ex to our wedding?"

Khemjira asked, not upset, just concerned. She wasn’t afraid of that woman attending, but she worried about ***Praenarin's feelings***. Why invite someone who had hurt her? Did she secretly hope Phrapai would come back before the wedding?

"It's none of your business."

"It is my business. Khun Rin, your problems are my problems. If you’re hurting, then I’m hurting too."

Without hesitation, Khemjira pulled Praenarin into a hug, hoping to ease some of the pain buried in her heart. Even if her embrace was unwanted, she wished she could take away at least a fraction of that sorrow.

**"Get hurt as much as you need to,"**

She whispered.

"But after that, marry me. I promise I’ll heal every wound you have. I swear it with all my heart."

Her warm hands gently stroked Praenarin’s silky black hair, offering silent comfort.

Praenarin leaned her forehead against Khemjira’s shoulder, letting the other woman hold her. She didn’t push her away. She couldn’t.

She couldn’t hold back her tears either.

She knew inviting Phrapai was like reopening an old wound—like an addict craving pain. She wanted Phrapai to come and make it hurt even more, hoping that if the pain was strong enough, it would finally numb her heart.

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Ever since arriving at the office, Khemjira had been distracted. A single sentence had been stuck in her mind since she left home, lingering even as she reached work. While everyone on her team was busy, she secretly lifted her phone to glance at the rushed pre-wedding photos they had taken at a simple photography studio.

Praenarin hadn't looked particularly happy—nothing like a typical bride-tobe. But the fact that she hadn't outright refused to marry her... that meant this wedding wasn’t completely forced.

“P’Jay, P’Balloon, I’m taking leave this Friday,”

Khemjira announced, finally setting her phone down and gathering the courage to break the news to her colleagues.

Her two teammates, who had been focused on their work, looked up in surprise.

“Huh? You’re already taking leave? You haven’t even worked here for a full month.”

“I actually informed HR about this before I started,”

Khemjira explained.

“Oh, so you had something planned. Well, it’s good you gave them a headsup,”

Balloon replied, seemingly unfazed. Both he and Jay simply nodded and returned to their tasks.

But Khemjira’s hands trembled with excitement. She had a very important reason for taking leave.

"Actually…"

She started, then hesitated, unable to stop smiling shyly.

Jay raised an eyebrow.

“What is it? You look like you’ve got something big to tell us.”

“I’m taking leave… for my wedding.”

The words tumbled out, leaving Khemjira’s face burning red with a mix of embarrassment and joy. She hadn’t invited anyone at work—she didn’t want the whole company to know. But at the same time, she couldn’t keep it to herself.

“What? Say that again!”

“I’m taking leave to get married.”

This time, they practically gasped in unison, hands flying to their mouths in shock.

“Seriously, Nong Khem? That’s amazing! Can we tell everyone?”

Still beaming, Khemjira gave a small nod, unable to contain her excitement. That was all Balloon needed. He jumped up from his chair and shouted across the office—

“Everyone, listen up! Our little Khem is taking leave this Friday for her wedding!”

The entire team turned in surprise before breaking into cheers. Some were shocked—she was only 23 and had just started working. But in the end, everyone congratulated her, offering well wishes in advance.

Everyone except two people.

Ji, the team leader, and another female colleague, who had never liked Khemjira, made their distaste clear. Instead of joining in, they marched right up to her desk.

“You’re taking leave to get married when you haven’t even worked here for a month?”

Ji scoffed, folding her arms.

“Let me guess—you must be someone’s spoiled little princess from the upper management. Must be nice having special privileges.”

"I'm not related to anyone here,"

Khemjira replied calmly.

"I informed HR about my wedding plans before I even got the job. I didn’t receive any special privileges."

She was telling the truth. She had no connections in the company—she was alone now, apart from some distant relatives she barely knew.

Ji scoffed.

"I wouldn't know about that. People who take someone else's spot always have a way of making themselves look good. But whatever, you don’t need to explain—it still doesn’t make sense."

With that, Ji and her sidekick turned and marched out of the room, leaving behind an awkward silence.

Khemjira frowned, confused.

"Taking someone else's spot?"

What was that supposed to mean? Did they think she forced someone to resign just so she could take their job? That was ridiculous.

"Don't mind them, Nong Khem,"

Jay said, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"Ji’s always like that. Just stay relaxed—you’ll want to look your best on your wedding day."

Khemjira nodded, letting it go.

"Wait a second,"

Balloon suddenly spoke up.

"I heard from the department head that Boss Rin is also getting married this Friday. That’s why we had to move our meeting up a day. What a coincidence!"

Her teammates continued chatting, but Khemjira pressed her lips together, staying silent.

She wasn’t allowed to say anything about their wedding. That was the deal. Until Praenarin acknowledged her, she couldn't say a word.

"My old friend is getting married that day too," Jay added.

"Must be a super lucky date! But anyway—congratulations, Khem! Your groom must be really lucky to have such a beautiful bride!"

Her two coworkers beamed, offering their congratulations with exaggerated enthusiasm, completely abandoning their work.

Khemjira’s face burned red—she was already struggling to hold back her embarrassment. But then she corrected them softly—

"Not a groom. A bride."

Jay gasped dramatically.

"Oh no! I’m too late! If I had met you a year or two earlier, I would’ve been your biggest shipper! Right, Balloon?" "Absolutely," Balloon confirmed.

"This fabulous gay man approves!"

Khemjira chuckled, shaking her head before quickly returning to work.

She couldn’t help but wonder—what would these two do when they found out who she was actually marrying?

They gossiped about Praenarin all the time without knowing she was

Khemjira’s fiancée. Would they still be able to look her in the eye after that?

When lunchtime arrived, Khemjira headed to the company cafeteria with Jay and Balloon. The place was surprisingly fancy—almost like a hotel dining hall. The food looked great, and the seating was sleek and stylish— just what you'd expect from a furniture design company.

"We're going to grab some Vietnamese food today. If you finish first, just find us a table, okay?"

"Okay."

Khemjira picked up a plastic tray and carefully selected both savory and sweet dishes. As she scanned the room for a seat, she spotted a familiar figure—Praenarin, the CEO everyone called ‘Queen Elsa.’

And she was eating alone.

*"Even in a cafeteria full of hundreds of employees, her CEO aura is still blinding,"*

Khemjira muttered to herself, a mischievous grin forming on her lips. Someone should keep an eye on her.

Balloon and Jay had mentioned before that their CEO often attracted admirers at lunch. Well, today, she had a personal bodyguard.

Without hesitation, Khemjira walked straight to Praenarin's table.

"Can I sit here?"

Praenarin looked up from her tray, rolled her eyes, and sighed.

"You...."

Khemjira took that as permission and sat down before Praenarin could protest.

"What a coincidence! What are you doing here?"

Praenarin narrowed her eyes.

"Seriously? What do people usually do in a cafeteria? Plant trees?"

Khemjira blinked. Wow. Her fiancée’s sharp tongue never failed to impress. But did she look discouraged? Not at all.

"You can't plant trees here," Khemjira said, grinning.

"But we can plant love."

She winked playfully.

Praenarin groaned.

"Will you stop messing around? If you’re going to act like this, go sit somewhere else. You’re annoying."

Khemjira noticed Praenarin glancing around, checking if anyone was watching. Employees were passing by, some stealing glances in their direction.

She decided to play along, straightening up as if she were just another respectful employee.

"Don't worry. I'll be as discreet as possible so no one finds out about...**us.**"

Praenarin scoffed.

**"There is no ‘us.’"**

But the glare she gave only made Khemjira smirk. She glanced around—no one was looking now—so she leaned in slightly and smiled sweetly.

"Fine, fine. There's no ‘us’..."

Khemjira said, her voice light and teasing.

**"...but after this Friday, there will be."**

Jay had just finished filling his tray when he glanced across the cafeteria— only to spot their junior sitting face-to-face with Boss Rin.

The same Boss Rin that no one in the company dared to eat with.

"Balloon, what the hell is Khem doing?"

Jay nudged his friend, prompting them to look.

Balloon followed Jay's gaze and immediately freaked out.

"Oh my god! This is a disaster! How could you let this happen, Jay? Why didn't you stop her?!"

Balloon stomped in place, anxiously waving their hands.

"How was I supposed to know? We were getting food together! Or do you want to go sit with them?"

Balloon shuddered.

"Are you insane? Who would dare?"

"Then let’s just find another table and ask Khem later. She’s new—Boss probably won’t freeze her to death... right?"

"Ugh, fine. Hurry up."

Balloon dramatically swayed their hips as they walked away, leaving Jay to trail behind.

No one in this company dared to approach Boss Rin.

With her icy demeanor and reputation as the ‘Queen Elsa’ of the office, even sitting near her felt like stepping into a freezer. Would Khemjira even be able to eat in peace?

Meanwhile, at Praenarin's table, Khemjira took a bite of her food and casually asked,

"Why are you eating here today?"

Praenarin barely lifted her eyes.

"Why? Do I need your permission? Are you my mother?"

Her voice was as cold as ever, her gaze sharp and unimpressed—like she was looking at a pigeon trying to steal food from her plate.

Khemjira swallowed her bite, determined not to be intimidated.

"It’s just... you usually eat out."

Praenarin raised an eyebrow.

"So, you've been stalking me every day?"

Khemjira gasped.

"No! I just visit your office sometimes and notice you're not there."

"That’s called stalking."

She was obviously enjoying teasing Khemjira, who pouted in protest.

Just then, someone unwelcome approached the table.

A man stopped at the head of the table, smiling directly at Khemjira.

"Miss Rin," he greeted.

Praenarin looked up, immediately putting on a polite, professional smile.

"Oh, Mr. Kiri. Right on time,"

She said smoothly, standing up.

"Sorry, I started eating early—I hadn't had lunch yet."

Khemjira had never received that kind of smile from Praenarin before.

Her eyes widened, and her face grew hot as she glanced between the two of them.

The nearby employees were whispering among themselves, sneaking glances at Praenarin and the man. Judging by their expressions, they were probably shipping them together.

At that moment, the man spoke up, his voice smooth and confident.

"I thought you would schedule our meeting at a restaurant outside. I didn’t expect you to choose the company cafeteria,"

He remarked. Then he glanced around, nodding in approval.

"But I have to say, this place looks amazing—almost like a hotel dining hall."

Khemjira finally snapped out of her daze. She stood up and turned to Praenarin, curiosity burning inside her.

"Who is he?" she blurted out.

Before Praenarin could answer, the man frowned slightly and spoke instead, his tone polite yet firm.

"Actually, I should be the one asking—who are you? And why are you sitting here?"

Khemjira felt a sting of annoyance.

Before she could reply, Praenarin beat her to it.

"She’s an employee here,"

Praenarin said smoothly, her tone casual and distant.

"She probably saw me sitting alone and thought she'd be nice enough to keep me company."

Khemjira froze.

Her mouth parted slightly in shock.

*Was this woman serious?!*

She had spent the whole lunch trying to keep Praenarin from being flirted with, and this was the thanks she got?!

The man nodded, clearly not that interested in her. Instead, he turned back to Praenarin.

"But we have business to discuss. Would you mind moving to another table?"

He asked Khemjira politely.

Praenarin smirked faintly, watching Khemjira’s reaction with a satisfied gleam in her eyes.

She didn't say a word. She didn’t ask Khemjira to stay.

She just sat back down, her gaze steady, as if silently challenging her to leave.

Khemjira felt her face heat up even more.

She suddenly felt like a dog whose owner had completely ignored her after all her effort to chase away other suitors.

She clenched her jaw slightly but forced a smile.

"Fine," she said coolly.

She picked up her tray, shooting Praenarin a small glare before walking away, her heart pounding with frustration.

She didn’t trust Praenarin to sit alone with that guy.

She knew Rin still clung to her past love, but that didn’t mean she wanted to see her with someone else.

Why was she acting like a possessive dog over her owner?

*…Ugh. She hated this feeling.*

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# Chapter 06: An Ex-Lover at the Wedding

Praenarin's Vow Ceremony wedding was held outdoors at a rented venue in the late afternoon to evening. It was a small private event, attended only by close family and friends. Her father, Wasin, took charge of all the arrangements.

Khwanrin also attended as a relative on Khemjira’s side since she didn’t have many close family members. The only ones she had were a couple of close friends from university. On the other hand, Praenarin's close friends— whom she had hoped would be too busy with work to attend—showed up in full force.

Now, she regretted handing out invitations because they had completely surrounded her.

“Rin, your future wife is quite a catch,”

Prowfa, Grace, Ying, and Julie—Praenarin's long-time friends—whispered to her as they peeked into the dressing room, eyeing Khemjira, who was sitting with her eyes closed while the makeup artist worked on her.

Praenarin glanced at her bride-to-be. Today, Khemjira was dressed in a white wedding gown that accentuated her full, curvaceous figure. Even in a plain T-shirt, she was striking enough to turn heads. Praenarin swallowed hard and quickly turned away, pretending not to care.

“Oh? I think she’s just average. Nothing special,”

She replied nonchalantly.

“Really? She’s this stunning, and you don’t feel anything at all?”

The four friends narrowed their eyes at her suspiciously. Praenarin's voice remained steady as she insisted,

“No, I don’t.”

“So, after the wedding, are you two going to share a room, or sleep separately? And are you going to register the marriage or just have the ceremony? If you register, we can be your witnesses.”

“I don’t know. And no, I’m not registering.”

“What if she wants to do… '*homework'*? Are you going to let her?”

One of them teased, making Praenarin snap.

“Ugh! You guys are so nosy! I’m not answering anything. Just go outside and grab something to eat. I need to finish getting ready—it’s almost time!”

Seeing her frustration, her friends finally left. With a sigh of relief, Praenarin checked her outfit in the mirror. Should I feel something? Did she really need to have feelings for someone she was marrying purely for convenience?

Outside, guests were slowly arriving. Meanwhile, Wasin, eager to check if his daughter was ready, stepped into the dressing room. Both Praenarin and her bride-to-be were now fully dressed and prepared for the ceremony.

Everything was ready—now, they just had to wait for the appointed time.

“You look just like your mother,”

Wasin said with a gentle smile, running a large hand over his daughter’s head with care. He wondered if he was truly being cruel by forcing this marriage on her. In his mind, he was offering her something good, even if she didn’t want it, all because he wanted her to let go of the expired relationship she was holding onto.

In reality, Praenarin could have received the inheritance and company presidency she wanted without getting married. He could have handed it over to her right away.

But he deliberately set this condition—hoping that through marriage, his daughter would find a good love and finally let go of the painful memories she had been carrying for so long.

More than anything, he wanted Praenarin to forget that pain and find happiness with someone who truly loved her.

“Well, I am Mom’s daughter. If she’s beautiful, of course I am too,”

Praenarin replied confidently.

“I’ll go check on the guests now. Your grandmother and aunt are here today —don’t forget to greet them,”

Wasin reminded her. Praenarin nodded before he left the room. At the same time, the makeup artists and hairstylists also stepped out for a break.

Now, only she and Khemjira remained. Remembering what her father said, Praenarin prepared to head out to see her grandmother. She wasn’t particularly close to her maternal side of the family—her grandmother had never liked her father and even cut ties with her mother over their marriage. But despite that, her grandmother still loved her deeply.

“Khem, I’m going outside,”

She informed her soon-to-be wife.

Khemjira, who had been checking her reflection in the mirror, immediately stopped what she was doing and walked straight over, grabbing Praenarin's arm.

“Wait,” Khemjira said.

“What? I’m just going to greet my grandmother.”

“We’re about to be wife and wife now. Even though I’m a woman too… **I want to be your husband,**”

Khemjira said with a sly smile. She was so excited that her hands had gone cold. Every night leading up to this moment, she had stared at their matching wedding dresses, imagining how beautiful Praenarin would look in hers.

But it seemed Praenarin didn’t share her enthusiasm. Her expression remained stiff, her brows slightly furrowed in irritation.

“What nonsense are you talking about? Did you forget to shake the bottle before taking your meds?”

Praenarin shot back dryly.

“Are you still making jokes like that? That really shows your age,”

Khemjira teased, but when she saw Praenarin glare at her, she quickly changed the subject.

“Can I kiss your cheek? Just once, before we officially become wives?”

Khemjira moved closer, wrapping an arm around Praenarin's waist and leaning in. Praenarin turned her face away with an annoyed grunt but didn’t push her away.

“Hm… don’t get carried away.”

“But we’re getting married, aren’t we? My wife is this beautiful—how could I not get carried away? I can’t resist,”

Khemjira teased.

Praenarin rolled her eyes.

*Beautiful this, beautiful that—does she think I’m so easily flattered?* “You’re annoying. Why do you even like me? There are so many women out there—why not like someone else?”

She huffed, stepping out of Khemjira’s embrace and crossing her arms. Did Khemjira think that just because they were getting married, she could do whatever she wanted?

“Why can’t I like you? Actually, ***I love you***,”

Khemjira said without hesitation.

“It’s not that you can’t, but we’re a whole twelve years apart. What exactly are you after? My wealth?”

Khemjira didn’t answer. Instead, she gave a knowing smile and stepped closer again. Lowering her voice to a husky whisper near Praenarin's ear, she said,

**“I’ll tell you tonight… why I like you.”**

Praenarin swallowed hard. She pulled away, blinking rapidly, feeling an odd heat creeping over her skin. To distract herself, she busied her hands by adjusting her wedding veil, then quickly walked out ahead. Internally, she grumbled,

*Annoying… Khemjira is the most annoying woman ever!*

She made her feel itchy, like she had lice crawling on her head or mites biting her skin. That’s exactly what Khemjira did to her!

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The wedding proceeded as planned. The two exchanged rings, made their vows, threw the bouquet, and received blessings from their elders. The final part of the event was the heartfelt speeches from both brides, followed by a celebratory dinner before everyone went home.

By this point, Praenarin's mind was barely present. The person she had invited—the one she wanted to see—still hadn’t shown up. Even though that person had promised to come.

She scanned the crowd again and again. When she didn’t see them, she felt an unexpected wave of relief. But even as relief washed over her, she still wanted to see that familiar face.

Standing on the artificial grass, she and Khemjira faced each other as the guests watched. But Praenarin wasn’t paying attention—her eyes kept searching for just one person.

“Khun Rin, look at me,” Khemjira urged.

Praenarin glanced at her briefly—but then, at that exact moment, she arrived.

*A 28-year-old woman she knew better than anyone.*

The woman weaved through the guests and took a seat in the empty chair placed in the perfect spot—right where Praenarin could see her. She wore an expression of quiet sorrow, one that Praenarin couldn’t quite decipher.

Why is Phrapai looking at me like that?

**“Phrapai…”**

Praenarin's face paled as she murmured the name of her ex-lover—just loud enough for the woman beside her to hear.

"Are you okay?"

Everything around her seemed to blur into a deafening silence the moment she saw the face of the person she had once loved so deeply. Praenarin's body moved on its own, almost stepping forward toward her.

But just as she lost herself for that brief moment, a firm hand on her waist pulled her back.

At the same time, the emcee handed her the microphone, signaling that it was time for her to speak her vows.

"Khun Rin, don’t do that,"

Khemjira whispered, her grip firm but gentle. .

"We’re in the middle of our wedding. The guests are watching. Take a deep breath and wait until the ceremony is over."

With no other choice, Praenarin inhaled deeply, forcing herself to regain control. She averted her gaze and clenched her teeth, her voice trembling as she spoke the vows she had written down. It wasn’t a long speech—just enough to get through the moment.

As soon as she finished, the room erupted in applause. Everyone assumed she was overwhelmed with joy. But the truth couldn’t be further from that.

"And now, it’s Khem’s turn,"

The emcee announced.

"Do you have something you’d like to say? Maybe tell us how your love story began?"

Praenarin barely registered what was happening. Her mind was slipping again, her focus drawn back to the sorrowful gaze of her former lover.

Khemjira took the microphone and smiled at the woman beside her—the one who was staring at someone else.

It’s okay, she reassured herself.

Then, she began telling the story of how she had fallen for this woman, despite their twelve-year age gap. When she was born, Praenarin was already in middle school. But to Khemjira, that had never been an obstacle.

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"Dad, it hurts!"

Tears streamed down 18-year-old Khemjira’s face as she dodged the cane her father wielded. She had been caught sneaking off to art classes instead of attending the extra tutoring sessions he had arranged for her.

"This is my final warning,"

Her father declared.

"Stop wasting time on drawing and focus on your studies. You will study law—nothing else. I won’t allow you to pursue such useless things."

"But I don’t like it! I want to study architecture or something where I can design and create. I love drawing more than memorizing legal codes!"

"Have you ever thought about your future? Look at me—I’m a lawyer. I earn enough to send you to the best universities. If you study law, you’ll always have a stable job."

Khemjira wiped her tears, feeling utterly helpless. She had to choose a university soon, but if her father refused to let her follow her passion, she had no choice but to obey.

She couldn’t fight back. Not against him.

"But I don’t like it! I just want to study what I love. Is that really too much to ask? You’re so cruel, Dad! If Mom were still here, maybe I’d be happier. It’s because of you that I’m so miserable!"

"Khem!"

Just as her father raised the cane to strike her again, a voice interrupted— like an angel descending just in time.

"Uncle."

Her father immediately lowered his hand, turning to the visitor who had just entered.

"Oh, Rin. What brings you here?"

The person who had just witnessed her worst moment showed no sign of shock or concern. Instead, she offered a faint smile and responded politely.

"I came to borrow Khem for a bit. Since it's the long break, I wanted to ask if she could help me with some work in exchange for a little pocket money."

Khemjira knew her father had a soft spot for Praenarin. Maybe it was because she was the daughter of his close friend, or maybe because she carried herself so differently—responsible, mature, and successful.

Unlike his own daughter, she was someone he respected. And just like that, after all of Khemjira’s begging had failed, her father relented.

Once she escaped, Khemjira rushed to the car of the person who had saved her. They had planned this meeting beforehand—she was supposed to help sort documents at Praenarin's house. If she had arrived just a moment later, Khemjira’s legs would have been covered in bruises.

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Thinking about it made her tear up again, overwhelmed with frustration. But as soon as a handkerchief was offered to her, she stopped crying—like someone had pulled a switch.

"Dry your face already. And stop being so weak,"

Praenarin said flatly.

"No matter how strong you are inside, if you keep crying, people will always see you as a loser."

"But I feel so hurt," Khemjira sniffled.

"I just want to choose my own path. Why can’t my dad give me that? I hate law. I hate memorizing rules. Why does he want me to follow in his footsteps?"

She didn’t tell Praenarin what she actually wanted to study, and Praenarin didn’t ask. Instead, she simply offered,

"Do you want me to talk to him for you?"

"You’d talk to my dad?"

Khemjira blinked at her, rubbing her eyes. She was just an 18-year-old kid who still depended on her father for everything. If she disobeyed him, he might even cut off her allowance.

"I probably can. I get why he’s worried. He’s afraid you’ll pick a major that won’t lead to a stable career. He’s not as heartless as you think."

Khemjira looked up at her, suddenly seeing Praenarin in a different light. Today, she looked even more beautiful than usual. Staring at her elegant face, Khemjira felt something stir inside her—a feeling she couldn’t quite name.

And in the end, it was because of Praenarin that she didn’t have to study law.

It was because of her that she got to follow her dreams.

*And after that, her biggest dream....Was Praenarin herself.*

*. .*

"I love you, Khun Rin. I’ve done everything for you, and I always will. Until my very last day, I promise that every moment of my life will belong to you and you alone."

As soon as Khemjira finished her heartfelt declaration, the crowd erupted into applause. But while everyone else was touched by her words, Praenarin's tears fell for a completely different reason.

It wasn’t Khemjira’s devotion that made her cry—it was the fact that the person who should have spoken those words was Phrapai. If only Phrapai had loved her the way Khemjira did, she wouldn’t have to be standing here, crying at her own wedding, wishing she were marrying someone else.

Across the room, Khwanrin felt the same. She watched Khemjira, dressed in her wedding gown, smiling for everyone to see, and her own eyes burned with unshed tears. She smiled too, but only because she had no choice.

She had been in Khemjira’s life for years, ever since Khemjira’s father took her in as a caretaker. She had been there for every moment, every struggle —but she had never been the person Khemjira’s love story began with.

Even though she had always seen Khemjira as more than a younger sister or her employer’s daughter, she could never show it. She could only stand by and watch, offering her silent congratulations as Khemjira found happiness with someone else.

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Then, the emcee called for the newlyweds to seal their vows with a kiss. The crowd cheered, the photographers readied their cameras, but the bride beside her stood frozen. Khemjira knew she had to do something, or the guests would start to notice something was wrong.

"Khun Rin, may I?"

Khemjira whispered, stepping closer.

She cupped Praenarin's face gently and tilted it up, pressing a soft kiss to her lips—just enough for a perfect photograph.

As their lips touched, Praenarin's tears fell again. But they weren’t for Khemjira. In that moment, all she could think about was the past. About Phrapai.

She knew it wasn’t fair. She knew she was hurting Khemjira by standing there, kissing her, while her heart belonged to someone else. On the happiest day of Khemjira’s life, Praenarin could not give her what she truly deserved.

The guests rose to their feet, applauding as the cameras flashed. They stood like that for who knew how many seconds, trapped in a moment that meant different things to each of them.

Finally, Khemjira pulled away, her fingers gently wiping away Praenarin's tears. Her hand, now steadier, found Praenarin's and held it tightly. Then, without hesitation, she pulled her into an embrace.

To the outside world, it was a beautiful moment—a picture-perfect ending to a wedding ceremony.

But between the two of them, they both knew what it really was.

"Hold my hand, Khun Rin," Khemjira whispered. **"I’ll get you through this."**

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The wedding was over. The guests were leaving.

Khemjira and Praenarin, as newlyweds, were also preparing to leave.

As Praenarin spotted Khwanrin and her father already seated in the large Alphard, waiting for them, she quickened her pace.

She just wanted to get home, take off this dress, and wash the day away.

"But…"

Praenarin hesitated, staring at Khemjira, who was standing there with unwavering determination.

Even though this marriage had started as a mere contract, Khemjira refused to see it that way. To her, it was real.

Praenarin let out a small sigh and turned away, pretending to busy herself with unpacking a few things.

"Fine. Do whatever you want."

Khemjira smiled, pleased with the response. She could tell that despite Praenarin's reluctance, she wasn’t truly rejecting her.

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As she settled into the room, Khemjira took in her new surroundings—her wife’s room. It was neat, almost too neat, with not a single item out of place.

There was no trace of wedding night decorations, no candles or flowers, nothing that hinted at romance. But that didn’t bother her. What mattered was that she was here, in this space, with the person she wanted to be with.

She walked over and leaned in slightly, teasing,

"So… do I sleep on the bed with you, or should I take the floor?"

Praenarin glanced at her briefly, looking like she wanted to protest, but in the end, she just sighed.

"Just don’t take up too much space."

Khemjira grinned.

"Of course, my dear wife."

Praenarin turned away quickly, but Khemjira still caught the hint of pink on her ears.

She chuckled to herself.

This was going to be an interesting two years.

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After taking her shower and changing into comfortable clothes, Khemjira returned to the master bedroom. She found Praenarin already lying on the bed, scrolling through her phone with a blank expression.

Khemjira didn’t say anything at first. She simply climbed onto the other side of the bed and made herself comfortable. The silence stretched between them until Praenarin finally spoke without looking away from her screen.

"You're taking this marriage too seriously," she muttered.

Khemjira turned her head to look at her.

"And you're not taking it seriously enough."

Praenarin sighed, placing her phone face down on her chest.

"It's just two years. After that, we’ll go our separate ways. I don’t see the point in pretending otherwise."

Khemjira propped herself up on her elbow, studying the woman beside her.

"But I do," she said softly.

"Because I meant what I said today. My feelings for you aren’t fake, and they never have been."

Praenarin tensed but didn't respond immediately. She turned onto her side, facing away from Khemjira.

"Get some sleep," she said instead.

Khemjira watched her for a moment before lying back down.

"Goodnight, my dear wife,"

She teased, knowing it would get a reaction.

"Don't push your luck, Khem,"

Praenarin warned, her voice muffled against the pillow.

Khemjira just smiled to herself.

Two years was a long time.

And she had no intention of letting this marriage remain just a contract.

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# Chapter 07:Doing Homework

It took over an hour for Praenarin to finish getting herself ready. She had to undo her hairstyle and take off the complicated wedding dress, which was difficult to put on and just as hard to remove. As she reached for the doorknob of the dressing room, she suddenly paused.

Her eyes had landed on a wedding ring identical to the one Khemjira wore. Right now, that ring was on her own left ring finger. She took it off immediately—she didn’t want to wear the same ring as that woman.

*"Sorry, Khem, but I don’t really love you."*

She murmured to the ring, which had the engraved initials "P&K"—a combination of their names. After placing it inside her jewelry cabinet, Praenarin opened the door and stepped out.

However, she was surprised when she exited the bathroom. Someone else was lounging comfortably on the bed, wearing an extremely short nightgown that barely covered anything.

Was she deliberately dressing like this to tease her? But even if that was her intention, it wouldn’t work. Praenarin was strong-willed—there was no way she would sleep with someone she didn’t love.

"When did you take a shower?"

The clock read 10 p.m. The bedroom lights were partially dimmed, leaving only the warm glow of the downlights—the ones she liked to keep on when using her phone in bed. The atmosphere was the same as always, except for one thing: the bed was no longer hers alone.

"While you were showering, Khun Rin. Come sleep with me."

Praenarin blinked rapidly before hesitantly getting into bed, feeling slightly tense. This wasn’t the first time she had slept with another woman beside her, but it was the first time that person had the status of being her spouse.

"I was going to sleep here anyway. This is my bed."

But the moment she lay down, the other woman—who had been waiting for an opportunity—immediately reached over and switched off the remaining lights, leaving only the warm orange glow of the downlight hidden behind the headboard.

Then, she slid closer, wrapping her arms tightly around Praenarin from behind, making it hard to breathe. And as if that wasn’t enough, she even dared to plant a kiss on her head.

"You smell so good."

"Hey! Why are you hugging me?"

Praenarin squirmed in the embrace, but the other woman, as strong as a giant, refused to let go. Instead, she leaned in even closer, whispering near her ear in a way that sent shivers down her spine.

"Why? Can’t Khem hug my own wife?"

Praenarin remained silent, not answering, but she didn’t resist either. What Khem asked was true. As her wife, she had every right to do anything a married couple would do—unless Praenarin truly refused. But right now, it hadn’t come to that point yet.

"My dear wife, tonight is our wedding night. Shouldn’t we do our

**'*homework***' like any other married couple?"

Khem’s warm hands gently tightened around Praenarin's waist.

Praenarin's perfectly shaped lips pressed together slightly at the low voice whispering beside her ear. No matter how composed a woman was, she still had feelings. Normally, she would take care of herself from time to time, but now, Khemjira was sharing her bed.

If she played hard to get and refused to let things escalate between them, then neither of them would have the chance to find any release from their desires.

The older woman slowly turned on her side, her delicate oval face moving closer, aiming for a kiss, while she shifted her body halfway over Praenarin. But Praenarin wasn’t ready to let things go that far yet. She placed her hand against Khem’s chest, pushing lightly, though her slender waist was already locked in Khem’s grip.

"Wait… earlier this evening, you stole a kiss from me."

"Well, the host asked, and so did the guests. Khem isn’t good at refusing people, so I just went along with it."

Khemjira replied with an infuriating smile, one that made Praenarin want to pinch her until her skin turned red.

"Liar..."

Khemjira chuckled at Praenarin's pouty expression. But instead of being annoyed, she found it endearing. After all, Praenarin really was as stubborn as people said. Even if no one had asked, Khemjira would have kissed her anyway—if only to remind her that she shouldn’t be thinking about anyone else.

"I’ll answer your question, dear."

Khemjira continued.

"Why do I like you, even though we’re twelve years apart?"

"And what’s the reason?"

"Because you’re valuable, just like fine wine." Khem said.

"Wine… the longer it’s aged, the better it tastes. And the best wine should belong to someone who doesn’t even know how to drink it—someone like me."

"That’s strange. Shouldn’t fine wine be paired with an expert wine taster?"

"A wine taster might just admire its exquisite flavor. But for someone like me, who doesn’t know how to drink, even if this bottle of wine were to spoil one day, I would still think it tastes more precious and wonderful than ever."

The hands holding Praenarin's waist loosened slightly, and Khemjira gently tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear. The dim orange light cast a warm glow on her smooth, captivating face. Her entire body was soft, feminine in every way. Khemjira found it harder and harder to resist every time they got this close.

"Are all sapphics this sweet-tongued and poetic?"

The voice that spoke sounded unsteady. Praenarin turned her face away from the other woman’s smoldering gaze, feeling her heart race in a way she couldn't quite explain in this position.

"I don’t know about everyone else, but Khem is only sweet-talking you, Khun Rin."

The person on top of her gently cupped her cheek, making sure their eyes met. Praenarin's hands, which had been pushing against Khemjira’s chest, slowly lowered without her realizing it.

The next thing she knew, Khemjira’s beautiful face was leaning closer, closing the gap between them until only a few centimeters remained.

"Can I kiss you this time, my dear wife?"

Before she could respond, Khemjira's nose brushed against her cheek, inhaling her scent before pressing soft kisses along her neck. A hand slid down, squeezing her slender waist once again. The lack of resistance only encouraged Khemjira further—tonight, she was determined to claim her wife.

"Khem, don’t—"

Praenarin's voice trembled. Her eyelids fluttered shut as a familiar longing washed over her. But the more she resisted with words, the more her body betrayed her. She told Khemjira to stop, yet both her body and heart surrendered to the touch.

Khemjira nuzzled into her neck, sending waves of heat through her body.

Then, she slowly pulled away, gazing at her with those deep, pleading eyes.

"Please, let me do my duty. I promise to do my best—to please you as much as I can."

She begged with such an affectionate expression that, despite not loving her, Praenarin found it hard to refuse. She knew herself well—she was easily swayed in matters like this. Especially since it had been quite some time since she last indulged. If she just thought of it as Khemjira fulfilling her role as a '*wife'*, as a good partner, then… she could give in.

"Just this once. I’m going to sleep after."

"Then tell me first—what kind of sex do you like?"

The question made Praenarin pause. She wasn’t particularly picky, but if she said she liked everything and Khemjira turned out to be into something extreme, what would she do?

"Gentle...No pain...Nothing too weird."

"Got it."

Khemjira smiled in satisfaction. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear before cupping Praenarin's face and pressing a soft, lingering kiss to her lips —just as requested. She gently nibbled at her lips, alternating between top and bottom, until Praenarin parted them slightly.

That was all the invitation Khemjira needed to deepen the kiss, tasting the warmth inside—along with the lingering hint of mint from toothpaste.

Her palms, damp with nervous sweat, slid over Praenarin's body through the smooth fabric of her clothes. Slowly, she traced downward, her fingers grazing the exposed skin of her inner thigh. Then, she lifted the hem of her dress, eager to explore further…

The smooth, delicate skin of her wife filled her hands completely.

The more passionate the kiss became, the more Khemjira felt their bodies pressing tightly together, rubbing against each other and growing warmer. Her beautiful eyes closed peacefully.

In this moment, as they kissed, everything around them seemed to stop, leaving only the sound of their racing hearts. Once she had stolen enough kisses to satisfy herself, she slowly pulled away without letting the other person realize, then trailed soft kisses down to the delicate curve of her neck, which carried a faint scent of soap.

Seeing her beautiful wife with her eyes closed in pleasure, her warm hands continued to caress her body, slowly and gently removing that barely-there nightgown. Khemjira didn’t know if she wore something like this to bed every night, but she was certain that if she did, there was no way she would be getting any sleep.

Feeling the cool air brush against her skin, Praenarin slowly opened her eyes, only to realize she was now bare before her wife. She placed her hand on the bed and leaned in to look at her, giving her the feeling that she was about to be devoured by a beautiful-faced puppy.

“Khun Rin you are so beautiful... So beautiful that I can’t control myself,”

Khemjira praised the other person with a straightforward sentence. Her smooth hands caressed her beautiful breasts that were just the right size for her body, then she leaned down and used the tip of her nose to caress her pink nipples before opening her mouth to bite them lightly, until she heard a satisfied moan in her throat.

Her face was beautiful, but her body under the cloth was even more dazzling. She was starting to envy those who had seen this flawless body. But even if those people didn’t see her value, it didn’t matter. But for her, Khun Rin was so valuable that words couldn’t describe it.

“Mmm… Khem.”

The tip of her tongue dragged the sweet cherry-colored green beans and alternated with light sucking on both the left and right sides. It created such a thrill that Praenarin had to lie down and breath heavily.

The sound of the mound of flesh slipping out of the vacuum mouth was soft, mixed with the sound of her body rubbing against the cloth, but it gave her a tingling sensation that she almost panicked.

The softness that the other person gave her was making her deep feelings aroused at the moment when her upper part was invaded with gentleness. The lower part also seemed to have a feeling of tightness, crying out for release.

“Ahh...”

The moment Khemjira separated her mouth from her breasts, Praenarin almost jumped. Khemjira dragged the tip of her tongue to lick her body like a puppy, from her breasts, through her flat stomach down to the lower, before both of her hands caressed her body and grabbed her legs, spreading them open and kissing them on the inside, causing her to flinch with a tingling sensation.

Khemjira dragged the tip of her nose and her legs, approaching the dangerous point and then moving further away as if teasing each other until she felt pain. The pent-up feeling in her body was disturbed until her pulse was clearly beating there, before the beautiful face that was positioned in the middle of her legs slightly looked at each other.

"Khun Rin, you seem to want it a lot.... Look, you can't stop moaning," Kemjira smiled knowingly. She lightly touched the tips of her fingers against her, feeling the growing desire, noticing the dreamy expression on her face and the slick liquid that was becoming quite moist in the area between the legs.

Even though her sexual experience was minimal, having never done it with anyone before, reaching this point already felt pretty sufficient.

"Please don't tease me."

Praenarin automatically spread her legs to signal that she should continue. Although she felt embarrassed, given that her husband had intoxicated her with such lust, it was not the time to play hard to get.

"Then, I'll do the important homework now. Prepare yourself well."

After finishing, she moved her face into the middle and pressed her tongue against the sensitive spot, indulging in pleasure until the heat pooled there.

Which only fuels the fire of desire, the young woman's palm grasped the blanket beside her, gripping and releasing in rhythm as her feelings plunged into a pit of bliss. The warm lips caressed, licked, and sucked at her center, her body increasingly aching. She felt the heat within her body spilling over.

"Ah... there."

Every touch, the melody of love unfolds with tenderness, yet the feelings that return are so intense. Praenarin gasps, her body twisting with a fluttering sensation in her lower abdomen, her inner thighs clenching tightly until her beautiful hips begin to move, grinding rhythmically.

Her beautiful face began to bead with sweat, the glistening droplets covering her body, making her feel hot all over. However, the most pronounced sensation was the tingling of sensitive spots, extending all the way to the soles of her feet. "Khem, I'm so horny..."

She reached out and grabbed her husband's hair, grinding her hips against her with abandon. She, focused on her duty as a husband, held her thighs tightly and dragged her tongue from the narrow entrance, slick with saliva and lubricant, up to the top without showing any sign of disgust, until she felt she could no longer endure the intense pleasure.

"Ah... If you... if you keep going, I'm going to finish,"

The hand that was gripping the other person's hair let go and switched to gripping her own hair instead. Praenarin's voice was filled with heavy breaths of physical pleasure. The young woman moaned openly, pausing to show her partner just how pleasurable this was for her.

Until she started sucking and diving deeper into the pleasure, just a few seconds later, every muscle began to tense up, and her mind became hazy from reaching the sweet climax.

"Ah... Mmm, Khem,"

The slender body twitched a few times from the climax, the pleasure coursing through to the core of her body. The young woman closed her eyes, arching her body to receive the bliss. Her delicate hands grabbed the bedspread beside her tightly, holding it for several seconds before slowly relaxing.

Everything came to a halt. Khemjira pulled her lips away from the beautiful path and smiled contentedly. In the moment of her greatest happiness, she still called her name,

"Khem..."

She had never liked her nickname, which was simply derived from her real name, as much as she did now.

The one still dressed in full pajamas wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, then crawled up to straddle her wife, who was breathing heavily as if she had just run out of air.

She had been eyeing this sweet treat since they agreed to marry, plus the tender spot, she had a faint fragrance from the specific soap, making her feel like she wanted to indulge in it multiple times more. If it could last all night, that would be even better.

"Do you like it?"

She pressed her lips together and didn't answer, but she knew very well what kind of behavior meant.

"But I like it. I like your body, Khun Rin. Can you please tell me if you like it? Did I do well?"

The young woman gently asked, wiping the sweat from her wife's hairline with the back of her hand. Unlike her usual haughty demeanor, her eyes, once sparkling with tears of joy, were now much softer.

"Good, very good.."

"Then let’s continue for another round... shall we, my dear wife?

Khemjira smiled with satisfaction. This time, she pulled away from the person beneath her and began to remove her own pajamas.

She knelt down in the middle between the beautiful legs of her lover, before sliding her fingers into the sweet love channel of her partner, who was calling for her once again, receiving a tight embrace from the inner love channel.

"Khem...it’s just one round, okay?”

"Okay, just one more time,"

Khemjira promised. But to her, *"one more time*" could mean many times. Last night, he had given her permission, so she wanted to enjoy it as much as possible. She didn’t know if she would have another chance like this tomorrow.

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The sound of the alarm clock rang. Praenarin, still lying under the blanket without any clothes on, groggily reached out to turn it off. The room was still dark, with thick curtains blocking the sunlight.

She squinted at the clock that dared to wake her up on a holiday morning. Then, in an instant, she sat up in shock—this wasn’t her usual wake-up time. It was already eleven o’clock!

"Huh?! Eleven o’clock?!"

Still not fully awake, she tried to recall why she was waking up so late. Then, flashes of last night's passionate wedding night came rushing back, making her blush deeply.

It was all Khemjira’s fault. She had no idea how late it was when Khemjira finally let her sleep. That energetic woman kept saying, *"Just one more time,"* again and again, without even counting how many times it actually was.

And now, she had already gotten out of bed, leaving Praenarin alone with the alarm clock that she was the one who set in the first place!

"*That crazy wife… You’re not sleeping next to me tonight, that’s for sure!*"

Praenarin glanced down at her bare body, feeling the cool air from the AC, then muttered about her wife before quickly getting up to take a shower and get dressed. Her father always had lunch at noon, and if she didn’t make it in time, he would definitely start asking questions.

She had no idea where the troublemaker from last night had disappeared to.

But as soon as she walked into the dining room, she found out—both Khemjira and her father were already sitting at the table, along with a few maids who were serving rice.

Trying to act natural, Praenarin casually sat down next to Khemjira. Her father sat at the head of the table, leaving an empty seat beside him for her.

"You must be really exhausted, Rin. Sleeping until almost noon like this," Her father commented.

Praenarin picked up her glass of water, but before she could even take a sip, she choked, flustered by his words. She coughed a few times, then hurriedly tried to explain, attempting to act normal—but only making herself look more suspicious.

"I-It’s just a little… but it wasn’t noon! I woke up at eleven!"

"Your dad said you've never woken up later than nine, even on holidays. So, I made you wake up late for the first time, didn't I? I'm sorry."

The other person finally spoke up, but it seemed like Praenarin was getting even more flustered.

"You! Stop saying such embarrassing things right now!"

"Oh? But it's true, isn't it? You were busy preparing for your wedding with

Khem all day, so you slept a lot last night because you were exhausted. Am I wrong?"

Khemjira raised an eyebrow with a smug look. Praenarin gritted her teeth and glared at her in frustration. Was she deliberately trying to embarrass her in front of everyone?

"Dad!"

"Alright, alright. I'm going to play golf today. You two can do whatever you want. And let me know when you plan to go on your honeymoon—I need to manage the company while you're away."

Wasin raised his hand to stop the argument, then got up from the dining table. He emphasized the honeymoon because, besides the conditions of their marriage, they had to act like a real married couple. And he was the one pulling the strings behind the scenes.

Once her father left the table, Praenarin turned sharply to glare at her socalled wife. Her eyes held a silent accusation, as if blaming her for almost turning their personal matter into public gossip.

While Khwanrin was clearing her father's dishes,

"Khem, don't be annoying, or you'll regret it."

But instead of stopping, she just smirked and kept eating.

"It's Saturday. Why don't we go out? In the evening, I want to eat grilled barbecue. There's a couple's promotion going on—big discount!"

Khemjira beamed, her eyes nearly disappearing as she smiled. But Praenarin simply turned away, still annoyed about her earlier teasing.

"If you want to go, go by yourself. Or take Khwanrin. Why are you asking me?"

"It's a couple's promotion, so I have to go with my partner, right, P' Rin?"

Even though the words stung, Khwanrin knew her place. She smiled and nodded before quietly excusing herself, making sure not to leave any dishes out of place. Once, they had been so close. But people grow up, and with growth comes loss. She didn't hold any grudges—it was just how life worked.

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Now that they were alone in the dining room, Praenarin pinched her socalled wife's arm out of frustration. Khemjira yelped dramatically, even though the pinch was barely anything.

"Ow! That hurt! If your wife dies, you'll be a young widow, you know." That made Praenarin’s head throb as if someone was poking her brain with a stick. And that someone was definitely the person sitting beside her.

"Even if you drop dead right here, I wouldn’t care."

"But I'm really good at... *homework*. Won't you love me just a little?"

"No! No matter what, I will never love you. Never!"

Praenarin snapped, scowling. But the shameless troublemaker just leaned in closer, smirking. Then, in a low, teasing voice, she whispered into her ear,

"I'll be waiting... waiting for the day you love me with all your heart."

"You're so annoying!"

Frustrated, Praenarin grabbed her plate and stood up, planning to eat on the other side of the room—away from her so she couldn't mess with her anymore.

But before she could take a step, the playful troublemaker spoke up loudly again, making her even more furious.

"But you didn’t seem annoyed last night, though."

"Khem!"

Praenarin snapped, her voice sharp with real anger. Khemjira, who had been teasing her just for the thrill of it, flinched slightly. Seeing the serious expression on her wife's face, she finally realized she had pushed too far and decided to stop provoking her—for now.

"Okay, okay! I won’t say another word. My lips are sealed! Even if someone asks, I won’t tell. I’ll listen to my wife’s every command."

She made a motion as if zipping her lips shut, pretending to surrender. Finally, Praenarin’s fierce glare softened slightly. With her usual grace, she walked to the opposite seat and sat down, looking far more composed than she had just moments ago.

"If you're coming, then stop teasing me and just eat. Otherwise, go by yourself."

As Praenarin started eating, Khemjira focused on her meal too, stealing glances at her every now and then. A small, knowing smile crept onto her lips.

She wasn't really that cold. Khemjira knew that much. If Praenarin truly hated her, then last night wouldn't have happened.

Maybe.... if they kept spending time together, if they kept getting closer, then one day, she'd fall in love with her for real.

The thought made Khemjira giddy with excitement.

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Later, Khemjira dressed casually in a comfortable, youthful look, letting her shoulder-length hair fall naturally and pairing it with simple sneakers. In contrast, Praenarin went all out, dressing elegantly as if they were heading to an important event.

Khemjira took the driver’s seat, while her beautiful wife sat beside her. They chose the nearest mall, so they could just walk around and enjoy their time together.

They could spend the day at the mall and go straight to the barbecue restaurant in the evening. Khemjira planned to take Praenarin out to get some fresh air, and since a new movie had just come out—one that might be her type—it was a great excuse to spend more time together after their wedding.

"Shall we watch this one?"

Khemjira tapped on a movie title on the screen while Praenarin stood beside her, watching. The mall was busy, with people walking past them. She turned to ask her wife’s opinion, but instead of a simple answer, she got an annoyed frown and a dismissive tone in return.

"Just pick whatever you want. Why are you even asking me?"

"You shouldn’t frown so much. You're way too beautiful for that. Keep your pretty face happy, okay?"

Khemjira spoke sincerely, hoping to calm her down, and it seemed to work. Praenarin crossed her arms, pretending to look elsewhere, her voice softening a little.

"Am I really that beautiful?"

"Of course! You're so beautiful that I can't take my eyes off you. Especially under that dim orange light."

At that, Praenarin's stomach twisted uncomfortably. She knew exactly what Khemjira meant by *dim orange light*, and there was no way she was letting her bring up that memory again!

"Fine! This one! Just buy the tickets and get some popcorn."

She quickly pointed at a seat selection and walked off to wait, putting some distance between them. Sitting down, she sighed, grumbling in her head about how Khemjira had become even more shameless and annoying than before.

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**Note:**

**The struggle in translating is the intimate scenes. All MT (machine translation have very strict word filters.**

**They refuse to translate sentences that have sexual connotations.**

**since I can't read Thai... what should I do if every MT refuses to translate?...**

**normally i only need "minutes" to translate every chapter but for "this kind" chapter i need hours, sometimes i use my own words...huh..so frustrating.....**🤔🤔

# Chapter 08: Rin's Husband

By the time the movie ended, the two of them walked out with different expressions. Praenarin remained expressionless, as usual, since she had been dragged here without really wanting to come. On the other hand, Khemjira was in a great mood, thrilled to have spent time doing something together with her wife.

"That was so much fun! Next time, let's watch a horror movie together. I've always wanted to watch one with my lover, but I never had the chance because I never had one. You're my first love, Khun Rin,"

Khemjira rambled on happily.

Praenarin suddenly stopped in her tracks, as if something had just come to mind.

"This counts as our honeymoon now."

"Huh?"

Her wife blurted out, confused. Khemjira fell silent, staring at her in surprise. Just moments ago, she had been as emotionless as ever, but now, after saying that, she actually seemed to be in a good mood.

"I am coming with you today-this is our honeymoon. That's it. Tell my father that we've gone on a trip already. After this, there won't be any other honeymoon trips because I have work to do."

As the slender woman walked ahead, Khemjira stood frozen, mouth slightly open. That was a honeymoon? Just watching a movie and strolling around the mall?

She had planned to invite her to the beach for the weekend, hoping to see her beautiful wife in a swimsuit. But oh well... At least she was allowed to sleep next to her on the same bed now.

Not long after, Praenarin happened to run into Kiri, a man around her age. He was an important client that required special attention, not to mention the son of her father's acquaintance. Because of this, they had been meeting quite often lately.

"Oh, Khun Rin! What a coincidence. I didn't expect to see you here. Are you running errands?"

"Yes," she replied.

Seeing her wife chatting with a handsome businessman, Khemjira quickly rushed to her side, standing close and staring at the man as if marking her territory.

Though she was small and delicate, she was still tall enough to pull her wife into a possessive embrace-if only she weren't afraid of getting scolded.

"Are you working even on a Saturday?"

Kiri asked, glancing between the two women. He vaguely remembered that this stunning, model-like woman was the employee he had met before.

"We just had some things to take care of together,"

Praenarin answered with a casual smile.

Khemjira, who had been closely watching her wife's every move, suddenly felt a surge of heat rise to her face. Didn't Jay and Balloon say she was cold to everyone? Especially to men who tried to pursue her?

Or what? And this guy-just one glance at the way he looked at her wife, and Khemjira could already tell what he was thinking. Yet, her wife just smiled sweetly at him.

"In that case, may I join you? I have something I'd like to tell you," Kiri said.

Something to tell her? With that look in his eyes? He's definitely going to confess! Khemjira convinced herself in her head, then quickly grabbed her wife's wrist and stepped forward. She puffed out her chest, making it clear to the uninvited guest that she was not welcome.

"We have personal matters to take care of. You understand what 'personal' means, right? Let's go, Khun Rin."

"Khem! What are you doing?"

Praenarin protested as the taller woman pulled her away. She struggled, but Khemjira was stronger. They only stopped when they reached the arcade, a space mostly filled with children. Once they did, Praenarin yanked her wrist free.

"Let go! That was Khun Kiri, my client! How could you talk to him like that?"

"So what? It's Saturday, not a workday. And we came here together as a couple. Why would I let that guy tag along? You should've rejected him outright. Why did you stay quiet?"

Khemjira feigned innocence. A client? So what? It wasn't like they had a work meeting scheduled. The person Praenarin should care about was herher wife, the one wearing their wedding ring.

But as Khemjira glanced at Praenarin's left hand, her heart pounded hard in her chest. No wedding ring.

Not surprising, she thought bitterly. She doesn't love me. She probably doesn't want people to know she's married.

"You're so rude! How could you call him 'that guy' like that?"

"But Khun Rin, you said this was our honeymoon. Shouldn't we spend as much time together as possible? That's why... let's go win a plushie from that claw machine. I want one to put by our bed."

Khemjira strode ahead, exchanged some coins, and picked a claw machine filled with teddy bears. Praenarin sighed but followed her anyway.

"...About last night."

"What about it?"

"No one can ever know that we... slept together."

Right at that moment, Khemjira successfully grabbed a teddy bear. As it dropped into the prize slot, she picked it up and shoved it into Praenarin's hands.

She had put all her effort into winning it-since today was their 'honeymoon,' she wanted to give Praenarin something. If it had been something more practical, she figured her wife probably already had it.

"I promise, Khun Rin. No one will ever know. You don't have to worry."

"...Thanks."

Praenarin looked down at the plushie in her hands, then up at Khemjira's bright, beautiful face.

"Rin..."

Then, the voice she longed to hear the most, the one she could recognize instantly, called out from behind her.

Praenarin looked past her wife's shoulder and met the gaze of the woman who had once left a deep wound in her heart.

"Phai."

The moment she realized that the person calling out to her was her ex-loverthe one she still had lingering feelings for-Praenarin immediately handed

the teddy bear back to its owner and stepped toward Phai, completely forgetting who she had come with.

She left behind the person who had brought her here, standing awkwardly in the background.

"What the hell... I take my wife on a honeymoon, and out of the millions of people in this city, we just had to run into her ex?"

Khemjira muttered, glaring down at the teddy bear she had worked so hard to win. She grumbled in frustration but could do nothing except stand there, feeling abandoned, like a kid waiting for their mom to finish chatting with a friend at the market.

She could only hope this wouldn't ruin their so-called honeymoon even more.

Praenarin approached her former lover with a complicated mix of emotions in her eyes. It had been months since they had last seen each other. Ever since they broke up, Phai had completely disappeared from her life.

Though they were still connected through social media, Praenarin never had the courage to reach out-especially now that Phai had someone new.

Now, they stood face-to-face, both tall and composed. Phai looked at her with the same expression she had on the day she ended things-a gaze that carried a hint of pity, something Praenarin could easily recognize.

"Sorry I couldn't be there to congratulate you yesterday. I had something to take care of," Phai said.

Her makeup was flawless, but Praenarin still noticed something off. A faint red mark peeked out from beneath the foundation on her cheek.

Realizing she had been caught, Phai subtly turned her face away.

"It's fine. Are you doing okay? I haven't seen you post anything lately. I don't even know what your new boyfriend looks like,"

Praenarin said, trying to sound casual, though concern was evident in her voice.

She wanted to reach out and touch Phai's cheek, to see for herself if the mark was what she feared. Had her new lover done this to her? But all she could do was ask.

"I've just been dealing with some things,"

Phai admitted with a faint, bitter smile.

"It's about your new boyfriend, isn't it?" Praenarin asked directly.

Phai hesitated but then gave a small, evasive nod, confirming it without saying it outright.

"You still know me so well, Rin."

"I always care about you... and only you."

This time, Praenarin reached out and took Phai's hand in hers-completely forgetting that someone might be watching.

"But, Rin... you're married now," Phai reminded her.

"It's just a business deal. A marriage for convenience. In two years, we'll get divorced."

The speaker might not have noticed the expression of the person they were talking about, but Phai did.

She was the only one who saw how the woman standing behind her exlover looked at that moment. It was the same expression Rin had worn the first time Phai had asked to break up.

Because of that, Phai hesitated before gently withdrawing her hand out of respect for the woman standing behind Rin.

"But she seems to love you very much, Rin."

"It's one-sided."

Praenarin dismissed it without a second thought.

"From now on, don't disappear like that again. I want to know how you're doing. If you ever feel troubled or need someone, I'll always be here."

She didn't care how Khemjira felt. From the very beginning, Khemjira had known that she didn't love her. That meant she had accepted it-prepared herself for the heartbreak that would inevitably come. "If I ever need someone, I'll reach out to you first, Rin."

This time, Khemjira had had enough.

It was bad enough dealing with that other guy earlier. Now, she had to stand here and watch her own wife holding hands and reminiscing with her ex?

*This was supposed to be their honeymoon.*

It wasn't fair. Not in the slightest.

"Khun Rin,"

Khemjira called out as she stepped in beside her wife, reminding her that she was still here, too.

That was when she noticed something.

Praenarin wasn't standing there talking to her ex with joy or excitement. No-her face was flushed red, and she looked like she was struggling to hold back tears.

It made Khemjira's chest tighten.

"I have to go now,"

Phai finally said, offering a soft smile before turning to leave.

The moment she walked away, Praenarin-who had been holding everything in-stumbled toward a nearby bench, sat down, and buried her face in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably.

Seeing that, Khemjira swallowed her own pain, pushing her feelings deep down inside.

Because Praenarin's feelings mattered more.

"Are you okay?"

She didn't know how to comfort her. So instead, she simply sat down beside her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

"Khem... I want to go home now."

Praenarin finally lifted her face from her hands, wiping away the tears with her fingers.

Khemjira couldn't bring herself to argue or insist on staying any longer.

She immediately stood up and offered her hand.

"Then let's go home."

Without hesitation, Praenarin reached out and took it.

Khemjira led her back to the car, feeling the warmth of her soft hand in hers.

Forget it.

She told herself to let it go.

Maybe this marriage only felt real to her.

Maybe there wouldn't even be a honeymoon.

But none of that mattered.

She would throw away all the painful feelings if it meant she could hold Praenarin's heart gently in her hands.

One day, she would make Praenarin forget the pain of her past love-so that she could finally open her heart and accept the love Khemjira had for her.

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Dinner ended up being at home instead of at the couple's barbecue restaurant.

Since coming back, Praenarin had locked herself away in the bedroom, while Khemjira lingered downstairs until it was time to cook.

Tonight, it was just the two of them.

Her father had already mentioned that he would be dining out with his golf buddies.

So, the only person left in the kitchen was Khwanrin, who had been assigned to cook. The other housekeepers had already gone about their own business.

"Aunt Malai told me to handle dinner tonight. Is there anything special you'd like to eat, Khem?"

Khwanrin asked while preparing the ingredients.

Khemjira glanced at the A4 paper detailing the meal plan for each day before shaking her head.

"No, this is fine. It's just me and Khun Rin eating anyway."

Looking at the three dishes Khwanrin was making, she figured it was enough. Praenarin never ate much. No matter how much food was laid out on the table, she always stuck to one or two dishes.

"Oh, P' Rin, do you know what Khun Rin likes to eat the most?"

Khemjira suddenly asked.

Khwanrin paused for a moment, thinking.

"I'm not too sure... Oh! Maybe omelets."

"Huh?"

"I've noticed that she eats an omelet with every meal, no matter what else is on the table."

Khemjira raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Just a simple omelet? That was her favorite?

But after glancing at the meal plan, it all made sense-there was an omelet listed for every meal, always placed directly in front of Praenarin.

"This is perfect! I'll make the omelet tonight." She volunteered enthusiastically.

After all, her beloved wife had cried today.

So, she was going to cook an omelet filled with love, hoping it would make her feel better.

"Khem."

But before she could even pick up an egg, Khwanrin called her name in a calm, serious tone-like she had something important to say.

"What is it?"

"I got a new job. I'll be moving out soon. I wanted to let you know in advance."

The excitement Khemjira had just felt about making an omelet for Praenarin vanished instantly.

She stood frozen, staring at Khwanrin with wide, questioning eyes.

She set everything aside and slowly stepped closer.

"...Are you mad at me, P' Rin? Or are you unhappy living here? You can tell me," she asked, her voice unsteady.

But Khwanrin only smiled.

She had already made up her mind. No matter what, she was leaving. She couldn't stay forever.

Khemjira had a family now.

She didn't need a caretaker anymore, no matter how much Khwanrin wanted to keep watching over her.

"No, I just finished my studies. You have a good job now, you're married... I should find work in my own field too."

"When are you leaving? Do you have a place yet?"

"I told Uncle Wasin that I'll be moving out next week. I've already found an apartment."

"...Thank you for taking care of me all this time. You're like a real sister to me, P' Rin. When the time comes, you have to let me send you off, okay? And we must stay in touch."

Khemjira blinked rapidly, trying to hold back tears.

Just hearing that Khwanrin was leaving made her feel so lost.

Only one more week...

They had spent years together-living, eating, and doing so many things side by side. Now that Khwanrin was leaving, she couldn't help but cry.

The taller woman stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Khwanrin, hugging her tightly like the big sister she had always seen her as. She sobbed quietly, overwhelmed by the thought of separation.

But Khwanrin didn't return the embrace.

She simply placed her hands gently on Khemjira's waist, holding back her own tears.

This was the moment she had always feared. But she had been preparing for it for a long time.

Just as they stood there in that bittersweet embrace, Praenarin happened to come downstairs to get a drink from the kitchen.

And she walked in on the sight of her wife hugging her nanny.

She quickly ducked behind the doorway, peeking at them from her hiding spot.

The way Khwanrin looked at Khemjira... Anyone who saw those eyes would know. Anyone..but her fool of a wife.....

*"Oh, sure... That brat can go hugging someone else, but when I talk to Kiri, she throws a fit?"*

She muttered bitterly to herself, her face heating up for no reason.

Then she turned and stormed back upstairs. Why should she care? Who Khemjira hugged or didn't hug had nothing to do with her. Not one bit.

After dinner, Khemjira went back to their bedroom.

She placed her stuffed bear at the head of the bed before heading into the bathroom for a shower.

Her wife had just finished hers, stepping out with that fresh, clean scent that was so inviting. Hopefully, once she was done, she could cuddle her againjust like last night.

While Khemjira showered, Praenarin lay on the bed, scrolling through her phone.

Then her eyes landed on the stuffed bear, sitting between their pillows.

She picked it up and held it, staring at it like it was actually Khemjira.

"I talk to Kiri, and you throw a tantrum..."

She muttered, pinching the bear's ear in mock frustration.

"But you can go hugging some other woman? You jerk. Just die already." At that moment, the bathroom door swung open.

Khemjira stepped out in the same pajamas as last night, catching her wife hastily placing the bear back where it was.

She narrowed her eyes.

"What are you doing? Is something wrong?"

"No."

"But I saw you holding the stuffed animal... Have you given it a name yet?"

Praenarin paused, glancing down at the innocent-looking plushie.

A name? It was just a stuffed toy. Did it really need one?

"Salty Pig."

"...Huh?"

"I'll name it Salty Pig-so it rhymes with Khem. That way, when you annoy me, I can smack Salty Pig instead."

Khemjira blinked, then let out a small laugh.

"Alright then. Salty Pig it is."

She lost interest in the conversation and made her way toward the bed, where her wife was already lying.

But just as she was about to climb in, Praenarin pushed her back with a hand against her stomach.

"Stop. What do you think you're doing?"

"...Lying down?" Khemjira tilted her head in confusion.

But her wife wouldn't let her. Instead, Praenarin got up, grabbed a pillow, and shoved it into her hands.

"You're not sleeping with me anymore. Your bed is over there. Take the pillow."

Khemjira stared at the pillow in her hands, then followed her wife's gaze to the couch at the foot of the bed.

"...Wait a minute. Last night, we cuddled, we kissed, we-"

"Stop! No means no!"

Praenarin snapped, jabbing a finger in warning before Khemjira could finish that sentence.

Khemjira shut her mouth, though her expression screamed, That makes no sense at all.

Just last night, they had fallen asleep wrapped around each other. Her wife had curled up under the blankets, looking so adorable that Khemjira had woken up early just to watch her sleep.

"I want to know why."

"There's no reason."

"...Alright then."

Khemjira didn't argue.

She just took her pillow and obediently went to the couch.

Praenarin blinked, a little thrown off by how easily her wife gave in. She had looked so curious, yet she hadn't pushed for an answer.

...Well, whatever.

It was better this way.

If she let Khemjira back in bed, they might end up doing homework again, and after last night, she needed to recover.

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Several hours passed.

In the middle of the night, Praenarin woke up for no reason. She glanced at the clock, 1 AM.

She carefully sat up, making sure not to make a sound, and tiptoed toward the couch-where she had banished her wife.

Right now, the bedroom was freezing. But under the blanket, it was just the right amount of warmth.

Except... she had forgotten to give Khemjira one.

Now, the taller woman was curled up on the couch, hugging herself like she was freezing.

"Khem."

Praenarin poked her arm to wake her up.

No response.

Khemjira just swatted her hand away and turned her back on her, clearly annoyed.

Praenarin sighed, then went to her old bedroom and grabbed a spare blanket.

If she left her like this, freezing all night, and she froze to death, she would end up a widow.

"I'm not worried about you, okay? I just don't want your ghost haunting me,"

She whispered before draping the blanket over Khemjira and heading back to bed.

Within seconds, the woman on the couch stirred.

A small, delighted smile appeared on her face as she tightened her grip on the blanket.

She had been awake the whole time.

And now, she could sleep even more peacefully, knowing that her wife still cared.

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As a wedding gift, Khemjira's father-in-law had given her a separate allowance from her salary, along with a car.

Today, she drove it to work.

And whether it was an accident or intentional, just as she was about to enter the office, another car came speeding in and barely missed her.

She had to step back to avoid getting hit.

It was so close that if the driver had been just a little more careless, she would have been run over.

"Didn't someone used to drive you here? Why are you suddenly driving yourself?"

The driver was Ji, her team leader.

Ji parked in a hurry and walked over, chin held high, her tone laced with meaning.

Khemjira didn't leave. She waited, expecting an apology for nearly running her over.

"I have a car now," she answered casually.

"I didn't want to trouble anyone."

Ji narrowed her eyes.

"Let me ask you something. What did you do before coming here? Why was my boyfriend fired for no reason, only for you to take his spot?"

She looked harmless-her face was sweet, like a leading actress in a drama. But her eyes screamed villain.

And from the way she spoke, she was already accusing her.

"Oh? No reason?" Khemjira smiled coolly.

"Did you ever ask your boyfriend why the company let him go? A company this size doesn't just fire people without a reason."

They were standing in the employee parking lot, where others were arriving for work. Khemjira wasn't worried.

She wasn't alone, and Ji wouldn't dare cause a scene.

"Oh, please. They clearly made space for you. Who are you really? Why did you have to steal someone else's job?"

Khemjira let out a short, mocking laugh.

"How old were you when your brain stopped developing?"

Khemjira genuinely wondered.

Because Ji's brain clearly hadn't kept up with her age.

Did she seriously believe a company would fire someone for no reason just to make space for one person?

If that were true, Ji's boyfriend would've already taken the company to the labor department.

"I don't know if I took anyone's job or not,"

Khemjira said with a pleasant smile.

"But either way, let's just mind our own business, okay? We're on the same team, after all."

And with that, the tall woman walked away, leaving Ji fuming. Ji knew that girl had stolen her boyfriend's position. She couldn't touch her professionally, but personally?

She was definitely an enemy now.

Khemjira felt uneasy as she walked to her office. People were gathered in small groups, whispering, glancing at her.

*It was weird.*

When she reached her desk, she saw a few senior colleagues huddled around Balloon and Jay's desks, deep in conversation. She quickly set her bag down and joined them.

"Morning, everyone!"

"Oh! Khem, congratulations on your marriage!" Jay grinned.

"Thanks!" she said, but her curiosity got the better of her.

"So, what's all the gossip about? Something happened?"

"It's about Boss Rin," Jay said.

"She got married last Friday, right?

Now, everyone's trying to guess who her husband is! Who could be the lucky guy who married into 124 KT Design?"

All eyes turned to Khemjira, their smiles teasing. She swallowed nervously. She had to stay calm. She had promised Rin that she wouldn't tell anyone unless she wanted to reveal it.

She hadn't even posted any wedding photos online.

If this secret got out, it wouldn't be from her.

"S-So... Who do people think it is?"

"Khun Kiri, of course!" someone answered dreamily.

"The young CEO of that luxury condo project in the city. Handsome, rich, and from an elite family-he's perfect for Boss Rin! Plus, he showed up at the office this morning with flowers!

That's why the whole company's talking about it!"

Her senior teammate spoke as if he was daydreaming. Instead of feeling relieved that the answer wasn't her, she felt even more awkward and uneasy inside.

She was possessive over the title of *"Boss Rin's husband*."

She was the real wife, not that guy-especially not one carrying a bouquet of flowers! Just thinking about it made Khemjira's face heat up.

"That can't be true. If it were someone of that level, the wedding would have been huge news by now. But there hasn't been any news at all. And Boss Rin isn't exactly an ordinary person."

"They could have had a private wedding. These days, even famous celebrities get married in secret. People only find out when they already have kids."

The more everyone seemed to be supporting Kiri, the more anxious Khemjira felt. She nervously tapped her foot under the table.

"I don't think so. From what I see, Khun Kiri is just a client," she said.

As soon as she finished speaking, everyone turned to look at her. Then, Balloon leaned in closer with a skeptical expression-either that or she wasn't happy that Khemjira had just gone against the general opinion.

"You're acting weird. You don't like this couple? Why not?"

There it was. The once friendly gazes had now turned into something else entirely.

"No, it's not that! I was just sharing my opinion,"

Khemjira quickly waved her hands, trying to clear up the misunderstanding. Her face fell a little, but luckily, at that moment, everyone started heading back to their tables. Balloon, however, gave her a casual but firm warning.

"But you know, everyone here is shipping Kiri and Boss Rin. If you don't want to be singled out, just keep quiet. People here seem peaceful, but they're actually pretty intense. Don't be the one going against the tide, okay?"

Hearing that, the real wife felt her face go numb. But wait... wasn't the correct saying "*don't be a crocodile against the tide"* instead of a boat?

Khemjira let out a deep sigh as she slumped back into her chair. She absentmindedly spun the wedding ring her wife had put on her finger. She wanted to scream out loud and just tell everyone that she was Boss Rin's wife!

But then again, she had already spent two nights sleeping on the couch. If she really did that, her wife would probably hate her to the core. Their marriage might even come to an end.

. .

She hadn't seen her wife all day, except for a brief moment before leaving for work. And now, it was already 8 PM...

She still wasn't back.

Khemjira, dressed in her pajamas, lay in bed with the air conditioning set to the perfect cool temperature. She played around on the bed, waiting for her wife, until finally, at 9 PM, the other woman returned.

"Have you eaten yet?"

The moment she saw her, Khemjira quickly sat up with a bright smile. Instead of asking where she had been or why she was so late, she chose to ask about dinner instead. Because of that, the other woman answered her calmly, without any sign of irritation.

"I already ate."

After answering, the tired woman disappeared into the bathroom for a while. When she came out, she was once again in her usual sexy pajamas.

Before she could even get into bed to rest, the person who had been waiting all evening rushed over, hugging her tightly from behind and resting her chin on her shoulder.

"You smell so good."

"I'm hot. Why are you hugging me?"

Praenarin rolled her eyes in exasperation and tried to pry Khemjira's arms off her waist. But the stubborn woman refused to let go. If she could knee her in the stomach, she probably would have done it by now.

"I just missed my wife."

Khemjira pouted.

"Why did Kiri come to see you today?"

"And why do you need to know?"

Praenarin finally freed herself from the tight embrace. Feeling exhausted from work, she flopped onto the bed, reached out, and turned off the bedside lamp, leaving only the dim downlight.

"But I'm your wife."

"So?"

"So... I love you...And I get jealous."

As soon as she finished speaking, the "little puppy" climbed into bed and wrapped her arms around Praenarin again.

Once more, she found herself in the arms of the woman who claimed to be her wife. And, just like every time they were this close, she could almost feel a tiny spark of electricity passing between them.

"Oh? Which Rin do you love? Praenarin or Khwanrin?"

"Eh? Why are you asking that?"

Khemjira froze at the unexpected question.

"Well, I saw you hugging her so tightly in that empty hallway. So I'm wondering-exactly which Rin do you love?"

That was definitely a jealous wife's question. Realizing this, Khemjira couldn't help but laugh, feeling both amused and delighted. Even though Praenarin's face was serious and a little annoyed, Khemjira knew the truthshe was being punished with two nights on the couch because her wife was jealous!

Ah, Ragdoll cats were just like this. They might look cold and distant on the outside, but deep down, their emotions were a storm.

"Oh, come on. I was just saying goodbye to P'Rin. She's moving out in a few days. I love her like a sister. But you, Khun Rin-I love you as my wife."

Khemjira tightened her arms around her wife, pulling their bodies even closer until it felt like they were melting into one.

"Mm. Let me go and go back to your own place."

Praenarin squirmed in Khemjira's arms, trying to break free, but the stubborn woman wouldn't budge. Instead, she flipped them over, pinning Praenarin down with a firm grip on both wrists.

"You're so stubborn!" Praenarin glared.

"Nope. I'm not going back to that stupid couch. Do you know how much my back hurts? And my heart too. I want to sleep with my wife. Let's do our homework again, hmm? That night wasn't enough."

"What do you mean '*wasn't enough*'?! It went on for hours!"

Praenarin, her dark hair spread across the pillow, protested loudly. In her opinion, even half an hour was too much. But Khemjira had kept her up from 10 PM past midnight!

Khemjira smirked, her lips curling mischievously. Slowly, she leaned in closer, her breath warm against Phraenarin's ear as she whispered in a low, seductive voice:

"It's not enough, Khun Rin. I'll make sure you're satisfied every night,"

Khemjira whispered in a low, inviting voice.

"Don't you ever get the urge, Khun Rin? Are you really going to suppress it for two whole years? Or would you rather let yourself go and feel pleasure so intense it leaves you breathless? Are you sure you want the first option?"

Her soft, sultry voice brushed against Praenarin's ear. Her long lashes fluttered, and she swallowed hard as images from that night resurfaced in her mind. That night had relaxed her so completely that she had overslept for the first time.

Just remembering it sent another wave of emotions she could no longer suppress.

"Khem..."

She instinctively pressed her legs together, whispering her wife's name as the warm hands holding her wrists suddenly released their grip. Then, a soft palm gently caressed her cheek.

"Trust me," Khemjira murmured.

"I'll make you feel even better than on our wedding night. You know how soft my tongue is, don't you?"

Her lips hovered near Praenarin's ear, voice dipping lower as she trailed her nose down her wife's elegant neck, leaving a feather-light kiss just behind her ear. From there, she continued down, placing delicate kisses along her sensitive skin, moving down to her bare shoulder.

Her hand, which had been resting idly, slid to Praenarin's waist, stroking gently through the fabric. The tenderness of it all sent a wave of warmth through Praenarin, making her unconsciously sigh.

"Mm..."

The tension from her long day at work slowly melted away. Just Khemjira's gentle touch was enough to unravel her. Everything her wife did to her was always filled with care.

Khemjira whispered playfully,

"Teacher... this student is ready to turn in her *homework*."

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# Chapter 09 : Being an Outstanding Student

Feeling this way, how could she escape? She still had to accept her, but as a partner, of course. Praenarin placed both hands on the other person's shoulders and gently pushed away. The person who was enjoying their closeness raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Why?"

"Khem. Just because I let you doesn't mean I love you."

"I understand, but you should also know that everything I do, I do out of love... Please."

Praenarin didn't speak up, but she allowed it by grabbing the other person's neck and pulling them in for a kiss. Her beautiful lips were nibbled again and again, the soft tongue twirling and teasing until it became heated.

The tall figure slowly leaned down, laying on top of her, but that only made her feel more comfortable. Warm hands stroked the slender legs beneath the fabric, reaching the curves of her hips and moving up to squeeze gently.

Praenarin felt the intense desire of the other person. The tighter they pressed between her legs, the more their bodies became intertwined.

"Hmm.." Praenarin moaned softly.

Because she was afraid her wife wouldn't be able to breathe, Khemjira pulled away from the kiss and softly kissed her delicate neck before trailing down to her smooth shoulder and gently tugging at the thin straps of her outfit without taking it off, before encountering the two beautiful breasts that greeted the air.

She wasn't wearing bra while sleeping, which made it easier for her to do her homework.

"I've finished the first task, can I move on to the second one?"

A sweet, gentle voice rose beside her ear and then quieted. Praenarin closed her eyes, biting her own lip as her wife's warm mouth claimed her breasts. Her beautiful lips alternated sucking on both sides, creating a fluttering sensation in her stomach.

The free hand began to lift her pajamas, sliding up her thighs, and slowly pulling her underwear down, until she realized the long fingers of her wife were rubbing and teasing her sensitive spot.

The tingling sensation raced from top to bottom, the warmth from inside indicating that her body was beginning to respond to the arousal. The blood was pumping stronger within her, making her feel hot all over.

"Khem,"

Praenrin looked down at the action and gently stroked her wife's head. She called her name in a breathy tone that she could hardly control, and the lips that were busy pleasuring her slowly pulled away before leaning in to whisper in her ear again.

"Why?"

Khemjira asked as her fingers moved away from her soft petals and unfastened the little barrier for convenience in doing homework. She willingly cooperated.

"What does that mean? Calling Khem like this, do you want Khem to stop or continue?"

Her long fingers gently pressed on her sensitive spot again, then caressed the moist liquid that she had produced, circling it until she could see the glistening, satisfied look in her eyes.

"Please continue... I feel good."

Praenarin was being pushed into the depths of an emotional storm, her beautiful hips rising to meet her wife's fingertips on her sensitive spot. The wave of heat began at her core, spreading throughout her body until she had to curl her toes.

"Where?"

"Down there."

"Is it here?"

Khemjira smiled and slowly dragged her fingertip from the swollen earlobe down to the mouth of love. She gently inserted her finger into the soft, elastic cavity, until she could see the other person's slightly grimaced face.

"Is this how it is?"

She asked with a sweet, intoxicating tone. Then she leaned down to suck and nibble on the soft pinkish-brown nipple with her tongue, while her delicate fingers brushed against the tender petals, teasingly rubbing against sensitive spots.

Praenarin raised her face, closed her eyes, and moaned softly. Her left hand lifted to hold her temples, while her right hand dug into her wife's shoulder. The sound of wet skin creaking occasionally slipped out as the other person's wrist moved more frequently, sending a hollow sensation down to her stomach.

"Ah... harder, harder,"

She urged, and with that, Khemjira pulled her delicate lips away from the beautiful bosom and quickened her pace. The fluid that flowed back out soaked her palms and the slender body that writhed restlessly, causing her lower half to ache and crave release as well.

"Ah... Khem, it's almost over...."

Praenarin's eyes glistened with bliss. Her hips lifted, floating to the rhythm of the other party in the final moment.

"Ah.. Ah!"

Praenarin let out a long moan in the moment of climax. Her lower body trembled intensely, her body feeling light yet tense for several seconds. Khemjira quickly pulled her wife into an embrace, but her beautiful lips once again sought to claim her beautiful breasts.

Even though Praenarin had already reached her climax, the other party continued to move her fingers. The tips of her toes dug into the bed, her beautiful chest arched against the soft tongue. Praenarin's hand grabbed a handful of her wife's hair, tugging it to release the tingling sensation within.

"Kh...Khem, I'm done. Why won't you stop?"

The body, drenched in sweat, writhed as if on the verge of losing sanity. The young woman moaned incomprehensibly as the internal craving began to build up again, feeling other fluids being expelled more than before.

"Ugh, I can't take it anymore. Stop, stop moving,"

She moan, but the other person didn't listen. Khemjira continued to thrust her long fingers against the sensitive spot inside repeatedly, until the soft walls began to tighten and convulse again in less than a minute.

"Ah..."

And then everything stopped. It was the second time that Praenarin felt a shiver run through her body, leaving her weak.

"Why? Did it feel so intense that it made you cry?"

Seeing the tears welling up in the lower part of her tense body, Khemjira laughed affectionately. She stopped her hands before slowly withdrawing them from the warm, soft love nest that was currently being nibbled on, and leaned her body over her slender form.

Even though she felt a sting where she had dug her nails in, it didn't diminish her feelings as much as the look of pure happiness in her eyes.

"Dear wife, do you know how kissable you are at times like this?"

"It feels so good, it feels so good,"

Praenarin wiped her tears and replied with a trembling voice. The passionate yet gentle touch of Khemjira made her feel extremely happy, ten times happier than doing it herself. She couldn't withdraw from that feeling at all.

"I'm glad you like it. One more round, please."

Khemjira leaned down and gently held her wife's cheek, then placed her palm to caress her flat abdomen down to her sensitive spot, resuming their intimate activities once more.

From that day on, she started to figure out how to kiss properly. This time, she slipped her fingers into the love nest that was perfectly ready.

She pressed her lips together, passionately kissing her wife's upper and lower lips with increasing intensity, causing her to moan deeper in her throat.

Praenarin allowed the other party to act because the emotions surged to a peak. The lower part felt a strange pleasure as if it were being pinched. When the other party pulled away from the kiss and dragged their nose down to the neck, the person who was shivering all over release it naturally.

Time and time again, those wicked fingers pressed harshly against a crucial spot, making the young woman gasp and tremble. Her beautiful hips moved in rhythm, her feet pressing down on the mattress as she moaned shamelessly.

Tension gathered at her most sensitive point, her beautiful face tossing from side to side a few times before the muscles in her pelvis tensed and twitched in release.

"Ah! K...Khem, I came..."

Praenarin clung to the other's body, pulling her into an embrace. Her slender legs trembled, her lower body burning with heat-an ecstasy that was both blissful and agonizing.

"Do you like it?"

Her wife asked. Praenarin nodded, her eyes glistening with tears of pleasure. Khemjira pulled away and started undressing herself.

"More."

Praenarin swallowed hard as she took in the sight of her wife's full, ample chest. Those breasts were much larger than hers-perfectly shaped with a soft pink hue. Her navel ran in a vertical line, and her abdomen displayed faint lines of well-defined muscles, just normal shape but still strikingly attractive. Overall, Khemjira had the body of a model, which was why Praenarin always thought of her that way.

"What are you staring at?"

"Nothing."

The moment she was caught, she quickly averted her gaze. But the energetic young woman didn't let it slide-she moved closer, intertwining their legs and pressing their sensitive areas together.

The moment their bodies touched, a shiver ran through Praenarin, her heartbeat pounding as if a gentle electric current had just jolted her. It was yet another time she found herself feeling the delicate part of Khemjira, just like before.

"More? But I've already come three times."

She protested, not knowing how far Khemjira intended to take this. But at the same time, she couldn't ignore the rising desire building up again.

"But I haven't even once,"

Khemjira replied with a straight face.

She gently held onto Praenarin's slender legs, pressing her own against her, rubbing them together so their sensitive spots met. Praenarin couldn't resistnot when Khemjira was making those aroused expressions that turned her on so much. How could she possibly close homework notebook and go to sleep now?

"Ah, that's so exciting. Do you feel the same, Khun Rin?"

"Again, I'm getting excited. Move a little harder."

When requested, Khemjira complied. She supported the slender body to lean against the large pillow and adjusted the position again for better comfort. Her wife's beautiful legs were slightly raised, and their lovely hips pressed tightly against each other, igniting a passionate connection that rubbed against each other repeatedly until it almost caught fire.

Praenarin's right hand pressed against the bed beside her, while the other helped support her leg. But the overwhelming pleasure, so intense it made her core ache, weakened her limbs.

However, her hips moved rhythmically in perfect sync. Her beautiful face contorted in a way she couldn't control, and her toes tingled so much she had to curl them.

"Again, Khem.... it feels so good, I'm going to finish again."

"It's done, my good girl."

Khemjira said with a trembling voice due to the tingling sensation. Both hands held her lover's slender waist and rubbed her sensitive spot until she saw the other person's body turn a rosy pink.

"Ugh, Khem, I can't take it anymore. I... ah."

Even the one who played the role of the victim, closing her eyes and moaning softly, had her bones broken in a few places. Hence, Khemjira pressed her youthful body against the same spot of her wife tightly before they both reached climax together.

"Ah, it's so exciting. Khun Rin's body is so warm. I want to stay like this forever."

Khemjira's legs went weak, feeling more intense than secretly doing it alone late at night. But finishing together with a loved one just once is still not enough.

The slender arms placed the other person's thighs down, then leaned forward with hands on the bed. Seeing her rub her small belly, her face flushed, and she couldn't help but feel affectionate. Her beautiful girl had already finished four times tonight.

"I can't... take it out."

"Why? It's nice and warm."

"But I'm tired."

The tall figure finally pulled away. Khemjira spread her wife's beautiful legs apart and sat down in the middle. Then, standing, she gently massaged her wife's beautiful breasts. Praenarin didn't stop her, but was breathing heavily, staring at her chest quietly as if deep in thought. The one being watched smirked slyly.

"If that position is too soft, then let's switch to this one instead."

The palm glided from the wife's breasts, through the nightgown that had slipped down to her stomach, and then down to the beautiful valley of desire. The long fingers parted the lovely petals and slipped into the warm love channel, thrusting gently once more.

"Ugh... Khem, I just finished,"

The slender figure twisted her body in discomfort, reaching out to touch the other person's hand but not stopping her in any way. Before the outstretched hand could be stopped, the other person grabbed it and placed it at the base of her own thigh instead.

"Because Khem loves you.... Khem wants you to be very happy."

Khemjira leaned her body closer, pressing her lips onto the soft mound. She entwined her hair with it, along with her fingers slipping in and out of the slick love nest. The person beneath her raised their hands to wrap around her neck, moaning in a pleasing tone.

A few minutes later, the one who willingly played the receiver groaned deeply in their throat and twitched again, signaling that they were done. For Praenarin, this was a long time, but for Khemjira, it was a delightful time.

"Again,"

Praenarin's tears streamed down her face from overwhelming happiness. This was the fifth time, the fifth time she had found the happiness she longed for.

Khemjira withdrew her hand and bent down to use her tongue to lick the beautiful nectar that was glistening with natural sweetness until it hardened against her tongue.

Praenarin, who was repeatedly aroused and could no longer bear it, could do nothing but writhe and moan to release her pent-up desire.

The wicked tip of the tongue licked the soft petals until they glistened and alternated to suck and nibble, driving her to a tingling, throbbing sensation in her lower body, as if her sensitive spots were about to melt away with the alluring touch.

"Ah, Khem, I can't take it anymore. It's so intense, so intense."

The embarrassing sound echoed throughout the room. The slender body writhed away from the warm tongue, but the person whose face was nestled between her thighs held her legs tightly. With no way to escape, her hands pulled away the blanket that was piled beside her instead.

"Ugh....I can't take it anymore."

The tingling sensation kept attacking relentlessly until the slender body gasped for breath, trembling. After a few seconds, the beautiful figure arched back, convulsing and tensing for several seconds. Although it was a brief moment, the feeling was more intense than ever. Breathless, it felt like millions of butterflies were fluttering in the stomach. Praenarin's tears of joy flowed once more.

She has never felt this good before. The slender body lies sprawled on the bed, completely exhausted.

This is the sixth time.... the sixth time for tonight.

Realizing that she might have gone too far, Khemjira pulled away, wiped her mouth that was smeared with clear lubricant, and then moved up to her partner. She let the one who had just reached the shore relax a bit.

With her long fingers, she tucked the other person's hair behind their ear, wiped the beads of sweat that had formed on their face, and then leaned in to whisper sweet nothings.

"I loves you, Khun Rin.... I loves you the most, Khun Rin."

Then she pressed her lips gently against the person beneath her, a final service that might not be the last.

"Do you like it?"

"Like."

The gentle voice that came out still sounded shaky, so Khemjira leaned down to speak next to her lover's ear with a soft, deep voice once again.

"Then let's continue for another round, shall we?"

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"Um..."

Praenarin woke up to the sound of her phone alarm, which always rang at the same time every day. The young woman reached out to turn it off and opened her eyes to the ceiling. The room was still dark and cool because the blackout curtains were still tightly closed.

It was now six-thirty. She usually woke up at this time because when she finished everything and set off, she would arrive at the office by nine o'clock.

The beautiful face showed slight signs of fatigue. Looking for the person who slept beside her, she found the space empty. Khemjira was always like this. She often woke up early and did things quietly, then left for work before anyone else. She acted like an outstanding employee both in front of and behind the CEO like her, even though they had gone to bed together last night because...

*"Do you like it?"*

*"Like"*

*"Then let's continue for another round, shall we?"*

***One more round that doesn't mean just one round.***

When she thought about what happened the night before she went to bed, the young woman instinctively squeezed her own leg and covered her face with her hands. That energetic girl bullied her by stuffing her with so much happiness that it overflowed.

As for her, she could never refuse such things. If this continues, something bad will definitely happen. So, she has to do something.

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At exactly nine o'clock at 124 KT Design Company

The sound of high heels echoed through the hallway. As soon as Praenarin arrived, the young woman was immediately pulled into her office because she had a meeting at ten in the morning with the board of directors.

Having expended a lot of energy the night before and needing to wake up early again, she felt an extra craving for sugar today, even though consuming too much might make her sleepy.

"Boss..."

As soon as her personal secretary spoke, the slender woman stopped walking, raised a finger as if to signal "wait," and immediately cut in.

"Khun Mai, I'd like a sweet coffee, please."

Then, without waiting to hear what her secretary wanted to say, she hurried straight into her office to get ready for the meeting.

*Click...*

"You're here already?"

"Dad! You scared me!"

The moment she opened the door, the person sitting in her chair spun around to greet her, making her jump. Her father always showed up like a ghost. Pranarin placed a hand on her chest to calm down before setting her things on the table.

"Why are you here? Isn't the board meeting at ten?"

Thinking he was there to talk about the meeting, she quickly reminded him of the time. They both had their own work—she drove herself, while he had a driver. And unlike her, he could leave early.

As the company chairman, once he finished his meeting with her, the CEO, he could relax. Meanwhile, she was stuck dealing with board meetings, strategies, and everything else. Sometimes, it really felt like too much work for her salary.

"What's wrong? You look tired. Did you stay up late? You have a big meeting today—why didn’t you go to bed early?"

She touched her own face lightly. Could he really tell she was sleepdeprived after just one late night? Worried that he might figure out she had been secretly with Khemjira, she quickly changed the subject to stop him from overthinking.

"I just watched a series for a little while. The sapphic series is very popular these days."

Wasin could tell. The middle-aged man smiled and stood up, offering the chair to the lady of the house.

"I just wanted to ask you something. You told me that there are rumors in our company about who is the CEO's husband. I want to know if Khun Kiri visits here often."

The young woman paused. Rumors? About the CEO? Why didn't she know about this? Did Khun Mathuros keep the news from her?

"Not that often. You know that Khun Kiri and Khun Ying Nualkae are our big clients. The condo project they're working on is a major one that will help our quarter go better than before. So, I need to take care of him personally. Like you always say, a captain needs to secure the big fish while leaving the little ones to others."

Her father, who had taught her that, now seemed uncomfortable with the way his daughter was using it. He turned his face away. She wasn't going to follow that advice now.

"But the rumor is that you two secretly got married. It's not just Khun Kiri who could be hurt by this; if Khem finds out, she might be upset."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

The young woman turned her back, tilting her head arrogantly. So what if Khem gets upset? Let her think whatever she wants-that she and Khun Kiri were not just business partners. Maybe that would make her cry and want to break up with her.

"Go tell Khun Kiri that I'm married now. Don't forget, I've already agreed to your terms, which state that we have to act like a married couple. If I do this, it would be considered cheating."

Her father gave her a final warning,

"I'm giving you a deadline. Don't make me repeat myself. Otherwise, it will be considered that you're violating the terms."

After giving the order as the company president, he left, leaving the lady of the house feeling stunned, like she had been struck by lightning. It seemed her father cared more for that kid than her.

Praenarin turned her eyes upward, then threw herself onto her large office chair and crossed her arms. Violating the terms? Was she not following the conditions enough already?

The development team's office seemed to be having a meeting because whenever a form new task came in, the person responsible for distributing the work to the team was Ji. Right now, a small group of four people was gathering at Khemjira's desk as Ji was assigning tasks to a new employee, with both mentors standing by to watch.

"You need to create these 3D images and present them at the department meeting tomorrow at 3 PM. It's simple. Even though it's not the deadline yet, you have to finish it so other teams can use it."

Her task was clear.

The document was placed in front of Khemjira, who picked it up to look and realized this wasn't the task she should be doing. She was still in the learning phase, following the basic processes and doing the work assigned to her as instructed by her mentors, Jay and Balloon.

"Do you want me to do this? But this is Ji's responsibility."

"Yes, yes, that's Ji's task,"

Someone who usually handled this task regularly added. But the one in charge was still insisting that the new girl, Khemjira, should do it.

"But today, it's your responsibility, Khem. Besides, I've already assigned work to everyone else."

The two mentors looked uncomfortable because they hadn't taught Khemjira how to handle the task she was being assigned. They had thought someone else was always doing it and that it had never changed. As for Khemjira, once she completed her internship, she would take on other available tasks.

"Uh... but we haven't had Khem try creating the model on her own yet, Ji."

"So what? Should I report to the department head that you two didn't teach the new girl? We all need to be able to do every task in the department. Don't you remember that? Why didn't you teach her this?"

This time, both of them fell silent because they knew they had made a mistake. Now, it seemed like they were the ones who would be reprimanded for not teaching the new girl.

"I'll have her do it."

Ji looked at the new girl, Khemjira, and continued giving instructions, wanting her to understand who she was and where she stood, so she wouldn't speak out of turn like before.

"Since you're an employee here, you have to do it, and you must finish it.

This task is quite urgent. Although it's not a big job, it's an assignment for the department. Understand?"

After giving the orders, the woman with a heroine's face but villainous behavior walked back to her desk, where her friend was waiting to gossip. As soon as she sat down, she leaned forward and whispered.

"Do you think that girl will be able to do it?"

"I gave her the task because I think she can't do it."

The team leader smiled slyly as she looked at the new girl's desk. She really hated that girl. Now, she would probably get scolded in the meeting for not being able to complete the task. Or, if not, her mentors would get the blame instead.

While the one giving the orders was gloating, the mentors, Ji and Balloon, were sweating because they knew it was their fault.

"Why didn't Ji give this task to us like before, Jae? Isn't this our job?"

Balloon tapped her friend on the arm, asking with concern while trying to figure out how to help Khemjira, who was now sitting quietly, looking at the briefing document as though she didn't have any problems.

"Who knows? I'm not Ji."

"This is clearly a setup. How is Khem going to do it when she's only seen the completed models from the company? We've never even let her try making a model herself."

"This job is pretty urgent too. What should we do?"

While the two were deep in thought, Khemjira, who knew she had to figure this out, put the document down and smiled as though she didn't care about the world.

"Don't worry, P'Balloon, P'Jae. I can do it. But for better focus, I'd like to go work outside,"

Khemjira said, folding her laptop and giving both of them a smile before gathering her things and heading outside to work.

She wondered if she had a heavy load now-besides her work as a wife, she also had this task from the department. It seemed she was a popular girl, and everyone wanted to play tricks on her.

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# Chapter 10 : Kiss

Today was another day that Praenarin woke up at her usual time, but she didn’t feel fully rested.

*Why, you still ask?*

Well, because of her wife's eagerness, of course. The young woman placed her hand on the spot where Kemjira usually slept, but it was empty.

She turned to her side, her beautiful black eyes staring at the empty space as she did every day. And as usual, she was still gone. Kemjira was never there when she woke up.

Normally, she had been sleeping alone like this since she was a child. But today, waking up and not finding her wife made her feel an unfamiliar loneliness deep inside.

Her bare body, due to the love-making activity the night before, slowly got up and moved to the dressing room. The young woman opened her cosmetics drawer and picked up the wedding ring she had taken off.

She noticed that Kemjira wore it all the time, but she, on the other hand, didn’t. Yet, Kemjira never said anything about it.

“I’m sorry, but I’m just too hurt to truly love you,”

The young woman said to the ring before losing interest and putting it back in its place.

Praenarin spent about an hour in the shower and getting dressed, then went downstairs to the dining room for breakfast, as she did every day. Of course, she would run into her father sitting at the table with her.

Her father usually woke up early to drink coffee and then go for a walk around the house. Afterward, he would come back and have breakfast with her around seven-thirty. This routine had become so familiar to her.

“Dad, does Khem leave for work this early every day?”

As soon as the young woman sat down, she immediately asked her father, since he was likely to be the one she ran into at this time.

“Yep, she left. I heard she’s afraid of traffic, so she packs her lunch and eats it at the office.”

“I’ve never seen her in the morning. Wakes up so early, I don’t know if she’s a person or a chicken,”

She mumbled quietly about her wife while scooping rice. But even though her father was older, his hearing was still sharp.

“Well, she starts work at eight, unlike you, who starts work at nine every day. Sometimes you even come in later than that,” her father replied.

Being caught off guard, Praenarin shot her father a rebellious look.

“Well, I’m a CEO. Even you, Dad, sometimes don’t go to work until three in the afternoon. Some days, you just show up to pressure me to work,”

She retorted. Her father, Wasin, chuckled at how much Pranarin was like her mother. Sometimes, he even thought that Praenarin was more like his wife than his daughter. But seeing her like this was good. It was better than when she used to sulk, her face always clouded with sadness.

“Well, I’m the chairman of the company. Have you done what I asked you to do regarding that person?”

“Not yet. He hasn’t come to see me, so how could I tell him?”

“Then don’t forget. If he comes, make sure you tell him.”

“Okay,”

Praenarin agreed, though half-heartedly. But even if that man were to pursue her, he’d never win her heart because her heart was meant for women only. And right now, it still belonged to Phrapai. In fact, it might always belong to her.

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A well-known European car entered the CEO parking space near the building’s entrance. As soon as the young woman stepped out.

After getting out of the car, she walked into the elevator. Both male and female employees she passed greeted her, smiling shyly.

Today, the boss was wearing a white chiffon long-sleeve jumpsuit, black polyester pants, black glossy stilettos, and black sunglasses. It was a comfortable, casual look that she liked the most.

It also seemed to be the kind of look that caught the eye of everyone who saw her, creating a reaction completely opposite to her "Ice Queen" nickname.

When the elevator doors opened on her floor, the young woman walked straight toward her office with grace. She was met by Mathuros, who was already waiting by the secretary's desk.

"Good morning, Boss. We have a guest this early today," Mathuros said.

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Kiri."

After receiving the information from her personal assistant, the young woman went straight to her office, thinking to herself that Mr. Kiri had been trying to approach her for several months now, ever since he became a client of their company.

In fact, it might have been even before she broke up with Phrapai. They met at her father's birthday party, and he never made her feel like he was pursuing her—until recently. If you asked if she had feelings for him, she would say no, not even 1%.

*Creek.*

She heard the sound of the door opening, and a tall man, over 180 cm, stood up from the sofa, holding a large bouquet of red roses.

"Good morning. You look beautiful today,"

He smiled, looking almost mesmerized by her appearance. Praenarin felt slightly uncomfortable because she knew she had a part in not telling him from the start, simply because she didn’t want anyone to know she was married, except those who needed to know.

"We don’t have a meeting scheduled for work today. Is there an urgent issue, Khun Kiri? I can call the team for a meeting right away,"

She said, pretending to speak in a professional tone.

"No, it's not that. I have something important to tell you, Khun Rin. I need to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I just wanted to thank you, Khun Rin."

He handed her the bouquet of flowers. Praenarin fell silent—not because she was shocked by his confession, as she had seen this coming for a while now—but because she was trying to gather the right words in her head to reject him kindly, especially since he was the company's biggest client this year, and someone she had known for some time now.

"I like you so much that I don't even know how to put it into words. And if it’s not too forward, I’d like to say that I love you," he said.

"Khun Kiri…"

She didn't accept the flowers. The bouquet of roses he handed her slowly lowered as the look of disappointment crossed his face.

"Why?" he asked.

"Is there something about me you don't like? Just tell me, I’m willing to change everything about myself for you. I just want to be with you. I think if we were together, we’d make the perfect couple, and everyone would envy us."

He spoke with such confidence, and Praenarin had to admit, she could see where he was coming from. Khun Kiri was the heir to a very wealthy real estate business, while she was the heir to a multi-billion-dollar design company with international branches.

The two of them were well-matched in both looks and wealth. But the thing was, he wasn’t her type. No matter how much more handsome he became, it just wouldn’t work.

"It’s not like that, Khun Kiri."

"Then why don’t you like me?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"Because I’m married. I already have a husband."

Upon hearing this, his face went blank, and he took a step back, as if struggling to accept the truth. Praenarin stood there quietly, waiting.

"I'm not lying."

"I don’t think you are. I’m just surprised because I had no idea."

"I’m already married. And besides, you’re not my type. But don’t feel bad —this whole world isn’t my type either."

She wasn’t sure if that would make him feel less hurt, but she felt awful having to say this to someone who had just gathered the courage to confess.

She liked women, but men often flirted with her.

Usually, she would reject them politely. But with him, she couldn’t do that. He was someone she needed to maintain a good relationship with for the company’s benefit.

It might not directly benefit her, but if she thought about it, there was one upside—his presence could make Khemjira uncomfortable whenever they were together in the canteen.

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Surprisingly, instead of feeling heartbroken after being rejected, Kiri wasn’t upset at all. He returned to his condo with a large bouquet of flowers that had now become useless. He didn’t throw them away, though—he still thought they had some use.

As soon as he opened the door and stepped inside, someone rushed into his arms as if they hadn’t seen him in years.

"P’Kiri! I haven’t seen you in so many days. I missed you!"

He smiled, gently pushed the girl’s shoulders back, and glanced at the bouquet—now a reminder of his rejection.

"Here, take these flowers."

The girl, who was receiving flowers from the person she loved the most, smiled brightly. But instead of taking them, she just looked at them silently.

"P’Kiri, did you really buy these for me?"

She asked, looking back and forth between his face and the flowers.

"Yeah. Take them."

"But you know I’m allergic to pollen, right?"

Kiri froze for a moment, then grabbed a large plastic bag, wrapped the bouquet tightly, and tossed it into the trash can.

"I forgot. Sorry."

He took off his jacket, threw it over the sofa, and turned his back to her, pretending not to care—for both their sakes.

"P’Kiri, I love you."

Phraphai had been waiting here patiently, enduring everything because his mother didn’t accept her. As soon as she saw him, she quickly hugged him from behind. Even though he had brought flowers that could trigger her allergy, she still felt like he was everything to her—he always had been, even before she broke up with Praenarin.

"Even if I hurt you?"

"I love you. Even if it hurts, I still love you."

"....."

"Don't try to push me away. No matter what you do to me, I will still love you."

Kiri couldn’t resist her fragile presence. He turned around and wrapped his strong arms around her delicate frame. He had lured her into loving him— just to make her leave Praenarin, to clear the path for himself, just as his mother had planned.

He had told himself he wouldn’t fall in love. But now, holding her in his arms, he couldn’t help but feel possessive of her, even though he had done everything to suppress his emotions. If this path would lead him to hell, then he was certain—he’d be falling into the deepest pit of all.

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Today, Khemjira wasn't in the team's office. Instead, she was in the Working Space on the upper floor of the department, working on an urgent task given by Khun Ji the day before. She sat working while playing soft background music, but the music soon faded into the sound of a call from her wife's secretary, Khun Mathuros.

"Hello, Khun Mathuros,"

She said, setting her work aside to answer the phone. She always anticipated receiving a call from Khun Mathuros, as it meant she would get to see her beloved wife.

"Khun Khem, once you finish lunch, please come up to see the boss,"

Khun Mathuros said.

Khemjira glanced at her silver wristwatch. It was nearly noon, just ten more minutes. If Khun Mathuros hadn’t called, she might have been so engrossed in her work that she’d forget it was time for a break.

"Where does the boss usually go for lunch?" Khemjira asked.

"Normally, the boss eats outside, but recently, the boss has started having lunch in the office. Khun Mai handles the lunch arrangements for the boss now,"

Mathuros replied. Khemjira cheerfully smiling, found this amusing since today, she would be having lunch with her wife instead of her mentor.

"Then... does the boss like bubble milk tea?"

Khemjira asked casually, but there was a long pause on the other end of the line before Mathuros answered with uncertainty.

"Um... I’ve never seen the boss have it. The boss usually drinks coffee. The boss likes everything from black coffee to sweet lattes. You can say, if it's coffee, the boss will drink it. Another favorite is chocolate—either hot or cold."

"And what does the boss not like?"

Khemjira asked, trying to get more details.

"Fresh milk. The boss doesn’t like drinking milk unless it’s mixed with coffee," Mathuros answered.

Khemjira nodded slowly. So, the boss didn’t like fresh milk. It made sense since cow’s milk could upset the stomach in some people and even trigger inflammation, which wasn’t ideal for someone of the boss’s age. Khemjira guessed that’s probably why Praenarin avoided it.

"Thank you,"

Khemjira said before ending the call. She smiled to herself, already planning what to do. If the boss wasn’t going out for lunch, she would bring food up to the office and share it with her wife.

With that thought, Khemjira quickly packed her things to return to her office, so she could grab some lunch and enjoy it with her beautiful wife.

It wasn't as long as she had expected. The canteen allowed her to borrow reusable food boxes, so she could take her meal to eat elsewhere. Once she had the box, Khemjira stopped by the milk tea shop and said goodbye to her two mentors, claiming she wanted to change the atmosphere and eat in her office. But in reality, she was heading straight to the CEO's office.

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***Knock knock knock***

"I'm here!"

Khemjira knocked a few times before entering. The person inside was sitting at her desk, having lunch. Without hesitation, Khemjira sat down in the chair across from her and placed her food on the table.

"Why are you here so early? Didn’t I ask you to eat first and come after?" Praenarin didn’t scold her; she was just curious as to why Khemjira didn’t eat with her mentors like usual.

"I came to eat with you, of course. Can I join you for lunch, my dear wife? Then we can discuss business later."

Khemjira picked up her meal, and Praenarin glanced over. Today, Khemjira had brought a bento box from a nearby shop, while Praenarin's meal was a delicious-looking basil stir-fry with a fried egg, accompanied by two cups of drink.

"What’s that?"

Praenarin asked, looking at the food.

"This is Khem's lunch, and this one is your iced latte."

Khemjira handed Praenarin the iced latte, while her own drink was a bubble milk tea.

"Did I ask you to get this?"

Praenarin asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No, I bought it for you. I saw that you didn’t get a full eight hours of sleep last night, so I thought you might need some caffeine."

Praenarin raised her elegant eyebrow with a smile, noticing Khemjira's expression turn slightly flustered. Khemjira shot her a playful glare but continued eating, clearly a little annoyed, though she didn’t say anything.

Once they finished their meals, Khemjira noticed Praenarin had finished the iced coffee she bought for her, leaving only half a glass.

Khemjira felt a sense of satisfaction, almost as if it were like the comforting feeling of hugging Praenarin as she slept.

"Alright, let's get down to business. The reason I called you here is that I want you to write a detailed report on everything you've done since your first day at work, from when you start in the morning until you go home. Use the template I just sent you."

It was time to tease her wife again. Praenarin pressed send on the email with the task, attaching the work report guidelines. She wanted Khemjira to focus on this report so she wouldn’t have much time to do other things, like homework.

Otherwise, if this continued, she’d grow old and wrinkled before her time due to lack of sleep.😅😅

"A report? In detail?"

Khemjira asked, raising her eyebrows in surprise.

"Yes, in the most detailed way. The company needs to evaluate your work performance to decide whether to pass your probation or not."

Praenarin sat back, crossing her arms and feeling content with herself for making Khemjira so busy. She knew that the report would be difficult for Khemjira, having to remember everything she had done for nearly a month.

"And when does it need to be submitted?" Khemjira asked.

"Tomorrow,"

Praenarin replied, watching Khemjira’s face as she processed the short deadline. Khemjira bit her lip. This was no ordinary request.

The detailed report with such a short deadline meant that Praenarin probably wanted to keep her too busy to focus on anything else—just like last time. But that was fine. Khemjira was confident she could handle it.

"And what if I can't finish it on time? What will you do?" Khemjira asked.

Praenarin stared at Khemjira in silence for a moment after hearing the unexpected reply. She was still trying to process how easily Khemjira accepted the terms, especially when she had made them sound so harsh. “You’re really not going to argue at all?”

Praenarin asked, genuinely curious.

Khemjira stood up, looking unbothered, and casually pulled out her lipstick. She applied it effortlessly, as if the whole situation were a minor inconvenience, something Praenarin couldn’t fully understand.

“No, I’m not,”

Khemjira replied with a calm smile.

“This is my first real job after graduation. I don’t really know how the work system here works, so whatever you want me to do, I’ll do it.”

As she spoke, she put the pink gloss back into her bag and walked over to Praenarin's desk. Leaning over it, she placed both her hands on the armrests, closing the space between them. Praenarin remained seated, crossing her arms, her confident expression intact, though a hint of surprise flashed across her face.

“And sometimes, I might even make it feel like an order,”

Khemjira continued with a smirk, deliberately choosing her words. Before Praenarin could respond, Khemjira swiftly leaned forward, catching her off guard by planting a kiss on her lips.

Praenarin blinked, caught between surprise and a rush of emotions. Khemjira had once again managed to disarm her in the most unexpected way.

She cupped her cheek again, leaving a faint pink lipstick mark behind.

"You!"

Praenarin pushed her wife away, raising a hand to touch her cheek before quickly grabbing a small mirror from her desk drawer. She checked the lipstick mark and wiped at it.

She wasn’t upset that her wife touched her—she was more worried about cleanliness. What if she got pimples? How was she supposed to deal with that? Would her wife take responsibility?

"I touched you because I love you, Khun Rin."

"Are you crazy? I’m your boss! How dare you touch me? How dare you say you love me?"

She frowned at her, scolding her seriously, but this shameless woman just smiled back, unfazed.

"It’s still lunch break, which is personal time for employees. And I touched you while you were on break from being everyone’s boss. So, I didn’t do anything wrong."

"Smart mouth."

"And my heart belongs to you too. See you later, wifey!"

With a bright grin, her tall wife grabbed her trash bag and walked away. Praenarin let out a deep sigh, feeling both annoyed and frustrated. Dealing with a younger wife wasn’t easy. If this continued for another six months, she might need therapy.

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At exactly 3:00 PM, it was time for Khemjira to submit her work.

The Development Team 1 had a small meeting where everyone in the team, along with the department head, gathered. After taking a seat next to her two mentors, Khemjira focused on listening to her team members present their project updates. Then, finally, it was her turn.

"Everyone has finished presenting their work. Now, it's your turn, Khem. How’s your task going? I already reminded you that we needed to review the progress today, and your work should be finished."

Ji, one of the team members, asked with a smug expression, while Hong, Ji’s close colleague, looked on with a similar attitude. Khemjira didn’t understand why they seemed to dislike her so much, even though she had already explained that she had nothing to do with Ji’s boyfriend getting fired.

"Did you really give this task to the new hire, Ji? Why didn’t you let Jay or Balloon handle it like before? This is an urgent project. If she can’t finish it on time, it’ll slow us down even more."

The department head, a woman in her early forties, asked Ji with a mix of surprise and mild disapproval. Ji glanced at Khemjira briefly before responding with a confident smile, as if expecting her to mess up and get scolded.

"Everyone in the team should be able to handle any task. Khemjira has already learned quite a bit, so I didn’t think it would be a problem to assign her this modeling task."

"Have you finished it? This may be a small project, but it’s urgent. We need to send the draft to the sales team today so they can present it to the client."

The department head turned to Khemjira directly. She glanced at her two mentors, who looked nervous, while the rest of the team remained silent, waiting for her response.

"Well..."

Before she could say anything, Ji interrupted with a mocking tone.

"Not finished yet? Usually, new hires can do this kind of task after a week or two of training."

Khemjira refused to let herself be belittled. She smiled at the department head, then calmly connected her laptop to the projector.

"Actually, I was just about to say that the task was easier than I expected. I just finished rendering a few minutes ago."

Without wasting time, she displayed her work for everyone to see. The department head’s expression made it clear that her work wasn’t bad at all —in fact, it looked pretty good.

"Hmm, this means your mentors taught you well. This task might be simple for experienced employees, but for someone new who’s just learning our specialized software, it takes time to get used to the system. But this is good..."

"....."

"Alright, today you can combine the project and add the tasks into the system. Once you're done, let the sales team know to check it out."

This time, her mentor standing beside her seemed visibly relieved. If she couldn't complete the task, it would mean that P'Jay and P'Balloon might get blamed for not teaching her properly. And when everything went smoothly, their little meeting started to break up.

It was clear that the person in charge, Khun Ji, wasn’t very happy that she finished the work on time. She didn’t even want to think about what would happen if she hadn’t been able to finish it.

If the work wasn’t completed on time, the company would be at a loss. Fortunately, she loved the 3D modeling subject and had secretly practiced with the program P'Jay used before, so she could do it herself. Otherwise, her mentor might have been blamed for not teaching her well.

The woman named Ji didn’t deserve to be a team leader at all, as it was obvious she was trying to cause problems for the team just to make things difficult for her.

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"Khun Khem, I was really nervous just now. I thought you weren’t going to finish it in time."

While heading back to the office, the three of them stopped to grab a cup of hot cocoa to clear the bad atmosphere from the meeting room. The others had already walked ahead to the office.

"I was nervous too. Just now, I almost didn’t make it in time. Luckily, I was the last one to present, so I had a little extra time,"

Khemjira said with a relieved smile. But Jay, who was still feeling uneasy, couldn’t shake off the question in her mind.

"Khun Ji is still difficult. We know we didn’t teach Khem how to use the program, so why give her the task instead of us?"

"Forget about that. Right now, let’s hurry back to the office and add the tasks. After work, we can grab something to eat,"

Balloon quickly said as she linked arms with the new girl and her friend. But Khemjira probably wouldn’t join them today because she had to help Khwanrin move into her new apartment on her first day.

"Um, I can’t join today. I have a little errand to run."

"Okay, then. We’ll go together. If you change your mind, let us know."

Balloon raised her finger in an "okay" gesture and gave her the biggest smile, making Khemjira laugh. The battle had been won for now, but the next battle would be the report war between her and the beautiful wife.

And don't think that Khun Ji would make her lose; there was no way that would happen.

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# Chapter 11 : Homework First

Since today Khwanrin was moving out to live somewhere else, just as she had mentioned before, Khemjira hurried to finish work and drove home to pick her up. She would take her to her new apartment, but there wasn’t much stuff to move.

“Hm, looks nice. Is the rent expensive, P’Rin?”

Khemjira asked as she dropped Khwanrin off in front of the building. It was already late, and she needed to get home quickly before the rain started and the traffic got worse.

“It’s reasonable. I chose this place because the community is good.”

“Is it close to your office?”

She asked, knowing that Khwanrin had already found a job. She was also working in an office, but in a different location and on the other side of the city.

“Yes. Thanks for dropping me off. But if you ever have any problems, you can always come to me,”

Khwanrin said with a relaxed smile. She was happy to be on her own, giving herself space and time to stop thinking about someone who saw her only as an older sister—especially since that person was already married.

“You make it sound like something bad is going to happen,”

Khemjira pouted. But Khwanrin wasn’t wrong—some days, she even got kicked to sleep on the couch. That was clearly a relationship problem. “I’m just joking. Go home now so you can have dinner with Khun Rin.”

“Alright, I’m going. Good luck, P’Rin. I’ll text you later.”

Before leaving, Khemjira didn’t forget to hug the person she loved like a real sister. But just as they were saying their goodbyes, it seemed like Khemjira’s bad luck was acting up.

Someone was watching them from a car not too far away.

Praenarin had been following Khemjira ever since she left home. She had turned her car around to trail her, curious about where she was going. She knew Khwanrin was moving out today and wanted to see where she would be staying—just in case she ever needed to wrap Khemjira up in paper and toss her in the trash. That way, she could drop her off at Khwanrin’s place without any trouble.

*"If you're that attached, why don’t you just move in together?"*

Praenarin rolled up the car window and grabbed her phone to set up an impromptu night out with her girlfriends—she suddenly felt like drinking. Every time Khemjira acted that way with someone else, it annoyed her.

She always said she loved her so much, but the moment she was out of sight, she would go hugging other people. Just wait—Khemjira was definitely sleeping on the couch again tonight.

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After following Khemjira, Praenarin headed to a fancy bar where she had arranged to meet her friends. In the past, they used to meet when she missed Phrapai or felt down enough to drink her sorrows away. But now, it seemed like they met up every time she had something on her mind about her own wife.

The bar had a bit of a raw, industrial design—not exactly the best fit for a group of stylish women like them. But since it was private, introverts like her, who only left the house to talk to friends, found it more comfortable.

Grace, Ying, Julie, and Prowfa—each of her friends came from wealthy families. If they weren’t helping with their family businesses, they had rich husbands taking care of them.

Once everyone arrived, they ordered the bar’s signature drinks and crossed their legs elegantly, their makeup perfectly in place. Praenarin, however, was the only one sitting there fuming, still upset about her husband sneaking off to hug someone else.

“Rin, why do your eyes look like you haven’t slept? Are you overworked?”

Julie leaned in, peering at her closely as if she was about to offer to fix her makeup. Praenarin quickly leaned away and masked her emotions by sitting up straight, sipping her drink slowly and gracefully.

“Just the usual. CEOs have meetings almost every day, nothing new.”

She still felt the same way about her as she did about Phrapai.

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By the time Praenarin got home, it was already 9 PM. She figured her father must have gone to bed by now. The only one still waiting for her was Aunt Malai, the senior housekeeper, standing at the front door with the house lights still on.

“Aunt Malai, has Khem come back yet?”

She asked, even though she could already see Khemjira’s car parked outside. She just wanted to know how long she had been home. If she had just arrived, she wouldn’t hesitate to scold her right away.

“She’s been back for a while now. She finished dinner and went upstairs. Do you need anything, Miss Rin?”

“No, you can rest now.”

Praenarin replied before heading up to her bedroom. She had a drink or two, but since she had to drive home, she hadn’t let herself get drunk like she usually did when she met up with her four friends to drown her heartbreak. *Click.*

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Khemjira sitting on the bed in her pajamas, playing with one of her stuffed toys. The tall, model-like woman immediately put the toy down and got up to greet her.

“Have you eaten yet? Want me to make you an omelet?”

“I already ate.”

Praenarin placed her bag and coat on the sofa, but before she could do anything else, Khemjira rushed over and hugged her from behind. She kissed her cheek repeatedly, almost bruising it, before sneaking in another kiss on her lips—just like she had done earlier that day.

“Hey! What do you think you’re doing, you pervy brat?”

Praenarin scolded, but Khemjira didn’t seem the least bit intimidated. Instead, she tightened her embrace and whispered in a low voice against her ear.

“I just missed you, that’s all. Can’t I hug and kiss my wife a little?”

"Don’t hug me! And don’t think I don’t know who you were hugging before this, you unfaithful woman. You’re never satisfied!"

Khemjira paused for a moment, trying to figure out what Praenarin was talking about. It only took her a second to realize—she had hugged Kwanrin, goodbye earlier today.

"Wait... You followed me, didn’t you? Khun Rin, I don’t have any feelings for P’Rin. We’re just siblings. It was just a goodbye hug, that’s all!"

"Hah! You say you don’t feel anything, but I know your heart does. You really don’t see it, do you? Khwanrin likes you."

Praenarin struggled in Khemjira’s arms, pushing against her, while

Khemjira blinked in confusion. But the moment she understood what Praenarin was implying, a wide grin spread across her lips. She finally let go, setting her fiery wife free.

"Are you jealous, Khun Rin? Does this mean... you actually love me now?"

Rin, who had been about to storm into the bathroom, suddenly snapped her head back toward Khemjira. She turned and walked toward her, her sharp eyes locked onto her target.

"Jealous? Me? Never."

Praenarin's voice was cold, her every step slow and deliberate.

"I told you—I don’t love you. I never have, and I never will. I’m just waiting for the day you can’t take it anymore and leave on your own. So stop dreaming about something that will never happen."

She jabbed a finger against Khemjira’s chest with each word, forcing her to step back.

"But you followed me today. If you don’t care, why did you follow me?"

"Just because I followed you doesn’t mean I love you. Don’t flatter yourself."

Seeing that she was winning this argument, Praenarin crossed her arms and lifted her chin, looking down at Khemjira with an arrogant glare. What she didn’t expect was for Khemjira to have a new trick up her sleeve to turn the tables.

"If you don’t love me, then why did you let me lick you?"

Praenarin’s eyes widened in shock. She never expected Khemjira to say something so outrageous with such an innocent face.

"Why give me hope? That place is supposed to be off-limits, but you let me have it. You let me do my homework there—over and over, night after night. And now you say you don’t love me? That’s a contradiction, isn’t it?"

"Hey! Stop saying such disgusting things right now!"

Praenarin pointed an accusing finger at her, but instead of backing down, Khemjira grabbed her finger, stepping in close. She locked her other hand around Praenarin’s waist and flashed a teasing grin.

"Why? I’m just stating the truth. Go on, tell me—tell me you didn’t do all that with me."

Praenarin clenched her teeth, silently counting to ten in her head before yanking her hand free. Her face burned with embarrassment at Khemjira’s shameless words.

"You’re not sleeping in this bed tonight. Take your pillow and go sleep outside!"

This time, Khemjira’s eyes widened in shock as a pillow was shoved into her arms. Praenarin shot her a glare before stomping off to the bathroom, leaving her "wife" standing there, looking completely dumbfounded.

By the time she finished her nightly routine, several minutes had passed. She emerged with her long, glossy black hair perfectly dried and styled, dressed in a sexy nightgown. But as she approached the bed, she found Khemjira still lying there, snug under the covers, looking as carefree as ever.

"Get up. I told you to sleep outside, didn’t I? Are you deaf?"

"Nope. I’m not going anywhere unless it’s right next to you, Khun Rin."

Khemjira immediately sat up from the blanket pile and grabbed her wife’s wrist, pulling her down toward the bed.

"I said get up! I don’t want to sleep with—ahh!"

Before she could finish her sentence, they tumbled onto the mattress together. Praenarin squirmed in Khemjira’s grip, trying to break free, but it was useless. No matter how hard she struggled, she couldn’t match the strength of her overly energetic wife.

"Let me go right now!"

"Why? Does sleeping with me make you feel so good you can’t handle it? Is that why you’re kicking me out?"

"You’re so crude!"

Praenarin snapped, glaring at Khemjira. But, as always, Khemjira was completely unaffected. Instead, she grabbed both of Praenarin’s wrists, pinning them above her head, before smoothly straddling her.

"Khem! I said get off! Go away—far away! I can’t stand you, do you hear me?"

She put on her most serious expression, hoping that this time Khemjira would finally listen. But the result was completely unexpected. Instead of backing off, Khemjira's face suddenly fell.

Her eyes welled up with unshed tears, looking so heartbreakingly hurt that Praenarin felt something strange stir inside her chest.

"You keep pushing me away like this… do you really hate me that much, Khun Rin?"

Khemjira's voice trembled slightly, her gaze filled with sadness.

"I have nowhere else to go. If I can't be with you, then I have no one left. My father is gone. I don’t have a mother. Do you know how much it hurts when you tell me to leave? It feels like you’re telling me to die."

Of course, this was all part of her plan. Khemjira knew that to tame a haughty little cat, she first had to make the cat realize just how much she had hurt her owner. And right now, she was playing that role perfectly.

"I don’t hate you."

Praenarin averted her gaze, not wanting to be the cause of someone feeling this broken. The truth was, she didn’t really want Khemjira to leave. She just wanted to maintain some control over her.

"Then let me stay."

Khemjira pleaded softly.

"I just want to sleep beside my wife. Please don’t push me away again, Khun Rin. I have a heart too."

"....."

"Well, seeing this, Khem feels sad too."

Khemjira lowered her face and whispered in her ear, playing a melodramatic act to garner sympathy points. Seeing that she was contemplating her cunning tricks, the one pretending to be innocent secretly smiled slyly, then brushed her nose lightly against her graceful neck before moving up to kiss her temple with infatuation.

"I love you, Khun Rin. Khem loves only you."

The hand that had been holding the other person back released the slender wrist, then moved to caress the shapely legs, sliding up to the beautiful round hips. The lips followed, kissing down to the shoulders and stopping at the wife's lovely collarbone.

Praenarin fell into the trap of a cunning person. As she kissed and caressed her body with her palms, she felt so enchanted that she involuntarily moaned in her throat, tilting her head to receive that gentle touch.

"Hmm..."

It's the most relaxing feeling. Every touch that Khemjira gives her makes her body temperature rise, as if her blood is pumping well.

"Your body is warm....but outside it's cold and there are many mosquitoes.

Can I sleep with you, Khun Rin?"

Khemjira coaxed with the softest and most soothing voice she could muster to avoid being driven away. Her fingertips slowly tugged at the hem of the pajamas, then gently slipped her hand through the little underwear to greet the reserved area, and the other party didn't resist at all. In fact, she even opened her legs to welcome her.

Here it gets warmer, the more she knead, the more it puffs up to receive....

"Kh...Khem, why are you being so stubborn?"

Her beautiful face flushed as if under the influence of alcohol. Her delicate hands clung to her wife's arm. Her lovely hips instinctively responded after she had regained control of her center of gravity. The voice that emerged was so powerful, as if her strength had weakened just from her wife's fingertips stimulating her.

"Khem is only stubborn with you, my dear wife,"

Her delicate fingers slowly traced the sensitive spot, while her mouth took the string down, exposing the two beautiful breasts to the air before her warm tongue dragged and licked them until they stood firm.

"Mmm.."

Praenarin gently slid her hand under the other woman's hair and cradled her head, arching her chest to meet the soft, caressing tongue that licked and sucked. Her nipples alternated sides, sending waves of warmth throughout her body.

Her beautiful eyelids fluttered shut, lost in the tenderness the other woman offered. Her vagina tightened rhythmically, and she felt her love chamber releasing warm liquid before the other woman slipped her fingers deep inside at the moment she let her guard down.

"Ah!"

The beautiful hips lifted as she felt a foreign object moving into her body, causing a dizzying sensation. Praenarin opened her eyes, not realizing when she had dealt with that small white barrier. By the time she became aware, the cool air had already spread in, licking her private parts.

"Look, it's all wet now,"

Khemjira pulled her lips away from the beautiful breast and slowly dragged the tip of her nose along the beautiful temple, lost in admiration.

"You're such a bad person. Why didn't you give me a chance first?"

A small fist lightly hit her shoulder, but the person who was threatening her with a cat-like face didn't make Khemjira feel scared at all.

"I promised that I wouldn't hug anyone else. I would only hug you, Khun

Rin. I would only kiss you, Khun Rin. And I would only eat with you, Khun Rin."

Her long fingers gently slipped into the warm gap.

Praenarin let herself go, shivering, allowing the other party to act willingly. The tingling sensation inside began to build up as the other party's long fingers entered her soft, delicate love cave gently.

But even though her body was willingly responding to the pleasure, she still didn't forget the task she had assigned to prevent her from having time to do her homework.

"Hmm... have you finished your report? Why aren't you working on it?"

The voice that came out was filled with uncertainty, to the point that someone who caught the tone couldn't help but smile with affection. Khemjira pressed her palm against the bed and leaned forward.

Looking at the face of her lover, while her wrist continued to act as an outstanding student without interruption.

“Not yet. The boss ordered to submit it tomorrow but did not specify the time. So, Khem planned to submit it before work ended. Tonight, Khem must please my wife first.”

“You are really cunning and sly.”

Khemjira smiled and accepted her wife’s words willingly, then leaned her face down to meet her.

"It's not time to submit the report yet, but the homework still needs to be turned in. It might be a bit half-baked, but please give me a high score,"

She whispered in the other person's ear before her healthy lips suddenly pressed down for a kiss, sweeping the sweet nectar from the beloved's mouth with longing. The person beneath her showed no signs of reluctance to cooperate.

The sound of flesh hitting flesh was rough and rhythmic, while the feeling of the receiver was so intense that she could almost float.

The feeling of a churning stomach and a tingling sensation overwhelmed Praenarin, who could no longer bear it. The young woman cupped her wife's face and kissed her back fiercely, neither willing to back down. Her beautiful legs began to tremble, and a wave of warmth spread throughout her entire body.

Too thrilling... This woman made her feel the utmost thrill with her mediocre sex that she herself downplayed.

She dug her nails into the back of her wife, not knowing if it would leave a mark. Praenarin moaned softly in her throat before the peak of her emotions hit, forcing her to break the kiss and gasp for air.

"Khem...it's hot. I'm gonna cum. Ahhh..."

Praenarin let out a long moan. Her pelvic muscles contracted and tensed, her round hips twitched rhythmically. Tiny beads of sweat surfaced, making her smooth skin glisten. Praenarin felt as if her insides were on fire. It rhythmically squeezed Khemjira's slender fingers, as she could not lie that she was extremely happy, so happy that tears welled up in her eyes.

"Khem's wife is really impressive."

The more her voice trembled and drew closer to her ear, the more she felt enchanted by her love. The tall figure seemed to rise, but Praenarin held her back and claimed those lips once again. No matter how much she pushed away, in the end, it was she who couldn't pull away.

Why..why did it have to be Khemjira who took possession of this part of her feeling?

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# Chapter 12 : Rumors

The alarm clock did its job at 6:30 AM, just like every morning. It was another day where Praenarin lost to Khemjira, the woman who was naked and reached out to turn off the annoying sound.

Then she lay under the blanket as usual. But her beautiful eyelids opened to glance at the closed curtains. The room was almost completely dark. The air conditioner was still cold, and there was no one lying beside her, just like before.

"That hurts."

When she felt that her sensitive area was sore, showing it had been used too much, Praenarin raised her hand to cover her face, feeling embarrassed for allowing her temporary wife, Khemjira, to do such things to her. Her lower body ached from being pushed for so long.

"Does it hurt?"

A familiar voice came from behind her. Praenarin jumped up quickly and turned to look at the person who shouldn’t have been in the bed by now.

"What!"

"What did you say? Did I hurt you? Do you want me to rub it to comfort you?"

Khemjira quickly got up. As the thick blanket fell off her, exposing her naked body, Praenarin, who had just complained about the pain, glanced down at her bust and swallowed. When she realized Khemjira had caught her looking, she immediately turned her gaze away with a guilty look. "How naughty! Why are you still here? Aren’t you supposed to be going to work?"

"Actually, I can work from home one day a week. I’ve never used that benefit before, so today I asked the team if I could work from home,"

Khemjira said with a cheerful expression, happy to see how beautiful her wife looked when she woke up, even though her face still had that proud look.

"But you still need to deliver your work. How can you not go?"

"Yes, I’ll go. I’ll see you at the office, my dear wife. But for now, I’m going to sleep a little longer, until about 7:30."

After saying that, Khemjira leaned in and kissed her lips, making a pleasant sound. Then she turned over to lie on her side, not wanting to fight for the bathroom with her wife.

"...."

This was the first morning kiss Khemjira had given her since they got married. Praenarin didn't protest or say anything about it. Her delicate hand lifted to touch her own lips and stared at the back of her wife for several seconds.

A strange feeling began to grow inside her without her realizing it. The intimacy in bed made her want Khemjira, but at the same time, she also wanted her to leave.

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After printing the documents she needed to deliver to Praenarin, Khemjira arrived at the department around 3 PM to wait for her after her meeting at 4 PM. Some people had also requested to work from home, just like her, since everyone had been assigned new tasks and there were no team meetings.

But her mentor was still working in the department.

"Oh, Khem! I thought you said you weren’t coming in today,"

Said her senior, Jay, who was working when she noticed Khemjira. Today, Khemjira dressed more casually than usual and was holding documents.

“I have to deliver the work to the boss,”

Khemjira said as she greeted her senior team member and sat down at her desk, looking around for her mentor. Jay leaned in and whispered that the other person was on a secret mission.

“He went out to get some news. I heard there’s a rumor going around about the boss today, so Balloon went out to investigate. He’ll be back soon.”

“Rumor?”

Khemjira raised her eyebrows, looking curious.

“Hey, Khem's here! I’ve heard some gossip among the staff. They’re saying the boss’s husband isn’t you…”

Before the person being talked about could enter the room, she walked in, looking excited. Everyone in the room sat up and started paying attention. The gossip that Balloon brought to light made Khemjira nervous again.

She was worried they might have already figured out that she was Boss Rin's wife, the one everyone had been whispering about.

“Ha! If it’s not you, then who is the lucky one?”

“It's Khem!”

Khemjira jumped when Balloon suddenly called her name.

“Wh-what?”

Her heart skipped a beat as she thought everyone must already know. She wanted them to find out eventually, but the thought of everyone looking at her with different eyes made her nervous.

“Do you know what’s going on? If you do, you should share! That way, we won’t miss out on any news. We might even be the first to know.”

“I don’t know anything,”

Khemjira said with a nervous smile, wiping sweat off her forehead.

What had started as just the three of them talking soon turned into a small group of the girls from the team gathering around. It seemed like office gossip and rumors were the most interesting things in their lives.

“Whoever can win her heart, that person deserves all the praise. Boss Rin is so cold, and if someone can melt her heart, it’s really impressive,”

A senior team member said. Khemjira just glanced over but didn’t say anything. The conversation continued without them realizing that the person they were talking about was sitting right there.

"I heard she's not even a man. Well, that makes sense, since Boss Rin's exgirlfriend was a woman. So, she's probably marrying a woman too."

"By the way, this relationship probably didn’t last that long. Boss and P'Phai only got together less than a year before they breakup. After their breakup, Boss Rin looked really sad, everyone could tell. So much so that the chairman had to take over her work for a while."

Hearing her own wife being talked about, Khemjira quietly listened and absorbed the information. She knew how much her wife had hurt during the initial breakup, but it was hard to believe someone like her could be so upset that she had to leave work to her father.

Still, Khemjira thought it seemed like she was doing much better now. She allowed herself to think it was probably because her wife had her.

"I think the person who made Boss fall in love enough to marry must be the type of person who can heal wounds—someone with a bright energy to melt her heart. Boss just seems different now."

"Different?"

Asked someone new to the team, who didn't know much about her, looking curious and paying attention.

"Yeah, before, Boss seemed so tense. I heard people say every meeting room felt like it was on fire—really heated. You know, like the coldest kind of fire. It may not look intense, but it’s the hottest. You could burn your finger if you touched it."

"And how about now?" Khemjira couldn't help but listen closely.

"Now, Boss seems more calm, like after a meeting, everything ends easily. It’s not as intense as before. I’m not sure why, but I’ve even heard she nearly fell asleep in a meeting once. She’s changed a lot. Maybe it’s because she’s married now? They say this happens to everyone once they have a partner."

After hearing her colleagues’ long analysis, Khemjira swallowed hard. The last sentence might have been...

Because now, she had the privilege of interrupting her wife’s sleep every day, and the speaker was interpreting and analyzing everything so accurately. No wonder they worked in the research and development department—those office girls were most dangerous when gossiping.

"Wait a minute, did you just say 'puppy type'? What does that mean?"

Jay interrupted, raising an eyebrow, before the modern-era colleague who loved using trendy terms explained.

"Oh, you don’t know? The Elsa queen type and puppy type go hand in hand. One’s tough, and the other’s affectionate and caring. Just thinking about it is so satisfying."

"You guys are something else. I’m just sharing news, not gossiping. Gossiping about the boss is all fun and games, but be careful, you might end up getting fired without realizing it,"

Balloon, who had been the one spreading the rumors, had to warn them. "Who said it's gossip? It’s called fangirling! You don’t know what that is? You’re so old-fashioned," one of them teased.

"Talk about being old! I’m only in my early thirties!"

"Old in terms of vocabulary, I mean," another quipped.

After the banter settled down, the group of gossips started to disperse. Khemjira almost burst out laughing at what Balloon had said while also gossiping. Her coworkers were funny, in their own way.

But she couldn’t help noticing two people—Khun Ji and Khun Hong— staring at her with unfriendly expressions, even though they smiled. Khemjira was sure that the art of reading someone through their eyes never lied.

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At four in the afternoon, Khemjira entered the office as everyone’s favorite assistant, as instructed by Mathura, her boss’s secretary. A few minutes later, the owner of the room returned, the familiar sound of her high heels echoing.

"Right on time,"

Praenarin lifted her wristwatch to check the time before placing her things down on the desk and slumping into the couch, tired from a two-hour meeting.

"Of course! If I were late, what would happen if Boss Rin, everyone’s beautiful boss, got mad? I'd be the one on display for everyone to see,"

Khemjira said as she sat down next to her wife, flashing a bright smile, hoping it might help her feel less tired. However, it seemed to have the opposite effect, as her wife looked more annoyed.

"Stop talking so much. Where’s the work I asked for? If it’s not done, just admit it and surrender. It’ll be easier for both of us,"

Praenarin replied. At that moment, Mathura, the personal secretary, brought over a cold drink since Praenarin didn’t drink coffee after three. Once the third person left the room, Khemjira handed over the printed reports she had prepared.

"Who said that? I finished it already."

When Praenarin saw the reports, her face fell for a moment before she picked them up to review.

Her delicate fingers flipped through the pages one by one, showing a slight look of surprise as she continued. Praenarin hadn’t expected her to finish everything in just one day, and the report was so organized and detailed.

"Where did you find the time to do this?"

Praenarin asked, giving Khemjira a skeptical look before placing the papers back on the guest table. No wonder she looked so pleased; she had expected Khemjira to come in looking defeated, admitting that she didn’t finish on time.

"You probably don’t know, but I write a report about what I do every day for an hour before finishing work. So today, I just gathered everything together and rearranged it. Simple and easy," Khemjira explained.

Praenarin crossed her arms, sighing. Her wife had won again. And she was even looking cheerful about it. She wondered when she would ever beat her at anything.

"Are you dissatisfied because I finished early? I usually finish things quickly anyway. Back in school, they used to call me,

‘*Khem with the fast fingers.’ Everyone called me that."*

Khemjira boasted, bragging about her speed and efficiency in getting things done.

Khemjira’s playful comment about being fast with her fingers had caused a reaction in Praenarin that she hadn't expected.

She could feel her face heating up, a mix of embarrassment and an odd rush of thoughts invading her mind, reminding her of the moments when Khemjira used to hand in homework. That nickname did seem to suit her well.

"What's wrong? Why are you blushing all of a sudden?"

Khemjira asked with a concerned tilt of her head. She wondered if her wife had overworked herself, but the response she got was the opposite. Praenarin suddenly stood up, looking flustered and acting distant, her tone sharp.

"It’s nothing. Once you’re done, you can leave,"

Praenarin said coldly, trying to regain control of the situation.

Khemjira was a bit confused, but she didn't take offense. She quickly stood up and, from her pocket, pulled out a small piece of chocolate that she had brought for her wife, knowing she’d been in meetings all day. "Here, I thought you might need something sweet to recharge,"

Khemjira said, offering the chocolate.

"Why would I need to recharge?"

Praenarin asked, crossing her arms, her gaze narrowing as she took the chocolate reluctantly. She held it in her hand but looked at Khemjira with a piercing look, as though trying to understand her motives.

"Why not?"

Khemjira replied with a grin. She pressed the chocolate into her wife’s hand before Praenarin could argue further. Praenarin just clenched her jaw and stared at her, looking as if she were trying to figure out what Khemjira was really trying to do.

"Why the sudden sweet gesture? Do you have some hidden agenda?"

Praenarin asked, raising an eyebrow, her expression full of suspicion. Khemjira realized that her wife must have misunderstood, thinking that the gift was related to her struggling with work the previous night.

"I’m heading home now,"

Khemjira said, her tone light, as she backed away. She didn’t respond to the question, just smiled knowingly and gently pressed her lips against Praenarin's, before turning and walking out.

"You little brat!"

Praenarin muttered under her breath, staring at the door after Khemjira had left. She absentmindedly touched her lips, still feeling the lingering warmth of the kiss. She clenched her fists in frustration.

The younger woman seemed to always know how to get under her skin, with her teasing, her ability to speak in a way that made her feel both frustrated and amused at the same time.

Praenarin couldn’t deny how much energy Khemjira drained from her every night, yet she had also never been able to stop herself from wanting more.

And now, she was being playfully taunted with chocolate. It was getting to be a bit too much.

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Praenarin continued working until 5 PM, still not packing her things to go home when her phone suddenly rang. She picked it up, expecting it to be her friend calling to invite her out for drinks. But to her surprise, it wasn’t. The number on the screen was one she hadn’t seen in a long time.

“P' Praenarin, are you free this evening?”

The voice on the other end was sweet and familiar. It made Praenarin smile, though it was mixed with a sense of nostalgia. She hadn’t heard from this person since they parted ways, and the fact that they were reaching out now made her heart flutter.

Since their breakup, Phrai had hardly thought of her, only sending a few texts now and then. Praenarin was the one who still kept in touch, checking in occasionally when the longing became unbearable. Most recently, she had sent an invitation to her wedding.

“Yes, I’m free. What’s up?”

Praenarin stopped what she was doing and focused entirely on the call.

“It's my birthday today. I wanted to invite you to have dinner with me. I want to eat something nice, but I don’t want to go alone. Can you come with me?”

Phrai’s voice carried a hint of hesitation, but it was clear that she really wanted Praenarin's company.

For a moment, Praenarin paused, her thoughts racing. She quickly checked her calendar, confirming that it was indeed Phrai's birthday. How had she forgotten the birthday of the person she once loved the most? She let out a deep breath, trying to steady her emotions.

“Then let’s meet at our usual restaurant around 7pm.”

"Okay! I'll wait for you then."

After hanging up, Praenarin started packing up her things at her desk, getting ready for her meeting with her ex-lover. But before she could finish, her phone buzzed again with a new message.

Thinking it was from her ex, she quickly picked it up—only to see that it was actually from her young wife.

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**Banana-head girl:**

**Khem is helping Aunt Malai make dinner. I'm making your favorite omelet too! Do you want anything special?**

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She had even sent a picture of the kitchen, where the housekeeper was already cooking. Normally, by the time Praenarin got home, dinner would be ready.

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**Nin:**

**No need. I'm eating out tonight. Tell my dad not to wait for me. I might be home late.**

**Banana-head girl:**

**Where? Can you tell me? If you get drunk, I can come pick you up.**

**Nin:**

**Why should I tell you?**

**Banana-head girl:**

**Because I'm your caring wife, of course!**

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Wanting to leave quickly, Praenarin carelessly typed the name of the restaurant before shoving her belongings into her bag and heading straight to her car. Her mind was busy planning everything—the cake she needed to get for her ex-lover, the birthday gift she hadn’t bought yet.

But none of it felt like a big problem. She’d just get a bottle of perfume, like she always did, and ask the restaurant to arrange a cake. That way, Phrai wouldn't feel forgotten on such an important day.

She stopped to buy the gift first, then spent another hour stuck in traffic before finally arriving at the restaurant. It was a French-style place, cozy and warm, with large glass windows overlooking a row of charming little cafés. Back when she and her ex were together, this was their go-to spot.

As soon as she stepped inside, the soft chime of the doorbell welcomed her. Cool air-conditioning hit her skin, and her eyes quickly found a stunning young woman waiting in the familiar corner where they used to sit.

"Phrai, have you been waiting long?"

Still in her work clothes, she walked over and took a seat across from the woman. When a bright smile appeared on her ex-lover’s beautiful face, it felt like a tiny flower had just bloomed in her heart.

"Thank you for coming."

"I had to come. It's your birthday. Is it just the two of us tonight?"

Praenarin smiled faintly. She knew it was wrong to let herself feel this way again. And it was even worse—falling for someone who already belonged to someone else, while she herself was married. But if blame had to be placed, she would take it all upon herself.

"You know I have no one else but you. My parents live in another province. Just getting a birthday call from them is already a big deal," Phrai said.

Her words made Phraenarin fall silent. Every year, Phrai had only her. She had left everything behind to work in the city, and ever since they met at that lesbian bar, Praenarin had been the only person she had. Close friends were hard to meet up with, and most of the people in her life now were just colleagues.

"What about your boyfriend?"

Phrai didn’t answer. She just gave a weak smile and shook her head. That was enough for Praenarin to understand how her love life had been since they broke up.

The last time she saw Phrai, there were red marks on her face. That alone had made Praenarin doubt that Phrai’s new lover was a kind person. But to not even celebrate her birthday? That was just cruel.

She must really love that man. Even though he clearly didn’t value her love at all.

"Forget it. Just order whatever you want. It's my treat tonight."

"Thank you."

After they placed their orders, Praenarin noticed a small red mark on Phrai's upper arm. It looked slightly bruised. She couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the delicate woman sitting in front of her.

"Phrai, can I ask you something?"

"Yes?"

"That mark… who did that to you?"

The moment Praenarin pointed at it, Phrai quickly pulled her sleeve down to cover it and smiled as if nothing had happened. She looked like a doll, speaking politely to a stranger. The warmth in her eyes from their past love was completely gone. But still, Praenarin could tell—Phrai felt at ease being with her.

"It's nothing. I'm just clumsy. I bumped into something."

Since Phrai clearly didn’t want to answer, Praenarin didn’t push further. Phrai had always been gentle and quiet, but right now, she wished Phrai would just break character—say something, open up, share whatever she was going through.

It was obvious from her face that she was troubled, yet she stayed silent, so much so that it felt like Praenarin didn’t even know her anymore.

Still, she had a strong feeling that no one else could’ve hurt Phrai like this —except her new boyfriend. She wanted to know who he was. If she found out, she'd walk right up to him and ask if he was the one who left that mark on Phrai’s body. But even if he was, what could she do? Phrai wasn’t complaining, wasn’t asking for help.

They ate together, chatting about random things. For a while, Praenarin felt happy—having this moment with someone she still loved.

She had no idea that someone was watching.

Across the street, Khemjira stood still, staring through the restaurant’s large window. She watched her wife smiling at another woman.

Her usually bright eyes dimmed in an instant. Tears welled up before finally spilling over, exposing her own weakness.

She had followed her here, thinking she would be out drinking with friends and might not make it home. She watched from a distance, making sure not to be noticed, out of concern. But she never expected to see this.

The person who always insisted that she would never love again, that she would never let anyone into her heart—there she was, sitting right in front of her, proving that it was all a lie.

She still loved that woman, completely and wholeheartedly. Maybe she always would. Even after all the pain and betrayal, her heart still belonged to her.

Khemjira was usually cheerful, almost all the time. But deep down, she was weak too. And jealous.

She had never once received that kind of smile from her. The smile that showed how much someone meant to her. Even from a distance, she could tell—Praenarin was happy. Truly happy. Happier than she ever was when they were together.

With a quiet sigh, Khemjira wiped away her tears, forcing herself to act like it didn’t matter. She didn’t belong here. She shouldn’t stand around like some jealous fool, staring at her own wife with longing eyes, knowing full well that she would never be loved in return.

She turned back to her car and drove away.

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Meanwhile, inside the restaurant, Praenarin knew that the special moment was approaching. Just five more minutes.

She reached into her bag, ready to pull out the birthday gift. She knew how much Phrai loved perfumes and had chosen one just for her.

"Phrai, I have—"

Before she could finish, Phrai’s phone rang. She stopped mid-sentence as Phrai quickly answered. A smile spread across her lips—a smile so radiant, it was as if a candle had just been lit in her heart.

"Yes… Really? I’ll be there right away!"

Her eyes sparkled, so different from before.

Whatever the call was about, it had changed everything.

After hanging up, the sorrow that had been lingering in her expression was gone. In its place was a soft, gentle smile—one that reached her eyes for the first time that night.

"P’Rin, my boyfriend threw me a birthday party. I have to go now,"

Phrai said, quickly grabbing her bag.

Praenarin froze, unsure of what to say. She could only stare in confusion.

"And...?"

"Thank you so much for having dinner with me. See you later,"

Phrai said with a sweet smile before turning to leave.

Praenarin felt a wave of numbness wash over her, but she forced a smile in return. She kept up the act until Phrai disappeared from sight. Then, her fingers slowly uncurled, releasing the small gift box she had been holding in her pocket.

She didn’t know what to do.

Everything around her blurred as if she were floating in empty space. She didn’t feel like crying. She didn’t feel like laughing. She didn’t feel anything at all. It was as if something inside her had shut down completely.

The surrounding noises faded into an indistinct hum, like standing in the middle of a music festival while deafened by silence. It wasn't until a waitress approached her that she was pulled back to reality.

"Miss, here’s the cake you ordered."

Praenarin looked at the vanilla cake in the waitress’s hands. Then it hit her —the real owner of this cake had already left it behind.

"Please wrap it back up. I’ll take it home. And the check, please,"

She said, regaining her composure.

Once the waitress walked away, she sat there, squeezing her cold hands together and taking a deep breath to steady herself.

Never mind....This is what happens when people break up.

It was foolish to think that Phrai would be happier having dinner with her rather than celebrating with her boyfriend.

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# Chapter 13 : The One Who Loses Must Heal Their Own Wounds

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8:00 PM was usually the time Wasin prepared for bed, ensuring his health stayed in top condition. But tonight, due to certain events, he was still seated on the living room sofa, waiting for a call from his personal secretary.

Soft classical music played in the background as he immersed himself in a book.

It wasn’t long before the expected call came through.

“What is it, Nakun?”

“The rumor I spread about Praenarin's real husband—people have stopped speculating that it’s Mr. Kiri now, Chairman.”

Wasin smiled in satisfaction and reminded him to keep Khemjira identity a secret. If his daughter didn’t wish to reveal it, and Khemjira had no issues with that, he had no intention of meddling in her life further.

"Good. Be careful not to slip up—if she doesn’t want people to know, we keep it that way. And what about the other task I assigned you this evening?"

“Boss Rin is on her way home now, sir.”

“Where was my daughter today? I want every detail.”

Wasin listened to his secretary’s report calmly. He wasn’t surprised that Praenarin had met with that woman again—he already knew today was her ex-lover’s birthday. In the past, they had celebrated together every year.

But he hadn’t expected that this year, the woman would return on her birthday, only to abandon his daughter once again. He couldn't help but question—if this was how it was going to end, why did she bother seeing Praenarin at all?

Praenarin drove home as fast as she could, arriving a little after 9:00 PM.

She had just been left behind, but having endured heartbreak so many times —so deeply that she once questioned whether life was worth living—she no longer felt as devastated as before.

She did feel numb. But she didn’t feel like crying.

Carrying the bag with the birthday cake—one that bore no specific name— she stepped into the house, immediately meeting eyes with her father. He was lounging in the living room, listening to music, with every light in the room still on.

“Dad, you’re not in bed yet? Why are you staying up late tonight?”

Unaware that she was the reason for his wakefulness, she approached him casually. Seeing that he hadn’t even taken his evening shower yet, she thought.

*Has my father finally eased up on his strict hygiene routine?*

“Where have you been, Rin?”

“I went out to eat. Didn’t Khem tell you?”

“She did. After she told me, she went to sleep somewhere else. You’ll have to sleep alone tonight.”

Wasin said it like it was completely normal, just like when his wife would casually tell him,

*“Honey, I’m going to get my nails done today.”*

But his daughter didn’t seem to feel the same way.

“Sleeping somewhere else? What do you mean? And why does she have to sleep somewhere else? Who is she with?”

The young woman fired off her questions, her brows furrowed in confusion at her temporary husband.

“She said she was hurt, sad, and upset, so she wanted to stay somewhere else for a night. But she didn’t tell me exactly why. You don’t mind, do you?”

He got up, acting as if nothing was wrong, completely indifferent to his daughter-in-law’s reaction. After all, to Praenarin, this was probably the best news—she was more than happy to have Khemjira out of her sight.

“Rin doesn’t care.”

But now, he noticed the trembling uncertainty in his daughter’s eyes, the one who was his precious girl. As she spoke coldly, he could tell her gaze was telling him something—that she was feeling the weight of the words she had just said, in contrast to her own.

“Go sleep wherever you want. If she wants to act strangely, that’s her problem, isn’t it?”

Praenarin acted like she didn’t care, though deep down, she really wanted to know what was going on with Khemjira, why she was suddenly sleeping elsewhere for such a reason. Just before, Khem had said she was going to make an omelette for her. So what happened? Was it her time of the month or something?

“That’s the strange part. After being betrayed and treated like that, you still want to love her? I know where you’ve been, Rin. That cake is probably for that woman’s birthday, right?”

When her father said this, Praenarin immediately understood what he meant. It had to do with Khemjira going to sleep somewhere else, no doubt. Don’t tell me she followed her? That bad-mannered girl was stirring up trouble for her again.

“Did Khem tell you where I’ve been? She really has a loose tongue. Just wait, when I get back, I’ll make her pay.”

“Khem didn’t say anything. I figured it out on my own. I had Nakun secretly follow you, and found out you were still meeting that woman. Khem saw it too. She stood watching you with that woman for a while, then left. Have you ever thought about how your wife must feel, watching you keep loving someone else when they don’t even love you back? She left you alone and walked away without even blowing out the birthday candles you prepared for her.”

His words were long, pointed, and hit the mark. Realizing that everything he said was true, Praenarin slowly lowered herself onto the couch, setting the cake down on the table, defeated by the evidence.

“I didn’t know.”

“Please, Rin. Stop thinking about this and don’t go see that woman again. Stop hurting yourself. Do you want to go back to the way things were? If you don’t love yourself, think about how I feel as your father.”

"....."

“Do you know why I want you to marry Khem? It’s because Khem loves you. I know that girl will never break your heart like that again. I believe that true love will make you stronger and hurt less. Please trust me just this once.”

This time, he spoke to her in a pleading tone. The young woman lowered her gaze, avoiding her father’s eyes. She still remembered how she had been before. She was the cowardly girl who had been dumped in the pouring rain, nearly struck by lightning and killed.

At first, it didn’t seem so bad, but as the days passed, she began to shock herself with how she reacted. She tried to contact Phrapai, wanting to meet her as if she had lost her mind. When they couldn’t meet, she kept calling friends to drink and get drunk until she blacked out.

The worst part was finding every way possible to numb the pain she felt. She tried to drown herself in a swimming pool, but luckily her father came in time to save her, allowing her to keep living until today.

Even after that, she kept crying, drinking, and sleeping through the cold nights, eventually needing to take a break from her work. Though she had improved lately, she still held onto the pain, and that’s when her father brought Khemjira to marry her.

It’s no wonder he didn’t want her to see Phrapai again. What father would want to watch his daughter slowly die inside like that?

It was just minutes away from midnight, and Khemjira was still sitting at a small table in the park next to a convenience store, eating instant noodles and sipping cold plain water.

She had packed some clothes and essentials for the day and the next day, then came to the hotel near her sister’s place, wanting to meet the other person.

Even though she already knew what her sister thought of her and had known for a long time, she understood well that her sister always managed her feelings perfectly. There was never a moment when she showed anything beyond being a sister to her.

“Are you feeling better now? Eating this much so late, you should be careful. Acid reflux might come knocking.”

“If it does,P' Rin, please tell it Khem isn’t here,”

Khemjira laughed at the teasing remark before asking a serious question.

“Has Khem’s fear of cars gotten any better recently?”

The person being asked paused for a moment, then put down the bowl of noodles, nodding. Khemjira knew that P'Rin was the only one who understood her the best because they had lived together for years.

“It’s better now. Just as long as no one drives aggressively or honks the horn too close to me.”

“But you’re still waking up early to go to work, right?”

Khemjira nodded. P'Rin was the only one who knew why she left for work before six in the morning even though her shift didn’t start until eight. She knew well that after the accident, she had developed a fear of driving.

If someone were with her in the car, she would feel more at ease, but when she had to drive alone, the steering wheel felt heavier, and the air inside the car felt stifling. If she had to hurry because she was racing against other cars, her hands would shake.

“You’re afraid that later in the morning there will be more traffic, and you’ll have to rush, right? That’s why you wake up early. Will this be okay for you?”

“I’m fine. Maybe a little scared, but it’s not really a big problem. Aunty Malai makes my breakfast lunchbox. I’ll make one for you too, P'Rin,”

Khemjira confirmed with a calm face. Understanding, P'Rin then glanced at the clock and realized it had already passed midnight by several minutes.

“Are you full now?”

The other person nodded. She then turned her attention to the road, which had fewer cars now, a sign that things were getting better. She knew Khemjira was scared, but she still made the effort to drive here.

She was trying to overcome it. But inviting her to sit and chat until it was already a new day might be because she had used up her daily quota of courage.

“But now the roads are clearer. I think you should head back to the hotel so you can wake up early for work tomorrow. And please don’t go out like this again. That house has a bedroom for you. If you’re not ready to face Khun Rin, just stay in there. Running away like this doesn’t help.”

Khemjira nodded, understanding. It was her own stubbornness that pushed her to be in that situation, even though she knew the owner of the place had reserved a space in their heart for their ex-lover only.

Seeing that reality made her unable to bear it, and she ran away. It didn’t feel like her at all.

“Thank you so much for coming to sit with me. If it weren’t for you, I don’t know where I’d go. I was going to sit and talk with my dad at the temple, but I was afraid there would be too many people.”

“It’s fine, we rarely get to meet. Think of it as a way to relieve stress from work.”

Khemjira smiled contentedly. P'Rin’s place was just a few steps away, and the hotel she had booked was only a few kilometers away from here too. The reason she left wasn’t because she had given up and didn’t want to face her wife. She just wanted to let her know that she too could lose sometimes, and that this loser wasn’t good at facing things head-on.

. .

Today was the last day of the week that Praenarin had to work as CEO. It was already past 5 a.m., but the one who had to sleep alone woke up before the alarm clock, unable to sleep well.

She didn’t know why, but she had been tossing and turning all night until now. When she woke up and realized no one was lying next to her, it felt disorienting, as if Khemjira had already become a normal part of her life.

When she couldn’t fall back asleep, the young woman reached out to turn on the bedside lamp and picked up her phone to turn off the alarm she had set. Her fingers lightly swiped the screen to check messages. There were no new messages from anyone.

Phrapai, P'Kiri, who had usually sent texts asking about things or seemed to want to get to know her more, or even her good-for-nothing husband, who had been silent all night. The message she sent last night asking where Khemjira had gone to sleep still hadn’t been read.

Praenarin sighed and put her phone back down, then picked up the stuffed toy that Khemjira had sewn for her, holding it as if it were a stand-in for her wife.

"What's wrong with you? Is your period coming? Why did you go sleep somewhere else?"

She made a pouty face at the toy before placing it back down. She was right —she might be close to her period too. Normally, she had some minor issues with her cycle, sometimes it wouldn’t come because her hormones weren’t quite regular.

But since Khemjira came into her life, it felt like the other woman made her moods swing as if she were always on her period.

*You said you loved me. If you love me, why would you leave me to sleep alone?*

. .

She shook her head to clear her mind and decided to get up, even though it was still early. Today, she was going to talk to Khemjira and find out where she went to sleep. If it was with Khwanrin, she’d make sure to scold her wife so badly that she wouldn’t even remember her way home.

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At the Research and Development department, the development team was lively. Khemjira had managed to pull herself together after the conversation with P'Rin the night before.

A good night’s sleep at the hotel and a nice breakfast had made her feel much better, so this morning, she stopped by a Japanese bakery and brought a big bag of pastries to share with her team.

"Good morning, P'Jay, P'Balloon,"

She greeted when her two senior colleagues entered the office ten minutes before the workday started.

"Hey, what's that bag?"

P'Jay asked, noticing the unfamiliar paper bag on Khemjira’s desk. She leaned in and saw that it contained pastries, and the room was filled with the sweet smell of baked goods.

"Oh, I bought some pastries for the team," Khemjira explained.

"And this one... I’m taking it to someone else. They’re in a different department than us."

"Do you have friends in other departments?"

The older colleague asked casually, not really expecting an answer, then turned back to see the others picking out pastries.

Khemjira responded softly,

"They're not friends,"

Referring to her wife, the highest-ranking executive. The two mentors didn’t seem to pay much attention, as they quickly set their things down and headed toward the central table to pick out pastries. It was clear they were enjoying the treats that had been brought in.

"Hey, Khem," someone called.

At the same time, Ji, who had been observing the office atmosphere for a while, walked up to her desk. She seemed to have something to say, but just as she was about to speak, Khemjira received a phone call. She gave Ji a look, signaling for a moment, then quickly answered the phone.

"Yes, Ma'am... I understand,"

Khemjira replied as her boss, Ma'am Mai, informed her that the beautiful boss would be calling her in for a meeting after lunch.

When Khemjira hung up, a voice from behind her interrupted,

"You’re not going around buttering anyone up, are you?"

The woman, wearing a dress and high heels, leaned against the edge of the table and spoke loudly, causing the atmosphere in the room to change. The lively mood that had filled the room just moments ago became tense as everyone seemed to be listening intently to their conversation.

"I don’t do that,"

Khemjira replied, her voice steady.

"I’m not a dog, and besides, I haven’t even passed my probation yet. If I were going to butter someone up, it’d be the person with the power to decide whether I stay or go."

The look in her eyes was sharp, and she could see the disdain in the other woman’s gaze. Khemjira pretended not to care, but it was clear the other woman had come to take a subtle jab at her, likely because she joined the company at a time when her partner was fired, and she was a new employee who always received praise from the department head in meetings.

"Who knows, lately I’ve seen Mrs. Mathura calling you a lot,"

The woman continued, her voice dripping with mockery.

"Don’t forget, you're married now. It wouldn’t be surprising if you’re playing with older women, but you should be aware of your own position."

She was loudly criticized, drawing the attention of others who didn't know what was going on. Khemjira, still seeing the other person as her superior and the team leader, lowered her voice and responded with a calm expression so only the two of them could hear.

“I know I'm married, but you don’t need to lecture me about this. I know right from wrong. You should also act like an adult. If you keep bullying younger people like this, it won’t look good if others find out.”

The younger employee, who was almost ten years younger, glared at her fiercely. Khemjira showed lno signs of anger, and it left Ji no choice but to stomp back to her desk, quietly sitting down with her friend playing the role of a client.

“What did that kid just say to you? Why were you whispering to each other?”

“That brat dared to talk back to me. What should I do about her, Hong?”

“I heard that kid tell her nanny that before she came to work here, she was in a car accident. Her father died on the spot, and she was hospitalized for several days. Oh... and I noticed she’s too scared to take the regular elevator. If she needs to take one alone, she always walks to take the glass elevator.”

“Scared to take the regular elevator alone?”

The team leader smirked with a plan in mind. The glass elevator is in the middle of the lobby, and it’s farther than the regular elevators. Plus, there are only two, so you have to wait longer. If that kid is too scared to take the regular elevator alone, maybe she’s afraid of tight spaces.

All day long, Praenarin had been waiting to see when her wife would show up. She had instructed her secretary to call for her, but after lunch, she still didn’t come. Instead, she only left a bag of snacks on the desk, and the person who brought it disappeared. Now, it was already time to finish work.

Praenarin sat, staring at the paper bag with snacks that her wife had left on her desk, along with a sticky note, before she stood up to gather her things and decided to go home. If she wanted to see her, she could come to her, but if not, it was her business.

“Are you leaving already?”

Before she could finish packing, the heavy door was opened, and an impolite person barged in without knocking. But Praenarin didn’t care about the manners, as she had a question for the other person since the night before.

“Where did you sleep last night? Who were you with? Tell me now.”

“Somewhere else,”

Khemjira replied casually, as though it wasn’t a big deal, while subtly locking the door behind her and sitting comfortably on the sofa. But that seemed to annoy the wife even more.

“Somewhere else? Where?”

“A place that’s not home,” Khemjira answered.

“Khem!”

Praenarin snapped, clearly not pleased. Khemjira didn’t understand why her wife cared so much when she didn’t even want to sleep with her in the first place.

Praenarin herself wasn’t willing to admit she was upset that her wife had gone to sleep elsewhere, and didn’t even tell her where or with whom. “Why would you want to know where I slept or with whom?” Khemjira asked.

That question made Praenarin pause and gather her thoughts. She then acted as though she didn’t care, though deep down, she was dying to know if Khemjira had slept with her former nanny or not. If it wasn’t her former nanny, Khemjira, the daddy’s girl, might have slept with someone else.

“Where else could I go?”

“I’m just asking, not like I really want to know that much,”

Praenarin said, standing with her arms crossed, gazing out the window through the thick glass wall, trying to appear unfazed.

“I went to see P’Rin,”

Khemjira replied from behind.

Praenrin turned her head sharply, her expression one of disapproval. Her body felt strangely hot, as if the room didn’t have the usual cool air conditioning. It was a sensation she wasn’t particularly fond of.

“After we talked, P’Rin went back to her room, and I drove back to the hotel. I had already booked a room, but today, I’m coming back to sleep at home. Sorry for making you sleep alone. Were you lonely?”

“I’m not lonely. I sleep just fine without you. It’d be better if you stayed at the hotel for the full two years,”

Praenrin replied, turning her face away, checking her neck like a proud cat, which made her wife feel a bit jealous. Khemjira, catching the hint, smiled to herself, pleased.

*“Water drops on stone every day, and the stone still wears away. As for you, I follow you every night and tell you I love you several times a day. If that doesn’t move you, then you must be too strong,”*

Khemjira thought to herself, feeling a sense of satisfaction.

“No, I don’t want that. I miss my wife. I’m coming back to sleep with you,”

Khemjira said, standing up and walking over to hug her from behind. Praenarin, who had been giving her the cold shoulder, didn’t resist.

“I went to see my ex. Why does it seem like you’re not upset? Yesterday, I went to celebrate Phrai's birthday, you saw that, right? You were heartbroken and went to sleep somewhere else. Why does everything seem fine today?”

Khemjira was surprised that her wife knew she had been watching, but right now, nothing mattered more than making up with her.

“I only have two years to love you. If we count it again now, it’s already less than two years. I don’t want to waste any more time,”

Khemjira said, her voice soft as she sat down on the chair beside her wife’s desk, feeling determined.

“If you want to sleep.. just sleep. But just remember, I’ll never love you,”

Praenarin said coldly, uncrossing her arms and gathering her things into her bag. Khemjira, the one who enjoyed playing games, followed her and sat down on her wife's chair.

“Really? You don’t love me?”

Khemjira asked with a hint of surprise.

“Admit it, you like me, don’t you?”

Khemjira raised one eyebrow playfully, pulling her wife closer into her arms.

“I don’t… Ah!”

Praenarin's body was gently dropped onto her wife's lap, and strong arms wrapped around her waist. Praenarin felt frustrated as Khemjira kept teasing her non-stop.

“Is my lap soft?”

Khemjira asked with a mischievous tone.

“Khem! Let me go!”

Praenrin growled, but that didn’t make Khemjira let go.

The young woman removed her ID badge from around her neck and placed it on the desk. Then, she leaned in and kissed the side of her lover’s neck, showing how much she had missed her, especially after holding herself back for so long, resisting the urge to come see her as promised. She didn’t want her wife to think she had the upper hand.

*I can control her.*

"Don't be so loud, okay? If someone hears us, they'll know we're up to something in here."

"Let go, you psycho kid. What are you doing? I'm going home now."

"Why? What's there to be afraid of if a wife and wife want to be sweet to each other? The door is locked, and besides, work is over."

Praenarin struggled until she stopped on her own because she was tired. The young woman turned her face to look at the person sitting like a cushion for her and scolded her.

"You're really the brat I thought you were. Why does my dad want you to be his daughter-in-law? There are so many better people than you. Why choose you?"

"Because we were born to be together, right? Beautiful people with beautiful people... they have to be together anyway, no need to find any reason for it."

Khemjira locked her waist and lifted her up, adjusting her so she could look into her face without having to turn too much and get hurt. Once in a good angle, her cold palms rested on both her cheeks, and they locked eyes compellingly.

"Khem, listen to me,"

Khemjira fell silent and listened intently as the other person requested.

"I will never love you. I can never be shaken. So stop thinking about it yourself. You won’t get hurt so much, understand? It hurts so much. Trust me.”

Thinking about it yourself?

For her, just because she let her do her *homework* and was also upset that she went out to sleep somewhere else without telling her, that meant everything was starting to become possible.

She was already shaken by her, even though she was stubborn.

"Then, should we try to prove that Khun Rin will never be shaken by

Khem?”

When the other party looked at her and fell silent, Khemjira gathered all her strength, lifted her wife's slender body, and placed her on the sofa. Then, she pressed her knees between her wife's legs, before resting her palms on the backrest and straddling her body.

"What are you going to do?"

Praenarin leaned back against the cushion, her beautiful sharp eyes looking at the other person. Both of her palms lifted and rested on that small but warm forest.

"Well, it's to prove whether Khun Rin will shaken or not."

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# Chapter 14: A Slap of Love

As soon as she finished speaking, her soft, smooth hand gently held her wife's face, tilting it slightly to receive her kiss. Then, her warm lips pressed down on the rosy red ones before her. The moment her wife parted her lips, Khemjira slipped her warm tongue inside, exploring the sweet depths of her mouth.

Their tongues intertwined in a slow, sensual dance. One of her hands, which had been resting on her wife's shoulder, slid up to cradle the back of her head as she deepened the kiss.

The sound of wet lips moving together filled the room, the kiss growing more passionate with every passing second. Praenarin had never realized just how much she had craved this. She grasped the other woman's face, closing her eyes as she surrendered to the kiss.

Soft lips nibbled and sucked on hers before slowly trailing downward, pressing kisses along the sensitive skin of her neck, sending shivers down her spine.

"I missed you so much,"

Khemjira whispered hoarsely, her voice dripping with longing. She nuzzled against Praenarin's slender neck, her hands guiding the now-trembling body down onto the couch. Her wife kept her eyes closed, tilting her head slightly, lost in the sensation.

Praenarin was fully aware of what was happening, but she loved it too much to stop. The moment her back touched the brown leather couch, Khemjira took full control.

She kissed along the delicate curve of her neck while her fingers worked quickly, unbuttoning the top of her shirt, leaving the fabric hanging loosely around her shoulders.

As the cool air met her exposed skin, Khemjira pulled back slightly, her hungry gaze taking in the sight before her. Without hesitation, she slipped her hand beneath the last piece of fabric covering Praenarin's body, freeing her from its confines.

"I love you more than anything,"

She murmured. Praenarin half-opened her eyes, watching her wife's every move with both surrender and desire.

At that moment, Khemjira leaned down, capturing a soft pink peak between her lips, sucking gently.

"Mmm..."

A soft moan escaped Praenarin's lips. Her long, slender legs shifted restlessly as a sharp wave of pleasure surged through her body. Her fingers tangled in Khemjira's brown hair, gripping tightly as she arched into her wife's touch, completely giving in to the passion between them.

Praenarin dug her short nails into the other person's upper arm, while her lower body was experiencing a heat from within. The young woman let out a soft moan in her throat as her beautiful mound slipped from the warm mouth, only to be possessed by it again, causing the one being acted upon to almost flinch.

The upper part was invaded by soft, delicate lips, while her palm still grasped her waist and squeezed it, as usual. Praenarin opened her eyes to the ceiling, feeling her thoughts being overlapped by a blinding white image.

The young woman began to breathe heavily as the mouth sucking on her pink nipple was causing torment to her lower body, forcing her to place her hand on her shoulder and push away.

"K...Khem, mmm, it feels good, I feel good, ah!"

As soon as the beautiful lips parted from the breast, the flat stomach twitched from the pleasure that spread downwards.

Praenarin breathed heavily and raised her head to look at her current state. The upper part was drenched with saliva, and the lower part was soaked with lubricant from natural arousal. Now, she was in the most sensitive state, unable to refuse this activity any longer. Her body was crying out for release until it was completely exhausted.

The high heels of the boss lady were tightly hugged by Khemjira and then placed down. Before realizing that her hands might not be clean enough to touch her skin, which was as pure as gold, the younger person kissed the beautiful breast and gently admonished the one who was sensitive about sexual matters with a soft voice.

"Your wife will comes, don't go anywhere."

The other party said that, and Praenarin couldn't find any reason to disobey, except that she was caught up in the pleasure the other party was giving her. She wasn't someone who could stop sexual activities that easily if she was this horny.

In just a moment, the person who ran to the bathroom to wash her hands returned with her coat removed and her hands washed clean for good hygiene.

"Please forgive me,"

Khemjira said, separating her beautiful legs. She knelt on the sofa between her wife's legs, her left hand resting on the cushion, and her right hand placed on the other woman's thigh, sucking passionately causing the other person to swallow hard.

"Sorry for leaving you to sleep alone last night,"

She said, noticing that she seemed to be getting aroused. She whispered in her ear, and when she looked at her with longing eyes and didn't stop her, she took her slender legs and pulled them up, making her feel a tingling sensation.

Today, she wore a sukapa shirt with a short white skirt above the knee. She simply lifted the hem of the skirt to her hips and slipped her hand through her underwear, easily finding the sensitive area.

"Hmmm..."

As soon as the sensitive spot was gently rubbed by the fingertips, Praenarin closed her eyes, tilted her head back, her body felt hot as if she were about to catch a fever.

Because she wanted to attack more skillfully, Khemjira removed her small piece and lifted one of her legs to tighten it before inserting her finger into the soft and flexible love canal that was overflowing with slippery fluid.

And she made up for her mistake last night with her middle and ring fingers.

"I apologize for not doing my homework last night."

Why ask again when you've already come this far? Praenarin complained to herself while her clitoris suddenly became painfully tight, to the point that she had to lift her feet and clench in midair.

She swung her wrist to hook onto the other person's neck while the tall woman moved her wrist, thrusting her fingers together repeatedly until she felt a tingling sensation throughout her love canal.

"Uh, Khem... Khun Mai will come soon."

The young woman started to lose her mind and said something funny while her slender body shook a little from the other person's fingers that were pounding her.

"How could she come here? Don't forget, this is after work already."

Inside, something foreign tightened its grip. Praenarin felt a burning heat as if a fire was smoldering within her body. The young woman closed her eyes, shaking her head left and right because she felt a sharp tingling inside, even in her stomach. Her body was warm and shimmering with sweat from their lovemaking.

"Ah... take your hands away first, I'm feeling sensitive, uh, sensitive."

Her beautiful eyes began to well up with tears, sparkling as she looked at the other person. Although her mouth said otherwise, she actually wanted Khemjira to thrust her fingers in hard. The sound of her fingers hitting the wet area sounded crude, further arousing her to the point where she had to arch her hips to match the rhythm perfectly.

"Why are you rushing to take it out? It's almost done. Don't worry, it won't be more than ten minutes."

Praenarin said it wasn't that serious. She grabbed her body and pressed down on her, burying her face in the nape of her neck, while her lower half was experiencing a tingling sensation, causing her hips float.

"Ugh, K...Khem, harder! I can't take it anymore,"

The young woman moaned loudly, calling out the name of her partner without shame as the tingling sensation in her core began to rise steadily. It pulled and ached, and her love canal trembled until she couldn't breathe.

The short nails dug into her back through the fabric of the other person's clothes, before the slender fingers thrust in harder and faster, causing both legs to start trembling uncontrollably. The final thrust made her body tremble. Praenarin arched her back and let out a long moan. The mass of heat flowed down to her love canal until it almost caught fire.

"Khem, I'm going to finish... Ahahh."

The weak body stiffened and jerked, then hugged her wife tightly. The young woman's tears streamed down her face. It was another time that Praenarin felt like she was going to fall asleep with a longer period of physical pleasure.

Everything was so white and clear that there was almost no other feeling except for the tingling sensation at her clitoris, causing her stomach to twitch and wave.

"You're so good."

Khemjira smiled with satisfaction, knowing she had sent the person she loved to heaven. She even hugged her for comfort, kissing her soft lips, then moving to her beautiful temple, and down to her flushed cheeks.

She left her fingers resting in the soft, warm place for a moment until the other woman relaxed. Then, she slowly pulled her hand away and sat up, grinning at her own success-managing to do something like this in such an unsafe place.

Her hand was completely wet... but she never once felt disgusted by her lover's body. People who have never done this wouldn't understand. Even if she didn't finish herself, it still felt amazing in a way that was hard to explain.

She turned to glance at the clock on the wall. Not even ten minutes had passed. But the moment when Praenarin trembled and reached her peak felt much longer, almost enviably so.

"You've been finishing faster lately, Khun Rin. And it lasts longer too. Are you getting used to my hands now?"

Paenarin bit her lip, trying to hide the lingering pleasure still coursing through her. She pushed herself up from the sofa and quickly put her clothes back on. This stubborn brat had the nerve to do this right in her office-it was getting out of control.

"How was it? Did I do well?"

Khemjira expected a shy reaction. But instead, her lover walked toward her with firm steps.

***Slap!***

Something unexpected happened-Praenarin's beautiful hand landed right on her cheek. But it wasn't a hard slap. The force was light, almost hesitant. Khemjira touched her cheek, her mouth falling open in surprise.

"Khun Rin... did you really just slap me? What did I do wrong?"

She asked, confused. Just a moment ago, Praenarin was completely willing, and now she was acting like they were enemies? But judging from her eyes, she didn't seem truly angry. Maybe she just wanted to act tough because she was too stubborn to admit she'd enjoyed it.

"You deserved it. In fact, that slap wasn't even enough for someone as shameless as you. Now get out-I'm going home."

"That was harsh."

Khemjira knew she was just being used as Praenarin's emotional outlet, but she didn't mind.

"I don't care, though. Tonight, I'm going to get you back for that slap. You'd better watch out."

She grinned mischievously, already planning her revenge. She had sworn she'd tame this stubborn little cat.

"You crazy brat. You're sleeping on the sofa tonight. If you try anything, I'll kick you off the bed."

"Sure."

Hearing her wife's empty threat, the younger woman smirked playfully.

Praenarin's flushed face and sparkling eyes gave everything away. If Khemjira wasn't imagining things, her wife had only said that to cover up her own embarrassment.

*She is not sure if it's because they're married now, but lately, Praenarin couldn't stop thinking about Khemjira.*

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She didn't go straight home after work like she'd told her. Instead, she drove to the house of her friend, Ying. Ying's place was perfect for a small drinking session, so she had also invited Gev, Julie, and Proufa-the usual gang-along with some food and drinks.

"You've been calling us out a lot lately, Rin. Is something wrong? Or are you still upset about Phrapai?"

The five of them sat drinking on the balcony of Ying's princess-style bedroom. They had been friends for so long that whenever something was on Praenarin's mind, she always turned to them. They had been by her side even during her lowest moments-like when she got so drunk after a breakup that she tried to find a place to jump into the river.

"No, I just have something to talk about."

"Go ahead, girl. We're ready to give advice," one of her friends said.

Praenarin looked at her four friends, then set her wine glass down. She crossed her legs, leaned back in her chair, and folded her arms, deep in thought.

"Do you guys know any way to make a young woman lose interest in sex? Or at least lower her sex drive?"

"Wow, listen to you. Why so formal? That's so you, Rin."

"Yeah, and what kind of question is that? Are you writing a research paper or something?"

Her friends shook their heads and chuckled, thinking she was just being ridiculous. But Praenarin was completely serious. People often said that physical intimacy led to emotional connection, and that was exactly what she wanted to avoid. She had already decided-she would stay single forever. No love, no heartbreak.

"So? Do you guys have any ideas? How do I make someone lose interest in sex? Or at least get her to sleep early-before 10 PM, preferably even earlier."

The four women exchanged glances, then sighed in unison, as if her question was the most absurd thing they'd ever heard. Honestly, she was lucky they were her close friends, or they wouldn't even entertain this conversation.

"Wait, are you serious right now? You're talking about your wife? That kid?"

"Of course. Otherwise, what else am I supposed to do? I need to find a way to make Khem go to bed early."

Her friends looked at each other again before bursting out laughing.

"Hold on, Rin-are you telling us your wife is really going at it every single night?"

"Damn, I wish my man was that dedicated. I'm jealous!"

"Wow, your charm must be off the charts if she just can't stop coming back for more."

"And you don't like it? I wish my husband would do his 'homework' every other day, but I don't even get half of what you do. You're so lucky, Rin!"

Praenarin rolled her eyes at the people she thought she could rely on. She pointed at her own face, which looked visibly exhausted, as if she hadn't had a proper rest in days.

"Lucky? Look at my face! I'm about to die. That kid never listens to me." She looked seriously stressed. Khemjira was just too much. No matter what was driving her, she insisted on doing her 'homework' every single night. Even if they skipped at night, she'd make up for it during the day. .

And once they started, Praenarin could never stop halfway-it was impossible. The only way was to not start at all.

"It's not that hard to solve. She's still young, full of energy. Just tell her you can't keep up. She should understand-you're in your thirties now."

The four of them burst into laughter as if this was the funniest thing ever. Praenarin was now convinced-they were completely useless.

"Maybe I should use sleeping pills?" she muttered.

Immediately, all four of them raised their hands to stop her.

"Whoa, whoa, Rin! You're gonna drug your own wife? That's dangerous! Sleeping pills aren't like mineral water-you can't just give them to someone without talking to a doctor first!"

Praenarin sighed. She knew that, of course. She had just been saying it out of frustration.

"Then how about this? Get her drunk. Or find something that makes her sleepy."

"Like what? I've tried everything-warm milk, chamomile tea. Nothing works except making me full."

"I don't know... Maybe you should make her exercise before bed? That way, she'll get tired faster. Or try reading her a bedtime story? Maybe even sing her a lullaby?"

Julie's ideas made Praenarin roll her eyes again. They were all trying to help, but none of these suggestions made any sense.

"Khem is twenty-three, not three years old."

"Alright, then. Everyone, grab your phones and search the internet. We need to help Rin, or she'll be the first one in our group to die from exhaustion!"

Grace ordered. The others immediately put down their drinks and picked up their phones.

Except for Praenarin. She just slumped deeper into her chair, sipping her white wine like she had no energy left. She was letting her friends do all the work. Tonight, she planned to stay out late enough for that brat to fall asleep before she got home.

Otherwise, Kejmjira would definitely try to get "homework" done again. And lately, her heart had been acting weird whenever they were close. She didn't want to turn into someone addicted to her temporary wife's touch. In a little over a year, their marriage would be over.

She hadn't forgotten. She didn't love Kejmjira. Not even a little.

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By the time Praenarin got home, it was already past eleven. She carefully tiptoed into her room, cracking the door open just enough to peek inside. The room was dim, with only the soft glow of the bedside downlight. No movement. Looked like someone was already asleep.

"That little brat. Good. At least she's asleep,"

Paenarin muttered, a victorious smile appearing on her face.

But why was she on the bed? She was supposed to be on the couch like Praenarin had told her. Oh well. As long as she was asleep, it didn't matter.

Praenarin crept closer, carefully poking the sleeping girl to make sure she was really out. When there was no reaction, she let out a relieved sigh.

Looked like she had won tonight.

But just a few seconds later, the woman who had just arrived home slowly sat down on the bed. Her dark, mesmerizing eyes locked onto the sleeping figure, captivated by the sight before her under the warm glow of the downlight.

Praenarin never noticed how she looked at Kejmjira-how her gaze, at this moment, was filled with something gentle. Fondness. She found herself admiring those peacefully closed eyelids, the steady rhythm of her breathing, and that clean, comforting scent that seemed to cling to her.

She leaned down, letting the tip of her nose brush against Kejmjira's soft cheek. A faint trace of skincare cream lingered on her skin-the same one she always used, a scent so familiar it had become uniquely hers.

Her nose trailed from the cheek down to the graceful curve of her neck, a spot full of quiet allure. Then, without much thought, she pressed her lips there-a delicate, lingering kiss against the warm skin. A wave of calm spread through her chest, as if she had finally found something soothing amidst all her chaos.

For a moment, Praenarin's mind drifted away, lost in the scent and warmth of the girl sleeping beside her. Without realizing it, her nose traced lower, brushing against the rise of a soft chest, visible beneath a simple white tshirt. She took a deep breath, inhaling warmth and familiarity, unafraid of waking her.

"So soft..." she murmured in a barely audible voice.

It reminded her of baby powder. Not the actual scent, but the feeling. Khemjira was young, gentle, and innocent in a way that made her think of something pure, something safe. Seeing her like this-completely vulnerablebrought a strange warmth to her chest.

But that was as far as she allowed herself to go. The realization of what she was doing hit her like a cold splash of water. Her fingers gripped the sheets as she bit her lower lip, forcing herself to pull away, careful not to wake the sleeping girl.

"What the hell is wrong with me?"

Praenarin muttered, rubbing her forehead and shaking her head, trying to banish the thoughts creeping into her mind.

She didn't love her. So why was she acting like this?

It had to be the wine. The damn white wine messing with her head.

First thing tomorrow, she was going to tell the department head to bury Khemjira in work.

That brat wouldn't even have the energy to wake up.

As soon as she regained her composure, the older woman went to take a shower. After finishing her nightly routine, she finally allowed herself to sink into the bed, relieved that the person who called herself her "wife" was already fast asleep.

Or so she thought.

**"I told you, didn't I? Tonight, I'll get my revenge."**

Before she could even close her eyes, the supposedly sleeping figure shifted, moving in close before flipping over to pin her down once again. Khemjira smiled in amusement, delighted to see her wife's face before bed yet another night. She leaned in and pressed her nose firmly against the soft skin of Praenarin's cheek.

"Hey-"

Praenarin gasped as her hands were gently laced together and pressed onto the mattress. Once again, she had let herself be fooled. She had been so sure she had won this time, but no-this insatiable brat had only been pretending to sleep.

"They say women are more sensitive at night."

Khemjira's voice was teasing as she lifted one hand to brush a loose strand of hair behind Paenarin's ear.

"I wonder if that's true for you too, Khun Rin."

She knew. She had felt it. Knew exactly what Praenarin had done earlier, how she had caved in just a little, how she had been drawn to her. She could feel the lingering warmth from the soft, stolen kisses on her skin.

"What... what are you going to do?"

Her voice wavered, betraying her.

Praenarin found herself staring into those deep, hungry eyes, so intense they made her pulse race. Her body tensed under the weight of Khemjira's soft curves pressing into her own. The warmth, the scent, the sight-it was overwhelming.

Her throat went dry as her gaze inadvertently flickered downward, taking in the way their chests pressed together, how unbearably close they were.

Khemjira chuckled, eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Homework, of course. Just because I've graduated doesn't mean I can skip my duties as a wife."

The playful yet sultry smile she wore sent a wave of heat straight to Praenarin's cheeks. She had no time to react before Khemjira lowered her lips, nuzzling against the delicate skin of her neck.

A sharp breath hitched in Praenarin's throat as she felt warm lips pressing against her skin, followed by the softest inhale, as if Khemjira was memorizing her scent.

Her beautiful eyelids fluttered down. Praenarin felt her body start to tremble with that gentle, tingling touch once again, even though they had just had such activities in the evening.

Her toes curled and relaxed in rhythm as her husband's face moved down from her neck to her chest, then stopped to kiss her stomach through the thin fabric.

It seems like her mind was drifting again, without her realizing that she had moved up to intertwine her fingers back to the way they were before. Since when?

"May I do some special homework, my dear wife?"

Seeing that the wild cat was getting drowsy, the cunning fox, Khemjira, grabbed her wife's wrist with one hand and, using the other, pulled her slim waist up to her beautiful bosom, gently squeezing it while her lips tenderly nibbled at her ear.

"Ugh, let go, I'm going to sleep, Khem."

Praenarin's voice trembled with every word. The light touch of Khemjira made her feel hot all over again, as if a small fire was randomly ignited in her core.

"Earlier today, Khun Rin slapped Khem at work. Khem considers it a punishment for the employee's inappropriate behavior. Here we are, side by side."

Khemjira breathed softly into the ear of the person beneath her and continued speaking in her usual deep, gentle, and persuasive tone. But then...

"We are wife and wife, so let's do our homework again."

Without hesitation, Khemjira pressed her lips against her wife's beautiful mouth. She pinned her partner's wrists to the bed, matching the rhythm of their kisses.

Khemjira moved her body closer, the fabric of their clothes rubbing against each other, creating a pleasing sound. Not only did she not resist, but she also reciprocated and offered her a sweet, mint-scented kiss.

"Hmm,"

Praenarin moaned in satisfaction. Instead of pushing her away, when her wrists, which had been tied to the bed, were freed, she moved them up to cradle her neck and kissed her back in rhythm. It was another time she lost to her younger wife.

Praenarin gets aroused easily with just a little touch. And meeting a highenergy girl like Khemjira is like fire meeting oil; if it doesn't ignite, it will explode.

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# Chapter 15: I Am Your Wife

Khemjira always wakes up early, whether it’s a normal day or a holiday. But today, she chose to sleep in because of the adorable person sleeping peacefully under the blanket.

She reached out to pull the blanket up a little, covering her wife, who was curled up with her face resting against Khemjira’s chest. Her eyes lingered on the beautiful, delicate features of the young woman from a wealthy family.

Not only was she born into riches, but she was also stunningly beautiful.

Khemjira glanced down at the slender arm draped over her and smiled softly. Every time after had sex, they would sleep cuddled like this. But her wife always slept so deeply that she probably didn’t even notice.

She would sleep soundly through the night until morning, and only

Khemjira knew just how much Praenarin loved to hold her while sleeping.

“You’re so beautiful, Khun Rin. I’m really lucky to have such a gorgeous wife. Even if it’s only for two years… But honestly, even if we were married for a hundred years, it would still feel too short. I want to be with you forever, in this life and the next. Even ten more lives, I still want us to be wife and wife like this. But more than anything, I want you to love me too… because I love you so much, Khun Rin.”

She whispered these words softly while staring at the ceiling, unaware that her voice had stirred Praenarin from her sleep. Her eyelids fluttered open slowly, adjusting to the dimly lit room. The thick curtains blocked out most of the light, so she didn’t need to strain her eyes too much.

For some reason, she felt warm and safe. The cozy blanket made her body warm, but what comforted her more was waking up to the feeling of holding someone in her arms rather than waking up to emptiness.

A small, natural smile formed on her lips without her even realizing it. Praenarin didn’t mind the murmuring that had woken her up. Instead, she closed her eyes again, feeling utterly comfortable and at peace.

“Khun Rin, it’s already late. Aren’t you hungry?”

Khemjira stopped mumbling and softly called her wife's name. She knew Praenarin was awake but refused to get up. Glancing at the clock, it was already 9 a.m. Since it was a holiday, they hadn't set an alarm. But her stomach was already protesting, calling for food to the point where she felt a burning sensation.

"My dear wife,"

She called again. This time, the person being addressed finally sat up, sighing in annoyance and giving her a side-eye, clearly irritated. Seeing this, Khemjira sat up as well.

"Stop calling me that. I'm not your wife."

"Oh? Then what do you call sleeping with me last night, moaning until your voice went hoarse? Wow… your memory is short, huh? Just last night, you were saying how good it felt, asking me to go harder. Do you remember that?"

*Slap!*

Annoyed by her wife's teasing, Praenarin smacked Khemjira's upper arm hard, satisfied when the other woman flinched, pouting as she rubbed her arm.

"Ouch! If I were a man, you’d probably be pregnant by now. With the way things are going, we'd have kids every year. A boy first, then a girl—our family would be so warm and happy."

Khemjira kept on teasing, as if she was born to get on Praenarin's nerves.

"If you were a man, I'd make sure you’d never walk again. No way would I let myself get pregnant by you!"

"You're so mean… Should we go for another round?"

Despite being threatened, Khemjira quickly changed her tone, smiling mischievously and trying to initiate another round. But it seemed the other person wasn’t in the mood. No matter what she did, Praenarin always looked annoyed with her.

"Stop messing with me!"

"I won’t tease you anymore, then. It’s our day off—where should we go? How about shabu?"

"I'm not going. It’s my day off, and I want to rest. You can go wherever you want, but I’m sleeping in."

Not wanting to get up, Praenarin lay back down, snuggling into the blanket. Khemjira just smiled, feeling grateful that she got to cuddle her wife until morning. She moved closer, leaning in to place a soft kiss on Rin’s temple, expressing all the love she had in her heart. Then she whispered gently, so as not to disturb her too much.

"I’ll prepare some food. If you get hungry, come down and eat, okay?"

With that, she slowly got out of bed, making sure not to wake Praenarin, then went downstairs to check the kitchen. She wasn’t sure if she could still make an omelet for her wife in this house, but whenever Praenarin wanted one, Khemjira would make it with all her love.

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Even though she had a big house and a large family, one of the places Kiri, a young businessman, often stayed at was his luxury condo in an expensive district. He had bought it for someone special.

Holding a keycard in one hand and a bag of food and medicine in the other, he stepped inside. Just like always, his younger girlfriend—four or five years younger than him—was in the kitchen, cooking.

"P’Kiri, I’ve finished making dinner. Come eat!"

"Not yet. Come here."

The young woman flashed him a bright smile, gesturing to the delicious spread on the table, but he wasn’t interested in the food. Instead, he untied her apron, draped it over a chair, and effortlessly scooped her up in his strong arms.

He carried her to the living room, gently placing her down on the sofa.

"I told you not to do anything… Does it still hurt?"

Kiri knelt on the floor, carefully lifting her ankle and applying the medicine with a gentle touch. Her foot was swollen from a sprain—she must have been in a lot of pain. And yet, she had stubbornly stood in the kitchen, cooking for him, even though he had already told her that he’d bring food.

"A little bit," she said softly.

"I'm sorry for making you hurt like this so often."

"Why are you apologizing? P'Kiri hasn't done anything wrong,"

She replied with a gentle smile, her face still radiating warmth as she gazed at the man she loved. Even though being with him sometimes caused her both physical and emotional pain, she could never resent him.

"Does Rin still love you?" he asked directly.

Praenarin went silent for a few seconds before answering with a faint smile. "From what I see, P'Rin still loves me, as always."

She answered with a heart full of guilt, not only towards her old lover but also toward her new one. While she loved P'Kiri now and saw Praenarin as nothing more than an older sister, whenever she felt troubled, she still sought comfort from Praenarin, hoping that she could heal her wounds.

Even though she knew that could only reopen old scars, and even though she knew Praenarin had nearly ended her life because of her. Phrapai selfishly still saw Praenarin as a source of emotional security.

"You know why I started courting you, right? Even though you were still with Rin?"

"I didn’t know at first, but now I understand. P'Kiri's mother wanted you to be with P'Rin because it made sense in terms of social status. That’s why P'Kiri had to do this."

The young woman lowered her gaze, looking at the palms of her hands resting in her lap. When she first found out about this, she felt guilty towards Praenarin.

She didn’t blame Kiri at all, because it was her own heart that had fallen for him. She realized that over the five years she had been with Praenarin, she hadn’t felt the same kind of love she had for her.

She may have loved Praenarin and felt comfortable being with her, but she had never felt the kind of yearning she felt for P'Kiri. If she was cruel for seeing Praenarin as something constant in her life, she could admit it without hesitation.

The handsome man finally looked up and met her gaze after finishing bandaging her ankle.

"But right now, I love you, you know that, right? Even though my mom doesn’t like you, I’m sure I really feel what I’m saying to you."

Hearing those words, the person who had been feeling exhausted with this relationship smiled with satisfaction. Even though his mother didn’t like her, she didn’t expect anything but his love.

"Does that mean you don't want to pursue Rin anymore?"

"You know that Rin is already married, right? The wedding you said was for a friend back then, remember?"

"I’m sorry I didn’t say it directly. I was afraid you’d get into trouble, P'Kiri."

She avoided his gaze, but it seemed like he wasn’t angry about her secretly going to the wedding of her ex.

And she didn’t tell him that Praenarin was already married, even though she knew what his intentions were. She just didn’t want him to feel hurt by his mother for not following her instructions.

"Next time, if something comes up, tell me, alright? Don’t keep it to yourself. Don’t worry about my mom."

"Okay. Next time, I’ll tell you."

His large hand reached up to gently stroke her head. The young woman, with a beautiful face blooming with youth, started to have tears well up in her eyes. Even though her love right now was complicated, she wasn’t shaken by it.

She saw it as a time to make up for the hurt she caused for Praenarin. Since she had hurt her so much, it wasn’t surprising that this new love, born at the wrong time, would become a burden on her heart and soul.

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Normally, someone like Wasin, the chairman, would live his life as he liked if there were no board meetings, shareholder meetings, or important company matters. He trusted his daughter, Praenarin, to handle everything for him.

But today, Wasin came to work early because he had an important matter to take care of concerning his daughter.

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***Knock, knock, knock.***

The sound of a few knocks came before the door opened and someone walked in, standing with his hands clasped in front of him. It was his personal secretary, Nakun, who was assigned to work on this task after hours.

"Chairman, I have information about Miss Phrapai."

"What is it?"

"On Phrapai's birthday, I followed her. She didn’t stay at her condo. She moved to a new luxury condo in another area. That area has only high-end condos."

Wasin, sat there with his arms crossed, thinking. The ex-girlfriend of his daughter was just an ordinary employee in the city, not well-off, and she even had to rely on his daughter. If she was staying in a place like that, it must mean her new boyfriend was someone of a higher status. "She must be living with her new boyfriend then."

"Chairman, you haven’t seen her new boyfriend, have you?"

"Even Rin hasn't seen him. How could I have seen him?"

"Mr. Kiri... Miss Phrapai is dating Mr. Kiri. I think the person who made Boss Rin break up with Miss Phrapai is this Mr. Kiri,"

The young secretary said, opening a picture on his phone that he had secretly taken and placing it on the desk for his boss.

"Kiri?"

Wasin was surprised. He picked up the phone and looked at the picture. It was of the son of his acquaintance, Khun Ying Nualkae. What was that guy trying to do with his daughter? Was he trying to flirt with her after taking his ex-girlfriend away? This wasn’t normal.

Her personal secretary informed her that the chairman wanted to see her in his office. Since she was busy, as expected of the CEO of a large company, Praenarin had to quickly finish her tasks to meet him at 11 a.m.

The tall figure, following the typical standards of a Thai woman’s height, walked gracefully until she reached the office that would be hers in about two years. She pushed the door open and greeted the person inside.

"Did Dad call me here for something?"

"Sit down first. Have some water. Drink something cold to calm your nerves."

Invited to sit with the strange phrase, Pranrin sat down on the soft guest sofa across from her father and lifted the glass to drink.

Having grown up in a wealthy family, she immediately recognized that the water was from her favorite brand of mineral water. She smiled because, even though her father could be unpredictable at times, he still cared for her. Sometimes, though, he cared too much, like with Khemjira.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about, Dad?"

"Do you know who that new boyfriend of your ex-girlfriend is?"

Wasin asked calmly. The one being asked seemed to be calm too, and he was glad that he could talk about this woman without feeling like it would break someone's heart again.

"If you mean Phrapai, I don’t know. Since she got a new boyfriend, she’s been quieter and more mysterious. Even her social media isn’t updated much."

"Kiri."

The middle-aged man said, taking a sip of his coffee before mentioning the man who had caused his daughter’s love life to fall apart.

"Huh?"

The one who was like the apple of the chairman’s eye tilted her head and raised an eyebrow in question.

"Her new boyfriend is Keery."

After finishing his sentence, her father looked at her, and Praenarin's face dropped. What had once seemed like nothing to her now made her feel cold, from her face down to her feet.

She didn’t know how to react, especially knowing that Phrapai's new boyfriend wasn’t just anyone—it was the man who had been courting her since her emotional wounds had started to heal.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why don’t you go ask him yourself why he had to pursue that woman until she broke up with you? And after that, he even tried to get to know you. As a smart person, you should be able to figure this out on your own."

Her beautiful eyelids twitched as she began to piece everything together and understand how things had unfolded. The young woman immediately stood up and quickly walked back to her own office without saying goodbye to her father.

She had to talk to him about this, and it had to be today, no matter what else he had going on. Otherwise, she might end up storming over to his office, accusing him of taking her lover away and approaching her like there was something hidden behind it.

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In the afternoon, Team 1 had a meeting with another team because there seemed to be a big project coming up. But Khemjira, who had no role in the meeting, didn’t need to attend.

Plus, she had been assigned work to do while everyone else was in the meeting. Now, most people were walking off to the meeting room with their laptops, since the meeting would start in just a few minutes.

"I’ll be gone for about two hours, Khem. Please finish the task I assigned to you."

"Yes, P'Jay."

After the two senior colleagues left, only she and her department head, P' Ji, remained in the room. She walked up to her desk, placed a set of keys and a few document folders in front of her, then gave her some extra tasks beyond what P'Jay had already assigned.

"Khem, I have a small task for you. Can you do it for me?"

"What is it?"

Khemjira looked up and met the eyes of her supervisor, who had beautiful wavy hair. But there was nothing threatening about her. Her expression was normal, and her demeanor was surprisingly pleasant. Well, there was probably nothing to worry about. People couldn’t be looking for trouble all the time, right?

"When you're done with your work, take these folders and store them in the archive room. They need to be organized by year, so make sure to put them in the right place."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. You're the only one who doesn't need to attend the meeting, so I'm leaving this to you."

After giving the instructions, the woman picked up her laptop and left like the others. Since Khemjira was the only one left with nothing else to do, she didn’t think much of it.

She grabbed the keys, gathered the folders, and got ready to take them to the storage room—a place she had never been before. She just needed to figure out which floor it was on.

She took the glass elevator to the archive floor, which was completely empty. It wasn't used as a workspace, only for storage. Wearing a white crop top and jeans, layered with a long-sleeved black shirt, she walked around looking for her department’s storage room. Once she found it, she unlocked the door and hung the key on the hook outside.

Stepping inside slowly, she immediately felt her heartbeat quicken. Her breathing became uneven, and her hands trembled as sweat started forming on her palms.

The room was narrow and deep, both dark and stuffy. It wasn’t big, but it was packed with filing cabinets and office supplies from the entrance to the farthest wall. Only a small path in the middle was left for walking.

She pressed the light switch, but nothing happened. Looking up, she realized there was only an empty socket where the bulb should have been. The only source of light was the doorway.

Despite the uneasy feeling creeping up on her, Khemjira bit her lip and forced herself to move forward. She scanned the room quickly, searching for the right cabinet. Once she found it, she hurriedly placed the files inside, her hands moving frantically.

Just as she finished, the door suddenly slammed shut behind her—

*Click.*

The sound of a key turning in the lock echoed from outside.

"Wait! Who's out there? I'm still inside!"

Khemjira jolted in shock and rushed toward the door, calling out to whoever was outside. But in the darkness, she stumbled over something and fell to the floor. Her hands, trembling, fumbled around for her phone while she kept shouting.

"Who's outside? I'm in here! Don't lock the door—I'm still inside!"

She yelled, but there was no sign of anyone coming back to unlock the door. Panic surged through her as she frantically searched for her phone, which had slipped from her grasp in the pitch-black room. At the same time, a buried memory resurfaced—a car plunging off a cliff.

The fear, the pain, the crushing weight pressing down on her throughout that long, terrifying night… She could still remember it all.

She had cried out for her father, trapped in the wreckage, unable to move. The memory was so vivid that tears welled in her eyes. And in that moment, she realized—she was in danger again.

"Help!" she screamed.

Inside, she was panicked. Outside, someone was enjoying the show.

"Hah! Acting all tough, aren't you? Spend the night in there, then," a voice sneered.

The cries from inside didn’t stir any sympathy in Ji, the team leader. She simply glanced up at the security camera, flashed a satisfied smile, and strode confidently back to the meeting room.

She had excused herself, saying she needed to use the restroom. But in truth, she had followed Khemjira here for a reason…

Was she really claustrophobic? And was she really enjoying seeing that she was exactly what she had expected? She was so curious to know if, after tonight, she would quit or just disappear without a word. She couldn’t wait to find out.

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At the same time, Praenarin had arranged to meet the person who took her girlfriend away, and who had the nerve to hide his identity, at the company in the afternoon. She didn’t invite him to her office, but chose a guest lounge on the first floor of the building instead, because she didn’t want him going up to her private office again.

This lounge was for employees, a place where visitors could meet with staff. It had large windows that let in natural light and offered a view of the garden outside. There were tables for sitting and having coffee, almost like a small café inside the company.

Praenarin had prepared some snacks to serve Mr. Kiri, even though he had taken her girlfriend. After all, he was still a client.

“I heard you wanted to discuss something important. What is it?”

“I have something I want to ask you directly. If you’re a real man, you should answer truthfully.”

The boss woman set a serious tone, making it clear that she was serious and that this matter was very important.

“Sure. Go ahead.”

“Why did you pursue me before?”

She asked bluntly, and the man she invited responded almost immediately, without hesitation.

“Because I like you.”

“You’re lying. How could you like me when you already had a secret girlfriend? You must have had an ulterior motive, right? Just tell me, we can talk about it.”

Once she made it clear that she knew about the secret he had been hiding, his handsome face dropped, looking like a criminal caught with all the evidence against him.

"Does Rin knows?"

"You came after my girlfriend until she fell for you. Then she made the mistake of being with both of us, and broke up with me. After that, you came to get to know me and do business with me. What do you really want?"

Praenarin frowned, feeling disappointed to have gotten to know someone like him. She shouldn’t have ever worked with him, and she’d even been foolish enough to use him as a tool to make Khemjira feel bad.

The young man in the business suit looked uncomfortable. He leaned on his knees and rubbed his forehead, clearly troubled, before looking up and speaking the truth with a guilty expression.

"Actually, my mom wanted me to marry you, Rin. But she knew you already had someone, so..."

"So you decided to get rid of my girlfriend by making her break up with me?"

The one asking the question let out a bitter smile, heartbroken. It took her only a few seconds to process what he had said, and just like that, she understood how things had happened.

Lady Nualka had been her father’s client when he was building his first condo. She realized that, because they came from wealthy families, they had used this dirty tactic to try to get her to marry him.

"I’m sorry."

"Do you even realize what a disgusting man you are? Do you know how hurt I am? I lost my job, I almost killed myself because I couldn’t cope. We were together for five years, and you have no idea how much we loved each other."

Praenarin vented, her words full of pain and loss, everything she had been through.

"I didn't know, I just knew I had to do what my mom told me."

"You really are a mama's boy. And what do you think of Phrapai? What have you done to her?"

She asked, digging deeper. She remembered every time she met her, noticing the signs of violence on her body.

Even though they had broken up, she couldn't let someone she loved suffer physically and emotionally. If Phrapai had ever told her she wasn’t okay, she would have dropped everything just to hold her again.

"I take good care of Phrapai. She loves me very much."

"Do you love her?"

The woman asked directly, but he didn’t answer, worrying about the other person's feelings. He was afraid that if she knew how much he and Phrapai loved each other, it would only hurt her more.

"I know what you've done to Phrapai. You hurt her, didn't you?"

"I’m sorry,"

He said, even though he hadn't been the one to hurt her. He bowed his head, accepting the blame alone, no matter what the other person said. He had to take responsibility as the man who loved both the women, his lover and his mother.

His lover had suffered from his mother many times, but he couldn’t tell anyone that it was his mother’s doing.

"If you don’t love her, then give her back to me. I’ll take care of the person I love."

"I’m sorry, I can’t do that," he said.

Just as the tension in the situation was rising, Praenarin phone rang. She calmed herself and picked it up, noticing it was a call from Khemjira. She stood up, walked away from him, and answered the call with a slightly annoyed tone.

"What’s wrong?"

"I need your help, Khun Rinn!"

The voice on the other end sounded shaky, but Praenarin didn’t think it was anything important, assuming she was just trying to manipulate her.

"What’s the matter? If it’s not urgent, I’m hanging up,"

The boss said, holding the phone away from her ear and preparing to end the call.

"Wait! Please help me, Khun Rin! I'm scared!"

The voice cried out through the phone, trembling and speaking in a rushed, unclear manner. Praenarin put the phone back to her ear.

"What’s going on? Tell me clearly,"

She asked, furrowing her brow as she realized the other person was frightened and possibly even crying. It didn’t seem like a prank.

"I can’t get out of here! I don’t want to stay here. It’s so tight, and I can’t breathe!"

Khemjira, the first and only person she thought of, was speaking desperately from the other end. She leaned against the wall in the dark, looking around, barely able to control herself.

She was breathing rapidly, her heart racing, sweat covering her face and her hands shaking uncontrollably. She just wanted to be free from that place.

"What do you mean? Calm down and tell me clearly,"

Praenarin said, now genuinely concerned.

"I’m locked in a storage room. It’s really dark, and it’s so cramped!" Khemjira sobbed, describing her situation.

"It was fine when I was putting things away, but suddenly the door was locked from the outside. Please hurry, Khun Rin! I can’t take it anymore!"

Praenarin's stomach sank, feeling anxious and restless.

"Don’t hang up. Hold the line until I get there,"

Praenarin ordered firmly and quickly walked back to her desk to dismiss the person she was meeting.

"You can go now. I have something urgent to do."

Before the man could reply, Praenarin rushed toward the elevator, heading straight for the floor where Khemjira was, her black hair flying behind her as she hurried past the staff.

She didn’t care about her image, only focused on getting to that room as quickly as possible, holding her phone to her ear the whole time.

Her mind was consumed by the sound of the other person’s heavy breathing and sobs, repeatedly saying how scared she was.

Once she reached the floor, her sharp eyes quickly scanned for the room she thought Khemjira was locked in. Although there were dozens of rooms, all locked with padlocks, she knew it had to be the storage room in the Research and Development department.

"Khem! Are you in there?"

When she found the room marked as belonging to Khemjira's department, she knocked on the door, calling out. From inside, a fearful voice mixed with relief responded.

"Khun Rin, I’m in here! Please help me out!"

Praenarin looked down at the padlock, then quickly raised her phone to call the security staff. She didn’t have a key and didn’t know where to get one, as she had never been involved with this department.

"Wait, I’ll have someone unlock it for you."

After calling security, Praenarin paced back and forth for a while, while the person inside continued calling out, checking if she was still there. She shook the door a few times before it went silent. Before long, someone from security arrived with a large bunch of spare keys and unlocked the door.

*Creak..*

The sound of the door unlocking and the light streaming through it was like heaven to Khemjira. The woman looked up.

The image of her wife walking in and sitting down in front of her made Khemjira feel like she was back to that day again. It felt just like the first moment she met the first rescuer.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion, and the noise around her became so distant it was as if her mind had drifted away.

Praenarin knelt, just like that time... when she kneeled in front of Pharaya, not caring if the ground was covered with dust or anything that could hurt her. She did it for one reason only: she was afraid the person in front of her might be hurt.

"Khem! Are you okay?"

She shook Khemjira’s shoulders, as Khemjira just cried and stared at her silently, tears streaking down her face. But instead of rushing out of the room, Khemjira asked her a strange question.

"Khun Rin, are you my wife?"

"What are you talking about? I asked if you're okay."

"Are you my wife?"

Khemjira repeated the question while still sitting in the same position. Praenarin answered her, even though it wasn’t the time for such a question, especially with Khemjira in such a state.

"I am your wife. Are you satisfied?"

Khemjira cried out and threw herself into Praenarin arms, trembling with fear. She just wanted to hear that—wanted to know that someone was there for her, besides the overwhelming fear.

No one would understand how terrible it felt to be stuck in there, haunted by memories she tried so hard to forget.

"It’s okay. You're safe now."

Praenarin didn’t scold or push Khemjira away as she clung to her like this

She didn’t know what Khemjira was going through, but she could feel that the other person was falling apart. Her delicate hand gently supported Khemjira’s back and rubbed her head to comfort her, letting her cry and rest her face against her leg.

She had no idea what was wrong with Khemjira, but if someone as stubborn as her was crying like this, it clearly wasn’t a small matter.

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# Chapter 16 : Khun Rin Doesn’t Like Drinking Milk

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Now that everything had settled down, Praenarin led her pitiful-looking wife—who looked as dry as a sun-dried banana—back to her office. She also reminded the security staff to keep their relationship a secret.

At this point, the guest area of her office had turned into a place for babysitting an overgrown child. After leaving that room, she had completely changed—acting all proper as if she were a different person. Normally, a model-like woman like her would be clinging to her like a little puppy by now.

Praenarin sat quietly, watching her wife drink iced cocoa with the snacks that Khun Mathurot had brought. She couldn't help but feel surprised. Someone like Khemjira, afraid of something like that?

Afraid to the point of sweating, crying, and looking pale? She even had her phone with her. The room wasn’t even that scary. Why was she so terrified that she lost control like that? "Were you really that scared? Why?"

The boss lady asked.

Khemjira set her glass down and answered, still shaken from the experience. This time, she had completely lost her composure, even though she had always tried to avoid this weak spot of hers.

"I'm afraid of small, enclosed spaces. Especially when I'm alone,"

Khemjira admitted honestly.

Tight spaces made her feel trapped—like enclosed elevators, places where she couldn’t exit immediately, or small rooms with no windows. That’s why she always used glass elevators when she was alone. If it was just a few floors, she preferred to take the stairs.

"When did you start being afraid of small spaces? You weren’t like this before."

"Not too long ago,"

Khemjira hesitated, thinking about the accident.

"Then why did you get stuck in there? It was locked from the outside,"

Praenarin asked. She had a rough idea but didn’t mention anything, especially since Khemjira had never told anyone about it since leaving the hospital. Maybe she had just realized it herself.

"I went inside to store something. As for how it got locked, I don’t know. I left the key hanging outside, and after a while… it locked by itself."

"Were you bullied?"

Praenarin asked suspiciously. If there was any bullying in her company, she had strict measures to deal with it. And considering Khemjira’s fear of tight spaces, this kind of prank could be more dangerous than people realized.

"I'm not sure," Khemjira replied.

"This is too much. Whoever did this—what if you hadn’t brought your phone with you?"

"Maybe they didn’t do it on purpose. Or maybe someone just saw the door open and closed it without knowing I was inside."

"Are you kidding? The security guard said that barely anyone goes up to that floor. Randomly closing doors like that is really dangerous,"

Praenarin scoffed, feeling slightly annoyed. Khemjira had almost lost her mind in there, nearly going into shock, yet she was still trying to see the bright side of things.

Khemjira, who was starting to feel better now that she was with her wife, rolled her eyes and thought about what Praenarin had just said.

What does she mean? Is she actually worried about me… or does she just want me to say something?

"Are you going to find out who did it?"

Khemjira asked.

"Do you want me to? If you do, then go report it to your department head."

Khemjira thought back to what had happened before she got locked inside. Khun Ji had told her to put a file away and then walked into the room…

They started the meeting. Meanwhile, Hong and the others had already gone inside. As she walked past the meeting room, she saw them sitting inside. She had no idea how things had turned out this way.

“It’s okay. Like I said, maybe it was just a misunderstanding. Maybe someone thought it was wrong and locked it to help. But if you want me to find out who did it, I will.”

Khemjira stood up from the sofa and walked back to her desk, pretending not to care.

“I don’t care. It’s none of my business,”

The owner of the room said with an arrogant tone and expression, as if she truly didn’t care. Khemjira felt a little hurt, but it didn’t matter. After all, she knew that this person didn’t love her anyway. Just agreeing to help was already more than enough.

“And one more thing,”

The woman paused before continuing in the same indifferent tone.

“Go see a doctor. You can go on a weekday if you want—I allow it. Just inform HR. If the cost is high, you can ask me for it personally. And don’t think you’re getting special treatment because of company benefits. I mean, I’ll pay for it myself.”

Khemjira smiled happily. She might act like she didn’t care, but every word showed how much she actually did. If she really didn’t care, she wouldn’t go this far. Deep down, Khemjira knew she was worried about her too.

“Khun Rin, can I take a half-day off?”

“Mm. If you’re not feeling well, just go home. Don’t forget to inform your supervisor.”

Khemjira nodded and stood up. Inform her supervisor? No way. Just now, she had only tested the waters to see if Praenarin would react, to see if she cared. Now she had her answer.

And now, she was going to slip out quietly without anyone noticing. She needed to find out for herself who had been messing with her.

The part about not caring wasn’t true at all. Phraenarin felt that something was off. She wanted to know who had done that to her wife. After the woman left, she went down to the security room herself. She had to find out who was responsible.

No matter the reason, that person had to take responsibility for what they did. If Khemjira didn’t take her phone, how could she have gotten out? That place wasn’t easy to access just like that.

"I’d like to check the camera on the free floor near the R&D storage room. I need to see who went up there today,"

She told the security staff. But he looked troubled.

"We’ve been waiting for the technician to fix the wiring in that zone for the past couple of days, Boss."

"What do you mean?"

She narrowed her eyes in confusion.

"A few days ago, rats chewed through the wires in that area. The technician is scheduled to come tomorrow," he explained.

She sighed in frustration. Just as she thought—whenever something happened, the cameras always stopped working, just like in a drama. She never expected to experience it in real life.

"Alright. Just make sure it gets fixed properly. And next time, get it repaired on the same day it breaks. Don’t leave it like this for so long."

"Understood, Boss."

The boss lady gave her order with a serious tone and expression, making the middle-aged employee lower his head. Praenarin walked away, carrying the aura of an "Ice Queen CEO," just as the employees whispered behind her back.

But this time, her expression truly reflected her feelings. It wasn’t just anger because this happened to her company—it was because it happened to Khemjira.

The sound of her crying was pitiful, just like how Praenarin had felt when she was abandoned.

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A noise came from the kitchen. It was already past 10 p.m., but Praenarin, who had showered and was dressed for bed, was still in the kitchen with a warm glass of milk she had heated herself. She hesitated, shifting back and forth as if debating something.

She looked at the milk in her hand, set it down, took two steps away, then walked back to pick it up again. She repeated this several times until she got annoyed with herself. Pressing her lips together, she finally decided and picked up the glass once more.

"Oh? Where are you taking that milk, Khun Rin?"

The elderly housekeeper, who had come in to turn off the lights, noticed her and asked.

"It’s nothing. You should go to bed, Aunt Malai. I’ll turn off the lights myself," Praenarin replied.

Once the elderly woman returned to her room, Praenarin switched off the main kitchen light and carried the glass of milk upstairs to her bedroom.

When she opened the door, she saw her young wife lying on the bed, watching videos on her phone. Khemjira let out a laugh at a funny clip she was watching, making Praenarin pause in slight surprise. The difference from earlier that day was striking.

"Are you okay?"

Khemjira realized she was being watched and quickly set her phone down on the bedside table, then turned to focus on her wife.

"Why? Do you think something’s wrong with me?"

"No,"

Her wife replied with a straight face. Praenarin narrowed her eyes at her. Was she asking out of concern about what happened earlier? And what about that glass of milk in her hand? What was it for? Maybe it was for her, right? Just thinking about it, she felt her heart race as she managed to push past her own fears.

"So, what’s that? Is it for me?" she asked.

"What?"

Praenarin furrowed her brows at the sudden shift in Khemjira’s expression, which had brightened up like a happy puppy. She was pointing at the glass of milk in her hand.

"The milk," Khemjira clarified. "It's mine. I’m drinking it myself,"

Phraenarin replied.

"I don’t believe you."

Khemjira jumped out of bed and reached for the glass of milk in Praenarin's hand, but Praenarin quickly moved away, lifting the glass to drink it herself. Praenarin wasn’t fond of plain milk, but she gulped it down in one go and placed the empty glass on the small table by the wall.

"It’s finished. Done. I’m going to brush my teeth now. Don’t follow me around asking questions,"

She said, heading to the bathroom again. Although she had already brushed her teeth, she hadn’t intended to drink the milk at all. She didn’t even know why she had picked it up in the first place.

"By the way, what do you dislike?" Khemjira asked as she followed her.

"Milk," Praenarin replied.

"I don’t like drinking milk unless it’s in coffee."

Khemjira remembered what Maturat had said and smiled. Her heart swelled with warmth, and she couldn’t describe how happy she felt. Her wife had gone out of his way to bring her that glass of milk, but hadn’t had the courage to admit it. Just that small gesture made her so happy, she almost felt overwhelmed.

It wasn't long before the one who said she was going to brush her teeth came back, turned off the lights, and lay down beside Khemjira, who was still not too sleepy. She then asked a question to get closer.

"Do you usually take the submissive role, Khun Rin?"

"What do you mean? Do I have to explain?"

Praenarin turned her gaze away, wondering if she had been too emotionally affected by the events of the day to feel in the mood for anything else. Instead of feeling relieved, she found herself wanting the same thing that had happened every night before to happen again. She was drawn to Khemjira’s touch, whether it was gentle or passionate.

"Well, right now, you're the submissive, and Khem is the dominant one. I just want to know if you’ve always been the submissive with your previous partners."

"Well... both,"

Praenarin lied. She had never done anything like this with Phrapai. They had just been in a relationship, loving each other, with no sexual involvement. Maybe it was because neither of them had been with someone like Khemjira.

"Really? That’s interesting,"

Khemjira replied, moving closer. She crawled on top of Praenarin, both of them still under the same blanket, and leaned in close.

"What are you doing?"

Praenarin raised her hand to push against her wife's chest.

Her heart raced again, feeling the same excitement as always when it came to their intimate moments. Lately, Khemjira seemed to be getting better at it, and Praenarin was unsure why, but it made her even more excited.

"I’m taking the dominant role,"

Khemjira said, not waiting for another question. She leaned in, kissed her wife, and then trailed a kiss down her smooth, clean neck. Praenarin's hand pushed against her chest, but she didn’t resist or pull away.

"Do you really want to have me every night?"

"Why, Khun Rin? Don't you like it when I use my mouth on you? When I slip my fingers inside and strokes you until you asleep, and moaning softly until there's almost no sound left? Don't you like that?"

Khemjira whispered with a coaxing tone beside her ear.

"Again,"

Praenarin swallowed hard. She was human too. Being teased to the point of seeing such vivid images, it was impossible not to feel anything. She liked everything she said, but what she didn't like was that it made her swallow her own saliva multiple times.

She said she didn't want it, but when it actually happened, her heart cried out for it again and again, until she couldn't stop halfway.

"But I like it. I like seeing you so aroused."

Praenarin slender legs brushed against each other gently as that sexy voice echoed in her ear, the warm breath caressing her neck.

"I love it when your essence stains my hands. I love it when the little one bites my fingers tightly. I love your sexy moans. I love everything."

She can't take it anymore. The more she talks, the more Praenarin imagines it, the more she feels a throbbing desire rising up, as if she knows this weakness of hers.

"Hmm ..you're a bad girl."

The older person pushed against the other’s chest, moaning in acceptance of the truth. But that didn't make her wife pull away from her. On the contrary, it made her lean down closer, their bodies pressing against each other even more, until her ample bosom crushed against her chest.

"Let Khem touch you, okay?"

The beautiful fingers brushed the other person's hair behind her ear and asked gently, as she always did. The person with the body turned their gaze away for several seconds, as if she was making a decision, before turning meeting her eyes and giving an answer.

"Just one round, okay?"

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This morning, Khemjira arrived at the company at the usual time. She was always the first to reach the office. But strangely, today, the first person there was Ji. Not only that, but she was covered in sweat and looked anxious.

"Good morning, Ji,"

Khemjira greeted as soon as she pushed the glass door open. The person pacing back and forth inside, like a hamster on a wheel, flinched slightly upon seeing her.

"Khem, what is it?"

Ji asked. Khemjira, who arrived later, placed her belongings on the table and stood talking to her senior.

"Why are you here so early today? And where did you go... with the storage room key?"

Her sharp eyes glanced at the key in Ji’s hand. Realizing she was being watched, Ji quickly put it away in a desk drawer, then sat down at her office chair with a haughty posture—crossing her legs and folding her arms.

"Do I have to report to you?"

"Not at all. I was just asking in case you needed to store any more documents. I could put them away for you."

"Did you store the files properly yesterday?"

Ji, the team leader, looked at Khemjira with suspicion. She had rushed here because yesterday, she had locked that girl up all day and night, and no one had come looking for her. But when she went to unlock the door this morning, no one was there. And now, here she was, standing in front of her like a ghost.

"Of course, I stored them properly. But unfortunately, someone locked me inside. Do you happen to know who did it, Ji?"

"How would I know? I wasn’t standing guard over you,"

Ji replied, avoiding eye contact. She sat stiffly without leaning against the chair, her body language betraying her discomfort.

Khemjira smirked slightly. Just from Ji’s reaction, she could already guess how she ended up locked inside. But without any solid evidence, she couldn't accuse anyone, even if their behavior made it obvious.

"Oh... is that so? Never mind, then. I got out anyway. Luckily, I had my phone with me, so I could call someone for help. But I didn’t feel great afterward, so I went home first. Sorry for not telling anyone,"

She said, lying smoothly.

In reality, she had told only P’Jay and P’Balloon, and she had asked them to keep quiet until she could confirm her suspicions. The only person she suspected was Ji. P’Jay had mentioned that during the meeting, there was a moment when Ji slipped out for about ten minutes. That must have been when she pulled her little stunt.

"Oh? Who helped you out?" Ji asked.

"I can't say who it was. But even though they act tough on the outside, they're actually a really kind person. Unlike the one who locked me in... that person must be truly despicable to trap a small woman like me in there."

Her words were laced with sarcasm, and Ji glared at her sharply. Khemjira just smiled and walked away from her desk.

There were no permanent friends or enemies in this place, but judging from Ji’s expression, she had already declared herself an enemy. No matter how many times Khemjira explained, this woman would never believe that she wasn’t here to get her lover fired. Now, she had to brace herself for even more schemes and harassment from Ji.

Just then, a familiar voice cut through her thoughts.

"Hey, Nong Khem, if you pass the evaluation, why don’t we go out for drinks to celebrate?"

Her fingers paused mid-air above the keyboard. Turning to P’Balloon, she hesitated before replying,

"Do you think I’ll pass? It feels like Boss doesn’t want me to."

"Of course! The ones evaluating you are the two team leads and the department head you submit work to. Boss Rin has nothing to do with it. It’s always been this way unless it’s for a high-ranking position."

"But I always submit my work directly to Boss," Khemjira said.

"And she always piles more tasks on me, too."

The two of them looked at each other and smiled wryly.

“I don’t know about that. Maybe the boss is coming to evaluate new employees? Anyway, if Khem has to submit your work, you can ask the boss directly,”

Khemjira sighed. Her mind wandered as she thought,

"Why does the boss always have to act so tough with me? Every day, she orders me around through the department head, making me fix things over and over. I wonder if she wants me to quit before I finish my probation, like what Ji did."

. .

At noon, employees from all departments started heading down for lunch. Some went out to eat, while others used the free meal service at the canteen, and Khemjira was one of them.

“P'Balloon, P'Jay, I’m going to take my lunch to the garden outside. I promised to meet the security dog’s little brother there and bring some food to share,”

She said, avoiding the truth, or simply put, lying. Her real goal was to sit down and eat with her wife.

“Okay, okay, go ahead. But for those who aren’t going, it’s hot. I’ll stay here,” they replied, smiling.

Two people smiled at each other, while someone who had been quietly watching the pair, noticing how they seemed a bit more than just friends, squinted and then dropped a bomb in the middle of the lunch table.

“Don’t be secretly flirting with each other.”

“W…what are you saying, Khem?”

They both stammered, acting flustered like bees escaping a broken hive.

The person smiled, satisfied with the reaction.

. .

The two sat in the air-conditioned dining area, and Khemjira decided to take her lunch box and buy a small gift for the her wife. Recently, she had been strengthening their relationship by spending time physically with the boss every day. So, she thought she’d get something sweet for the wife to replace some of the energy she was using up with the boss.

The model-like woman took the glass elevator in the middle of the large hall, heading to the executives' floor as usual, careful not to be seen. When she noticed that Mathuros wasn’t in her office, she knocked on the CEO’s door.

.

***Knock knock knock***

"Come in."

Once given permission, the tall, long-legged figure pushed the door open and smiled brightly at the person eating lunch at their desk.

"Hello, wife,"

She said with a smile. The person eating a few dishes with an omelet set her fork down and crossed her arms, staring at Khemjira, thinking,

*So, it's the same porcelain doll as always.*

"Why are you still bringing your lunch to eat with me? Didn’t I tell you to come after lunch?"

She had asked for her to come at that time because it’s when people are in a rush, so they tend to use the regular elevator instead of the glass one. But this stubborn woman still went against her instructions.

"Actually, I didn’t want to eat lunch. I wanted to eat *you*,"

Khemjira flirted openly, and Praenarin felt a wave of heat rise from her face down her back, recalling the passionate time on the sofa that day. She scolded her, though her voice wasn’t as steady as usual.

"That’s too much,"

Praenarin said, crossing her arms and turning her head away. Khemjira smiled mischievously, her long legs quickly carrying her to the desk.

"Cold chocolate. Very rich. I thought it might give the CEO a little extra energy."

She placed the drink in front of Praenarin before boldly sitting across from her.

"Can I sit and eat with you?"

After sitting down, she asked for permission, thinking her wife was really well-mannered.

"Then hurry up and eat, so we can talk about something important,"

Praenarin said, trying to dismiss the situation, though, in truth, she felt good having Khemjira eat with her. It was better than sitting alone, quietly eating. The mischievous little one quickly opened her lunch box and ate as instructed, and the boss smiled faintly.

It didn’t take long for the two women to finish their meal as usual. While eating, Khemjira had been preparing to bring up the topic she wanted to discuss. Once Boss rinsed her hands, she returned to her seat.

"About your performance evaluation—"

"Whimper."

"What?"

The elegant eyebrows knitted together in confusion as a big question mark practically appeared on her face. Khemjira had just let out a strange noise while looking at her with pleading eyes.

"I was whining like a puppy with a broken heart," Khemjira said.

"Please don’t fail me on purpose. I’ve done my best and never made any mistakes. If I pass, my parents will be so proud of me… Please?"

Faced with that pitiful expression, the boss instinctively averted her gaze.

Looking at her like that made it feel like something was stuck in her throat. That pleading face was just too adorable…

Clearing her throat to regain composure, she crossed her arms and put on a nonchalant front.

"I’m not the one evaluating you," she said.

"The ones you regularly submit work to—those are the people handling your assessment."

Hearing that directly from the boss herself, Khemjira, who had been stressing over the matter, immediately broke into a wide grin.

"Phew! Thank you, beautiful! I’ll never forget this kindness. I love you so much! I love you more than anything in the world!"

The big puppy knelt on the floor before her boss and wife, then suddenly hugged her, pressing her face against her chest while speaking in a soft, delighted voice. She was just too happy that the boss wasn’t going to sabotage her evaluation.

Praenarin let out a faint smile, her delicate hand reaching up to stroke her head. How could she not feel good when she had someone declaring their love for her every day?

Even if she wasn’t ready to fully accept it, she knew her feelings for Khemjira were slowly changing. And she also knew that ever since this daughter of her father’s friend entered her life, the wounds in her heart had begun to heal.

She no longer longed to see Phraphai, even though she still worried about her. The intense emotions she once felt had faded, until she had almost forgotten what kind of state she had been in before.

"You’re stroking my head, Khun Rin. Does that mean you’re fond of me?"

Khemjira’s voice broke the moment. Praenarin had been lost in the sensation of touching her supposed wife. For several seconds, the boss had unknowingly let her guard down, but as soon as she realized what she was doing, her sharp, almond-shaped eyes widened briefly.

Then, in a flustered motion, she pulled her hand away, pushing Khemjira’s head aside in an exaggerated attempt to create distance.

"N-No! That’s enough. I want to rest."

The rejected one narrowed her eyes, watching the woman in front of her, then slowly stood to her full height.

Arms crossed, back straight, avoiding eye contact, and speaking in a slightly shaky voice… Upon closer observation, Khemjira had just uncovered an important truth.

She stared at the woman sitting rigidly in her chair, pretending to ignore her. Even as she turned away to avoid her gaze, Khemjira simply moved behind the chair, gripping the backrest and leaning in to whisper right beside the boss’s ear.

"You’ve fallen for me, haven’t you?"

Praenarin's beautiful eyes twitched at the direct question.

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I know how you feel about me," Khemjira said, her voice softer. "But if you don’t want to say it, I won’t tease you or make you feel embarrassed. Thank you for everything."

As the boss picked up her iced chocolate and took a sip—clearly to hide her flustered state—Khemjira noticed immediately. And that was enough. If Praenarin was showing this much emotion toward her, then there was hope their marriage could truly last forever.

*You did a great job, Khemjira.*

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# Chapter 17 : Homework Trouble

Since Khemjira had been working at her new job for a while, she finally felt like she had settled in. So today, she invited her mentor-turned-colleague, Jay, and Balloon, to celebrate with her. She also invited Khwanrin to join them in celebrating this small success.

It was already past 7 PM, and since Khemjira had offered to treat everyone, the table was filled with bottles of alcohol and all kinds of food that they had ordered—so much that they could barely finish it. But the only ones drinking were Jay and Balloon, who were now so drunk that they could barely speak clearly.

"Hey, Khem, don’t you have to tell your wife you're eating out? What if she gets upset that you didn’t have dinner together? I don’t want to be blamed for breaking up your marriage!"

Balloon slurred, reaching out to pinch Khemjira’s cheeks and tugging them side to side. Khemjira let out a dry laugh. No way would Praenarin be upset —she’d probably be happier not seeing her at home. Praenarin never showed how she really felt. She was as stubborn as ever.

"Yeah, speaking of your wife, we’ve never seen her before," Jay added.

"She’s just shy. When she gives me permission to introduce her, you’ll all get to meet her,"

Khemjira replied with a smile.

"We’ll be waiting, Khem! Cheers to you!"

The two raised their glasses and clinked them together before downing their drinks. They were getting more and more wasted, which made Khwanrin, the responsible one, start to worry.

"Are you two sure you’ll be able to get home like this?"

Khwanrin asked, concerned.

"Of course, Rin! We’re pros at this. We’ve even fallen asleep in a taxi and ended up past our stop. Taking a bus is no big deal!"

Balloon said, completely slurring, his face almost flat on the table.

Seeing how out of it they were, Khemjira sighed.

"It’s getting late. How about we all head home now? That way, we can get up on time for work tomorrow."

She quickly grabbed their glasses and set them down before calling the waitress for the bill. The two drunk ones, surprisingly obedient, started gathering their bags.

"Alright, see ya, beautiful people! I’ll text you when I get home. Thanks for the drinks! Haven’t had booze in ages!"

Balloon waved before stumbling away with Jay, both swaying as they walked.

Khwanrin watching them with a worried expression, could only sigh and shake her head.

"Khem, you probably shouldn’t have treated them to drinks. Look how drunk they are."

"Don’t worry, P' Rin. They live in the same apartment complex, so they’ll get home safely together,"

Khemjira laughed, unconcerned. She had heard plenty of stories about their drunken adventures before, so she knew they’d be fine. "Alright, I’ll head home now. Drive safely, Khem."

"Bye, P' Rin. Thanks for coming to dinner!"

After saying their goodbyes, Khemjira, who hadn’t had a single drink, got into her car and drove home. She wondered if her wife would be there tonight or if she had gone out drinking with friends again and would return to the apartment building late, as usual.

When she arrived home, she didn’t go straight to her room. Instead, she was greeted by Aunt Malai, who was waiting for her.

"Miss Rin is in the dining room,"

She informed Khemjira, inviting her inside.

That surprised Khemjira a little. It was quite late—why was Praenarin still up having dinner?

Standing at about 170 cm tall, Khemjira made her way to the dining room. There, she found her wife sitting at the table, waiting for her, with several dishes laid out in front of her.

*Dinner… Again*

Khemjira swallowed hard. She wasn’t hungry for food—she was hungry for her wife. Praenarin was wearing a nightgown that was much sexier than usual. Maybe it was just because Khemjira wasn’t used to seeing her in something like this, or maybe Praenarin was doing it on purpose—to tease her or drive her crazy. She wasn’t sure.

"Stop standing there. Sit down and eat," Praenarin ordered.

There was no plate in front of her because she had already finished eating. But since her friend had suggested a menu that supposedly helped with sleep, she decided to try it with Khemjira. Maybe it would make her a little less energetic tonight.

"But I…"

She was about to refuse since she had already eaten, but the look in Praenarin's eyes made her stop.

Her wife was sitting here, waiting for her. And Khemjira hadn’t even told her that she was going out for dinner.

*Whatever.*

She placed her bag beside her chair and sat down across from Praenarin, where a plate of rice and a few side dishes were waiting for her. But Praenarin had nothing in front of her except a glass of water.

"You’re not eating, Khun Rin?" Khemjira asked.

"No. I already ate. Just eat,"

Praenarin replied, her face unreadable.

So Khemjira started eating, even though she was already full. The meal included steamed eggs, grilled salmon, stir-fried vegetables, and a bowl of soup that looked… unfamiliar. "What’s this? It looks kind of strange,"

Khemjira asked, eyeing the dish.

"Vegetable soup. Just eat it. I had the housekeeper make it especially for you," Praenarin said casually.

Hearing that, Khemjira’s eyes widened in excitement, her expression lighting up like a puppy getting a special treat.

"Really?"

"Of course."

Rin’s lips curled into a sly smile. That bowl of soup was the star of tonight’s meal. She had ordered the housekeeper to make an extra-large portion just for Khemjira, along with other foods that were supposed to help with relaxation.

"Thank you so much! My wife is the sweetest!"

Khemjira beamed, her eyes nearly disappearing from how wide she was smiling. There was no way a love-struck woman like her would refuse a special dish from her wife. She eagerly scooped some into her bowl, convinced that this was a symbol of Praenarin's love.

She could hardly believe it—her wife had prepared a meal just for her! Even if the housekeeper had been the one to cook it, it still counted.

"Eat a lot, okay? This bowl is specially for you,"

Praenarin encouraged, casting a sideways glance at the Senna Siamea soup —a dish her friend had recommended. She smirked mischievously. She wasn’t sure if it would work, but seeing Khemjira enthusiastically eating it made her feel somewhat satisfied.

While her plan unfolded, Praenarin pretended to read a book, occasionally glancing at the clock. It was already past 10 p.m. Yet, the person lying on the bed, scrolling through her phone, hadn’t even yawned once. Did this woman ever get sleepy at 10 p.m.?

"Still not going to sleep?"

Praenarin finally asked, closing her book and switching off the lamp. She sighed in defeat, lying down on the bed. She wasn’t exactly sleepy, but she was ready to rest.

"Why do you want me to sleep so badly? Are you still worried about that incident?"

"....."

"Don’t worry, I’m not that easy to kill. As long as I get at least five hours of sleep, I’m fine. But if I don’t sleep at all for a day or two, then yeah, I might actually die,"

She joked, all while wrapping her arms around Praenarin from behind. "That’s not what I’m worried about. Now move, you’re squishing me,"

Rin muttered, feeling trapped in Khemjira’s embrace.

"My dear wife,"

Khemjira murmured, refusing to listen. Dressed in a simple white T-shirt with soft fabric and ordinary pajama pants, she effortlessly flipped the other woman onto her back, straddling her between her legs—settling into the same familiar position as every other time she did her homework.

"Stop. I’m exhausted."

Paenarin placed a firm hand on her chest, her expression serious.

"Oh? Really?"

Khemjira, however, feigned innocence, showing no signs of moving away.

"I just want to sleep."

"But I haven’t submitted my homework yet."

The beautiful woman leaned in, her face nearly brushing against Paenarin’s neck. But before she could go any further, Paenarin swiftly placed a hand on her face, keeping her at bay. If they didn’t set some boundaries, she was sure she’d wither away, drained of all energy by her wife every single night.

"School is closed. No homework submissions allowed."

"Are you really not interested in grading my work?"

Denied of affection, Khemjira pouted, resting her head against Paenarin’s chest and letting out a soft, pleading sound. Then, she lifted her gaze, locking onto those dark, mesmerizing eyes—looking every bit like a puppy begging for a treat. Praenarin swallowed hard, her throat moving visibly. "Again…"

The woman beneath her turned her face away, trying to resist.

She didn’t understand how Khemjira managed to make her lose every single time when it came to matters in bed. Was it the sweet, yearning voice? The pleading gaze?

Or was it the intoxicating mix of tenderness and intensity that Khemjira poured into every moment? She was starting to think she was becoming addicted to homework just because of how diligent her wife was.

"I’m really good at my homework, you know? Even if you assign extra work, I can handle it."

Khemjira teased, her slender hands gliding over Paenarin’s body, tracing from her soft, slender waist up to her chest—where a thin layer of fabric still acted as a shield. Her thumb pressed against the sensitive peak through the material, rubbing in slow circles—like working a game controller— until the woman beneath her gasped, her body squirming involuntarily.

And just as Praenarin closed her eyes, Khemjira seized the opportunity. She cupped her wife’s delicate face and pressed a deep, lingering kiss against those soft lips, claiming every ounce of sweetness. She kissed her hungrily, fervently, until the sound of their lips meeting filled the air.

Yet, despite everything, Praenarin didn’t push her away. Instead, she responded just as eagerly, returning the kiss with equal passion—until all she could feel was the overwhelming heat between them.

Her soft hands, which had been resting against Khemjira’s chest, now slid up to wrap around her neck, pulling her closer. Their lips moved together in a slow, teasing dance, growing more in sync with each passing second. It seemed that day by day, her wife was learning their rhythm too well— making it impossible for Khemjira to resist doing her homework every night.

“Mm…”

Praenarin let out a quiet hum of pleasure, lost in the kiss. She wasn’t sure how long they had been kissing, only that when it finally ended, she found herself breathless and craving more.

“You see, I’m a top student,”

Khemjira murmured with a playful smirk.

“I never miss an assignment. That way, my wife will keep rewarding me.”

Her lips trailed from Praenarin's neck down to her collarbone, pressing soft, lingering kisses against her smooth skin. The woman beneath her tilted her head slightly, wordlessly granting permission for every touch.

Their bodies pressed together, the friction of fabric against fabric stirring a deeper heat between them. Even Khemjira herself felt a tugging sensation at her sensitive spot, as if it was calling for release as well.

“Mm… Khem, hurry up,”

Praenarin whispered, her voice tinged with need.

Urged on, Khemjira moved with gentle precision, easing Praenarin out of her silky nightwear without breaking the moment’s intimacy. The cool air brushed against her bare skin, but the warmth between them was more than enough to chase away the chill.

Bathed in the soft glow of the dim light, Khemjira admired her wife’s beauty for a fleeting second before lowering herself. She pressed delicate kisses along the smooth plane of Praenarin's stomach, her hands exploring every curve with reverence.

A shiver ran through her wife's body in response, her breath hitching as Khemjira’s lips wandered higher.

“Do you like this?”

Khemjira’s voice was a whisper, sweet and teasing.

“Does this feel good, Khun Rin?”

The sweet and gentle voice asked before leaning down to cover the sensitive, beautiful nipple with the soft, flexible mouth and sucking alternately lightly.

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And with that, she continued her affectionate exploration, determined to ensure that her homework was completed to perfection.

"You're so mean."

"I love you, Khun Rin. I just want you to be the happiest, to forget everything in the past, to forget the person who didn’t love you, and to only remember me."

She gently kissed Praenarin's forehead, trying to calm her down. Then, her long fingers slowly traced down from her stomach, slipping lower, teasing once again.

"Again… but I don’t love you."

"So what? Do you know that people who keep saying ‘I don’t love you’ or ‘go away’ always end up having the most kids? If I had what men have, we’d probably have one or two kids by now."

"You're talking nonsense."

"But really, we could have one if you wanted. We just need to get married and have a baby overseas. If we find a good fertility clinic, we could make it happen in a year. Did you know that in Australia, if we’re legally married, you could carry a baby using my… well, my side of things? It would be all you—your flesh and blood. Cute, right? Though I don’t know if the baby would look like you. Or if you prefer, I could carry the baby myself."

Khemjira spoke passionately because this was her dream. Praenarin was the first person she truly loved. Sure, she had crushes in high school, but Praenarin was the first she was serious about—serious enough to want to build a family together.

Even though her dream might never come true, and even though their marriage would end in two years, she still wished for it.

"Never. I will never have a child with you. When two years are up, we’re done."

"That’s fine. As long as we can keep having fun like this every night."

"....."

"One more round?"

Praenarin didn’t resist or push her away. So Khemjira kissed her cheek, moving her fingers slowly until she saw the familiar expression on her wife’s face—one of pleasure returning once again.

What she said earlier wasn’t just meaningless talk. She truly meant it. She loved Praenarin and wished to have a warm family with her. But if, after two years, Praenarin's feelings didn’t change at all, then Khemjira would leave, no questions asked.

She couldn’t remember exactly how many times, but roughly, it was almost midnight before she finally got some real sleep. Praenarin was still frustrated about that bitter leaf curry.

Wasn’t it supposed that made you sleepy and relaxed? But looking at Khemjira—she was still wide awake until late at night. So, what was the point of that curry?

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Dressed in her work outfit, she walked down the stairs to the dining room, looking half-human, half-zombie. It was only 7 AM, but she felt like she had missed several hours of sleep.

"Would you like rice porridge or coffee, Miss Rin?"

Aunt Malai was there to serve her. On the dining table, there was only a bowl of rice porridge and Wasin’s coffee. As for Khemjira, she never ate breakfast at home anyway.

"Anything with a lot of energy, please,"

She said. What she got in return was rice porridge, coffee, and a sandwich.

Praenarin scooped up a spoonful of porridge, resting her elbow on the table and holding her forehead with her hand. Her father noticed and couldn’t help but ask,

"What’s wrong? You don’t look so good. Didn’t sleep well?"

"Just a little, Dad. Are you attending the meeting today? The shareholder meeting—your secretary should..."

"I’ve already informed you,"

She said, noticing he was dressed more casually than usual, so she asked.

"No, I have some work to take care of. Honestly, I want you to manage it yourself. When the time comes, you’ll be able to take over as president without anyone questioning it."

The tired expression on her face nodded in understanding. She had already prepared for that, but there was one thing bothering her: *her father's twoyear marriage contract*.

"I'll focus on my work, and I hope you won’t be so stubborn and leave everything to someone else," she said.

"No, I won’t. You’re the only one, Rin. Everything I have belongs to you. You just need to meet the terms of the contract."

"Okay. I’ll stay with Khem for the two years, just like the contract says. But

I’m not sure if I’ll even make it long enough to inherit your fortune. She’s quite a handful."

The middle-aged man laughed, amused and fond of them both. Even though he knew Khemjira loved teasing his daughter, he thought it was worth it if having her around kept Praenarin from thinking too much about her ex and crying over the past.

Even if his daughter-in-law caused some chaos, it seemed like a fair trade.

"Khem might be a bit much, but I think she’s not beyond your control,"

He smiled, then stopped talking. Praenarin turned her face away in frustration, half-jokingly thinking about how she couldn’t control her wife. She always ended up losing to her.

*That kid... I don’t even know what kind of person she is. Staying up late at night, and then still staying up late during the day? She sleeps with me, but always wakes up before me. I guess the age gap between us really is a problem. Look at me—I'm thirty-five, and after work, all I want to do is crash. But at thirty-five, I’m still young, right?*

*But she’s only twenty-three. I guess I need to figure out how to handle her before her wild energy wears me down.*

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The important business that Wasin had mentioned to his daughter was about cutting ties and severing relationships with someone, which was the reason for her sadness. The middle-aged man, looking calm and composed, instructed the driver to take him to the house of Khunying Nualkae, the wife of a late former ambassador, who he knew quite well since they had worked together for a while and he also had shares in her company.

As soon as he stepped out of the car, the housemaid came out to greet him and invited him inside, where the homeowner was waiting in the living room with a pleasant expression.

"Wasin, what brings you to my home? Is there something you need to discuss?"

She asked. He didn’t pay much attention to the snacks the housemaid brought him. He just wanted to get down to business so he could proceed with the next steps.

"I just wanted to personally let you know that my friends and I, along with a few others, are withdrawing all of our shares from your company,"

He said. After finishing his sentence, her face, which had already started to show signs of aging, suddenly went pale as she stared at him, almost in disbelief.

"What do you mean, Wasin? You’re withdrawing your shares now? Why… is your company facing financial problems? We can talk about this. I’m sure I can help."

"No, there’s no problem. My company makes a huge profit working with foreign clients. The reason I’m withdrawing my shares is that I don’t want to see you or your son anymore."

He said it coldly, and the expression on her face turned sour. He had held shares in the company because they had worked closely together in the past, but now he no longer wanted that connection. In fact, he didn’t even want to see her face.

"What do you mean? Did we do something wrong? Did my son, Takiri, do something to hurt you or Rin?"

She asked, looking confused.

"Khunying Nualkae, you must know very well what you’ve done. You and your son ruined my daughter’s life. She’s hurt, she cries, she’s devastated like she lost everything. And yet, you’ve been sitting comfortably, planning all of this without a care."

“And you put a leash on your son, making him follow along because of the dirty plans of Khunying. That’s why I’m taking everything back.”

"...."

“As for the project your son is working on with my company, if you’re unhappy working with us, you can transfer to another company. It might be a little complicated since we have a contract, but if you don’t want to make things difficult, I’ll speed up the completion so we don’t have to see each other again.”

Her face went pale, and she froze in shock. He quickly stood up to continue the discussion. In big business, if a shareholder pulls out a lot of their shares, it can have serious consequences for the company, which isn’t a good situation.

But he could watch that disaster happen with ease. Even if it involved people he was close to, if they disrupted Praenarin’s happiness, he didn’t mind seeing them face the consequences.

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After the morning meeting ended, Praenarin was starting to feel like a zombie. The long walk from the big meeting room to her office seemed endless. With every step, she felt like she might just collapse right there on the floor.

When she finally reached her office, she threw herself onto the couch and checked her phone. It was almost noon. Her personal assistant, Khun Mathura, came in to ask about the lunch menu, but Praenarin wasn’t interested in eating.

The only thing she wanted to do was lie down and sleep, like she was practicing for death. But she couldn’t because she had a meeting with the Project Management team.

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"Uh, boss, why do you look so pale? Are you feeling sick?"

"No, I’m fine. I didn’t sleep well last night. Could you please reschedule the meeting this afternoon to tomorrow? I really need some rest."

"Sure, I'll take care of it right away."

Before the other person could leave, the boss stopped her and gave another important instruction.

"Oh... and make sure no one bothers me, please."

"What about the work from Khun Khem? Should I have her submit it before the meeting?"

"Tell her I won’t accept it today. She can send it tomorrow. You can tell her or call her, either way is fine."

Once the instructions were given, the assistant quietly left. Meanwhile, the boss, feeling a bit tired, took off her shoes and lay down on the sofa to rest her eyes. Praenarin is very considerate of other people's time.

In fact, a 30-minute nap would probably be enough, but since she was worried she might not wake up, everything that needed to be done this afternoon had to be postponed so others wouldn't waste their time waiting for her.

Today, Khemjira didn’t come for lunch with the food box because her wife had told her that she might be busy. She was asked to come see the boss at 1 PM, 15 minutes before the boss’s meeting.

She came exactly on time, with some sweets for a little energy boost, from a bakery nearby, and a hot mocha coffee because she was worried the boss might be working so hard she wouldn’t have time to eat.

"Khun Mai, Khem brought the work for the boss,"

She said, carrying a file with one hand and a bag of sweets and coffee in the other. When the boss saw her, she quickly stood up.

"The boss said Khem can submit the work tomorrow. She’s a bit tired today and wants to rest for a while. She’s probably still napping since around noon."

Mathuras smiled. She didn’t have to explain that the boss wasn’t reviewing work today because she wanted her wife to take care of her. It’s rare that her boss shows signs of being unwell enough to postpone work.

*Except for the first part when feeling heartbroken...*

"Oh, is she feeling sick?"

"Maybe just a little exhausted. You can go in to check on her, but just don't wake her up. Otherwise, she’ll get up and work too hard again."

Once given permission, Khemjira smiled and thanked her, then quietly opened the door. The room was silent, only the soft sound of the air conditioner could be heard.

The young employee tiptoed in quietly and placed the food on the desk in the room, then picked up a pen to write a note.

Seeing the beautiful wife soundly asleep on the sofa, Khemjira smiled fondly. She walked over to close the curtains a little to block out the light, so the owner of the room could sleep more comfortably. Then, she went to her lover by the sofa, knelt down nearby.

"Are you done teasing me today?"

The beautiful face leaned down to kiss the forehead. The not-too-thick or too-thin robe was removed and placed over the one who was sleeping soundly, breathing evenly, worried she might get cold.

If her partner was tired, she promised she wouldn’t give her too much work to do. Now, it seemed like there was a deeper bond between them. They probably didn’t need to strengthen their connection with so many intimate moments as they had before.

She had learned this from Khwanrin, who told her that physical closeness often led to emotional closeness. That’s why people in casual relationships (FWB) had to be very strong-willed.

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# Chapter 18 : A Wonderful Wife

By around 3 PM, the person who had slept soundly finally opened her eyes. She blinked a few times to adjust to the light in the room. Normally, her office was bright because of the large glass windows that stretched from floor to ceiling, offering a view of tall buildings. But now, the curtains were drawn, making it feel like the sun was starting to set.

"Hmm… what time is it?"

Still lying down, her slender hand reached out to grab her phone from the coffee table. A quick glance told her it wasn’t the end of the workday yet, just as she had guessed.

She put the phone down and rubbed her forehead before sitting up, looking around with slight dizziness. Luckily, her headache was gone.

Feeling the warmth of the coat draped over her, Praerin picked it up to take a closer look. It was Khemjira’s coat. Had she come here? When?

She held the coat up and inhaled its familiar scent, a soft smile appearing on her lips. Even if she hadn't known it belonged to Khemjira, she could recognize her scent anywhere. Once she gathered her thoughts, she neatly folded the coat and placed it aside.

Then, she walked over to open the curtains.

As sunlight filled the room, her eyes landed on a paper bag sitting on her desk. Next to it was a small note. She didn’t need to check the name—just the handwriting alone was enough to tell her it was from her wife.

*"Make sure to eat something when you wake up, okay? By now, the coffee might be cold, but I promise the snacks are still delicious. Love you the most. From… Khem."*

"You little brat… Trying to make it up to me now that I’ve collapsed?"

Praenarin put the note back in place, then picked up the snack bag and started unwrapping it with a small, satisfied smile. Just when she was starving, there was food from her wife waiting for her.

Every single treat was chocolate-flavored—her absolute favorite. And she didn’t even have to wonder how Khemjira knew that.

She was still enjoying her snack when a strange feeling hit her, making her freeze. She instinctively placed a hand on her stomach.

Realizing what was happening, the boss lady quickly rushed to the bathroom. She didn’t even need to guess—she knew this feeling all too well. Every woman was familiar with it.

Except for her. For her, every time it happened, she never knew exactly when it would strike.

And tonight… was going to be a nightmare for Khemjira.

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Two hours later, the workday finally came to an end. That afternoon, aside from taking a nap, Praenarin had only gone through a few documents. It was then that she suddenly remembered—she hadn't driven herself to work today, afraid she might get into an accident. Now, she needed to book a ride home. She quickly grabbed her phone and opened the app.

"Come in,"

She called out when she heard a knock on the door, not bothering to look up. But when she saw that the person entering was Khemjira, her hand paused before she could confirm the ride request.

"Feeling better now?"

The smooth-talking troublemaker walked in and gently touched the back of her hand to Praenarin's forehead, then let it trail down to her cheek and neck. The unexpected concern left Praenarin momentarily flustered, making her response come out more awkward than she intended.

"Y-Yeah… I feel better now."

"Then let's go home together. Dad said you didn’t bring your car today, so it’s better if I drive you."

The younger woman walked past the elegant figure, picking up her own coat and packing her wife’s belongings into a bag. She was worried, so she had called her father-in-law earlier to ask how Praenarin had been that morning.

That was when she found out that Praerin had seemed exhausted and had been eating less.

With that in mind, Khemjira had already decided—today, she would take extra good care of her beautiful wife. Even this small bag? No way was she letting her carry it herself.

"I feel dizzy. Maybe it's because someone around here worked way too hard on their ‘homework’ last night,"

Praenarin said, pointedly looking in Khemjira’s direction.

"Doesn’t listen to a word I say… and is so shameless too."

Hearing that, Khemjira turned to her with a sheepish grin, flashing her teeth. How was she supposed to know that her ‘homework’ would end up making the teacher sick? She herself felt perfectly fine!

Before they could go anywhere, Praenarin's phone buzzed with a message.

She paused, glanced at the screen, and let out a small smile.

"Something wrong?" Khemjira asked.

"Can you drop me off somewhere first?"

"Of course,"

Khemjira agreed instantly, happily carrying Praenarin's things and leading the way. Any chance to spend time with her wife outside of work was a chance she’d take.

But that excitement? Gone in an instant.

The place Praenarin wanted to go first… was an ice cream shop at the mall. And the person she was meeting there? Her ex, Phrapai.

So instead of enjoying a sweet moment with her wife, Khemjira found herself wandering aimlessly around the area—like a kid waiting for their mom to finish chatting with a friend.

Her mind was filled with nothing but why, why, and WHY?

Why was Praenarin still meeting her ex—the one who had hurt her so badly? Why? Phrapai had moved on. Praenarin was already married. So why did they still look at each other like that? Like there was still something left… something unresolved.

Before long, the conversation between Praenarin and her ex ended.

Remembering that she had someone waiting, Praenarin walked out of the shop and headed straight for Khemjira. But the moment she tapped Khemjira on the arm, she was met with a sulky expression. Khemjira frowned in response.

"What’s wrong?"

"You abandoned your wife!"

Khemjira huffed dramatically.

"You left me behind to go see someone you still love!"

Her voice was filled with exaggerated heartbreak.

"This little puppy has feelings too, you know!"

She clutched her chest as if deeply wounded.

"Don’t love someone who doesn’t love you back! You already have this loyal puppy right here—so love me instead!"

Lowering her head, Khemjira rested her forehead against Praenarin's chest, hoping to earn a bit of sympathy. Even if Praenarin didn’t say she loved her —whether out of stubbornness or because she really didn’t—they were married. And more than that, Praenarin had agreed to the conditions Khemjira had set.

"Listen to me, Khem,"

Praenarin said, gently cupping the younger woman’s face.

Khemjira braced herself, knowing that whatever came next might not be something she wanted to hear—but she was willing to take it.

"Stop sulking. Go home. And don’t talk to me in that tone again. I don’t like

it."

With that, Praenarin turned on her heel and walked away, leaving Khemjira standing there with drooping ears—metaphorically, of course. Her plan to guilt-trip her wife had completely backfired. Instead of getting sympathy, she had been met with pure disapproval.

Not fair!

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It was only 9:30 PM, still early compared to their usual nights. Since Praenarin hadn’t tortured her today by dumping a pile of urgent work on her desk, Khemjira actually had the luxury of lying on their bed, scrolling through her phone in peace.

That is, until her wife walked in, dressed in her elegant nightwear.

The lights went out, and soon, Praenarin slipped under the same blanket.

Khemjira smirked. Perfect timing.

"Do you want to do some ‘homework’ tonight?"

She teased, pressing a playful kiss on Praenarin's shoulder. Her voice was dripping with flirtation, just to get a reaction.

"No."

Khemjira blinked.

"Why not?"

"...My period."

Praenarin turned to face her, her expression clear—it didn’t matter how seductive Khemjira tried to be tonight. Nothing was going to happen.

"Have you taken your medicine yet?"

Khemjira asked, watching as Praenarin shook her head slightly.

Without another word, Khemjira got up from the bed and headed downstairs. She came back a few minutes later with a glass of water, some medicine, and a hot water bottle—just in case her wife had cramps.

"Here you go,"

She said, handing over the pills.

Praerin blinked, surprised.

"For me?"

Of course, she knew it was for her, but she hadn't expected Khemjira to go all the way downstairs just to fetch them.

"Yes. If you haven't taken any yet, you should. It'll help with the cramps. And use this to keep warm."

With no reason to refuse, Praenarin took the medicine and swallowed it before settling back down. She placed the hot water bottle against her stomach, sighing softly.

A moment later, Khemjira slipped under the covers and pulled Praenarin close, resting her head against her chest.

"I'll take care of you, okay?" Khemjira murmured. Praenarin scoffed lightly.

"It's just my period, not a life-threatening illness."

Even though she appreciated the attention, she still couldn’t bring herself to say something sweet in return.

"You don’t understand. If my wife is in pain, then I feel it too,"

Khemjira declared dramatically.

"Now sleep. It'll help with the cramps."

Praenarin adjusted herself slightly, getting comfortable.

"Thanks."

Lying in Khemjira’s embrace, she felt strangely small. When she was with

Phrapai, her ex, she had always been the one taking care of everything, even the smallest details. She had never minded—it was just the way she was. She could take care of herself.

But with Khemjira, things were different.

Having someone fuss over her, pay attention to the little things, and genuinely care for her well-being…it was something she had never thought she needed.

And yet, now that she had it, her heart couldn’t help but crave more.

"Khem… Are you still awake?" ...

She asked softly, feeling like this was one of those rare moments where they could talk without distractions.

"Yes. I'm waiting for you to fall asleep first."

Praenarin hesitated for a moment before speaking again.

"We need to renegotiate something… about your ‘*homework*’ schedule."

Khemjira smirked.

"Why? Am I not doing a good job?"

She didn’t ask because she lacked confidence. She asked because she wanted Praenarin to say it outright.

"That’s not it," Praerin admitted.

"But sometimes I’m just… exhausted. I need sleep. You should let me go to bed before 11 PM sometimes. And—another thing—every time we do it, it’s never less than five rounds. That takes a lot of time."

"But you always seem to enjoy it, though. And you’re the one who keeps rushing me."

"Well, once things start, stopping is kind of impossible. The key is—don’t start it in the first place."

Hearing that, Khemjira couldn’t help but smile in amusement. So that’s how it was, huh? No matter how much Praenarin resisted at first, once things got going, she was the one who never wanted to stop.

"So when exactly am I allowed to ‘start’ then?"

Khemjira asked playfully.

"Because honestly, I want to do it every day. Morning and night."

Praenarin rolled her eyes.

"Are you trying to kill me? Three times a week. That’s my final offer. Every other day, okay?"

Khemjira went silent for a few seconds, considering the deal. Then she asked,

"Does it have to be in the bedroom?"

That made Praenarin press her lips together, remembering that day—the day Khemjira had shown up at her office and things had… escalated. Even though she should have put a stop to it, she hadn’t. And now, Khemjira was obviously fishing for permission to do it elsewhere.

Her mind raced through the possibilities—in the car? In the bathroom? The dressing room?

With a deep breath, Praenarin laid down the law.

"We’ll take it case by case. But no crazy ideas. If I say no, you stop. No whining. No being stubborn."

"Okay, I will listen to you, Khun Rin. But what if I want to bring my lunch every day? Will you allow it?"

Khemjira yawned sleepily after chatting idly with her wife. Talking to someone before bed always made her feel drowsy and helped her sleep more comfortably.

Sometimes, it was deep conversations about past experiences or dreams for the future. In the past, it was Praenarin who slept on the opposite side of the room, her bed pushed up against the wall. But now, it was Rin lying in her arms instead. The feeling was completely different.

"If you want to bring it, go ahead, but I’m not packing extra food for you."

"Okay, I’ll remember that. Now, get some rest, alright?"

Khemjira placed a gentle kiss on her lover’s hair, her warm hand softly rubbing her shoulder to soothe her to sleep.

Praenarin's long lashes fluttered closed as she drifted off in her wife's embrace.

But her mind was still stuck on Phrapai. She had come to confess that she knew Kiri was the reason Praenarin and Phrapai had broken up—just so he could pursue her freely. Praenarin didn’t care about that anymore, but she was still worried about Phrapai.

Even though Phrapai was still with that man, her body was covered in bruises from being hurt.

Praenarin knew she shouldn’t interfere anymore. She should pull herself away from the pain that situation had caused. But at the same time, having once loved Phrapai and being a woman herself, it was impossible to just turn a blind eye.

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After the performance review, Khemjira was assigned to take over a role that was vacant, which made her participation in meetings go smoothly lately. Not only was she enjoying her work, but both the senior colleagues and department heads were also impressed with how quickly she was learning.

“I’m going to grab some green tea. Would you like some, P’Balloon and P’J?”

“No, I’m good. I have soda.”

“J, your period just started. If you drink cold drinks, your stomach will hurt even more.”

“Stop it,” J said, brushing it off.

Watching the two former mentors worrying about each other like that, Khemjira couldn’t help but smile to herself. She’d noticed recently that these two seemed to care about each other more deeply, but she wasn’t entirely sure if she was reading the situation right.

“Then, please fill P’Balloon’s cup all the way,” Khemjira said, nodding.

The corner of the office had a small area for drinks and coffee where employees could help themselves. Lately, Khemjira had developed a liking for the newly added Japanese green tea because she wasn’t much of a coffee drinker.

The youngest team member walked across the office, passing by each desk on the way to the drink station. She started brewing two cups of hot green tea but hadn’t gotten far when she passed the desk of her team leader, P’Ji, who sharply commented with a sneer.

“Do you know that the position you’re doing now used to belong to my boyfriend? Must be nice to steal someone else’s spot.”

P’Ji said this in an irritated tone. Lately, the new employee like Khemjira had been praised so much that P’Ji, the team leader, felt she was being overshadowed.

Khemjira paused for a moment, then turned to face the head of the desk at the back of the room. She raised an eyebrow calmly and responded, even though they’d had disagreements before.

“Are you talking about the person who was fired before I came?”

When Khemjira asked that, the older woman crossed her arms and looked at her with a sharp glare. The posture was similar to P’Ji's usual stance, but it was still different in a way.

Khemjira couldn’t help but think that the woman seemed like a golden apple—shiny on the outside, but still not quite the same as she had imagined.

True, but the inside is rotting with worms.

"He said the company fired him without any reason, but he didn’t pursue it because he saw that I’m still here. I don’t know why, but maybe you do, because this company has a lot of people with connections."

The one being indirectly accused gave a confused smile. Without needing to heat it up, it was clear how much the other person was still holding a grudge. This was even though the issue didn’t involve her directly, and she wasn’t sure if she was connected to it, yet the person kept making accusations. They seemed to be looking for any chance to catch her at fault.

Even though Khemjira had explained several times that what he said wasn’t true, the person who just refused to understand kept pushing. Khemjira didn’t know if they’d be satisfied only if she quit.

"Don’t make up rumors just to waste time. I have nothing to do with this. If you really want to know, why don’t you go ask HR why your boyfriend was fired? I think your boyfriend is lying to you, and you’re holding a grudge against the wrong person,"

Khemjira said, shaking her head in frustration.

Before she could walk away, she was stopped by an important sentence.

"I saw you with the boss in the parking lot that day."

The woman with the pretty face turned to look at the speaker, who now wore a smug smile.

"Good. You must be good at flattering higher-ups, huh? Last time, it was P'Mathuros. Now, you're working your way up to the boss? It’s no surprise you managed to take someone else’s spot in the company when they weren't hiring."

This time, the woman raised her voice, and by now, everyone was used to it, since these kinds of talks were frequent. Lately, P'Ji no longer even tried to hide how much she disliked Khemjira.

"I don’t need to do that," Khemjira replied firmly.

"Nobody wants to admit things like this," the tall woman sneered.

Khemjira calmly responded,

"If you think of me this way, why don’t you consider that your boyfriend might have been fired for trying to get close to someone he shouldn’t have? No one would want to say that, either."

After dropping that bombshell, she turned back to her desk.

"You really have a big mouth, don’t you? You’re just a little brat still smelling like baby powder."

But before she could even take one more step, Khemjira felt her foot catch on something, causing her to stumble and fall face-first onto the floor. The two cups of tea she was holding shattered on impact.

***Crash***!

"Ah! Khem!"

Balloon sprang up from his seat, covering his mouth as he witnessed the scene. What was supposed to be a glance at why the tall kid had been gone so long turned into him seeing the younger colleague kneeling on the floor. Some coworkers rushed over to help.

"What happened? Did P'Ji do that to you? What’s going on?"

"I didn’t do anything. She tripped and fell on her own!"

The person who clearly didn’t intend for the other to fall looked embarrassed and couldn’t defend themselves as coworkers started to scold them.

"But we clearly saw you lift your foot, P'Ji! You tripped her on purpose."

"I told you, I didn’t do it! Why are you accusing me like this?"

"No, it’s happened before,"

Someone from the group spoke up. The surrounding area began to stir with small protests as many people started voicing their complaints against P'Ji, their team leader. Even Hongs, who had always been P'Ji’s sidekick, didn’t speak up in defense because everyone else was protesting.

P'Ji, who refused to take responsibility, kept arguing that she hadn’t done it and that no one saw it because her desk was at the back. But this time, many of the coworkers had been watching the situation since the two started speaking, and no one expected a team leader to go this far.

Seeing the young colleague, who was close to her, collapse to the floor in shock, surrounded by broken glass and spilled tea, Balloon couldn’t help but feel overwhelmed by the mess.

Balloon rushed over to inspect and noticed that, besides the spilled tea, there was also fresh blood from a deep cut on the palm of Khemjira's hand. He almost panicked.

"Shit, Jay, find something to stop the bleeding for her!"

Khemjira felt dizzy for a moment, not even realizing that the pain in her hand came from a deep, large cut caused by falling onto the broken glass.

The numbness spreading through her hand made her furious, so furious that she couldn’t even bring herself to address the person with honorifics anymore.

"Just a second, I need to slap this old hag first,"

She muttered through gritted teeth. She pushed herself up, heading straight toward the person who had caused her injury. Her right hand was hurt, but her left hand was fine, so she raised it and slapped the older woman across the face with force, making it clear that she wouldn’t let this go any longer.

***Slap!***

The room went silent as everyone instinctively covered their mouths. The only sound was the slap that echoed through the room, and the woman who had just been struck turned around in shock, eyes wide in disbelief.

"You little brat! You dare slap me?"

As both sides looked ready to clash, the employees split into two groups.

One side held back the team leader, while the other held Khemjira back. Some other employees from other teams rushed over to see what was going on.

"Don’t ever touch me again, or I’ll slap you so hard your filler will crack and your nose’s silicone will pop out! You crazy old hag, have you been bitten by a dog or something?"

Khemjira lost all sense of calm, pointing a finger at the other woman. The last time, she had been kind and hadn’t made an issue of it, even though she could tell there was something fishy. This time, the woman still didn’t learn, and she had caused her pain.

"You..."

"Why can't we all just get along? If this continues, you'll get what’s coming to you. And remember, if you ever hurt me again, I can guarantee that this company won’t have an employee like you."

Khemjira spat out, her voice trembling with anger. She didn’t like resorting to violence, but when it came to being physically harmed like this, she couldn't just stand back and let it go.

"Khem, let’s go to the hospital. That’s a deep wound. Don’t make this worse right now,"

Jay said, pulling the younger woman away from the confrontation with a face that looked as if she might cry. The verbal altercation between the youngest and the team leader had escalated to this point so suddenly. Meanwhile, Balloon tried to press a cloth against Khemjira's wound, but it was clear that a simple first-aid attempt wouldn’t be enough.

"Yeah, there's so much blood, why isn’t it stopping? Ugh, am I even doing this right?"

Balloon said, his voice full of concern.

Khemjira snapped back to reality. She stopped paying attention to her opponent and instead looked at her own hand. Blood continued to drip from the deep cut, staining the floor. And when she saw what it looked like, the person who just regained the strength to slap someone else felt dizzy and blurry, as if the vision she saw was becoming blurry.

"P'Balloon... I... I..."

Khemjira stammered, swallowing hard as she felt her strength waning. The tall man tried to steady her, but she could feel her body start to give way.

"Ouch!"

Balloon’s shocked exclamation was the last thing Khemjira heard clearly, before everything around her became a blur. Her consciousness began to fade, and she had no idea what would happen next.

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# Chapter 19 : Status Update

At noon, Praenarin had already given up waiting for her wife to bring lunch over. No matter how long she waited, she never showed up-just like always. The lunchbox that her secretary had ordered in advance had already been opened and eaten.

After finishing, she stuffed the empty container into a bag and tossed it into the trash, feeling frustrated and annoyed.

"If you're going to be this late, don't bother coming at all,"

She muttered in irritation before plopping herself down on her favorite sofa. Her sharp eyes flickered toward the fruit box she had prepared for her troublemaking wife. She had no idea what had gotten into her today-why she didn't come for lunch like usual. Not even a single message to let her know.

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***Knock, knock, knock.***

A few knocks on the door broke the silence. Assuming it was her wife, Praenarin snapped, "Come in!" with a sharp tone and shot an annoyed glare toward the door. But instead, its her secretary, Mathuros, walked in, looking as if she had something important to say.

"Ms. Mai, where's Khem? She's already way past her deadline to submit the report."

"I was just about to come and tell you, boss," Mathuros replied quickly.

"Khem got injured. She's at the company's employee hospital right now."

As soon as she heard that, Praenarin, who had been sitting with her legs crossed and arms folded, shot up from the sofa. Her irritation vanished instantly, replaced by a sudden rush of concern.

"What do you mean? What happened?"

"There was blood on the floor... and broken glass from a tea cup..."

Mathuros gestured with her hands, trying to explain what she had just seen at the scene. She was being careful with her words, afraid of shocking her boss too much.

But it seemed that her attempt had the opposite effect. Before she could even finish her sentence, Praenarin had already grabbed her bag and stormed out of the office in a hurry.

"Boss! Should I reschedule your meetings?" Mathuros called after her.

Praenarin didn't answer. Right now, the only thing on her mind was getting to that hospital as fast as possible.

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In no time, she arrived at the emergency room of a well-known private hospital nearby. She couldn't even put into words how she was feeling. All she knew was that this moment felt eerily similar to the time she mistakenly thought her father had been hospitalized.

Since she recognized her wife's senior colleague, Praenarin felt a wave of panic. If her wife had been brought to the emergency room, it had to be serious. She quickly stepped forward and asked, her voice filled with urgency.

"Where's Khem?"

"Boss!"

The two colleagues sitting in the waiting area looked up in shock. They hadn't expected her to show up, let alone ask about their injured junior as if she knew her personally.

"She's inside. They've already stitched up her wound, but she's still unconscious. She should be able to come out once she wakes up."

Hearing the update, Praenarin furrowed her brows in confusion. What had happened to her? Office employees like them usually spent their time in comfortable air-conditioned rooms. There was no reason for her to be in any kind of danger.

"What exactly happened to Khem? Why did she need stitches?"

Seeing her hesitation, one of them nudged Balloon, urging him to explain. Balloon finally spoke, his voice heavy with worry-on the verge of tears.

"It's not just that Khemjira got hurt," he said shakily.

"There was also a fight... at work."

Both of them were worried that an investigation might follow, throwing the entire team into chaos.

"It's all because of P'Ji! She's the reason Khem ended up like this."

"Who?"

"P'Ji, the head of Development Team One. They had a little argument, and then P'Ji deliberately tripped Khem. Since Khem was holding a glass of tea, it shattered and cut her hand. She passed out, so we rushed her to the hospital."

Praenarin let out a long sigh. These kinds of incidents always gave her a headache-especially when they involved Khemjira, her wife. Last time, Khem had been locked inside a storage room. Now, she was bleeding. It frustrated her that this was happening to Khem yet again.

"Oh! Boss, Khem is coming out now."

Jay, who was the first to notice Khemjira walking out, quickly informed everyone. She was cradling her bandaged hand, looking weak and exhausted.

"Khun Rin..."

Khemjira wasn't sure if she was still dreaming. But the moment she stepped out of that terrifying room and saw the beautiful angelic face of Praenarin, she felt pure joy. She was so happy that if she had a tail, it would be wagging non-stop.

"How are you feeling?"

"It hurts a lot."

Khem held up her heavily bandaged hand with a pitiful expression, clearly seeking sympathy. And it seemed to work because, out of nowhere, Praenarin showed an unusual level of concern by asking something she never had before.

"Are you hungry?"

That simple question, which was so out of character for Praenarin, made Khemjira feel like her pain was actually worth it. It was better than getting discounts or free giveaways.

"Super hungry! If you brought me a whole roasted pig, I think I could eat the entire thing."

Hearing that playful remark, Praenarin rolled her eyes.

"You're such a troublemaker. Stay here. I'll go settle the hospital bills."

She gently pushed Khemjira's shoulder, signaling her to sit down and wait. Then, she walked off to handle the paperwork, while the people who had witnessed the entire scene started whispering among themselves, clearly noticing that something was different.

"Balloon, what's going on between Boss and Khem? Why is she handling this personally? Isn't this usually HR's job?"

"Do I look like dandruff stuck on their heads? How would I know?"

Balloon shot back. Since his friend didn't know either, the curious one decided to put their questions on hold and turned their attention to the injured person instead.

"Khem, are you okay? Do you want something sweet to drink? You don't look so good-maybe you lost too much blood?"

Jay cupped Khem's face, tilting it from side to side, noticing she still looked as pale as she did back at the office.

"Yeah, you lost a lot of blood. For a moment, I thought you severed a major artery or that they'd have to amputate your right hand. If that happened, we'd have to take this to court-who knows if we'd even win?"

The two of them got carried away with their dramatic imaginations, making Khemjira laugh despite her condition.

"You guys are being ridiculous! The doctor said my hand will heal completely, and I'll be able to use it like normal. There's nothing to worry about. This amount of bleeding is normal, and I only fainted because I panicked."

"Phew, that's a relief!"

"How did you guys get here anyway?"

Their playful banter came to a halt when the owner of an elegant face returned, holding a bag of medicine.

"Oh, we took my car," Balloon answered.

"Alright, let's stop somewhere for a drink before heading back to the office. My treat. You all must've been really shaken up."

Praenarin led the way. She wanted to show her appreciation for them bringing her *wife* to the hospital, but more importantly, she wanted to get some food into Khemjira.

If Khem got any paler and lay down on a hospital bed, she might have to call her father and tell him his daughter-in-law had passed away.

Since this was a private hospital with treatment fees higher than most people's salaries, every shop inside naturally had a luxurious feel. Balloon, who wasn't very skilled in foreign languages, fumbled his way through the order.

His hesitant pronunciation earned him a slightly condescending look from the staff, who responded by repeatedly asking him to repeat the menu as if they didn't understand.

Anyone could tell the atmosphere turned unpleasant as soon as Praenarin arrived. Seeing her employees struggling, she stood up and walked over to place the order herself, putting an end to the unnecessary hassle.

"One blended green tea with three pumps of caramel syrup, and one iced Americano, please."

The moment she spoke, the condescending attitude disappeared. The staff suddenly became more polite, likely because of her expensive attire and commanding presence. Even though she ordered something simple, she was treated far better than her subordinates. That only irritated her more.

"Tell me honestly, are you hard of hearing, or are you just discriminating against accents? If it's the former, I'll be understanding and won't complain. But if it's the latter, then please call your manager over."

"......"

The staff member quickly apologized and buried their head in their work. Meanwhile, the people in line behind them exchanged whispers, clearly enjoying the scene.

"If I were that employee, I'd be in tears by now,"

Balloon whispered to his friend.

"Where did Boss Rin get all this pent-up frustration from?"

Jay, on the other hand, grinned with satisfaction. She was beyond thrilled to have witnessed their "Ice Queen Boss" in action.

"Shut up, or Boss will hear you."

Once the drinks were ready, Praenarin handed them out, and the two employees accepted them with a mix of gratitude and nervousness.

"Thanks for bringing Khem here. You guys should head back to work. Khem won't be coming to the office today, so let your department head know what happened."

Praenarin handled everything efficiently. As for Khemjira, who rarely had a say in anything when it came to his wife, he simply stayed quiet and waited for her orders.

"Got it, boss."

"Oh... and help spread the word about me and Khem,"

The wife said casually. The person who had been intently sipping her green tea for an energy boost suddenly looked up in surprise but didn't say anything.

"So, how exactly should we spread the news, boss?"

"Khem is my wife. The person she married is me."

Praenarin declared their relationship openly. Meanwhile, the one who was still hurting just lowered her head, smiling shyly, feeling so overwhelmed with love that she almost forgot about her pain.

"What?!?"

Balloon and Jay turned to each other in shock, completely taken aback. They never expected to stumble upon something this big. A young female employee secretly marrying the CEO of her own company?

And keeping it a secret until one day, the CEO herself couldn't stay silent anymore because her wife was being mistreated? If this wasn't a dream, it could have been straight out of a novel.

"Understood, boss! We'll carry out this task to the best of our ability-just like how we enjoy this green tea!"

Both of them grinned, clearly excited since this was right up their alley, before heading off in different directions.

"Does your injury hurt a lot?"

The concern in her eyes was evident, even though she herself didn't realize it. She glanced at her wife's hand before asking in a worried tone.

"A lot. It's really sore. I have no idea how many days it'll take to heal."

This was exactly the kind of thing that made Praenarin so frustrated she felt a headache coming on. Why did things like this always have to happen to the people around her?

"In that case, take two or three days off to rest. I'll inform your department head. As for your car, just leave it at the company. Once you're better, you can drive it home."

"Two or three days... Are you sure that's okay?"

Khemjira asked, just as the car owner opened the door for her.

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Balloon paused for a moment, deep in thought. They had been talking about Boss Rin and Khem-so how did the conversation suddenly end up here? "Hey, Jay, say that again. Did you just say you like me? For real?"

Realizing that she had let her true feelings slip out so seriously that the other person might actually believe it, Jay cleared her throat and tried to cover it up by acting playful, as if they were just joking around.

"I like you. Clear enough? What, are you gonna stop being my friend now?"

She said before striding ahead, leaving Balloon stumbling over her own feet, bombarding him with questions.

"Wait, are you serious? Do you really like me, or are you just messing around?"

"Maybe," Jay replied casually, half-joking.

But after learning about the secret relationship between her close friend and their boss, Balloon suddenly felt bolder. Hee quickly stepped in front of Jay, blocking her path with a genuine smile.

"If you like me, then I'm taking this seriously."

He took a slow step forward, making Jay's eyes widen as she instinctively dodged to the side.

"Taking what seriously? You're being ridiculous! You're gay-stop messing around!"

"Yeah, I'm gay. But did I ever tell you I only like guys? Honestly, I've had a tiny crush on you for a while, but I never said anything because you seemed to be into men."

"....."

The kind of silence so deep it could rival a graveyard.

"See? You're speechless now. I'm serious. If you like me, then I like you too. Let's date. I've been jealous of Khem for so long."

The taller girl tilted her head slightly, looking at her best friend with a sincere smile. But Jay suddenly looked flustered, unsure how to respond.

"Balloon, go do your job and stop talking nonsense. You go that way, I'll go this way. Don't forget, we have to spread the news about Khem and the boss... Now go!"

She spoke firmly, her eyes and tone making it clear she wasn't joking. Jay quickly turned away to hide her blush and pretended to scold Balloon before walking off in the opposite direction.

Balloon smirked and rolled his eyes as he watched Jay walk away. He wasn't sure if Jay was just messing with her, but he was serious. Being gay didn't change anything. Who said best friends couldn't turn into something more?

. .

That evening, after a short nap following her return from the hospital, Khemjira sat down to eat dinner with the family. The wife stayed by her side, while her father-in-law was already aware of what had happened and was very upset about it.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to handle this. How could that woman do something like this to Khem?"

Seeing her father-in-law's displeasure, Khemjira glanced at her wife, hoping for some advice. But her wife seemed completely at ease, enjoying her meal. Khemjira decided to speak up herself, not wanting anyone to lose their job unfairly and not wanting to make her father-in-law seem like a bad boss to the employees.

"If you're going to make the decision on this yourself, can you consider it as just a matter between two regular employees? Don't think of me as your daughter-in-law. Please make the decision from the perspective of the president who has to judge."

"I can't promise you that, Khem,"

Wasin replied, looking at his daughter-in-law's bandaged hand with a sigh. He loved Khemjira like a daughter, and it pained him to see her hurt and mistreated unfairly. But from the perspective Khemjira requested, he knew it would be difficult to make a fair decision.

After dinner, where they discussed various topics, Khemjira led her wife back to their room. She felt sticky all over and desperately wanted to take a shower, but with only one usable hand, she couldn't manage on her own, and it was the hand that wasn't her dominant one.

Seeing that Khemjira couldn't do much, Praenarin, feeling sorry for her, stepped in to help by tying her hair before she went to take a shower, at least as her wife.

"Are you okay?"

Praenarin asked, concerned that her wife might be feeling down. Even though every part of the body is important, the hand is especially crucial for someone who loves art like Khemjira.

"I'm doing better, but how am I supposed to shower like this? Can you help me, Khun Rin?"

Khemjira asked, turning to her wife, who was undoing the buttons of her shirt with just one hand. Seeing her wife full figure again, Khemjira swallowed and teased her.

"Don't take advantage of me."

"I really can't do it. It hurts so much,"

Khemjira pouted, showing her bandaged hand with a sad expression. She wasn't pretending or acting; the pain was real, especially with the new wound, and the bruising was sure to get worse.

"Alright, just the shower,"

Praenarin reluctantly agreed, looking away from her wife's chest and nodding. Khemjira couldn't shower on her own, and now that Khwanrin wasn't around to help, Praenarin didn't want anyone else doing it anyway.

Khemjira chose to bathe in the whirlpool bath to soak and relax her body. Praenarin didn't object. After undressing, she joined Khemjira in the bath, sitting behind her.

"Thank you for picking me up from the hospital and helping me with the shower,"

Khemjira said, lifting her bandaged hand over the side of the tub. She felt completely relaxed with her wife there, helping her rinse and even tying her hair to keep it dry. Her wife might seem prideful, but inside, she was incredibly kind.

"I'll just think of it as giving a dog a bath,"

Praenarin joked, but her words made her seem a bit cold-hearted.

"But this little puppy is so cute,"

Khemjira responded with a smile, not bothered by the teasing.

Praenarin replied, a smirk on her face.

"Really?"

After finishing that sentence, the person in charge of bathing the puppy that the owner advertised squeezed liquid soap into their hands. Then, they gently washed the other person's body without thinking much about it. But that led her to the pleasure of stroking the raised areas and the high curves of her wife.

Praenarin gently caressed from the back, reaching down to the plump area that caught her eye, teasing it slightly before moving down to the triangular area below. She scrubbed it lightly without feeling any disgust at all, rubbing and dragging like that until she thought it was clean.

"Again,"

The person in front twitched a little, trying to control her breathing.

Khemjira's stomach quivered intermittently as the tips of her fingers glided over her erect pink nipples, teasing them like a curious child. Meanwhile, her other hand rubbed against her lower body, as if wanting to provoke her further. Not to mention the beautiful pair that pressed against her back.

But even though she felt so aroused that she had to curl her toes, she didn't dare say anything because she was afraid the other person would stop. She bit her lip and let her continue exploring her with goosebumps all over until she picked up the showerhead to rinse off the soap.

She slid her palm to her waist, and the owner of the brown hair finally had a chance to catch her breath.

"Is this wound very deep?"

Praenarin gently touched the scar on her waist, which was only a few centimeters long. In fact, she'd seen it many times before but never asked about it since it didn't seem like the right time.

"I'm not sure. I think it's just a skin-deep wound. It happened when I got hit by a shard of glass as the car rolled down. By the time I realized, it was already there. I couldn't do anything about it. I've seen enough movies to know that if I tried to take it out, my insides would probably spill out and I'd be meeting *Yama* soon."

Although she was trying to lighten the conversation with some humor, Praenarin still felt a lump in her chest.

How could someone go through something this bad? Losing her mother as a child, being raised by a father who never had time for her and had to hire a friend for her, and then witnessing her father's death right in front of her...

After that, at work, she was constantly bullied and had her deepest wounds poked at. Even the woman she loved was a source of pain. She couldn't understand how this woman was still able to smile.

"Did you endure it like that all night?"

"What could I do? If it were a cactus thorn, I would've pulled it out already."

The sadness leaked through her cheerful voice, and Praenarin felt her own emotions becoming fragile. She leaned in, kissed the smooth skin on her back lightly, and held her tighter, confused about why she was doing it, what she was doing it for, and what kind of feeling it was.

"Khun Rin, I'm hurt, you know. I can't do my homework."

"I'm just happy you didn't die that day,"

Praenarin's soft but firm voice made Khemjira smile. Even though Praenarin hadn't said she loved her, Khem could still feel the care in her voice and eyes.

"I'm glad too. Glad I survived and got to meet you, Khun Rin."

"You've comforted me a lot. Let me comfort you now."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Khemjira turned to look at Praenarin, still not understanding.

"You'll find out soon."

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# Chapter 20 : Please Let Me Eat You

Praenarin, with her graceful figure, rose from the water before reaching out to pull her wife up for a thorough wash. She, still in pain, stood still and cooperated well. When she finished covering herself with a robe, she pushed her wife away and immediately attacked her with a kiss.

Khemjira's back pressed against the wall, causing the room's light switch to partially turn off. The young woman widened her eyes when suddenly, her wife came close and immediately kissed her sweetly. Khemjira closed her eyes, allowing the other party to hold her face and kiss her like that, with their tongues battling fiercely until she realized she had dropped her hips onto the bed.

"Khun Rin, are you going to check my *homework*? My hand still hurts. My left side might not be able to do it well."

When the other person pulled away from the kiss, Khemjira reached out with her uninjured hand to pull the tie of her robe. But her cold palm grabbed her wrist and she pulled her waistband instead.

"No, I'll return you myself. If you don't refuse, I'll think you want it,"

She said with a wicked glint in her eyes, looking at her two owners without hiding. Khemjira swallowed hard because she had never seen this side of Praenarin before.

The injured hand was raised in the air, and the other hand pushed against the bed to move away in confusion. But the other person still threw themselves onto the bed and crawled towards her with a face as calm as a heartbreaker, making Khemjira swallow hard again.

"Again"

"What do you say? You're not rejecting it, right?"

She asked while adjusting the pillow and pressing her to lean back. When she didn't respond, the one who had been staring at her chest for a long time leaned down.

At the moment Praenarin gently licked her pink nipple with her tongue, she could feel her heart pounding fiercely, along with a tingling sensation that made her hair stand on end. That warm tongue dragged and licked softly and tenderly until her breath was taken away.

Then, her wife parted her lips to envelop the beautiful, rosy pink nipple and sucked on it just as she had done, sending a sharp thrill down to her lower part.

"Ah... didn't you say you don't like drinking milk?"

Khemjira closed her eyes and arched her back before opening her eyelids to gaze blankly ahead. Tears even came out from the goosebumps. So this is how it feels. Every time she did this for her, it was like this. Every hair on her body stood on end, feeling a mix of tingling and ticklishness.

Praenarin licked and gently sucked on the pinkish nipples. She had been eyeing these plump mounds for a long time, and now that she had the chance, she savored them thoroughly. Her beautiful lips enveloped the breasts, while her palms caressed the soft skin down to the tender area below. She then kneaded the sensitive spots that were hardening, pulling them gently with her hands.

Khemjira bit her lip as the other party flipped from fingers to the back of her hand, pressing into her treasured area. She slowly pushed herself up a bit and stared at that frightening act until all the heat gathered at a single sensitive point, because the veins on the back of her hand were as delicate as a princess's hand. She had never noticed before how beautiful it looked until she used it to indulge her sexual desires.

Her long legs spread apart more and more each time she drags her hand, adorned with beautiful, prominent veins, across that spot. The beautiful pollen would twitch in response, making her feel a shiver that she she could barely hold back her moans.

"What are you looking at?"

"N...no, it's nothing,"

She said, fearing the other party might suspect. Her body, tense with the happiness her husband had given her, then sank her back onto the pillow he had prepared for her.

For several minutes, she was being invaded. Khemjira blinked rapidly, shaking her head from side to side, occasionally moaning as the tingling sensation in her lower body overwhelmed her, causing tears to well up. Inside, it was warm with natural fluids that flowed out to the entrance. And at that moment, she felt the beautiful fingertips penetrate deep into her soft cavity until she felt a hollow pain in her abdomen.

"Ah....!"

"Does it hurt?"

Seeing the person grimace, Praenarin asked, then held her hand back because she didn't know if the other person had experienced it before, making her feel so cramped.

"It hurts a little, but it feels better. I really like it,"

Her beautiful face, blooming with youth, showed a small, satisfied smile. Her eyes glistened with tears of happiness, as she finally had this moment in life with her wife. Her left hand gently gripped the bedspread and then relaxed continuously, as the slender fingers began to move until they reached the sensitive spot inside for women.

When the beautiful hips moved and lifted, Praenarin then touched the sensitive spot of the other person with her fingertips, while her thumb pressed the sensitive area. Her mouth bent down to suck and nibble on the beautiful nipple again until it was soaked with saliva.

Khemjira moaned uncontrollably, her delicate hands sliding down to caress her lower abdomen due to the tingling sensations inside. Khemjira placed her feet on the bed, her body tingling so much that she had to grind her hips against her wife's fingers. But she couldn't endure those feelings for long because now, she felt her sanity was about to shatter completely.

"Ugh, Khun Rin... it seems like I'm going to explode. I can't take it anymore."

The harder the other party thrust her fingers in, the more her body tingled all over, causing goosebumps. Khemjira wrapped her arms around her shoulders and pushed the other party away, hoping they would finally pull away from her chest before she fainted right there.

*She don't know if she should get revenge on her to the point of death or what.*

"This is how it feels when you do it to me. Now do you understand how it feels?"

The beautiful lips curled into a satisfied smile at having gotten back at her. Her slender fingers thrust inside repeatedly, feeling the tightening grip, as if the other party was resisting the sensation.

"I know, but Khun Rin, could you please go a bit slower? I've never been fingered before, ah!"

Khemjira protested, but her sentence was lost in the moment of climax. Her delicate hands squeezed her wife's arm, her lithe body twisted, her bones rattling, until a tingling sensation spread throughout her entire body.

Very thrilling, thrilling to the point of almost losing consciousness.

Inside her throat, a foreign object was tightly lodged, causing the owner of the slender fingers to inadvertently smile with satisfaction. However, that smile made her feel dizzy and confused, unable to distinguish reality from illusion anymore.

*Is this the first smile she gave her?*

"Never done it, but now you have. How is it? Do you like it?"

"I like it. It feels so good...Mmm..."

Khemjira closed her eyes as the other person slowly withdrew her fingers. It felt good. Having something move and rub inside her, coated with lubricant, was indescribable. She had never masturbated in this way before because since high school, she had always been with Khwanrin.

Praenarin was the first person to teach her about intimacy, and if her hands weren't sore, she would have run to her and hugged her tightly at the peak of pleasure just now, letting those fingers go as deep as they could.

Praenarin pulled away from her wife and sat watching the wet pink crevice she had just teased. Normally, she would only see it with her eyes when she pressed it against hers. She had never touched it like this before. And now she had learned how satisfying it was to be the one acting, even though she herself had not reached that dream.

Her beautiful face blossomed like a flower in the evening, showing a satisfied smile at having done this for her. Seeing the person below, her body was so happy that tears welled up, though she herself didn't understand why she felt this way.

If she didn't think that Khemjira was in pain, she would continue doing it until she got bored, making her steal happiness until she couldn't get up, just like she was.

"Are you satisfied with playing now?"

"Not yet. I saw you eat me, and I couldn't hold back anymore. Let me eat you too,"

Said Praenarin, then knelt down to spread her wife's legs apart before burying her face in the middle and using her tongue to taste the glistening red area, flushed with emotion.

"K...Khun Rin, are you going to...ah!"

Even with several seconds to prepare herself, the moment those beautiful lips took possession, the desire below surged, making her feel as if she were being electrocuted. She still felt the thrill. Now she started making love to her again for the second time.

"Ahh... ,"

Khemjira closed her eyes, savoring the warm tongue that repeatedly licked her sensitive spots. The soft, warm tip of the tongue glided from the highest nerve point down to the love path below, then paused to suck and nibble on the fiery red spot again, alternating with gentle teasing.

The throbbing pain returned once again. She placed her injured hand on her chest, while the other hand bit down on it, unable to bear the overwhelming pleasure below.

"Khun Rin... I can't take it anymore."

The beautiful legs tried to escape the tingling sensation, but the other person's hand remained in its original position to make things easier for herself. She don't know what she ate today that caused this reaction. It can't be the coffee at the hospital, and it can't be the dinner either.

"Don't struggle, don't run away, it's not over yet."

The other person slipped her hands under both legs, wrapping around the waist. With both hands gripping the waist, she prevented any movement and continued to lick her tongue until the center of her body felt a tingling sensation that reached all the way to her feet.

"Khun Rin, I'm not done yet, but I'm almost done..."

The smooth back pressed down against the bed once more. The tall, slender figure unconsciously reached out to grab the hair of the older person, then moved her waist to rub against the middle of the body with soft, delicate lips until the faint light illuminated her face.

"Ahh.... it's done. Your mouth, Khun Rin, so sensitive... that I finished."

The person being acted upon moaned with a sweet, intense pain until completion. Khemjira convulsed uncontrollably, quickly gasping for air into her lungs. Her beautiful hips twitched rapidly for a few seconds before starting to relax.

The hand that was holding the head of the wife slowly relaxed and fell onto the bed. After finishing, Khemjira was left speechless, even though the other party still licked her little clitoris that was still twitching to comfort her.

Her brown eyes stared at the ceiling, feeling very confused about the current situation. Praenarin, who had been attacked by her all along, had now transformed into the attacker instead of her. And she did it well.

"What's wrong? You got eaten just twice and you're already in shock?"

After finishing her task, Praenarin moved closer. She raised the back of her hand to wipe the moisture from her mouth and stroked her wife's cheek to bring her back to her senses. Look at her face, it's like she's seen a ghost.

"Do you want another round?"

The person being asked shook her head, wiping away the tears that flowed from their overwhelming pleasure. It was so good, but if it happened one or two more times, she might not be able to handle it anymore, as the effects of the medicine she took were already starting to induce drowsiness.

Khemjira pulled from her wife and walked into the bathroom to do her business with shaking legs. She quickly changed into something comfortable and returned to bed.

Her wife, who had already dressed and was waiting for her, moved closer to her like a lost puppy. She didn't know what she had to do now. Should she stop thinking as her '*husband'* and fully embrace being her wife now?

But just thinking about it made her stomach flutter again.

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"Why are you bullying my daughter-in-law?"

The small meeting room fell into an awkward silence, thick with tension. Even though the rumors about the boss and her wife at work were still shocking, being personally summoned by the company president was even more nerve-wracking.

Ji tried her best to hide her shaking hands. Since yesterday, she had been so stressed that she felt like crying over and over again.

"Khem is Rin's wife. They may not have made it public, so you might not have known. But aside from being just another employee, do you know who Khem really is? That doesn't give you the right to harass a new employee, no matter who they are. Now, tell me-why did you do it?"

"I... I'm sorry, Mr. President,"

She stammered, her voice trembling with fear.

"I was just angry because Khem's arrival led to my boyfriend getting fired."

Hearing her fearful tone, Wasin felt somewhat satisfied. At least she was starting to feel the pressure of the consequences of her actions.

He had already learned the full story from his personal secretary. He knew exactly who her boyfriend was-the designer he had quietly let go. The man had been an outstanding employee for years and had contributed a lot to the company.

But Wasin also knew about the scandal that led to his dismissal. When Khemjira applied for the job, the timing was just right to bring her in as a replacement.

"My company doesn't fire people without a reason. We have legal procedures and rules. Do you really think someone would just accept being fired without filing a complaint?"

"I told him that..." she began hesitantly.

"Did he really not tell you the truth? He was let go because he was having an inappropriate affair at work-on company time, and in front of security cameras. He probably didn't have the guts to tell you that, did he?"

She looked even more shocked, frozen in place with tears welling up in her eyes. But Wasin felt no sympathy. Aside from his daughter, Praenarin, Khemjira was like a daughter to him as well. If someone hurt his children, he wouldn't forgive them so easily.

"Now that everything is clear, let me make this very simple: my daughterin-law can work in any position she wants in this company. She doesn't need anyone to be fired just to make space for her. And one more thing-you should be grateful. If it weren't for Khem asking me to be lenient, I wouldn't have let you off with just a warning."

Wasin straightened his suit and walked out. His job here was done. Now, it was up to Praenarin to decide how she wanted to handle this situation.

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That same day, the truth behind the company rumors spread like wildfire. Everyone was buzzing about one big question-who exactly was the boss's husband? Employees gathered in groups, discussing the shocking revelation, especially those who had once gossiped about the boss's mysterious spouse.

As soon as the department elevator doors opened, revealing the CEO, the entire department was thrown into chaos. Today, the "*Ice Queen*" boss had personally walked into the Research and Development department, her expression as sharp as a blade, as if something serious had happened.

The moment she entered the office of one of the development teams, employees from other teams quietly gathered outside the room, eager to eavesdrop on what seemed to be a major event.

"Was it you who caused all that trouble yesterday?"

Praenarin asked, her voice calm but firm, as she stared at the culprit-who looked as wilted as a dried leaf under the sun. The room was filled with the silent gazes of dozens of employees, but she felt no discomfort. The one who should have been feeling that way was standing in front of her, head lowered, voice trembling as if she were about to cry.

"I'm sorry, Boss. I really didn't know that Khem was your wife,"

Ji admitted, her voice quivering.

"Even if Khem wasn't my wife, you still had no right to bully her-or any employee, for that matter. Did you lock her in the storage room that day?"

This question had been bothering Praenarin for a while. Now that she knew who had a grudge against her wife, the incident from before resurfaced in her mind.

"Answer me."

Her voice was steady, but everyone listening could sense the underlying storm, like the stillness of the ocean before a powerful wave crashed down.

"Yes, Boss. I did it. I was wrong,"

Ji confessed. A murmur spread through the crowd. Praenarin sighed heavily. As CEO, she had to ensure that every word she spoke was filtered through reason rather than emotion; otherwise, she could be accused of abusing her power.

"Do you even know that Khem has claustrophobia because of a past traumatic accident? Or did you already know and deliberately chose that method to torment her? Do you realize how dangerous that was?"

"I'm really sorry, Boss. I regret it. I won't do it again," Ji pleaded.

"If you truly regret it, then focus on your work and don't ever pull a stunt like this again in my company. I don't want my employees wasting their time scheming against each other. We are a family here, and I have worked hard to create that environment. Don't be the one to ruin it."

With that, Praenarin turned and walked away with her usual grace, allowing everyone in the room to finally breathe again.

Meanwhile, Jay, who had been watching the entire situation unfold, nudged her best friend while keeping her eyes on their impressive boss.

"Balloon, Boss Rin is seriously breathtaking. I've never seen anyone stay that composed while being that furious in my thirty-something years of life!"

"Don't even think about it, Jay. That's my friend's crush. As for me, I'm still single."

"Ugh, whatever! Let's just get back to work."

Jay, who had accidentally exposed her true feelings, quickly tried to cover it up with a change of subject, though her flustered reaction had already given her away.

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Evenings were usually a sensitive time for Khemjira, but today, she was in an exceptionally good mood. Out of nowhere, Balloon had called to update her about everything that had happened at work-including some juicy details about Jay.

On top of that, Balloon even asked for advice on how to officially start pursuing Jay, wanting to catch up with Khem and Boss Rin's relationship.

Of course, the conversation wouldn't have been complete without mentioning how everyone in the company had gossiped about the boss at some point. Now that their words had come back to haunt them, the entire office was on edge. Balloon had been sent as a representative to check if Khem had told Boss Rin anything.

"Don't worry, I didn't mention any of that to Khun Rin. You can tell everyone to relax,"

Khem reassured her.

"Thank God! Everyone nearly had a heart attack when Boss Rin walked in today. Anyway, get well soon, okay? We miss our little Khem. And as for Jay, I have no idea what's going on with her-she's been avoiding me like crazy."

Khemjira chuckled, promising to get better soon before ending the call. Just then, her wife's car smoothly pulled into the parking garage, marking the end of an eventful day.

The person who just wanders around, eats, and sleeps all day quickly walked to the sofa in the living room to welcome her wife.

"Khun Rin, I missed you so much! I waited to eat with you, and now my stomach is growling."

As soon as her wife walked in, Khemjira put down her phone and hugged her tightly, full of longing. On a normal day, she would get to see her during lunch, but today, since she had to stay home alone, it felt lonely.

"Why did you wait? You should have eaten first and taken your medicine. You never take care of yourself."

Praenarin let Khemjira hug her and pretended to scold her, but she didn't push her away because, deep down, she liked the way Khemjira hugged her too.

Khemjira let go, took her wife's bag, and placed it on the sofa. Then, she leaned in, cupped her cheek, and smiled. It seemed like she wouldn't get scolded for her affectionate behavior.

"I just want my wife to take care of me. I love you."

"You're annoying,"

Praenarin said, rolling her eyes. Khemjira pouted but didn't believe for a second that her wife was actually annoyed. If she was, she wouldn't have let her hug her in the first place.

"Come on, let's eat. I'm starving."

Khemjira reached out and held her wife's hand warmly. Praenarin squeezed it back, looking into her bright, smiling eyes. Seeing her cheerful made Praenarin feel at ease-it meant Khemjira was doing well. But before they could take a step, her phone rang.

The sweet moment was interrupted. Praenarin suddenly realized she shouldn't let Khemjira get too close. She quickly pulled her hand away and grabbed her phone from her bag. The caller ID made her pause-it was an old lover she hadn't deleted yet.

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"Phrai..."

[P' Rin, can you come see me?]

"Is something wrong?'

Khemjira watched her wife, hoping she wouldn't go see that woman again. It hurt every time Praenarin still seemed to care for her ex. It felt like a loyal dog being ignored while its owner played with another.

[I'm a little sick... I'm in the hospital alone and just feeling uneasy. Can you come? Even just for five minutes?]

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Hearing that, Praenarin quickly asked for the hospital and room number. She picked up her bag, ready to leave, but before she could step away, Khemjira grabbed her wrist.

"Don't go, it's late. You can visit tomorrow. I'll come with you."

"I'm going. You should eat and take your medicine."

"No, please don't go. I want to be with you."

"Stop bothering me. I'm going. You have no right to stop me."

"I do. I'm your wife."

"Khem, let go."

Khemjira tightened her grip to stop her from leaving, leading to a small struggle. Frustration built inside Praenarin. She was getting irritated and upset. Finally, she pulled her arm free, shaking Khemjira off.

"Just stay out of my business!"

"Ouch!"

Khemjira cried out in pain as she was pushed backward, hitting the edge of the table.

Next to the sofa, decorative items are scattered, and the hand used to brace oneself to avoid falling is the one with fresh, new wounds.

The young woman, with tears welling up in her eyes, held her own hand. It was a pain she couldn't explain, and even if she wanted to cry, she couldn't. Fortunately, the thick bandage she had wrapped around it prevented it from being too dangerous, aside from the soreness.

"Khem..."

Seeing the other person in pain because of her, Praenarin regained her composure. Her beautiful lips trembled as she saw the person in front of her showing signs of pain, as she hadn't intended for it to be this way.

Her delicate hand reached out with a feeling of guilt, but when the other person looked up and their eyes met, she stopped her action and pretended not to care.

"If you keep going, you will love her like that, hurt like that. You are married, and he has a boyfriend. She won't come back to love you, you can see that. She just keeps you around to support herself when she has no one. When his boyfriend comes, you will have no value. Don't hurt yourself by not letting go like this. Stop getting involved with her."

The stubborn person paused for several seconds, then locked eyes with the temporary wife who kept meddling in her life.

"I'm leaving. You're the one who needs to stop bothering me."

Once the stubborn person left in a hurry, the one who could only watch, Khemjira, kept staring until they disappeared from sight.

Her beautiful hips slumped down onto the chair. She didn't know whether she wanted to cry because of the pain in her hand or the pain in her heart.

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# Chapter 21 : Homework Call

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A tall figure, around the mid-160 cm range, walked through the hospital, searching for the patient's room that her ex had mentioned. But her mind kept drifting back to what had just happened.

The pained expression and teary eyes of Khemjira made her feel restless. Her heart was unsettled, and she didn't know how to act.

The hallway grew quieter, until all Praenarin could hear was her own breathing and the faint echoes of Khemjira's pained groans still lingering in her mind.

Her steps slowed slightly. Her grip tightened on the woven basket she was carrying for the hospital visit, as if trying to understand Khemjira's pain. But... she didn't really feel anything. With a sigh, she reached the patient's room.

She shook her head a few times, trying to clear her thoughts, then pushed the door open.

"So, what exactly happened to you? How did you end up in the hospital?"

She asked while placing the gift basket on the table and pulling up a chair. "I fainted from exhaustion. I'll be discharged tomorrow," Phrapai replied.

"And Kiri? Where's your boyfriend?"

Praenarin asked, glancing around the empty room. Her eyes searched for someone who should have been here, but all she found was an empty space. When she looked back at Phrapai, there was a slight loneliness in her expression.

But when she talked about her boyfriend, her eyes lit up-something that made Praenarin feel a strange pang inside.

"He has to stay home. He can't be here with me."

Even though Phrapai knew she was just using her ex to comfort herself, to ease the loneliness temporarily, she still chose to do it. Because, other than Praenarin, she had no one else.

"How have you been, Rin? Are you feeling better since back then?"

Praenarin gave a small smile. Comparing the pain from before to now... she had to admit she was doing much better. In fact, a lot better. She no longer felt tormented by the love she had lost. The deep wound in her heart seemed to have healed, though she wasn't sure why.

Even though they were nothing to each other now, there was still some lingering care. She still wanted to look after Phrapai, to see her happyperhaps because of the many years they had spent together.

That evening, after showering and getting ready for bed, Khemjira lay on her bed, talking to Khwanrin over the phone. She needed to vent about the guilt that had been weighing on her heart lately. As they talked, Khemjira could sense that her friend was unhappy-frustrated even-with everything that had happened.

"I'm going to talk to Praenarin. This has gone too far," Khwanrin said.

"Please don't," Khemjira replied.

"She didn't mean it. We were just struggling a little, that's all."

"Aren't you upset, though? You're not a robot, Khem. You don't have to just accept everything she does without feeling anything. That wound-doesn't it hurt? You're allowed to be angry. No matter how much you love someone, you shouldn't have to suppress all your other feelings for them."

"I feel hurt and sad, but let's just forget about it."

When she was scolded, she looked downcast. She was already upset. What wife would want her wife to get involved with an ex? Especially an ex who left scars so deep that it almost led to someone she loved attempting suicide.

She didn't want her to have anything to do with that woman again. Apart from the old flames, she feared the past repeating itself.

"Do you think I'm acting strange now?"

"How so?"

"Before, I was just comforting you, staying by your side when you were hurt, helping you forget the past. But now, I'm becoming like you-doing everything to hold onto the one I love, even when I'm in pain. Hearing you say that directly made me feel it too."

"Yeah, you're really becoming like me. I've turned into someone who wants to control things, someone who's selfish, not letting you go. That's why I'm hurting like this. I guess I deserve it. I love you so much, though."

The cheerful person who was always happy now curled up under a blanket, crying like a child.

Did she understand her? Yes, she did-more than anything. The love she had for her was no different from the love the other person had for her.

Loving someone... even when you're just something that helps them feel better. Once they're fine, you're no longer useful. You're not someone they'll give their heart to or keep in their thoughts. You're just a temporary fix. You're just a tissue to wipe tears and throw away.

"It's okay, don't worry. You'll try again. There's still plenty of time for you to help her forget the past. Stay strong, and I'll support you."

"Thank you so much."

Feeling tired, she ended the call. The person who had been affected by the medicine started feeling sleepy. She curled up in bed, quickly closing her eyes to sleep, not even waiting for the other person to return, because she didn't know if she would come back tonight.

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By the time Praenarin returned home, it was already late. She slowly opened the door to her bedroom. When she saw the dim light from the downlight and noticed the person lying on the bed seemed to have already fallen asleep, she carefully placed her things on the sofa before glancing at the note stuck on the door to the dressing room.

*"I made an omelette on the dining table. If you're hungry, you can go eat."*

A feeling of guilt arose in her heart. She looked at the person quietly lying on the bed and sighed. Thinking about how she had hurt them earlier made her throat dry. She hadn't cared at all about how the other person was doing, but Khemjira had made an omelette for her.

Praenarin dropped the note into the trash can and went to take a shower. Not long after, she came out in her usual pajamas.

"Khem..."

She crawled onto the bed and softly called her wife's name. But the person lying with their eyes closed didn't move at all, as if she was really asleep this time. Praenarin then snuck under the covers with her and moved closer.

"Does it hurt a lot? I'm sorry."

She gently placed her palm on the hand wrapped in bandages and stroked it softly, feeling guilty. She had hurt Khemjira.

The pain from the wound still hurt, while she had gone to visit her ex-lover, who was also not getting enough rest. That person had also left a large scar in her heart. She wanted to apologize to everyone for not knowing how to manage love properly.

. .

By the time she was ready to go back to work, Khemjira felt so tired that she could barely move. Today, her wound looked much better than the first day, but it still hurt just as much.

Even though the day before it hurt more because her wife had hurt her again, she had already forgotten about those events. The only thing she cared about was waking up in the morning and being able to cuddle with her partner again.

The young woman jumped out of bed early as usual, but this time, the person beside her also woke up instead of staying in bed until 6:30.

"Ah, I'm sorry. Did I get up too suddenly?"

The warm body beside her, still in pajamas, paused. The soft voice asked with hesitation because suddenly her wife had also gotten up and was tying her hair, just like when she was about to take a shower.

"No, I woke up on my own. As a way to make up for the second time I hurt you, I'll drive you to work today,"

Her wife replied. She was supposed to go to work, but her hand hurt so much that she couldn't drive. Plus, she was the one who made her hurt more. Realizing her mistake, Praenarin was eager to offer help.

"Really?"

"Mm,"

Came the short answer as usual. The modern, beautiful face tilted as she thought it over again. Normally, she didn't leave for work at this time because her work started an hour later than hers. So how could they go together?

"But I'll be late, I can just have the driver take me."

"Why do you need to go that badly? Is there something at the company?"

"Actually, at first, I was afraid of the traffic. I was scared of driving too fast. If I go earlier, I can drive slowly. But if I go later, I have to hurry, and with all the traffic, I'm scared of getting into an accident again. But it's okay now,"

Khemjira explained the truth that the other person didn't know. The listener understood, even though it sounded a little confusing. She could tell that the accident had left many emotional scars, like the fear of traffic and narrow spaces.

Even though at first, Khemjira seemed to have moved past it easily, the deeper effects started to show later, which were scarier.

"I'll go with you, and I won't crash the car. Let's shower together to save time,"

Praenarin said, pulling Khemjira toward the bathroom. Khemjira, not expecting her wife to act like this, was a bit stunned. After all, besides the day when her wife had hurt her, they had always showered together, and it was Khemjira who had always pulled her in. She was unsure of what was happening with her wife now.

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Later, Praenarin made Khemjira sit down and eat breakfast with her at home before heading to work.

Once they arrived at the office, Praenarin didn't immediately go to her office but followed Khemjira to the staff's card scanner.

She noticed the employees were all staring at them, showing respect and admiration toward her, but now, those looks were directed toward Khemjira too.

She then walked gracefully toward the large elevator, the central hub for the company's employees.

"Khun Rin. How am I supposed to live like this?"

The other person stood beside her, looking stiff among the crowd waiting for the elevator. She whispered the question, her eyes filled with the same nervousness as a child on their first day at a new school.

But Praenarin didn't pay much attention. She knew that Khemjira adapted easily. She'd let her figure things out on her own from now on.

"Come have lunch with me this afternoon. I'll ask Khun Mai to prepare something for you."

"Why?"

"There's no reason."

"Okay."

Seeing her wife shy reaction to the situation, she smiled in amusement. She had never seen Khemjira like this before-where had that bold and fearless woman gone?

Khemjira sat at her desk, waiting for everyone to arrive at work. She greeted them cheerfully as usual, but they responded with slightly hesitant expressions. Ever since they found out she was the CEO's wife, this had been the norm. But that was fine-eventually, everyone would adjust.

"Oh wow, the boss's wife! Haven't seen you in days. If you didn't live in the same house as the boss, we would've gone to visit you ourselves. Oh... here, a little treat for you!"

Jay and Balloon walked in just then, greeting her as warmly as ever while handing over a bag of snacks. They set their things down and took their seats as Khemjira picked up the snack bag, but something caught her attention. Before they walked in, she had noticed something unusual.

"Thanks! Oh, wait a minute... Did I just see you two holding hands? Are you guys together now?"

She pointed at them, pressing for an answer. The two, who had apparently gone from close friends to something more at lightning speed, looked awkward and flustered. Jay, in particular, seemed the most rattled.

"N-no! You're just making things up, Khem!"

"Oh, come on, no need to be shy. It's obvious!"

Khemjira teased, puckering her lips playfully.

Just then, someone entered the room-Ms. Ji, the very person she had a fight with recently. She walked straight to her desk, and the laughter instantly died down.

"Khem, I need to tell you something."

"....."

She fell silent. The entire room did. Everyone turned their attention to them as if they were watching an important announcement.

"I'm sorry for hurting you. I misunderstood everything."

"It's okay. I'm sorry for slapping you that day. Let's call it even."

Even though she was deeply hurt by the wounds Ji had left behind, when she thought about it, Ji now seemed like someone who had publicly confessed her mistakes on social media-only to face backlash and punishment from public opinion.

No one agreed with or supported what she had done. That alone was punishment enough.

"Thanks. I've resigned. Tomorrow, the department head will gather the team to select a new team leader."

With that, the woman who was spending his last day at the company quietly returned to her desk to pack up her things. Her hands were full as she silently walked out of the office, leaving behind an air of finality.

Khemjira gave a faint smile as she watched her go, and everyone else followed her with their eyes until she disappeared from sight. As for Hong, her closest ally, she had been silent ever since that day.

She hadn't even tried to stop Ji from resigning, probably understanding that after making such a big mistake, she would feel too ashamed to face anyone. She knew she would feel the same way if she were in her shoes.

. .

At exactly noon, the lunch that Praenarin had asked her personal secretary to arrange was ready. One by one, employees left for their lunch break, until only the boss and a certain special employee remained.

"This looks so good,"

Khemjira murmured, glancing down at the delicious spread on the table.

Looking up at her wife, she couldn't help but feel even more delighted. Having meals together was already nice, but this time, it was her wife who had invited her first. That made it even better.

"If it looks good, then eat up,"

The boss said, noticing that Khemjira was still struggling to use her hand properly, even though the wound had improved significantly. Without waiting, she picked up some food and placed it onto Khemjira's plate.

She placed the plate in front of Khemjira and then quietly ate her own meal, maintaining a composed demeanor without making eye contact. She knew exactly how the other woman would react-probably surprised that she was suddenly taking care of her like this.

"Thank you! Now I don't have to go all the way to the canteen for food, and I get to have lunch with my wife. This is the best meal ever!"

Khemjira beamed, her eyes crinkling with joy. Today was the happiest she had felt all year. The fact that she had been served her favorite dish-garlicfried shrimp-was enough to make up for everything her wife had ever done to upset her.

Praenarin stole a glance at Khemjira, who was awkwardly using a spoon to eat, looking almost like a child. A small smile tugged at her lips-it was so endearing that she almost wanted to cheer for her.

"And how's your claustrophobia treatment going?"

"I just started, but I think it's going well. My fear of being in cars has improved a lot from when it first started. Just a little more, and I should be able to drive my sedan again."

The boss nodded in understanding. She had heard from her father that Khemjira had been driving since she was eighteen or nineteen. The moment she got her license, she was already confidently driving a sedan.

If she hadn't been such a skilled driver, there was no way she could have driven them home safely on the night she was dumped-especially with Praenarin screaming and flailing like she was about to take them both to an early grave.

"I want to come with you to see your therapist."

The spoon in Khemjira's hand stilled. The delicious meal and the happiness of eating with her wife had been momentarily overshadowed by confusion. She needed a few seconds to process the sentence, trying to figure out exactly what her wife meant by that.

"Why? Am I not allowed?"

"No, it's not that."

"Then why did you suddenly go quiet?"

Praenarin's delicate brows furrowed as she questioned her. That was when Khemjira realized the reason behind the request. Normally, her wife never took much interest in things like this-so why now?

"Then why did you go quiet?"

"Ohh... Are you worried about me, Khun Rin? Is that why you want to come? If I had known, I would've invited you from the very first session! If you're concerned about your wife, you should've just said so! Wanna know the only tight space I'm not afraid of?"

Khemjira teased, her face lighting up with a playful grin.

*Clank!*

Praenarin abruptly set her spoon and fork down with a sharp noise, crossing her legs and folding her arms. Her gaze turned cold and unamused, as if she had no intention of playing along.

"Stop daydreaming. I just want to make sure you're actually spending my money on something useful. If not... I'll charge you back a hundred times more."

The chilling words came with an icy stare. Khemjira immediately shrank into herself, suddenly feeling very small.

*A hundred times more? Would I have to rob a bank to pay her back?!*

She's lost her mind...

"Of course! I'll send you my appointment schedule so you can clear your work,"

She quickly agreed, lowering her head and focusing on her food. She had no idea what had irritated her wife today, but it was best not to push her luck.

"Good. And next time, when I ask something serious, don't joke around so much. I don't like it."

Praenarin's voice was only slightly firm, yet Khemjira flinched as if she had been scolded. Seeing that reaction, Praenarin smirked in satisfaction. Her arrogance was evident in her expression-after all, this was one of the rare times she had the upper hand over Khemjira.

*Normally, she could never win against her wife.*

But the truth was, her reason for wanting to come along had nothing to do with what she had just said. She simply wanted to have a conversation.

Instead of just watching from a distance like she always had, Praenarin wanted to see for herself.

She wanted to know if Khemjira could ever go back to how she used to be.

She didn't want her wife to be trapped and hurt by a tiny rectangular room. She didn't want to see Khemjira cry in fear like that ever again.

. .

Days passed, and finally, Khemjira no longer had to walk around with her hand wrapped up like a torch. Her wound had almost completely healed, and she no longer needed thick bandages. Though she still felt a slight sting when using her hand too much, she could manage just fine.

Since it was a rest day and everyone was home, Khemjira woke up early to cook. She wanted to make a special omelet for her wife. She tied on an apron and started preparing the ingredients in the busy kitchen, where three housemaids were already hard at work preparing breakfast.

"Miss Khem, let me handle that. You just recovered, and now you're picking up a knife again?"

Aunt Malai, the eldest maid, chided her, shaking her head. It was always like this. But did Khemjira ever listen? Not once. She never stopped making her wife's favorite dishes.

"It's okay, I can do it,"

Khemjira replied with a bright smile before turning back to her cooking. Back, when her father was still around, she and Khwanrin had spent most of their time together since he was always traveling.

A simple omelet like this... even if Khwanrin had to eat it every meal, Khemjira would gladly make it for her.

Once breakfast was ready, Wasin, who had been admiring the garden outside, walked back in to join his daughter and daughter-in-law at the dining table. Seeing the two of them no longer as distant as before brought a smile to his face.

"How's your hand, Khem?"

"I'm almost fully recovered now, but I'm still not brave enough to do heavy tasks. I think it'll take a little more time,"

Khem said with a cheerful smile as she was serving food to her wife. This was very different from her wife, who always kept a neutral expression no matter what mood she was in. It's hard to tell what she's thinking.

"I told you, Dad... That your daughter-in-law won't die easily. Look, she got up early to make an omelet for you. She wanted me to eat it. I haven't eaten Aunt Malai's cooking yet. She's so nosy."

Khemjira pursed her lips when her wife suddenly mentioned that, as if hinting that her cooking wasn't as good as Aunt Malai's.

Meanwhile, Wasin, upon seeing his daughter's usual sulky face, couldn't help but chuckle affectionately.

Praenarin said she wanted to eat the housekeeper's cooking, but her hands were busy scooping up the omelet her wife had made without hesitation.

"Alright, alright. After we finish eating, I'm going to take a walk and check out Mom's flower beds. If you two want to do something, go ahead,"

Wasin said.

"Okay. My hands are almost better, so I can do more things. Don't worry,"

Khemjira replied, raising her hand and showing everyone her healed hand with a bright smile as usual.

Her dark, captivating eyes glanced at the person next to her, then shifted to her own plate, and Khemjira's words might not have been meant to go in that direction, but Praenarin, who was sitting next to her, couldn't help but think of the past.

She thought about the time when she felt good, about the homework that the other person used to send her every day. Since Khemjira hurt her hand, they hadn't had that happen, and now that her hand was healed, it made her realize how long it had been.

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After breakfast, Khemjira went outside for a short walk to get some fresh air. Meanwhile, Praenarin, who realized she was obsessing over her wife's fingers, returned to their bedroom.

Her delicate figure wandered around, peeking through the curtain to see what her wife was doing.

When she saw that she was just walking around the garden, talking to the gardener, she started to feel annoyed. Normally, she would stick to her like glue, so why was she outside, chatting with the gardener today?

The young woman closed the curtain and plopped down on the bed, feeling irritated. It wasn't long before the person who had made her feel this way came back, looking cheerful as if nothing was wrong.

"Oops, why do you look like that?"

Khemjira was surprised when she walked into the room and saw her wife frowning, staring at her with a serious look. She wasn't sure if her wife was upset with her again, or if it was because of the omelet she made, though that didn't seem likely. If it had been that bad, her wife wouldn't have eaten it all by herself.

"I'm fine."

When her wife crossed her arms and turned away, Khemjira closed the door and walked over to give her the flowers she had hidden behind her back when she came in, offering them with a gentle smile.

"What's this?"

Praenarin looked at Khemjira with a tense expression, confused by the flowers in front of her.

"It's a rose from me to you. I went down and picked the most beautiful one. I made sure the gardener took extra care of it because I wanted to get the best one, just like you,"

Khemjira explained with a soft smile.

"Thanks."

Praenarin took the flowers with a heart that felt light, like it was filled with rose petals. At that moment, Khemjira walked into the bathroom and came back as if she had just washed her hands.

Praenarin, who had secretly placed the rose in the vase, then began bringing up the topic she had wanted to discuss during breakfast.

"Khem, about your homework..."

She said this and then fell silent, showing a hint of her beautiful face. Khemjira raised an eyebrow, then started to understand. She probably wanted her to see how much fresher she looked after not having to do homework for weeks.

"Oh, we agreed we wouldn't do it every day. You've been able to rest more lately, and you look refreshed, right?"

Khemjira replied, picking up her art supplies. She had planned to spend the day seriously working on a painting by the pool. But Praenarin suddenly got up from the bed and walked over to her, taking the items from her hands and placing them back where they were.

"No, that's not what I meant... I meant... how about we take a shower together? I feel sticky."

Suddenly, the smaller person in front of her touched her neck and ran her fingers through her hair, looking like she was too hot. Khemjira was even more confused. Her wife was acting very strange today. She had never seen her behave this way before. Was she really just hot?

*Wait... could it be...?*

Khemjira tilted her head and secretly smiled. She pretended to be annoyed, pretending to suggest going for a shower, not saying things directly. But now she realized, her wife was just teasing her about the homework.

"Khem, are you going to shower or not?"

"But I just took a shower. You should go take one, Khun Rin,"

Khemjira pretended not to know what was going on, curious to see how her wife would react. But Praenarin was actually getting angry.

"Well... then, do whatever you want. I'll take a shower by myself."

Praenarin turned away, about to walk toward the bathroom. Khemjira couldn't keep pretending anymore. She moved forward, pulled Praenarin close, and hugged her, whispering in her ear in the usual low tone she used when she wanted to tease.

"Do you want me to do the homework, Khun Rin?"

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# Chapter 22 : Submit Homework

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"Again,"

Praenarin bit her lip and swallowed hard when that arousing voice sounded. Before the speaker kissed her shoulder, her body was gently turned back against the wall, and the taller person walked in, kissed her earlobe, then pulled away and stared into her eyes.

"My right hand still hurts a little, but my mouth and left hand are still fine,"

After finishing her sentence, her warm lips pressed against the soft, rosy-red petals, sucking and nibbling alternately with her tongue in a rhythmic dance. Her two hands held her slender waist, slowly pulling up the hem of her fitted shirt until the beautiful curves of her body were revealed, escaping from her pants.

"Hmm.."

Praenarin wrapped her arms around the other person's neck, tilting her face to receive the kiss. Her beautiful eyelids closed gently in satisfaction with the sweet kiss laced with exhilaration.

They were kissing right here, then slowly moved to the small table by the wall at the foot of the bed, before their ears heard the sound of things falling to the floor.

But even so, Praenarin didn't break away from this sweet kiss to pay attention to those worthless items. She ran her palm down to her wife's chest and tried to unbutton that white shirt, revealing the firm, full chest inside.

Because the person who has been holding back so many feelings of love wouldn't break the kiss, it was Khemjira who had to pull her face away from those luscious, glistening lips with a sense of longing. She placed both palms on her waist and tested it by lifting her well-proportioned body onto the table, using the upper part of her torso to lean against the wall.

"Next time, if you're in the mood, just tell me nicely, okay? I thought you didn't want to do it, so I didn't do it. I'm sorry for torturing you."

The charming face leaned against the fair neck, the beautiful nose slowly traced up and down vertically, then kissed from the earlobe, across the shoulder, down to the beautiful collarbone, and ended at the rosy lips once again.

Khemjira slipped her hand through her wife's shirt and unhooked the bra with one hand before pulling it out through the sleeve and tossing it onto the floor carelessly.

The slender lips that had passionately kissed slowly pulled away. When both hands lifted her wife's shirt to reveal her breasts, she leaned forward and bit her beautiful pink nipples and licked them gently.

"Ah.."

Praenarin helped the other person hold the hem of her shirt, while the other hand covered her mouth, fearing that the housekeeper working outside would hear.

Her beautiful chest arched in response, the tingling sensation running from the top of her breasts down to her lower body. She held back her moans every time her wife sucked and flicked them with the tip of her tongue until she felt the warmth pooling in the middle of her torso, catching the rhythm of its throbbing.

"Kh...Khem, I'm in the mood. I can't take it anymore,"

Praenarin placed her palm on the other person's head, gripping her hair according to her emotions. She had been wanting it for a long time, and now she wanted it the most, almost unable to wait for the moment when the other person would send her to heaven.

Khemjira pulled her mouth away from the beautiful breast and gently nibbled down to the slightly fatty stomach, enough to feel a thrill. Her hands held her waist, and she bent down to use her mouth to pull the string of the pants she was wearing.

"I've tried using my right hand, and it's not as bad as I thought,"

Khemjira said, straightening her body, sliding her ready-to-use right hand in, and slowly pulling down the other person's pants, until she saw the face and those pair of horny eyes looking back at her.

"Therefore, I have a lot of homework today,"

After saying that, her long finger brushed against the soft petals, greeting the middle part of her wife's body. She slightly parted her legs and raised her hand to cover her mouth, trying to suppress her moans as much as possible.

"Hmm..."

"You're so quick too....So cute!"

She praised, her slender fingers slowly gliding through the sensitive clitoris, wiping away the overflowing liquid from her love canal, and lightly pressing her fingers against it until the little thing began to harden in response. Then she increased the pace, matching the other person's breathing, which had began to get heavier.

"Ah...Khem... can I kiss you?"

"Give me a moment,"

The owner of the wicked fingers refused to grant the kiss as requested. Instead, she leaned her face down to the nape of her neck, dragging the tip of her nose along the soft skin that still held a faint scent of soap.

It had been many nights since she last touched her body, ever since she took the initiative that day, thinking she probably didn't want to. But from the touch she felt now, it seemed she had been wrong all along.

"Kh...Khem,"

A restless moan called out her name. Khemjira then turned her face and looked at her wife.

"What is it, my good girl?"

"Ugh, a little harder, please. I'm almost there,"

Praenarin pressed her palm down on the table, while the other hand pulled her wife's face closer to feed her kisses. Her light-colored body hair stood on end, and her slender legs trembled slightly from the tingling sensation at her sensitive clitoris.

The young woman curled her toes in the air as her wife's fingertips kneaded her sensitive spots, causing her breath to hitch. The room was filled with nothing but the sound of their clothes rubbing against each other, her heavy breathing, and the creaking of the uneven table legs.

Praenarin felt an overwhelming sensation from just being touched externally. It was the first sex she had had in weeks, and it felt even better than before. It was so good that tears streamed down her face while they were kissing.

"Hmm..."

The sweet moans continued to echo from time to time, the sensitive spots being kneaded until they ached. The slender body tensed for just a few more seconds, the beautiful legs trembled, the round hips convulsed rhythmically, and with each movement, they met the fingertips with pleasure.

"Uh-huh!"

Khemjira then moved in a little closer so that her wife could embrace her more tightly. She pulled away from the kiss and lightly kissed her forehead, which had a few beads of sweat, lightly as a comfort. Today, she did a great job of holding back her moans, even though she was on the verge of losing control.

“It’s so easy to finish. It’s so exciting, isn’t it?”

Praenarin didn't answer, but she looked at the other person and wiped away the tears that had streamed down her cheeks from the overwhelming feelings just moments ago.

"It seems like Khun Rin is really missing Khem. Look... you're crying a lot."

While the mouth spoke something that sounded seductive, slender fingers wiped away the beautiful droplets of dew that overflowed, more than usual, coating every finger to confirm just how much she desired her.

The warm palm withdrew from the reserved area and raised it for her to see. Praenarin looked at the fingers coated with that fluid and turned her face away, swallowing her own saliva. She knew very well that she wanted Khemjira a lot, so much that on some nights she could hardly sleep because she had to suppress her emotions while the other person was already asleep, and she couldn't wake her up to do homework with her dominant hand still in pain.

"It seems Khun Rin still wants it in many more places,"

Then she wiped the stains on her hand and the other person's pants and took them off until only her thin upper body was left.

Khemjira supported the weak body down from the table. She lowered her hips to sit on the sofa and pulled her wife's body down to sit. Straddling her lap, before her beautiful face leaned down to passionately kiss and nibble at her lips.

Her palm slipped through the fabric, caressing the smooth back and then trailing down to squeeze her beautiful hips, eliciting a moan from her throat. So that's why she's been staring at her and making faces like she wants something.

When she doesn't approach, she gets annoyed. If she had known, she would have submitted her homework with her left hand a long time ago.

"Can you sit and grind my fingers? I've wanted to see you do this for a long time."

The person being asked swallowed hard, her face burning. Just imagining herself doing what the other person suggested made all the moisture and heat in their body gather at the entrance of love, leaving them feeling completely warm and restless.

"Your hand doesn't hurt, right?"

"I have to try it first,"

Khemjira said, sliding her right palm, still tingling at the scar, under the soft, beautiful curve. She moved her legs, wrapping her arms around the other person's waist, so the beautiful body on her lap could move its hips, rubbing against her palm in a sensual manner. The wet skin and flesh rubbed against each other, creating a slightly lewd sound, but it stimulated her sexual desire very well.

It's not so bad. If she didn't do anything rough, like the gardener who is digging up the soil to plant new flowers, she don't feel pain anymore.

On the contrary... after not using it for a while, it makes her hands tingle again. When the soft, slippery texture moves and rubs against her, it tingles her hands, it feels so good that she want to put her fingers in right now. "U...uh, can you just slide it in?"

The beautiful slender arms wrapped around her wife's neck as her round hips diligently pressed against her wife's palm until it felt electrifying. Praenarin then cried out, urging the other party to start the next homework with a voice hoarse, husky, and filled with an unstoppable desire.

But just when things were getting intense, it seemed like fate intervened because suddenly her phone rang on a day off, a day when no one usually calls her. If it wasn't her dad, it must be those four friends of hers.

Praenarin stopped moving and turned to look at the source of the sound, which was placed not too far away, but she still couldn't see who was calling. It seemed to stop for a moment, but a few seconds later, it rang again, causing the activity to come to a complete halt.

"Should I answer it first in case someone calls with something urgent?"

Even though the mood was just right, Praenarin reluctantly got up from the other person's lap and walked to grab her phone. But when she picked it up to check, it wasn't what she expected.

"Phrai."

The one left behind, Khemjira, sighed. She watched her talk on the phone with a tense expression, while picking up her clothes. Just that was enough to know that their activity was probably going to be canceled.

"I'll come find you later."

After hanging up, Praenarin felt like she had lost the mood to continue. The young woman walked into the dressing room with her clothes, then prepared an outfit to change into for going outside, while another person followed her in and watched.

"Khun Rin, are you going to see her?"

Khemjira was also tidying up her own clothes that were in disarray. The question came out in a calm tone, but it didn't mean she didn't feel anything.

She felt hurt, hurt to the point of tears.

"Um, Phrai is having a problem. She needs me."

“But I need you too. We were in the middle of something important between wife and wife. Are you really just going to ignore me like this? Don’t go. Stop loving her. I’m right here, why don’t you love me?”

"Khem, you don't understand. I have to go."

After finishing getting dressed, Praenarin was ready to leave. No matter where she went or what she did, her wife followed her closely with a sad expression.

“Can’t you just stay? Why are you going to find her again? You’ve already broken up with her. Once you're broken up, you're supposed to go your separate ways. Let it be, her problems it's not of your business.”

With a frustrated sigh, Praenarin took her car keys, dropped them into her bag, and looked at her wife, feeling a little annoyed.

“It’s none of your business either,”

The wife snapped back with a slightly displeased expression, turning her back on her. Kemjira quickly stepped in front of her to try and get her attention.

“Do you want me to teach you how to swim?”

“What are you talking about? What do you mean by that?”

Praenarin crossed her arms and sighed, her beautiful brows furrowed, clearly confused by what Kemjira was trying to say.

“Well, right now, you’re drowning in the past, aren’t you? Don’t you know that the one who refuses to let go is always the one who gets hurt the most? And that person is you. You’re holding onto everything, even though everyone else has already let it go. Has that woman ever cared about you? You’re the only one who’s still looking at her.”

“Stop talking like that about Phrai. And I don’t want to hear your lecture. I’m in a hurry.”

Her tone was sharp, as if she was irritated that Kemjira was even bringing up that woman. Kemjira sighed, feeling a weight in her chest. The sweet mood she had earlier was completely gone the moment that woman called.

She couldn't stop herself from mentally complaining about how that woman shouldn’t have called—why keep doing this after they broke up?

“Are you still going to love her? Can’t you remember what she did to you? That woman left you. She betrayed you, cheated on you, left you in the rain, and let you try to kill yourself. Someone like that doesn’t deserve your love.”

“You don’t understand. Phrai and I have loved each other for years. Someone like you, who’s just starting to live, can’t possibly understand what that means.”

“I do know. Because I love you too. I’ve loved you for a long time, but you never saw my worth. I tried to pull you in, but in the end, you chose to hurt yourself by clinging to something that’s not meant to be.”

This time, Praenarin went silent and stared deeply into Kemjira’s eyes, her own filled with trembling emotions. Even though she was confused about her own feelings, her subconscious told her to go to Phrai, despite everything that had happened before.

And she couldn’t forget what the person in front of her really was. She was just a temporary wife. In a little over a year, they’d both be free of each other. She wasn’t someone Praenarin would ever love, and she would never let herself go down that road again.

“You’re the one forcing something that’s not meant to be. Stop making me hate this person or that person. Stop playing the villain. You’re here as my temporary wife, living a comfortable life. What more do you want?”

“I’m not trying to make you hate her. But when a breakup is that bad, shouldn’t you be angry? Why let her keep reopening your wounds like this? Don’t you hurt when you see her love someone else? Do you hurt like I do?”

The words stung deeply, and Praenarin turned her face away. Of course, it hurt. She was the one who was hurt. Kemjira knew it was painful, but she wouldn’t listen, so now both of them were just hurting each other.

“Your father said that woman left you alone at the restaurant. Don’t you feel the pain of being nothing more than a temporary fix for her loneliness? When her favorite toy shows up, she throws you away like you’re nothing. That woman only sees you as a replacement. You’re like instant noodles, just filling in for a real meal. She e doesn’t value you at all. And now, she’s calling her ex, who’s married, with bad intentions.”

Kemjira grabbed the arm of her wife again, not just because she didn’t want her to reopen her emotional wounds, but also because of her own selfishness.

It was selfishness that wanted to keep her all to herself, not wanting her to feel anything for anyone else, even though she only had the right to be her temporary wife for two years.

“Stop lecturing me and get out of my life. Are you aware of how annoying you are?”

Praenarin stood frozen, not expecting such a serious and direct response from her, as if she truly wanted Kemjira to disappear from her life.

“Stop badmouthing Phrai. And tonight, you should sleep in another room. I don’t want to see your face anymore.”

When the other person fell silent and stared at her, Praenarin turned her back, but before she could even reach the door, another provoking sentence from behind came out again.

“You comfort her, hug her, but in the end, you’re just a stupid tissue to wipe away her tears. Once she doesn’t need you anymore, she’ll throw you away easily. You’re smart in everything else, so why can’t you see this? I think I’m dumb, but you’re even dumber than me.”

Kemjira tried to gather her thoughts, but suddenly the figure in front of her, who had turned their back, sighed and then turned to face her with a calm expression. Slowly, she walked toward her, with an icy look in their eyes that made Kemjira feel uneasy and untrusting, blinking rapidly.

***Slap!***

What she didn’t expect to happen happened. A soft hand slapped her face so hard that Kemjira felt a numbness on one side of her cheek. But that numbness didn’t compare to the pain in her heart. No pain hurt more than being hurt by someone you love.

“Don’t talk to me like that. You have no right.”

Praenarin, who had intended to slap her wife, took a deep breath to calm herself. But being called “stupid” by someone younger, after all her hard work to rise from being a foolish child to a successful CEO, was too much.

She hated being called stupid, and if anyone called her that, she would hate them in return. She could take advice, but if someone crossed the line too much, she couldn’t tolerate it.

“Get away from me, and don’t ever interfere in my life again. Do you know that since you came into my life, I haven’t had any freedom? Don’t go to her, don’t love her, don’t think about her... Why do you keep controlling me? Do you know how much I hate being controlled? And you’re the one controlling my feelings.”

Praenarin felt anger rising inside her, so much that she forgot she shouldn’t hurt the other person physically. Her emotions were already beyond control. She had changed, and she didn’t even realize that her actions would become the breaking point between them.

“Do you know that everything I do, I do it for my own happiness? And you, you’re the one who always blocks my happiness.”

“I didn’t realize that I made you feel like this. I never intended to. I’m sorry,”

Kemjira said, heartbroken. Her heart shattered once more—not just from the slap, but from the hurtful words Praenarin had said. She never knew that her presence would make Praenarin feel this miserable.

She started to realize that this relationship was toxic, and that they both might be each other's Red Flags.

She made her feel the way she expressed, and she did things based on her own feelings—shouting, slapping, and using hurtful words she never truly paid attention to. Looking back now, they both shouldn’t have been together in the first place.

“Just because I didn’t do anything in the past doesn’t mean you can say whatever you want. This time, you’ve crossed the line. My feelings are mine. I have the right to feel them. I don’t need you to control me. And I don’t need anything you’re offering. Stop trying, because I will never love you.”

"...."

“And stop trying to destroy my happiness.”

Every sentence the other person spoke hammered home the truth so painfully that Kemjira felt a sharp ache in her chest, as if the muscles there suddenly contracted.

*Drip by drip, the water wears down the stone... By the time the stone crumbles, the water has broken into millions of pieces.*

Kemjira lowered her head, tears falling freely. She bit her lip so hard that she could taste the blood in her mouth, while her hands clenched in an attempt to think of how to handle this situation.

But then she realized what she needed to do. If she couldn’t pull her up, she shouldn’t let herself fall into that deep pit either. The weight of the realization nearly sent her spiraling down herself.

She wiped away her tears with the back of her hand, her face flushed from trying to hold back the tears, then lifted her gaze to meet the other person’s eyes.

Kemjira chose to do what the other person wanted, if it meant that both of them wouldn’t have to endure any more pain.

“If me being here makes you hurt, then I’ll leave. I’ll go on my own. Without me, please take care of yourself, okay?”

Her eyes, brimming with tears, blinked rapidly.

It seemed like a simple farewell, one that the speaker didn’t put much thought into. Her face held a smile mixed with tears for the other person, but inside, everything was different.

It wasn’t sarcasm; she had truly given up. She couldn’t bear hearing that Praenarin wasn’t happy because of her. She felt regret for making Praenarin feel that way.

At first, she thought that she could save the situation with her love, so the other person wouldn’t hold onto a cactus, but she didn’t even consider whether Praenarin wanted it.

“I’m sorry for causing you trouble by coming into your life.”

Because of Praenarin's anger, she didn’t really listen to Kemjira’s words of farewell. She probably thought nothing would come out of this situation. Praenarin let out a frustrated breath, before turning away, trying to suppress her emotions as she walked off.

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Because her ex-lover called her crying, saying that she was kicked out of the condo by her boyfriend's mother, Praenarin came to pick her up and brought her to stay at the hotel.

Since then, she has been crying the whole way, pouring out her heart and soul, releasing her pent-up feelings until she could hardly breathe.

Her silence is not because she doesn't feel anything. She is very worried about Phrapai, so much so that she feels pain whenever she sees her in pain. "Phrai, drink some water first and stop crying. I'll call Khun Kiri for you."

After finishing in the room, Praenarin opened a bottle of plain water and placed it on the table. As for the person who was heartbroken, she sat with her legs dangling and then lay down, crying quietly.

It was a scene that, when looked at, caused a deep ache in the heart. When they were together, she never cried like this even once.

The slender figure walked a little away from her old lover, trying to suppress her emotions. Then she picked up her phone and called the important man in her ex life.

"Ms. Rin, is there something urgent?"

"Kiri, if you don't come to resolve the issue now, you won't see Phrai's face again."

As soon as he answered the call, she spoke first and hung up immediately, then sent him the meeting location via text.

Not long after, the person who had called arrived here in a hurry, and Praenarin went down to receive him. When the person waiting in the room saw him, she immediately rushed into his arms, crying.

Praenarin, who had been acting as a mediator, could only stand and watch from a distance, feeling a pang of emptiness in her heart.

The more she sees the person she has been trying to cherish all along crying in someone else's arms, the more her heart aches, and she feels a significant sense of loss that that place is not hers.

But never mind, after all, on the way to pick her up, she had already thought it over and understood her role here. Even if she has to be a temporary toy to ease the loneliness while waiting for the favorite toy, she is ready to be just that.

And she sincerely hope that Phrapai will not call her anymore, because if she doesn't call, it will show that she has no problems, no worries.

"Thank you very much for taking care of Phrai. I went out to check on the work and couldn't answer her call,"

The young man, around the same age, expressed his gratitude. Praenarin then slumped down onto the sofa with a heavy heart. In truth, it wasn't her business at all, but...

When it comes to Phrai, she just can't stay silent and pretend she doesn't see or know anything.

"Are you not going to do anything? You saw how much she’s suffering. Are you just going to let your mom treat the person you love like this forever?"

Praenarin knew everything. The bruises she had seen on Phrai's body didn’t come from this clueless guy, but from his mother. She was the one who judged people by their social status and didn’t want someone like Phrai as her daughter-in-law, especially since Phrai had nothing of her own.

"I don’t want it to be like this. Ever since your dad withdrew his shares from the company, my mom’s been making things worse. She knows that if she does this, you’ll get hurt, and the more you hurt, the more she’ll feel like she’s getting back at your dad. So she took it out on Phrai instead."

"Do something for the person you love, Kiri. Stop acting like a mama’s boy.

Phrai chose you. Live up to her choice. If it comes down to this, you might have to choose between your mom and your girlfriend. You have to choose one—either be a good son or a good father and husband."

Praenarin glanced at her ex, feeling a mix of emotions. It wasn’t the love or concern that used to exist between them anymore. Just hearing that Phrai was pregnant with this man’s child was enough to put out any good feelings from the past. All that remained was worry, like what one woman would feel for another.

And of course, Kiri had only just learned about it. She could understand why Phrai hadn’t told him earlier. With such an uncertain relationship, telling him she was pregnant might have made things even more difficult for everyone.

"Phrai's pregnant?"

Kiri asked. Phrai, who had been holding in this information for days, nodded, holding back her tears. Phrai didn’t dare look him in the eye. She had intended to keep it a secret, not telling him first. She felt guilty because, in her heart, Praenarin was still the first person she wanted to share everything with.

"Is that so? Have you thought about what to do? Your mom hates Phrai so much, but she’s carrying your child. The child needs a father."

Kiri walked back and forth in the room, thinking about this for several seconds before deciding that he needed to do something. He had always been a son who obeyed his parents because he was the son of a diplomat.

No matter what they told him to do, he had to do it because he was the face of the family. As the only son, he was responsible for everything his parents had built: their reputation, wealth, and social status.

This was the one thing he had gone against his parents for, just because he wanted to make a choice for himself.

"I've made my decision. I'll do whatever it takes to make Phrai happy without getting involved with my mother."

"What will you do?"

"I’ve already made plans. I’ll take Phrai abroad with me. We’ll live there with my savings. I’ll give up everything my mother has given me, and I’ll make it on my own."

After Kiri sat down beside his lover and promised with a serious look, Praenarin trusted him and then asked for Phrai's thoughts.

"Phrai, what do you think?"

"Wherever you go, Kiri, I’ll go with you."

"I think it’s time. If my mom treats the person I love like this, then I’ll leave. I’ll go build my own family and not be afraid of my mom controlling me anymore. Thank you for taking care of Phrai all this time."

"I hope you’ll make sure Phrai never calls me again. Because if she doesn’t, it means she’s happy."

Praenarin sighed in relief, thinking things were starting to look better. She believed he was responsible enough to keep his word and follow through.

"I guess my job here is done. I’ll leave now,"

Praenarin said as she stood up, grabbed her bag, and prepared to leave. But as she turned around, the familiar voice called out to her again.

"Wait, P'Rin," she turned back to look at the voice’s owner.

The slightly shorter figure than hers hugged Pranrin, and she felt a bit awkward receiving the embrace again. But she no longer felt her heart race, not like before when they were together.

"P'Rin, I hope you can do the same with your own love. I wish you good luck, and I’m sorry for causing you trouble so many times. Thank you for everything you've done for me."

"From now on, just think of me as your older sister."

Her hand gently stroked her ex’s beautiful hair, feeling something different from before. She felt good knowing that Phrai would finally be free from this pain, accompanied by a smile.

Praenarin walked away from that moment, feeling like she had unlocked something inside herself. Some might think she was foolish for still being kind to the person who betrayed her love, but love is different for everyone. Everyone has their own attitude and perspective.

Every time she thought about being angry at Phrai, her mind would always bring up the happy moments they had shared together, and that was what had healed her heart. She still cared, still wanted to play a part in Phrai's life, and wanted to see the person she once loved, who could barely live without her, finally happy.

Now, she could see how beautiful the fresh flower she once held in her hands looked when it was placed in someone else’s vase. Just seeing that it hadn’t wilted gave her peace of mind, and she didn’t feel the need to hold it again. Simply knowing that it was still fresh was enough.

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After walking out of the hotel, the events that had happened in the bedroom before she came out to handle the situation resurfaced in her mind, bothering her again. She raised her hand to look at it, then gently rubbed her face, feeling irritated and unsettled.

She hadn’t meant to slap her so hard. It was just a reflex, an impulsive action driven by frustration, which led to making her mother cry again.

"Grace, call the others. I don’t want to go home yet. I need someone to talk to."

She dialed her close friend. If she went home now, she’d probably end up fighting with Khemjira again or just be left feeling uncomfortable. It seemed better to go out and do something to distract herself from the emotions she had just gone through.

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