# Chapter 01

## 9:30 PM

Time kept moving forward, just like it always does. The birthday party was still going on, full of energy and excitement.

Some of the guests had already left, but most were still there since it wasn't too late yet.

The front yard of the house had been transformed into a party venue. Of course, with someone as rich and powerful as **Mr. Hiran Sikhares**, every party he hosted had to be grand and luxurious—just like his status.

The huge estate surrounding the Sikhares mansion could easily host as many guests as a five-star hotel.

The night sky was dark, but the party was lit up with warm orange lights placed around the venue.

Soft, beautiful music played through the night. A violinist and pianist performed together, creating a calm, elegant atmosphere. The guests were mostly business people, important figures in politics, and high-ranking officials.

**Chayavee Sikhares** stood out from everyone else at the party—except maybe her twin sister, **Thayavee Sikhares**, who also drew a lot of attention.

Since the evening started, the two sisters had been greeting and welcoming guests as the hosts. But now, they had stepped aside and were standing together quietly in a corner of the party.

They were joined by their sister-in-law, chatting casually like close family members. But Chayavee wasn’t really paying attention to the conversation.

Her eyes were scanning the crowd, looking for someone who had left to go to the bathroom about twenty minutes ago… and still hadn’t come back.

Then suddenly, she saw her, **Pasika** stood out, even from far away. She was talking to a man. She looked stunning in her tight-fitting dress that showed off her slim, beautiful figure. Her fair skin and elegant collarbones were visible, and even her beige, wavy hair that flowed down her back added to her charm.

Her big round eyes sparkled like they held a million stars inside. Her small, delicate face was perfectly made up, and her charming smile seemed to be given freely to everyone at the party—including the man she was chatting with, who was clearly enjoying her sweet, flirty gaze.

Chayavee politely excused herself from her sister and sister-in-law. She wouldn’t have normally interrupted anyone, but this time was different. She felt Pasika should at least show her a little respect—especially since her father clearly liked Pasika and openly wished she’d become his daughter-inlaw.

“There you are. I’ve been looking for you,” Chayavee said.

Pasika didn’t respond right away. Instead, the man standing next to her turned to Chayavee with a polite smile.

“Oh, hello, Khun Chayavee. I hadn’t noticed you since I arrived.”

“There are so many pretty girls at this party. No surprise you didn’t see me,”

Chayavee said with a slight smile.

“And sorry to interrupt. It’s just that the girl who came with me disappeared for a while, so I came to find her.”

“Oh, you must mean Khun Ping,”

The man replied politely.

“Go ahead, no problem. But Khun Ping, please call me before you go back?”

“Yes, I will have to bother you, Mr. Wetat,”

Pasika said.

“Happy to help. But, um…”

The man glanced toward the drink in Pasika’s hand.

That was all it took for her to understand what he meant.

She lifted the glass and finished it in one go, then handed the empty glass to a nearby staff member—under the quiet but sharp gaze of someone who had been silently watching.

Once Pasika and Chayavee stepped away together, Chayavee couldn’t hold back her questions any longer.

“Why does Ping need to call Mr. Wetat before leaving?”

“Ping’s house is along the way to Mr. Wetat’s condo,”

Pasika explained calmly.

“He offered to drop me off, and I said yes. I don't want to bother Phi Pierce.”

“But the party’s ending late. Dad already said you could stay over. Why go back when there's no one at home?”

“That’s exactly why. I just feel more comfortable sleeping in my own home.”

And it made things comfortable for both of them—because Pasika knew very well that Chayavee didn’t really want to be stuck taking care of her anyway.

When Chayavee was in front of elders or other people, she acted like a completely different person — polite and calm, at least in the eyes of others. But when she was alone with Pasika, that calm image vanished like an illusion.

“Well, it’s up to you, Ping.”

As soon as she finished speaking, Chayavee was left standing there with a strange feeling, letting out a sigh of frustration — a reaction she was already used to from seeing this kind of behavior so often.

In this case, “used to” meant how she acted toward her, not the emotions she had, which were mostly out of her control — just like everything else that involved Chayavee.

After a while, once she had separated from Pasika, Chayavee got pulled into a group of businessmen for some small talk. But while chatting with them, she kept raising her hand to signal the waiter for more drinks.

Every now and then, out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of someone’s sweet smile — a smile she kept giving to all the guys who came over to talk to her. The more she saw it, the more it stirred something inside her. Her dark brown eyes were starting to glisten from the alcohol she had been drinking a little too often.

She often caught glimpses of Pasika's charming smile being distributed to the men who approached her. The feelings inside her grew restless. Her dark brown eyes started to glisten from the frequent drinks.

Pasika was accustomed to social events. Her looks, education, status, and family background made her desirable to those who met her.

It was a perfection that everyone wanted to approach, but not for Chayavee, who was neglecting the woman her father had intended for her.

While Chayavee tried to divert her attention from the woman who kept invading her thoughts, Pasika, aware of her own growing discomfort, decided to leave the event area.

Pasika stood near the fountain, contemplating whether to call Wetat or take a taxi.

Not being a strong drinker, she felt the effects of the alcohol and was concerned about her safety late at night.

Calling her driver would take a long time.

Option three, Chayavee, was quickly dismissed due to their strained relationship.

Finally, she took out her phone, choosing the least uncomfortable option.

"Khun Wetat, I apologize for bothering you."

“It’s no problem at all. If I’m not mistaken, the reason you actually called me… is because you want to go home, right?”

“If it’s not too much trouble for you, I’m standing in front of the fountain. Is that okay with you?”

“No problem at all, Khun Ping. I’ll be right there.”

As soon as his soft voice faded, the phone was slipped back into the pocket of his suit jacket. His eyes, holding a hidden look of satisfaction, focused on the delicate woman who had just hung up the call.

A sly smile crept across his lips. Ever since they had gone their separate ways, Pasika had no idea she’d been under his watchful eye the whole time — almost every step she took.

Wetat didn’t rush over to her right after the call. Instead, he waited a while on purpose, acting like he just happened to come by. He wanted it to seem like he hadn’t been quietly observing her all along — observing the result of his own little scheme.

And of course, something had been secretly slipped into her drink. That was why he had to keep such a close eye on her reactions — she was the woman he had his sights on.

“Khun Phing, sorry to keep you waiting,” he said as he approached.

“It’s okay. And I should apologize for bothering you like this. You were probably still enjoying the party.”

Pasika forced a smile, feeling genuinely sorry for disturbing him. If Chayavee hadn’t offered earlier to drive her home at her father’s request, she wouldn’t have needed to call anyone else.

“It’s no trouble at all,”

Wetat said smoothly.

“For me, nothing is more important than you, Khun Ping.”

“Thank you.”

It wasn’t unusual for a guy like Wetat to shower her with sweet words every chance he got. But because of how off she was feeling, Pasika didn’t even notice the overly sugary glint in his eyes — a look that crossed the line of being respectful.

“My car’s parked over there. Let’s go.”

“Okay.”

Wetat smirked, noticing the change in her voice.

Confident in his plan, he moved closer, casually putting his arm around her bare shoulder, something he normally wouldn't dare to do.

Pasika was arrogant and reserved, from a perfect family. The biggest obstacle for any man who wanted to approach her was Hirun Sikhares's youngest daughter.

A woman who made most men feel inferior, in terms of status, ability, and even women.

"Khun Wetat?"

"Please allow me. I noticed you seemed unwell, so I wanted to help you. I hope you don't mind."

"....."

She usually didn't allow anyone to touch her, but the warmth from his touch made her lose her composure, and she didn't want to pull away. She wanted him to hold her, and more.

Wetat was pleased with the result. Pasika was yielding, and everything was going according to plan, until he looked up from her cleavage and saw someone blocking their path.

Chayavee's presence was an unwelcome interruption.

Frustrated, Wetat almost lost control of his emotions, revealing his displeasure.

"Khun Pierce, is there something wrong? We were about to leave. If you don't have anything important, please step aside."

Chayavee glanced at Pasika, who was trying to pull away from the man's arm. Her dark brown eyes were indifferent. She didn't feel anything about the sight in front of her, but was just doing her job, as she should be.

"I can't step aside right now. And Pasika doesn't need you to drive her. I'll take care of my woman myself."

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**This story is about Thayavee's twin sister from the book "Stop Your Heart".**

# Chapter 02

After separating from the young man, Pasika carefully balanced herself on her six-inch heels as she followed the tall woman into the house.

Even though she seemed calm on the outside, Pasika could tell she was clearly annoyed. And Pasika wasn’t someone who always backed down easily.

Even though she wasn’t feeling great physically and couldn’t argue with her like she might have wanted to, deep inside she still felt a quiet resistance— something that came naturally to an only daughter who had been spoiled and pampered all her life.

“You can take me back to be with Khun Wetat. You really don’t have to go through all this trouble, P’Pierce. I don’t want to bother you by staying over.”

“I’m not driving you anywhere right now, Ping.”

Chayavee knew she had already had quite a bit to drink, so driving wasn’t a smart idea.

When she briefly looked into the eyes of the stubborn woman beside her, Pasika quickly turned her gaze away and looked toward one of the housemaids instead—clearly wanting to be done with this annoying moment.

“Please take Khun Ping to the guest room to rest.”

“Yes, Khun Pierce.”

Before the slim woman could say anything to protest, Chayavee cut her off by walking up the stairs, leaving behind the housemaid’s teenage niece. The girl had been raised by the Sikhares family out of kindness since she was young. Now she was left to face the guest on her own, with a blank expression.

She knew very well that Pasika was an important guest. She had seen her come around often enough to understand there was something going on between her boss and this beautiful woman.

Pasika was the kind of woman the head of the house wanted as a daughterin-law. So when Chayavee left her to be taken care of by a maid and walked away like that, the girl couldn’t help but think maybe the two of them had a little fight.

“Please come upstairs and rest, Khun Ping. I noticed Khun Pierce’s face looked red—she must’ve had a lot to drink. That’s why she couldn’t drive you back. Don’t be upset with her, okay?”

“I’m not upset. You go on ahead, Manow.”

Pasika forced a small smile, trying to calm herself and think clearly about what to say to the young girl in front of her.

And because she could feel that her body wasn’t ready for any more drama, Pasika decided to quietly follow the housemaid up to the second floor.

The guest room was located on the left wing of the house. The young maid pushed the bedroom door open, and once Pasika stepped inside and stood in the middle of the room, she barely had the energy to take in her surroundings.

She could sense the luxury around her. Having grown up in a similar environment, she was used to this kind of setting. So, nothing in this mansion really felt new or exciting to her.

“Is there anything else you need, Khun Ping?”

“It’s already quite late. I’m fine. You can go rest now, Manow.”

“In that case, I’ll excuse myself. Khun Pierce’s bedroom is the first room we passed just a minute ago. If you need anything, you can go there. Normally, at night, the house staff isn’t allowed to come up here unless they’re called for.”

Pasika simply nodded and smiled faintly in response. Once the slim young maid turned and left the room, she was left standing alone.

The air in the room was cool thanks to the AC, but inside her body, she felt hot and restless.

She was starting to feel lightheaded and dizzy, almost like she was drunk. But because of her personal habit of never going to bed without a shower, she made her way straight into the bathroom.

There weren’t any spare clothes left out for her, but that wasn’t a problem. Pasika was confident no one would dare enter the room without permission, so she felt comfortable staying in the room alone, even without changing clothes.

Meanwhile, the woman who had gone up to her own room earlier— Chayavee—was now standing in front of her wardrobe, scanning through her clothes.

She wasn’t the type to wear frilly or overly cute pajamas. Most of her sleepwear consisted of simple satin sets—just a shirt and long pants.

Chayavee finally chose one set, but she only took the shirt off the hanger.

Since Pasika was much smaller in size, she figured the long shirt alone would cover her down to her thighs. Adding the pants might just make things clumsy or increase the chance of tripping and falling.

Wearing a dark gray sleep shirt, Chayavee walked out of the dressing area. But just as she stepped into the bedroom, someone knocked on the door, causing her to stop and head toward it to see who it was.

"Is something wrong?"

Chayavee turned to face the young woman who had disturbed her so late at night, standing there looking guilty and hesitant.

Everyone in the house knew she never allowed the staff to knock on her bedroom door during her rest time—unless it was truly important.

"Well... I already saw Miss Ping to her room,"

The girl explained nervously.

"But I noticed something was off. She seemed kind of... out of it, like she was drunk. I asked if she needed anything, but she said no and told me to go. I just thought I should let you know, in case she needs help and no one's around.”

“Thanks. You can go rest now—I’ll take care of it.”

Chayavee spoke in her usual calm, even tone. Though she wasn’t thrilled with what she’d just heard, she wasn’t one to take it out on someone who wasn’t to blame.

She didn’t believe in double standards—just that people should be treated based on what they deserve.

Carrying the pajamas she’d picked out earlier, Chayavee left her room and walked to Pasika’s door. She didn’t hesitate as she raised her hand and knocked firmly.

But no one answered.

Remembering what the maid had said, that Pasika might be drunk, she cautiously reached for the doorknob. It wasn’t locked, so she gently pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The bed was empty.

Her eyes shifted to the closed bathroom door just as the sound of running water reached her ears. Instead of simply leaving the pajamas and stepping out, Chayavee chose to sit and wait.

There was no other reason for it—just a need to be sure Pasika was okay and not too affected by whatever she might have had to drink.

Eventually, the water stopped. A moment later, the door opened, and Pasika stepped out, wrapped only in a towel.

“P’Pierce? How did you get in here?”

Pasika tried to keep her voice steady. She wasn’t cold—but she had been standing under the cool water for a long time, trying to calm the heat that had taken over her body.

But instead of cooling off, it only seemed to get worse. Her consciousness seemed to gradually fade away from her body more and more.

She was dizzy, unfocused, and starting to lose control.

"I brought you pajamas."

"Thanks."

"What's wrong? Are you drunk?"

Chayavee didn’t just ask—she stood up tall, eyes fixed on Pasika’s pretty face, still covered in tiny droplets of water. Her hair was wet, with little drops running down the strands, like she didn’t even bother drying off properly.

Chayavee noticed something off about her, even though Pasika smelled faintly of body wash. The scent lingered around her as if it had just come out of the bathroom, and without thinking, Chayavee breathed it in.

She didn’t mean to, of course—it’s just natural to breathe.

"Just a little tipsy. But I swear I didn’t drink that much,"

Pasika said, trying to stay composed. But her body was reacting in strange ways. When Chayavee lightly touched her arm, it sent a rush through her entire body, making her heart race. Even though Chayavee didn’t do anything more, it was enough to stir something inside her.

Her body started heating up, almost like she wanted to throw the towel off her skin.

She felt overwhelmed, her mind blank. All she could feel was desire— everything else faded away.

"P'Pierce... I..."

Her words trailed off. She couldn’t explain what she was feeling. Pasika just stared at the taller woman with half-closed, dreamy eyes, unable to control herself anymore.

""Why? A few drinks and now you're feeling flirty?"

".... "

Pasika couldn’t answer. Her body moved on its own, stepping into Chayavee’s arms.

She slowly wrapped her arms around Chayavee’s neck, pulling her closer. Tilting her face up, she kissed her—softly at first, but full of unspoken longing.

Chayavee didn’t push her away. The moment that soft little tongue slipped into her mouth, the familiar sweet taste—one she’d tasted many times before—stirred something in her. Instead of resisting, she found herself giving in and kissed her back.

Both arms tightened around her slim waist. Her infatuation with the body of another woman seemed to rip Chayavee's sanity apart. Now, it felt like her self-control was slipping away completely.

That raw desire within her was fully awake now. The sensation of Ping’s plump breasts pressing against her body until they almost merged into one flesh was stimulating the blood in her body to swell. And with the alcohol still in her system, everything felt more intense, like it was fueling the fire even more.

Their kiss deepened, their tongues tangled in a passionate exchange. Chayavee’s warm hands slid down the smooth skin of Ping’s back, right before the towel wrapped around her slender figure was pulled loose— falling silently to the floor.

"You can’t blame me for this, Ping... because you’re the one who’s asking for it."

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# Chapter 03

The slender figure was pushed back until she was cornered at the edge of the bed. Chayavee cradled the person in her arms, laying her down on the mattress, followed by her own tall frame looming over her.

Their lips remained locked, the passionate kiss continuing intensely. The air was stolen from the inexperienced one, who was almost breathless.

"Umm..."

The sound of protest mingled with the sensual emotion. Although still lost in a haze of uncontrollable feelings, her body craved oxygen before it was completely stolen away.

Chayavee finally broke the kiss, her breath heavy. She gazed at the sweet face staring back, eyes glazed with desire, silently pleading. It made her want to devour the other person.

Pasika was tempting her, pushing her restraint to the limit.

The bright room light illuminated the smooth, fair skin. Her full, firm breasts, which Chayavee estimated would fill her hands, and the rosy nipples like ripe cherries, were a tempting sight that made her throat dry.

The beauty before her ignited a fire within Chayavee, who didn't want to suffer from restraint any longer. With the other woman's unspoken consent, she seized the opportunity.

Her warm hands moved to cup the full breasts, kneading and teasing the sensitive peaks with her fingertips.

"Mmm... Phi Pierce..."

A wave of pleasure surged from her chest to her lower abdomen. Pasika gazed up with half-lidded eyes, her lips parted to gasp for air and release soft moans as her nipples were stimulated.

The sensual feeling spread throughout her body, her reactions purely instinctual. It was a captivating sight for Chayavee, who felt her own desire rising rapidly. Chayavee's warm lips trailed kisses from Pasika's cheek to her ear, down to her slender neck.

The tip of her nose is high and her lips are shaped, sucking and nibbling along her fragrant neck, until she stops to admire the breast that is not held by her palm.

The left nipple was wet with saliva. Pasika couldn't predict where Chayavee would touch or what she would do next.

Sometimes her breasts were squeezed and kneaded, sometimes licked and sucked until she gasped.

Her body trembled violently, a sharp sensation coursing through her. Her hips began to writhe, craving more.

Chayavee's warm hands caressed her smooth skin slowly, much to Pasika's frustration.

A wave of tension built within her, like a tidal wave threatening to overwhelm her.

Pasika didn't know how to release it, but her body's automatic response led her to guide Chayavee's hand to her core.

"Mmm..."

"Are you always this much desire, when you're drunk, Ping?"

Chayavee's voice was hoarse. She was convinced it was the alcohol. Pasika's legs parted, her hips pushing against Chayavee's hand, inviting her to explore without restraint.

Pasika was demanding, despite her awkwardness.

Chayavee sensed her inexperience, which contrasted with her willingness to surrender.

Since Pasika offered, Chayavee's own desire surged, like a wildfire.

Her fingers teased the delicate folds, and Pasika's moans fueled her. The delicate bud was teased relentlessly, but it wasn't enough for the whimpering woman beneath her.

"Phi Pierce, ah! Harder... Can you go harder?"

Pasika dug her toes into the sheets, her hands clutching at the fabric, her brows furrowed, her eyes glazed, her lips parted, releasing soft cries as Chayavee's fingers moved rhythmically between her legs.

Chayavee changed her target to a small piece of flesh, giving in and grinding it faster. The bright room light reflected the skin of the naked woman that was turning red.

The temperature of the invaded person's body rose. Pasika was free from shyness. Her body wanted to be released. It demanded until Chayavee twitched the corner of her mouth to smile. She could feel the need through the body language that was struggling..

The tall figure intentionally crushed the tip of her finger on the wet sensitive spot. The sweet face was red and clenched because the emotions of desire were taking over. When the thin figure demanded more, Chayavee was ready to move forward to the end.

Two slender fingers slowly penetrated the wet love canal, pressing deep inside to explore inside. Feeling the squeezing force from the hot love canal, it throbbed, sucking violently as if it was going to hurt the artificial object that was inserted.

Pasika's body had never been invaded by something big was breaking away from the strange thing that had invaded it to the utmost.

The slender body tensed up in the stomach, feeling a mix of discomfort and pain. But her desire caused the body to easily ignore the pain.

"Show-off."

Chayavee murmured, watching Pasika's wince and the tears welling in her eyes.

She wasn't so inexperienced that she didn't recognize the naive response. Whatever the reason, her own desire, combined with Pasika's urging, led her to continue with more gentleness.

Her fingers moved in and out, slow then fast, as Pasika's hips moved in sync. Beads of sweat appeared on the sweet face. The heat that was condensing in the body seemed to explode.

As Chayavee squeezing the rhythm of love harder, the sensitive point sent waves of pleasure through Pasika's body caused the flat stomach to twitch and groan repeatedly.

The love channel twitched and squeezed around Chayavee's fingers tightly, unable to withstand the heat that overflowed.

The passionate encounter drained their energy, leaving them breathless. Yet, their desire didn't subside. Pasika's body craved more, her hips moving against Chayavee's fingers, her breasts arching, her hands kneading her own flesh.

Chayavee watched the alluring image in front of her with growing impatience.

In the end, she couldn't just stand there and watch.

"You're tempting me, Ping. Just be prepared to handle the consequences."

Chayavee withdrew her fingers, quickly shedding her own clothes, until she was left with only her naked body, equal to the person who was constantly teasing her.

Her eyes locked on Pasika's flushed body, the longing in her eyes igniting a fire within Chayavee.

She parted Pasika's legs, positioning herself between them. The moment their bodies touched, Chayavee lost all restraint. The groaning was loud filled the room and harmonious with the sound of bodies rubbing together fiercely.

Pasika's hands gripped Chayavee's waist, her nails digging into her skin. Despite the pain, Chayavee's pleasure intensified, driving her deeper. Each thrust elicited a cry from Phasika's lips.

The more Pasika demanded, the more Chayavee responded. The taste of lust was burning both of them. Neither of them knew when this desire would end.

Each climax only led to another.

Like people ready to jump into each other with endless desires...

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The dark night faded into dawn, the sun's rays beginning to fill the room. Pasika's eyelids fluttered open, her body aching.

Her senses registered the events of the night, her brows furrowing at the soreness.

Her beautiful eyes were fixed on the ceiling of the room. The unfamiliar surroundings and the weight of someone's arm draped over her waist demanded attention, making her gaze shift to the source.

The beautiful face of the person beside her was so close that their eyes met from less than an inch away. The fuzzy feeling from sleepiness faded away instantly, and her heart skipped a beat, as she realized the person was already looking at her.

"Phi Pierce..."

The events from the previous night began to flood her mind in fragmentsthe warm breath brushing against her skin, separated only by a thin sheet, the feeling of skin on skin beneath the heavy blanket. It was undeniable evidence of what had happened.

Pasika pressed her lips together tightly, unable to say anything. She simply wanted to escape the arm still draped around her waist.

But even the smallest movement brought a stinging pain from the discomfort in her body, a constant reminder of the night's events, making her reluctant to move at all.

"If you think you can tie me down this way, you know you might lose your virginity for nothing."

It was no surprise that Chayavee greeted her with words that hurt. Pasika clenched her teeth, eyes brimming with tears. Part of the pain came from what she said, but the real reason for her tears was how she felt physically at that moment.

She wanted to snap back and hurt her with her words too, but she hadn't had the chance. Just then, a loud knock came from the bedroom door, making them both immediately turn to look.

Chayavee didn't feel anything at first about the persistent knocking-until, just seconds later, the door was pushed open without permission.

The first thing they saw was the housemaid standing there with a pale face and wide eyes. But when Chayavee looked past the maid's shoulder, she immediately became annoyed. She now understood why the maid had dared to barge in without being invited.

Someone powerful had backed her up.

It wasn't that Hiran Sikhares had stepped into the private space himself, but the sight of the two of them sitting under the same blanket in a very compromising position certainly didn't go unnoticed.

This situation played right into Mr. Hiran's hands-Chayavee knew his father well enough to realize what he was thinking.

A man like Mr. Hiran would never personally knock on anyone's doorespecially the guest room, when he already knew exactly who had spent the night there.

Even if Pasika had overslept unusually late, that still wasn't a reason for the head of the household to come knocking herself. Just saying the word would've been enough-the maid would follow her orders without question.

But every action had a purpose-and in this case, it was to gather evidence that could later be used against her.

Chayavee turned to look at the woman beside her, who now wore a shocked and pale expression. Her face remained expressionless and tense. Just a moment later, Mr. Hiran quickly turned away from the shocking sight of his daughter, his powerful voice sending a chill down their spines.

"Get yourselves together and come meet me downstairs. Both of you."

With that, he walked away, leaving the flustered maid to hurriedly close the door behind him.

Chayavee turned her gaze back to the woman lying beside her. Knowing exactly what was about to happen next, she couldn't help but say something aimed to hurt her deeply.

"Your innocence can't hold me back, Ping."

"Maybe you should spend that time thinking of a good excuse to give to uncle first. Then you can come back and talk to me like that,"

She snapped back quickly, refusing to let her harsh words go unanswered.

Her slim hands held the blanket tightly over her bare body, trying to avoid her piercing stare.

"So you're admitting it now, huh? That you were willing to strip yourself naked just to become the daughter-in-law of a rich man."

"Are you saying this just to make me feel bad?"

"Well... isn't that true, Ping? Because if it is, I'd be really happy."

With those stinging words, Chayavee threw off the blanket. She didn't show the slightest bit of shame standing there completely exposed in front of the woman who quickly turned her face away.

But when she noticed how pale and worn out she looked after being pushed around all night, she suddenly felt an unexpected wave of irritation.

Pasika had been so good at flirting her-it was hard not to imagine that if Pasika had insisted on letting that guy, Wetat, take her home instead... the person standing here might not be her.

"You didn't get up because you wanted to seduce me to do it again, or because you wanted my attention and wanted me to carry you?"

"Don't,"

Pasika snapped, her voice firm and threatening. She forgot herself for a moment and turned to glare at her. But even with that fierce look, she still came off like a helpless kitten, which didn't stop the tall woman from doing what she wanted.

"P' Pierce, what are you going to do? I already told you not to get involved."

She said, trying to resist as Chayavee leaned in closer. Annoyed and fed up from all the teasing, Pasika immediately tried to push her away.

But Chayavee slipped one arm beneath her knees and the other under her back, lifting her effortlessly into her arms.

Even though she struggled in protest, Pasika didn't have enough strength left to even slightly bother the tall man.

"I'm not a big man, Ping. If you keep struggling, I'll really let you fall to the ground."

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# Chapter 04

In the living room sat the dignified and imposing figure of Mr. Hiran, legs crossed, waiting patiently.

Chayavee walked in, leading the slender figure of Pasika behind her. However, she kept some distance between them. Aside from their difference in leg length, Pasika's weak and trembling legs forced her to grit her teeth and hold herself together to avoid showing any signs of weakness.

Her first experience of love, which lasted the entire night, had clearly taken a heavy toll on her.

And even now, Pasika couldn’t figure out how she had allowed such a thing to happen.

“Sit down, both of you. It’s time we had a serious talk about this,”

Said Mr. Hiran.

At his command, Chayavee chose to sit down on the long sofa. This left Pasika with little choice but to sit beside her.

“Over the past year or so, you and Ping have been seeing each other. I think that’s long enough. Especially now, after what I saw with my own eyes, I doubt you can deny how far things have gone between you two. So, your relationship should be made official.”

Chayavee looked her father in the eyes but didn’t respond right away. Her face showed no emotion—neither joy nor displeasure. The way her father spoke made it easy to guess what she was thinking.

“It’s a normal thing, Father. But I’m not a man, so I obviously can’t get your little Ping pregnant,”

She said calmly.

Pasika’s face flushed hot at that response. She couldn’t even tell whether the emotion surging through her was anger or embarrassment—both seemed to be fighting for dominance inside her.

To her, Chayavee’s words felt no different than a complete denial of responsibility. It was as if she didn’t feel the slightest bit accountable for what had happened.

Even though Pasika had already expected such a response, hearing it spoken so bluntly still stung. If she had at least softened the blow with gentler words, maybe it wouldn’t have been so difficult for her to bear.

At the same time, Mr. Hiran’s face tightened upon hearing his daughter’s reply.

Her words may not have strayed far from what he’d anticipated—he was her father, after all, and no one knew her nature better than he did.

There had been many times when Chayavee had gone along with his wishes without complaint, but that didn’t mean his youngest daughter would always be easily led.

Beneath her calm, polite demeanor was a tide, quiet but strong, that could swell into a powerful wave at any moment.

If someone wanted Chayavee to back down, they’d need to bring solid reasons to the table—because reason was the only thing she was willing to wrestle with.

For this reason, Mr. Hiran was fairly confident that, this time, he held the upper hand over his daughter.

And there was little doubt why he had appeared in front of the guest lounge at such a perfect moment.

It was because, at last night’s party, he had happened to notice something unusual—something involving the woman he had his eye on as a future daughter-in-law.

Pasika had quietly slipped out of the event, followed at a distance by a young businessman’s daughter he knew very well—his own.

But what made Mr. Hiran decide to observe from afar rather than intervene was that his dear daughter still carried herself with composure and didn’t let anything slip.

He was a man of age and experience. There was no way he’d fail to notice the subtle signs of something off in the woman he’d set his hopes on.

So, the order to keep an eye on his daughter had been passed to the housekeeper.

And now that the outcome had unfolded as he expected, everything had fallen into place without him having to lift a finger. All it took was showing up with a stern face at just the right time, and his clever daughter was cornered with no way out.

Pasika had all the qualities he wanted in a daughter-in-law—hardworking, intelligent, and not to mention beautiful and charming. Even if his stubborn daughter still showed signs of resistance, a man like Mr. Hiran was determined to see the two girls married and settled once and for all.

“I never thought I’d hear words like that from my own daughter. Ping is a girl with parents, with dignity. More importantly, she’s my dearest friend’s child. You’ve been seeing her under our watchful eyes for over a year. At this point, if you’re still thinking of just brushing it off, I absolutely won’t allow it.”

The repeated switch between “Father” and “I” in every sentence came in a firm, clipped tone, each word sharpened to command obedience from his daughter—and it worked.

Confronting her father head-on had never been in Chayavee’s nature, so she chose silence as her response.

Or perhaps there was another reason she understood all too well: the alcohol she’d consumed hadn’t clouded her judgment nearly enough to excuse what happened.

And there was no denying that, throughout the night, Pasika had been the one actively seeking her touch—with an intensity far beyond what would be considered normal.

It was strange enough that Chayavee couldn’t help but think of Wetat’s behavior. Still, the bigger issue now was that what had happened last night had turned into a noose tightening around her, giving Mr. Hiran the perfect excuse to push his agenda. There was no way he’d just let this go.

"Dad wants me to take responsibility, is that right?"

"It should be that way. You have to marry her anyway."

"But Uncle,"

After sitting and listening to the argument between father and daughter for a long while, as soon as she heard the word marry, Pasika could no longer stay silent.

"I mean, Ping isn’t really serious about what happened. Besides, both Ping and P’Pierce are women. There’s probably no real damage done that requires taking responsibility to that extent, Uncle."

This time, it wasn’t tycoon Hiran who had a stern expression—it was Chayavee herself who was visibly irritated, just from hearing the other party’s indirect rejection.

What, it had to be a guy like Wetat or something? Only then would she agree to marry because she thought she was "damaged"?

"So that’s how you think, Ping?"

"Yes."

"But I don’t think that way. Because to me, whenever a romantic or sexual relationship occurs, no matter who it’s with, the status isn’t any different from that of a man and a woman. I understand that kids these days may see this kind of thing as normal, but between you and my daughter, this has to be an exception. Even though Pierce can’t get you pregnant, I still can’t let this go easily. At the very least, Ping, you should think about your father’s reputation."

"But I think my father would understand..."

"I’ve made my decision,"

Tycoon Mr. Hiran cut in, shutting down any further protest from his future daughter-in-law and leaving no room for negotiation—not even his own daughter would be granted that right.

"This matter will be handled by the adults. There’s nothing more for you two to discuss. Ping, you will marry Pierce. The wedding will be arranged as soon as possible. All you need to do is get ready."

As soon as that final statement was delivered, silence blanketed the room. Chayavee didn’t object to her father’s command—her expression stayed calm, detached, as though she felt nothing about what had just happened.

But deep down, Pasika could sense that her heart was anything but calm. After all, this outcome was clearly not what Chayavee wanted—not even close.

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That afternoon, Pasika left the Sikhares estate, driven by one of the family’s chauffeurs. But the moment they were alone together, Chayavee didn’t hesitate to shatter the quiet. She had no intention of giving the woman beside her even a moment of peace.

"Are you happy now, Ping?"

"....."

When the other woman opened the conversation in a calm, flat voice, Pasika—who had been sitting with her arms crossed, gazing out the window—snapped her head around, looking at her companion with clear annoyance.

Yes, she really was feeling that way.

“If you’re just going to say something to make me feel bad, P’Pierce, then don’t bother saying anything at all. I just want to sit in silence. And for the record, I never wanted things between us to turn out like this.”

“But it already has, hasn’t it?”

“And what exactly am I supposed to do about it? Your father’s already made up his mind. If you really believe I seduced you, then why did you go along with it? If you didn’t care about me at all, then you should’ve just kept your hands to yourself. Because if you hadn’t, none of this would’ve happened.”

“Do I really seem like such a saint to you, Ping? That even when a woman stands naked in front of me, basically throwing herself at me, I’d just walk away? Whether I value you or not—that’s a separate issue.”

Once again, Phasika felt her face go numb from her words. And as always, she was left cornered—unable to come up with anything to fight back against someone who always knew just how to chip away at her.

So Pasika chose silence, letting the atmosphere inside the car grow thick with discomfort and unspoken tension.

When they finally arrived at her home, Chayavee drove off immediately— without even the usual stop for tea or coffee.

Pasika’s slender figure stepped into the hall. Her father was currently abroad and scheduled to return next week.

That was the very reason Mr. Hiran had invited her to spend the night at the Sikhares estate instead of returning home after the party.

Not only had the gathering ended late, but her father had also asked his close friend to look after her in his absence—since she was attending the event alone on his behalf.

But who would’ve thought that in just one night, something so serious could happen—something that was about to become a major turning point in her life?

Pasika exchanged only a few brief greetings with the housekeeper before heading up to her bedroom. Her exhausted body craved rest, and she now felt deeply regretful about the alcohol that had made her lose control.

Standing naked before the mirror, she looked over her reflection. Red marks were clearly visible on her skin—on her neck, around her chest, her stomach, and even the insides of her thighs.

Her legs still trembled with weakness, barely strong enough to hold her upright. Yet she forced herself to drag her feet into the shower, letting the warm water cascade over her body.

Up until now, Pasika didn’t even know how she was supposed to feel about what had happened. Her relationship with Chayavee was so ambiguous that she never imagined it could lead to this point.

When they were first introduced by the elders, neither she nor Chayavee had shown any resistance to their wishes. Chayavee would pick her up, take her out to eat, or watch movies together. The relationship seemed to be heading in the direction both families wanted.

Pasika admitted that, at the start, she only went along with it because she hoped to use Chayavee as a shield—to prevent her father from introducing her to the sons of his business partners.

She was tired of her father’s matchmaking behavior and decided to solve the problem by telling him that she liked women, thinking that her father would never accept it. She believed he would eventually give up trying to pair her with someone.

But things didn’t go as planned. After thinking that the whole matchmaking issue would end, the focus turned to Chayavee, simply because her father saw that Chayavee had all the qualities that made her suitable.

In order to put an end to the issue, Pasika agreed to go along with her father's wishes. She intended to get to know Chayavee for a while and then gradually distance herself.

However, during that time, the closeness between them put Pasika at a disadvantage, as she allowed Chayavee to hug and kiss her, thinking it was just a normal part of starting a relationship that everyone went through.

But as their closeness deepened, the things she once firmly believed in began to waver.

Pasika no longer had the same confidence in her own stance.

She wasn’t sure if the future she had imagined would truly be one without Chayavee in it.

She wasn’t sure if she was really falling for a woman.

It wasn’t until Chayavee’s behavior began to change that the feelings started to become clearer.

When they were in public, Chayavee treated her the same as always, but when they were alone, everything seemed to shift completely.

What was once attentiveness turned into indifference, which Pasika began to notice more and more. She was the one who grew restless, feeling uneasy every time Chayavee’s gaze lingered on another woman.

Even when a call came in from someone, Chayavee would always excuse herself to speak in private, away from her.

The status of their relationship had never been clear during the entire year they had spent together.

And yet, arguments and tension seemed inevitable whenever the discomfort over certain things reached its breaking point.

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"If you think this isn’t going anywhere, or if you have someone else, just tell me directly, P’Pierce. Don’t keep doing this to me."

"After everything that’s happened, do I still need to say it, Ping?"

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The short reply left no room for interpretation—Chayavee was silently admitting to everything she had said.

Chayavee lifted her face from the crook of Pasika’s neck. The hand that had been groping her breasts paused, then slowly withdrew, her expression now stiff and unreadable.

If she had given in, she might’ve ended up sleeping with Chayavee that very day—becoming nothing more than a toy—despite suspecting that Chayavee was seeing someone else. And yet, she continued to act this way toward her again and again.

Their last argument had taken place just two weeks before Mr. Hiran’s birthday. After that, the distance between them became real.

No contact. No calls. Not even a single message. No signs of remorse or effort to mend things. Nothing to show that Chayavee still wanted to keep the relationship going—or even try to meet her halfway.

Until everything spiraled into what happened last night. An event that would soon bind them together inescapably.

And even now, Pasika still didn’t know what she should do… if she were to spend her life with someone who didn’t even want to share a life with her.

And how many more cruelties would she have to endure from now on…?

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# Chapter 05

Since the day the marriage was officially decided, exactly two months had passed.

The wedding date between her and Pasika was now set for just two weeks from today—so rushed it was as if she had somehow managed to get someone else's daughter pregnant before marriage.

And ensuring everything was arranged perfectly within that timeframe wasn’t even close to being beyond the power of Mr. Hiran’s wealth. He could make it all happen with the snap of his fingers.

Today, Chayavee couldn’t concentrate on work. She’d been irritable since morning, sensing that the limits of her emotional tolerance were dangerously close to breaking.

She hadn’t seen her bride-to-be all week, even though the wedding date was fast approaching. Pasika kept avoiding her every chance she got.

And if not for unavoidable circumstances, even a phone call between them was nearly impossible.

Chayavee picked up her phone and dialed a number she knew by heart. It only rang briefly before a sweet voice came through the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Do you remember we have an appointment this afternoon?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then why didn’t you call? How am I supposed to know where to pick you up?"

As soon as she heard that flat, indifferent tone, Pasika could already picture Chayavee’s cold, emotionless face in her mind.

That was exactly why she kept avoiding any face-to-face encounters— because if she could help it, she didn’t want to deal with the suffocating tension that always surfaced when they were together.

"I’m at the office right now. I planned to drive there myself. It’d probably be easier for us to just meet at the dress fitting."

"I don’t have time to play hide and seek, Ping. Avoiding me won’t get the wedding canceled. Be ready—I’ll come pick you up."

After hanging up with irritation, Chayavee took a moment to collect herself and regain composure.

Once she felt somewhat in control again, she pressed the intercom to call her personal secretary. A few moments later, the office door swung open. "Yes, Miss Pierce? What can I help you with?"

“I’ll be out all afternoon. I won’t be back in the office, so if there are any urgent documents that need my signature, just roll them over to tomorrow.”

“Understood.”

That was all. Her secretary, who had worked alongside her for many years, didn’t ask a single question.

Chayavee wasn’t the playful type. She was strictly professional during work hours—always precise, composed, and focused. Outside of work, she remained neat and nearly flawless in manner. Yet, in terms of personality, she was relatively easygoing and flexible about many rules.

For example… if she caught employees gossiping in groups about others, she would just give them a stern look without saying a word. That alone was enough to make everyone quiet down.

Her calm, collected demeanor gave her an air of authority that made people respect her instinctively, even though she was never unreasonable or harsh.

Once the secretary left the room, Chayavee waited another ten minutes before leaving the company, driving off in her beloved supercar.

Her destination was an office building located in the Silom district. She didn’t bother going inside—just pulled up and waited out front. It wasn’t long before a stunning twenty-five-year-old CEO walked confidently toward her car.

Pasika was dressed in a brown off-shoulder top paired with a sleek black mini skirt. Six-inch high heels added elegance and length to her already slender figure.

She was a vision of perfection—flawlessly beautiful, just as expected of the only daughter of the wealthy businessman **Kanin Issaranuwat,** owner of a premier department store and head of a powerful family with deep ties in multiple influential business sectors.

Ever since the founding of hotels, restaurants, and other ventures—most of which sourced their wealth from retail businesses—Pasika’s family had been a prominent force in the industry.

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Pasika opened the car door and got in. As always, Chayavee didn’t bother greeting her with even a single word.

The car rolled forward at a normal pace as the woman behind the wheel kept her focus on the road. Likewise, Pasika made no attempt to interrupt her concentration with idle chatter. She didn’t speak first—didn’t say anything at all.

She sat with her arms crossed, chin raised, gazing out the window. When

Chayavee glanced over, she saw only the profile of a delicate, beautiful face and a high-bridged nose—features that, for some unknown reason, suddenly irked her.

*“Damn, look at Miss High and Mighty!”*

She sneered silently to herself, but her pride wouldn’t let her be the one to start a conversation.

Eventually, the car pulled up in front of a tailor shop they had already visited twice before.

The pair stepped inside, offering brief, polite greetings to the shop owner, and were quickly ushered toward the fitting rooms, with a designer hovering close by to attend to them—as befit their status as VIP customers.

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And as the bride-to-be, Pasika couldn't possibly turn down her friends' thoughtfulness. In the end, she just went along with everything, letting things unfold as they should.

## 8:00 PM…

At a small banquet hall inside a luxurious hotel, Pasika arrived at the venue right on time— not a minute late.

Still, she was later than the group of about ten close friends who had arrived earlier.

With each step her stiletto heels clicked against the floor, her sparkling eyes scanned the atmosphere around her with a smile. The venue for tonight’s celebration was elegant, intimate, and exactly the kind of setting she loved.

And of course, it was a heartfelt gesture from all her friends—a gift to her as the bride-to-be.

The overwhelming thoughtfulness of it all left Pasika speechless. It would’ve been perfect—if only this marriage was born out of love and mutual willingness between her and the man who was about to become her life partner.

“You look radiant like a bride should! I spotted you from afar,”

“Can’t I steal the spotlight just for once? I want to outshine you all today.”

Her graceful figure moved toward the group of friends, exchanging playful banter to keep the mood light and joyful. Despite the heaviness in her heart and the complete lack of hope she felt about the upcoming marriage, Pasika was determined not to be the one who ruined the mood of the evening.

"Then why didn’t your future wife come along?"

"To be honest, I didn’t invite her. I just had a moment where I wanted to have fun with the group of friends."

She can understand the pronouns her friends use when referring to Chayavee’s status. Even though she views the other person as her life partner, she doesn’t intend to go against her friends perspective.

Call it whatever feels comfortable. It’s up to each person’s own comfort.

"So, that means tonight there won’t be anyone following around. I guess our soon-to-be bride might end up getting a little tipsy then."

"....."

Pasika looked at the drink that her friend in the group handed her. She already knew that at any party for celebrating the last night of being single, no one could avoid alcoholic drinks like this.

But just looking at the drink and thinking about having to drink it, the event that led her to become a bride-to-be today came flooding back into her mind. It even made her recall the sense of regret she had once sworn to herself, vividly.

She would never touch intoxicating drinks again—never let herself fall into that helpless, unconscious state ever again.

“Take it easy, will you? Aren’t you afraid your friends will end up a mess?”

“As if little Miss Ping ever cared about that with friends. Besides… even if the bride-to-be does get drunk, she still has two whole weeks to recover her beauty.”

*Ugh.*

After the teasing ended with a round of laughter, Pasika reached out to take the drink from her friend.

The small party continued on, and one thing that couldn’t be missed were the memories captured in photos and videos.

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No one really paid attention to how much time had passed. But for someone who had shut herself away in her home office ever since returning home, she had only just now finished working through a pile of important documents.

Her tall figure leaned back into the chair. She was still wearing the same clothes she had on when she left the office—her white shirt unbuttoned at the top two buttons, sleeves rolled up nearly to her elbows. The polished, composed image she usually maintained in front of others was nowhere to be seen.

Her dark brown eyes glanced toward her phone before finally deciding to pick it up, staring at it with a thoughtful expression—after picking it up and putting it down several times already.

*Damn it!*

Because of her curiosity about someone’s whereabouts, she couldn’t shake the restlessness from her mind. But even though she felt like calling the source of her distraction directly to ask outright, the idea made Chayavee want to throw her phone across the room more than once.

She wasn’t worried, she wasn’t possessive—at least that’s what she told herself. Yet her slender fingers continued scrolling across the phone screen, secretly hoping that social media might give her a glimpse into the activities of the person who kept invading her thoughts.

She opened an Instagram account she had secretly followed long ago. Pasika only had a few hundred followers, since her profile was set to private, and she rarely posted anything for the world to see.

And as expected, the latest update had been posted a week ago. Still, Chayavee didn’t even realize she was continuing to scroll with growing persistence.

Until she stumbled upon the Instagram of a mutual friend—someone from their circle of business acquaintances, who also happened to be a close friend of her bride-to-be.

Chayavee stared at the photo that had been uploaded about half an hour ago. It was a selfie—Pasika’s delicate shoulder was wrapped in the arm of someone standing beside her. The two of them had their faces close together, smiling into the camera, while the account owner was likely the one holding the phone to snap the picture.

***The bachelorette party of our beautiful bride-to-be.***

That was the caption. Chayavee’s eyes shifted to the location tag displayed at the top of the photo.

Before she could even fully process the thought, her tall figure had already rushed out of the office in that very state. It took less than twenty minutes for Chayavee to drive herself straight to the venue—arriving just before 11

PM.

Not that she was in a hurry or anything… the roads were just clear at that hour, that’s all.

She stepped inside, greeting the manager who hurried over to welcome her with familiar ease.

That alone was enough to explain how Chayavee managed to show up right in front of the banquet room in just a matter of minutes.

As soon as the door was pushed open by one of the staff, her sharp eyes immediately locked onto the graceful figure of her bride-to-be.

Even if Pasika were standing in the middle of a hundred people, no one would ever know that these eyes of hers had never really seen anyone else —except for this woman, who always seemed to stand out so clearly in her gaze.

“P’Pierce, how did you get here?”

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# Chapter 06

Pasika spoke in a soft voice, not only surprised that Chayavee had appeared here, but also wondering how she even knew where to find her.

Her beautiful eyes briefly scanned the tall woman’s outfit. Chayavee was still wearing the same clothes she had on earlier that day when they went to try on wedding dresses together—though now lacking the meticulous neatness Pasika had grown used to.

Still, the slightly unbuttoned shirt and casually rolled-up sleeves did nothing to take away from her presence.

Chayavee still managed to carry that ever-clean, freshly showered look, as if she had just stepped out of the bathroom minutes ago.

“Oh! Khun Pierce, hello! I just heard from Ping that you wouldn’t be coming tonight!”

“Oh—hello, Khun Rada,”

Chayavee replied, briefly pulling her gaze from Pasika’s lovely face and turning it toward the speaker, who had likely been standing beside Pasika from the start. She had simply been too focused on someone to notice anyone else.

And it wasn’t surprising that this gorgeous woman greeted her so familiarly —besides being one of Pasika’s closest friends, Kirada was also the owner of the Instagram account that had led her here tonight.

“But Khun Pierce, you came all the way to the party? Don’t tell me you were too worried about the bride-to-be to sleep!”

“Well... maybe something like that.”

Pasika’s face flushed red to the tips of her ears. Not only did Chayavee completely dodge her question, but she also shamelessly went along with Rada’s teasing—and even pulled it off with a charming smile, as if she really meant what she was saying.

But no... Pasika knew better. That smile Chayavee was flashing at the others —then turning toward her—was nothing more than a sweet grin laced with poison.

“Well, since you’re already here, why don’t you come join the fun, Khun Pierce?”

As the main organizer of the event, Kirada was the one to personally extend the invitation to her friend’s fiancée.

She and Chayavee had seen each other at social events fairly often. They had exchanged words now and then—maybe not enough to be considered close, but enough to converse casually.

After all, Kirada father and Mr. Hiran were long-time acquaintances in the business world, more inclined toward mutual benefit than rivalry.

And to be honest… if Mr. Hiran hadn’t already had his eye on Kirada’s friend to become his future daughter-in-law, Kirada might’ve made the first move to flirt with this woman herself.

Because finding a woman who’s beautiful, rich, cool, smart, has a good career, and is exactly your type like this — well, it’s definitely not as easy as picking up fish at the supermarket.

And if someone overlooks her, it’s not just that they have bad taste — it’s honestly such a shame.

Turns out, that someone who overlooked her actually exists. The woman standing next to her now… he was once the person Kirada used to quietly refer to in her heart.

Pasika accidentally met eyes with the tall woman, then quickly tried to put on a cheerful smile to deal with the situation.

Chayavee had somehow become part of her bachelorette party. And as the party carried on with laughter and fun, she managed to blend in with her group of friends with no problem at all.

She chatted politely and warmly with everyone — acting mature like the successful businessman she is, someone clearly used to social events.

And that behavior extended to how she treated the bride-to-be, too. Whenever others were around, Chayavee played her part as the perfect partner — treating her much differently than when they were alone.

Everything was just like it had always been, to the point Pasika didn’t even want to compare her future wife with such harsh words.

But still… Chayavee was a master of two-faced behavior. There really wasn’t a better way to describe her.

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“A bachelorette party, huh? Funny… there wasn’t a single moment that showed you didn’t want to marry me — unlike when you tried to reject the old man about our wedding.”

“So, you’re saying I only pretended to turn the wedding down, when deep down I actually wanted to marry you badly? Is that it, P’Pierce?”

“Or did I get it wrong?”

She teased her with a sarcastic tone, but the bite hidden in her words made Pasika turn away — trying to calm down the emotions rising inside her.

“Why? Are you going to deny you’re happy to be marrying me? If not, why would these parties even be happening?”

"....."

After trying to steady her emotions, Pasika took a deep breath and turned back to face her again.

Chayavee’s beautiful face still held a faint smile. To anyone watching from the outside, it might’ve looked like she and Pasika were sharing a sweet, flirty moment — just a couple being cute together.

But nope. The truth was, Pasika was dealing with the sharp tongue of someone who clearly came looking for a fight.

And since she knew Chayavee was just trying to get under her skin, Pasika had no plans of being the one who always backed down. She wasn’t about to let Chayavee get all the hits in — not this time.

“If you came all the way here just to mess with me, then seriously, why bother? Or... was it because you missed me too much and couldn’t help yourself? Jumped in your car, heart racing, and somehow even knew where I was — even though I never told you?”

That hit a nerve. Chayavee looked completely thrown, like someone had just smacked her upside the head with something hard.

Pasika walked past her without another word, stopping in the middle of her friend group, who were still having the time of their lives at the bachelorette party.

Chayavee didn’t try to follow or ruin the vibe. Pasika’s world kept turning, and the night carried on like nothing had happened.

By 2:30 AM, the party finally wrapped up. Everyone headed off in different directions, and Chayavee quietly reached out, taking Pasika’s hand to lead her out of the room.

They made their way to the elevator. Chayavee pressed the button for a floor — and Pasika started to feel weird about it. The elevator wasn’t going down to the parking lot… it was heading up.

“This isn’t the way to the parking garage. Where exactly are you taking me, P'Pierce?”

“I drank a lot tonight. I don’t really wanna drive,”

Chayavee replied, her tone calm and unreadable — which somehow annoyed Pasika even more.

She hadn’t driven herself either, knowing there’d be alcohol. And more than that — she’d already told Chayavee earlier she was gonna call her driver.

But instead of letting her, Chayavee had taken her phone, stuffed it into Pasika’s bag, and dragged her along like this was all part of the plan.

“And you couldn’t have told me that earlier?”

"...."

Before Chayavee could say a word, the elevator elevator moved up to the destination floor.

The doors slid open. Chayavee stepped out first — but something made her instinctively turn back to look at Pasika.

Pasika loved wearing high heels. And on top of that, her friends had been pouring drinks for her all night. If the bride-to-be suddenly tripped and fell flat on her face, that really wouldn’t be a good look.

That’s why, out of a quiet sense of care, Chayavee gently reached out and took her wrist — guiding her out of the venue.

“I want to go home,” Pasika said.

“Listen, Ping. I’m not driving back because I don’t want to bother anyone. We’re staying here tonight. I’ve got work early tomorrow morning. Just a few more hours until I have to be up. Don’t make this harder than it needs to be.”

Chayavee tapped a keycard against the door panel and opened the door. Pasika hesitated, realizing something — Chayavee had disappeared from the party earlier, probably to book this room.

“If you really planned to sleep here, why didn’t you book two rooms?”

“It’s just for a few hours. Besides, don’t act like you’ve never slept with me before.”

Pasika instinctively made a face as Chayavee finally let go of her wrist. But she knew if she kept arguing, it’d be pointless. Chayavee was the kind of person who refused to back down…

Especially when it came to winning against her.

“You want to shower first, or should I?”

“I’m not showering. It’s only a few hours. I’ll just sleep on the couch.”

Pasika looked up as she said that. Now that she’d taken off her heels, Chayavee’s chin was about level with the top of her head.

“What’s wrong? Afraid that if we share a bed, you’ll sleep with me again before the wedding?”

Not only did Chayavee smirk devilishly, but she also leaned in so close their noses were nearly touching.

Pasika’s cheeks burned with heat — a mix of embarrassment and irritation — and she couldn’t help but frown.

Her lips pressed into a tight line in frustration, but Chayavee didn’t seem to care. She leaned in even closer, so close the scent of Pasika’s perfume and her skin mixed — a scent Chayavee had never forgotten since that night.

“P'Pierce… back off. Please.”

Pasika placed both hands on her shoulders to stop her, but it couldn’t hold back Chayavee’s intensity. Her heart began pounding hard when Chayavee’s warm breath touched the skin of her neck, just before her sharp nose and well-shaped lips gently brushed against it.

Chayavee wasn’t being aggressive, but her soft, slow touch against the skin stirred something deep inside Pasika—something that made her fear her own feelings.

“P’Pierce, let me go.”

“You’re so protective of yourself with me. Before, you weren’t like this. You kept asking me for more.”

“P’Pierce!”

This time, her voice held both anger and embarrassment. Pasika felt upset with herself—she had never once been able to win against her.

“I hate you, P'Pierce. Do you hear me?”

“Hate?”

She should’ve felt angry, but instead, her heart felt like it was being torn out, crushed, and squeezed all over again.

It looked like she might feel something too—but she didn’t care. Just like always, Pasika was the only one who had to deal with her feelings. Chayavee never had to, and she never gave any of hers in return.

“That’s your feeling to deal with. No matter how you feel about me, you still have to marry me and live your life with me.”

Her light-colored eyes stared at Pasika steadily. Confusion began to build in Pasika’s heart. The pressure grew so much that tears welled up in her eyes.

She felt completely broken. Even after all the time they had been apart— before everything happened that led them here—she had tried to go back to living her life alone, like before Chayavee ever came into it.

But all her efforts seemed to fail. The more she tried not to feel, the more her heart betrayed her.

And even now, Pasika still didn’t understand anything.

Where had she gone wrong? What mistake had she made that turned someone who once cared about her—who once seemed to have feelings for her—into someone who constantly caused her pain?

She told herself she hated her. She said the words. But in her heart, she never could.

Not even a little.

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# Chapter 07

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At last… the long-awaited day for Tycoon Hiran Sikhares had finally arrived. The grand wedding of the millionaire heirs was held in true extravagant style. Thousands of guests arrived one after another to attend the ceremony.

Even the media took great interest in the union between these two wealthy business families, giving it as much attention as celebrity gossip and highprofile figures from all industries.

The morning ceremony was held at the Sikhares Mansion, while the evening reception took place at a luxury hotel in the heart of the city.

From morning until night, everything went smoothly. The final part of the event ended just before 11 PM, giving the newlyweds their first private moment together.

Chayavee noticed how tired her bride looked from the moment they were at the event, and even more so now that they were in the bridal suite, which was filled with the sweet scent of roses scattered across the bed, arranged beautifully in the shape of a heart.

But none of that caught her attention as much as the slender figure of her bride, still in her wedding dress, seemingly unsure of how to deal with it— or how to begin this new life together on their wedding night.

“Do you want me to help unzip the back?” Chayavee offered.

“It’s okay. I can do it myself. You can go take a shower first, P’Pierce. I’ll go after you,”

Pasika replied politely.

“Turn around,”

Chayavee said firmly, ignoring her bride’s polite refusal.

Her calm but commanding voice left Pasika with no choice but to obey.

There was no point in resisting anyway—trying to unhook and unzip the dress from behind on her own would have been a hassle.

As she slowly turned her back, Chayavee's eyes stayed locked on the smooth, fair skin of her bride’s back.

Pasika’s long, elegant hair was tied up into a neat bun, revealing her graceful neck and delicate shoulders without anything to hide their beauty.

Pasika had flawless, fair skin, and the white of her wedding dress made her rosy complexion look even more radiant and glowing.

All throughout the wedding, Chayavee had found it hard to take her eyes off her bride. And now, being alone together, Pasika’s beauty stirred something deeper in Chayavee, shaking the composure she had always kept so firmly.

And above all else, Chayavee was irritated with herself—frustrated by her own thoughts that had begun to wander. She found herself imagining the skin hidden beneath the layers of fabric, remembering the curves and the soft, smooth touch she had once caressed on that unforgettable night.

The night she had the chance to truly possess the woman standing in front of her—and no matter how much she wanted to deny it, she had never once been able to forget her scent, her touch, not even for a single day.

Chayavee nearly held her breath as she slowly unzipped the dress with the tips of her fingers, trying to be gentle.

Her breathing became uneven. But instead of hurrying to get it over with and escape the rising emotions, the subtle fragrance from Pasika’s body pulled her deeper in, tempting her to linger in this closeness just a little longer.

Because what she was feeling wasn’t just a flutter in her chest—it sent a thrill down her spine and a tingle that reached all the way to her core.

Her breaths came quicker. Her throat was dry. She couldn’t help but let out a heavy sigh to release the tension.

“All done,” she finally said.

But the voice that escaped her lips came out husky and low, making Chayavee even more annoyed with herself. The pale curve of Pasika’s waist gleamed in the soft light, stealing her focus completely.

*Too beautiful*—it left her breathless.

“Thank you,” Pasika replied softly.

No one would have guessed that every trace of Chayavee’s fingers down her back—though never directly touching her bare skin—had made Pasika burn with a flush that left her holding her breath, just waiting for the moment to pass.

Chayavee stepped away and disappeared into the bathroom, leaving the slender woman alone to exhale in the middle of a storm of emotions crashing in.

The truth of their relationship, the bond that now tied them together, was forcing them into a shared life neither of them had truly chosen.

And Pasika had no idea what path her relationship with Chayavee would take from this point on.

The confusion still lingered in her heart as the sound of the bathroom door closed behind Chayavee. When she finally emerged, Pasika silently passed her on the way in—neither of them saying a word.

The exhaustion from everything they had faced throughout the day left both of them with no energy or will to overthink or dwell on anything at that moment.

So, once they had each finished their personal routines, the rose-covered bed from earlier was now reduced to a thick blanket and Chayavee’s tall figure stretched out across the mattress.

Pasika stepped up to the edge of the bed and met Chayavee’s gaze for a brief moment—but no words escaped her soft lips like before.

She wasn’t used to this new environment—or to sharing a bed with someone—so a touch of nervousness lingered in her movements. Her unease only grew under Chayavee’s calm, unreadable stare, unsure of what emotions the other woman might be feeling.

“Which side do you usually sleep on? I’ll move over,” Chayavee asked.

“Any side is fine,”

Pasika replied shortly, pressing her lips together to steady her nerves. Thoughts spun in her mind as she debated whether or not to start a conversation with Chayavee right then.

She sat down on her side of the bed without meeting Chayavee’s eyes directly. But the thoughts swirling inside her wouldn't let her stay quiet for long.

At the very least… she could give a hint of what was on her mind.

“Actually… I have something important I’d like to talk to you about, P’Pierce. But it’s late now, so maybe we can talk tomorrow.”

There was no response. Chayavee simply glanced at her.

Pasika’s soft, thick hair that had once cascaded down her back was now gathered over her left shoulder. Her bare, fair face without any makeup made her look even younger. Her cheeks had a soft pink hue that made Chayavee want to lean in and brush her nose against them.

And seeing her in sleepwear—so delicate and unfamiliar—was a sight Chayavee hadn’t seen until now.

At that moment, Chayavee couldn’t deny it anymore: the woman who had just legally become her wife was more beautiful than some celebrities and models.

Beautiful with or without makeup.

The silence that followed was long enough for Pasika to understand— Chayavee wasn’t ready to talk about anything tonight.

Accepting that, she quietly slipped under the blanket they now shared, lying down beside her in silence.

What ignited the tension in Chayavee's chest so suddenly… was the fact that Pasika had turned her back to her, showing not the slightest interest or regard for their wedding night together.

The main light in the room had already been turned off, leaving only a faint glow from the streetlights outside seeping in through the small gaps in the curtains.

Pasika couldn’t fall asleep. Her eyes remained fixed on the dim room while her ears quietly tracked the subtle movements of the person behind her.

Chayavee didn’t move any closer—instead, she had positioned herself near the edge of the bed, keeping a clear distance between them.

Not only were they not curled up together like most newlyweds might be, but the silence between them was growing heavier, slowly thickening into a quiet suffocating wall.

The sound of Chayavee shifting repeatedly on the bed betrayed her restlessness—perhaps she was struggling with the reality of sharing this space tonight.

“If I’m the reason you can’t sleep, P’Pierce… I can go sleep in another room,”

Pasika murmured without turning around.

But those quiet words, soft and distant, struck Chayavee the wrong way. She whipped her gaze toward the delicate figure in front of her, barely visible in the dim light, but the outline of her body was clear enough to see.

The faint scent of Pasika’s body wash lingered in the air, mixing with the familiar softness of her skin’s natural fragrance—a scent Chayavee had once known intimately, and found herself craving more each day.

And if Pasika thought she was the reason for Chayavee’s sleeplessness… she wasn’t wrong.

It was the alluring scent of the woman lying next to her that kept her wide awake.

“Can you stop talking like this is some childish game, Ping? Do you think our marriage is just a joke—something so casual we’re supposed to sleep in separate rooms on our wedding night?”

“I was just being polite, P’Pierce. Why do you always accuse me of being childish? Have you ever once tried speaking kindly to me?”

Pasika’s voice was tight, her frustration finally breaking through after being worn down by exhaustion and hurt. Her patience snapped like a thin string stretched too far.

She turned around sharply, eyes blazing, meeting Chayavee’s with anger and pain. Whatever careful restraint she had before, it was gone now.

Everything she had held back came pouring out in one wave.

"If right now you're feeling worried or uncomfortable living with me, P’Pierce, then please don’t be. I had already decided that between the two of us, we would only live together in name. And this is what I intended to talk to you about tomorrow. But if tonight you can’t sleep because you’re still anxious, then we might as well talk it all out now and get it over with."

“In name only?”

Even though her words caused a pang in her chest—especially coming from a woman who had just gotten married—Chayavee’s pride wouldn’t let her back down easily.

A sly smirk played on her lips, and Pasika would never know just how much those words pierced her heart.

And it was more than enough for Chayavee to flip herself over and pin her delicate body beneath her. Both of her wrists were held above her head, and the sudden action, with no time for her to react, caused her eyes to widen in shock.

“P’Pierce, what are you doing?”

"....."

Pasika didn’t resist or try to fight back in the slightest. The woman above her showed no aggression or threat that would make her feel the need to recoil. The warm breath they were exchanging, brought on by their close proximity, only served to shake her heart even more violently.

“Do you think that kind of arrangement would really work, Ping? You married me. What do you think a wife’s duty is supposed to be?”

Pasika was at a loss for words. Her mind was trying to process the deeper meaning behind her question.

Then, the warm breath brushing against the tip of her nose made her thoughts blur. Her mind felt like it had shut down the moment her beautiful face lowered, placing her warm lips softly on hers.

It was as if the whole world stopped spinning. Her heart beat faster and faster. Pasika closed her eyes as her lips began to gently savor hers, lingering with slow tenderness.

Chayavee's hands, which had been pinning her wrists, slowly intertwined with hers instead. Their bodies were pressed against each other completely, and the kiss that continued in such a gentle way melted her heart into complete submission.

The more she touched her, the more her strength faded. Chayavee's warm lips trailed down her jawline, her breath hot against her ear, sending jolts of pleasure through her body all the way down to her very core.

A longing began to grow stronger and stronger.

And she couldn’t resist those feelings at all.

"P’Pierce..."

“The role of a wife that I want most from you right now is everything that’s about to happen on our bed, from this moment on, Ping."

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# Chapter 08

Because her heart was already ready to be swayed, the duty of a wife that the other person was demanding from her led Pasika to surrender to the woman who was supposed to be her life partner, over and over again.

Throughout the night, the love scenes on the bed unfolded passionately. Chayavee indulged in the pleasure of her delicate body, savoring every moment, until the desire had been fulfilled and they fell asleep in each other’s embrace, only when the sky began to change.

The sunlight from the sun shone on the thick curtains, but still, some light slipped through the cracks on both sides of the curtains, entering the room.

The digital clock showed almost 10 AM, but the naked body of the woman who had been through the night’s passion still showed no sign of waking.

Her eyelids, adorned with long lashes, remained closed. Yet, only a few hours of being pulled into the realm of sleep, Pasika felt as if she were flying through a dream.

A delicate touch, as light as a butterfly’s wings, was teasing and circling around her breast.

Amidst the half-asleep, half-awake feeling, those touches stirred her body, making her feel a tingling sensation that caused her to unintentionally moan softly.

"Mmm..."

Chayavee glanced at the face of the owner of the breasts that were being invaded by the tip of her tongue. Pasika began to arch her back, offering her chest in response to Chayavee's touch. Her eyelids fluttered as if she were beginning to wake.

But these signs of returning consciousness did not deter the other woman, who was still captivated by the beauty of the firm mounds.

Chayavee had never expected such an overwhelming infatuation to happen to her.

Everything had been beyond her expectations. The moment she awoke to find a slender body snuggled against her in an embrace, the warm temperature of the bare skin touching hers ignited a desire that sent her senses into overdrive.

At first she only wanted to touch and nuzzle, but the alluring form was seductive in every way, and her desire escalated uncontrollably.

Warm lips moved from one breast to the other, claiming it, sharing the same thrilling sensation until the rosy nipple stood erect, challenging the passionate flickers of tongue. The touch that began soft and gentle gradually increased in intensity, following the arousal that had been ignited.

Warm lips sucked and nibbled at the full nipple, making a sound. Before the sleeping woman could fully awaken and distinguish between reality and dream, Pasika involuntarily writhed and trembled, arching her chest to allow the other woman to caress and taste until both breasts were soaked with the touch of warm lips.

Her eyelids fluttered open, still heavy with sleep, but within moments she was able to piece together the events that had transpired.

Besides the image of the person above her, whose face was buried in her breasts, every time the hot tip of the tongue touched her nipple, a thrill spread through her body.

"P'Pierce... wh... what are you doing?"

"Even at this point, do I need to tell you that I'm sucking on your breasts?" Chayavee pulled her lips away from her soft breast, lifting her head to meet the eyes of the woman beneath her, who was looking down at her. However, beyond her actions, her words also made Pasika face flush with heat immediately.

Her pale cheeks began to take on a rosy hue. Pasika didn't know how to react when she woke up and found herself being intimately touched by someone.

Whether it was due to exhaustion or lack of sleep, Pasika never imagined she could be so deep in sleep that she didn’t notice until now. Even when she was on the brink of losing herself, she only realized it when she had already been touched intimately for who knew how long.

"If you're still sleepy, you can go back to sleep,"

Chayavee said casually, then slid her fingertip to touch the sweet nipple, forcing the woman being touched to do her best to hide her embarrassment. Her slender hand tried to raise and push the other away, but the more she did, the more Chayavee resisted, gripping her breast tightly.

"P'Pierce deliberately teasing me and now you're telling me to sleep?"

"I didn’t mean to wake you up. It just... happened. My mood took over... Now, I want you more."

"I want to get up and take a shower. It's late."

"But I want to taste you."

"P'Pierce!"

"....."

The desire was clearly reflected in her eyes. Pasika wanted to scream, asking if last night wasn’t enough, but the overwhelming sensations she was experiencing made Pasika too embarrassed to speak those words.

The wet sensation at the sensitive spot between her legs became undeniable proof that her body responded to the other woman's touch even when she was unconscious.

It was incredibly embarrassing...

"Just now, when I was sucking..."

"P'Pierce!"

Pasika warned immediately, anticipating what the other was about to say....

And those nervous actions made Chayavee smile victoriously.

"I've heard enough of your moans. Are you still going to deny that you don't want me? Or do you want me to prove it again, Ping?"

"P'Pierce, please don't!"

It was too late, as Pasika only managed to grab the back of the hand that was running down her flat stomach, towards the mound of flesh between her thighs.

Chayavee didn't push hard, just a light caress was enough to make her body tremble so easily.

"Are you still going to deny that you don't want me as much as I want you?"

"I want to get up and take a shower."

Pasika insisted on her previous words, but the irrelevant answer could not stop the taller woman's actions.

Chayavee continued to move her fingertips leisurely, teasing the mound of flesh that was becoming wet from her touch. And that... made Phasika involuntarily bite her lip to stifle a moan.

How could she dare to admit that the touch of the woman who was her life partner had completely overwhelmed her control?

The other woman's expertise could excite her every time.

"Only my tongue... I want to devour you. Let me, Ping."

"....."

Pasika couldn't answer the other's request with words. Chayavee was adept at driving her into a corner, for the soft touch and warmth of skin deliberately pressed against hers only added to the turmoil within.

A prominent nose nuzzled her neck, sucking and nibbling deliberately until Pasika cried out in alarm.

"P'Pierce, don't suck!"

Chayavee's reflexes were always quicker, but upon hearing the prohibition, the taller woman pulled away from the fragrant neck and chose to fix her gaze on the rose-colored love mark that had instantly appeared.

The woman had very fair skin. Only a light, unintentional sucking left a mark that declared ownership and secretly pleased her.

And that didn't even include the pale skin hidden under the sheets that she had carelessly touched when her emotions had gotten out of control.

"I forgot myself. Your neck is so white and tempting to bite. But from now on, I'll try not to do it on your neck."

Chayavee teased her with words. When they weren't in bed, Pasika wasn't sure if she would ever have the chance to see this yielding side of the other woman.

After all, the Chayavee she once knew had become a completely different person a long time ago.

But no matter how good or bad the other person was to her, matters of the emotions and the heart were always beyond her control.

And because conquering her own heart was harder than conquering another person, when the deepest desire was a longing for the other's touch, she could never follow the commands of her mind.

Even now, the slight nip of sharp teeth against her earlobe, as if to provoke her beyond endurance, made her body tremble, ready to respond obediently.

Her breath caught as Chayavee slid her fingertips between her soft petals, stroking up and down in a slow rhythm, deliberately highlighting the small bud, pressing harder and harder until the excitement escalated. The sensitive spot, constantly aroused, increased her desire immensely.

Pasika gazed at the other woman with adoring eyes, unaware that her inviting gaze was arousing the other, making her more and more desperate.

"I want to devour you."

*Do whatever you want!*

Her heart screamed. Chayavee only pretended to linger, trying to make her the one who lost control.

Of course she was. For wherever the other's fingertips traced, a wave of heat would rush through that area.

Inside, it was as hot as a volcano about to erupt, and because of the demanding body language that began to writhe, it became an alluring sight that made Chayavee lose control.

The taller woman buried her face in the fragrant neck, showering it with kisses down to the breasts, tracing down to the flat stomach, caressing the soft navel before moving slowly towards her target with deliberate slowness.

Her slender legs parted automatically as the body of the person above her, positioned between her thighs, restricted her movements, leaving the person below as the inferior, as always.

Chayavee cradled the rounded hips with both hands before sending her hot, moist tongue to greet the sweet petals, teasing the tantalizing mound before gradually penetrating deeper until the slender body trembled.

"Ughhh... P'Pierce, pl... please stop. Don't do this."

The sweet voice moaned hoarsely, almost unintelligibly. The sweet face tossed and turned on the white pillow. She felt as if her heart would break as Chayavee deliberately flicked her tongue quickly and continuously at the small, sensitive spot.

Her beautiful hips swayed as if trying to escape, but the wicked tongue followed relentlessly. Chayavee curled her tongue and plunged it deep into the warm cavity, pushing hard against the sensitive spot until the slender body could barely withstand the other's passion.

Her body screamed for release. In an instant, the inside clenched and tightened around the deeply inserted tongue. Both hands gripped the other woman's hair with almost full force, her hips tensing as if to squeeze out every last drop of heat.

The slender body collapsed, gasping for breath. Her beautiful eyes were blurred, the feeling of being thrown high up and then quickly dropped. Traces of pleasure flowed out, wet and glistening, but the one who had repeatedly said she wanted to devour her was still licking and swallowing her, making the slender body moan with a trembling voice.

"P'Pierce... st... stop... I can't take it anymore."

Thinking that she had been selfish in her demands, Chayavee had no intention of continuing to stubbornly pursue her own desires.

The taller woman finished with a deep, passionate kiss on the soft mound before finally pulling her face away from the white thighs and slowly crawling upward.

Her lips were still sweet, glistening with traces of nectar. Pasika stared at the other woman's shapely, rosy lips, wanting to reach out and touch them, wanting to help wipe them clean, wanting to do whatever her heart demanded. But a thin barrier of restraint prevented her from expressing those feelings.

"Can you let me go this time?"

"Shall I help you shower?"

"No. I can take care of myself. And I hope P'Pierce will be willing to do what I want for once, at least Ping has fulfilled my duty as you wanted."

"....."

Upon hearing this sentence, the listener was left speechless. Her heart ached when she heard the word "duty".

Yeah! Everything between them was duty.

Before the pain and disappointment could show clearly in her eyes for the other to notice, the taller woman pulled away from the slender figure and turned to grab the nightgown that had fallen beside the bed and put it on.

Chayavee walked over to grab the bathrobe hanging on the rack, then came back and handed it to the person quietly watching her actions.

There was no exchange of words, but Pasika accepted the kind gesture by reaching out to take the robe and putting it over her bare body.

Chayavee watched her slender back until she disappeared into the bathroom, her eyes filled with love overflowing from her heart.

At the same time, there was also pain hidden in those eyes—pain she could never fully move on from.

She walked over and stood in front of the drawer by the bed. Her emotions were pulling her thoughts deep into a daze.

She opened the second drawer and picked up a small velvet box, staring at it for a long while.

When she finally decided to open it, what was inside made her chest tighten even more.

Inside was a delicate silver necklace with a beautiful diamond pendant. She had it made with the intention of giving it to someone special—on the day she felt certain she wanted their relationship to grow into something romantic.

But all of her intentions had been shattered by just a few words from the woman she thought she was already in love with.

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“So, what exactly is going on between you and Pierce? You’ve been hanging out for almost a year, haven’t you? Are you just going to keep seeing her without defining the relationship? Honestly, after I saw the way she looks at you, I don’t agree with what you’re doing anymore, Ping.”

“Honestly, Rada, I never wanted the relationship to go that far. To tell the truth, I don’t think I like someone as serious as P' Pierce. And when I think about the future, near or far, I’ve never pictured her in it. I’ve never imagined us having a future as a couple.”

“So you’re just planning to use her as a shield forever? What if she finds out? How do you think she’ll feel? I really don’t agree with you pulling Pierce into a relationship like this just because you don’t want your dad introducing new guys to you. Why not give Fierce a real chance? She’s perfect—anyone would want her. I know I would.”

“If you want her, go ahead and try. I’m not helping you.”

“Fine! Let’s see what happens if I do go after Pierce. But before that day comes, let me warn you—what you’re doing now is no different from giving someone false hope. You know what you want, and you can control your feelings. But what about someone who doesn’t know anything? What if Pierce starts to truly fall for you? If she takes it seriously, she’s the one who’s going to get hurt. Hearts and feelings aren’t something you should play with, Ping.”

“It won’t take long, Rada. I’ll slowly distance myself from her before she even has the chance to truly fall in love.”

The high back of the sofa might have provided some level of privacy, enough that the two people chatting animatedly didn’t realize that the person they were talking about was sitting just a few feet away.

But every word, every sentence, was clearly heard by the person sitting with her back to the dining table—every word sinking deep into her ears and heart.

Chayavee couldn’t catch the rest of the conversation. Her emotions dulled everything else, leaving only a sharp pain at the core of her heart.

Every word she had accidentally heard that day opened her eyes. What she once believed—that Pasika had feelings for her—turned out to be completely wrong. Their relationship had always been built on something hidden.

Pasika only stayed close to her for her own gain.

The hugs, the kisses—they were all fake. Just an act. She was being used as nothing more than a shield from other men.

And that was the truth Chayavee had to remind herself of every single day. The relationship she had with the woman she once loved was no different from the wind.

It may be felt as if it is there, but it will soon fade away.

Because in the future that Pasika imagined for a woman called “wife,” Chayavee was never a part of it…

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# Chapter 09

A month had passed, and their married life continued in a simple, quiet way.

On weekdays, they each went their separate ways for work in the morning. By evening, they returned home and followed their usual daily routines, much like before.

On Friday evening, Pasika arrived home around 6 p.m. She noticed her spouse's car already parked in the driveway, a sign that Chayavee must have gotten home before her.

She walked through the quiet living room, which wasn’t unusual. After all, this wasn’t the Sikhares estate where she’d grown up, filled with maids and gardeners going about. This was their new home—a wedding gift from Mr. Hiran, given to welcome her into the family on the very first day of their marriage.

Neither she nor Chayavee had known in advance about such a grand gesture. Not only was the house extremely valuable, but every detail of its design—inside and out—reflected both their personal tastes. Mr. Hiran had gone so far as to incorporate both her and Chayavee’s preferences evenly throughout the home.

Even now, Phasika still felt grateful for everything her father-in-law had given her—his kindness, his acceptance, and the freedom and privacy he allowed them to live their lives as a couple.

Everything would have been so much better if she and Chayavee treated each other with the kind of care their elders had hoped for. But things had turned out differently. Their relationship wasn’t nearly as beautiful as other couples'. Not even close.

She walked past the living room and went upstairs to the bedroom. When she opened the door, she saw Chayavee stepping out of the dressing area.

"You're heading out already, P'Pierce?"

"It’s Friday, so I’m leaving a bit early in case of traffic. You sure you don’t want to change your mind and come with me? There’s still time to get ready."

"I'm really exhausted, so I’ll stick with my original answer,"

Pasika replied, her face and voice clearly showing signs of fatigue.

She had spent the whole afternoon stuck in meetings, and barely got any sleep the night before because someone had been bothering her. She was completely drained—there was no way she could go to the party and pretend to smile tonight.

And that was why she had declined her spouse’s invitation—again. Chayavee had called earlier in the day to invite her to some elder's birthday party (someone she didn’t even know), but Pasika had already given her answer.

The other person had already made it clear she didn’t feel comfortable going.

And hearing the same answer again, Chayavee didn’t push the issue.

She simply walked over to the table, grabbed her phone, and slipped it into her pants pocket. Then she glanced at her watch to check the time.

The scent of her signature perfume filled the room, but Pasika could only sit silently, watching her partner’s polished appearance from head to toe, without saying a single word.

“If you’re sleepy, just go to bed. I might not come back tonight,”

Chayavee said casually.

“Okay,” Pasika replied.

Even though she didn’t like the way those words were said, that was all she managed to say in return.

She had wanted to show concern, to tell her to drive safely. But the emotional distance between them made it hard to say anything. So she just watched silently until the taller woman left the room.

Even after hearing the sound of the car leaving the house, Pasika remained lost in her thoughts, unable to shake off the mixed emotions in her heart.

Her married life with Chayavee was nothing like what outsiders might imagine.

Inside their so-called honeymoon home, they lived separate lives—going out into the world during the day and only crossing paths at home.

Each kept to her own corner of the house, busy with personal things. At night, they’d sleep in the same bed and still had sex like most married couples.

But the next morning, that same old indifference would return. Living together had become a mix of pain and sweetness—something Pasika couldn’t quite understand. Why was she still able to bear this suffocating feeling?

Maybe it was because, at the very least, the presence of the other woman gave her a sense of comfort—whether sleeping, waking, or during those intimate moments. Even if it was just physical closeness, her heart couldn’t deny that it still brought her happiness.

She let out a heavy sigh to ease the pressure inside her. Time had slipped by unnoticed.

Moving on autopilot, Pasika wandered into the bathroom to follow her usual routine. Once she had changed into comfortable clothes, she returned to bed, lay down, and picked up a book to pass the time.

Even though she was exhausted and had told herself how tired she was, she still forced herself to stay awake, waiting... until the clock showed 10 p.m.

Pasika lowered her gaze from the pages of the book. She hadn’t really been focused on reading it from the start, yet she had forced herself to keep going for several pages without taking in any of the words.

Pasika finally decided to close the book and set it down on the bedside table. Then she turned her attention to her phone, which—up to now—still showed no sign of a call or even a single message.

She stared at the screen as if testing her own patience, and realized it was gradually wearing thinner by the minute.

The silence from a certain someone was making her restless, unable to fall asleep.

Part of it was because, ever since they got married, Chayavee had never once forgotten to send her a quick message to keep her updated.

Even if it wasn’t every time she went out, at least Chayavee never went completely silent—especially during a night out like this one.

Pasika hesitated for a long while, until her patience finally ran out. She tapped into the chat window and typed out a short message to the one who was haunting her thoughts and stealing her sleep.

*"Are you coming home tonight, P’Pierce?"*

After she hit send, Pasika kept her eyes glued to the screen, still wide open in front of her.

But after a while, the message remained unread. She eventually set the phone down, deciding not to humiliate herself further by calling.

Her eyelids began to burn with frustration. Pasika didn’t even realize how long her heart had been tangled in all this overthinking. But the exhaustion from the day slowly pulled her into sleep, tears quietly soaking into the pillow beneath her cheek.

The large wall clock ticked toward midnight when Chayavee entered the house, catching a glimpse of the time while passing through the hallway. Without pause, she headed straight for the staircase and made her way up to the second floor.

She had only just read the message from her wife while driving back home. Judging from the time it was sent, Chayavee decided not to reply—it was too late to do so now, she reasoned.

Once she reached the bedroom door, Chayavee paused before gently pushing it open, cautious in her movements. She wasn’t sure whether the person she shared the room with was already asleep.

Her eyes immediately landed on the slender figure lying peacefully on the bed. The only light left in the room came from the soft, warm glow of the bedside lamp on her side. Chayavee stepped closer and came to a stop beside the bed.

She set her phone down on the table and quietly observed the sweet, delicate face of the sleeping woman, a faint smile tugging at her lips.

Even though she missed her so much, she didn’t lean down to place a kiss on that soft cheek—her breath still carried the scent of alcohol.

She fought to suppress the swirl of emotions rising in her chest, then turned and disappeared into the bathroom to take care of her nightly routine.

It took less than twenty minutes for Chayavee to return to the bed and slowly slip under the same blanket.

But instead of sleeping apart, the longing inside her made her turn and lie on her side, facing the delicate back of the other woman. She gently wrapped her arm around the slim waist and lightly pressed the tip of her nose against the soft, smooth cheek.

The familiar scent and touch were too tempting to resist. What was meant to be a kiss on the cheek ended up reaching the pale skin of her neck.

Chayavee pressed her nose to the woman’s skin and inhaled deeply. Meanwhile, her curious hand slowly slipped under the hem of the shirt, reaching for the bare, full breasts underneath—uncovered by any underwear.

Since they got married, her wife never wore underwear to bed. It was normal for both of them, who preferred comfort over the feeling of being restricted, even during sleep.

Because of that, the increasing touches slowly stirred the sleeping woman awake.

Pasika slowly opened her eyes, feeling the touch of fingers teasing and stroking her now-sensitive nipple, which had hardened from the sensation.

Although the touch made her stomach flutter, once she fully shook off her drowsiness, irritation quickly took its place.

Pasika could smell a faint trace of alcohol on the other woman’s breath. Even though there was a fresh scent of mouthwash mixed in, it wasn’t enough to escape the cold, disappointed gaze she now gave Chayavee. “Let go of me. I sent you a message. Why didn’t you answer?”

Pasika tried to push away the hand playing with her breasts, but her protest had no effect on Chayavee. Not only did she not stop, her warm hand became even more aggressive—so much so that Pasika instinctively knew she had no chance of resisting her.

“Don’t move. Are you going to let me just touch you, or should I go ahead and suck too?”

It sounded like a playful threat, though there was more than a hint of real desire behind it. Still, Chayavee hadn’t forgotten the main issue that probably caused Pasika’s irritation.

“I just saw your message when I got home—that’s why I didn’t reply.”

“It’s because you never really care about me,” Pasika replied.

“That excuse is just what you want me to believe.”

This time, Chayavee went completely silent. She had told Pasika earlier that she might be home late, so she didn’t think to check her phone.

At the same time, she hadn’t expected Pasika to be upset over something like this. Normally, Pasika never showed anger or acted moody at all.

“I just didn’t think you’d send a message… so I didn’t bother to check my phone.”

Chayavee softened without realizing it, and that change in her attitude seemed to help pull Pasika back to her senses.

She suddenly became aware of how foolish she was acting—something she never imagined she’d find herself doing.

“Forget it… I probably misunderstood, and maybe I’m just irritated because I’m tired. Please let me go, P’Pierce,”

Pasika said, cutting the moment short. She turned her face away, trying to hide the burning sensation welling up at the corners of her eyes.

At that same moment, Chayavee’s phone rang, interrupting them.

The hand that had been cupping Pasika’s full chest froze, and Chayavee slowly pulled it away before reaching for the phone. She declined the call with an annoyed expression, then tossed the phone back to its place.

But everything about that action made Pasika’s heart ache unbearably. She couldn’t stop the tears that welled up in her eyes.

*Who would be calling her this late at night?*

That question immediately started bothering her. A strange feeling crept into her heart—something she used to be able to control, but now couldn’t.

She used to think she didn’t cling, didn’t get jealous, never thought she’d be shaken. But now… the jealousy inside her was growing fast.

She tried her best to keep her expression normal.

Tried to tell herself she wasn’t overthinking.

Tried to believe she wasn’t jealous, wasn’t upset by that late-night call.

But the more she tried, the more she failed. Chayavee had become her one exception.

Because if she looked back when they still had a clear status or even when they tried to part ways—Chayavee had once admitted that she was seeing another woman.

And now? What was she still hoping for?

That marriage would be enough to keep Chayavee by her side?

That being her wife would make Chayavee cut off all contact with that woman?

The woman whose identity she never even had the right to know?

And worse—she still wasn’t sure if the title of “wife” even meant enough to give her the right...

The right to be upset. The right to be possessive of the person she loved.

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# Chapter 10

The late-night phone call still lingered in Pasika’s mind the next morning, leaving her with unanswered questions.

She didn’t bring it up or ask about it. The night before, both she and Chayavee had ended their back-and-forth by going their separate ways—to sleep.

But that separation lasted only a moment. Not long after she had turned her back on the taller woman, Pasika was pulled into a warm embrace, followed by a soft whisper in her ear,

“I can’t sleep… just one round, please?”

Whether it was because of the alcohol or something else, “just one round” with Chayavee had never actually meant just one.

Because of how drained she felt afterward, they both ended up spending the entire weekend resting at home instead of going out to the mall or doing any outside activities that involved seeing too many people.

Everyday life was already hectic enough. So, with their shared preference for quiet and peace, they usually got along well in that way.

Or maybe, in truth, simply breathing the same air and knowing the other person was within sight—even if they were each doing their own thing in different corners of the house—was enough. It brought a sense of comfort, knowing that no matter which way she turned, the one she loved was still there.

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Eventually, Monday came and they each went off to work as usual.

Throughout the morning, Pasika stayed holed up in her office. She hadn’t even gone out for lunch yet. But in the middle of her work, a call from the phone-in system interrupted her focus.

“Khun Ping, there’s a guest here to see you.”

“Who is it?”

“Khun Titkan.”

It was as if a long-forgotten fondness had been briefly stirred. But it was only for a fleeting moment that Pasika let the feeling surface—before it drifted away like a breeze passing through.

“Please have Khun Titkan wait in the lounge. I’ll be there shortly.”

“Yes, Khun Ping.”

After ending the call with her secretary, Pasika sat quietly for a moment, reflecting on her feelings.

She didn’t feel excited about this unexpected visit. Her emotions were calm and neutral—very different from before, when she would get butterflies just hearing the name of the Thai-Hong Kong mixed man she had once been casually talking to.

Her slender frame left her office and walked directly to the guest lounge next door. As she pushed the door open, she was met with the familiar smile that had once impressed her—and made her feel happy every time they met.

Whether it was back then or now, Titkan still had a charming smile in her eyes. But today, that smile no longer stirred anything inside her.

“Hello, Khun Karth.”

“Khun Ting, hello. I’m sorry for dropping by without an appointment. I only have time in Thailand until tomorrow morning, so I thought I’d take the chance to stop by and see you.”

“Thank you so much for thinking of me, Khun Karth. Please, have a seat. How have you been?”

“I’ve been well, thank you. Here—these are for you. I hope you won’t refuse them. At the very least, please accept them… as a friend.”

A friend—something he never wanted to be, but had no choice but to accept, because there was nothing more he could do.

“Thank you.”

Pasika glanced at the bouquet he handed her. Titkan wasn’t someone she had been introduced to through her father, like others in the past. She had met him through mutual friends—at a birthday party of a friend in the group.

Titkan was the type of man who smiled often, was polite, cheerful, and had a natural charm that made people feel at ease rather than suspicious of his intentions.

He had always been her ideal type—the only man she had ever truly liked and allowed herself to open up to.

They had once been in a talking stage for a while. Things started off well; they got along on almost every level. She liked him and used to feel her heart race whenever he was near.

However… the relationship they had never had the chance to grow into something more.

Titkan was a passionate young businessman, no less capable than anyone else. But his responsibilities often required him to travel abroad for work. Because of that, their lives drifted apart, and it became difficult for their paths to cross again.

The distance had been there from the very beginning. Most of their conversations took place through screens and devices.

And that, ultimately, was one of the main reasons why their relationship never progressed. Slowly, they drifted apart—especially after Chayavee came into Pasika’s life.

“I admit I was hurt… and I regret losing the chance I once had,”

He said quietly, with a sad smile on his lips. His gaze, fixed on her face, was filled with nothing but lingering sorrow and loss.

Even now, Titkan could still say with full honesty that Pasika was the only woman he had ever wanted to truly get to know, and to build something deeper—perhaps even leading to marriage.

But as time passed, his demanding career became a major obstacle in the way of any real relationship.

And whether it was Pasika or anyone else, he could never be sure that he’d be able to give a woman the attention and care she deserved.

When he heard the news of Pasika’s marriage, a sense of loss struck deeply in his heart. By the time he managed to clear his schedule and return to Thailand, everything had already moved on… too late for him.

He hadn’t arrived later than anyone else. He had simply let the chance he once had slip through his fingers.

Pasika had given her heart to someone else—faster than he could’ve imagined.

“Still… I want to congratulate you, truly, on your marriage.”

“Thank you,”

Pasika replied, offering a soft smile.

Because honestly, there wasn’t much else she could do. She understood well that Titkan probably hadn’t expected this return to be one where he’d meet her as someone entirely changed.

"Looks like someone’s waiting for you, Khun Ping. I really should get going now," Titkan said politely.

"Alright. Drive safely, Khun Karf. Thank you for still thinking of me."

"Thank you, Khun Ping. If there’s a chance… I hope we’ll meet again."

Pasika simply gave a faint smile in return, acknowledging the warmth of his friendship. Once Titkan had disappeared from sight, she quietly returned to her office.

Chayavee was standing there, expressionless, her posture stiff. Their encounter had clearly happened right in front of her secretary.

“P’Pierce, have you been here long?”

“Just got here,” she replied flatly.

Just in time to see her own wife beaming at another man. And to make matters worse, the man had given her a strange-looking bouquet—one he very nearly snatched and threw straight into the trash.

Chayavee followed her into the office. The moment the door clicked shut behind them, all the frustration and jealousy he’d been holding back came bursting to the surface.

Her jealousy had spiked so high it felt like her chest might explode.

“Who was that guy?”

“That was Khun Titkan. He’s a friend from my social circle,” s

She answered calmly.

“What kind of friend brings flowers to a married woman like that?”

“Did you come here just to pick a fight with me, P’Fierce?”

She shot back, her voice laced with irritation.

Hearing that, Chayavee’s already tight expression became even more rigid.

Pasika was treading dangerous ground with her answers, and that only intensified her possessiveness until it was nearly uncontrollable.

Still, she tried to rein in her emotions, not wanting their argument to spiral into something destructive.

“You’re my wife, Ping. And no one want to see another guy sniffing around their wife—especially not one bringing her flowers. How exactly am I supposed to feel about that?”

“And what about me, then?”

She snapped, her voice trembling with a mix of frustration and unresolved tension. The unresolved phone call from the other night still weighed heavy, and now this was just adding fuel to the fire.

“I’ve tried not to fight, but if I ask you back—will you answer me, P'Pierce? Who was calling you that night?”

“Why? Are you saying you're jealous?You’ve actually felt that way, Ping?”

Chayavee laughed quietly to herself—sarcastic, broken. Her eyes searched hers with a sadness she tried to mask with mockery.

She already knew the answer. For someone who’d never truly had feelings for her, for someone who never saw her in her future—how could she possibly feel jealous?

But the woman standing in front of her could no longer hide how overwhelmed she felt.

Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, the tip of her nose turning red as emotion built up inside her.

And in that moment, Pasika forgot they were arguing in her office—not at home, not in private.

“Do you really think I don’t feel anything, P'Pierce?”

Her voice cracked.

“You admitted you had another woman before we got married, and I didn’t say anything back then—because we weren’t anything to each other yet. But what about now? I’m your wife. How do you expect me to feel when I have to live in constant doubt, worrying if you’ve still got someone else on the side? Should I be proud to share what’s supposed to be mine alone?”

Chayavee froze—stunned. She never expected her to lash out at her like this.

She couldn't find words, couldn’t even move. And yet... as she stood there, all she wanted was to wipe the tears from her eyes and pull her into her arms.

Just one step was all it took for her to quickly reach her wife.

One arm wrapped around the slim waist to pull her closer, while the other hand cupped the graceful back of her neck to share a kiss.

Her beautiful face tilted slightly, softly pressing her lips in a gentle kiss— even though the other woman was squirming in her arms, trying to resist. But she didn’t want to hear the angry words being shouted.

No matter how upset or furious the other woman was, whether it was because of their relationship status that made the woman she loved feel the need to defend her feelings or pride...

At the very least... from what she was seeing now, could she let herself believe—just a little—that Phasika was jealous?

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# Chapter 11

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"I hate P'Pierce."

It was clear. Chayavee heard it loud and clear with both ears. But because she didn't want to hear those painful words again, the full lips she had just released were claimed once more-this time with a deeper kiss.

Her warm tongue slipped into the soft mouth, gently but passionately. The familiar touch slowly melted Pasika's heart, making her body soften in the warm embrace.

She leaned into the hug, eyes gently closed. Her delicate hands gripped the tall woman's collar, crumpling it.

Chayavee kept stealing her breath, the kiss deep and long-so long that Pasika finally had to gently push her away, pressing lightly on her shoulder.

She was running out of air, as if the kiss was meant to steal her soul along with her breath.

Chayavee slowly pulled back from the kiss, reluctantly. Their noses still touched. Their warm breaths mingled, closer than the air around them. "If you say you hate me again, I'll kiss you again. Because I want to know... how much can someone who says she hates me really hate my touch?"

"So that's all this is? You just want to win? You want to see me give in, suffer, feel pain? If that's what you want, then know this-you've succeeded. I feel every bit of that pain. And I'm not happy in this marriage at all."

She couldn't hold back anymore. Her bottled-up emotions spilled out in a trembling voice. Their eyes met, filled with tears.

That was enough to make Chayavee's heart nearly break.

But the words she had overheard that day still haunted her. They had left her scared and doubtful.

A piece of broken glass might hurt the skin-but sharp words from the one you love? They cut deeper. They leave scars on the heart that don't fade.

One-sided love-it made her feel like there was no future together. Even if they were married, the relationship felt empty. And she didn't know when Pasika might finally let go.

And because of the reason she kept reminding herself of every single day, the heart that once built up such strong walls was now always ready-ready to raise its guard to protect her feelings.

No matter how deeply she loved, deep down she knew exactly how things between them would end.

Her future might still have the woman named Pasika in it, but the truth wasPasika never had her in hers.

Not even once.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt sorry for herself. The pain ran so deep that she couldn't even find the words to respond. So Chayavee chose to turn away-silently walking out of her wife's office without saying another word.

Pasika would never know that Chayavee missed her so much she came all the way here just to have lunch together. But all that hope was crushed... simply because she couldn't hide her jealousy.

And once the tall woman had walked away, Pasika was left standing still in the middle of the room-her eyes burning with unshed tears.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but they weren't given permission to fall. The woman in pain tilted her head back, blinking rapidly, forcing the tears to retreat where they came from.

Her slim figure slowly stepped forward and collapsed weakly onto the office chair.

Hurt feelings, heartbreak, and suffocating frustration were crashing into her from every direction.

Joy from love. Pain from love. No matter how strong she once believed herself to be, in the end, she still lost to love.

Now that her heart belonged to someone else, Pasika truly realized-there was barely anything left of who she used to be.

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After the emotional fight that had left them both hurting, Chayavee returned to her company and buried herself in work until the evening.

But when it was time to go home, she didn't follow her usual routine.

Instead, her destination was a restaurant she had visited a few times before. After parking in the lot out front, her tall figure walked confidently inside, clearly familiar with the place.

All the staff, including the manager, greeted her warmly-not just because she resembled the owner's partner, but also because she was known as

Thayavee's twin sister. That alone earned her special respect and attention.

As she stepped inside, her eyes quickly spotted the elegant, petite woman who owned the restaurant. Younger than her, yet with the status of a sisterin-law, Prisa turned and welcomed her with a warm smile, just like always.

"Hello, P'Fierce. I heard from the manager that you called to reserve a table,"

Prisa greeted with a smile.

"Yes. By the way, will P'First be stopping by today?"

She gave a faint smile as she walked up to the beautiful young woman. She hadn't made any plans with her twin sister to meet here, but since Thayavee often stopped by her lover's restaurant after work, it wasn't hard for Chayavee to guess her sister's routine.

"She called just a moment ago to let me know she was driving. She should be here soon. Would you like to sit down and wait at your usual table? I'll have someone come take care of you in case you want to order something while you wait for P'First."

"That sounds great. I'm actually feeling a bit hungry."

"So, you came alone then? At first, I thought you'd bring Nong Ping along,"

Prisa said with curiosity.

The two of them continued walking and chatting until they stopped at Chayavee's regular table. It was in the innermost corner, quite private, yet still offered a view of nearly the entire area.

"I happened to have some errands around here, so I dropped by without telling Ping. Next time, I'll invite her along. Just seeing this place makes me think of Risa too."

"That's great! We haven't had a chance to meet since the wedding."

Prisa replied with a smile. Since they first got to know each other at

Chayavee's birthday party, she and Pasika had met occasionally on various occasions, mostly when Chayavee invited her over for dinner at the restaurant.

After the two of them got married, this was actually the first time Chayavee had come here in over a month.

Prisa carried on her usual role of welcoming her lover's twin sister, chatting and asking a few polite questions as always and finally give the other person some alone time.

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About twenty minutes later, Thayavee's tall figure stepped into the restaurant. A sweet smile appeared on her well-shaped lips, and her eyes sparkled tenderly, fixed on her lover from the very first step inside.

"You're smiling sweetly as soon as you arrive. P'Pierce stopped by the shop today too-she's sitting at the usual table."

"Came alone?"

"Yes. She asked about P'First as soon as she got here, and she already ordered a drink early on."

"So something's up, huh? I'll go say hi to her first. I miss you."

Thayavee smiled warmly as she looked into her lover's eyes. If not for the fact they were standing in the middle of staff and passing customers, her soft pink lips would surely have been kissed by now.

After saying her piece, Thayavee took her tall frame and walked straight toward her twin sister's usual table. Her poised presence and slender figure drew attention even before she reached the table-people couldn't help but notice.

Looking at her sister was like looking in a mirror. Aside from the younger twin being slightly more polished in appearance, there was hardly any difference between the two of them.

Beautiful, stylish, striking-impossible to ignore.

Of course... Thayavee was admiring herself through her twin.

"Why are you here alone?"

She asked while pulling out the chair across from her sister and sitting down. She had noticed the tense look on her twin's face from the moment she arrived.

This heavy mood? She must've had a fight with her wife.

"Didn't invite anyone else to come."

"Then why are you drinking so early? It's only six. Don't tell me you had a fight with Ping."

Aside from a half-empty bottle of wine and just two dishes on the table, there was no sign that the food had even been touched.

Her throat was tight. She couldn't swallow. That feeling-Thayavee knew it all too well. She'd experienced it herself before, which is why she was fairly confident she could read her sister's mood with precision.

As for the one who'd been called out so directly, she chose to answer with silence.

It was a quiet admission. But Chayavee just wouldn't speak it aloud. For someone like her, expressing her inner thoughts and emotions to others felt like something completely foreign.

That lifelong tendency of hers meant trouble for her older sister, who was now stuck trying to guess what was going on in her mind.

"Sometimes, it wouldn't hurt to say something, Pierce. Silence doesn't make things better. If you don't speak up, no one's going to magically know what you're thinking."

"And what good would that do?"

Chayavee shot back, sounding almost foolish. She couldn't see the point in opening up.

Even if she did say it out loud, would it change anything? Would Pasika suddenly change her heart and love her in return? Or would she just laugh, mock her, and see her as pathetic-for practically laying her heart at her feet, only to have it stepped on like dirt?

Pasika had never valued her feelings in the first place. If she had, wouldn't have played with her feelings like this.

"And what does staying silent get you? Does it make anything better?"

Thayavee shot back. Emotions were delicate things, often full of contradictions-especially when it came to love. Having already learned that lesson the hard way, she didn't want her sister to go down the same path.

But Chayavee's stubbornness wasn't easy to break. Deep down though, Thayavee was quite sure her twin loved her wife so deeply that she couldn't see anyone else.

Before, the status between the two may have seemed ambiguous to her and others, but if love hadn't been involved, someone like her sister wouldn't have agreed to marry so easily.

Because anyone who thought Chayavee was some soft-hearted pushoverthey couldn't be more wrong.

Her calm demeanor and quiet appearance were only surface-deep. Beneath that stillness was a storm constantly churning.

If anything, her sister might be even more ruthless than she was.

"Love tends to make us lead with our feelings instead of our brains."

"Was that a veiled insult?"

"Not veiled. Straight up. I mean, sure, you might be brilliant at work, but when it comes to your wife, you're totally hopeless. And being good at one thing doesn't mean life will be happy overall. At your age, I shouldn't even need to spell that out for you."

It felt like a slap to the face meant to wake her up-but Chayavee was still Chayavee. She remained silent, sinking deeper into her own thoughts.

Still, her twin sat with her, drinking quietly by her side.

Time slipped by. Chayavee tracked every movement of the clock hands, but the more she paid attention, the heavier her heart became.

Her phone didn't ring. No messages. Not even a quick text from her-no "where are you?" no "what are you doing?" no "when are you coming home?"

Pasika didn't care when she'd return. In the end, it was Chayavee who was left yearning... alone.

She left the restaurant at 8:30 PM. She'd had only two glasses of wine-she didn't drown her sorrow in alcohol. But the lingering frustration kept her from going home just yet. So she drove aimlessly through the streets, wandering without direction.

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It was nearly eleven by the time she finally decided to drive home. The tall woman paused in front of the bedroom door. Sharing a bed with the one who held her heart wasn't something she had to think twice about.

No matter how bad the fight was, just having the presence of the other person nearby made her heart feel warmer than sleeping alone in emptiness.

She slowly pushed the door open, careful not to make a sound-and what she saw inside was no different from the night before.

Pasika was already asleep. Every move Chayavee made from that point was quiet, deliberate.

She didn't want to disturb her, didn't want to wake her in the middle of the night. Didn't want to see that cold distance in her eyes again-or anything else that might make things worse between them.

She took less than twenty minutes to shower and change before returning to the bed, where the petite figure lay curled up beneath the thick blanket.

The soft scent of Pasika's body-faint and familiar-was still the only thing that could shake her heart to its core.

Chayavee leaned in close, studying her lover's sleeping face. Her flawless cheek glowed under the dim lamplight in the room.

Pasika was still as beautiful as ever-like a delicate flower perched at the very tip of a tall stem: graceful, unreachable, and precious to her, just as she had been from the first moment they met.

That feeling had never faded, not even a little, despite the words that had wounded her heart that day.

And the longing that had built up throughout the day finally overwhelmed Chayavee, compelling her to lean in and gently press her lips to Pasika's smooth forehead.

The kiss was soft and lingering, carrying with it all the unspoken feelings she couldn't bring herself to express when Pasika was awake.

"I love you."

The love swelling in her chest had slipped out before she could stop it-but the words were swallowed back down her throat the instant Pasika's eyelids began to flutter open.

Their eyes met-barely a hand's width apart.

But in Pasika's just-awakened gaze, there was only cold distance.

Her eyes were red, swollen with visible traces of tears.

She had been crying?

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# Chapter 12

"I'm sorry I woke you."

Her voice was barely a whisper, laced with an undertone of guilt and sorrow. Yet, as always, the weight in her chest kept her from asking the question that sat so heavily on her mind.

A hundred thoughts stirred inside her. If Pasika truly felt nothing for me… why would she cry because of me?

The visible trace of dried tears tugged painfully at her heart. For a fleeting second, she couldn't help but hope—just a little—that maybe, she still mattered. But she’d learned to brace herself for heartbreak, to always leave room for disappointment that had shadowed her from the very beginning.

Their eyes met, and within that brief connection swirled a storm of unspoken emotions—uncertainty, hesitation, longing. Chayavee didn’t know what to do with the moment. She didn't know how to fix any of it.

And maybe the silence between them had stretched too long—long enough that Pasika turned away, rolling to her side and presenting only her back.

It hit hard.

Chayavee sat there stunned, aching to reach out, to say something, to make it right. But her thoughts lagged behind her heart, leaving her frozen in the mess of conflicting emotions and desires she couldn’t untangle.

In the end, all she could do was lie down beside her, staring up at the ceiling, one hand draped across her forehead. The silence wrapped around her like a shroud. Pasika gave her no answer—only the heavy, lingering weight of tension and distance.

They were lying so close… and yet, it felt like they were worlds apart. The air between them was thick and stifling. It squeezed at her chest, made every breath feel like it might crack her open from the inside.

Is being with me this suffocating for her?

Has she been forcing herself to live with someone she doesn't love?

One question after another pierced her thoughts. How long had she been torturing herself with doubts like these? And yet, despite all the pain, Chayavee couldn’t let go. Not once had she ever been able to bring herself to walk away from the one who held her heart.

Every action she had taken all along made her look like a selfish person who only wanted to keep the other woman close—by pretending to be blind and deaf, acting as though she never truly understood the thoughts and real intentions of the woman she loved.

And she chose to hurt her emotionally through words and actions, simply because she had already convinced herself that Pasika saw her feelings as nothing more than a toy.

Hurting herself—she had always done that. Her heart had never known happiness in a relationship where love came with pain.

While all these thoughts continued to swirl and disturb her mind, the person lying with her back turned was lost in her own world of thoughts as well.

Pasika had been drowning in restless thoughts for hours. Every action from the person who was supposed to be her life partner crushed her heart until tears welled up.

The late and irregular returns home had planted a seed of doubt that she couldn’t shake—maybe Chayavee had spent her time with another woman.

The tears that had only just dried not long ago threatened to well up again. She couldn’t hold it back, letting the silent, clear drops fall once more.

She might have felt hurt by Chayavee’s actions before, but because of the ambiguity in their relationship, she had always tried to come up with all sorts of excuses to soothe herself, to lessen the pain.

But now that they were bound by an official status, the right to expect what comes with being a life partner only made everything more painful.

It only made her heart more attached.

She felt more possessive of the other woman, more anxious and restless. Every ounce of her suspicion stemmed from questionable behaviors, but she had to bottle everything up inside—because Chayavee had made it clear even before the wedding that she wanted to end their relationship.

And if it hadn’t been for what happened that night, the two of them might have already gone their separate ways, and Chayavee wouldn’t be bound to her through marriage like she was now.

Who knew how long the silence had swallowed the entire room, but in that fleeting moment, the sound of someone shifting behind her was followed by the warmth of an arm slowly wrapping around her waist.

Pasika held her breath, trying not to let her trembling give anything away. One hand moved to push the embrace away.

But she failed—because Chayavee only held her tighter, burying her face against the curve of her neck, exhaling warm breaths onto her skin. That familiar touch melted her resistance, leaving her body as weak as always.

It was an expression of affection through physical touch that resembled love —but Chayavee didn’t love her.

“I know how much you hate me,”

The older woman whispered softly against her neck,

“but please… just stay still for a little while, Ping.”

The gentle voice brushed against her skin like a breeze. Chayavee just wanted to hold her like this—to soak in the warmth of the woman she loved. Even if she knew Pasika had never loved her back, she was still willing to embrace the pain alone, letting her guard down temporarily— because she didn’t have the strength to keep resisting anymore.

She couldn’t stop her feelings. She couldn’t control them.

Chayavee was losing—or maybe she had lost from the very beginning.

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## The Next Morning

Pasika woke up early, her internal clock as precise as ever. It was no different for the other woman, who had also gotten up to go about her usual morning routine, right on schedule, just like any other day.

The unresolved matter between them remained untouched—no one brought it up, no questions were asked. Pasika left it there, letting it slowly fester into a chronic wound that gnawed away at her heart without her even realizing it.

Both women left the house for work, going about their daily lives as usual.

By the time evening came, the growing sense of weariness had drained her. Pasika didn’t want to go home—she didn’t want to see that person’s face just yet. So instead, she drove to the large family house, where she had lived since childhood.

She had intended to visit her father, or perhaps she simply needed some time alone without having to face someone who only caused her pain.

Her slender figure stepped through the front door. After speaking to one of the housemaids, she learned her father hadn’t returned yet. As for her mother—they had divorced about four years ago.

Still, both of her parents continued to fulfill their roles as father and mother without fail. Pasika never lacked warmth. She lived her life moving between the two homes, remaining close to them both.

She went upstairs and shut herself in her old room. It wasn’t until dinnertime that she finally came back down to join her father for a meal.

"Why did you drop by for dinner with Dad today? And why didn’t you bring Pierce with you?”

“P'Pierce is coming home late tonight. I just sneaked out on my own. I missed you, so I thought I’d spend the night here.”

“You two just got married not long ago, and you’re already sneaking away to stay here? Aren’t you afraid she’ll feel lonely?”

“Not at all, Dad. P'Pierce isn’t a kid anymore,”

She replied with a light smile.

Pasika tried her best to keep her expression cheerful. She didn’t want her father to worry or sense that her married life with Chayavee was far from the smooth, happy picture everyone assumed it to be.

“And have you dropped by to see your mom lately?”

“I just went to see her on Saturday. We had dinner together, but I didn’t stay the night.”

“If you’ve got time, drop by and visit her more often. You don’t need to worry about me too much. Your mom gets lonely so easily.”

“You still worry about Mom, don’t you? If you miss her, you should call. I think she misses you too—she asked about you last time,”

Pasika said knowingly.

Even though they were divorced, as their daughter, she knew her parents still cared for each other deeply.

In the past, she might have questioned why two people who clearly still loved each other had chosen to separate. But as time went by, she came to understand—love alone isn’t enough to hold a marriage together forever.

Her mother came from an old noble family—wealthy enough that even generations down the line would never run out of money. Her father, on the other hand, was a businessman—powerful, rich, and well-connected in his industry.

Their divorce was mainly due to time—or rather, the lack of it. Her father had always been a workaholic, striving for success since he was a young man.

Even after his daughter had grown up, that inner fire of ambition still burned just as fiercely.

Years of emotional neglect piled up into a chronic problem that eventually led to the decision to end their marriage.

They parted ways amicably, with no third party involved. As their only daughter—the golden child of both parents—she had no choice but to accept their decision on that day.

She understood the nature of relationships.

There’s love. There’s loss. Pasika had learned all these things from observing the world around her.

She used to believe that people shouldn’t have to endure an unhappy marriage—especially when love no longer brought the same joy it once did.

But now, after going through it herself, she realized that loving someone... was never that easy to stop.

Some people give up.

Some people endure.

Just because of love.

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Pasika spent less than half an hour having dinner with her father. The rest of the evening passed with quiet, familiar routines.

It was already past 8 p.m. when Pasika finally excused herself and returned to her room.

But just as she was undressing to take a shower, the sudden sound of her phone ringing interrupted her. Wrapped in a bathrobe, she rushed to grab it.

The moment she saw the caller ID on the screen, her heartbeat quickened, mixed with a deep, aching hurt.

She couldn’t feel truly happy—not completely. No matter how much she longed for her, those feelings had always been one-sided.

“Yes, P’Pierce?”

“Where are you? Why haven’t you come home yet?”

“I stopped by to see my father,”

She replied, trying to sound casual.

“I was just about to call and let you know. So I guess I’ll just tell you now —I’m staying here tonight.”

*Why does she need to stay overnight?*

Chayavee didn’t say the words out loud, but she was clearly irritated by the answer.

If things were normal between them, she wouldn’t mind Pasika spending a night at her family home. But this wasn’t a normal time—they were in the middle of a cold, silent standoff. Avoiding each other wasn’t the way to solve anything, and Chayavee knew it.

“That’s all for now. I’m about to take a shower,”

Pasika said quickly, ending the call before more could be said.

She knew avoiding things wasn’t the right way to handle the situation, but all she really wanted was a bit of time to sort through her emotions on her own.

After ending the call, her slender figure disappeared into the bathroom to take care of her evening routine. Tonight would be the first night since the wedding that she wouldn’t be sharing a bed with Chayavee.

Twenty minutes later, freshly bathed and dressed, she settled onto the bed. She picked up a book, hoping to distract herself from the swirling thoughts that still had no resolution.

But despite her best efforts, focusing on the book proved to be a hopeless task.

Then suddenly, her ears caught the sound of a car—familiar and distinct— pulling into the driveway.

Pasika rose from the bed and walked over to the window, peeking out toward the parking area. Her brows furrowed at the sight of Chayavee’s tall frame stepping out of the car.

She was still in the same work attire from that morning, and judging by the timing, it wasn’t hard to guess that she had driven straight here the moment she hung up the phone.

With a sigh, Pasika reached for a robe to pull over her pajamas and made her way downstairs, heading toward the living room—likely the spot to receive this uninvited nighttime visitor.

Everything seemed as expected, except for one thing: she had assumed her father had already gone up to his room to rest. But instead, there he was— sitting on the sofa in conversation with none other than her wife.

“Oh, you came down just in time. Pierce came to find you. Didn’t you tell her you’d be spending the night here?”

"....."

Pasika didn’t answer him right away. Her eyes shifted to the stone-faced woman sitting beside her father—her gaze unreadable.

Chayavee was slandering her.

“Never mind. Since you’re already here, if you don’t want to drive back, you can stay here with your wife.”

“Alright, Dad,” Pasika replied.

“Well then, I’ll excuse myself. You two should stay and take care of each other. I’m starting to feel sleepy,”

He added, leaving the room.

Once her father had walked away and was no longer within earshot, Pasika turned to face the tall figure still sitting with a stern expression on her face. She seemed completely unaffected by the fabricated accusations she had just thrown at her.

“Why did you tell Dad that? I already called P’Pierce and told you I’d be staying here tonight.”

“You didn’t tell me, I was the one who called first. That’s how I found out my wife planned to run off and sleep here.”

“I didn’t run away! Even if P’Pierce called me first, I was planned to called you. So why are you here now?” Pasika shot back, her voice firm.

“Why shouldn’t I come? My wife refuses to come home.”

Pasika's mind raced as she thought about how she couldn’t bear the idea of sleeping alone in that big empty bed. The familiar warmth of another body beside hers—she missed it more than she cared to admit.

The thought of having to sleep alone, after so much time getting used to being together, seemed unbearable.

She’d already struggled through the night, and the tension of the situation wore on her. After trying to hold back her emotions, the longing to be close to her grew too strong, and her heart couldn’t take it anymore. She had to make a choice.

And so, despite her frustration, she found herself here—unable to resist.

Or maybe it was simpler than that: she didn’t want to be apart from her wife.

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# Chapter 13

"I'm staying here tonight."

It was a firm statement that left Pasika silent. She had no reason to push her away. As her wife, Chayavee had the right to demand and could walk in and out of this house as if i her own.

Pasika couldn’t think of anything to say, so she had no choice but to accept what the older woman wanted. She turned around, getting ready to lead her back upstairs.

But just as she was about to take a step, she suddenly froze.

Chayavee stomach growled loudly, not caring at all about the embarrassment it caused her. Chayavee didn’t even know how to react.

How could she explain that she hadn’t eaten anything since noon? She came home hoping to have dinner with her wife, but ended up waiting all this time on an empty stomach—because she was more afraid of not having someone to cuddle with than paying attention to her own hunger.

"I haven’t eaten yet. You didn’t call to say you weren’t coming back, so I waited to have dinner with you."

She was clearly blaming her. Pasika sighed quietly. But she had to admit she was partly at fault—if Chayavee hadn’t called, she probably wouldn’t have called her either.

“I think the maids have gone to bed already, but there’s still some food left from dinner earlier. I’ll heat it up for you.”

Chayavee didn’t say no. She just followed her into the kitchen, feeling so hungry her stomach burned. She didn’t even have the energy to tease her like she usually did.

Pasika put two dishes into the microwave and scooped hot rice onto a plate. It wasn’t long before the food was ready and placed on the table. Still, she couldn’t help but scold her a little in her mind.

*You’re not kid anymore. Why starve yourself waiting like that?*

"Want to eat together?"

"I already ate. Next time if I’m late coming home, you don’t have to wait and starve like this, okay?"

"If you weren’t my wife, or if we were just living our own separate lives, would have done that, Phing."

Her words felt like a wake-up call, snapping Pasika back to her senses. She realized she’d only been seeing things from her own point of view, forgetting the reality of their relationship. She hadn’t thought things through and had to admit that she’d been careless and selfish.

While Chayavee focused on eating, Pasika sat nearby, keeping her company. Even though she had visited her house many times before, she’d never actually been up to her bedroom—not even once.

It didn’t take Chayavee long to finish her meal. Afterward, she invited her to take a walk in the yard with her, partly to help digest the food.

Around the lawn, small lamps lit up different spots, except for the swing area—her favorite corner. It was a bit dim and private, giving off a quiet, cozy vibe.

Pasika sat down on the white swing that looked more like a rocking chair, leaving space beside her for Chayavee to sit. Though it was just enough room for two, she sat so close their bodies were touching, causing her to glance at her with surprise.

"Don’t do that again, okay? Next time, if you go out or come home late, at least let me know."

"I’ll try."

"Not just try, Ping. We’re in a relationship—we can’t just ignore stuff like this, right?"

"Does our relationship really mean that much to you, P’Pierce? Because if it did, you wouldn’t have come home late and left me waiting like that."

Chayavee turned to look her in the eyes. The soft scent from her skin was messing with her senses, making the heat rise in her body.

Her thoughts started to wander—she wanted to bury her face in the curve of her neck—but she held back. Instead, she slipped an arm around her slim waist and, with a bit of effort, lifted her gently onto her lap.

"P’Pierce, what if someone sees us? This isn’t appropriate."

"You’re the one who said the maids were all asleep. This late, no one’s going to be wandering around. So, are you saying that because you’re actually worried about me, or just because of this ‘wife’ title you’re stuck carrying?"

"Either way… can’t I still feel something?"

Chayavee looked into her eyes again. The way she was acting right now— sitting on her lap like that—was starting to confuse her feelings even more. "You… you’ve felt something for me before, haven’t you, Ping?"

"You didn’t even want to marry me, P’Pierce. I know that’s the truth. But that doesn’t mean I didn’t feel anything… not after everything you did."

“So what do you think we should do, Ping? Keep living like this… or do you want to break up with me?”

Chayavee was hurting—her own question cutting her deeply. But she couldn’t stop herself from asking. It had all just become too much to hold in.

“Is that what you really want from me? Love? And what about you? In all the time we’ve been together… has there ever been even a second, Ping, where you wanted to love me? Have you ever felt that way?”

Pasika fell silent, stunned by her strange, almost sulking tone. There was pain in her voice—and even in the dim light, she could see the sadness in her eyes. It sparked something in her… a quiet question forming in the back of her mind.

She could feel it—her emotion. But understanding what was truly going on inside a woman like Chayavee… that was another matter entirely.

"Should I really have those feelings… for someone who’s shown me over and over that she never wanted me in her life?"

"Wasn’t that your feeling, not mine, Ping?"

Chayavee shot back. Her eyes said it all—she was hurting far more than she meant to show.

A part of her wanted to say something that would hurt her back, just like before. But at the same time, a quiet fear crept in… what if her heart never loved her to begin with, and what’s left turns into hatred?

If Pasika ended up truly hating her… could she handle it?

Could she really bear to let go of this woman?

“Please, P’Pierce, don’t say things that are confusing like this. Don’t play mind games with me. I’m tired…”

"....."

"I don’t want to keep guessing what you're thinking anymore. If you’re feeling something, or if something’s on your mind, just say it. I feel so uncomfortable, and this way of living isn’t making me happy. I don’t want to keep living with this constant frustration.”

Her words poured out like she’d been holding them in for too long—and they hit just as hard for Chayavee. Pasika never realized how much her actions had once almost broken her completely, all because of her coldness back then.

"You really want to know, Ping? Do you really want to know why things between us ended up like this?"

Their eyes locked. Chayavee didn’t push her off her lap, even though her mind told her to. But her heart refused. It still longed for her, wanted to hold her close like this. She cared too much to let negative thoughts win.

Her heart had never learned its lesson, even though the words she’d once overheard still haunted her every time she saw her.

Pasika had a power over her feelings. She was the only woman who had ever made her feel completely defeated.

"You never saw me in your future. You didn’t like serious person like me. Whether near or far, I was never part of your picture. I was just someone you used… as a shield, a decoy to keep others away."

“P’Pierce…”

Pasika felt her chest tighten, her heart skipping a beat. Shocked—and completely caught off guard. Every word that came out of the woman she loved… they were exactly the same thoughts and feelings she once had about Chayavee.

She *had* felt that way before. She could still remember venting those exact words to her best friend, Rada.

But now, even though Chayavee was repeating those words almost wordfor-word, Pasika was certain—her friend would never betray her like that.

She would never leak something so private.

*So how did Chayavee know?*

That question showed clearly in her eyes. Even if she didn’t say it out loud, Chayavee read her like a book.

“A restaurant isn't exactly a good place to keep secrets, you know. Not as secure as you and your friend probably thought, Ping.”

“All this time… is that the reason you’ve been cold and distant with me, P’Pierce?”

Pasika froze, heart pounding like never before. She couldn’t explain it just yet, but one thing was clear—she didn’t want things to stay like this.

Chayavee placed her hands on Pasika’s waist, gently trying to lift her off her lap. But since she was the one who pulled her onto her lap in the first place, it wasn’t going to be that easy to push her away now.

“You’re trying to push me away… when you’re the one who put me here?” Pasika asked softly.

It wasn’t just her words—she slowly wrapped her arms around Chayavee’s neck. And just like that, Chayavee melted. Her whole body went soft.

All the strength seemed to leave her, just because their eyes were locked… barely inches apart.

And in that moment, her lack of resistance said it all: she was willing to listen to what Pasika had to say.

So Pasika took a breath and began to speak, carefully choosing her words— the real feelings that had confused her so much, the ones that made her question herself over and over again.

“I won’t deny it… every word you overheard that day was true. I used to feel that way, yes… but if I tell you that I don’t feel that way anymore— would you even believe me, P’Pierce?” “Do you think I should believe you?”

“I know I can’t control what you think or feel. Whether you believe me or not, that’s up to you. But at least I got the chance to tell you.”

“Are you saying… you love me?”

"....."

Pasika held Chayavee’s gaze, her eyes tracing the face in front of her—a face with no soft features, but one she could no longer hide her feelings from.

That high nose, those well-shaped lips… the same ones that always seemed so eager to bring her pleasure—yet could also tear her apart with cruel words.

She used to think she wasn’t into serious, quiet women like Chayavee. But now? She couldn’t look away.

She didn’t even know when it started. All she knew was—she didn’t want those eyes looking at anyone else but her.

“I don’t know where this will go between us. But if that day—if what you heard—is the reason you’ve been hurting… If you’re really seeing someone else like you said… then I’m willing to step aside.”

"....."

“I’ll give you the freedom to live your life however you want. We’ll keep our distance—even if it means we have to pretend for a while. Eventually, we’ll both be free from each other, and we won’t have to keep forcing this anymore.”

“Do you think it’s that easy?”

Chayavee’s voice turned sharp.

“When did I ever say I wanted freedom from you? Do you think marriage is some kind of joke? That you can just offer me ‘freedom’ every time you feel insecure?”

“I wasn’t forcing anything. But wasn’t it you, P’Pierce, who kept trying to show how much you hated me?”

Tears of hurt brimmed in her eyes. In that moment, Chayavee's heart softened, swayed by the look of sorrowful reproach in her eyes as she gazed at her.

Chayavee always lost the fight when she saw her tears. Was Pasika truly starting to feel something for her? That was the question she kept asking herself over and over.

A yearning from deep within was calling her to follow her heart. Her softly parted lips were luring her to lean in closer.

The tender touch of a sweet kiss was filled with the love she'd kept locked inside. Warm breaths and the sweetness of the moment began to heal the wounds in their hearts, slowly mending the cracks.

Though not completely, the two hearts—once full of pride and misunderstanding—now hoped that, come tomorrow, they could finally show their true feelings without any lingering awkwardness or hesitation.

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Everything seemed to be turning in a positive direction. But the next morning, an unexpected incident triggered Pasika’s dormant sense of suspicion.

Her partner’s insistence on riding back home in the same car became a source of doubt—reflected in her eyes the moment she got in and noticed the seat had been adjusted.

The seat had been reclined further back than usual, suggesting it had recently been used by someone with longer legs than hers. The difference was subtle—barely noticeable—but because of her familiarity and attention to detail, even the slightest irregularity sparked a woman’s intuition to full alert.

Pasika glanced at the side profile of her partner. No words were spoken during that moment, but as she adjusted the seat back to its original position, the woman who had turned to look at her suddenly tensed.

Chayavee’s expression visibly shifted, and her suspicious demeanor only fueled her growing doubts, making her trust her instincts even more.

The seat she had always sat in had been used by someone else.

But deep down, Pasika still held onto a quiet hope—that her thoughts were just nonsense, that her suspicions were simply anxiety playing tricks on her.

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# Chapter 14

“P’First, last night when I came back to the building, it was because I stopped by her restaurant. We had a few drinks, and Risa left early. So I had to drop her off at her condo.”

*A lie...*

There were too many things that made Pasika unable to believe the excuse. It wasn’t pride or emotion guiding her.

It was her own logic.

Many little details made her trust her own instincts more than her explanation.

Thayavee’s height and leg length were very similar to her partner’s twin sister. But the way the car seat had been moved didn’t match the size of that twin sister at all.

She didn’t want to be paranoid, but it was hard to shake those feelings. Chayavee’s recent behavior had been suspicious, and deep down, she already believed she was seeing someone else.

Even now, her awkward behavior only made her more uneasy. No matter how much she tried to think positively, deep down, she believed anything could happen.

Her mind was a mess. She wanted to ask her directly, but if she did, she’d look like a foolish woman who was always trying to find fault.

So, to avoid making things worse, Pasika kept all her doubts inside. At least by staying calm and not overreacting, she felt she still had control — and wasn’t acting like a crazy woman in her eyes.

"Tonight, I’m supposed to have dinner with Rada, but I’ll be back home by 9 p.m. It’s something we planned since last week, so I don’t want to keep turning my friend down."

"How many people are going? Just you and Rada? And is there drinking involved? If so, I can drive you there. If you need to come back later, just call me, and I’ll pick you up."

"It’s okay. I won’t bother you, P'Pierce. It’s just me and Rada, and we’re just having dinner. I plan to drive to the restaurant after work. If you’re going to pick me up, it might not be convenient."

"Alright, then. I’ll wait at home."

Her clear refusal made Chayavee not feel the need to insist. Even though she was worried and protective, she understood the nature of their lives. Both she and Pasika needed their personal time, whether for themselves or with friends. Being in a relationship didn’t mean they had to be together all the time.

As long as the other person informed her about where they were going, what they were doing, and who they were with, it wasn’t the same as disappearing like yesterday.

Because if that kind of thing happened again, her heart would be so restless she wouldn’t be able to sit still. She didn’t want to end up in that state again, where she was almost crazy, chasing after her wife because of all the anxious thoughts running through her head.

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And the same evening, Pasika arrived at the restaurant around 6 p.m.

Four-inch heels struck the carpeted floor as she stepped into the restaurant. It was probably the first time since getting married that she had a chance to meet up with her close friend—despite Kirada having invited her out several times before.

“I thought I was early, but I’m still later than you.”

“My office is closer. It’s not surprising I got here first.”

The two women greeted each other with warm smiles. After Pasika sat down across from her friend, the waiter came over to take their order as usual.

Only a few dishes were ordered—no alcoholic drinks. Whenever it was just the two of them meeting, there were never any drinks involved. That only happened when they met up with their larger group of friends.

She had many friends in that big, tight-knit group, but the one she could truly talk to about anything was the elegant socialite sitting in front of her.

And every time she met with Kirada, the conversation always drifted through random topics—an assortment of stories brought up during their time together.

This time was no different, except for the one pressing issue Pasika hadn’t been able to shake from her mind since yesterday.

“Last night, I had a chance to talk with P’Pierce.”

“What’s so strange about that? You live in the same house, sleep in the same bed—not talking would be the strange part.”

“Rada, don’t tease. I’m serious. The thing we talked about the other day— P’Pierce knows everything now.”

“You’ve complained about your partner so many times. Just that little intro

—how am I supposed to know which one you mean?”

“I haven’t even finished talking yet.”

Pasika shot her friend a playful glare. She knew she was being teased— Kirada was just messing with her. But in this kind of situation, she wasn’t in the mood to play along.

“If it’s that serious, it’s a good thing I’ve already eaten—otherwise I’d have lost my appetite. So, what exactly is it about?”

“It’s about that time I told you I never felt anything for P’Pierce. She heard everything we talked about that day.”

“What?! P’Ping, how? When did she hear that?”

Kirada’s eyes widened in shock. She knew Chayavee personally to some extent, which made her feel both guilty and worried that her friend might misunderstand and think she had spilled the secret—especially since what they talked about should’ve been just between the two of them.

“But just to be clear—I didn’t go and tell your wife, okay?”

“I know you’re not like that. From what P’Pierce said, it sounds like she heard it with her own ears.”

Her friend’s explanation made Kirada glance around nervously, a bit paranoid.

Sure, she’d heard of the “small world” theory—walls have ears, doors have eyes—but seriously, what kind of unlucky coincidence was this?

“Then am I not caught in the crossfire too? What if your P’Pierce thinks I was just encouraging you, scheming with you to deceive her?”

“You’re overthinking, Rada. P’Pierce didn’t even mention you. The one she’s mad at is me. Now I’m starting to understand why she’s changed. She’s not the same P’Pierce I used to know in the beginning.”

“Well, after hearing something like that, anyone who didn’t change would be a saint. Honestly, it’s lucky she’s still even around in your life. If it were me, we’d probably never see each other again in this lifetime.”

"...."

Until now, Pasika couldn’t think of any arguments to refute her friend. Many times, her friend would teasingly suggest that she wanted to get close to Chayavee in this or that way. Of course, she used to feel possessive, used to feel displeased.

And those reactions only made Pasika more certain that she might have fallen for her without even realizing it—maybe even since that day.

“If you love her, just say it, Ping. Because if you keep sulking like this, it's not going to make anything better. Especially when you were the one who made Pierce misunderstand from the start. If you’re sure you don’t want to lose someone you love, then just speak up.”

Pasika met her friend’s eyes, confused, before her hesitation slowly began to fade.

Confessing love to someone you love isn't something to be ashamed of. At the very least, if Chayavee still had some feelings for her, their current relationship might improve.

As she began to see a way out of the long-standing emotional discomfort, the heaviness in her chest started to ease, bringing a sense of relief.

And it would probably be even better if the two of them were willing to open up and talk—to find a way out of their issues and resolve the misunderstandings that had been eating away at their hearts for so long.

Pasika stayed with her friend at the restaurant until 8 p.m. before parting ways, wanting to keep her promise to Chayavee about returning home on time.

She headed to the parking lot, but as her car started pulling out of the restaurant area, her heart was suddenly shaken. A familiar car happened to cut in front of her at the exit, causing her hands on the steering wheel to tremble slightly.

There was no need to check the license plate, no need to pay attention to the car brand or even the color, because the image before her eyes was crystal clear—the person sitting in the driver’s seat was her life partner, sitting side by side with another woman.

She didn’t know that woman personally, but she remembered well—she was a well-known model of high status.

And seeing the other woman sitting in the car beside her life partner became the spark that ignited a whirlwind of thoughts in her mind.

*The late-night calls made to her partner…*

*The strange signs she’d noticed on the car seat…*

A flood of thoughts stabbed into her feelings, and her curiosity and suspicion rose to the point of becoming overwhelming.

Pasika had never imagined that one day she’d find herself in a situation like this—a situation that made her resort to secretly following her own partner.

But it was happening. She was becoming that ridiculous person who couldn't bear to stay in this cloud of uncertainty any longer.

As the car moved steadily down the road, Chayavee didn’t notice anything strange happening around her. Her normally calm demeanor was now being disrupted by the actions of the person sitting next to her.

Because a soft hand had deliberately reached out and rested itself on her thigh—something that made the woman hastily push it away as if she’d touched something scalding.

“If you don’t stop, you might end up walking back to the condo by yourself, Nina.”

“Oh, now you’re acting all modest and untouchable? I was just teasing, that’s all.”

“Next time you get drunk, try tossing your phone far away from your hands,

Nina. Don’t go disturbing other people’s sleep like that—it’s inappropriate.”

“What, are you afraid your wife might misunderstand? You don’t have to keep reminding me, Pierce. I know you care about that woman a lot. But don’t think I don’t have feelings, too. It’s good enough that I agreed to end things with you quietly. If I hadn’t decided to let you go, you wouldn’t be living such a peaceful life with your wife right now.”

Chayavee let out a heavy sigh, knowing that all of this wasn’t just a threat that someone like Nina would casually joke about.

If it weren’t for her desire to protect her own reputation, the relationship between her and the woman she had once been deeply involved with wouldn’t have ended so easily as Nina had claimed.

Yes, at a time when her heart was burdened with disappointment from Pasika, Nina was the woman she had once thought of opening her heart to, to continue their relationship with sincerity.

But because it happened at a time when she still couldn’t shake someone from her heart—someone who wasn’t just beautiful, someone like Nina— she had no intention of playing with her feelings.

The two of them had once shared a deep connection, but it wasn’t complicated. Their relationship was confined to the boundaries of being a Sex Buddy or Friends with Benefits.

Everything had come not from love, but from mutual satisfaction and emotional need.

Back when they were both single, Chayavee had considered their actions not to be wrong. But after what happened that night—the night she had the chance to win the heart of the person she truly loved—she didn’t want to continue a relationship like that with Nina anymore.

Since the day she learned she would marry the woman she loved, Chayavee had arranged to meet with Nina to end things. After that, they hadn’t contacted each other again. But suddenly, one night, Nina called her, rambling something incoherent because she was drunk.

That day, Chayavee had decided to hang up the call before heading back to her room. But since she didn’t expect Nina to call again, she didn’t turn off her phone. So, when the call came in again at a crucial moment, she found herself reluctantly answering the phone. Abandoned in the eyes of the suspicious woman who is called her wife

Her actions might raise suspicion, and Chayavee knew it. But to answer another woman’s call in front of her wife, she didn’t have the courage to do that.

And today was another day when the discomfort made her hesitate for a long time about meeting Nina. If it hadn’t been for Nina’s proposal to stop bothering her, meeting Nina alone would have been the last thing Chayavee had planned to do.

But since it was unavoidable, she tried to reassure herself that she was lucky. If Pasika hadn’t had dinner plans with friends today, she wouldn’t have known how to come up with an excuse to meet Nina, following the ultimatum the other woman had given her.

“Could you park in the parking lot, please? I don’t want to walk through the front entrance.”

The voice beside her made its request, and that was the reason Chayavee pressed the gas pedal, passing the entrance of the condo and heading straight to the parking lot on the lower level.

She chose a parking spot near the elevator to make it more convenient for the other person. But still, Nina wasn’t content, continuing to ask something from her.

“Don’t you want to walk me to the elevator, at least? I’ve gone this far for you.”

“Just to the elevator, Nina.”

Without another word, Chayavee opened the car door and stepped out to end the situation quickly. She didn’t have time to linger. Looking at the watch on her wrist, if she didn’t want to come up with another excuse, she had to hurry back home before her wife returned.

The tall woman walked Nina to the elevator, feeling a little irritated that Nina still clung to her arm without any intention of letting go.

“You should let go now, Nina.”

“Don’t you want to change your mind and walk me upstairs?”

“I’m married. Maybe you’ve forgotten that.”

Chayavee warned the other person knowingly, whether Nina was teasing or just testing the waters. But she still had a sense of boundaries and had never intended to take advantage of such moments to wrong another woman.

“To be honest, I would have a hard time finding someone like you who is compatible with me. I suddenly find myself regretting letting you go.”

“You should stop talking like that, Nina. Don’t make this more difficult for me. usually seem like an easy-going person.”

“Okay.”

The woman shrugged and gazed at Chayavee with a smile playing at the corner of her lips.

Chayavee was someone who could be teased, and Nina certainly liked her a lot. On the outside, she was calm and composed, but her passion in bed was intense and fiery. Nina regretted losing her, and that was something she couldn’t deny.

But Nina also knew the relationship could never go anywhere beyond this.

Still, she thought that if this would be the last opportunity Chayavee would give her to get close, then the small gap between them was no obstacle to making her move.

Everything happened so quickly that Chayavee could only stand still, frozen, as she felt Nina’s arm pull her down. Then, Nina’s lips pressed firmly against hers.

In that brief moment of shock, it was no different than letting the other person slide their tongue into her mouth.

The passionate kiss, which came without warning, left Chayavee unable to react in time. She didn’t realize that this moment was turning into something that could shatter someone’s heart.

From a distance, Pasika stood watching the scene unfold, her heart trembling. Her vision blurred with tears that began to well up in her eyes.

Everything was clear as day—Chayavee was cheating on her. Even though she had tried to prepare herself for it, having long sensed the unease from Chayavee's behavior, facing the truth with her own eyes still sent a piercing pain straight into her heart.

Pasika felt nothing but pity for herself. Her legs nearly gave out, no longer having the strength to carry her away from that heartbreaking scene.

Yet, at the same time, she had no intention of running in to interrupt the two of them. Instead, she chose to watch—until they finally pulled away from the kiss.

She saw the woman step into the elevator. She couldn’t hear what was said between them—everything around her was just a deafening blur.

Then, just as Chayavee turned to walk back to her car, a sudden chill shot through her body. Her heart plummeted like a stone.

Those tear-filled, heartbroken eyes staring back at her made it painfully clear—the moment they shared had not escaped the gaze of the woman she loved.

“Ping!”

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# Chapter 15

By the time Chayavee caught up, Pasika had already half-walked, half-run to her car. The only thing Chayavee could do now was rush to position herself beside the driver’s side door.

“Ping! Please, open the door. Can you talk to me first? Let me explain everything, Ping!”

She pounded her fists against the car window, but the woman inside didn’t even consider listening. Not only did Pasika refuse to get out, she revved the engine and sped out of the parking lot without hesitation.

Chayavee stood frozen, her face full of worry as she watched the car disappear. Then she turned and ran back to her own car, quickly starting the engine and racing after her.

As the car moved along the road, not even a second passed without worry filling her heart. Even though the traffic at that time made it impossible for the other car to speed away from her, her heart was still full of concern. She couldn’t help but worry about the other person in many ways.

Tears flowed down her cheeks, and the pained look in the eyes of the woman she loved tore at her heart.

Chayavee knew very well that what the other person saw by accident was hard to explain. It looked so bad that there was no excuse she could give. If she had been the one to see something like that, she might’ve lost control of her emotions too.

The more she thought, the more anxious she became. She was scared that

Pasika might drive somewhere else just to avoid her. She feared that her wife’s destination would not be their home.

Because if that happened, it would be even harder for her to explain everything.

Every second felt slow to her, even though time kept moving forward as usual. She kept praying silently as the car moved on.

But finally, she felt a little relieved when she saw the road Pasika was taking — it was the way to their house.

Within ten minutes, she kept her eyes fixed on the back of her wife's car, not daring to lose sight of it. When the car turned into their home's gate, she quickly followed behind.

As soon as she parked, Chayavee jumped out of her car and ran toward the slim figure that was about to walk away from her.

“Can you please listen to me, Ping? Let me explain everything.”

Pasika stepped back and pulled her arm away from the hand that was reaching out.

She felt disgusted — at the touch she once longed for.

“Don’t touch me!”

Her voice, once sweet, was now firm and trembling.

“Please, just listen to me,”

Chayavee begged, not willing to give up. As Pasika tried to step away, Chayavee reached out and grabbed her small wrist.

But suddenly, Pasika’s anger exploded. She yanked her hand free from Chayavee’s grip and slapping her palm against the other person's beautiful face with full force.

The left side of Chayavee’s face turned with the force of the slap. Her cheek stung and went numb, but in a moment like this, there was no time to freeze like in a dramatic scene on TV.

It hurt — it really stung.

But she didn’t care about her own pain. What mattered more was the misunderstanding that was tearing at her partner’s heart.

“U already told you, P'Pierce, don’t touch me,”

Pasika said firmly.

“I was wrong. But please, just listen to me. I can explain everything. What you saw… it’s not what you think.”

“Not what I think?”

Pasika let out a bitter smile through her tears. Her heart ached when she noticed the red mark spreading on Chayavee’s cheek, but the pain in her heart had taken over every other emotion. She couldn’t show concern or sympathy toward the person who had crushed her dignity.

“Do I need to see you on the bed, hugging and cuddling with that woman, for things to be exactly as I ‘think’ they are?”

The tears she had been trying so hard to hold back finally fell. But even then, her delicate hand quickly wiped them away.

She didn’t want anyone to see her crying, or to remember her like this — someone to be pitied. Standing where she was now wasn’t easy. She was angry and heartbroken, but the little bit of sense she still had left pushed her to come back and face things with her partner at home.

Because if she chose to walk away, Pasika didn’t see any point in doing so. Facing each other and clearing things up once and for all would be better than letting the problem drag on like it always had.

Pasika locked eyes with the taller woman. Her gaze was full of pain and coldness. Everything between her and Chayavee was a mess. It was so bad, she felt lost — like there was no way forward for their relationship.

“I want us to be over. From now on, P'Pierce, do whatever you want. Be with as many women as you like. I don’t care anymore. Because I don’t want to live like this anymore. I can’t.”

“It’s not that simple, Ping. I never planned to let you go. I never wanted things to end like this between us.”

“So what? That’s just what *you* want. But as for me — I don’t want to live with someone who keeps hurting me over and over again. I don’t want to stay.”

Her voice trembled slightly, but it carried a sharp edge and cold determination.

Pasika tried to walk away into the house. But as she passed through the living room, both women noticed the maid peeking from a corner, her face filled with shock.

Of course — even though their relationship had been far from smooth, they had never argued in front of others before. So the maid’s stunned expression made sense. She probably didn’t expect to witness something like this.

The presence of a third person immediately paused the argument. Both of them knew this wasn’t something that should happen in front of others. So Chayavee simply followed closely behind Pasika in silence.

It wasn’t until they reached the bedroom — when the door was flung open and slammed shut — that Chayavee made a bold move. She rushed toward Pasika and wrapped her arms tightly around her waist, pulling her soft, slender body into a hug.

The red mark on her cheek still hadn’t faded, but it looked like she was ready to risk another one.

"I said let me go!"

Pasika tried to break free from the older woman’s arms, but her grip was tight—like a gecko sticking to the wall.

She was holding her so tightly, it felt like a python. Her chin resting on Pasika’s shoulder made her feel disgusted. She couldn’t help but think about how the arms that once held her, the lips that once gave her pleasure, had also done the same to another woman.

Pasika didn’t understand herself. Even though Chayavee had shown signs before that she might be seeing someone else, seeing it with her own eyes made her completely lose control.

The more she loved her, the more her heart hurt.

She felt both love and disgust at the same time, so mixed up that she couldn’t separate the feelings.

“I admit it, Ping. I did sleep with that woman. But after we got married, it never happened again.”

“Do you think I’m stupid, P’Pierce?”

While they argued, Pasika didn’t stop trying to pull her arms away. They were both exhausted from the struggle, but neither was willing to give up.

She held her tight. Pasika kept trying to break free. It turned into a backand-forth tug-of-war.

“You say nothing happened after we got married, but I saw you hugging and kissing her in the parking lot. Do you really think I’m that dumb? What, do I have to catch you in bed with her to believe it?”

“Calm down, Ping. That kind of thing will never happen. I only met her today to clear things up and end everything. I honestly didn’t expect things to turn out like that.”

"That’s enough. Can you stop making me feel worse with your excuses? I can’t take it anymore. I can’t stay like this. Let’s break up."

And that was it. Chayavee suddenly went weak. Her stillness gave Pasika the chance to finally pull herself out of the embrace.

Pasika turned around to face the taller woman, tears in her eyes. She wanted to say anything that would hurt Chayavee even more than she was hurting.

"I can’t live with you anymore. I’m disgusted. I feel sick. Do you know what hurts me the most, P’Pierce? It’s being married to someone like you. Everything’s just been awful. I never saw a future, never felt happy—not even once. Living with you has been worse than living in hell."

"Ping please...."

Chayavee could barely find her voice. Her throat was dry, her legs so weak she could barely stand.

It felt like her heart was being ripped out and crushed. She knew she had messed up badly, but she never imagined she could look so terrible in the eyes of the woman she loved.

Every word Pasika said tore at old wounds and made them bleed even more.

Even if those words were said out of spite or just to hurt her, they still hit hard.

Because when your heart loves someone that deeply, it hurts just as deeply when it all falls apart. It’s like being shoved into darkness, with no way out, no light in sight.

*Was she really worthless in the eyes of the woman she loved that much?*

The heartfelt words pouring out from the other person left her at a loss. Chayavee didn’t know whether to let go or keep holding on like this— becoming the very thing that repeatedly destroyed the happiness of the woman she loved, just as that woman had accused her of being.

Countless questions swirled in Pasika's head. Her throat tightened until she could barely speak. Her eyes burned, growing red with the effort of holding back all the pain inside.

"Can you please leave? I want to be alone. Because if you won’t go, then I’ll be the one to leave."

"I’ll go. You don’t have to go anywhere."

The voice that was once calm now trembled noticeably. There was no need to repeat the request. The tall figure retreated from the room without saying another word.

As soon as the door shut, the tears she had been trying so hard to hold back burst forth like a dam breaking.

The pain ran deep—so deep she couldn’t find the words to explain what she was feeling. Only now did she truly understand the bitter taste of a failed relationship.

Just the word status can't hold anyone back. If Chayavee would have thought about it even a little bit, she wouldn't have done these things.

The problem of infidelity is something so hard to accept.

Pasika no longer wanted to go back to enduring things like before.

But then why? Even though she kept reminding herself of all that had happened, deep down, she still felt a lingering ache—a yearning for the warmth that Chayavee once gave her.

Her stubborn heart still loved that cruel woman, and it had never stopped.

# Chapter 16

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Chayavee barely even realized it—how heavily her shoulders slumped as she dragged herself out of the bedroom. Her destination was the bedroom next door, which would likely become her makeshift refuge for the night.

Pasika hadn’t explicitly told her to leave, but the ultimatum—that she wanted to be alone—was enough for Chayavee to exile herself. She chose to give up the master bedroom, the space they had once shared a life in, so her wife could have it all to herself.

No matter how much she yearned to hold her in her arms, if giving her space could keep Pasika from walking out of the house altogether in this situation, then perhaps the trade-off was worth it. It offered a small measure of comfort.

At the very least, just knowing they were still breathing under the same roof helped keep her own sanity from spiraling even further.

For over an hour, Chayavee sat motionless in the middle of the room before she finally managed to gather herself enough to go take a shower and change clothes. By the time she was done, it was almost 10 p.m.

Knowing full well that she wouldn’t be setting foot in the master bedroom tonight, she picked out a set of pajamas from the laundry room instead.

Chayavee lay down on the soft mattress. It was the first night of sleeping in separate rooms—and the ache was immediate, gnawing at her heart over and over again until all she could do was stare blankly up at the ceiling.

Her eyes stayed fixed like that for nearly an hour. The room felt too big. The bed that once held warmth now seemed far too wide for just one person. Even the thick blanket did little to offer warmth, because her heart was cold. There was no familiar scent, no soft skin to pull close and hold through the night.

Minutes passed. Then hours. No matter how much time ticked by, sleep refused to come.

She kept tossing and turning, restless, unable to quiet her storming mind.

When the restlessness became unbearable, Chayavee suddenly sat upright, then silently crept out of the room—pacing back and forth in front of the bedroom where the owner of her heart now lay.

*Was she asleep by now?*

*Does her heart feel restless like mine? And those words she said—how she acted like she hated me so much—was there even a tiny part of her that didn’t mean it? That maybe it didn’t come from his heart?*

She stared quietly at the door, her eyes full of sadness. She didn’t even dare to reach out and knock, even though her heart was screaming for it. She just didn’t want to act on impulse.

All this time, maybe she hadn’t thought things through enough. The words she said back then—the ones that hurt her deeply—they still haunted her. They pulled her into fear and doubt.

It slowly ate away at her, turned her emotions into a need to win, to protect herself by building walls, and to hurt her first… just because she believed she’d never love her anyway.

She had wasted so much time in pain. But now that she had time to reflect, Chayavee realized she was just a fool who chose the wrong way to deal with disappointment.

*Do I still have a chance?*

*It was the one question she kept asking herself. Is there still time to fix things or try again to make things right?*

Or maybe… it's already too late.

Maybe her heart hates me so much now, she doesn’t even want to give me a second chance.

Chayavee stood still in front of the door. Time passed, but she wasn’t really paying attention to it. Her mind was somewhere else.

At the same time, the one lying awake in bed was also carrying the same pain.

Pasika had already taken a shower, gotten dressed, trying to live like everything was normal. But inside, she was completely broken. She let the tears silently soak into her pillow.

Kicking her out like that... using force to let out her anger... it’s not like she didn’t feel guilty. She was worried—paranoid, even. Scared that Chayavee might take this chance to run off… and go back to that woman.

Her heart was never as strong as her mouth. She always talked tough, but inside she was all over the place. Her thoughts kept spiraling, hurting her over and over. She lay there, just listening for any sound of a car… afraid she might really leave.

*Was she jealous?*

Pasika couldn’t lie to herself. Yes—she was. Chayavee still had a hold on her heart. No matter how much she tried to fight it, she was still losing to her own feelings.

Their marriage had only been a couple months, not even two. But their time dating before that—it left her with so many memories. So many feelings of love and connection.

She missed the woman she used to be—the calm, gentle one who always cared about the little things. That soft side of her... it was still so vivid in her mind. She longed for it every single day.

And all those good things? They started to fade… because of her.

Pasika never forgot her own mistakes. But that didn’t mean the other person was free of blame either.

All the things she happened to see… was it really possible to think of them any other way?

Those half-baked explanations—was she really supposed to believe them just like that?

And just thinking about it made her cry again, tears spilling over before the old ones had even dried.

She was fighting hard with herself. Trying to come up with reasons, excuses —anything to untangle this mess. But it felt like she was just going in circles, getting nowhere.

Her heart still loved Chayavee. But the thought of going back to how things used to be—it suddenly felt way too hard.

Because the truth is... she would never let herself be that blind, foolish woman again. The one who shuts her eyes and ears just to keep a marriage and love that… maybe never really existed.

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The next morning, her body finally gave in to sleep for less than an hour. Slowly, she opened her tired eyes.

Chayavee’s dry gaze glanced at the clock. The unfamiliar room—the one that wasn’t her usual bedroom—made her sit up and rub her face.

The drowsiness was quickly dispelled as her senses returned to full force. Memories from the night before came rushing in.

Without a second thought, she bolted out of the room and rushed to the one next door.

Shee was terrified. What if she had left? What if she was gone?

The fear that the other person might run away from home made Chayavee forget everything. She raised her hand and knocked on the door repeatedly, her emotions pouring out with every bang.

But the moment the door opened, Chayavee froze, unsure of what to do or say.

Standing in front of her, still wearing slippers, was Pasika—her face blank, with no emotion showing.

Chayavee’s eyes scanned Pasika’s face, noting the swelling under her eyes. It was clear she had been through something similar last night.

Pasika was still in her pajamas, of course. It felt natural—just like it would if they were both having a day off with no responsibilities to head out.

“I’m sorry… for disturbing you so early.”

When she finally found her voice, Chayavee realized how dry and cracked it sounded.

Pasika’s gaze didn’t seem to look at her at all, like she wasn’t even there. But the coldness in her eyes stung so much that it felt like a deep, painful wound.

“Can I come in? I just want to shower and change my clothes."

The excuse came to her instantly, along with a tiny hope that maybe Pasika would open the door for her. She wished that the cooling tension between them might allow them to talk again—calmly.

As she waited for a response, Chayavee didn’t even realize how much Pasika, standing there with her shoulders slumped, was hurting inside.

The bruise on the corner of her mouth revealed that the anger had gone too far.

Pasika shouldn’t have been so reckless, shouldn’t have acted out and hurt Chayavee, leaving a mark on her perfect face.

Just the thought that she was the reason for Pasika’s pain made guilt swell up inside her, burning hot around her eyes.

Pasika stepped back from the door, silently allowing the other person to enter the room. But once she stepped in and stood in the middle of the room, the woman who had used the excuse of needing to shower and change since six in the morning now found herself awkwardly standing there, unsure of what to do.

After all, on her days off, she had never once gotten up to shower at six in the morning.

“Sit down,” Pasika said simply.

With that brief command, her slender figure walked off to one corner of the room. Even though Chayavee didn’t quite understand her wife’s actions, she obediently sat down on the bed.

A moment later, she returned, holding a small tube of ointment in her hand.

At that moment, the stinging pain at the corner of her mouth seemed to flare up again, just from seeing it.

If she weren’t an adult, she might have cried to get attention. But since she was no longer at an age where such behavior was acceptable, she chose to show quiet humility instead, especially as she sat down beside her.

“I’m sorry for losing control and hurting you, P'Pierce,”

She said softly, almost in a whisper.

But in the silence, Chayavee heard the gentle voice of the woman she loved as clearly as ever.

Pasika squeezed a bit of cream from the tube and gently dabbed it on the corner of her lips, where she quietly watched her tend to her.

Now that her anger had cooled, she had no desire to let resentment cloud her sense of responsibility. And because both of them had the maturity to understand, they both knew well that turning their backs on each other in such a difficult moment was not the way to solve the problem.

“The matter about wanting to break up—I want to say that it was never what I truly wanted.”

Pasika pulled her hand away from the corner of her mouth, trying to meet her eyes with a sense of emptiness. But it wasn’t easy, not when the pain in her gaze betrayed the true emotions she couldn’t hide.

And all the thoughts she had tried to sort through the entire night… now seemed to contradict what had just slipped from her lips.

“I’ve made my decision. I don’t want to fight with you, Phi Pierce. I want us to talk things through with reason. And what I need to say is—I really can’t go on living with you fully as your wife anymore.”

“Do I really seem that horrible to you, Ping?”

She asked softly, her face shadowed with sorrow. Her once proud shoulders now slumped in defeat.

“Tell me honestly… all this time that we’ve known each other, have I really seemed like such a terrible person, someone without a conscience? How bad does a woman have to be to have another woman while she’s already married? Do I look like I’m that awful, Ping?”

She tried to keep her voice steady, but the pain and disappointment still echoed in her tone and showed clearly in her eyes, rendering Pasika momentarily speechless.

Her eyes held no deceit—only emptiness and a deep lack of joy.

Chayavee was suffering. She was genuinely heartbroken by everything that had happened. And the pain in her expression was enough to shake her once certain resolve.

Pasika wanted to believe every word she said. But the image she had seen with her own eyes still haunted her—bringing tears every time it came to mind.

Even if that day hadn’t involved anything more than a kiss, the possessiveness she felt toward her partner had never lessened. She cherished those touches—she didn’t want to share them with any other woman.

Confusion began creeping back in, chipping away at her emotional resolve. But she kept reminding herself—she would not let herself be swayed by those emotions.

That vulnerability in her voice, the redness in her eyes—she had never seen her like that.

“You’re not a bad person, P'Pierce. You’re just… not in love with me. We don’t love each other. I know breaking up will be difficult. And maybe the only thing that’s still binding us together is the expectations of those around us—but that won’t last.”

Pasika finally said it out loud. The world didn’t revolve around just the two of them. The place they stood wasn’t one where only she and Chayavee could decide everything for themselves.

The wedding had only just taken place not long ago. If they broke up now, they would become the subject of criticism in the eyes of society.

Her father, her mother, Mr. Hiran Sikhares, the surnames carried by both families—all of it carried weight in terms of social standing and reputation.

Because they couldn’t simply ignore all those external expectations, their separation had to follow an agreement between the two of them. And when the time was right, it would all end—cleanly, with no ties left between them.

Pasika had planned everything that way. But for the woman listening to every word coming from the woman she loved, she couldn’t bring herself to accept a single part of it.

Breaking up had never crossed her mind. She hadn’t cheated on her—so why should she accept blame for something she didn’t do?

“Do you hate me that much, Ping... that you want to break up with me?”

“P'Pierce…”

Pasika's eyes widened in shock when, all of a sudden, her body was pushed back onto the bed. Both her wrists were pinned down at the same level as her head. Chayavee didn’t use force or aggression, but the weight of her body looming over her created a powerful stir in her heart.

Their eyes locked—so close there wasn’t even a hand’s span between them. And in that moment, Pasika hated herself—for still feeling something from her touch. She didn’t recoil, not even from the warm breath brushing against the tip of her nose, no matter what her words had tried to claim.

“You hate your own wife that much? Just tell me, say it to my face—that you truly hate me.”

“No woman could accept what you did, P'Pierce.”

“How many times do I have to say it? Since we got married, I’ve never been with any woman but my own wife. Just believe me—just once.”

Chayavee’s eyes were filled with nothing but sincerity. There was no longer any trace of arrogance or pride, none of that stubborn desire to win that had once been so familiar.

Because in truth, her heart… it was ready to surrender completely to her, with every breath she took.

“I love you. I’m crazy in love with you, Ping.”

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# Chapter 17

The word *"love"*—even though hearing it made her heart soften more than halfway—it still wasn’t enough to fix the cracks in her heart right away.

Once doubt had taken root, even though she felt happy to finally hear the words she’d been waiting for, it still felt like there was a thin wall between them, keeping her from fully letting her guard down and enjoying those sweet words.

“Did you only say you love me just because you want to hold on to our relationship?”

“It’s been like this for a long time, Ping. It’s not just because I want you to stay with me,” Chayavee said.

She gently let go of her small wrist, setting her free, then sat down on the edge of the bed, shoulders slumped.

That feeling of defeat crept in—not because she felt embarrassed for saying "I love you" first, but because her reaction didn’t show any happiness or emotion toward her words at all.

Did Pasika even realize how hard it was for someone like Chayavee to say those words out loud? And when she didn’t respond with anything other than that one question, it made her heart shrink. Her face fell. Her confidence was almost completely gone.

“I admit it, I really didn’t feel okay about that woman. And I still hope you’ll respect my decision.”

"....."

Chayavee quickly turned and stared into her eyes. There wasn’t even a trace of confidence left in them. Tears were welling up, ready to fall any second.

Is this… what someone looks like when they’re about to break up?

Is this… how a person acts when they want to end a relationship?

She already had the chance to explain—and she did. She told her she didn’t cheat. And being with someone else before marriage? Chayavee still believed it wasn’t wrong, especially when, back then, Pasika didn’t even take them seriously.

But now that their relationship had changed, she still held on to her sense of right and wrong. She had never, not even once, thought of cheating or betraying her.

And that was exactly why Chayavee had no intention of just giving up— just because Pasika was upset and trying to push her away.

“I’ve never once thought about letting go of my own wife. Especially when it wasn’t something I meant to do, or something I planned. I’m not giving up on us, Ping. Never.”

That was the last thing she said before walking into the bathroom to take care of herself.

Even if people thought she was shameless or stubborn, she didn’t care— because there was no way she was going to lose the person her heart belonged to.

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## One Week Later

Chayavee still hadn’t had the chance to sleep in the same room as her wife —not even for a single night. Every time she tried to come up with some excuse to go in, she was pushed away. In the end, she just gave up and moved herself to the room next door, hugging her loneliness night after night.

Each night dragged on painfully slow. She had to endure the aching feeling of missing her, tossing and turning for hours before she could finally fall asleep.

Living under the same roof, yet not even allowed to hold her in her arms— that was its own kind of torture. It drained her energy and left her unmotivated. The moment her mind wandered from work, that sweet face would pop up and mess with her thoughts.

Day and night, not a single moment passed when she wasn’t thinking about the woman who owned her heart. She missed her with every breath, even though they were just a short distance apart—it still felt like they were worlds away.

Things between them hadn’t gotten any better—but not worse either. It just stayed stuck in that frustrating in-between.

They weren’t ignoring each other, but they also weren’t acting like a couple. At breakfast, they never ate together. Most days, Chayavee barely knew what her wife was up to.

And Pasika never asked where she went, what she was doing, or when she’d be home.

By Friday, Chayavee slowly walked down the stairs, lost in thought. She was dressed sharply in a grey suit and black shirt—everything about her outfit was perfect, except for the dark circles under her eyes from too many sleepless nights.

As she reached the bottom step, she saw Pasika putting on her shoes, getting ready to leave for work. Her dazed mind snapped back into focus the moment she saw her.

“Ping… are you heading to work already?”

“Yes. Why? Do you need something, P’Pierce?”

“So if I don’t have a reason, Don’t I even get to talk to my own wife?”

“It’s still early. I don’t want to argue, P’Pierce.”

Pasika let out a quiet sigh. Just one week in, and her emotional state was already falling apart.

“I have a meeting at ten. So if you’ve got something to say, just say it now, P’Pierce.”

“Are you free this evening?”

Chayavee asked, getting straight to the point. Just by looking at her wife’s tired face, a small part of her still hoped—maybe Pasika was feeling the same way too.

If she didn’t care, didn’t love her, then why would she get so upset? Why cry like that when she saw Chayavee with another woman? A heart is just a lump of flesh, but after all this time together, would someone like Pasika really feel nothing at all?

She should’ve realized that a long time ago. But fear had blinded her, blocked her ears and shut down her thoughts. So her brain barely got a say in any of this.

But now, Chayavee knew it was time to stop holding back. She wasn’t going to waste another moment. It was time to do what she should’ve done long ago.

“My dad sent us an invitation to a jewelry auction. He asked the two of us to go and represent the family. I know it’s kind of last-minute—he only called me yesterday evening to ask.”

“Alright, I’ll come back in time then.”

Pasika agreed without a second thought. She had always felt warmth and kindness from Chayavee’s father, and she couldn’t bring herself to refuse anything that came as a personal request from him.

After that short exchange, the two of them went their separate ways to work, going through their usual routines.

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By the evening, they met back at home to freshen up and get dressed before heading out to the event.

Chayavee wore a midnight gray suit paired with a crisp white shirt. On her wrist was a luxury watch worth nearly seven figures. As for the woman by her side, walking arm-in-arm into the venue, she was dressed in a silvergray evening gown.

The off-shoulder design showed off her delicate collarbones, and the fabric sparkled with tiny sequins that shimmered under the lights.

Her long, silky hair was curled in soft waves and left loose, cascading down her back. Her sweet face was gently highlighted with soft-toned makeup. Under the warm lights of the event, her fair skin seemed to glow, making her stand out so much that Chayavee felt like she couldn’t breathe properly.

She looked stunning—so stunning it almost hurt to look. If she could, Chayavee would’ve dragged her wife home right then.

“When the guys at this event come talk to you… you don’t have to smile at them that sweetly, okay?”

Chayavee muttered as their shoes stepped onto the plush carpet inside the hall, which had been transformed into a glamorous gathering spot for the night’s guests.

Pasika glanced up at her partner, saying nothing. Her face stayed neutral, even though she could sense Chayavee’s mood feeling irritated about something.

She couldn’t believe it—after everything, even when Chayavee was the one in the wrong, she still had the nerve to act jealous and find something to criticize her about.

“You were the one who invited me to this event, remember?”

“I know… I’m just jealous. Can’t you see that?”

"....."

Hearing those words, so openly and honestly spoken, made it impossible for Pasika to stay upset. Her heart softened right away. She never expected to hear something like that from someone as stoic as Chayavee.

She chose not to say anything back—not because she didn’t feel something, but because right then, they both had to turn and smile politely, greeting the many celebrities and high-profile guests pouring into the event.

From her past experience attending events like this, Pasika already knew a bit about what tonight would be like. The place was packed with more than 50 limited-edition diamond pieces, all custom-designed especially for this auction.

Every single piece was made from rare diamonds, crafted with extreme care just for this night. The highlight of the event would be the auction of a set of diamond jewelry worth over a hundred million baht, with a portion of the proceeds going to various charitable organizations.

This was the kind of world rich people lived in. If someone said the whole event was just a show of wealth, status, and power for social standing and public recognition—they wouldn’t be wrong. That was a big part of it.

And for people like her and Chayavee, it was the kind of environment they’d been around their entire lives.

At the front of the room was the VIP section, reserved for the most important guests. Of course, someone like Mr. Hirun wouldn’t be left out. And as his representatives, they were naturally seated there as well.

Chayavee sat beside her wife, watching the performances on stage— everything from artistic showcases to powerful live singers meant to entertain throughout the evening.

Then she leaned over slightly and said softly,

“Your dad asked us to help bid on the highlight diamond set tonight.”

Chayavee leaned in close and whispered in her wife’s ear just as the fashion show began. One by one, familiar and unfamiliar models alike began strutting down the runway, elegantly showing off dazzling jewelry pieces.

“But I'm not very good at this kind of work.”

“If it’s something uncle wants, I’ll do my best,” Pasika replied gently.

Even though Chayavee hadn’t directly asked for help, Pasika understood her perfectly. After all the time they’d spent together, she knew this wasn’t the kind of event her wife felt comfortable at—auctions and glitzy fashion shows weren’t her scene.

But for Pasika, this was familiar territory. She’d been to plenty of events like this. If there was one thing she could confidently say she was more experienced at than Chayavee, this was it.... just this one thing.

The fashion show continued, model after model gracing the runway, until finally it reached its highlight.

The finale a set of extravagant diamond jewelry, modeled by a stunning woman who instantly stole the spotlight.

It wasn’t because she was amazed by her beauty, but because she had no idea that the model for the finale tonight was the same woman who had caused her to sleep in a separate room from her wife for the whole week.

Just her luck—one bad thing after another.

As she silently cursed her fate, Chayavee's throat suddenly went dry, and a chill ran down her spine. She didn’t even dare to move.

In that split second, while everyone in the venue had their eyes fixed on the front of the stage, the beautiful model stood proudly, showing off the sparkling diamonds.

But instead of admiring the beauty on stage, she turned her gaze to the person beside her.

Pasika didn’t turn to look at her as expected. Her beautiful and captivating face was fixed on the stage, just like everyone else. However, the calm expression she wore made it impossible to guess what she was truly feeling inside.

That was exactly why Chayavee started feeling uneasy, forcing herself to look back at the stage again.

But it was like bad timing kept following her. At that very moment, the beautiful model on stage intentionally cast a glance her way.

Chayavee quickly turned to look at the person next to her—only to feel a chill rush down her back. The eyes now looking at her were radiating something intense, enough to make her go pale.

“If you're going to invite me like that, why don’t you just go with her after the show?”

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# Chapter 18

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“I haven’t done anything. I never even thought about it.”

So… was she trying to say that the beautiful model was the one who flirted with her first?

Pasika felt annoyed inside, but she couldn’t deny that it really wasn’t her partner’s fault. So she chose to look away from the tall woman and turned her eyes back to the stage.

She didn’t want to look at her, not even for a second—because deep down, she was starting to realize something: she was getting possessive. Jealous, even. And without meaning to, she had shown it on her face.

“You’re jealous, aren’t you?”

Chayavee whispered beside her ear, leaning in a little.

Chayavee smiled softly, amused by how grumpy Pasika had looked just now. Her mood instantly lifted.

Out of nowhere, her ego started growing again—because Pasika’s reaction just now? It was a clear sign. She couldn’t help but think:

Pasika was jealous.

That thought alone gave her a boost of confidence. The sadness she’d been feeling all week started to fade. It made her happy to see Pasika annoyed and moody, instead of cold and distant like before.

Meanwhile, Pasika, who just got caught red-handed, stayed quiet to hide her feelings.

No point in arguing. It would only make her lose. Her emotions had already slipped out, and now she had to stay calm and pull herself together.

When the silence settled between them, Chayavee didn’t push her for an answer. Instead, she reached out and gently held Pasika’s soft hand, giving it a small squeeze—sending her a quiet message from the heart.

And that familiar warmth from Chayavee’s touch? It worked. Pasika couldn’t help but turn to look at her again.

Their eyes met for just a moment, and in that moment, Pasika almost forgot all the irritation and frustration she had been feeling.

“I won’t let you go. Not ever again.”

Chayavee said just that and shifted her gaze toward the front of the stage. But honestly, most of her attention was still focused on the person sitting right next to her.

Pasika didn’t pull her hand away either. Even though the event was still going on, she let herself soak in the warmth coming from the woman beside her.

She let Chayavee show her love and care. Deep down, that possessiveness inside her wanted her partner to show clearly—especially in front of the woman who once had a deep connection with Chayavee.

A little villain-like thought popped into her head out of nowhere. Her lips curved into a sweet smile, and she started acting all lovely and sweet—just enough to make the other woman feel the sting.

By the time the show ended, Pasika had successfully won the diamond jewelry in the auction, just like the rich old man had planned. After she assigned the security team to safely deliver the valuable item directly to him, she and Chayavee left the event with nothing in their hands.

But as the car made its way through the city streets, Chayavee kept sneaking glances at the woman beside her over and over again.

Every time she turned to look at her, it was the same scene—Pasika sitting there beside her. And every single time, Chayavee’s heart would skip a beat. She was still completely captivated by everything about Pasika, just like the first day they met.

“Next Monday, I have a work trip to Hua Hin.”

"....."

“Ever since we got married, we haven’t really had the chance to go on a vacation together.”

“Are you inviting me to come with you?”

“Mhm, I want you to go with me. That’s been my plan all along.”

It sounded like an invitation, or maybe something more. But deep down, Pasika could sense that Chayavee didn’t actually expect her to give an answer.

Because in the split second Pasika looked out at the road ahead, Chayavee suddenly turned the car onto the expressway—a route that definitely wasn’t the way home.

“You’re saying you’re asking me, but you don’t actually want an answer— because this isn’t the road home. And more importantly, it’s not even Monday yet.”

“I was just about to tell you that.”

“So I get no choice in this, huh? You’re taking me to Hua Hin when I’m still wearing this dress, and I haven’t even packed anything.”

“So are you mad because you don’t want to go with me—or because you’re not ready yet?”

Pasika whipped her head around and gave her an intense glare. If she weren’t worried about causing an accident, she honestly might’ve smacked the woman for being so smug.

Chayavee had planned everything from the start. And yet, she hadn’t told her even a word in advance. Pasika wasn’t super angry, but she was definitely irritated.

“We’ll be staying at our place there. Please don’t be mad. As for clothes and everything else, I already had someone pack and prepare it all for you.”

She didn’t even bother arguing anymore. Pasika knew that someone like Chayavee could make anything happen. And disappearing from her life? That wouldn’t be easy—because if Chayavee didn’t let go, there was no way Pasika could ever truly get away.

With that thought, she took a deep breath and tried to look on the bright side.

Tomorrow was the weekend—Saturday and Sunday. So really, there was nothing stopping her from taking a short break here for a day or two.

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During the journey, Pasika tried her best to stay awake and keep Chayavee company for the whole trip.

But no matter how hard she tried, the exhaustion from the past week caught up with her and slowly drained her energy until she dozed off.

The soft lights from the roadside poured into the car. Chayavee would glance away from the road from time to time, her eyes settling on the sleeping woman beside her.

Pasika’s eyes were closed, framed by long, curled lashes. Her beautiful face looked even softer and more peaceful when she slept. Her arm was lifted, supporting her neck, while her back stayed straight against the seat. Even in sleep, her posture still carried that graceful presence.

There was something elegant about her even in her sleep—something that reminded Chayavee of her usual prideful attitude.

She wondered, are all beautiful women like this? The question kept circling her mind the entire ride.

It wasn’t until the car turned into the driveway of the beachside vacation home that those thoughts finally came to a stop.

Chayavee parked the car and left the engine running for a moment. This was the vacation home her father had bought back when her mother was still alive—a place filled with memories.

But over the years, it was Chayavee who visited the house the most, more than her father or her twin sister. Every time she had work in Hua Hin, she preferred to stay here rather than book a hotel.

The house had everything she needed. It was always clean and well-kept, thanks to the old housekeeper who had served their family for many years.

Chayavee glanced softly at Pasika’s sleeping face. Driving from Bangkok had taken nearly three hours, and now it was almost 2 a.m.

The house lights were already on—she had called ahead to let the housekeeper know she’d be arriving late. By now, the woman had probably gone home to rest, just as Chayavee had instructed.

The sound of the night sea was calm and quiet. Through the stillness, she could hear waves rolling in, echoing softly into the car.

The different setting, so far from their usual routine, only made her heart ache with even more longing for the woman beside her.

Chayavee carefully unfastened her seatbelt, then leaned in slowly toward the sleeping woman beside her. Her gaze settled on those soft, slightly parted lips, just enough to reveal a hint of white teeth beneath. They were glossed with a rich, deep shade of lipstick—shiny, tempting, and irresistibly kissable.

Just the sight made her mind wander to the taste she hadn’t savored in over a week.

It felt like withdrawal—like each day apart had stretched into a year. If she were to count the seven days, it might as well have been seven years without her wife.

She had longed for her with every breath, every heartbeat. The ache was that deep—and now, resisting it was nearly impossible.

She gently pressed her lips against Pasika’s, tender and slow. Her breath mingled with the other woman’s, the warmth between them reigniting a familiar fire that made her blood surge through her veins.

And in a moment of unguarded desire, Chayavee allowed her tongue to slip into Pasika’s mouth.

But just then, she felt a soft push against her shoulders—two hands, weakly trying to stop her.

That slight resistance wasn’t enough. Her longing was too strong. Her tongue moved deeper, coaxing and teasing, tasting the sweetness she had missed so much—drawing Pasika into the kiss with renewed intensity.

A soft moan escaped from Pasika’s throat. Her hands, once pushing away, now clutched at Chayavee’s collar instead.

She felt like she was being swept off her feet, floating in midair. The moment Chayavee touched her, all the bitterness and misunderstandings seemed to dissolve.

Her body responded without hesitation, swept up in the deep, yearning kiss —giving in completely, and letting it carry her away.

No one knew how long their tongues had been entwined in that deep, intoxicating kiss. Neither of them paid attention to their surroundings, nor did they seem to care that they were still inside the car. It had gone on for too long for something as intimate as this to be happening in that setting.

“P'Pierce… we're still in the car.”

The soft protest came with a breathless tone. The hand that had been caressing her smooth, pale thigh froze in place.

Chayavee slowly pulled back from the kiss, her gaze locking onto Pasika’s, eyes glistening with unspoken longing. Her desire was transparent— undeniable.

“I’ve missed you so much, Ping. I can hardly stand it.”

“We’re home now, aren’t we?”

Pasika shifted the conversation deliberately, trying to rein in her own emotions—burying the tremble in her voice beneath a calm exterior.

She didn’t want to surrender to her so easily. But why was it so hard to resist those pleading eyes?

“Alright… let’s go inside, then.”

Her voice came out as a whisper, tinged with a faint shakiness—proof of how that kiss had stirred something inside her. Something dangerously easy to awaken.

Still, she wouldn’t let herself be swept away so recklessly. Not while the issues between them remained unresolved.

Chayavee sat upright again, quickly switching off the engine before stepping out of the car. She circled around to the other side—intending to open the door for Pasika.

But Pasika had already stepped out, not waiting for such a courtesy.

A cool sea breeze swept past them, rustling their clothes and tousling their hair. The sound of waves crashing against the shore played in the background, rhythmic and calming. The salty air and long-missed coastal atmosphere seemed to soothe the heart, freshening the soul in ways neither had expected.

Pasika took in the sight of the large beach house before them—its white exterior glowing softly under the amber lights placed thoughtfully around the property. It looked like something out of a dream, the kind of place many would long to call home.

And clearly, with the Sikhares family’s wealth and influence, it wouldn’t be surprising if they’d turned this stretch of coast into their own private shoreline.

“How long are you planning to stay here, P’Pierce?”

“That depends... How long do you want to stay?”

“I’ve got work to do. P'Pierce didn't tell me in advance that we'll leaving.”

Pasika shot a sharp look at her companion just as Chayavee extended her hand to press her fingerprint against the scanner beside the front door. The lock clicked open, and they stepped inside.

As she entered the spacious foyer, Pasika let her eyes scan the interior—just briefly. The house was fully equipped, elegant in every detail. But something else caught her attention.

Two suitcases sat waiting in the middle of the room.

She stared at them, brows knitting in confusion.

Bringing this much luggage?

And she still had the audacity to ask how long they'd stay?

Pasika lifted her eyes to Chayavee, not bothering to voice the obvious. Her look alone was doing all the questions.

"I want the two of us to have some time to rest together. You could consider it a honeymoon. As for work, your father, Ping, has allowed you to take as much time off as you need."

"P' Pierce, are you really using my father as an excuse?"

The more she thought about it, the more frustrated she became. She couldn’t understand how the other person managed to convince her father to let someone lure his own daughter into this situation.

"Ping,"

Chayavee's voice was soft, almost like a whisper. She looked into the other person’s eyes with a pleading gaze, feeling that she could no longer endure this tense situation.

"Can we make up? I can't stand letting everything between us stay like this anymore."

"....."

The surrounding atmosphere fell into silence. Pasika stared at the older person silently, and suddenly her eyes began to burn with tears. She was exhausted from constantly fighting her feelings for someone who had hurt her emotionally.

But when the other person pleaded with just a few words, her heart seemed to melt like wax in a flame.

"I know everything we've been through has been awful. I’ve hurt the feelings of the person I love because of my foolish thoughts. All this time, I never found a way out for myself, not knowing what to do with our relationship. Because the day I fell in love with you with all my heart, it was also the day I realized I never had the chance to get into your heart. All the confidence I once had disappeared. Everything that day was just horrible for me."

Phasika froze as she sensed the other person was expressing her hurt from the words and actions that had come before.

Silence settled around them, and Chayavee’s eyes began to burn with unshed tears, the lump in her throat tightening. The weight of all her feelings gathered in her dark eyes. If Pasika were to notice even the slightest, she would feel the pain and suffering Chayavee had been carrying all this time.

At this moment, Chayavee just wanted to speak everything she had been holding inside. She wanted to express all her thoughts and feelings, to break down the wall of fear, leaving behind any pride.

The look in her eyes, her tone, her way of communicating, and the tenderness in her actions all made Pasika remember the past.

Chayavee, the same person she had once known, had always shown her such kindness—the softness hidden behind a serious exterior, the warmth that had reached her. It made her heart soften without warning.

The sadness from what she had accidentally seen that night may not have disappeared from her heart, but many reasons made her heart waver. She found herself thinking about the explanations her partner had given her, reflecting on them constantly.

The coldness between them only made her mental state worse. It was clear that neither of them was in a different position.

So, why should they continue suffering with these feelings?

Chayavee was her partner, the one who had once told her that she loved her. If everything came from a true feeling, could she really allow their relationship to fall apart like this?

Pasika had been thinking about this for the entire week. If Chayavee didn’t want to live with her, she wouldn’t be trying to hold on to her as she was doing now.

The chance to reflect on herself with clarity had made her realize that she wanted to stay with Chayavee, that she couldn’t bear to lose her to anyone else.

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# Chapter 19

“With that woman… if I ever find out that you’re still in contact with her, would you be willing to let me go?”

“That day will never come. Because even now, I still stand by what I said— I’ve never cheated on my wife, not in action or thought. I ended things with that woman before we even got married. And honestly, there was never anything that deep between us, Ping.”

“But you still met her. You went to see her, hugged and kissed her—the woman you said was in the past.”

“She asked to meet me in exchange for not bothering us again. I just wanted to end it all right there. I didn’t want you to worry or misunderstand anymore, so I went. But I was unlucky. I really didn’t expect that she would suddenly do that. Honestly, I wasn’t prepared.”

“And you expect me to believe that? Because from what I saw, you still let her kiss you. Were you enjoying it or what?”

Pasika snapped and started to walk away in frustration, but her slender waist was suddenly pulled back by Chayavee’s single arm, lifting her light frame into her embrace—tighter than a python’s grip.

Chayavee smiled slightly at the corner of her mouth, locking eyes with her while she glared at her. But even with all that attitude, she looked absolutely adorable to her.

*You've lost all your cool, my dear!*

“If you’re going to leave, at least please let me know. Don’t just walk away like that.”

“I want to take a shower. It’s already late.”

“So… are we okay now?”

“Have you been behaving? Can I trust your actions now?”

“I’m madly in love with you, Ping. Is wooing a wife harder than wooing a girlfriend? I’ll start courting you all over again if I have to, but please don’t make me wait too long. It’s torture.”

Pasika looked into her eyes quietly. Her heart was ready to forgive her ever since she heard that soft, regretful tone. And with those pleading eyes—how could she resist?

“Your eyes are about to close, P’Pierce. Why don’t you go shower and get some rest?”

Pasika spoke seriously, feeling a bit guilty for falling asleep during their road trip, leaving all the driving to her wife when they were supposed to take turns driving.

And now, Chayavee looked completely exhausted, as if she could barely keep going. Yet she had pushed through and driven all the way to Hua Hin. Even though she had a lot of reasons to secretly grumble at her, deep down, Pasika could still understand the situation between them.

Each day that passed with coldness and distance between them made it harder for her to just speak to her like normal. For days, Pasika had been avoiding direct contact, using silence as a wall between them.

One tried to make things right, while the other kept walking away.

Chayavee had always made it clear she wanted to make up with her, so it wasn’t surprising that someone like her would resort to using every trick she had to get what she wanted.

Pasika followed her tall figure into the large house. From what she could see at a glance, she guessed that this vacation home must have at least five bedrooms. The interior was quite spacious and well-designed, not to mention the outdoor area, which she hadn’t had a chance to explore yet.

Chayavee chose to stay in her usual room—her regular one—without giving Pasika a chance to ask for a separate room.

Or maybe it was because Pasika didn’t feel the need to resist anymore.

After all, it was already 2 a.m.

They took turns showering, changing into fresh clothes, and doing their personal routines. They didn’t unpack their entire luggage—just took out some basic things like body lotion, skincare, and pajamas to wear for the night.

Chayavee sat at the edge of the bed, watching the slim woman apply cream in front of the vanity. Their personal items used to be neatly separated, but tonight everything was mixed together, so much so that it was hard to tell whose stuff was whose.

Earlier, she accidentally grabbed the wrong cream jar. But instead of stopping, Chayavee kept applying it anyway—secretly wanting to try the same product her wife used.

“Why don’t you go to sleep first?”

"I'm waiting."

Chayavee repeated the question again, after sitting and forcing herself to stay awake ever since Pasika walked into the bathroom.

That answer was enough to make Pasika leave the vanity table and walk gracefully to stand in front of her. And right away, Chayavee took the chance to wrap her arm around Pasika’s waist.

She looked up, locking eyes with her at close range. Pasika’s lips, soft and naturally pink, made her mind drift to thoughts of their sweet taste— suddenly making her feel hungry.

Her fatigue and weariness seemed to vanish out the window the moment she caught her scent and felt her soft, smooth skin. The energy that had almost drained away now came rushing back all at once.

She didn’t need to look for any miracle cure elsewhere—Pasika alone was enough to awaken every part of her, every single time.

“What are you waiting for?”

“If I’m being honest… would you even say yes?”

There was only one kind of question that sounded like that. They were married now—there was no reason to beat around the bush when it came to something like this.

Chayavee’s slender hand, resting around Pasika’s slim waist, began to gently stroke her back. Even through the fabric, the thin, body-hugging nightdress Pasika wore allowed her to feel the heat radiating from her partner’s touch.

She didn’t resist. She simply stood still, letting Chayavee express her longing, her breathing slowly growing heavier and deeper.

Pasika’s delicate fingers reached out and caressed her wife’s smooth cheek. Every detail of Chayavee’s face looked as if it had been carved by the hand of a master sculptor.

To her, Chayavee was flawless from head to toe. Even if her beautiful face sometimes looked calm and unreadable, it held a subtle charm—one that had once left Pasika breathless more times than she could count.

Her possessiveness toward this woman was so intense, she couldn’t deny it —not even once.

“You’ve told me you loved me before… But what if I want to hear it again?”

—The pounding in her chest grew louder. A faint smile curved Chayavee’s lips. With just a gentle pull, the slim woman standing before her lost her balance and ended up straddling her lap.

That provocative posture was enough to make the sweet-faced woman feel her entire face flush with heat—even if it wasn’t the first time.

In the close embrace of various positions, she still wasn't used to the sweet, longing gaze from the other person.

"I love you. I miss you so much, I feel like my heart is going to break."

Chayavee whispered softly, her voice hoarse and raspy from the burning emotions stirred by the touch. Her nose gently brushed against the smooth, soft skin of the other's cheek before slowly trailing down to nuzzle the white neck.

Pasika shuddered with a deep breath as the hot breath and soft lips traced warmth along her neck.

Her thin, strappy nightgown was pulled down to just her waist. Her two plump breasts, covered only by the delicate nightgown, were now exposed to the gaze of the older person.

The dark eyes stared at the pink-tipped breasts. Her throat dried as the desire within her grew, unable to resist reaching out with her fingers to lightly touch them.

Pasika gasped as her chest heaved when the other person began teasing with their fingers. In an instant, her body trembled, and she unconsciously dug her nails into the shoulder of the taller person, while the other breast was gently teased with a warm tongue and mouth.

"Mm... P'Pierce..."

The hot tongue traced and licked, sucking hard, alternating with gentle nips that made her shiver.

Her body seemed to melt into the heated touch of her partner. The slender hand that had been resting on her thigh slowly crept up under the hem of her nightgown, inching closer to the moist heat between her legs, making her shudder.

"I love you, I miss you so much... it hurts."

Chayavee whispered softly, her voice hoarse with the rising passion within, stimulated by the close contact. The bridge of her nose touched and nuzzled Pasika's soft cheek before slowly moving down to bury itself in the white nape of her neck.

Pasika gasped, shuddering as the hot breath and shapely lips brushed warmth along the skin of her neck.

The straps of her nightgown were pulled down to her waist by slender fingers. Instantly, her two plump breasts, with nothing but the thin fabric of the nightgown as a barrier, were exposed to the older woman.

Dark eyes gazed at the rosy pink nipples. Her throat began to dry, her desire ignited, unable to resist reaching out with a fingertip to greet the sweet nipples.

Pasika's breath caught, her chest heaving as the other woman began to knead and tease with her fingertips. In a moment, Pasika trembled, her fingernails digging into the larger woman's shoulder as the other breast was assaulted by a warm tongue and mouth.

"Mmm... P'Pierce..."

A hot tongue flicked and licked, sucking hard and then nibbling gently, causing the petite figure to flinch.

Every part of her body seemed to melt under her partner's passionate touch. The other slender hand that had been caressing her inner thigh began to slip under the hem of her nightgown, slowly creeping closer to the rising heat of the soft mound between her legs, causing the petite figure to tremble.

"I've missed you so much, Ping."

Chayavee whispered, her voice trembling as she tried to move her fingers to touch that part of the person on her lap. The wetness she felt at her fingertips indicated a willingness to let her slender fingers explore inside.

But Chayavee wasn't impatient, only using her fingertips to lightly trace and graze between the delicate petals.

The expression on her face in the throes of desire, her full red lips parted slightly to let out soft moans, was so enticing that the one looking up at her couldn't resist pressing her own lips against the soft ones.

Tongues entwined passionately. The soft, inviting passage made it impossible for her to resist slipping two long, slender fingers into the tight, warm channel.

Pasika tensed and trembled all over as strong fingers brushed against the soft inner skin. The hot passage throbbed and pulsed, gripping the two slender fingers that had pushed all the way in.

The moment the other woman began to move, waves of pleasure surged through her, accompanied by ragged breaths.

Each time the other woman pushed deeper, the desire intensified in every pore. The heat climbed higher with each in and out movement of the slender fingers. As the intense heat reached its peak, the petite figure suddenly trembled, her abdomen contracting, releasing all the burning passion completely.

Pasika collapsed weakly into her partner's embrace, her breath coming in short gasps. That part of her felt intensely hot and continued to cling tightly to the other's slender fingers.

It felt so good when Chayavee buried them inside her.

"Have you ever noticed how beautiful your moans are?"

"If you're teasing me to make me shy, I'm not listening."

"Really?"

Chayavee chuckled softly before kissing her sweaty forehead and slowly withdrawing her slender fingers from the tight, warm passage.

Even though she wanted to be surrounded by that softness for longer, because her inner desires hadn't been fully released yet, her physical reactions kept demanding something to relieve the aching sensation in that part of her body.

The hot, wet sensation seeping through the fabric of her nightgown around her groin stimulated her desire and made her unconsciously move her hips to rub the heated areas together.

Even though it was only a touch through the fabric, the exciting sensation intensified with each heavier breath.

"Shall I take off my pants?"

Hearing the sweet request, Chayavee was ready to obey. The petite woman lifted her hips to slide her pants down to her ankles. Just like that, there were no more barriers between their bodies.

And as their heated bodies pressed against each other, the blood rushed through their veins, a thrilling desire causing a low moan to escape their throats.

"Mmm... could you move a little harder?"

Chayavee pleaded, her voice hoarse, her eyes fixed on the sweet, beautiful face of the lithe woman who now rocked her hips on her lap. The expression on the petite woman's face in the throes of desire was so sexy and enticing that she wanted to unleash her raw emotions without restraint.

Chayavee tensed her abdomen every time the petite woman ground that part against her. The gentle movements made her horny and desperate as her desire climbed so high it was hard to resist.

Her slender waist was gripped tightly with both hands to support the thrusting and receiving of the lovemaking rhythm from the woman above. "Ah! P'Pierce, please be gentle!"

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

Chayavee moaned hoarsely. Suddenly, the woman who had been rocking above was lifted and placed on her back on the mattress. Her slender legs spread wide to accommodate the larger figure that followed her down.

The moment Chayavee pressed her body against hers again, moans mixed with the sound of skin against skin filled the room.

Their passionate lovemaking raged, shaking the petite figure all over. The fire of desire burned both of them. Chayavee was so intense it almost took her breath away.

Was it the result of too much time away from the other? For every thrust that landed on her body was both longing and pent-up, like huge waves crashing against the shore, wave after wave.

Where would this night end? Pasika couldn't know the answer because the exhaustion that had made her worry about the other person earlier had turned out to be just an illusion, ready to drain her of all her strength.

But because they yearned for each other equally, their slender arms were ready to wrap around each other. The sound of ragged breaths close to her ear, the passionate rhythm of their bodies becoming one, was a taste of the happiness she desired from only one person...

...Chayavee, the one who owned her heart and her body. "I love you, P'Pierce, love you so much."

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# Chapter 20

The warm sunlight shone down in the late morning, but the bedroom was cool due to the air conditioner. The two naked bodies remained nestled together under the blanket, sharing warmth through the touch of skin against skin.

Chayavee had been awake for more than five minutes, but her attention was not focused on the surroundings. Her gaze, filled with so many emotions, was fixed on the beautiful face of the person lying in her arms.

Her arm, which the slender person used as a pillow, gently stroked through the soft, smooth hair. Her lips, perfectly shaped, placed a soft kiss on the smooth forehead. The gentle touch was transferred down to the nose, then to the lips. The person being disturbed from sleep let out a groan into the blanket around her neck.

Pasika was still in a half-asleep state, but as soon as her mind processed what was happening, the warm sensation flooded through her, making her unconsciously respond.

What started as a light kiss on the outside turned into a playful exchange of tongues, gently teasing each other.

Chayavee's tongue playfully danced with the smaller one, creating a sweet and endearing battle. It was so delightful that she almost choked on the happiness and allure emanating from the yielding person in her arms.

The more time passed, the more Pasika drove Chayavee crazy.

"We just woke up,"

Phasika breathed, her voice panting slightly as the taller woman reluctantly pulled away from the kiss. But the other hand moved up to nibble on her breasts. It was a physical response that made it clear that the taller woman had no intention of stopping with just a kiss.

"Having sex in the morning helps us feel refreshed throughout the day. Have you ever heard of that theory?"

"Everything you say... you just take it for granted, P'Pierce. Ping doesn't understand where you get all that energy from."

Although the other person had previously appeared so exhausted that she could barely keep her eyes open, when it came to talking about things in bed, the other person seemed to be energetic, and her thirsty behavior made her almost unable to handle it.

"It's because of someone,"

Chayavee said.

"Knowing that, I should have made you sleep in a separate room for another month."

"Only one week and I was already unhappy. The bed is too big to sleep alone, and a blanket isn't as warm as cuddling with my wife. I can't go back to living like that, Ping."

"You seem very affectionate lately. Are you even the same P'Pierce, I know?"

"Whoever I am, I'm still yours. I may not be the sweetest talker, and I may not do everything the way you like, but when it comes to being faithful, I'm second to none."

"Even though you claim to be faithful, P'Pierce was secretly flirting with another woman while I was still around. Even though we weren't officially together back then, P'Pierce always took advantage of me. If I had been easy back then, how heartbroken would I have been?"

"You're still mad at me, aren't you?"

"Honestly, I don't even want to talk about it. Just talking about it makes me angry."

"I love you, Ping. Let's not talk about anyone else. There won't be anyone else from now on."

Chayavee looked at her with pleading eyes before pressing her lips to hers again. The hand that had been caressing her breast began to drift lower, past her flat stomach to the soft mound between her legs.

The petite figure shivered slightly as slender fingers touched a sensitive spot. Chayavee greeted them with a light caress, but even that touch made the invaded woman involuntarily clench her stomach.

A thrilling sensation began to spread through her abdomen. Her breathing became shallow as mischievous fingers began to trace up and down the moist petals of the rose. Her beautiful hips began to writhe and twist.

"Ugh... P'Pierce..."

Chayavee secretly swallowed hard. Her eyes were fixed on the enticing face and the pleading look in the eyes that looked back at her. They were filled with desire and seemed to invite her to touch them more deeply than before.

"If you make that face, I'll go crazy, Ping."

At the end of the husky, trembling voice, two slender fingers slowly penetrated the soft, warm passage of love. Pasika instinctively hugged her lover, moaning softly. Every time Chayavee moved inside her, there wasn't a moment when her body wasn't filled with the other woman's passionate touch.

Chayavee could control everything; her body, her moans,

even the rhythm of her quickening breath.

The bedroom, which had been a battleground of love all night, was filled with moans that continued for countless hours. And before the love battle ended, Pasika was so weak that she could barely stand.

Her legs trembled as she put her weight on her toes. Even though the other woman had been by her side throughout the shower and dressing, Pasika still managed to glance at her several times.

"P'Pierce is so selfish, do you realize that?"

"I do. But I'm also willing to take responsibility for my actions. For example... helping you shower, helping you get dressed, or if you want me to carry you, I will. I still have a lot of strength left. You're so small, I can carry you easily."

"You don't have to go that far."

Unable to find the words to reply, Pasika could only link arms with the taller woman and walk towards the hall. The clock on the wall read ten in the afternoon. Her stomach rumbled, her digestive system kicking in, when suddenly her nose caught a fragrant aroma that smelled like food.

"I smell food. Is someone cooking?"

"Looks like someone is really hungry. I'm sorry I let you go hungry until the afternoon. I won't do it again. Next time you'll eat first and then we'll continue."

"P'Pierce!"

Chayavee burst out laughing. The world seemed bright and cheerful, even though the person next to her kept staring at her.

And because she was afraid that the other person might faint from hunger, Chayavee quickly led the petite woman to the dining table.

Pasika frowned slightly when she saw the table laden with dishes that looked freshly prepared. The scene in front of her made her suspect that someone had to take care of the place. But what she wondered was when Chayavee had found the time to order the food.

"The housekeeper does that. Every time I come here, I don't really like to eat out, so it's the housekeeper's responsibility to cook for me on time, unless I tell her not to."

"And where is the housekeeper now?"

"My father doesn't like anyone to interfere with the house, so he built a small house for them to live in separately. They come here at certain times."

"They?"

"A married couple, in their fifties, with a daughter who's probably about twelve years old. They've been taking care of this house for a long time. They're old acquaintances of my father's, so the whole family takes care of

it."

"Okay,"

She replied, sitting down in the chair the other woman pulled out for her.

"Thank you."

"After we eat, would you like to go for a walk somewhere?"

*Does she think I'm even capable?*

Pasika asked with her eyes, making Chayavee stifle a smile. She knew that she had exhausted her wife so much that she probably didn't have any energy left for anything else. But she couldn't help it, because Pasika had let her dry out for a whole week.

"I was just asking in case. If you can't think of anything now, we can do it later."

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With that, they both turned their attention to the first meal of the day, which combined breakfast and lunch.

After finishing their meal, they spent the entire afternoon wandering around the cottage.

They each found their own corner and occasionally came together for a cuddle. But throughout the day, their movements never went unnoticed by each other.

As late afternoon approached, the once bright midday sun began to fade.

The late winter breeze carried the scent of the sea and touched their skin.

Chayavee, dressed in a clean white casual outfit, sat swinging her legs on a swing tied under a coconut tree by the beach. The petite figure sat nestled between her legs, slender arms wrapped loosely around her slender waist, chin resting on delicate shoulder as she gazed at the water and sky, inhaling the scent of nature and the fragrant aroma of the hair on her lap.

"Do you like it here? The atmosphere?"

"It's peaceful. Ping hasn't had a chance to go to the beach in a long time."

Pasika tilted her head slightly to look back at her partner. The corner of the other woman's lips curved into a soft smile that held a charm that could easily make her heart flutter.

"Actually, I have something to tell you, Ping."

"Hmm?"

Chayavee smiled, but at the same time Pasika saw her move an arm from her waist and fidget to reach into her pants pocket.

In the blink of an eye, the important object Chayavee had deliberately brought with her appeared in front of the person on her lap.

Pasika looked at the small necklace with a heart-shaped diamond pendant. Even though she could tell from the situation that it was probably for her, she waited for an explanation from the taller woman.

"I ordered this necklace a few months ago. I wanted to keep it as a surprise for when I asked someone to be my girlfriend."

"P'Pierce..."

Pasika looked at the other woman, her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly a lump seemed to rise in her chest, blocking her throat. She almost didn't want to think about what Chayavee was about to say.

For if everything was as she thought, a deep sense of guilt made her question herself about what she had done in the past. Had she been too thoughtless in wanting to bring someone into her life without considering their feelings?

If Chayavee had decided to disappear from her life and really hated her, they wouldn't have had the chance to sit here and hug each other today. The thought alone made her heart sink. It felt hollow and empty.

"P'Pierce is going to say that you wanted to ask me to be your girlfriend but didn't get the chance because accidentally you overheard my selfish words that day, right?"

"......"

Chayavee didn't respond verbally, but her small smile seemed to be an acknowledgement.

That story was in the past. Now she didn't want the other woman to feel guilty about past events. She didn't want it to undermine her feelings while their relationship was moving in a good direction.

"No matter what happened along the way, as long as we're together at the end, that's enough for me, Ping. I don't need anything else. Just to have the person I love in my arms today is enough."

"And... does P'Pierce still want to give this necklace to me?"

"This necklace is unique in the world. And its owner should also be unique."

Chayavee smiled faintly as she used both hands that encircled the slender waist to undo the clasp before placing the necklace around the graceful neck.

Pasika smiled through her tears. She waited until the other woman had finished putting on the necklace before turning to face her again.

"Do I need to ask to be your girlfriend? But I don’t think I can be your girlfriend anymore."

"Then what should I do?"

Chayavee looked into the eyes of the person sitting on her lap, her gaze full of emotion. She tightened her arms around the other’s slim waist as those delicate arms slowly reached up to wrap around her neck.

"I'm your wife now, P'Pierce. And if you ever do something like this with someone else again, I definitely won't let it go."

"Why are you being so fierce, hmm?"

"I'm fierce than you thought, P'Pierce."

"Now I'm curious to see that."

Without another word, the one being challenged pressed her lips against her wife’s right away.

The tigress didn't act as fierce as she claimed—but her soft, teasing kiss seemed to awaken Chayavee’s wild instincts more than anything.

If they weren’t in a public place, believe me, the playful tigress would’ve already been devoured whole.

She promised—she would consume every bit of her, body and soul.

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# Chapter 21

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It was now the second day of their vacation, surrounded by the calming scent of the sea and the open sky. As the sun dipped below the horizon, the house was gently lit by lights placed at various spots around the property.

Next to the house was a swimming pool with a clear view of the beach. At night, the sea was covered in darkness, but in the far distance, faint twinkling lights could still be seen—possibly from fishing boats or other vessels drifting in the open water.

Pasika sat by the edge of the pool, dipping her feet into the water. The wind above made the air feel chilly, but the pool water remained warm thanks to the heater system.

It had been over half an hour since her partner disappeared behind a tablet screen. During that time, Pasika took the chance to quietly enjoy the atmosphere by herself. She didn’t feel bored at all—she understood well that this trip to Hua Hin was both for work and for relaxation.

When she finally saw the tall figure of her partner walking out of the house, a sweet smile spread across her face—even before Chayavee reached her.

“Finished with work?” she asked.

“All done,”

Chayavee replied as she sat down beside her and leaned in to plant a loud kiss on her soft cheek.

“I missed you so much.”

“You’ve only been gone for less than an hour,”

Pasika said with a soft laugh.

“I couldn’t help it. I just miss you. Once I realized how deeply I love you, I didn’t want to hide it anymore. Pretending to feel the opposite is so painful —I don’t ever want to do that again.”

"So from today on, I have to deal with the new version of P’Pierce, right?"

"Just be ready to handle all the love I’m going to give you. But hey, I saw you go change a while ago. I thought you’d be swimming already—I was starting to think you were bored waiting for me."

While speaking, Chayavee’s eyes couldn’t help but glance at the opening in Pasika’s robe.

She had no idea what kind of swimsuit her wife had chosen—what style or what color—because twenty minutes earlier, after saying she wanted to swim, Pasika had gone inside and then come back out still dressed like this.

But honestly, it didn’t matter what she was wearing. Just the sight of that slight opening in her robe, revealing the soft curve of her chest, was enough to make Chayavee’s heart race. Her imagination started running wild.

Before her thoughts could go any further, Chayavee took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down.

"Aren’t you coming into the water with me, P’Pierce?"

"Can I just sit here and cheer you on instead?"

Chayavee smiled softly—but something in that smile carried a feeling that Pasika couldn’t quite ignore. It felt… a little sad, in a way that was hard to brush off.

"Is it because you don’t like swimming?"

Pasika asked gently, trying not to push too hard.

Instead of answering, Chayavee quietly shook her head.

The image in her mind right now was a memory from the past, quietly resurfacing.

"Back then, P'First and I used to race each other in the pool all the time. Mom and Dad would cheer for us from the side. I never knew who they were really cheering for, but you know what, Ping? Our family used to come here for vacation every year."

Chayavee gave a small, wistful smile as she looked out at the rippling water. In her eyes, memories filled with laughter, smiles, and joyful moments around this very house came rushing back.

Those memories were slowly pulling her into a deep wave of nostalgia, and her eyes started to lose their brightness.

"But after my mom passed away, those happy memories began to fade. We never got the chance to come here again, not as a full family."

"....."

Pasika didn’t say a word. She just listened—knowing deep down that Chayavee had slipped into a place of memory and emotion.

Chayavee’s voice carried quiet sorrow. Her vulnerability showed without her even realizing it.

And in the whole year they had been together, Pasika had never seen this side of her.

Not even once.

"When P'First and I were about eighteen, we had planned to come here for vacation, just like every year. We always rode in a van together as a family. But that year, P'First was excited about the new car our dad bought, and insisted on driving herself. Since she wasn’t very good at driving yet, Mom got worried and decided to ride along with her."

"......"

"But on the way here, there was an accident. And just like that, Mom left us forever because of that accident."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

“It happened more than ten years ago. The pain from that loss should’ve healed with time. I was probably the one least affected. For Dad and P'First… it was much harder.”

She turned to look at Pasika with a gentle smile. She had come to understand the reality of life—birth, aging, illness, and death. The loss of her mother had deeply saddened her when she was just eighteen, but with time, the pain slowly faded.

Yet for those who carried the deepest wounds, no matter how much time passed, healing never seemed enough.

"P'First must still be living with guilt."

"Yes. And what made it worse was that Dad was so angry at her, he could barely look her in the eye. He couldn’t accept the loss of Mom—and that anger has stayed with him. That’s why Dad and P'First never really got along afterward."

“But everything that happened—it was an accident, wasn’t it? Nobody wanted it to happen.”

"I understand that, and I think you do too. But Dad didn’t. He loved Mom deeply… and he loved P'First just as much. She used to be his favorite daughter. But after the accident, everything changed. This house we used to come to together became a place only I visited—and every time I came, I came alone."

"Well, from now on, you won’t have to come here alone anymore,"

Pasika said gently, squeezing her partner’s hand. She understood the emotional place Chayavee was in.

Even though they’d been together for over a year, when it came to deep, personal matters about Chayavee’s family, Pasika still felt like an outsider.

She didn’t fully understand the pain… not to that extent.

But many times, when she had the chance to see her partner’s twin sister and Mr. Hiran together, she always often felt something was wrong because of her own observation.

In public, their interactions seemed normal enough. But beneath that, there was a certain distance that she could feel.

Now, many things she had once been unsure about were becoming clear. Suddenly, she felt a deep sympathy for Thayavee, and just as much concern for her partner’s feelings.

She understood what it meant to miss someone… and what it felt like to be unable to reach back in time to grab hold of those lost moments of happiness.

Still, deep down, she believed in Chayavee’s strength. Her partner had always handled life’s challenges gracefully—always managing her emotions without letting sadness linger in those clear, expressive eyes.

And she knew… Chayavee simply didn’t want her to worry.

“You’re giving me that look again,”

Chayavee said softly.

“From now on, no matter what you’re feeling, no matter what’s bothering you… I don’t want you to keep it all to yourself anymore. Let me be there with you. Let me share it.”

“I want you to know everything about my life.”

“And… do you want me to comfort you?”

“Do you even have to ask? I’ve been dying for some comfort from a certain someone,”

Chayavee replied with a playful softness.

Pasika smiled gently, locking eyes with her—eyes full of love, overflowing with emotion. And with that, she leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

It wasn’t a deep or passionate kiss, but one so tender it felt like it could mend every crack in Chayavee’s heart.

“…Is that all?”

Chayavee whispered teasingly.

“That’s enough for now,”

Pasika replied with a sweet smile, seeing the older woman looking at her with such soft, pleading eyes.

Even though those eyes no longer showed any trace of sorrow, Pasika knew that being here—at a place filled with memories—meant her partner was still quietly holding on to the past.

She had always known how much love the twins had for each other. She had always felt it. And if she could help bring even more happiness to Chayavee, she wanted to.

“I was just thinking, why don’t we invite P'First and Risa to come here with us sometime? I haven’t seen Risa since the wedding. It would be nice to relax here together. What do you think, P’Pierce?”

“That’s a great idea. Let me give them a call,”

Chayavee replied, already reaching into her pocket for her phone.

She dialed her twin sister’s personal number, and it didn’t take long before a flat voice came through the other end.

“What’s up? If you’re calling to ask me out for drinks again, I’m not going. Last time I got kicked out of my room.”

"Sorry about that, but this time I’m not calling to ask you out for drinks— life’s been pretty happy."

"Heh!"

Thayavee scoffed under her breath, suddenly feeling a bit annoyed at her sister. Last she heard, that same sister had just had a fight with her wife over some couple-related drama. Her younger sister was really something..

"Did you finally reconcile with her? You should’ve stayed mad longer to teach her a lesson. She’s out of line. Of all the things to fight about, she goes and messes up over a girl."

“Hold on, calm down. You can’t just blame her for everything.”

Chayavee started to get flustered. Luckily, she hadn’t turned on speakerphone, so the person beside her couldn’t hear. Still, the volume was loud enough that Pasika probably caught on anyway—judging from her smirk, it was clear she agreed with Chayavee’s twin sister.

“I actually called to ask if you’re free sometime soon. I want to invite you to Hua Hin. Maybe stop by for a bit? Ping really wants you to come. Bring Risa too. It’s been a long time since we all went there together.”

"....."

The conversation fell silent. Thayavee felt a pang in her chest. Her twin’s invitation brought back memories of the painful loss she caused.

Even though it had been over ten years, the guilt never faded from her memory.

And it was true, just like her sister said—it had been ten years since the two of them had gone there together.

No dad. No mom. No real family. Just Thayavee, who would sometimes sneak quietly to that house alone on days when her heart felt heavy and she missed the past—days that had once been a source of happiness.

Thayavee knew well that those days could never come back. But deep inside, who knew? Maybe she still hoped to be forgiven by her father.

Even though, lately, Mr. Hiran had softened a bit, the damage from all those years couldn’t be healed so easily.

Because every time he looked at her, Thayavee still believed he couldn’t get past those feelings. His eyes still held the word "murderer"—as if she had killed her own mother—and that wasn’t something easy to erase.

“Let me think about it. I’m not promising anything. If I go, you’ll see.”

And that was it. Chayavee wasn’t surprised that her twin hung up so quickly. After all, no one could really predict what was in Thayavee’s heart.

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# Chapter 22

"What did P'First say?"

Chayavee turned to the person beside her and let out a small sigh. She honestly couldn't guess what was on her twin sister's mind.

"I'm not really sure either. P'First is hard to read."

"It's not just P'First, you know. The person beside me isn't any easier to figure out."

"Do I really seem that complicated?"

Chayavee teased, her eyes sparkling. Though she and her twin sister shared many similarities, they were still different in some very opposite ways. If only she were as brave in love as her sister was, maybe she wouldn't have run away from her own feelings so long ago.

"P'Pierce has always been like that. Back then, you used to do things that I couldn't understand at all."

"Like what?"

"You used to scold me and act like you disliked me, but you were always around. And you were super stubborn with me too."

"That's not being hard to understand. That's love-I just expressed it in the opposite way because I was afraid of not being loved back."

"Exactly. Everything you did felt like you were playing with my emotions. I could never keep up with how you felt. Back then, I felt like I was going crazy. It was really suffocating, you know?"

"But from now on, I promise I won't act like that again. So, are we ready to get in the pool now?"

"Are you sure you're not going to change your mind and swim with me?"

"I think I'll just cheer you on from the side."

"Are you really sure you won't change your mind later?"

She ended with those teasing words and a slight smile. Then, the slender woman stood up to her full height.

With a gentle tug, she untied the knot of her white bathrobe and slowly slipped it off, placing it neatly on the chair by the pool.

Her movements were graceful, and the glow of the lights around the pool highlighted her smooth, fair skin-so much so that Chayavee almost forgot to breathe.

Her curves, only partially hidden beneath a bright red two-piece bikini, were stunning and impossible to ignore.

Chayavee's dark eyes couldn't help but trail over her-starting from her full chest, down to her flat stomach, long slender legs, and finally to the area just barely covered by the tiny bikini bottoms.

She already knew the woman was beautiful, but if this hadn't been their private home pool, Chayavee seriously didn't know what kind of punishment she'd give for wearing something that sexy.

"You really chose to wear that? If we weren't at home, I definitely wouldn't allow it."

"Are you jealous?"

"What do you expect me to say? At this rate, I might have to lock you up at home."

"That's harsh! P'Pierce was the one who bought this swimsuit for me. I've never even worn it until now. But when I looked in my bag, I saw only two swimsuits-and both are the same style, just in different colors."

"Then I guess we have to blame the one who packed your bag."

Chayavee shifted the blame to the young girl in the house who was assigned to help pack the bag for her boss. But because she simply asked for a beach outfit, the young maid arranged it according to her request.

Now Chayavee was debating whether to dock the maid's salary at the end of the month-or give her a bonus.

Pasika smiled softly as she noticed a spark in Chayavee's eyes-one filled with a swirl of unspoken emotion. Even just the way Chayavee looked at her made Pasika's cheeks flush with a faint blush.

It was so hot that she had to hide her embarrassment by walking into the pool. Her slim legs stepped down each stair, until her well-proportioned body slowly sank beneath the surface. However, every part of her body, including her movements, could still be seen clearly.

Pasika swam under the warm water, not forgetting the tall figure sitting above, offering her encouragement. But just as she dove deep into the water, when she came back up, the tall figure of Chayavee was no longer sitting there.

Her slim body spun around automatically, searching for her, but then she froze in surprise when a hand slipped around her waist from behind, pulling her close enough that she could feel the warmth of their bodies touching.

Chayavee was still in the same outfit as when she had been sitting by the pool. Though the embrace was through fabric, the closeness under the water transmitted a rush of heat that both of them could feel.

"P'Pierce, you scared me! You said you weren't coming down here."

"I couldn't resist, someone around here is too tempting."

"Why did you leave it like that?"

Before Pasika could finish, Chayavee's soft lips pressed against her bare shoulder. The kiss was light, yet filled with a certain emotion that sent a warm current through Pasika's stomach.

Her body trembled as Chayavee's warm lips traced along her spine, soft as a feather, before moving to her ear, breathing hotly against her skin. Pasika's body shivered, alternating between soft kisses and nips, while the naughty hands that were pumping brushed around her flat stomach..

"P'Pierce..."

"Hmm?"

"We're in the pool."

"So?"

Chayavee whispered in a husky tone, her warm breath teasing Pasika, making her pull back slightly.

The heat was overwhelming, and Pasika had to grab Chayavee's hand to steady herself, but it didn't stop. Chayavee's naughty palm that was sliding down made contact with the mound of flesh below.

Chayavee greeted that part gently, kneading softly, accompanied by increasingly rapid breaths.

"Why are you touching me like this?"

"Can't I do that to my own wife?"

The questioner could barely control her breathing. For as her partner's fingertips moved up and down through the tiny bikini between the soft petals, the thrilling sensation spread through every fiber of her being.

The stimulating touch, in an atmosphere other than the bedroom, created an excitement that made the blood in her veins rush more than ever.

The temperature of the heat rose until her body almost exploded. Especially when the other hand moved up to tease her breasts, the petite figure almost went limp, finding it hard to handle the assault from above and below.

"Mmm, P'Pierce, don't do that."

Pasika moaned softly as her sensitive spot was gently squeezed. Chayavee unleashed her raw emotions as the heavy breathing near her ear made the invaded person wince with pleasure.

"Turn around and look at me."

Too captivated to resist the pleading words spoken in a tender voice, Pasika yielded and turned back to face her partner.

Her body and heart were ready to respond and learn all that the other person wished to indulge in.

And when her hips were gripped by both hands, the instinctive body language made Pasika choose to wrap both of her slender arms loosely around the other's neck.

Chayavee lifted the petite figure and hooked her legs around her waist. When their sweet faces were at the same level, her patience seemed to wear thin.

Eyes filled with desire gazed at the smooth, clear face dotted with water droplets, the long, flowing hair clinging wetly to her face and bare shoulders. It was so alluring that the blood in her veins surged, almost unbearably.

The pent-up desire within her became a powerful attraction that made her press her lips together. As their tongues intertwined passionately, slender hands caressed the naked back while their legs kicked the bottom of the pool to move to a shallower corner.

As soon as the water level was below her chest, the hand that had been working on the small knot at her back was pulled to loosen it.

"Mmm... P'Pierce..."

Pasika tilted her head back, her eyes fluttering closed as the taller woman nuzzled her face into her neck. The water level that left her breasts exposed above the surface brought that part of her skin into contact with the cool breeze that blew gently past.

However, the coolness couldn't even slightly cool her skin, because the heat from the enveloping mouth and tongue that hugged her full breasts turned the coolness into a passionate heat that arose in the midst of the water.

And while her breasts were being sucked by those lips, her lower body was being invaded by a hand that slipped over the edge of her tiny bikini.

Pasika shuddered as strong fingers slowly slid deep into her body, reaching the base. The tightness and discomfort made her unconsciously let out a soft, sweet moan.

"It's so deep, P'Pierce."

Just hearing the sweet, husky voice, Chayavee slowly soothed her raw emotions by moving her fingers gently. But the deep, knowing strokes still elicited moans that escaped the full red lips along with a flushed face. Chayavee felt a sharp pain in her shoulder as small teeth sank into that part of her skin.

As soon as she felt the pulsing grip from deep within, the other arm that was holding her tightened instinctively, filled with possessiveness.

No matter how many times her body might ache from the other's passionate touch, she was willing to accept the masterpiece she had helped createwillingly and wholeheartedly.

"If I can make you feel this good, Ping. I'll let you bite and scratch me as much as you want."

"P'Pierce."

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# Chapter 23

Late in the morning the next day, Chayavee got up early to shower and get dressed. She needed to visit a hotel, which was one of the businesses owned by the Sikhares family. She planned to go there with her wife in their private car.

Chayavee didn’t visit this hotel often, since the Sikhares family owned many different businesses. As a high-level executive and the second daughter in the family, she would only stop by different locations when her schedule allowed, or when there were serious issues that needed her personal attention.

She and her twin sister were in charge of different areas of the family business. Their responsibilities were clearly divided. Even so, their work was so demanding that it often took up their personal time.

Chayavee didn’t stay at the hotel for long. She tried to manage her time so her wife wouldn’t get bored. But since Pasika was just as serious about work as she was, anything work-related was never a problem between them.

They left the hotel around ten in the morning. While driving along the beach road with the convertible top down, Pasika sat back and enjoyed the breeze and the view. Whenever they passed somewhere interesting, Chayavee would stop the car so they could walk around together.

Pasika changed out of her high heels and into the strap-on sandals she had brought in the car. Chayavee, meanwhile, took off her outer suit jacket and left it in the car, wearing only a light blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up nearly to her elbows.

Chayavee didn’t plan to spend too much time stopping along the way. She was concerned about her partner, who couldn’t stay in the sun for even five minutes without her snow-white skin turning slightly red and tiny beads of sweat forming along her hairline.

Chayavee understood that Pasika had been raised in a well-off family. She wasn’t used to rough living, but at the same time, she wasn’t arrogant or out of touch with the real world either.

As for Chayavee herself, she wasn’t much different. She didn’t like crowded places and disliked the heat, which often made her feel sticky and uncomfortable.

Because they shared similar lifestyles and preferences, the couple decided to return to their vacation home even though they had walked around for less than an hour.

But as soon as they turned into the property, Chayavee couldn’t help but smile when she spotted a luxury supercar parked in the driveway.

“Looks like someone actually decided to come, just like we invited.”

“They must’ve left Bangkok early too. I wonder what time they got here.”

Pasika commented while Chayavee slowly parked their car next to the supercar — the same brand, just a different color. Pasika recognized it immediately as Thayavee’s car and felt genuinely happy that her wife’s twin sister had decided to come, just as the two of them had hoped.

After stepping out of the car, Chayavee held Pasika’s hand as they walked into the house. Just then, Thayavee appeared and came out to greet them.

“Hi, P'First! What time did you get here?”

Chayavee asked warmly.

“About an hour ago, how have you been, beautiful sister-in-law? We haven’t seen each other since the wedding, and you just keep getting more gorgeous every time we meet.”

Thayavee replied.

"Thank you for the compliment, but I don’t want to be humble, oh my god."

"With someone like Ping, there’s no need to be humble anymore.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have been able to handle that tiers guy so well."

"If you're going to gossip, at least be mindful of her! You’re saying this right in front of her, I'm glad you came."

Chayavee said with a laugh as she hugged her sister and patted her on the shoulder—just a typical sibling greeting.

"At first, I thought I wouldn’t come. But after sitting and thinking about it, I realized I actually wanted to bring Risa here too."

There was no need to explain further—Chayavee understood the hidden meaning behind her sister’s words.

Their mother had loved this house deeply. It was filled with countless memories. Even though it couldn’t compare to the big mansion they’d grown up in, it still held a special place in their hearts.

So it wasn’t surprising that Thayavee wanted the woman she loved to share those memories with her in this meaningful place.

Or maybe, it was because her twin sister had finally overcome her guilt. She was no longer afraid that the familiar surroundings—which had once marked a turning point in their lives—would bring back painful memories.

Otherwise, Thayavee wouldn’t have chosen to come here while others were present. For the past ten years, she had often visited this house in secret, never wanting anyone to see her vulnerable side. That’s why she usually came alone.

"And where’s Risa?"

"She’s unpacking in the room. She should be done soon. Once she gets started, she doesn’t stop."

Thayavee was just mentioning her partner’s hard-working nature when the person in question came walking out to join them.

Prisa smiled and greeted everyone whose attention had now turned to her— especially the beautiful woman rushing over to embrace her, clearly overjoyed.

Pasika was a sweet person. Even though their social statuses were worlds apart, this well-off woman had never once acted superior or distant, even from the very first day they met.

On the contrary, Pasika still tries to show respect and acts more and more like her real sister.

“I missed you so much! I had already planned to drop by your shop after coming back from Hua Hin.”

“I missed you too. So, you just came back—have you eaten yet?” Prisa asked.

“Just had a little something to tide me over. And what about P’Risa and P’First? You must be tired from the trip. I heard from P’First that you haven’t taken a break yet.”

“Oh, I’m not tired at all. P’First drove alone. I just sat there chatting to keep her company the whole way.”

“In that case, why don’t you rest for a bit first? We can talk more later,”

Chayavee suggested, noticing the weariness and redness in her sister’s eyes.

She really did seem sleep-deprived. But it was hard to tell whether it was from waking up early—or from doing something else that kept her up all night.

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After everyone had some rest during the afternoon, when the sun started to go down and the breeze picked up, the beach area in front of the house was set up for dinner that evening.

The sound of the waves hitting the shore felt like music from the sea. A cool breeze brushed against the skin, and the white sand mixed beautifully with the sky and sea, creating a fresh and happy atmosphere all around.

Thayavee walked over to the grill and stood next to her partner, who was helping the housekeeper take care of the food.

“I think this shrimp is probably cooked now.”

“Hungry already?” her partner teased.

“That’s because you didn’t eat anything during the trip.”

Prisa looked away from the big shrimp that Thayavee was staring at and smiled a little when she saw her partner secretly swallow, clearly tempted by all the fresh seafood grilling on the barbecue.

“It smells so good,” Prisa said.

“Honestly, it’s been so long since I’ve had freshly grilled seafood like this.”

Thayavee turned away from the shrimp she had her eyes on and quietly wondered how many years it had been since she’d enjoyed a moment like this.

Ever since her mother passed away, these kinds of scenes had faded from her life—though never from her memory.

“Let me handle the rest, ma’am. Ms Risa and others should go relax.”

The housekeeper said.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you then. And don’t forget to save some food for your husband and daughter too.”

“Thank you so much, ma’am.”

Prisa accepted the maid's thanks with a small smile, then she and Thayavee walked back to join the other couples who were chatting at the dining table. Not long after they sat down, different dishes started arriving one by one until the whole table was full.

With the mood just right, the two sisters brought out a bottle of wine to add to the table.

With the sound of waves and the soft breeze around them, dinner continued peacefully. And having a loved one by your side made the evening feel even warmer and sweeter.

It turned into a special memory—something meaningful and touching. For some people, memories like this, built around the idea of “family,” can be truly precious.

“Don’t keep refilling your glass like that,” Prisa said playfully.

“You just said you were hungry, but I saw you only had a few bites of rice.”

“Just a little more,” Thayavee replied with a smile.

“I promise I won’t get drunk.”

She might not be drunk, but her voice definitely sounded a little different.

Prisa didn’t argue when her partner insisted. She just quietly looked after her by serving some food onto her plate and gently nudging her to eat a little more.

At the same time, hearing her twin sister’s soft and sweet voice while talking to her partner made Chayavee almost unable to hold back a smile.

She had to admit, she’d never imagined seeing something like this before. Her twin sister had always been the serious type—stubborn, never backing down, never soft. Even their dad had to give in to her sometimes, because winning an argument with Thayavee wasn’t exactly easy.

But now? Just a few gentle words from her partner, and her usual steady tone had turned all soft and sweet in an instant.

This was definitely the look of someone who’s scared of their wife.

“What are you laughing at?”

“Nothing!”

Chayavee answered a little too quickly, her face looking way too calm— exactly the kind of expression that drove her sister crazy.

Just one glance at those eyes and Thayavee knew what her twin was thinking:

*She thinks I’m scared of my wife*.

But she really wanted to say that it wasn’t like that. She wasn’t scared—just respectful! Okay, maybe a little bit timid, but in a strategic kind of way!

While Thayavee was silently defending herself in her head, Chayavee had already stopped paying attention to her twin. Under the table, where her wife's soft hands could be touched, it attracted her attention more.

Pasika didn't look down at those touches, but she felt the warm fingertips gently stroking her palm. And she couldn't help it when her partner's sweet gaze disturbed her feelings until her thoughts ran wild.

All it took was one look from Chayavee, and Pasika felt butterflies in her stomach—like a thousand wings fluttering at once. A rush of warmth ran through her, and even though she hadn’t meant to imagine anything, that one touch, those warm hands and long fingers… it sent a shiver through her that she couldn’t control.

Just as the peaceful mood, ocean breeze, and soft waves filled the air, Chayavee’s phone suddenly rang, breaking the moment. She quickly reached into her pocket to grab her phone.

Chayavee glanced at the name on the screen, then automatically looked over at her sister. In the end, she decided to answer the call—without even bothering to step away like she probably should have.

She already had a good idea what the person on the other end wanted to talk about.

“Yes, Dad?”

“Do you know where your sister is? I asked her secretary, and she had no idea—just said your sister wouldn’t be coming into the office for several days. What kind of secretary doesn’t even know where her boss went?”

“Calm down, Dad. Your daughter hasn’t disappeared or anything.”

“She’s with you?”

"Yes."

The moment he heard that answer from his youngest daughter, the father’s expression shifted slightly. He already knew Chayavee had gone to Hua Hin for a short trip, but he didn’t expect his eldest daughter to be there too.

Deep down, he was well aware that the tension between him and his eldest daughter had caused her a lot of emotional pain over the years. Still, not once did he ever feel at peace about it—never once could he bring himself to fully face what had happened.

“So when are you two planning to come back?”

“Probably in two or three days. Is there something urgent, Dad?”

“No… but tell your sister I want her to come meet me at home this Sunday.”

“Alright, Dad.”

Her father ended the call abruptly, and Chayavee quietly slipped her phone back into her pocket, her face unreadable.

She understood clearly—her dad just wanted her older sister to come home because this Sunday marked the anniversary of their mother’s passing.

Even though he acted tough and proud, she knew deep down he still wanted the whole family to be together.

Mr. Hirun was just like any other father—longing for love and care from his children. It’s just that his way of showing it, hidden under all his pride and stubbornness, often came off as cold or harsh.

But at least, the rift between her sister and their father seemed to be slowly healing. And Chayavee still held on to hope—that one day, things would truly get better, and her family could finally smile together with real happiness.

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# Chapter 24

During the day, the sun watches over the beach, keeping it bright, fresh, and full of life. But once the sun dips below the horizon, the stars slowly appear, lighting up the night sky with their soft sparkle.

The moon rises, surrounded by the deep darkness of the sky. The scent of the sea at night brings out another kind of beauty—mysterious and calming.

Everything outside was quiet and peaceful, but inside the living room, the silence was broken by the sound of the TV and occasional bits of conversation between two women.

Pasika sat watching the news, which had been left on in the background. At the bar counter behind her, Prisa was busy peeling and arranging fruit onto a plate—planning to snack on it while watching TV.

“We have to go back tomorrow already… Happy times always go by so fast, don’t they?”

“That’s how it always feels. Time moves the same as always, but our emotions play tricks on us. Pain always feels like it lasts forever, but happiness seems to fly by in a blink.”

Hearing those words, Pasika fell into quiet reflection.

How long had she and Chayavee let their happy moments slip away? They let misunderstandings take root in their hearts, piling up into sorrow that stole away the time they could’ve used to be happy. What a waste that was.

It’s only after experiencing pain and tears that people truly learn how to grow.

She and her partner had faced their own lessons in love, like many other couples. But in a way, they were still lucky—their relationship hadn’t gone through the same kind of hardship as the couple she was thinking about now.

At least, compared to them, her partner’s father had been kind and accepting from the beginning.

Over the past few days of staying in the same house, Pasika had gotten to learn more about the personality and life of another woman—someone who, like her, was a daughter-in-law of the Sikhares family.

She and Prisa had grown much closer than when they first met. And now that Pasika had a chance to see the real Prisa, she finally understood why someone like her could win the heart of a person like Thayavee.

Prisa wasn’t just beautiful. She was the kind of woman who made people feel at ease—gentle but strong. Her attitude and the way she carried herself made everyone around her feel comfortable. It made Pasika realize that Prisa was a perfect example of a woman who lives in the real world.

She wasn’t perfect. But she was someone truly worth cherishing—in any role: as a friend, a sister, or a life partner.

“If someone was lucky enough to be your little sister, they’d be really blessed.”

“Why do you say that?”

Prisa asked, smiling softly as she kept arranging the fruit on the plate, not stopping what she was doing but clearly listening.

“Well… like I told you before. I’m an only child. I grew up having everything I needed, and I have friends I can talk to sometimes. But there are still things I can’t share with anyone. So… would it be okay if I ask to be another little sister for you, P'Risa.”

“And why not?”

Risa replied with a soft smile.

“I’m always here if you ever need someone to talk to. Whenever you’re feeling down, we can always share and support each other.”

“It’s because you’re such a kind person, P'Risa. I think I finally understand why P'First loves you so much.”

“Are you teasing me now?”

“Not at all,”

Pasika replied, laughing a little.

“I really mean it. I truly like you, P'Risa.”

She liked her in a sisterly way. There was just something about Prisa that felt familiar and comforting. Being around her made it easy to talk about anything and everything—something that didn’t come naturally with many people.

And Prisa, hearing those words, couldn’t help but smile fondly at the younger woman with the charming grin.

She walked out from behind the counter with a plate of freshly arranged fruit—three different kinds, carefully placed. But just as she stepped forward, she suddenly stopped in her tracks, eyebrows furrowing in surprise.

Two tall figures were entering the living room. Twin sisters—dressed in identical pajamas, matching color and style—wearing sheepish smiles as they cast sidelong glances at her.

“You two… did you actually plan to match outfits or what?”

Pasika asked, scanning both of them from head to toe with an amused look.

The two were already strikingly alike. But now, with the exact same sleepwear, they were practically impossible to tell apart—except for her.

Because no matter how similar they looked, she could always tell which one was her partner.

The twins didn’t say a word at first, only exchanging glances while Pasika and Prisa stared at them curiously.

They didn’t plan to wear matching pajamas, but it just so happened that when they walked out of their rooms, they saw that the other had on the exact same pajamas—in the same color—on the same day.

“It’s just a coincidence,” one of them said.

Prisa squinted at the speaker, who was trying a little too hard to act calm.

From the outside, their appearances were so alike it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Most people wouldn’t be able to distinguish the twins. But for someone who lived with them every day, that wasn’t the case.

And because she could tell them apart, Prisa couldn’t help but want to mess with them a bit, especially when both twins were pretending to stay cool and quiet.

Play with me, I’ll play back. Fair and square.

“Are you sleepy yet? If you are, P'First, then maybe Ping and P'Pierce should finish this fruit instead. Want to head to our room now?”

Prisa set the fruit bowl on the table and met the younger one's eyes for a brief moment, then turned back toward the twins. She was about to link arms with the one standing silently, but before she could, her real twin couldn’t hold back anymore.

“Seriously, See? Are you teasing me?”

Thayavee grabbed her lover’s wrist with a serious expression—so serious that Prisa could barely keep herself from laughing.

For someone as jealous as Thayavee, it wasn’t hard at all to tell them apart —not even her wife's twin sister could escape her attention.

“How was I teasing you?” she asked.

“Well, weren’t you just about to walk over to Pierce? You asked her to go to the room with you. Shouldn’t that have been me?”

“What? I thought that was you, P'First,”

Prisa said, innocently.

“Oh? So we’re playing this kind of game now?”

Seeing the sweet-faced girl trying to hold back a smile, Thayavee took her chance and quickly leaned in to plant a big kiss on her cheek.

The surprise attack left Prisa stunned, her face heating up fast. Her smooth, makeup-free cheeks turned visibly red.

She hadn’t meant to get embarrassed, but the reaction felt completely out of her control.

“You two sure aren’t shy in front of your younger siblings, huh?”

Chayavee muttered as she walked over and dropped herself onto the sofa beside her wife. There was plenty of space, but she deliberately sat close— wanting to be near her sweet-smelling love.

“Are you sleepy yet?”

“It’s only 9 p.m. Are you sleepy already, P'Pierce?”

“We have to leave early tomorrow. Just for tonight, let’s go to bed early, okay?”

Her words said she would go to bed early, but her eyes told a different story. They were sparkling in a way that made her face blush, and Pasika felt even more embarrassed when she caught the gaze of the couple staring at her.

What was that sly smile?

Clearly, Chayavee didn't show off by kissing her wife in front of others— but she was openly inviting her wife to the bedroom right in front of everyone.

So in the end… between the sibling, who is more evil?

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# Chapter 25

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Since returning from Hua Hin, everyone had gone back to their normal lives. But after three days passed, it became a special day that brought everyone together again at the Sikhares mansion.

Chayavee arrived at the mansion with her wife at 7:30 a.m., which was quite early compared to the scheduled time. From there, they would all travel by van to a temple where Marka’s ashes were kept.

Unlike before, Chayavee wasn’t anxious about what time her twin sister would arrive, because Thayavee had already promised she would come. No matter what, she believed her sister wouldn’t miss this gathering.

However, it was their father, Hiran Sikhares, who seemed uneasy. He might have been worried that his eldest daughter would once again challenge his authority, like she always did.

This kind of situation had happened so often that it became normal. Thayavee had played with everyone’s nerves so many times that it was hard to count. That’s probably why Hiran now looked so tense and suspicious, his face showing clear signs of stress.

“Is your sister coming or not? It’s been quite a while now. Doesn’t she know what time it is? Or is she just trying to mess with me again like always?”

“Please calm down, Dad. It’s not even time yet. P'First already promised she’d come. She definitely will.”

“You’re always making excuses for her, always taking her side.”

This time, Chayavee chose not to argue. Instead, she turned her attention to her wife and let her father calm himself down with some deep breathing. If he got too angry, his blood pressure might go up—and she didn’t want to deal with that chaos so early in the morning.

Hiran Sikhares tried to count from one to three in his mind, and gradually, his heavy breathing started to slow down.

Still, the wait for the eldest daughter felt long and dragged on past breakfast time.

While everyone was moving from the dining room to the hall, Chayavee secretly let out a deep sigh of relief when she heard the sound of her twin sister’s car pulling up in front of the house.

By now, she was beginning to suspect that her sister intentionally planned to show up at the very last minute.

When it came to annoying their father, no one could top her sister. Even though the relationship between the father and daughter had somewhat improved, Thayavee was still the same—never letting go of her habit of causing a bit of chaos.

“Hello, Dad,” Thayavee greeted politely.

“If you’re going to be this late, why not just come tomorrow instead?”

He accepted the respectful greeting from his daughter-in-law as usual, but his sarcastic words were clearly aimed at his eldest daughter, who was pretending to check her watch.

“But I actually arrived five minutes early. I’m not late at all.”

“I’m too tired to argue with you, First. Let’s just get in the van. You don’t even need to eat anymore.”

With a stern voice and a scowl, Hiran Sikhares marched toward the vehicle, leaving everyone else looking at one another awkwardly.

Thayavee was probably the only one smiling as she held her partner’s hand and followed him to the van, with her younger sister trailing behind.

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Because this trip happened to fall on a public holiday, the roads were quite clear. In less than an hour, the sleek black van arrived at a temple.

The offerings for the monks, which filled the back of the van, were carried out by two staff members. They led the way to the same pavilion the family visited every year.

Normally, Hiran Sikhares always did things in a grand, impressive way. But this was the one event where he chose simplicity—he genuinely wanted to spend quiet, personal time with his family.

Each year, during the offering ceremony held in memory of his late wife, the Sikhares family would also donate money under the family name to various charities, temples, and hospitals.

Everyone spent some time presenting the offerings. Then they gathered in front of the urn containing her ashes, in a spot surrounded by peaceful nature.

The five of them stood quietly before a photo of a gentle, smiling woman, who seemed to be smiling directly at them.

A soft breeze carried a cool, comforting feeling that brushed gently against their skin beneath the shade of the trees.

The surroundings were peaceful and calm, made even more soothing by the large trees whose branches spread wide, offering shade to everything around them.

This was the first time in many years that Thayavee had joined the family for this memorial and come to see her mother alongside her father.

Normally, she would come here alone—or sometimes with her twin sister only.

In the middle of this quiet moment, where no one spoke, someone who had once made a terrible mistake couldn’t help but fall deep into thought.

For the past ten years, she had never been free from guilt. The haunting memory of that day still lingered. Standing here with her family, facing her mother’s photo, only made her past mistake feel even heavier in her heart.

Her father had never forgiven her. The way he looked at her—like she was a murderer—left a deep, painful wound that she still carried to this day.

It had been long enough that she should have grown used to it—but deep down, she still couldn’t handle it as well as she wanted to.

And when the emotions inside her became too overwhelming to hold back, her eyes began to sting. She blinked rapidly, trying to hold back the tears, but in the end, the first tear slipped down her cheek.

Thayavee lowered her head and stared at her hands. She never wanted anyone to see her cry. But no matter how hard she tried to hide her feelings, they never escaped the watchful eyes of the person beside her.

Her hand was still gently held by her lover’s soft, warm hand. And her tears were softly wiped away by a fragrant handkerchief—offered with kindness and care.

It should have been a quiet, private moment that went unnoticed by the others. But Hiran Sikhares still turned around.

His eyes were red, too. He tried hard to keep his emotions in check. But when he saw his daughter’s shoulders trembling, the invisible wall that had always stood between their hearts began to dissolve and drift away with the wind.

“I never stopped loving you, First.”

It wasn’t just the words that carried all his feelings to his daughter— Hiran Sikhares also reached out and pulled her into a hug.

The same two hands that once held her when she was just a baby were now wrapping around her again, offering warmth and comfort to his daughter once more.

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# THE END

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Once the unresolved issues were cleared up, happiness and family relationships returned to their lives again.

The long-lost happiness began to bring smiles and joy back to everyone.

At a large dining table that could seat over ten people, all kinds of sweet and savory dishes were laid out. Conversations filled the air from time to time. It was a moment filled with warmth and joy.

With all the children gathered together-and two new daughters-in-law joining in-the atmosphere was livelier than ever. It brought the biggest smile to Hiran's face in the past ten years.

"I asked everyone to have dinner together today because I have something important to talk about,"

Said the head of the family.

As he spoke, both his daughters and daughters-in-law turned their attention to him. But his gaze focused on his eldest daughter's partner-someone he had never accepted as a daughter-in-law from the beginning.

"How's Risa's restaurant doing?"

Prisa was silent for a moment. Though she often felt nervous facing her partner's father, she always tried to stay calm, polite, and natural.

"The restaurant has had quite a lot of customers lately. Sales have been increasing each month. I have a plan to open another branch, and we've estimated that we'll probably begin around mid-year."

"It might be better to delay that a bit. I want you to try to keep your schedule free for now."

"Why's that?"

This question wasn't from Prisa-it came from the eldest daughter, prompting her father to turn his gaze toward her.

"I only have two daughters. The younger one is already married. If you and your partner plan to keep living together like this, I don't think it's appropriate-especially since you're my eldest daughter."

"Are you saying... you want the two of us to get married?"

Thayavee could hardly hide her joy. Of course, the thought had crossed her mind before. But since her partner always remained humble and low-key, they had both chosen to quietly build a life together without making a big announcement or holding a proper wedding.

Now that her father was the one bringing it up, it meant that Mr. Hiran was finally opening his heart to accept her partner as a daughter-in-law. And with such wonderful news, no matter how hard she tried, it was impossible not to let some emotion show.

"Calm down. No need to get that excited,"

Her father said with a faint smile.

"I'll find the best date for the wedding and take care of everything-just like I did for your sister's wedding. You both just need to be ready."

A simple "thank you" didn't feel like enough. Prisa quickly brought her hands together in a respectful wai to her partner's father, her eyes filling with tears. She had never even dared to dream this day would come.

The difference in their social status-like sky and earth-meant that she never expected anything beyond her reach. She lived her life content with what she had, even though deep down, she cherished her partner and sometimes feared that their differences in background might one day cause problems in their relationship.

But today, those reassuring words had proven something important: that all the effort and dedication she had shown over time had truly earned her acceptance from her partner's family.

"Risa doesn't really know what words could truly express how grateful I am... but I want to thank you so much, Dad, for giving me this chance and being so kind to me."

"I'm a father. If my daughter loves someone, I'll love them too. And you've already proven to me that you're worthy of being part of this family. And you, First..."

"Yes?"

"You can say something too. It doesn't have to be emotional-just don't make it painful to hear."

"Thank you so much, Dad. I'm sorry for being stubborn before... and I'm sorry for everything I've done that was disrespectful to you."

"Now your voice is suddenly all sweet. I can't believe it," Her father said with a playful smirk.

Laughter and smiles filled the room after his teasing words.

From all the lessons learned over time, everyone had come to realize one important thing: when we learn to let go, happiness is never too far away.

Talking things through is always the best way. And accepting the truth helps life move forward with peace and happiness.

Those who once lived in this world never truly disappear. They simply move from being physically present to living on in our memories.

Beautiful memories never fade, as long as we still breathe-only time can gently take those memories away.

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By the time everyone left, the bright daytime sky had already turned into the darkness of night.

On the long road home, Chayavee was driving back with her partner. The lights lining both sides of the road lit up the surroundings, reflecting the movement of life going on in its own way all around them.

The car wasn't filled with silence. Throughout the ride, their voices rose from time to time as they chatted about all sorts of little things.

When they finally arrived home, the familiar warmth of their everyday life welcomed them the moment they stepped inside.

The word "home" had always carried emotional meaning for them. From the very first day they moved in together, it had helped them truly understand what it means to be "life partners"-to have someone by your side, to share in joy and hardship for the rest of your days.

Even if there were moments when they didn't fully understand each other, deep in their hearts, they both knew the value of having each other.

Pasika walked ahead, leading her tall partner into their bedroom. She switched on all the lights, flooding the room with brightness.

After spending a whole day exposed to the dust and grime of the outside world, neither of them had any intention of letting that filth linger on their skin for long.

"Do you want to take a shower first, P'Pierce?"

"Wanna shower together? It'll save time."

Pasika smiled at her tall partner, but from the way she looked back, they both knew it was never really just about saving time. Because every time they showered together, it didn't just take longer-it also drained almost all of Pasika's energy.

"But I really want to shower with you,"

Chayavee said sweetly, her voice full of playful warmth.

Not only her voice, but her body moved closer too-standing right up against Pasika, arms wrapping gently around her slim waist. Their faces were just inches apart.

"Why are you so good at being flirtatious these days?"

Chayavee paused, a thoughtful look on her face as a slow smile spread across her lips.

"Maybe I'm just thinking about what Dad said."

"....."

Just hearing that made Pasika's face flush all the way to her ears. She remembered the final words from Hiran before everyone left:

"You're the only daughter. And both of my children are women. I've never judged love in any form. But since the two of you have chosen to build a life together, there's something important I want you to think about. Our family's wealth is more than enough-we don't even know where to keep it all. It'd be a shame if there was no one to pass it on to. Don't let me down, all four of you."

Every word from the patriarch was easy to understand. And Pasika clearly knew that for two women to have a biological child, they would need help from medical technology.

With modern advances, it was absolutely possible for her and her partner to have a child together. But the real challenge wasn't having a baby-it was how to raise that child well, to grow up with good values and a happy life.

"Do you want to have a baby, P'Pierce?" Pasika asked gently.

"I do," Chayavee admitted.

"But the decision is up to you."

"And if I say yes?"

"Then I'll be the best partner I can be. I'll be the most loving person in your life. Our child will grow up surrounded by love and care from both of us."

Chayavee looked into her partner's eyes with overflowing affection. Her arms gently wrapped around Pasika, and the warmth of her embrace told Pasika everything she needed to know.

It was the warmth she longed for, day and night.

"Are you even sure you'd know what to do?" Pasika teased softly.

Chayavee smiled playfully.

"Are you asking because you want me to prove it?"

Chayavee gazed into the eyes of the person in her arms with a tender sweetness. Every hidden meaning in those eyes reflected only the shadow of the woman standing before her.

And instead of saying a single word, Pasika slowly reached up and hug the tall person's neck.

Pasika leaned forward and pressed her face to the shapely lips that were ready to respond to her touch with a gentle kiss.

Both of her arms embraced Chayavee gently. It was the touch of a woman she loved, a warmth that she felt the body she longed for, the one she desired - only from this one woman.

Days passed... years went by...

No one knows what color the sky will turn tomorrow, but as of today, her heart belongs to Chayavee alone.

A woman who is like her breath, her entire life - and from now on, the only future she sees.

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**--------THE END-------**

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**Translate by**

**23 April 2025**

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