

# Chapter : Introduction

At the big auto show held at the large exhibition center, the place was packed with people coming in to enjoy the final day of the event.

Cars from many top brands were on display, and of course, the show wouldn’t be complete without the "pretty girls"—models dressed up nicely, smiling and posing throughout the event.

Inside the hall, the air conditioning kept things cool. But the girls, wearing high heels almost six inches tall, were dressed in eye-catching outfits that matched the style of each car brand.

Their lips were painted in bright colors, and their makeup was done perfectly, making their faces even more attractive and hard to ignore.

One model wore a black leather off-shoulder outfit and short shorts that showed off her long legs and smooth, glowing skin. Her mix of sweetness and a little bit of sexiness caught the attention of both men and women walking by.

As time passed and their shift ended, the young woman who had been smiling and posing for photos finally walked behind the booth to get ready to go home like the rest of her coworkers.

But then—

“Risa, are you heading straight home after this?”

“Yes, do you need something from me, P’Cha?”

**Prisa** smiled sweetly at the woman walking over to her. She tightened the strap of her shoulder bag while giving her full attention to Cha, a beautiful modeling agent in her 40s.

“I just happened to have something important I want to talk to you about. I’ll give you a ride and we can talk on the way.”

“In that case, can I take a moment to change first?”

“No problem. I’ll wait around here, and we’ll walk to the parking lot together when you're done.”

“Okay. I’ll be just a moment.”

After speaking with a smile still on her face, Prisa turned to grab the rest of her belongings and headed off toward the restroom, which was a bit of a walk from the booth.

Less than ten minutes later, she came back wearing a much more modest and neat outfit compared to the revealing one she had worn during work.

The two of them walked together to the parking lot. Since it was right after the event ended, the roads outside were packed with long lines of cars, making the traffic quite heavy.

And while the car slowly moved through the heavy traffic, the conversation picked up from where it had left off earlier.

“You know, we’ve talked about this a few times already. Don’t take this the wrong way, Risa. I know you usually don’t take these kinds of jobs. But for this particular client… I just want you to at least consider it.”

“So, what is it this time? Do I have to go out for dinner or sit and drink with someone?”

Prisa's distant, half-distracted tone caught the attention of the woman beside her, who now started noticing that something was off.

Having worked with Prisa for years, and being the one who arranges jobs for hosts, promo girls, MCs, models, and all sorts of event staff, she knew well that Prisa—one of the top-tier promo models—had *never* accepted the kind of “*special jobs*” people in the industry often refer to as “*entertainment work*.”

But lately, she had started noticing something. Prisa was taking on job after job like crazy. If Prisa *was* having financial issues, like she quietly suspected, then maybe it was time to gently bring up what had always been a firm no in the past.

From years of being in this business, she knew one truth all too well: ideals and dignity don’t pay the bills.

The real world doesn’t care if you weren’t born into money. Life isn’t always wrapped up in luxury. That’s why money ends up holding more power than people like to admit.

And in her eyes, money was powerful—no matter who you were.

Maybe even for this beautiful young woman beside her, who couldn’t quite hide the tired look in her eyes.

“It’s just drinks, at least to start with. But, like always, it’s totally up to you, Risa. You know I’d never force or pressure you into anything. Besides, this client is actually pretty classy—not fussy about the ‘*thank-you*’ fee. And more importantly, it’s a woman. That’s why I wanted to ask you first. If you’re still not okay with it, I’ll call someone else. But if you’re even a little interested, I figured maybe it being a female client might help ease your concerns a bit.”

"...."

Silence settled between them, heavy with unspoken thoughts.

Sure, each event gig gave her a decent income. But lately… it just wasn’t enough to cover everything she needed.

The power of money was starting to close in on her, narrowing her choices more and more.

And in the end, all the ideals she once held dear might not survive the weight of what was—or wasn’t—in her wallet.

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# Chapter : 01

On a night when the sky was a dull gray, the streets were still filled with cars, not much different from when the sun was shining.

**Prisa** gazed out at the surroundings through the taxi window. A large sign advertised a condominium located right by the main road. It stood as a symbol of luxury and prestige, part of a project by a well-known real estate company that most people had at least heard of.

She let out a soft sigh as the vehicle slowly came to a stop in front of the condo’s entrance.

The young woman absentmindedly paid the fare, her heart still heavy from the decision that brought her here tonight.

She glanced at the small watch on her wrist — ten minutes to ten. There was still enough time for her to approach the front desk and inform the staff of the room number of the person she had come to see.

But after giving them the details, it seemed as if the staff had already received instructions from the room’s occupant. Any further questions or attempts to get more information were politely but firmly deflected, with barely any scrutiny at all.

A young staff member in a black suit gestured politely, then led the way to the elevator.

He tapped a keycard against the elevator's control panel, pressed the floor number, and briefly informed her of the room's location. Then he bowed slightly with courtesy and allowed the elevator to ascend to the 45th floor.

The higher up you go, the more expensive things get — that’s something you kind of expect, from what you hear and see.

Prisa tried to quickly get a sense of the place just from being there a few minutes. As soon as the elevator doors opened, she had to step out and walk in the direction the staff had just told her.

She stopped in front of a room door. The room number matched the info sent to her via chat — a message from the pretty modeling agent who got her this first job.

Her small hand, gripping tightly onto her little shoulder bag, started to sweat. Even though her job meant she was often around a lot of people, that didn’t mean her usual calm and confident demeanor would work in every situation.

Because right now… She couldn’t shake off the growing anxiety in her chest.

This client wanted a lot of privacy — like, *a lot*. The agent had already explained the job details to the client, and there didn’t seem to be any issues. But, like she always said, in the end, it’s all up to Prisa. The agent wouldn’t intervene in this matter, but try to be careful not to cause any problems later.

The young woman took a deep breath to gather her courage. Her nervousness showed no signs of abating, but because the time of the appointment was drawing closer, there was no more time left to prepare herself.

Prisa reached out and lightly pressed the doorbell button with her fingertip, holding her breath as she waited. After a few moments, the door finally opened.

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Standing before her was a tall, slender woman with a calm, emotionless expression. Her sharp, hawk-like eyes and elegant face resembled that of a Hong Kong actress. Her poised posture and straight back exuded a quiet confidence and sophistication.

She looked familiar — but Prisa’s mind, clouded by nerves, struggled to process the thought clearly. The anxiety of the moment was fogging up her brain.

"Good evening," Prisa greeted softly.

“You’re the woman Sarocha sent?”

“Yes.”

“Come in.”

It was a surprisingly casual reception. The host barely acknowledged her presence, simply turning around and making her way back to the sofa in the living room with an unreadable expression.

As Prisa followed, she let her eyes briefly scan the surroundings.

A large, clear window spanned an entire wall, with only a sheer curtain covering part of it. It allowed a sweeping view of the colorful night cityscape, unobstructed by buildings or anything else that might mar the stunning scenery.

The room itself was spacious. The furniture was stylishly minimal, every piece carefully placed to give off an air of quiet luxury. Every detail seemed to speak of value — including the owner, who exuded refined elegance from head to toe.

The space was open and breathable — a sense of freedom infused the air.

But none of that could penetrate the unease churning inside her.

On a low table by the sofa sat a decanter of wine and a glass, already halfempty.

The woman — the owner of the room — was dressed in a white shirt and midnight blue slacks. Her suit jacket had been casually draped over the backrest of another sofa, as if tidiness wasn’t much of a concern to her.

Prisa kept watching her every move. The woman reached out with slender fingers and gracefully lifted the wine glass. Her tall, lithe figure moved with an effortless poise. From the brief moment they stood face-to-face earlier, Prisa estimated her own height would barely reach the woman’s chin.

“What’s your name?”

“Prisa.”

“For short.”

"Risa."

**Thayavee Sikhares** listened to the sweet-sounding voice without replying, her eyes slowly trailing over the young woman’s delicate frame. Her fair skin seemed to glow, and her sweet, gentle features were laced with an undeniable sensual allure.

She had to admit — the modeling agency had delivered well. The girl was worth the premium.

Aside from the higher-than-usual fee, the guarantee that this pretty girl had never done any companion work before only heightened Thayavee’s curiosity.

She wasn’t hoping for innocence — she just wondered if she was being sold a fantasy at an inflated price.

“Call me **First**. Would you like something to drink? Wine? Whiskey? Brandy? Hopefully not just plain water.”

“I’ll have whatever you’re having,”

Prisa replied politely,

“But I should warn you, I’m not a strong drinker.”

“You can help yourself, right? The glasses are at the bar.”

As she spoke — or rather, gave instructions — the woman remained perfectly at ease, casually undoing two buttons of her blouse.

Prisa smiled out of politeness, watching the gesture, then set her purse down on the nearby sofa and made her way to the bar she had spotted earlier. She moved with quiet obedience, taking it upon herself to handle the drink, as requested by the room’s owner.

She already understood her purpose for being here. It wasn’t strange that she was expected to serve herself — or even to serve the woman who had paid a premium to have her sit and drink with her.

Thayavee’s eyes followed the girl’s every movement. Her long hair flowed freely down to her waist, and her short skirt — barely covering anything — invited the gaze to wander down her slender legs.

Imagination stirred before the girl even made her way back. And once she did, Thayavee had no intention of letting her sit where she was looking.

“Come sit beside me.”

“Yes,”

Prisa replied, without any way to refuse. She walked over and gently lowered herself onto the sofa to the woman’s left.

Thayavee didn’t bother with restraint. The moment Prisa sat down beside her, a slender arm swept behind her and wrapped casually around her neck, slowly trailing down to rest at her hip.

The touch was deliberate, shifting from a light stroke to a firmer press — so sudden that Prisa had to suppress her discomfort.

This woman had paid a price above the standard rate to secure the exact experience she wanted. It was clear what level of behavior she felt entitled to.

And that was why Prisa had no right to protest, even if the client’s hands wandered. Everything fell within the boundaries of the agreed arrangement — one that had already been negotiated between the client and the agency.

Prisa had no choice but to accept, and she slowly walked over to sit down on the left side of the other person.

And that was exactly why Prisa had no right to protest, even if the client got a little too touchy. It was all part of the deal they had agreed on when the meeting was arranged.

“How far can I go?”

“Sorry?”

“Just touching? Or can I go further?”

Some might think serving female clients would be easier or safer than serving men—but that thought was completely wrong. From the way she talked and acted, this woman made Prisa feel used and uncomfortable, even worse than some male clients.

She heard the woman chuckle, a wicked little smile forming on her lips. It was the kind of smile that made Prisa feel her heartbeat go off rhythm.

*What was it that made her feel this way?*

Was it how attractive the woman was? Or maybe it was the hungry, intense look in her eyes.

“Let me be honest,” the woman said.

“I didn’t pay all this money just to sit here and have drinks with a pretty girl. Tell me your price, so we don’t waste each other’s time.”

“Wow, you’re really not going to give me even a moment to sit and chat, get to know you a bit first?”

“I’m not here to get to know pretty women. I’m just looking for something fun to do. So tell me how much, and let’s get on with it.”

For a moment, Prisa was speechless. The mix of pressure, necessity, and confusion was all swirling together, pushing her to make a tough decision.

Prisa could smell the alcohol on the other woman’s breath. Her beautiful face was just inches away. When their eyes met as Prisa looked up to keep the conversation going, it felt like the gap between them closed even more —almost like the other woman had leaned in on purpose.

Her heart was racing. She couldn’t manage her feelings well in that moment. The way those eyes stared at her, silently waiting for an answer, made it even harder to ignore the fact that she didn’t have many options.

“Two hundred thousand baht… for tonight,” Prisa said softly.

“Two hundred thousand?”

Thayavee stared at her calmly. Money wasn’t really a problem for her, but that didn’t mean she’d spend it carelessly—especially if she felt she wouldn’t be getting her money’s worth.

“That’s more expensive than some actresses or models.”

"....."

“Fifty thousand. That’s the most I can offer. Honestly, if it were any other woman, I wouldn’t even bother paying this much.”

"Then it's okay. I still have to sit and drink with you anyway."

Thayavee narrowed her eyes, studying Prisa’s delicate face. There was a clear hint of hesitation and worry in her eyes.

But even so, Prisa kept her composure like a queen—chin up, back straight, proud and untouchable.

“So you really want two hundred thousand, huh?”

It wasn’t just her words. Her warm hand suddenly slid onto Prisa’s thigh, making her freeze up in place.

Prisa’s eyes glanced down at the hand slowly stroking her leg. When it crept dangerously close to slipping under her skirt, she instinctively grabbed Thayavee's hand in shock.

“If I’m paying six figures,”

Thayavee said quietly,

“I expect more than just something pretty with no substance.”

Prisa swallowed hard, trying to keep her cool. But before she could even think of a response, Thayavee quickly pulled her up and sat her down on her lap. Prisa’s eyes widened in surprise, heart pounding even harder now.

She raised her hands to Thayavee's shoulders to push her back when she leaned in even closer, as if trying to steal a kiss.

But in the struggle, Thayavee missed her lips and ended up brushing her cheek instead.

Still, Thayavee took the chance to move in, bringing her lips to Prisa’s ear —and gently nibbled on her earlobe with her sharp teeth.

“Khun First…”

“If you dare to say my name like that,”

Thayavee said, her voice low and firm,

“you’d better make sure I’m satisfied—especially for the price I’m paying.”

The hand resting on Prisa’s thigh started to move more firmly now. In that moment, Prisa realized just how wrong she’d been about today. She had seriously misjudged the situation.

The woman in front of her was more dangerous than she looked—scarier even than some of the men she’d dealt with before.

Even if that sounded like an exaggeration based on just this one encounter, her instincts were screaming that this woman was no joke.

And all that time she’d tried to comfort herself, thinking serving another woman might be safer than serving a man? What a lie that turned out to be…

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# Chapter : 02

Prisa closed her eyes when she felt the warm pressure of her lips on hers.

Her first kiss wasn’t soft or gentle—it was intense, full of heat. Slowly, it became deeper as her tongue slipped into her mouth, exploring gently.

Thayavee moved her hand to the back of her neck, pulling her closer, while her tongue teased hers with increasing passion.

Prisa could barely keep up with her breathing, and without realizing it, her nails dug into her shoulder. The heat of the kiss was almost overwhelming.

When she finally pulled away from her lips, she started kissing down to her neck. Her lips and nose brushed against her skin slowly, sending shivers through her body. Her breath became quicker.

The more she touched her, the harder it was for her to stay calm.

Her warm hand moved up and gently cupped her chest over her clothes. Even though she didn’t touch her directly yet, the warmth spread all over her body. Her body responded on its own, tensing slightly.

"Khun First..."

"You're so small, but you’re more than I expected."

Her face turned hot from both her words and the way she looked at her— with eyes full of desire. Then, her finger tugged at her off-shoulder top, pulling it down to reveal more.

With just a light touch, she unhooked her strapless bra, and it came loose, revealing her soft, fair skin.

The light in the room reflected off her smooth skin, and the sight made his throat go dry.

Thayavee swallowed hard. The tip of her breast was erect as if waiting for her touch.

It was so tempting... that she couldn't help but reach out her fingertip to greet her.

"Even more beautiful than I thought."

It wasn't just a hoarse compliment, but the fingertip that was moving on the sweet pink tip of her breast was teasing the one being invaded, immersed in the vortex of excitement until her consciousness began to fade.

The delicate body began to tremble as the other tip of her breast was being broken by the warm tongue. The heavy sucking and light biting were sending the sensation to spread down below.

Prisa accidentally moved her hand up to ruffle the other person's hair to relieve the tingling sensation. The temperature in her body started to rise higher and higher. A groan escaped every time the sharp teeth bit down on the sweet pink nipple, as if wanting to tease her until she couldn't resist.

Thayawin glanced at the sweet face with satisfaction. The plump lips parted until she saw the white teeth. The image in front of her was stimulating her mood until she felt a tingling sensation in her body.

The whole body of this woman was indescribably sweet, delicate, but at the same time, she was so tempting that she wanted to grab and press her down to make her squirm beneath her body.

And that wasn't what was on her mind because the slender fingertips were sliding towards the edge of the panties of the person on her lap and then managed to slide them off her white legs.

Prisa could barely hold herself up, even though her whole face felt hot. But because she didn't even dare to show her inexperience, for the other person to criticize her as "incompetent", the young woman tried to learn these things by letting herself go with the flow.

But because she had no experience, no matter which part of her body the warm palms passed, the heat would ready to melt the behavior to be weak.

Clumsiness occurred in every movement. Even when the owner of the tall body moved to change the posture. To let her move to sit on the lap, Prisa was still clumsy until she was hit with words that hurt deep in her heart.

"Normally when you serve others, they might like you to play the innocent role. But for me, it's not necessary. Because I like people who are more professional."

The warm palm that caressed her legs moved all the way to her inner thighs.

Prisa was so tense that her body stiffened when the evil fingertips rushed towards her sensitive parts and were caressing her petals, which were both wet and slippery from being stimulated earlier.

"Have you ever slept with a woman before?"

"No."

"But it seems like right now, your body wants me."

Prisa bit her lip to suppress the overwhelming feelings crashing over her. Even if she wanted to deny it, her body was honestly responding to the other woman’s touch.

The strength and softness of those slender fingers teasing between her folds sent shivers through her, making her want to lift her hips and pull away.

But the position she had been carefully placed in didn’t allow for that.

So the one being controlled had no choice but to surrender, letting the other invade her at will.

And because her body showed signs of readiness, it only fueled Thayavee’s desire to explore every inch of her.

The soft and delicate petals were separated by two fingers before slowly and carefully inserting them deep inside.

But when the body was deeply invaded, the slender person involuntarily tightened her stomach to the max.

Her body trembled uncontrollably. The love canal throbbed, squeezing the foreign object that was invading.

The tingling feeling that had formed before began to fade away. When it was replaced by a stinging and uncomfortable feeling.

Prisa pursed her lips tightly to hide her feelings. But it was too difficult for a body that had never been invaded by anyone before.

“Can you please not move yet?”

Prisa pleaded with a trembling voice. Her delicate hands dug into the shoulders of the person whose fingers were buried in her body. Tears began to flow out of the corners of her eyes because she could not hold them back.

“To be honest, Risa. I usually like women who are good in bed because I don’t need to waste time teaching them. But this time, it turned out that I had to meet an inexperienced woman.”

The speaker’s face had many emotions mixed in. The tall person moved only a few times and was able to support the slender body. Lying on her back along the length of the sofa.

Prisa met the eyes of the tall owner who was straddling her body. The slender fingers buried deep inside her body had not moved yet. But the other person's flat face made it difficult to guess how much dissatisfaction she was in.

Because each word was diligent in undermining her feelings, but her actions were the opposite. Because at least the other person still complied with her request, allowing her body time to adjust to the new things that had invaded.

"I will try to make you as satisfied as possible. But this matter cannot be decided."

"Are you saying that you are ready for me?"

The longest middle finger was pressed deep to the base. Prisa tightened her stomach until her body trembled. The other person's invasion, although not violent, was extremely hot.

The fingertip buried in the warm cavity was moving through a path that even she herself had never known. And it was searching inside the narrow love channel, as if wanting to find the most sensitive point there.

Every movement able to make a moan escape through the plump lips uncontrollably. The tingling sensation from the deep, murderous penetration caused the body to tremble, causing the hips to move in rhythm with the invasion.

The waves of feelings violently crashed into her. The heavy touch of love made the body tremble again and again.

Until finally the heat waves that were compressed inside overflowed and the entire body became tense.

The suffocation spread until her ears were ringing, her eyes blurred, the feeling was like being thrown up high and then being let down.

It was hot, tingling, and indescribable bliss.

The slender body fell down, panting until her chest shook, but after a moment, she had to squint her eyes to look at the person who still had no intention of giving in, pulling her fingers out of her body.

“Just the first round, you’re panting so hard, will you be able to last the whole night?”

“Normally, do you like to talk sarcastically to every woman you sleep with? Or is it just me? Who doesn’t get what you want?

She tried not to talk back, but a momentary lapse of reason made her accidentally let it slip.

Thayavee looked at the pink lips that were trying to breathe oxygen into her lungs. She didn’t feel dissatisfied that she was being teased.

Or was it because deep down, she was satisfied with this woman’s freshness?

Because at least, it made her feel like she wanted to release her desires without limits.

Release in a way that she rarely chose to do with a woman.

The slender fingers embedded in the slipperyness slowly pulled out. Although the fingertips were still stained with sweet water, the tall owner didn't care and turned to find a nearby tissue to wipe it clean.

Thayavee closed herself up and sat up straight, unbuttoned her pants and pulled down the zipper before organizing the clothes to be off her legs, both the outer and inner layers.

Prisa didn't dare to lower her gaze lower than the waist level of the naked person in front of her, but she still watched every movement until the other person threw herself down on her again.

Her legs were separated along with her torso inserted between her legs. In just a split second, her body felt hot again when the person above was pressing that part of her body together until it was snugly pressed together.

Thayavee started moving her hips to make that part of her body touch and rub against each other at a slow pace.

But the more she moved, the more her lust increased. Until she could only call out a moaning sound mixed with the sound of panting.

The thrusts began to become more intense until her breath became intermittent. The other party's delicate hands in front of her tried to slow down the rhythm of their lovemaking.

But in the split second that the body was filled with desire, it was unable to stop the heat of the other person at all.

Every touch filled with passion, arouses the body to the point of exploding again.

Prisa unconsciously moved her hand up to hug the back of the person above her, digging her nails into the smooth, fine skin as her body received the rhythm of love that was rushing towards her intensely.

The force of desire surged until her body trembled, the sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room.

Thayavee looked at the sweet face with extreme lust, her beautiful eyebrows furrowed, both eyelids closed, her lips were bright red from the poison of the kiss, slightly parted, alternating with biting. It was a very alluring sight that could arouse her emotions to flare up so well.

Even though she tried to suppress her raw emotions from flaring up with the person below her too much, it turned out to be something that was very difficult to control down there.

The signal of happiness overflowed until her eyes blurred. Tayawee leaned down to kiss her pink lips again, sucking hard at the moment when her body climbed towards happiness.

The heat from inside spread to every strand of hair. Thayavee threw herself on the delicate body. Low moans and wind, panting breaths were heard beside her ears.

It was so intense that Prisa could feel the rhythm of her heartbeat.

The heat from her body.

The shaky breaths of each other.

Including the wetness that leaked out and stained her legs.

"A bit too much, I messed you up.

"It's okay."

Prisa looked into the eyes of the person who was moving up to look at her. The light in the room could not hide the flushed face at this moment.

Even though her first love lesson was with a strange woman, she did not feel any resistance to those touches.

It was hard to distinguish the feelings she was having. She had never known before that her body would succumb to pleasure so easily.

Prisa could not even know that if there was a next time for her, whether that person was a man or a woman, she would still feel this way.

However... what was the point of asking herself right now?

When her goal was only money, not feelings.

And when she thought about it, the bitterness that she was trying to hide deep in her heart it's like pushing her down into a deep well.

She was selling her dignity in exchange for money — a truth she could no longer deny.

The life she once took pride in had completely vanished the moment she chose to step fully onto this path.

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# Chapter : 03

When the night ended, so did their one-night relationship. Everything was over, and the payment was made as agreed.

Even though Prisa felt a bit sad about losing her virginity to a stranger, she didn’t feel any deep regret—nothing like the stories in romance novels.

Tired and sore from the long night, she left the condo late in the morning.

She grabbed a taxi and headed to a housing estate that was a fair distance away.

The taxi pulled up in front of a small townhouse, one of the more affordable ones in the neighborhood.

Prisa unlocked the door and stepped into the quiet downstairs living room. Her legs still weak, she slowly made her way upstairs.

Besides the bathroom, kitchen, and other common areas, the house had three bedrooms.

As soon as she got to her room, she tossed her small bag onto the bedside table.

She was exhausted, barely able to walk, but didn’t want to lie down on the bed while still feeling dirty. So she forced herself into the bathroom to wash away the smell and traces of last night.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Faint marks in rose-colored shades were visible on her chest, stomach, and even the inside of her thighs.

She closed her eyes as memories from the night before came flooding back —starting on the couch, then moving to the bedroom. She couldn't even count how many times it all happened.

The only thing she was sure of was this: the woman who had paid hundreds of thousands to spend the night with her definitely got her money’s worth.

Prisa still remembered the moment her feet touched the floor beside the bed —how weak and shaky they were. The soreness between her legs, from being used all night, still lingered.

She came out of the bathroom, glanced at the clock on the wall, and quickly got dressed to head out again.

A motorcycle taxi was called to take her to the BTS station. It took almost half an hour to get to the hospital. She stopped by a nearby burger place before heading up to the sixth floor by elevator. With a tired but gentle smile, she pushed open the door to the patient room.

“You're here, P’Risa.”

“Is Mom asleep?”

“Yeah, she just fell asleep a little while ago.”

Prisa took her eyes off her tall younger brother, who stood about 180 cm, and looked over to their mother, who was lying quietly on the hospital bed.

Her mother’s condition looked just as frail as it did every other day— nothing had improved. And seeing her like this always made Prisa's chest tighten. It was hard to breathe just looking at her.

End-stage lung cancer.

It had been eating away at their mother for years, and it was only getting worse. It was heartbreaking—every time she saw her mom in pain, tears threatened to fall.

“By the way, have you eaten anything yet? I grabbed you a burger on the way so you can have a quick bite.”

“Thanks, I’m starving. I was planning to wait for you and then grab something after heading to class.”

**Paris,** her brother, walked over, opened the paper bag his sister had set on the table, and pulled out a burger. He started eating it eagerly, having not eaten since morning.

“I’m gonna head out now. I still need to go home, shower, and change. Do you need the car? I can take the BTS instead.”

“No need. You keep the car for now—it’ll be easier for you to get around, especially since you’ll be coming back to look after Mom after class anyway.”

“Alright. But you look kinda worn out today. Did you work really hard last night? Did you even get any sleep?”

“I did, but I guess I’ve been overworked these past few days. Hold on.”

Prisa took the opportunity to change the subject smoothly. She pulled her phone from her small bag and tapped around on the screen for a bit. A moment later, a notification popped up on her brother’s phone.

“I’ve transferred the tuition money already. Keep the rest for gas and any other stuff you need. As for Mom’s medical bills this time, we should be okay. I’ll still have time to earn more before she gets discharged.”

“And where did you get the money from? I remember the cash you made from the motor show job already went to pay off the house and car, didn’t it?”

“I asked for a little help from someone I know. But I’ll need to take on more work soon to pay them back. Come on, you’d better get going or you’ll be late for class.”

Paris looked at his sister’s tired face and didn’t say another word. He never felt good seeing her push herself so hard.

His sister was small in size, but far stronger than she looked.

They had started their lives from scratch. Their mom used to sell chicken rice to support them, working hard all her life just to give her kids a chance at a better future.

Prisa had been working to support herself ever since she was in university. Even after graduating, the stable job she had hoped for couldn’t really meet her goals. So, given her appearance and how quickly she could earn money, she chose a different path.

Paris had always been concerned about the kind of work his sister did, but he never judged her. He knew very well that someone as private and guarded as Prisa had her own limits.

Their mother and sister had always carried most of the burden, but he also tried to help in whatever way he could. He took on part-time jobs to pay for his own education and save up for the things he wanted—so he wouldn’t have to rely on her.

The first savings Prisa ever had went into a down payment for a small Japanese car. It wasn’t fancy, just something affordable that could protect them from the sun and rain, with working air-conditioning—much better than taking buses, trains, or shared taxis.

It came in handy when taking their mom to the market or when Paris had to rush to university.

That one car was shared by the whole family. After thinking it through, Prisa decided it was worth it and bought it to make life easier for everyone.

When their financial situation began to improve slightly, Prisa made plans to apply for a home loan. She didn’t choose anything too expensive, just something within their means—something she believed they could manage in the long run.

The three of them finally left the rental house and moved into their first real home. It became their biggest source of pride—from then until now.

Life had started to look up for the three of them, until earlier this year— when their mom developed a persistent cough that wouldn’t go away. That’s when the siblings first learned about her illness.

It was devastating news that had them crying in each other’s arms more times than they could count. The money they’d saved slowly drained away as they tried everything to help their mother.

And now, things had only gotten worse.

Their mother’s condition worsened to the point where she had to be in and out of the hospital constantly. Paris had to quit the part-time job he used to do so he could stay by her side and take care of her.

At the same time, he still had to juggle his university classes, alternating shifts with his sister, who had to carry the full financial burden on her own.

House payments, car payments, tuition fees, and all the other expenses that came with studying at a top university—Prisa handled all of it. Paris had earned his spot there through hard work and ability, but that didn’t make the bills any easier.

His sister started working even harder, and all he could do was help ease her burden by taking care of their mom and staying focused on his studies— hoping to make her sacrifices worthwhile.

In the middle of all these struggles, they still found small blessings. Thanks to his good looks—handsome like a Chinese drama lead and tall like an international model—he occasionally got modeling gigs.

Even though he was still just a no-name model, only picking up small jobs here and there, the pay wasn’t bad—usually a few thousand baht. It gave him hope that someday this path could lead to a better future for both him and his sister.

And when that time came, Prisa wouldn’t have to work so hard anymore. She wouldn't have to constantly be surrounded by predators, ready to pounce at any moment.

“I want to graduate. I want to make it big—at least enough to really help you earn more money.”

“Take it easy. Everything takes time. I know what your goals are, Ris, but for now, just helping me take care of Mom and keeping up with your studies is already a big help. You only have a year left, right? Once you graduate, things will get better. Just hang in there a bit longer.”

“I’ll be fine—it’s you I’m worried about. You’re the one working yourself to the bone, running around picking up gigs, then coming back to the hospital to stay with Mom. When do you even get to rest?”

“I can still handle it. But if it ever gets too much, we can talk about hiring a private nurse to help out. Sound good, Ris?”

That wasn’t the kind of answer that made Paris feel better. Sure, on the surface, hiring a nurse would give his sister some rest—but it didn’t mean she would be working any less. If anything, it would just increase their expenses, and honestly, neither of them had many options right now.

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Since the motor show had just wrapped up recently, Prisa’s schedule had cleared up for the next two days—no new jobs had come in yet.

She stayed at the hospital to care for their mother until the evening. Once her brother returned from university, they switched shifts like they always did.

Prisa returned home to get some rest and prepare for work in the coming days. The next morning, she spent most of her time doing laundry and cleaning the house.

It wasn’t until the afternoon that she finally finished all the chores. Her clear, smooth face was now flushed and sweaty. Her long, sleek hair, which had been tied up tightly, had started to fall and stick to her face and neck.

She quickly wiped the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. Just as she was about to head upstairs to shower and change, her phone rang. She quickly grabbed it and answered the call.

"Yes, P’Cha?"

"Are you busy? Sorry if I’m interrupting. I just wanted to call you right away because a job came up."

"No problem at all. Where’s the job?"

"There’s a client who’s interested in having Risa join him for dinner tonight. Are you free?"

Prisa wasn’t sure how to feel—disappointed or just uncertain. She had only just accepted her first job like this, and now more jobs of the same kind seemed to be coming in so fast.

Originally, she thought she’d mostly be doing regular work at events or trade booths. But now it felt like she was being pushed more and more into this type of work. She couldn’t help feeling uneasy about it.

She hesitated. What had happened the other night still lingered in her mind, and she wasn’t sure she was ready to go through something like that again.

“It’s just dinner, maybe an hour or two, and you’ll earn ten thousand baht, Risa. This client is a gentleman—I promise. He’s a wealthy businessman who just lost his wife. Sometimes he just wants someone to talk to, someone to share a meal with. I only call you when it’s someone I trust.”

“Thank you, P’Cha. If you’re vouching for him, then I’ll take the job. But could you please make it clear to the client that it’s *just* dinner? I don’t do anything beyond that.”

“Of course. I’ll make sure to remind him again. Alright, I’ll send you the location and other details shortly.”

“Thanks so much.”

After hanging up, Prisa just stood there in silence, her face tight with stress. Her mind was swirling with worries, and the weight of everything she was dealing with only seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper.

Out of nowhere, a burning heat welled up behind her eyes, but Prisa forced herself to swallow the heavy emotions, turning instead to face the burdens that still weighed heavily on her shoulders.

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That very evening, as the appointment time drew near, Prisa began getting ready. She showered and dressed in a black body-hugging dress.

Her sweet features were lightly made up, just enough to conceal the rosecolored marks left behind by someone from the night before. Her long hair was let down to cascade over her back, soft and flowing.

She slipped into a pair of black stilettos, grabbed a small handbag, and left the house in a taxi, heading straight to a luxury hotel downtown.

The venue was a restaurant-bar hybrid on the ground floor of the hotel—its location sent directly to her phone. Prisa walked in, told the receptionist her table number, and was soon led there by a young waiter.

The place was dimly lit, typical of upscale bar-restaurants. The glow of candlelight flickered across tables, accompanied by the soft hum of international music playing in the background, lending a romantic and slightly lively atmosphere.

Toward the front was a small stage, likely used for live music at scheduled times.

Prisa greeted the unfamiliar man with a polite smile. Her "job" had just begun—and would continue, regardless of appearances or personalities.

Every moment she spent there was tied directly to the passage of time. Each minute felt like a countdown—drawn out and endlessly slow.

From 8 PM… time ticked past until it was well after 9. While casually surveying her surroundings, her eyes caught sight of a tall, slender woman.

Her breath hitched. Her heartbeat faltered for a split second. Still, her lips moved steadily, continuing the small talk with the man before her as though nothing had happened.

She pretended not to notice, but she knew. The woman who had once possessed her body just the night before was now seated in the same venue, drinking in the warm ambiance with another woman.

Prisa hadn’t meant to pay them any mind. And yet… she couldn’t help but notice how similar the two women seemed.

Their demeanor. Their style. Even their heights were closely matched— perhaps nearly identical. She couldn’t tell how beautiful the other woman was; the woman’s back was turned toward her. But judging by the silhouette and body shape, Prisa could safely guess—she was likely just as attractive as her companion.

As Prisa’s thoughts silently assessed what her eyes had gathered, she had no idea she herself had become the object of someone’s attention the very moment she’d entered the room.

Thayavee had been observing that table for over an hour. The presence of that strikingly fair-skinned woman—like walking firelight—had captivated her eyes from the first moment she saw her.

Her slender figure was wrapped in a tight-fitting, strapless black dress. Her bare back was fully exposed, with only her long, flowing hair barely concealing it.

And the hem of the dress—scarcely a hand's span long—had a slit up the side, despite already being so short. What on earth was she trying to show off?

Thayavee secretly sneered with a sarcastic tone. Of course, if that woman wanted to dress up to seduce someone, that wouldn't be wrong.. Of course, if that woman wanted to dress up and seduce someone, it wasn’t exactly a crime.

But just the night before, hadn’t that same woman been in bed with her? Limbs trembling, breathless beneath her touch?

And now, barely a night had passed, and she already seemed ready to go tease someone else?

*Wasn’t that a little too fast?*

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# Chapter : 04

As the night went on, the atmosphere started to feel more and more unpleasant. The air was getting kind of toxic. And the more Thayavee saw the woman at that table smiling sweetly and flirting with the guy sitting across from her, the more annoyed she felt. That annoyance slowly grew into full-on irritation.

Just thinking back to the night before, that same woman had seemed so clumsy and inexperienced. But now? After just one event, she was suddenly acting like she knew everything about how to charm and serve customers. It really got under Thayavee's skin.

And when she saw the woman get up from the table and head toward the restroom, Thayavee-who'd been waiting for a moment like this-didn't hesitate to follow.

But since she wasn't actually planning to go into the restroom, Thayavee just waited outside.

A few minutes later, the door cracked open again. This time, it was Prisa who stopped in her tracks. She hadn't expected to come face to face with the tall woman standing right outside, staring her down.

Not knowing how to react, Prisa just gave her a small polite smile.

She didn't say anything else. In her mind, someone like this woman probably didn't want to talk to or acknowledge someone like her-especially not someone she'd paid for a private night.

And honestly, she felt the same way. She didn't want to pretend she knew this "customer" just because they happened to run into each other outside that private setting.

Thinking it was better to just act like nothing was wrong, Prisa turned toward the sink to wash her hands. But that move only made Thayavee even more irritated. She could feel the anger building and had to force herself to stay calm.

Her fists clenched inside her pockets. After all, she was the customer hereand a high-paying one at that. Was this really how she was going to be treated?

"I thought you'd be too worn out after the other night to take on anyone else for a while,"

Thayavee said coldly.

"But seeing you today, I guess you've got more stamina than I thought."

Prisa's hand froze for a second, but she quickly grabbed some tissue from the wall to dry her hands.

"I didn't think someone like you would bother saying hi to someone like me out here. But thanks for the honor,"

She said politely.

"I'm still on the clock with another customer right now, so I can't stay and chat. Please excuse me."

"How much?" Thayavee suddenly asked.

Just as Prisa was about to walk past the other woman, her steps came to a sudden stop. She looked up and met those sharp eyes with an empty expression.

She didn't say anything.

She wasn't in the mood to argue. And honestly, she didn't even know what to say if she tried.

"How much did that guy pay you?"

Thayavee asked.

"I'll pay you double-if you come with me tonight."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Thayavee bit her lower lip, feeling embarrassed. She almost wanted to turn away. She knew she was losing her cool.

But still-she had her reasons. The offer wasn't really about wanting to be with Prisa. It was more about her pride. She just couldn't stand the woman's calm, dismissive attitude.

She wanted to see how far Prisa could keep acting like money didn't matter.

"I can't accept your offer tonight,"

Prisa replied, keeping her tone polite.

"I don't want any trouble with my current client. And besides, you came here with your date. If you want to set something up with me, maybe another day would be more appropriate."

The rejection hit like a slap to the face. Thayavee's heart froze for a moment before her emotions flared up again, completely irrational.

"Just tonight, Risa," she said firmly.

Her voice was sharp and clear, and it worked. Prisa stayed still, not daring to just walk away.

Thayavee's expression, her eyes, her tone-everything made it clear. This woman wasn't going to give up easily.

And really, for Prisa, it was always about the money. Once dinner with that man was over, she knew she'd just go her separate way.

So if this woman was willing to pay well-why should she say no? Being with one person was still better than having to deal with lots of random strangers, wasn't it?

"I'll need until midnight at the latest. Can I meet you at your condo after that?"

"By eleven. Wait for me at the hotel's front exit."

Thayavee said firmly.

With that command, she walked past Prisa like it was nothing.

Prisa let out a soft sigh. Sure, she felt heavy inside-but she had to go back and do her job for the rest of the night.

And when she returned to her table, it was clear that someone's eyes were following her every move. Every time she glanced over at Thayavee's table, she'd find those sharp eyes looking right back at her always watching like a hawk.

The dinner continued on as usual. The client was polite, just as promised by the person who had arranged the meeting.

Although the man across the table had, several times, hinted at his desire for something more than just a meal together, he eventually backed off each time he was turned down. He never became aggressive or made her feel more uncomfortable than she already was.

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Prisa looked for every possible way to tactfully speed things up and end her shift early. Eventually, she managed to excuse herself and made it to the meeting point just in time.

But even then, she couldn't escape the sharp, cutting glare that pierced through the windows of a luxurious supercar, freshly pulled up to the curb.

She slipped into the passenger seat silently, letting the car glide down the road without a single word exchanged between them.

Both sat in silence. Prisa had no idea how to start a conversation. Her communication skills seemed to vanish in front of this woman, leaving her completely at a loss.

Part of the reason might have been because the night before, they hardly had a chance to talk or get to know each other beyond the basics.

Other than the brief negotiation about money and the seductive whispers exchanged during their passionate encounter, the only real sounds between them had been moans blending into the night.

And afterward, once all traces of intimacy had been erased with money, they simply went their separate ways. It felt like sex was the only real form of communication between them-one they both understood far better than any words.

About twenty minutes later, close to midnight, they arrived back at the condo. And what Prisa had been anticipating during the ride turned out to be right on point.

"Would you like something to drink first? I can get it for you," she offered.

"No need. Go take a shower. Your clothes are in the closet. Pick something new-you're not wearing the same outfit you went out in." "It'd be better if you told me why you're sending me to shower,"

Prisa responded, trying to hold onto a shred of pride.

"I believe I already told you-I don't spend money just to have pretty women sit around and do nothing. So yes, I'm telling you to shower because you just had dinner with another man."

What a mouth on her. Prisa stood frozen, stiff-necked. She wasn't naive-she knew agreeing to come back to the condo meant accepting what the other woman wanted. That much was clear between them.

She just didn't expect to be insulted like she was dirty-especially not by someone who had just been out with another woman herself.

"But as far as I remember,"

Prisa said calmly,

"didn't I just see you having dinner with another woman, too?"

"Then let's just shower together. I don't mind at all."

Thayavee replied, totally unfazed. Without warning, Thayavee wrapped her arm around Prisa's slim waist and gently pulled her closer. Just a light tugand Prisa's body was already against her chest.

"Okay. I'll shower first. But could you let me go for now?"

"I changed my mind,"

Thayavee said with a smirk.

"I'd rather shower with you. It'll make me a lot happier than doing it alone."

"Khun First..."

Before she could even finish her sentence, her strapless dress was tugged down, slipping to just below her chest.

Prisa's heart skipped a beat. Her breath caught in her throat as she saw Thayavee's eyes-burning with desire-lower to her exposed chest.

"The marks I left on you haven't even faded yet,"

Thayavee whispered.

"Aren't you worried that your other clients might lose interest because of that?"

Prisa didn't even have time to respond. In a flash, Thayavee unclipped her strapless bra, tossing it aside, and replaced it with a warm hand, now gently holding her bare breast.

That hand-soft and warm-started to move, teasing and playing as if Prisa's body was nothing more than a favorite toy. And Prisa... she felt weak. She couldn't even find the strength to protest.

Whether it was the money... or the touch that sent shivers through her... Prisa wasn't sure.

But she knew one thing-she was letting herself fall too easily for a woman who had only shared one night with her.

"To be honest,"

Thayavee said casually,

"I'm tired of the hassle of constantly finding new girls to do what you do. At least I know you're still fresh and clean. Just get a little better in bed, and I'll be satisfied."

She smiled slyly, watching Prisa bite her lip, holding back a reaction, as her fingers continued to toy with the sensitive peak of her chest-clearly trying to wear her down, to turn her into nothing more than a docile little kitten in Thayavee's hands.

"So... what exactly do you want from me?"

Prisa finally asked, her voice steady, though her heart was racing.

Aside from that sharp tongue and clever words, Prisa had also begun to notice something else about this woman-she had a way of never saying things straight. "I want you to be mine," Thayavee said simply.

"Only mine. Just do your job-with me, and no one else."

Prisa held her gaze, silent.

She's beautiful, rich, and seems to have everything going for her. With looks and status like that, there are probably tons of women who would willingly throw themselves at her-no need to pay a single baht.

And yet, this wealthy woman standing in front of her chose to spend money just to have someone like Prisa, rather than wait for women to come to her willingly.

Was it because she was too much of a player to want a real relationship? Or was she just terrified of commitment?

While Prisa was lost in her own thoughts, the woman who was currently enjoying every inch of her soft skin and firm curves didn't seem able-or willing-to hold back anymore.

Thayavee's mind was racing too. She wondered just how much she would regret it if another person ever got to touch what she was touching right now.

And the answer? A lot. So much so, in fact, that it was enough to convince her to keep this woman all to herself-no matter the cost.

"I have a high sex drive. If you can handle that, I'll pay whatever it takes."

"If you're offering a 'girlfriend status' and can afford it, then sure-I'm in." "Girlfriend?" Thayavee raised a brow.

"I think you're a smart person. If you're going to negotiate or demand something, you're going to consider status and possibility, right?"

"I guess you're right."

A smile doesn't always mean happiness. Sometimes it's just a mask-hiding the bitterness behind words that sting a little too much.

"The smell of your money is sweet. I really can't say no to that..."

Before she even finished her sentence, her eyes fluttered shut as Thayavee leaned in and captured her lips in a warm, hungry kiss.

It started hot and deep-intense, electric-just like that night they'd shared before.

That night when Prisa had already learned firsthand that when Thayavee said she had a high sex drive, it was no exaggeration. Not even a little bit.

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# Chapter : 05

“The rules of the relationship between you and me will not involve feelings."

Thayavee placed her warm chin on her delicate shoulder, her lips whispering softly beside her ear. Her hot breath that fell on the soft skin there, it was so teasing that the person who listened to the first rule through her shapely lips could barely make out the gist of those sentences.

The temperature of the water level in the tub was quite warm, but when compared to the close physical contact between her and the person she was in, sitting in the tub together, it was much higher than normal.

And because she was confined in an embrace, sitting on her lap, the situation was quite conducive to the other person being able to aggress as desired.

Thayavee put her hands around her small waist from behind, then moved up to cup her plump breasts, gently massaging and caressing the sweet pink nipples that were raising their heads to meet her hand.

It was aroused, ready to respond to every touch, making her feel thirsty and want to suck it into her mouth. However, right now, she was more comfortable teasing it with the touch of her palms.

“As for the second rule, you know right? You have no right to me, no right to be possessive, no right to show yourself as the owner. And if we happen to meet outside, in front of other people’s eyes, you don’t have to pretend or show that we know each other.”

“Yes.”

The sweet voice was both soft and short. Prisa pursed her lips tightly when the hand that wasn’t teasing her chest was sliding across her flat stomach to move down to touch the mound of flesh between her legs.

The fingertips of the person who had her chin resting on her shoulder were moving around her sensitive part. The sound of her heavy breathing was close to her ear, like a signal telling her how much the person behind her was in a state of lust.

Her delicate petals were being teased by her slender fingers before slowly moving, cutting, and pressing, kneading until the owner of the flower petals accidentally dug her fingernails into the other person’s arm to relieve the tingling sensation.

“Umm… yes, Khun First.”

“Your voice was shaking a lot, Risa. Did you ever realize that your breasts are so beautiful?”

The person who was in a state of lust unintentionally squeezed her plump breasts even more violently. It worked in harmony with the slender fingers that were moving around the flower petals below.

Prisa tightened her stomach until her body shook when the slender fingers that were teasing her outside slowly penetrated deep into the warm cavity.

The gradual rhythm of the movements was arousing her emotions, making her lose herself in the excitement from the touch that she was starting to get used to.

It was sweet, soft, but it was so passionate that Prisa almost melted with those sensations.

Thayavee used her lips to bite her white earlobe that was starting to turn red. The touch from the inside that was both soft and firm, it was nibbling her slender fingers as if wanting to greet each other nonstop.

The soft, sweet moan that slipped through the plump lips only made her desire even more intense. The tip of her sharp nose nuzzled along her slender neck and she accidentally used her lips to suck and pull the white skin until a rose-colored love mark appeared immediately.

“Khun First, I have work tomorrow.”

“Work that requires you to dress up to lure tigers and crocodiles, huh? And I don’t like my woman to dress up like everyone else.”

It wasn’t just the hidden words that kept circling around the skin on her neck, but the slender fingers that were moving inside were feeding her the passion that made the person being invaded turn bright red.

Prisa tensed her stomach and clench when the slender, strong fingers rubbed against the warm cavity inside even more intensely. Her deep was being explored as if the other party wanted to play with her head. It twisted and penetrated deeply, until the heat rose higher every moment the slender fingers moved.

The other party intentionally rubbed the sensitive spot repeatedly, splashing the desire into the soft channel until the tingling sensation ran throughout the body.

The inside twitched and tightened in response to every thrust. The sound of rapid breathing echoed throughout the spacious bathroom. And when the heat became more intense than it could be resisted, what was pressed inside was ready to burst out, including ringing in the ears and blurred vision.

The heavy squeezing force responded to the friction that made the body climb to happiness.

The full chest shook violently. The sweet face looked up to embrace the overflowing sensation until the body trembled.

Her heart beat rapidly and of course, the happiness she received would not end in just the first round.

Because on the bed outside, it would also become a battlefield of love. To let the other person use it to enjoy her body until she was satisfied.

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The late morning sunlight shone through the gaps in the thick curtains into the room. The tightly closed eyelids slowly opened to adjust their eyes to the surroundings.

The soft mattress hugged her body, while the cool air from the air conditioner brushed against the parts of her skin not covered by the thick blanket.

Prisa looked around. The tall woman who owned the room was nowhere to be seen right now.

Once she was sure she was alone, she slowly sat up. Even though she'd already shared a night with her before, her body was still weak from how much she had taken from her. Her legs were still trembling, just like the first night.

She pulled the blanket up to cover her chest, and ran a hand through her messy hair.

Prisa carefully put her feet down from the bed and slowly made her way to the bathroom to freshen up.

After a while, she stepped out of the bathroom wearing only the bathrobe that was available there.

But just as she stepped out, she saw her slowly pushing the door open and walking in.

Prisa met her eyes and instinctively tightened the robe around herself, trying to shield from her gaze.

That only made her smile teasingly.

“Acting like I haven’t seen it before. Come on, Risa, I’ve seen and done more than you can count. There’s nothing to be shy about now. You could walk around naked and I wouldn’t even blink.”

“Are you going out somewhere?”

She asked, trying to change the subject.

Judging by her outfit, which looked pretty formal, it seemed like she was getting ready to go out. Her face looked fresh, and she was totally clean— like whe’d taken a dozen showers already.

It was hard to believe this was the same woman who had been all over her the entire night. She didn’t look tired at all.

*Is he even human?*

“Yeah. If you’re ready, come with me.”

“Okay. I’ll wash your shirt and return it to you later, alright?”

“No need. Just toss it in that basket. The maid will take care of it. If you want something else to wear instead of that revealing dress, feel free to grab something from the closet. But my clothes might be a bit big for you.”

“That’s okay. Thank you, but I think it’s easier if I just wear my old dress.”

“Up to you. You’ve got ten minutes.”

Once she got confirmation from the woman—who clearly didn’t care about how risky it was for her to take a taxi home in her state—Thayavee didn’t say anything more.

Prisa closed the bedroom door, giving her some space and privacy to get herself together. A little while later, Prisa finally stepped out, walking into the living room where she was sitting cross-legged on the sofa, waiting. “Are you hungry? You can help yourself to anything. You’ll probably be coming here often from now on.”

“Thanks, but I’m not really hungry. And I thought you had to go out?”

“I still have time. Come sit and talk for a bit.”

Her voice was calm, just like she was asking something casual. Prisa moved her feet slightly, about to sit on the sofa across from her.

But then— “On my lap.”

She froze...

If she could, she would’ve scratched that smug look right off her face. But since she couldn’t really do anything about it, she reluctantly did as she said.

Thayavee smirked as she sat down on her lap. Her hand moved up to wrap around her slim waist—and of course, it didn’t stay still. She had to grab her hand to stop her from getting too touchy.

“Why? It’s just a little bit,” she teased.

“I thought you had something important you wanted to talk about,”

Prisa replied, trying to keep her on topic.

“Alright,”

Thayavee said, taking a moment to really look at her face. With makeup, she looked beautiful. But without it, she looked much younger, almost innocent.

Her soft pink lips and sweet scent were starting to stir something inside her again.

“From now on, you need to take fewer jobs. I need you to have time for me. I’ll leave you a keycard to get to this floor. I’ll send you the room passcode on LINE. If you want to leave a few outfits here, like two or three, that’s fine. If not, go out and buy some new ones.”

She pulled a black credit card from her wallet and placed it, along with the keycard, into her hand.

Prisa looked at the Black Card in silence for a moment. She knew right away it was a premium credit card—one meant only for the wealthy. No spending limit. Those who owned it were definitely wealthy.

Prisa didn’t even want to think about how much money you had to keep in your account to qualify for a card like that.

Looking back, she had always figured Thayavee was probably well-off, but she hadn’t expected this level of wealth. Judging from everything she was doing now… she might actually be a millionaire.

If she were just “well-off,” she probably wouldn’t be this generous. What if Prisa turned out to be greedy? What if she used the money to buy a car or a house, or just blew it all? Wouldn’t she be worried?

But looking at her, it was obvious that she wasn’t the least bit concerned. She didn’t seem like someone who had to worry about money at all.

*Was this… good luck falling right into her lap?*

“I have something to do tonight. Unfortunately, I’ll have to miss out on one of my nights.”

“Nights?”

“My right to sleep with you. Gotta make the most of what I’m paying for, right?”

Prisa was speechless. She already knew how much she wanted her, but seriously—was she really that clingy? Couldn’t she just skip one night?

As she was lost in her thoughts, she pulled out the latest model phone and handed it to her.

“Put your number in. Save it in my contacts. And while you’re at it, add me on LINE and send me your schedule. I need to keep up with what you’re doing. Just in case you’re sneaking off to meet someone else when you should be with me.”

“Wait… I thought the word ‘*sneaking off’ or ‘cheating’* usually applies to people in a relationship? But we’re not… like that.”

“You’re my woman now, Risa. Whether we’re official or not, I have the right to say that. Or do you have a problem with that?”

“No… I don’t,” she said softly.

“But if you could speak a little more nicely to me, that’d be better.”

“Well, if you could act a little less cold and stuck-up, and maybe show me some attention instead of constantly pushing me away, maybe I’d be nicer too. You want something from me, don’t you? Then try being the woman I want.”

Without another word, she reached for the blazer next to her and gently draped it over her bare shoulders.

No one would’ve guessed that a woman who always looked so annoyed could do something that… actually made her heart flutter.

“Risa will try my best to do everything you ask, Khun First.”

"....."

As soon as she switched to a sweet tone, Thayavee’s ears almost felt like they were ringing. And to top it off, the way she called her name— it had an effect on the listener's heart.

It wasn’t anything much, really.

But somehow… it just sounded so good.

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# Chapter : 06

The watch on her wrist showed it was almost 9 p.m., but the streets were still packed with cars moving at a snail’s pace.

Thayavee glanced out the car window. Was this the first time traffic didn’t annoy her as much as it usually did?

Even though she had been stuck in the car for nearly an hour doing nothing but breathing and waiting, she found herself more at peace here—more than she would be once she arrived at her destination, which was getting closer every minute.

But of course, every road has its end.

And eventually, her sleek Aston Martin, which had only recently launched, rolled through the gates of a massive estate—the place she had grown up in, for as long as she could remember.

The white European-style mansion stood tall in front of her, but Thayavee didn’t bother pulling into the designated parking area like she normally would.

Instead, she stopped the car and turned off the engine right by the curb, just a few meters away from the grand fountain that sat in front of the main entrance.

Her sharp gaze turned toward the front lawn, which was buzzing with people—guests who had come to celebrate the birthday of the man who owned this house.

The open space had been transformed into a fancy small party venue.

Is it small?

Maybe her mental calculator was a little off today—because knowing her dad, **Hiran Sikhares**, a filthy rich tycoon, this looked like he had hired a whole five-star hotel team to throw a party at home.

All this for just a birthday party?

Why did it have to be so over-the-top every single year?

Thayavee rolled her eyes in her mind. If she weren’t the eldest heir to the family, she wouldn’t even bother setting foot back in this house. She had no interest in getting wrapped up in the flashy, fake-smile world of high society.

Pulling her phone out from her pocket, she tapped the most recent number that had tried calling her over ten times—but she had been ignored all along the way, until now.

“I’m here,” she said plainly.

“And where exactly is here, huh? If you’re here, why aren’t you inside yet? You’re seriously getting on my nerves! I called like ten times and you didn’t pick up once. And don’t even get me started on you being almost three hours late from when you promised you'd be here!”

“Traffic was bad. That’s all. Come out and wait for me at the entrance—or I’m not going in.”

The line cut off before the other person could argue. Thayavee slipped her phone back into her pocket, not in the mood to be scolded by her twin sister for another round.

Her 177-centimeter frame made its way toward the entrance of the event. But the moment she came face-to-face with the person who had obediently waited as ordered, her brows furrowed so tightly they almost met in the middle.

A gray suit over a white shirt, topped with a vest— The outfit looked like they had planned to match. The only difference was that the other wore a neat tie, while Thayavee hadn’t even bothered.

“I’m pretty sure we never agreed on what to wear tonight,” she remarked.

“Hmm, probably just a strong twin instinct,”

Came the calm, cheeky reply from **Chayavee Sikhares** or **Pierce** her twin sister.

That was always how it was—Chayavee’s calm composure a sharp contrast to Thayavee’s more rebellious fire. The difference between them couldn’t be clearer.

Thayavee glanced past her sister’s shoulder, peering into the party. Honestly, if it weren’t for her sister’s constant begging, she would’ve happily pretended to have amnesia and forgotten this whole birthday event. “Dad’s waiting inside. You do realize you’re making him upset, right?”

“And when exactly have I ever done anything that makes your dad happy?”

Before Thayavee could finish her sentence, she saw her sister let out a long, exasperated sigh.

Of course she was fed up. The never-ending tension between Thayavee and their father had always forced Chayavee to play the mediator, caught in the middle of their endless battles.

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Inside the event, the atmosphere buzzed with the presence of select business elites—only those close to the family, or those who offered mutual benefits, were invited.

Even with such a filtered guest list, the place was still packed to the point where it was hard to tell who was who.

Walking side by side into the crowd, the twins naturally drew eyes. The Sikhraes family name carried weight enough to make them the center of attention wherever they went.

Which was exactly why Thayavee hated these things.

She was tired of this plastic world—where every handshake had a price, and every smile hid a motive. A world full of wealth and power, but not an ounce of genuine peace.

“Oh, First! You finally made it,”

Her father’s voice boomed as he approached.

“Must’ve been bad traffic. Come, come. I want you to meet some of my friends.”

Thayavee was barely holding it together. She looked at her father's smiling face and felt sick. Behind that smiley mask, no one knew better than her just how annoyed he actually was.

Of course, the event had started at 6 PM, and she showed up close to 9 PM. That was basically a slap in the face to her father's authority — enough to make him choke with anger. It was lucky that someone like Mr. Hiran could still keep smiling.

“This is Minister Opas and his daughter, Praewa.”

“Hello,”

Thayavee greeted politely with a respectful Thai-style wai. Even though she didn’t enjoy being part of these high-society events, her status had taught her how to behave properly.

“Nice to finally meet you. I’ve heard Mr. Hiran mention your eldest daughter often, but usually I only get to meet Fierce.”

“Yes,” she replied simply.

It wasn’t surprising at all that her father’s business friends met her twin sister more often. Apart from her responsibilities as the heir, Thayavee was basically the kind of daughter who always went against her father’s wishes — especially when it came to personal matters.

“This is little Praewa, my friend’s daughter. I’d like First to get to know her. Fierce already met her a few times at events. It’d be nice if you could support each other when needed.”

There it was. Thayavee glanced over at the beautiful girl in front of her. Of course, she knew exactly what the parents were trying to do. Her father had always known she wasn’t into men — that’s why he kept trying to push his friends’ daughters onto her.

But sorry — she may like pretty things, but she’d never fall into the trap of her father’s expectations.

Still, out of respect for him, Thayavee chose to play along and politely greeted her father’s friend’s daughter.

After chatting with the adults for a while, the twins were pulled out of the conversation, giving Thayavee a chance to be alone with the minister’s beautiful daughter — just as the grownups had planned.

It looked like everything was going according to their plan, but cheap tricks like this weren’t enough to corner someone like Thayavee.

“Would you like something to drink or eat, Khun Praewa? I’ll get it for you.”

“Thank you, Khun Pierce, but I don’t want to trouble you. I’ll take care of it myself.”

After politely turning down Chayavee's offer, Praewa glanced over at the tall woman who didn’t seem interested in her at all.

It’s true that both twin sisters were equally attractive. The younger one, Chayavee, seemed more polite and attentive. But Praewa knew it was just basic manners — nothing more.

From what she’d heard, Chayavee already had a woman her father had picked out for her. That left only the younger twin, who hadn’t been seriously involved with anyone yet.

It wasn’t a big deal these days for romantic relationships to go beyond the traditional male-female expectations. Since both sisters clearly preferred admiring beautiful women over strong, macho men, it wasn’t surprising at all that people were drawn to them.

And Praewa was one of them.

Considering her own status, education, and last name — tied to the world of real estate and major industries — she knew she was a good match. Their family's wealth and influence even placed them among the country’s top elite.

And after meeting Thayavee in person today, she found herself even more intrigued. That confident, “*don’t-care-about-the-world*” attitude was full of personality and charm — much more exciting to her than Chayavee's calm and polite demeanor.

To Praewa, Thayavee was bold, colorful, and totally her type.

And since she was pretty confident in her looks, Praewa decided to play hard to get a little — just to see if she could catch Thayavee's attention.

But everything went completely the opposite of what she expected. After she turned down Thayavee's kind offer, she didn’t get any attention at all — not even a single glance from the woman she actually wanted to impress.

Thayavee stayed completely uninterested. Even when Praewa walked away from her, she didn’t react. It wasn’t until she was out of sight that Thayavee finally turned to her twin, her face clearly showing her annoyance — no longer bothering to pretend like she had earlier.

“This is so boring. What do you think would happen if I just left right now?”

“A person like you shouldn't ask such a stupid question.”

Chayavee replied, amused.

"....."

Thayavee shot her sister a death glare, but it didn’t faze Chayavee one bit. The calm and serious twin simply gave her a small, smug smile.

“At least try to keep it together. If Mr. Hiran sees you like this, he’ll be upset — especially if his future daughter-in-law ends up dropping off the list because of you.”

“I don’t care,” Thayavee said bluntly.

“And I’ve never liked this ridiculous matchmaking stuff. I don’t care how gorgeous she is — I’m not into it.”

“Smile,”

Chayavee nudged her sister’s shoulder, one hand still in her pants pocket, while thinking back to what had happened at the restaurant the night before.

“You like that gorgeous woman at the next table, right? She didn’t need to throw herself at you or try too hard, but she still managed to catch your attention. You even secretly sneaking glances at her table all night. And when you couldn’t take it anymore, literally jumped up and chased her into the bathroom.”

“Don’t act like you know everything, Pierce,” she snapped.

Once again, Thayavee rolled her eyes at her sister. Of course, Chayavee knew her better than anyone.

She had always known how much Thayavee hated their father’s forced matchmaking. Chayavee might handle it all with calm and quiet patience — but not her. Thayavee would never give in just to keep the peace or make someone else happy.

She’d rather break free completely — and she had. She even moved out of the house just to gain her freedom.

Sure, she loved beauty and elegance, but that didn’t mean she wanted to get tangled up in messy emotional relationships.

That’s why she chose the simple route — pay for pleasure, instead of dealing with the drama of dating women who willingly threw themselves at her.

But that didn’t mean she’d settle for just anyone. She was still picky. Naturally, her body had needs, and since she knew her own desire was quite strong, she usually preferred to take care of things herself rather than involve someone else.

And if there ever came a day when she really needed someone to satisfy her craving — that woman had to pass a certain standard.

Emotionally though, she had never really felt anything for any of them. To her, they were just doing their part in exchange for money. No strings, no stress, no checking in or reporting whereabouts.

Just thinking about all that commitment made her cringe.

That’s exactly why, when she met Prisa — someone beautiful, her type, and seemingly “untouched” — she had offered something she never had before: a unique deal, something special.

Because this woman actually matched what she wanted. She agreed to her terms, so there was no need to look anywhere else.

Just thinking about her now — her sweet, stunning face suddenly appeared in her mind without warning.

Her expression, her eyes, the way she talked — even the soft moans that lit her on fire — all of it haunted her, stirring something deep and warm that rushed down her body.

*Damn! Just thinking about it makes her feel this much.*

While Thayavee was lost in her steamy thoughts, the woman who had disappeared for a while suddenly rejoined the conversation.

Thayavee tried to pull herself back to the present. The situation had forced her and her sister to spend quite a bit of time with the minister’s beautiful daughter.

After mingling and chatting with the guests long enough, Thayavee returned to her father.

But this time, standing beside the influential tycoon Hiran wasn’t the minister — it was another businessman he seemed deeply engaged in conversation with.

“Oh, there you are, girls! How was it, Prae? Did the sisters take good care of you?” he greeted.

“Khun First and Khun Pierce took such great care of me, Uncle. But where did my father go?”

Praewa asked politely.

“He already left. Earlier, the minister saw how well you were getting along with the girls, so he figured he’d leave without interrupting. But it’s no problem — since First’s condo is on the same route as your house, I’m sure she won’t mind dropping you off.”

After hearing her father’s not-so-subtle suggestion, Thayavee didn’t say a word to contradict him. She just glanced over at the woman now offering her a sheepish smile — as if trying to look apologetic.

But it wasn’t real. She knew it.

And it was exhausting — having to constantly tolerate these kinds of situations.

Still, unable to refuse in front of the elders, Thayavee reluctantly agreed and drove the young woman home, just as her father had strongly suggested.

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The drive was mostly silent — unless Praewa initiated conversation. Otherwise, Thayavee would’ve come off as completely antisocial.

When the car finally pulled into the grand home’s driveway, Thayavee felt an overwhelming sense of relief. The tedious ordeal was finally over.

“Would you like to come in for a drink, Khun First?” Praewa offered.

“I’d rather not, it’s already quite late,” she replied curtly.

“In that case… thank you so much for going out of your way to drop me off. Please drive safely. And if it’s not too much trouble, would you mind sending a text or giving me a call once you’ve made it home? Just so I won’t have to worry.”

Her words couldn’t be interpreted as anything else — this woman just wanted a way to stay in contact with her.

Thayavee gave her a smile — likely the first real one she’d offered all night — and that was enough to make Praewa believe that she had successfully cracked through her wall. That someone like Thayavee wouldn’t be able to resist a woman as perfect and accomplished as her.

But then....

"Sorry, but I really can't do what you're asking, Khun Praew. My wife at home is quite jealous—and she has a habit of checking my phone every night. I’d rather not stir up any drama if a beautiful woman happens to contact me."

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# Chapter : 07

Even though she had been back at her condo for a while now, Thayavee couldn't shake off the strange mood she was in. No matter where she looked, everything around her just felt... off.

She stood with her arms crossed by the window, staring out at the city lights as if she was soaking in the nighttime view.

But that wasn't really it. The beautiful view outside didn't register at all. Her mind was completely preoccupied-she couldn't stop thinking about someone's sweet, pretty face.

Eventually, she couldn't hold herself back anymore. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and opened the chat window with the person who had taken over her thoughts.

She scrolled through the woman's schedule-the same woman she had just called her "*wife*" a few hours ago. But her face kept popping into

Thayavee's head, messing with her focus and emotions. In the end, she gave in and hit the call button.

"Hello?"

"Can you come over to my condo right now?"

"But earlier today, didn't you say I didn't have to stop by tonight?"

"Well, that was then. I've changed my mind, Risa. I want you to come to my condo now."

There was a pause. Thayavee could almost hear the sigh through the phone. Then came Prisa's soft, hesitant voice.

"But it's really late right now... I honestly can't make it. I have to be at a booth event at the mall tomorrow. Once it's done, I'll come to see you at the condo as soon as I can. Is that okay?"

"Is something more important than me, Risa?"

Thayavee was being stubborn. She didn't see why someone like her should have to wait around for someone else's schedule.

"I paid to have you, and now I have to wait and see if you'll come or notwhenever you feel like it? Don't you think that's a bit much, Risa?" Before Prisa could say anything, Thayavee angrily ended the call.

On the other end, Prisa just stood there, frozen, the harsh words still echoing in her heart. She didn't know what else she could do.

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Prisa lifted her hand to brush her hair back from her face. She could feel a slight burning in the corners of her eyes, but she tried her best not to let those harsh words get to her.

She understood all too well how demanding rich people could be. Thayavee was no different-maybe even worse than most. So, it wasn't surprising that she would expect everything to go her way, especially when dealing with someone in a lower position like Prisa.

She had to be number one. She had to be the most important. She had to get what she wanted.

But right now, Prisa just couldn't give her that.

Paris, her mother, wasn't feeling well. She had just taken her medicine and finally fallen asleep earlier that evening. That's why Prisa had to stay and take care of her instead of her younger brother.

Even though Thayavee was clearly someone who could help ease their financial burdens, Prisa couldn't bring herself to leave her mom and brother behind-not right now.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her emotions, then quietly opened the door to her mother's room. Her eyes went to the bed, where her mother was still peacefully asleep. Carefully, she laid herself down on the thin mattress beside the bed.

Her phone was on silent so it wouldn't disturb anyone. Even though her mind was weighed down with everything Thayavee had said-and it made it hard to sleep-she knew there wasn't much else she could do right now.

The only thing left was to prepare herself for whatever problems might come tomorrow.

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Prisa woke up early to take care of everything her mom needed. Once that was done, she slipped into the kitchen to make some hot rice porridge for her younger brother.

Around 8 a.m., Paris came downstairs, his tall frame slowly making its way from the second floor.

He peeked over at the pot of freshly made pork porridge, sniffing at the warm aroma. He looked much better than he had the night before, which made Prisa feel relieved-she'd been worried about him all night.

"How are you feeling? Any better? Do you want to eat now? I'll serve you some so you can take your medicine after."

"Way better," he replied.

"After taking the meds and getting a good long sleep, I feel a lot more normal. Are you heading out to work already? Want to eat together first? You might not have time to grab anything later."

"It's okay, you go ahead and eat. I'll grab something at the mall later-it'll be easier that way. But hey, looks like you don't have a fever anymore, though you still seem a bit warm."

"One more dose of medicine and I'll be good as new. I'm super healthy, remember? You should be worrying about yourself instead, sis."

Paris sat down at the table and looked up at his sister just as she gently placed her hand on his forehead to check his temperature.

"Okay then, hurry and eat so you can take your medicine. I'm going to shower now before it gets too late."

"I think you should take the car today, sis. It'll be more convenient, and I won't be going out anyway."

"Traffic's always bad if I drive. It's easier to take the train-it stops right in front of the mall. Oh, and tonight... I might not be coming home."

"Why not?"

"I have an event in Hua Hin. A bunch of us are going, and it wouldn't make sense to come back the same day. So I might stay the night there."

"Alright, just make sure you take care of yourself. Call me if anything comes up."

Prisa gave her brother a small smile. Lately, the way her work was going had started to change, and there were some things she couldn't bring herself to tell him. So she'd started coming up with little excuses-cover stories-for the times she would be away, and she knew this was probably going to happen more often from now on.

After that, Prisa headed back upstairs to get herself ready. Later that morning, about an hour after the mall opened, she arrived at one of the city's shopping centers.

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Today, she was working as an MC for a high-end cosmetics brand. Her job was to stay at their booth, which had been set up in the central area on the first floor.

With her sweet, clear voice amplified through the mic, she spoke about the features and benefits of the products, trying to catch the attention of passing shoppers.

Time moved steadily as she worked through her shift. While scanning the crowd and smiling at the people walking by, her eyes suddenly caught a familiar tall, slim figure-someone who was staring right at her.

Her heart skipped a beat-thumped hard, even-but her voice kept flowing smoothly into the mic, thanks to muscle memory and experience.

Eventually, it was time to hand the mic over to her coworker. But before she could get her heart back under control, it began pounding even harder.

The tall woman, standing about ten meters away, was now making her way slowly toward the booth.

Prisa's eyes followed her, watching as she pretended to browse the display like any other customer. Prisa couldn't even focus on what the woman was saying to the booth staff-her mind was a blur.

And just like that, the rules she remembered so clearly made her decide to ignore the woman's presence entirely. Prisa quietly slipped behind the booth to avoid her.

Since her shift had just ended, there was no reason to stick around any longer.

She headed to the restroom to change out of her work clothes, and once she came out, she didn't even consider going back to the booth.

She had already promised to go to the condo right after work, and she didn't want to cause any more irritation by showing up late.

As she made her way toward the exit that connected to the train station, she suddenly felt a light tap on her arm, followed by the slightly breathless voice of someone who had clearly rushed to catch up with her.

It made her stop and turn around.

"Miss Risa, are you leaving already? I thought I'd be too late to catch you."

"Mr. Methas, did you need something?"

"I was hoping to invite you to grab a bite to eat-just to thank you for covering the event today."

"Oh, it's no trouble at all. You know I never say no to work. If anything, I should be thanking you for always giving me these opportunities. Really, thank you."

"It's nothing," he said warmly.

"You know I'm always happy to help."

His sparkling eyes couldn't quite hide what he was really feeling, and Prisa couldn't deny that many of the jobs she consistently got came from this man's help.

She had a pretty good idea of what his real intentions were.

It wasn't unusual for people to invest their time or energy in someone with the hope of something in return. But for her, survival meant putting up with awkwardness and discomfort when necessary. She had to endure for the sake of making a living.

And so far, she had managed to keep herself from falling into the traps that surrounded her.

"So, Miss Risa, would you happen to have an hour or two for a quick meal with me? I promise I won't keep you long-just somewhere here in the mall, if that's okay with you."

Prisa met his eyes but didn't reply right away. It wasn't hard for her to come up with a polite excuse-she had plenty at the ready, like always.

But before she even had a chance to voice the polite refusal she had in mind, the ringtone from her phone suddenly broke the moment.

"Excuse me, I need to take this call,"

Prisa said quickly.

"Oh, sure. Go right ahead,"

Methas replied, motioning for her to step away.

She walked a fair distance from him before pulling her phone out of her bag. The name on the screen lit up, and just from seeing it, she couldn't begin to guess what kind of emotional storm was waiting for her on the other end.

"Yes?"

"How much longer are you planning to stand there chatting with that guy, Risa?"

"....."

Just the first sentence alone was enough to let the frustration seep through the line, sharp and cutting. And the way the question was phrased made it clear that the caller had eyes on her-even now.

Instinctively, Prisa's eyes darted around, scanning the area.

And sure enough, standing just a few meters away, amidst the crowd, was that striking figure of a woman whose eyes were practically burning with displeasure.

"You're either going to say goodbye to that guy and come wait for me at the elevator right now, or I'll come in there and carry you out myself."

And just like that, the line went dead-no room for a reply, no interest in hearing what she had to say.

Thayavee stood there, watching as Prisa slowly lowered the phone from her ear, then turned to meet her gaze with a look full of silent questions.

*But what could she say?*

Since last night's call, she had spent hours trying to calm her racing mind. Sure, Thayavee probably knew she'd been being unreasonable.

But so what?

Even if she did realize she had acted unfairly, that didn't mean Prisa was going to be the one to apologize. No way.

The fact that she was even here-standing in the same space-was pure coincidence.

She just happened to be driving by, and figured she'd stop in and walk around this chaotic mall for a bit. That's all. And if she happened to throw in a few controlling words that conveniently ignored the very rules she herself had laid out-it wasn't because she was possessive of anything at all.

She just didn't like anyone-hanging around her woman.

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# Chapter : 08

After leaving the department store, the car was completely silent. The driver, who had a serious face, stayed quiet the whole time. No scolding, no picking a fight—nothing.

But the heavy sigh from her clearly showed what kind of mood she was in.

She was annoyed.

She was upset.

She wasn’t happy at all.

That’s exactly how Thayavee was feeling. And Prisa, who had started to pick up on her mood, knew that staying silent wouldn’t help fix anything.

For some people, silence doesn’t make things better. Sometimes, facing the issue directly is the only way to calm things down.

"I'm really sorry about last night. I couldn’t meet up with you. It was late, and I hadn’t prepared anything.”

"I don’t know why you would need to prepare to meet me,”

Thayavee replied.

“And honestly, I don’t care to ask. But I hope it doesn’t happen again. I’ll let it slide this time—but just this once, Risa.”

She took her eyes off the road for a moment to glance at her. Since she didn’t want to explain more, she didn’t bother pushing her for it.

After all, their relationship was basically nothing personal. If they didn’t have a physical connection, they’d just be strangers. So there was no reason to get into each other’s personal lives.

No need to report anything. As long as they met like they agreed to, that was enough.

That’s how it should have been. But when Prisa didn’t explain herself at all, her emotions started to act up.

The tension was thick in the air—until suddenly, a phone call broke the silence.

Thayavee reached over to pick up the phone from the console. When she saw the caller ID, dhe hesitated. She couldn’t just ignore the call.

"Hello?"

"Where are you right now? Your secretary said that after your meeting, you rushed out. Is something urgent going on?"

"I don't have time. I have some errands to run, and I probably won't be going back to the office today. If anything urgent comes up, you can handle it. I've already informed the secretary.

"By the way, Dad stopped by earlier. But when the secretary told him you weren’t here, he got upset and left."

"Thanks a lot for letting me know. I’m driving right now, so I’ll talk to you later."

After finishing the conversation with her twin sister, Thayavee continued driving as if nothing had happened.

She didn’t really care about her father’s bad mood. If she had to guess, Mr. Hiran had probably stopped by to ask about the minister’s daughter, or maybe about the ‘*wife*’ she had pretended to be with that woman the night before.

It’s likely that word had already reached her father.

"I’m hungry. I think I’ll stop by a restaurant nearby."

"In that case... you can park and let me take a taxi to wait at the condo."

"Why should I do that?"

"Just in case you're not comfortable with anyone seeing you with me."

"True, I almost forgot about that."

Thayavee muttered as if she didn’t care about the comment. She was aware that she had broken several of her own rules, but so what? After all, she had made those rules herself. It was just dinner—what’s the big deal? "Then maybe you can just drop me off at the bus stop up ahead."

"I’m not wasting time doing something pointless like that, Risa."

Prisa still didn’t understand how parking at a bus stop could be a waste of time. But since she saw no point in arguing, she chose to remain silent when she noticed that Thayavee kept driving past the bus stop to pull into a restaurant.

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The couple spent quite a while at the restaurant before heading back through the traffic to the condo, arriving nearly ten minutes past five.

Once inside the private space, Thayavee, who hated staying in polluted air for too long, immediately went to take a shower and change her clothes.

The way her life was going, it had quietly become a small change she hadn’t noticed. Her private world, which she never let anyone into, was now being affected by Prisa, a woman who had started to linger in her life.

No one on the outside would ever see this side of her.

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On the low coffee table, about knee-high, there was a tablet sitting on top. Since there was still a bit of work left to finish, Thayavee turned the sofa in the middle of the living room into her temporary workspace.

About half an hour later, the petite figure who had gone to shower came out of the bedroom and walked straight over to where Thayavee sat, frowning at the tablet screen.

"Would you like something to drink? I can get it for you," Risa offered.

"I have a headache," Thayavee replied.

"Would you like to take some medicine?"

"I don’t want to take medicine unless I really have to. Can you give me a massage?”

"Yes, I can do it a bit."

"You must’ve done it a lot for other people."

Prisa looked her in the eyes, and a question quietly formed in her mind— Has there ever been a time when Thayavee didn’t see her in a negative light?

"I used to massage my mom all the time. If you don’t mind, I can help you too."

Thayavee didn’t say anything. She just stared into Prisa's eyes for a while.

When the answer wasn’t what she’d expected, the irritation that had been bubbling up earlier seemed to melt away almost instantly.

It was a crazy feeling that shouldn’t happen toward a woman she had only slept with a few times.

“So what should I do? If I sit, you’re way shorter than me. Can you massage me properly like that?”

"You can lie down, if you’d like."

Prisa then reached for a cushion to help her get comfortable. But before she could place it, her wrist was gently pulled, making her sit down beside Thayavee instead. The cushion was snatched from her hand and tossed aside without a second thought.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Your lap seems more comfortable to lean on.”

Without another word, Thayavee laid down on the sofa and rested her head on Prisa's lap. Prisa could feel her heart pounding fast, but she tried to keep her cool—even though her whole face felt like it was burning.

"Does your head hurt on both sides?"

Her eyelids slowly closed as soft fingertips gently pressed on both her temples. The familiar scent of the woman lying close brought back the memory of their physical closeness. It stirred something inside her, and she had to stop herself from reacting too much.

"Is this okay?"

"Feels good."

And it wasn’t just words. The one lying down suddenly shifted, turning her face toward Prisa's stomach.

Prisa's fingers paused for a moment, and she almost forgot to breathe when Thayavee’s hand slipped under her shirt, resting gently on her waist.

And of course, someone like Thayavee wasn’t going to just stay still.

"Can’t you just lie still?"

"Why? I just want to rub and touch while you’re massaging. What’s wrong with that?"

"....."

Prisa couldn’t come up with a reply. She knew she could never win against someone that stubborn.

And maybe, deep down, she already knew that things would probably end up like this. There was no avoiding it.

Thayavee had a high sex drive. Just the slightest touch was enough to spark something. It was almost impossible for her not to act on it when the opportunity came.

But what Prisa never understood about herself was… she never resisted. Not once. She never felt disgusted by the touch. Her body always reacted naturally, even eagerly, and the way Thayavee made love to her—it made her feel like she was addicted to this woman’s touch.

Just like now. Even though it was just Thayavee’s face pressing against her stomach, through the fabric of her shirt, it was enough to send a rush of heat through her belly. It made it impossible to concentrate on the massage.

"Khun First… I can’t focus on the massage like this."

"Why not? Just keep massaging. However you do it, just do it."

"But you said you had a headache. If you keep doing this, it won’t go away."

"If the massage doesn’t work, then you can heal me another way."

Before she could say anything, her shirt was lifted up. This time it wasn’t just fabric between them. It was skin-to-skin contact, and the warm breath that hit her stomach made her shiver.

"Did you always have to call women to take care of you like this before?" "Why do you want to know?"

The mouth asked, but the slender hands were moving up to mess with the buttons of the white shirt and managed to unbutton them one by one.

Until the collar of the shirt was torn apart, revealing the two plump breasts hidden under the tiny bra.

Thayavee didn't want to let it cover her beauty for much longer. In just a blink, the small barrier was removed.

Prisa breathed shakily when those sweet, moist eyes filled with desire were staring at her chest without saying anything. And before she had a chance to say anything, the sweet pink peak fell into the hot mouth of the person who had buried her face in it.

The slender figure accidentally inserted her hand to ruffle the hair of the person who was sucking on the peak of the breast. The tingling sensation from being touched was running so fast that she could hardly hold back her moans.

"I'm just curious, because you've never been free from something like this even for a single day."

"Why?"

Thayavee let go of the sweet peak of the breast. Then she looked up and met the person whose breathing was getting faster and faster.

"If you feel like you can't handle it, just tell me. I'll find another woman or two to help you."

"....."

For some reason, when she heard about the way the rich people solved the problem, Prisa suddenly felt hot-headed.

The emotions inside were so chaotic that she almost forgot everything, even forgot that she shouldn't feel or let her heart sink into a relationship without status, where money was the only variable.

"If that's what you want, it's your right to decide."

"It has to be that way, Risa. Thank you for being so generous. I'll think about it again."

It was like her heart was being squeezed until it was painful. She couldn't find the cause of that painful feeling.

Prisa slowly closed her eyes when the other person's warm palm slipped into the edge of her pants and was squeezing and kneading her mound of flesh lightly.

And while the tips of her fingers started to scratch amidst the juicy rose petals, the warm lips that were kissing along the nape of her neck to her white ear whispered some words in a trembling voice. “But right now, I only want you, Risa.”

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# Chapter : 09

Since that day, Prisa has tried to adjust her daily schedule to align with the additional responsibilities in her life.

She took on fewer jobs to meet the expectations of those who had become important in her life. However, because of these changes, she couldn’t tell her mother and younger brother about it.

So, she kept making excuses for her frequent disappearances.

For almost a month, as she lived her life as a woman of Thayavee, she never had any financial troubles, but she struggled with managing her time. Having to spend her nights with someone every night became an unusual pattern that didn’t fit into her usual routine, which started raising suspicions.

And every time her younger brother asked questions, the answer always ended with various excuses related to work.

*Always*.

Prisa knew that her behavior might have made her brother suspicious, but she still felt grateful that he didn’t press her for answers, sparing her from feeling uncomfortable.

The clock on the wall showed it was 3 PM. Today, Paris had class, so it was her duty to look after her mother, just like every other time.

The sound of a car pulling into the driveway. Not long after, Paris stepped into the house.

His handsome face immediately broke into a smile when he saw the fragile figure of his sister stepping out from their mother’s bedroom.

“Traffic was bad today, so I’m a bit late. Have you eaten yet? How’s Mom doing?”

“I gave her oxygen half an hour ago. She hasn’t been feeling well today, Paris.”

When she mentioned their mother’s condition, the light in his beautiful eyes dimmed. His eyes reflected exhaustion and a deeper emptiness than usual. Ever since their last hospital visit, their mother’s condition had been steadily getting worse, and he was scared.

It felt tight in his chest. They both knew what was happening, and no matter how long they had to prepare themselves, there was never a day when they didn’t feel pain over their mother’s illness or the decreasing time they had left with her.

So, at that moment... both of them stood there, looking at each other with tears in their eyes.

“You must be really tired. I’m going to take a quick shower and then come down. By the way, have you eaten today?”

“I’ve already eaten. I made your favorite tom yum goong for you. Tonight, I probably won’t be coming home to sleep."

Paris eyes full of concern. Because of some changes related to her work, her brother might not notice.

And many times, he had to keep reassuring himself that it was just a normal job, as his sister kept telling him over and over.

"I'm worried about you. If you could just tell me what you're doing, I'd understand. You're my sister, we only have each other left."

"There’s nothing for you to worry about,"

Prisa said, her eyes teary, almost pleading for him to stop asking.

"Just take care of Mom the best you can. We don’t have much time left."

Paris nodded, understanding everything, including the numbness in his hands and feet. He tried to calm himself before heading back upstairs to shower and change clothes. Not long after, he returned downstairs to continue his sister’s duties.

Prisa left the house at around 4 PM. Her destination was the condo where she had been living with someone for nearly a month.

From Monday to Friday, her routine was usually the same. No matter where she was during the day or what she did, by evening, she had to head back to the condo to wait for the other person. On Saturdays and Sundays, if there was no work, she mostly spent her time at the condo.

Her life was no different from a couple’s, but without any official relationship status.

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As many thoughts raced through her mind, at the same time, on the other side of the city, in a tall building, someone was walking out of his office with an unhappy expression.

Thayavee, a tall woman, stopped in front of a room with a sign clearly identifying it as the office of the highest executive of the family business.

The secretary, a woman in her 40s, quickly greeted her as soon as she saw her presence, which was second only to the boss's authority.

"Hello, Ms. First. The boss is waiting in the office. He said you can go in when you arrive."

"Thank you."

Even though she felt annoyed for being called in the middle of her work, Thayavee didn’t let her frustration show to her father’s secretary.

The tall figure pushed the door open and stepped into the room, immediately sensing the aura of luxury and authority as soon as her foot touched the floor.

The office was designed to be both modern and luxurious, with glass walls making it feel grand and spacious.

But all the familiar luxurious details in the room didn’t catch Thayavee’s attention as much as the man behind the desk—her father—who was sitting with a stern face.

“My secretary said you wanted to see me.”

The tycoon looked at his daughter who had walked in and stood in front of his desk. He set down his pen, ready to have a serious talk. He’d been holding back his frustration with her behavior for over a month now.

“That night, I asked you to drop off Praewa so you could get closer to her.

Just last week, I even invited her over for dinner, and you didn’t show up. You let her sit there waiting!”

“If this is all you called me in for, I should get back to work,”

She replied, her eyes showing clear annoyance without trying to hide it.

Of course she was fed up. Who wouldn’t be? If people found out that someone like Hiran Sikhares —who basically breathes money—was

wasting his precious time calling her in for a talk like this, it’d be the talk of the town.

“So you're giving me attitude with your eyes now? You think I’m being ridiculous?”

“Are you saying you’re not?” she replied calmly.

“I want you to be with Praew—a proper woman. What’s ridiculous about that?”

“If that’s what you want, I’m afraid I can’t give it to you. We’ve talked about this so many times, and my answer’s still the same.”

“If your answer today is because you told Praewa you already have a wife, let me be clear—whoever becomes my daughter-in-law must be worthy. I’ll never accept some low-class promo girl you’re messing with right now!”

Thayavee looked her father straight in the eyes, face completely calm. It wasn’t surprising at all that someone like Hiran Sikhares would know about what was going on in her life.

That kind of intrusion disgusted her. She had never liked anyone invading her personal space, and this just made her want to push back even harder.

“That’s your problem. A relationship is about two people, not everyone else.”

“But I’m your father! As long as you still use my last name, I’ll never allow the Sikhares family name to be dragged down because you chose a promo girl as your wife!”

“Want me to change it tomorrow then?” she said coolly.

“What did you just say?”

Hiran Sikhares was so shocked his ears were ringing. He instantly understood the weight behind her words—no need to think twice.

“The great family name of the Sikhares family—do you want me to change it tomorrow?”

***Bang!***

The sound of a hand slamming hard on the desk echoed through the large office. But the woman standing there, watching her father's furious reaction, didn’t even flinch.

Maybe she was just used to it—or maybe it was because this kind of scene had happened so many times over the years.

“Don’t think I won’t cut you off, First. Don’t you dare think I won’t!”

“You already know I’ve been waiting for that day for a long time, Dad.”

“You ungrateful child! It’s because of how you are—because of your stubbornness—that your mother died!”

And just like that, her father’s words hit her like a brick to the head.

Thayavee locked eyes with him, her eyes turning red—not out of anger, but because his words hurt so much more than any curse or insult ever could.

She didn’t say a word in return. Just clenched her fist so tightly that the veins in her hand stood out, trying to hold back the wave of emotions rising in her chest.

Then she turned away from his cold, sharp eyes—eyes that had looked at her like a murderer ever since her mother passed.

The more Hiran Sikhares had loved his wife, the more he seemed to hate his daughter.

The door to the office closed behind her, and Thayavee didn’t even realize how she ended up at the parking lot. Her mind was blank, her father’s voice still echoing in her head like a ghost that wouldn’t let go.

But once she sat down inside her car, the silence hit her hard. She wanted to cry, to let it all out—but no tears came. Only her red, tired eyes showed the pain she was trying so hard to hold back.

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She drove along a familiar route, not really focused on the road, but somehow still made it safely back to her condo.

The moment she opened the door and stepped inside her private space, the cool air from the AC touched her skin—and strangely enough, it gave her some comfort.

The emptiness she thought she’d have to deal with alone began to fade, because she suddenly realized—she wasn’t alone here.

Even so, the heavy mood still pulled her straight toward the bar counter. She grabbed a bottle of brandy and an empty glass before dragging herself over to the couch in front of the TV.

Her blazer was yanked off and tossed carelessly onto the armrest. She unbuttoned the top two buttons of her shirt and rolled the sleeves up sloppily to her elbows.

Brandy poured into the glass, and the warm burn of alcohol slid down her throat and pooled in her empty stomach—she hadn’t eaten since the afternoon. The heat flared through her chest, harsh and sharp.

Then came the sound of soft shuffling from outside the room—enough to pull her attention away from the drink in her hand.

Prisa had just stepped out of the bathroom, still in her bathrobe. She’d only peeked out at first, but what she saw made her decide to walk out entirely, despite her state of dress.

After living together for over a month, there was no reason for her to feel shy anymore—not in front of this person.

“Have you eaten yet?” she asked gently.

“I made something for you.”

Thayavee looked up at the petite woman standing in front of her. Ever since this woman had entered her life, the kitchen—once only used to house a microwave—had actually begun to feel lived-in.

Strangely, someone as easily annoyed as Thayavee had never once complained about her cooking. Instead, she’d simply let her take over that space, trusting her to handle it however she saw fit. And the results... they’d been more satisfying than she ever expected.

She used to grab meals from restaurants without a second thought. But now? Now, she often found herself coming home for dinner.

It had been a long time since she’d tasted a meal made by someone who was waiting for her. And for the past month, this woman had brought back a feeling she’d thought was long gone.

The feeling she’d had when her mother was still alive.

That’s why, every time she found out dinner had been made for her, Thayavee never once turned it down.

Even now, when it felt like the only thing she could stomach was alcohol, she had no intention of rejecting what had been lovingly prepared.

“Give me just a little more time,” she said softly.

“I’m not really hungry yet… but I promise, I’ll eat.”

Thayavee didn’t even realize it—but in that moment, she’d accidentally shown a side of herself that few people ever got to see.

The soft voice and those pleading eyes—like a child asking for comfort— were completely natural. The various behaviors about the woman in front of her.

A woman like Prisa… was making Thayavee feel a kind of peace she’d never known.

But the moment she realized what she’d just done—how she’d let herself slip—Thayavee quickly reached for the brandy bottle, poured herself another glass, and downed it in one gulp to mask the awkward vulnerability that had crept in.

“You haven’t eaten anything yet. If you keep drinking like that, you’ll end up drunk,”

Prisa said with a hint of concern.

“Worried about me?”

Thayavee met her gaze, even as she poured yet another glass and knocked it back in one go.

Watching her drink three shots of straight brandy in a row, Prisa couldn’t help but worry.

“I’m only worried because I’ll be the one taking care of you when you’re drunk,”

She replied, half-teasing.

“Is that so?”

Thayavee smirked, her eyes drifting to the soft curves barely concealed by the pristine white bathrobe.

“Then if you don’t let me drink alcohol, will you let me drink milk instead?”

Prisa glanced at the glass in her hand, trying not to react to the boldness of the question. But deep down, her concern came from something real. From somewhere more tender than she could admit.

Without asking, she reached out and gently took the glass from Thayavee's hand, setting it down on the table. Then, as their eyes met again, she reached up and delicately wiped away a trace of brandy from the corner of her lips.

Over the past month they’d lived together, Prisa had seen Thayavee drink often—but never like this.

*What made these eyes dim?*

Even now, her normally pale face had flushed red from the alcohol. And if she left her like this, it was obvious who’d be the one left to deal with the aftermath.

Between cleaning up after a drunk and offering her something softer...

She chose the latter...

“If that’s what you want… you know I’d never say no. I’ll always do whatever you want.”

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# Chapter : 10

"What if I don't just want milk?"

"I will do whatever you want, just like you said."

Not waiting for the other person to have time to turn to focus on other things, the petite body decided to throw herself down and sit on the lap of the person who was ready to open her arms to embrace her body immediately.

Prisa looked into the eyes of the person who looked up at her with sweet eyes while also feeling the mischievous hands that were caressing her thighs without staying still.

There was no objection to those sensual touches and there was no need to wait for the owner of the moist eyes. This pair of desires had to be the one took control herself.

The clean white bathrobe was untied by the delicate white hands that slipped off her lap.

Thayavee looked at the actions of the person on her lap with a heartbeat. Her hot breath started to become more and more intense.

Sexy, alluring, and tempting to swallow and devour.

The desire started to rise to a level that was too high to control. The alluring image in front of her was like a force stimulating her to feel more and more hungry.

The charm of the woman who had been her countless times made her throat feel dry, as if she had wanted a dry mouth for a long time.

The pinkish bud was so tempting to touch and suck, that she almost didn't want to look away.

Thayavee reached out her fingertip to gently touch and greet her, slowly circling her, playing with her cuteness by squeezing it lightly until it tensed up against her hand.

She liked every part of this woman's body.

Especially the plump flesh that was in the palm of her hand, ready to squeeze and knead, and embrace the plumpness with all her might.

"I really like your breasts, Risa. They are so beautiful, tempting to touch, and suck. It makes me feel horny every time I look at them."

"You've told me often."

Prisa recalled the memory of the person who had said these words every time they were close. From her own experience, she didn't need to be humble. Thayavee was quite fond of her breasts. And never once did she not hang around, linger, wait to grab, kiss, and caress whenever she had the chance.

Like this time, the owner of the warm palm did not think to let it be excited and tempting for long.

The pink bud that was not squeezed by the palm disappeared into the hot mouth. The suction and pulling, alternating with biting and nibbling, could easily arouse certain emotions.

Both tingling and thrilling...

The tight lips, when the evil tongue was licking the bud hungrily. The delicate hands that were placed on the other party's shoulders, pinched until the shirt that was worn was wrinkled.

The heavy breathing mixed with the sucking sound on the top of her chest, it was telling the level of desire that came more intense than ever, Thayavee was already a hot and passionate sex woman. When the alcohol hit, the slender figure realized her fate easily.

The heat from the lips that were sucking and the other hand that was squeezing and kneading, melted with the hot touch right now. It made her melt into the hot sensation right now.

"Did I do it too hard on you? You're making it harder and harder for me to control myself, Risa."

"It's not every time you're like this. And you know very well that my body has never rejected you even once."

The sweet voice was short-sighted and hushed. Prisa didn't make up beautiful sentences to please anyone.

Thayavee was hot, but not gentle. Or no matter how hot and intense the other's lovemaking was, it turned out to be a taste of love that she felt equally passionate about.

The two of them liked the same kind of love. The responses of the bodies that matched each other proved that neither of them could escape this truth.

The sweet face looked up at the ceiling. A sharp pain hit the tip of her chest when the other person was using her sharp teeth to bite it lightly.

It was both painful and tingling, but there was only a moan instead of any protest from her full lips.

Prisa pulled away her thick, soft hair to vent the feelings that were pent up inside. Her brain could barely process anything. She didn't know how long the other person had spent drinking on her chest.

Because before she knew it, it was when the tall woman let go of her lips from her chest, her eyes half-closed and sweet.

Thayavee used her greater strength to support the delicate body to change its position. When she moved the person on her lap to sit in her place, the tall woman dropped down to kneel on the floor below. Before the two slender legs of the person on top were grabbed and lifted up to be placed.

"Khun First."

The heat spread all over her face. The two legs that were grabbed apart were causing her feminine proportions to be focused on the same level as the face of the person who was staring at that part of her without blinking.

It was so embarrassing...

"I want to eat you, Risa. I want to eat whole."

"...."

Even though she had been devoured countless times, sitting with her legs spread apart in the middle of the living room where the light was still shining down, allowing every part of her body to be seen, still made the person being stared at unable to overcome her shyness.

Her delicate toes were almost touching the other person's forest. Both of her legs were held in place by firm hands. There was no way to escape, and the promise she had once made-to give in to everything-meant Prisa had no choice but to lift her legs to make things easier.

Thayavee carefully studied the petals of the blushing flower, her gaze unrelenting. Her heavy breathing betrayed just how deep her desire ran. Just imagining the sweetness made the thirsty one involuntarily gulp down thick saliva with difficulty.

The sweet and juicy petals were ready to be drank to quench her thirst.

Thayavee kissed the soft thighs. The warm scent from her breath slowly dripped down the smooth skin.

Her finely shaped lips trailed kisses lower down the pale thighs. It was more than the one being pampered could have expected. Her heart trembled, her bones shook-when warm lips gently pressed against the back of her foot, a soft and delicate touch that stole her breath away.

"Khun First... please don't do this."

Even though she wanted to pull her foot away, she couldn't. The tender, passionate touch overwhelmed her-so far beyond anything she had ever imagined.

If there was no love between them, then the other woman shouldn't be making her heart race like this from such intimate touches.

"But didn't you say you'd do whatever I wanted?"

Thayavee lifted her gaze to meet the eyes of the delicate woman before her. The beautiful pair of eyes showed that she was shocked and tried to pull her foot away. But even though she knew well that feet were the lowest part of the body, she didn't feel the slightest disgust.

However, on the contrary-she wanted to explore every inch of the woman in front of her.

Infatuated... obsessed... captivated.

Or maybe... something even deeper than that.

Thayavee didn't want to waste time figuring out exactly what she felt. The longing in those eyes watching her was enough to make her momentarily abandon her worship of the soft, slender feet.

Thayavee kissed the inner part of her thighs. The gentle, surface-level touches were enough to send jolts of pleasure all the way up to the woman's lower belly-then a lightning surge to her mind-as Thayavee buried her nose and lips into the mound of flesh between her legs.

"Ahh... Khun First..."

Her stomach tightened and tensed. The delicate petals between her legs were now being teased by a hot, flickering tongue.

Thayavee licked between the soft folds, tender and sensitive-and with just that first contact, the woman beneath her shuddered, unable to suppress the moan rising from her throat.

Her feet, once curled tensely against the sofa cushion, gave way to her hands gripping tightly into Thayavee's hair instead.

Each time the rhythm of pleasure intensified, she couldn't help but press the other woman's head down harder, encouraging her. The hot lips sucked hard on the small, light-colored bud, alternating with smearing it rapidly until the slender body groaned and shook all over.

She looked down, watching Thayavee's movements. Her sweet face turned bright red when the image in front of her became even more arousing until her breathing became more and more rapid.

The slender body sank down until her back was pressed against the sofa, tilting her head up to catch the air.

If Thayavee kept flicking her tongue like this... she might really lose consciousness.

"Again... Khun First-please... don't do this.... I can't take it..."

The sensitive part was being invaded heavily. Thayavee used her mouth to suck on that part along with flicking his tongue without stopping.

The beautiful hips were restless to move away with little strength, but were locked by two hands that were hidden under the hips. The evil tongue still flicked on the small soft flesh endlessly.

Until the slender body jerked rhythmically, pulling away the thick soft hair and releasing a long moan that could not be held back.

The tightness from inside overflowed until the love channel was juicy. Both legs clamped together until the person who had her face buried in the middle of the legs could hardly breathe.

Prisa threw herself down, panting heavily until her chest shook. Even though she had reached the end, the other person still flicked the tip of her tongue to sweep up every drop without feeling disgusted.

Thayavee sucked all the nectar from her body, but because her body was still sensitive to the touch, her body became weak.

Prisa tensed every time the hot tip of her tongue glided over a sensitive spot.

"P-please... that's enough..."

"You're so sweet all over, Risa."

Thayavee finally pulled her face away from between her legs and slowly crawled up, hovering just above her. Their faces were barely a handspan apart, their eyes locking in a long, magnetic gaze.

Prisa raised a hand to wipe the gloss of her own sweet juices from Thayavee's soft lips. Her heart was trembling violently because some feeling was starting to influence her feelings. And it was enough to make her forget the rules of the relationship without status for a moment.

"With the other women before me... you did this to all of them too, didn't you?"

"Why?"

Thayavee gave a faint, feeling satisfied when she saw some feeling reflected in Prisa's eyes.

"You sound like you're jealous, Risa. Do you even realize that?"

Those words struck her, pulling her out of the haze.

Her restless heart skipped hard. Because she couldn't deny it-what she was feeling was real.

Possessiveness... even when she had no right to feel it.

"There's no right to feel this way between us. I still remember that,"

Prisa whispered.

"I've never used my tongue on any of those other women."

She didn't even know why she said it-but the words slipped out. Maybe she just didn't want to be brushed off.

Thayavee couldn't deny that there had been women she'd cared for deeply, ones she'd been close with. And yes, with one or two, she had done the same.

But that was a long time ago-and very rare, considering she was about to turn thirty-two.

On the surface, she might seem like someone who carelessly went through women. But every time she slept with a woman she bought with money, she always had a limit on how much she could touch her body.

And with her personal nature of being the aggressor, rather than lying down and being pampered, she has never been intimate with any woman, comparable to this woman.

"And I don't strip completely naked and have sex with every woman, like I did to you, Risa."

It wasn't just words-her hands slid down to undo the buttons of her pants before pulling them off her long legs.

Prisa's eyes followed the movement, taking in Thayavee's now fully exposed body. She wasn't so different from herself-bare, vulnerable. Her toned stomach, with just a hint of muscle, looked firm and strong.

Thayavee gently guided Prisa's body down to lie flat along the sofa, then leaned in to straddle her again. The heat still pulsing between Prisa's thighs hadn't yet faded-but it was being invaded again by the mound of flesh pressing down.

Their lips met again, kissing with slow, hungry passion. Tongues tangled in a deep, consuming exchange, perfectly in rhythm with the gentle motion of Thayavee's hips beginning to grind, slow and deliberate.

The friction from the close grinding of that part together created arousal until both of them untied, releasing groans, mixed with the sound of ragged breathing that filled the room.

However, as the lovemaking gradually increased in intensity, the vibrating buzz of a phone-left on the table nearby since the beginning, caught the attention of the owner of the slender body, causing her to turn her head to look.

Of course, Prisa was instantly gripped by panic. If the incoming call was from her younger brother, she knew she couldn't afford to ignore it-not even once.

"Are you going to answer it?"

The concern was written all over her face, plain and unhidden. Thayavee, noticing it clearly, asked the question with a slightly irritated tone.

If she were in a better mood, maybe she'd laugh it off-but seriously, of all times to call, now? Right in the middle of something like this?

"Just give me a second, please,"

Prisa pleaded softly, though her voice wavered-because the woman on top of her hadn't paused her movements for even a heartbeat.

"If it's that important, go ahead and answer,"

Thayavee said, voice low and firm.

"But I'm not stopping, Risa."

Before Prisa could even reach for the phone herself, Thayavee took care of it. She swiped her fingertip across the screen to answer the call-and even put it on speakerphone, all while still straddling her.

Prisa glanced up at her, annoyed by just how casually she was handling the situation. She wanted nothing more than to poke her perfectly smug eyes out. But it was too late-the call had already been answered. Now she had no choice but to keep her voice steady, even as Thayavee continued her relentless rhythm above.

"H-Hello?" she managed, tightly.

"It's me, Risa,"

Said the familiar voice on the other end.

"An urgent client request just came in. Can you talk right now?"

"Y-yes."

She kept her answers short and clipped, trying to say as little as possible because the sensitive parts that were rubbing against each other was building again. Her breathing grew quicker, harder to control.

Prisa bit down on her lip hard, trying to stifle any sound that might escape. If she had known it wasn't her brother calling, she wouldn't have begged to answer the phone in the first place-not in this moment.

"There's a client asking for you specifically," the voice continued.

"He wants to have a private drink with you. I really hope you don't turn him down. He's young, super successful, good-looking-and honestly, he seems really interested in you. More than that, he's willing to spend big. I think it'd be a shame to pass this one up."

Prisa almost wanted to bite her tongue to death right now. Because at that moment, her consciousness almost flew away, lost in her body.

The slender body tightly pursed her lips when the person who was moving on her body started to thrust, violently thrusting into her with lust.

With shaking hands, Prisa reached for the cursed phone, because she could no longer communicate with the person on the other end of the line. She had to quickly hang up the phone before the sound of lovemaking could be heard through the line.

"Why is that woman still calling? Are you still secretly accepting that kind of work, Risa?"

"No. I have never accepted it."

"If you haven't, then why did she still call? And I haven't seen you refuse even once."

"And did you give me a chance to refuse?"

After she finished speaking, she pursed her lips tightly. As their bodies continued to collide fiercely, Prisa moved her hand up to hug her tightly.

She held tightly around the waist of the person on top, digging her nails into her bare back every time waves of pleasure crashed over her.

"And if she keeps pestering you, why don't you just cut her off by saying your girlfriend doesn't allow it? Is that really so hard?"

"She knows I don't have a girlfriend yet."

This time, Thayavee felt like her ears were ringing even worse. The answer she got filled her with irritation, causing her to thrust harshly into her, as if wanting to hammer in the point that her position in her life completely contradicted what she had just said.

Something overwhelming surged in her heart, making her want to break every rule she had made for herself.

"And the one who's fucking you right now, Risa? Isn't she more than just the 'girlfriend' you're talking about?"

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# Chapter : 11

The next morning, even though it was already late, their bare bodies were still wrapped up together under the thick blanket.

The first thing Prisa felt when she woke up was the warmth of an arm gently wrapped around her waist.

She was still tired, but the cozy warmth of the body hugging her from behind gave her a familiar feeling-one that always made her heart flutter a little.

Almost every morning that she woke up like this, in her arms, it made her feel closer to her. Their physical closeness had definitely started to affect her emotionally too.

Even though their relationship hadn't been going on for very long, the feelings that grew between them-beyond any rules or labels-were starting to feel too real to ignore.

She slowly moved her delicate hand and gently placed it over her, trying to slip out of her embrace without waking her up.

But even that tiny movement was enough for her to stir and nuzzle her face into her neck.

Prisa closed her eyes as her warm breath brushed against her skin. Her lips softly kissed the side of her neck and just behind her ear-sending a mix of warmth and a gentle thrill through her whole body.

"Where are you rushing off to? It's our day off... I don't wanna get up yet," She murmured, voice soft and teasing.

It wasn't just her sweet tone that made her heart melt-her warm hand slowly moved up to her chest, making her whole body feel weak.

She tried to breathe normally, but her fingers were already teasing her, brushing lightly in a way she knew too well. Her body reacted before her mind could stop it.

Her stomach fluttered. How could she say no? She was still so inexperienced, and she could never really handle Thayavee's skilled touch.

"You haven't eaten since last night,"

She said quietly.

"Are you worried about me?"

She hadn't meant to sound so caring, but Thayavee was secretly waiting for her answer, holding her breath. She didn't even know exactly what she wanted to hear-she just wanted to feel more sure of what she felt.

"I just remembered... you promised you'd eat something."

"You could've just said you were worried. Even if you didn't mean it, even if you were faking it, couldn't you at least act sweet with me a little? If you do it right, you might just get what you want."

"Is that what you want, for me to act like that?"

"No need. I just remember you being like that with other people."

"If you mean when I was working, that was my job. But outside of workever since I've been with you-I haven't been with anyone else."

Her words weren't meant to be deep or romantic, but somehow, they still made her heart skip a beat so easy.

But when it comes to expressing feelings and letting someone else catch on to them-no way. Thayavee wasn't going to let that happen so easily.

"Actually, it's good you brought this up. What happened last night, I don't plan on letting it go easily."

All of a sudden, it felt like she was picking a fight. Prisa could sense a mix of irritation and possessiveness in her voice-completely different from how she was acting just moments ago.

And because she understood exactly what she meant, her mind instantly went back to what happened last night.

"She knows you're still single."

"And what about the woman who's literally having sex with you right now, Risa? Isn't that more than just being your 'girlfriend'?"

She remembered clearly-right after she said that with such intensity, she couldn't say anything back. All she could do was moan under her as she made love to her, passionately and relentlessly.

And by the time everything was over, both of them were completely worn out.

That unfinished business from the night before was now being brought up again this morning.

"I'm not okay with anyone contacting you for that kind of work again."

"I'll talk to her about it again, and I'll try to make sure nothing like that happens again."

"And how do I know you won't secretly take another one of those offers? I mean, the ad made it sound perfect, right? Gorgeous, rich, and willing to spend a ton just to get you. How much commission did that woman get, huh? Tell me-how much would be enough?" "You do realize you sound jealous, right?"

"....."

When the same words she had used last night were thrown back at her, the one who had unknowingly gotten jealous suddenly went silent.

The truth was starting to hit her hard. And because it was becoming clearer every day, she was starting to fear her own heart. The confidence she once had was now replaced by silence-because that was the only answer she had left.

She liked this woman. That was the undeniable truth. But at the same time, she didn't want to move forward, because she still couldn't be sure how this woman really felt about her.

Sometimes, Risa seemed jealous too. But Thayavee couldn't see any solid reason why a woman who was drawn to her through money could possibly have sincere feelings.

"The rules between us haven't changed, Risa. But as long as you're still considered my woman, I have the right to be upset if someone tries to get involved with you. I don't like sharing."

There was no immediate response. Instead, Prisa simply turned slightly to look up at the taller woman, eyes slightly red.

Her gaze trembled for a second-but just as quickly, the emotion disappeared. She knew she shouldn't let those words affect her feelings, not even a little.

Because between the two of them, this was only ever meant to be a temporary relationship. It could end today... or tomorrow. Either way, it was always a possibility.

"So what you're saying is... you have the right to get mad, yell at me, or tell me I can't see anyone-because you're the one who made the rules? Just because you're the one who paid for me, that gives you all the power... is that it?"

Believe it or not, her slightly red, emotional eyes were enough to shake the heart of anyone listening.

And for Thayavee, it was too much. She had never imagined that she would let any woman get this deep under her skin, or have this much influence over her heart.

"If that's really how it is, then I need to make sure I fully understand. And if that's all you wanted to say to me, can you let me go now?"

"You're acting like you're hurt, Risa. Do you even realize it?"

If you asked whether she cared-the answer was obvious. She did. A lot. Because the moment Prisa tried to move out of her arms, Thayavee instinctively pulled her back, holding her tighter than ever.

Her heart was shaking. No doubt about it-she was falling for this woman.

"It's definitely not like that,"

Prisa said, even though Thayavee had just indirectly reminded her of her "status."

"Are you sure, Risa?"

"What kind of answer do you want from me, then? What would make you happy?"

"....."

It was too hard to argue anymore. The emotions were boiling over, for no real reason. She wasn't angry at the woman in front of her-but at herself. For no longer being the calm, composed person she used to be.

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Thayavee finally let Prisa go, then walked into the bathroom in silence.

She was too irritated to face her, hoping a splash of cold water could help settle the storm inside.

By the time she came out again, she didn't even glance at the woman waiting outside the bathroom. Instead, she went straight to the walk-in closet.

After getting dressed in casual clothes, she headed straight for her phone to check for any updates like she always did.

But her brow suddenly furrowed-two missed calls were showing on the screen. Since both the ringer and vibration were turned off, she hadn't noticed. Along with the missed calls, there was also a message waiting in her chat box.

Without delay, she walked straight to the bedroom door, opened it, and her eyes immediately landed on the tall figure of her twin sister, sitting crosslegged on the sofa in the living room.

Luckily, Prisa had tidied up the mess on that couch the night before.

Otherwise, the living room would've looked like a total disaster right now.

"Don't tell me you're here because Dad sent you to spy on my life."

"Someone like you shouldn't even need to ask-you already know the answer. I heard this time your fight with Dad got pretty intense?"

The visitor kept a neutral expression, even though she could clearly sense that her sister was in a foul mood. It was easy to tell, just from the way Thayavee's choice of pronouns kept shifting.

Sometimes "I," then "you," then "sis"-it always changed depending on her emotional state.

She took a sip from the coffee she'd made herself, finishing the cup she'd been nursing while waiting for her sister for quite a while now half an hour later.

Of course, as the younger sister, Chayavee was the only one with the right to come and go freely in her older twin sister's condo. But, every time before she dropped by, she usually informed her sister first.

This time was no different, except the delayed response meant that the person who had driven all the way here had to take the liberty of entering and sitting down to wait in the room, instead of just waiting in the car. "I want to change my last name. Do you think that's too much?"

A sly grin appeared at the corner of her lips as she thought back to yesterday's events. Her constant tension with her father made her feel suffocated, always carrying the weight of being the heir to a wealthy businessman.

She also felt bored and frustrated with constantly being controlled and manipulated in her life.

"You know Dad will never agree to that."

Chayavee sighed softly, understanding the situation all too well. Even though her father and sister often clashed, it had never once been a real threat. The powerful businessman had never been able to control someone like Thayavee.

The reason wasn't because he lacked the ability, but because despite all the pride and stubbornness, there was still love-a father's love-for his daughter, woven deep beneath it all.

In a way, Thayavee was still her father's hope. She was the love that grew amidst the pain-one he couldn't shake off, no matter how much he tried to deny his daughter's mistakes.

"I don't like anyone meddling in my life."

"So you had to bring up the wife issue just to make Dad uneasy, huh?"

"You think I'm just making up stories?"

Chayavee locked eyes with her twin sister. Over the years, her sister had never taken any woman seriously, not a single one. But the question just now made the younger sister feel a little uneasy.

As the doubt started to form in her mind, the sound of a door opening from the direction of the bedroom caught Chayavee's attention. She quickly turned her gaze to the slender figure of the woman stepping out of her sister's room.

Prisa froze mid-step when her eyes met the tall, graceful women sitting across from each other in the living room.

No matter the shape, face, height, or even posture, the two women sitting and staring at her were almost indistinguishable from one another.

If it weren't for the difference in how they dressed-one was neat and polished, the other was more casual-Prisa might have struggled to tell them apart. The only thing that helped her distinguish the two was the way they were looking at her.

One had a completely neutral expression, leaning towards a bit of coldness, while the other, though serious, offered a faint smile as a polite greeting.

"Sorry, I didn't realize you had a guest."

"This is my twin sister, not just any guest. Come sit here."

Not entirely sure how to behave, but with the politeness she was expected to show, Prisa complied with the subtle command and walked over, sitting down beside them.

"This is my twin sister, Chayavee. And this is Prisa."

"Hello, Khun Chayavee."

Even though she hadn't been introduced or explained who she was, the woman-who clearly understood her place-chose to politely wai (a Thai gesture of respect) to the older woman with a gentle smile.

If it look on the bright side, this was probably the most respectful way someone like her could be treated. At least Thayavee didn't introduce her as just a woman she kept around for pleasure.

"You can just call me Pierce. Nice to meet you, Khun Prisa."

"Nice to meet you too, Khun Pierce. You can call me 'Risa'."

"Okay, Khun Risa."

Chayavee glanced over at her older sister, who still kept a calm, unreadable face. But those who'd grown up with her could read the flicker in her eyes easily.

And if she wasn't mistaken, now that she had a good look at this beautiful woman, Chayavee started to remember why she looked so familiar.

With a kind of beauty that's hard to forget, it was unlikely she'd be mistaken. That's why she was pretty sure this was the same woman they'd seen at the restaurant-the one who had made her sister so uncomfortable that she actually followed her into the bathroom that time.

Looks like Hirun Sikhares might not be getting a minister's daughter as a daughter-in-law after all... Not when her sister had gone this far, seriously dating someone like this.

And Chayavee was so sure-because no one knew Thayavee better than her twin sister.

Chayavee didn't say a word, but her eyes asked every question loud and clear, and her sister understood them all. Still, the situation didn't allow the two siblings to talk much more than that.

In the end, Chayavee chose to sit and chat with her sister for a while before finding an excuse to leave.

And as soon as the outsider was out of sight, Thayavee turned with a sharp glare toward the slender woman who had, just moments earlier, been all smiles with her sister. But now, in front of her, that smile had vanished like someone who was tired of the world.

"I'll go prepare some food for you first, okay?" said Prisa politely.

Not wanting to argue with someone clearly looking for a fight, Prisa decided to head into the kitchen instead. She figured it was better to focus on making a meal for the moody person who hadn't eaten anything since the night before.

"You and my sister seemed to get along really well,"

Thayavee remarked, her tone edged with sarcasm.

"Yes," Prisa replied calmly.

"She may seem quiet on the outside, but once we started talking, I found her to be very polite, well-spoken, and honestly... quite lovely."

Thayavee shot her a sharp look, clearly annoyed-like she couldn't bear to hear Prisa praising someone else even for a second longer.

"Do you like that kind of person?"

Sensing the irritation in her voice, Prisa didn't know why-but suddenly, she felt like teasing her. It wasn't something she usually did, but the urge was too strong.

"Well," she said with a slight smile,

"anyone who gets the chance to talk to or be around someone as beautiful, cool, and polite as Khun Pierce... I think they'd all feel the same."

Before Prisa could even finish her sentence, the person who'd been holding back finally snapped.

Thayavee stormed over, grabbed the petite woman by the waist with one swift motion, and with barely any effort, pulled her into her arms. "That's my twin sister, Risa. She may be my younger sister, but what you should really know is-you don't go around saying you like someone else in front of your own wife."

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# Chapter : 12

“I never said I liked Khun Pierce,”

Prisa said casually.

That snapped Thayavee right back to her senses. She suddenly realized how out of control she’d just acted—and the embarrassment hit her hard.

Her arms slowly slipped away from Prisa's slim waist. Her face flushed deep red, and heat crept across her cheeks and ears.

The evidence was plain as day—Prisa could clearly see just how flustered the older woman had gotten. But knowing Thayavee as well as she did, especially how much pride she had, Prisa didn’t tease her. That wasn’t her style.

She didn’t need sweet, romantic words from someone so stubborn. That bold, possessive line from earlier—no matter how blunt or dramatic it sounded—was more than enough to make her heart flutter in a way she didn’t quite expect.

She wasn’t sure how Thayavee truly felt about her. But if she wasn’t just imagining things, then maybe… maybe that earlier reaction was jealousy?

“I’ll go get your food ready,” Prisa said gently.

“You can wait at the table if you’d like.”

"......"

Thayavee didn’t say a word—still too embarrassed to speak.

So when the slender woman walked off, Thayavee turned and quietly went to sit at the dining table, letting the moment pull her deep into her own thoughts.

When had it started?

When did this woman, who had no official place in her life, begin taking up space in her heart?

When did it start feeling like her heart… wasn’t completely her own anymore?

Was it just because Prisa matched her ideal type? Or because they’d gotten physically close so often?

Was it just great sex—or was it because Prisa was unlike any woman she’d ever met?

Since they started living together, this woman had never tried to please her —but always paid attention to everything.

She was easygoing, but not afraid to speak up when needed. And whenever Thayavee pushed too far with her demands, Prisa didn’t hesitate to argue— yet somehow, she still managed to be gentle.

Like just now.

Even though Prisa had clearly seen her slip up and get emotional, she didn’t use it against her. She didn’t take advantage, didn’t make her feel small.

Instead, she stayed kind. She gave her space. She didn’t press or demand answers, even after being snapped at moments earlier.

Thayavee glanced toward her.

Her mind was spinning. Her feelings were a tangled mess.

She wasn’t confused about how she felt toward Prisa—but she didn’t know what to do next.

She just didn’t know where this… was supposed to go.

A relationship that began with money was bound to stir up countless questions deep inside.

Because if the feelings she was starting to have ended up being one-sided— or were only returned out of obligation or mutual benefit—how much could she truly accept that?

She knew her own heart. But still, why was it so hard to move past the fear that lingered deep down?

Those thoughts kept circling in her mind… until two or three dishes were set down on the table, and dinner began in quiet simplicity.

During the meal, neither of them spoke much. They sat across from each other, lost in their own thoughts.

Afterward, Prisa quietly took care of the dishes—just a few plates—while the taller woman disappeared into the bedroom, avoiding further interaction in this emotionally off-kilter moment.

Thayavee holed up in the room. Meanwhile, the smaller woman sat slumped on the sofa in front of the TV.

Honestly, this wasn’t the first time things had turned out like this after a tense moment between them.

But strangely enough, no matter how heated their arguments got, Thayavee —stubborn as she was—had never once stormed off or left the space they shared.

Some things don’t need to be said out loud.

And Prisa had tried to learn those things—the unspoken behaviors—during their short time living together.

Every time they had a fight, Thayavee would still stay. Almost like she wanted Prisa to know she was still there. That they were still *there* for each other. Even in silence. Even in frustration.

When had they started caring about each other this much?

It was a question Prisa had asked herself more times than she could count.

And while her mind continued to wander, the woman in the bedroom sat tense, caught up in a phone call with her twin sister.

The sharp edge in Thayavee’s voice carried over the line—because of something she’d just found out from her sister. Something that explained the irritation she'd been feeling all day.

“Dad can’t just interfere in my life like this. I already have a secretary. What gives him the right to force another one on me?”

“They said the minister just wants his daughter to shadow you for a month or two, learn the ropes. She’s starting this Monday. I figured I’d better warn you before you collapse from shock seeing her outside your office.”

“So he’s basically handing over his daughter on a silver platter. Come on, even a kindergarten kid could see through that excuse.”

“True. But with how they’re doing it, it won’t be easy to say no. Just be careful, sis. The silver platter’s one thing—but if you so much as take a bite, don’t be surprised if you find yourself walking her down the aisle in some grand wedding.”

“It’s not that easy, Pierce. Anyway, thanks for the heads-up.”

Thayavee’s voice dropped, thick with frustration. She was fuming over her father’s meddling. With a sharp sigh, she ended the call with her twin, annoyed and agitated.

She should’ve known her dad wouldn’t give up so easily—and sure enough, she was right. Not even a bit off.

Just as she sat there, seething, a soft knock echoed on the door. Moments later, the slender figure of Prisa stepped into the room.

“Sorry… I forgot my phone in here. I need to use it.”

It wasn’t an excuse. It was true. That’s the only reason she stepped into the room, even though she really didn’t want to disturb Thayavee.

She didn’t care much about whether she was intruding into the real owner’s private space.

Her mother’s illness required her to wait for updates from her younger brother, who could call at any moment. That meant she couldn’t let her phone out of her sight. So, when she remembered she’d left it in the room, she came in—just like she saw.

Prisa glanced at her phone, lying still on the bedside table. She intended to grab it and leave quickly. But as she walked past, the other person grabbed her wrist, halting her steps.

“Do you know how to drive?”

"Yes."

Prisa looked up at the tall woman, confused by the question. But within seconds, she reached into a drawer and pulled something out.

“These are car keys. It’s parked right next to mine.”

Prisa didn’t immediately take the keys. Her eyes flicked to the car logo—an expensive luxury brand worth millions. She needed more of an explanation.

“I noticed you’ve had trouble getting around. It’d be easier if you had your own car. And besides, the next time I call for you, I don’t want you using transportation as an excuse.”

“You don’t mean to tell me… you bought a car for me just to make sure I couldn’t turn you down, do you?”

“I didn’t buy it for you. I bought it for myself from the start. But right now, it’s just sitting there useless. I figured it might be better if you used it. If you like it, I might transfer the title to your name.”

Prisa glanced again at the keys in her hand—not at all thrilled by the expensive gift that felt like it was being forced on her without cause.

She didn’t want to accept it, knowing it would only lead to awkward questions from her younger brother—who would surely want to know where such a car came from.

But at the same time, if this was what she wanted, then trying to come up with excuses to reject it would be pointless.

“…Thank you very much.”

“And one more thing. I have something important I want to discuss with you… and renegotiate our agreement.”

“Agreement?”

Her beautiful face remained calm, carefully masking all her emotions and thoughts. It wasn’t unusual for an employer like Thayavee to impose rules between them. Or maybe… she’d simply grown used to living under someone else’s conditions by now.

Whether it was due to the system, work culture, or something else entirely.

“If you’ve got something to say, then go ahead.”

“I won’t beat around the bush,”

Thayavee paused for a moment, locking eyes with the slender woman before continuing,

“As long as I don’t have anyone else in my life—or haven’t committed to anyone seriously—can you stay as my wife, Risa?”

"....."

Prisa just stared back at her in silence. She wasn’t foolish—not so naïve that she couldn’t grasp the true meaning behind her words.

The word “wife,” as she used it, was simply a tool—a label to put boundaries around her and keep her from stepping out of line. It was heavier than the vague freedom they once had.

Because if one day the other person found a woman who was ready to love, the status between the two of them would end immediately.

It was just the status of a temporary wife—on standby until the real one showed up. And that wasn’t fair at all… not for someone who already realized she'd accidentally fallen for her.

“If I understand correctly, you just want me to be your secret wife. And when the day comes that you find a woman you think is right for you, our relationship ends. Is that it?”

Her sweet voice carried a deep undertone of pain. No matter what conditions the woman in front of her laid out, she didn’t really have much of a choice.

Their relationship had started because of money. It wasn’t a good beginning. So it wasn’t strange that someone like Thayavee would want to stay cautious—or might never choose a woman like her to stand by her side, whether today or in the future.

And the reason wasn’t complicated. It was her social status. Someone like her had no right to feel happy or proud of this new role—just a slight upgrade from being a bed partner to a temporary wife.

“I know you’re someone who understands things easily,”

Thayavee said,

“And I won’t deny that what you just said is true.”

“If that’s what you want, Visa has no problem with it,” she replied quietly.

“But I hope these conditions will apply equally to both of us. That’s all I ask.”

This time, it was Thayavee who seemed unable to stay calm. Because she knew—Prisa wasn’t a woman who would surrender everything easily. Her words stung, and they made her restless in a way she didn’t expect.

“If one day I no longer need your money… and if someone comes into my life—someone I’m ready to love, and want to build a life with—I hope you’ll let me go, with no conditions attached. Is that fair?”

What an infuriating thing to say. It struck a nerve, hard. A storm of emotion roared in her chest—burning like fire in the middle of her heart.

“Fine,”

She snapped, voice harsh and gruff.

“If you really think that day will come.”

And with that, her slender body was suddenly pulled down flat onto the bed. Both of her wrists pinned above her head by the woman now looming over her. Their eyes locked—long and intense—as Thayavee’s heart pounded wildly.

Why was it so hard to admit she had fallen first? Was she really that afraid of being hurt?

“But until the day you’re hoping for comes, the only name you’re allowed to moan is mine, Risa.”

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# Chapter : 13

Monday morning didn't feel like a great start to the workweek. As soon as she arrived at the office, a wave of irritation hit her. The moment she stepped into the room, something felt off.

Thayavee glanced at a new desk that had been set up in one corner of her office. She didn't need anyone to explain-she already knew who had given the order that allowed someone to invade her personal space like this.

It could only be one person, Hiran Sikhares, the big boss.

"Good morning, Khun First,"

Praewa stood up with a bright smile to greet the office owner. In contrast, the tall woman remained expressionless, clearly not thrilled to see this woman, who she already knew exactly why she was here.

"Good morning."

"Uncle gave me permission to come and learn the job from you... as your personal assistant,"

Praewa explained.

"Oh. I'm sorry, but I honestly didn't know you'd be working here as my personal assistant. To be honest, my father never talked to me about this before. Normally, I think having one secretary is enough for my needs."

That first sentence alone was enough to make the listener freeze up. It clearly showed she didn't accept Praewa in the role-Thayavee's words had a hidden message.

Thayavee had no idea about this and she was also trying to say that this whole situation was forced into this.

"Well, alright then," she said calmly.

"I understand Mr. Hiran's intentions. But between the two of us, I think we need to clear a few things up."

She glanced again at the new desk placed in her office. As someone who hated others meddling in her personal space, the desk felt totally out of place and annoyed her just by being there.

And of course, since her personal boundaries had been crossed, she didn't feel the need to be polite to anyone.

"I'm someone who really values my privacy, especially when I'm working," she said plainly.

"So if you're going to be my secretary, I'll have to set aside the fact that you're my father's friend's daughter."

Her face showed no emotion, but her calm voice and indifferent attitude gave off a clear vibe: she wasn't happy about this at all. "You mean... you don't want me to get any special treatment?"

Praewa asked gently.

"If that's the case, don't worry. I didn't come here expecting any special privileges over the other employees."

"Okay then. That's good. Thanks for understanding," Thayavee replied.

"In that case, about your desk being set up in here-I'd prefer it to be moved outside, like where my previous secretary sat. I hope that's not a problem for you."

"Oh... okay."

Thayavee's blunt way of stating what she wanted, with no attempt to sugarcoat it, left Praewa at a loss for words.

Her face went numb, matching the sting she felt inside. Coming from a wealthy, well-respected family, she had never imagined she'd have to deal with a situation like this.

Thayavee made it very clear-she didn't want any kind of relationship with Praewa. Even though Praewa had once said Thayavee already had someone she loved, the pressure from the adults and the wide-open door they left for her reignited the tiny bit of hope she once had.

Because she wanted to have this woman for herself, Praewa decided to push her way back into Thayavee's life.

What gave her the confidence to ignore the fact that Thayavee was already with someone else was the belief that the adults had already chosen her as the "right" person for Thayavee.

But now, from the way things were going, it was clear her expectations were way off. She had assumed Thayavee would at least try to be polite or give her a bit of respect-but today's behavior was the complete opposite.

Being her father's friend's daughter meant absolutely nothing to Thayavee. She wasn't even trying to be nice-she didn't seem to care about anyone at all.

And with that, Praewa silently came to her own conclusion,

Thayavee's looks were just a distraction. Sure, she'd known Thayavee didn't fit the mold of being perfectly proper or sweet, but she didn't expect her personality to be this... bold and "bad girl."

Exciting, but not exactly the type you'd want to mess with. At the same time, there was something undeniably attractive and mysterious about her.

It made Praewa wonder-what would it take to tame someone like Thayavee?

While all these thoughts were running through the new secretary's mind, Thayavee had no intention of continuing the conversation.

She walked over and sat down at her big office desk, then called her frontoffice secretary to order the removal of the desk that had been set up without her permission.

If they were going to play games and force things on her, then someone like Thayavee definitely wasn't about to play along just to keep her father happy.

From morning until noon, Thayavee buried herself in work. She didn't care about the outside world and had no interest in anything related to the new secretary.

But challenging her father's authority came with consequences. News traveled to Hiran Sikhares's ears faster than lightning, and by the afternoon, Thayavee was summoned to meet him.

She stood there with her usual calm face, completely unfazed, even though her father was glaring at her with a thunderous expression. His intense stare didn't shake her in the slightest.

"What do you think you're doing? You could've at least saved me some face. Prae is the daughter of my friend. The way you treated her was disrespectful. How do you expect me to explain this to the Minister?"

"Before you start asking questions and demanding things from others, Dad,"

Thayavee said coolly,

"have you even thought about your own actions? You hired a new secretary and had her placed in my office without even talking to me. Was that really the right thing to do?"

"I'm not going to argue about my rights to hire whoever I want at this company, for any position,"

He replied sternly.

"But I will say one thing-you should've considered my reputation."

"Consider your reputation?"

Thayavee met his gaze, refusing to back down.

"All my life, you've taught me how to act as a leader. And now I see that all those lessons about fairness and equality were just empty words-just talk from a senior businessman who says one thing and does another."

Her father could only clench his fists tightly in response.

It was the kind of comeback he had no argument against. As much as he wanted their relationship to go the way he planned, when faced with such logic, even someone who had always believed in his own ideals couldn't deny the truth.

Hiran Sikhares looked into his daughter's eyes with an unreadable expression. This time, he didn't argue or respond with his usual fiery tone.

But inside, a thought began to stir-if his daughter loved that woman so much that she wouldn't even glance at someone "better" in every way... then maybe it was time he stopped staying quiet.

"Fine," he said at last.

"I'm not going to keep arguing. If you want to move Prae's desk outside to be fair to the other employees, do as you like. But I expect you to give her work that matches her position as your personal secretary."

It was a rare moment of surrender-but Thayavee knew her father too well to think he'd given up easily. Mr. Hiran was not the type to back down without a plan. But whatever form his interference might take next, Thayavee was ready to face it head-on in her own way.

After leaving her father's office, Thayavee had an important afternoon meeting with a client. That meant she had to go out-with her new secretary in tow.

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The meeting was set at an upscale restaurant next to a popular shopping mall downtown. Even though she didn't want this trip to turn into quality time with her father's "chosen one," the sudden stomach bug that took down her usual secretary meant Praewa had to step in by default.

During the time they worked together, Thayavee had to admit that Praewa was quick and efficient. She seemed smart and capable, with many qualities that clearly showed she came from a well-off family with good education and financial stability.

All of that-Thayavee could accept without letting pride or bias get in the way.

But if asked whether she was actually impressed or moved in any special way, Thayavee could answer without hesitation-it was just basic appreciation, the kind would feel toward anyone who did a good job.

If someone's good at something, just admit they're good. No big emotional attachment.

And while she continued working alongside her new secretary, on the other side of town, someone else was dealing with a very different situation.

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After calling an ambulance to bring their mother to the hospital, Prisa had spent the entire day by her side, closely caring for her since morning.

Ever since receiving financial help from Thayavee, the burden of expenses had been lifted. She could now afford to have her mother treated at a private hospital, pay for a private room, and even hire a personal nurse to take care of her mother closely.

Even so, she and her younger brother still made it a point to spend as much time with their mother as possible.

And that included today.

But the events of today led to something else-

Prisa now found herself being pulled away by her younger brother, sitting reluctantly at a café in front of the hospital. All because he was determined to press her for answers-answers she'd been avoided ever since they left the house.

"So how did you get that car to drive, sis? You still haven't answered my question."

A luxury car worth over eight figures. In this situation, it was clearly beyond his sister's means to just pull it out and drive around in it.

And if it hadn't been for her usual car acting up at such a critical moment, there's no way she would've agreed to take the keys to that one out and use it to get the two of them to the hospital.

"Can I not answer that right now, Ris? Please don't ask me again."

There was a deep sadness and conflicted look in her eyes, and her younger brother could see it all too clearly.

All this time, he had tried to convince himself that his sister would never choose a path she had always tried so hard to avoid.

But with each passing day, the signs and circumstances around them were becoming harder and harder to ignore-and he could no longer let it slide.

"Are you tired? How hard is it for you to keep pretending to be okay with this? And that person... are they even good to you? I don't even know how I'm supposed to help you anymore."

"It's not bad for me, Ris. It's not nearly as bad as you think."

"Then... if one day, we're no longer struggling financially, would you stop doing this? Would you walk away, P'Risa?"

"I would. You don't even have to ask."

His concern-filled question became the push Prisa needed to give her answer-without a second of hesitation.

But deep down, no one could possibly know how heavy her heart felt now that it belonged to someone else.

She didn't know how much it would hurt when that day finally cameThe day she would have to let go of Thayavee.

But no matter what, Prisa couldn't lie to herself.

Sooner or later... that day would come.

"Aren't you supposed to take the car to the shop now? Go get it taken care of. In the meantime, I'll stay here with Mom. You can use this car until the car is fixed."

"And what about you, sis?"

"I'm fine. I don't have any trouble getting around. Besides, the car should only be in the shop for a few days. Just go take care of everything, and don't forget to pick up diapers and other supplies for Mom on your way back."

"Okay. I'll be quick."

Knowing that his sister would have to head out to a certain place later in the evening-like she did every day-Paris didn't want to give her any more to worry about.

With things that still needed to be taken care of, he made the decision to leave the hospital in the luxury car-one he never thought he'd ever even sit behind the wheel of, let alone drive.

He returned home, took care of his own errands, and coordinated getting the car into the shop. Afterward, he stopped by a department store to pick up some items for their mother.

While the young man was busy shopping inside, outside at the parking lotwhere the area connected a restaurant to the mall-

A tall figure, Thayavee, appeared stepping out of the restaurant with her personal assistant.

Her brows knit together the moment her eyes caught sight of a familiar license plate.

Since the work schedule did not specify that Prisa had a job at this location, it automatically became suspicious.

If the other person just wanted to go for a walk or hang out at the mall, that wouldn't be a problem. But what bothered Thayavee was the worry that she might secretly be taking on work without telling her. She couldn't keep that suspicion bottled up any longer.

"Khun Prae, could you please wait in the car for a moment? I need to make a phone call."

With that, the tall woman took out her phone without waiting for an answer. She dialed a number she knew by heart and waited only a moment before a sweet voice came through the line.

"Hello?"

"Where are you right now?"

"I'm at home."

Prisa gave that short answer because she didn't want to explain much, and she didn't want to make a big deal out of it either.

But she didn't realize that her answer, which was basically a lie, caused the person on the other end to unconsciously tighten their grip on the phone.

A strange feeling started to rise up-something she couldn't stop.

How could she stop it, when it was clear she was lying to her?

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# Chapter : 14

Thayavee let out a frustrated sigh. She was feeling really annoyed, almost to the point of losing it. But when she glanced at the person sitting in the car, she reminded herself that this wasn’t the time to get angry.

She couldn’t just stand there acting silly, trying to catch someone doing something wrong. So she decided to keep her feelings to herself and finally got into the car.

Prisa lied. That was the truth. And it was making her feel paranoid. What she heard with her own ears, and what she saw with her own eyes, matched up too well to be a coincidence. It was hard to come up with any excuse for Prisa.

Thayavee dropped her secretary off at the company and then went back to her condo — much earlier than her usual end-of-day routine.

Normally, Prisa was the one who got home later than Thayavee. But today, Prisa came home early. Something made her decide to do that.

By nature, she wasn’t the kind of person who liked spying on others. But when things felt off and she couldn’t fully trust the situation, she couldn’t just ignore it and let herself be fooled.

So that same evening, when Prisa got home at her usual time, she noticed something strange the moment she opened the door and walked in.

The cool air from the air conditioner hit her skin, and she looked around the room carefully.

Then she saw Thayavee sitting on the sofa in her usual favorite corner. In front of her was a tablet, still on. It didn’t take much guessing — after living together for a while, Prisa could tell Thayavee was probably caught up with work again, just like always.

She glanced over at Prisa without saying a word. No greeting, no small talk. Everything she’d seen and heard today was still sitting heavy in her mind. She was trying to keep calm and not let her emotions explode. The growing suspicion inside her made her choose to stay quiet—she didn’t want to tip off someone who might be hiding something.

“You’re home early today. Was work not too busy?” Prisa asked.

“Why? You don’t like it when I come home early?”

Thayavee kept a straight face, but her voice was a little teasing—and the words were sharp. Prisa could feel something was off just by how she said it.

To an outsider, it might have seemed like just normal banter between them. But the way Thayavee looked at her, like she was holding something back, made Prisa feel uneasy. She didn’t know exactly why—it was just a gut feeling that something wasn’t right. The tension in the room was thick enough that she had to say something to break it.

“Are you hungry? I didn’t know you’d be home early, so I haven’t made anything yet. But if you’re hungry, I can make you something quick.”

“Dinner time isn’t usually this early, is it, Risa?”

Yeah… maybe she’d offered too soon. Her good intentions might’ve come at the wrong time.

“I just remember you saying some days you skip lunch, so I was worried you might be hungry. But if you’re not, I’ll just set the table at the usual time.”

When she was confronted with reason, Thayavee stayed quiet like she always did.

Many times, she chose to give in—even though she had never done that for any other woman before. But there were still some big questions lingering in her heart, and she couldn’t just let go of wanting to know the truth.

“I remember you didn’t have any plans today. I called your assistant, and she said you were at home. Didn’t feel like going out at all?”

Prisa stopped right before stepping into the bedroom, avoiding the sharp eyes staring straight at her.

Deep down, she wanted to share everything she was going through. She wanted the woman she loved to hold her and make her feel less tired.

But still, she couldn’t forget that her status as her wife didn’t come from love. She wasn’t really her partner in that way. There was no reason for someone like Thayavee to go through ups and downs with her.

Every problem she was facing had become something personal—something she couldn’t share with the woman in front of her like real life partners would.

It was a fragile relationship, like a thread that could snap at any time. It looked like they had something, but there was no real security—no clear future where this perfect woman would be standing by her side.

“Today I stayed home. I didn’t go anywhere. If there’s nothing else, I’ll go put my bag away now. Then I’ll come out and find something for you to eat.”

"....."

When Thayavee heard that answer—so different from what she’d been told —she unknowingly clenched her jaw. Inside, her thoughts were spinning wildly. But this time, she didn’t react the way she usually did.

It wasn’t because she was less angry. Her silence came from doubt… or maybe, deep down, she still hoped there was a real explanation—and not just another lie.

Her mind was all over the place, almost driving her crazy. But for some reason, she didn’t throw a tantrum like she usually would.

It wasn’t because she was any less angry—she just kept quiet because doubt had taken over. Or maybe, deep down, she still had a little hope. She wanted to hear a reason… something real—not just another made-up excuse.

But then, hearing the explanation from the woman in front of her only made things worse. It confirmed what she feared all along—that the other woman was lying.

The anger, the suspicion, the frustration that had been building up inside her... it all started to explode. Thayavee realized there was one thing she could never seem to control—her feelings for this woman.

And once that suspicion set in, it wasn’t something she could just ignore anymore.

That fire of doubt wouldn’t have started if the other woman’s actions hadn’t kept feeding it, slowly destroying the trust between them.

The nervous behavior… being distant… It’s hard not to notice those things when you live with someone every single day.

For days, Thayavee had been putting up with all kinds of suspicious behavior—secret phone calls, jumpy reactions, suddenly asking to stay over more often, or looking exhausted every time she came back to the condo. All of it just made her suspicions grow to a point where she could no longer play dumb.

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This morning, Thayavee pulled herself away from the woman sleeping naked in her arms. She hadn’t touched her with affection like usual—no hugs, no kisses, no caresses, none of the tender things she always liked to do.

Because after just a couple rounds of lovemaking last night, the other woman’s worn-out look left her feeling kind of… disturbed.

Or maybe it was something deeper—something nagging at her mind so much that she couldn’t even enjoy the sex like she normally would.

She got up and walked into the bathroom to get ready. About thirty minutes later, Thayavee headed out.

Thayavee left for work like usual.

Not long after the tall figure disappeared out of the bedroom, Prisa’s day slowly began. Nothing really felt that different from her normal routine.

Normally, she would wake up earlier than the owner of the room. But today, she was more sluggish than usual, worn out from days of exhaustion building up.

Her small frame slowly got up, showered, and got dressed. About thirty minutes later, she headed downstairs to wait for a ride she’d booked through an app.

What she didn’t know was that every move she made was being watched— by someone who had parked their car out front, waiting in silence.

The first question that popped into Thayavee’s mind was:

*Why is she taking a taxi? Instead of using the car that I bought for her to use—not for me, as I made it seem to her.*

So many questions were building up in her heart, still without any clear answers. As soon as the taxi pulled away from the condo, Thayavee decided to quietly follow from a distance.

The taxi eventually turned into a small housing neighborhood. From where she was parked, she still had a good enough view to see it slowly stop in front of a certain house.

She stayed quietly in the car, watching.

Prisa got out of the taxi and walked up to the front gate of the house—it wasn’t very tall, about waist-high.

But just as she stepped through the gate, a young man—her younger brother —rushed out of the house, his face clearly filled with worry.

“P’Risa, we need to go to the hospital right now. The nurse just called me… Mom might not make it.”

She didn’t say a word in response to her brother’s shaky voice. Prisa just stood there, frozen. And as tears began to well up in her eyes, she felt her brother throw his arms around her tightly.

“It’s gonna be okay, P’Risa. I’ll drive. Mom’s waiting for both of us. We’ll make it in time, I promise.”

That one sentence made her whole world slow down. Prisa could barely register anything around her, but she still let her brother pull her along, guiding her into the car.

Everything felt like it was moving in slow motion, even though they were in a race against time—rushing to get to the hospital as fast as possible.

Then, just as they reached the front entrance of the neighborhood, another car suddenly swerved in front of them on purpose, cutting them off. Paris slammed on the brakes so hard that the car jerked forward.

“Damn it! What kind of driving is that? You got a death wish or what!?”

Paris snapped angrily. This wasn’t the time to stay calm or be polite—not when every second could mean life or death for their mother.

But while he ranted, Prisa froze in her seat. Because she was the only one who knew exactly who that fancy car belonged to.

“I’ll handle it. You stay in the car, Ris.”

Without waiting for her brother’s response, Prisa opened the door and stepped out. But before she could even walk up to the car, Thayavee was already stepping out to face her.

For days, she had been drowning in doubt. And now—today—she finally saw how the woman she had secretly fallen deeply for… was betraying her.

Her chest burned with rage. Her eyes darted toward the car, filled with hurt and fury.

The car she had bought—intentionally—for the woman she called her wife… was now being driven by some random man like it was his own.

What was she supposed to feel first?

What was she supposed to do with a woman shameless enough to betray her so boldly?

Her anger boiled over. Her eyes turned red, and everything inside her was ready to explode—she didn’t care who was watching.

“How long, Risa? How long have you been cheating on me like this?!”

“Khun First…”

Prisa pressed her lips together tightly, like she always did when cornered and unsure of what to say.

Her mind was still wrapped around worry for her mother, but that voice— furious and sharp—only added to the chaos in her chest. She knew what it looked like. She knew how badly it could be misunderstood. But how could she explain, especially now?

“So what, huh? You slept with me just for the money?! So you could pamper that guy with it? You sold your dignity for this? For a man who can’t even stand on his own and just leeches off women? Is that what your pride is worth now? Nothing?! Is that how low you’ve sunk, Risa?!”

“Khun First, please stop. Stop insulting and judging people like that.”

Her voice was soft, pained, holding back tears. She was exhausted— mentally, emotionally—and didn’t have the energy to fight Thayavee right now.

“Why should I stop?! Am I wrong? Is your little boyfriend that amazing in bed or something? Are you so into him that you’re actually standing here defending him?!”

***Smack!***

Instead of answering with words, Prisa’s hand landed hard across her face, sending Thayavee’s head whipping to the side.

Thayavee didn’t raise a hand to touch her now-stinging cheek, though the sharp pain and the faint taste of blood in her mouth made her instinctively run her tongue along the inside of her cheek.

Her eyes burned red—not just with fury, but with the sting of being struck by the very woman who had once melted her heart.

Prisa stood frozen, shocked at what she'd just done. And Paris, who had just stepped out of the car, stopped in his tracks, stunned by the scene unraveling before him.

He caught on quickly—piecing together the fierce exchange of words between his sister and this elegant stranger. The way they clashed, the fire in their voices—it told him everything he needed to know, even without knowing all the details.

But no matter what kind of relationship this woman had with his sister, one thing was clear: no one had the right to speak to her like that—accusing her, shaming her, disrespecting her dignity over something that wasn’t even true.

Everything his sister had done, she’d done out of necessity—not because she was shameless or lacking pride.

What, was this woman’s money so important it made her feel like she could walk all over people?

“I don’t know who you are or what gives you the right to insult others like that. But the one thing you need to know is—I've known this woman longer than you. My whole life, in fact. And I’ve never felt okay seeing anyone look down on or hurt the woman I love the way you just did.”

He said firmly, voice cold.

Those words pierced deep into Thayavee’s heart. Her lips curled into a twisted smile, her eyes—red with fury—shifted between glaring at the man before her and the silent woman standing like a statue.

The bitterness in her heart was as intense as the pain crashing down on her unexpectedly.

She felt like a fool—never once did she imagine her life would come to this, falling for a woman who wasn’t even worthy of her smallest affection.

She had never valued people based on their wealth or status, but these actions? They were what were truly degrading the woman she’d once loved.

"Let's go, we can't waste any more time."

Her younger brother's reminder snapped Prisa back from her trance. Her fragile form didn’t pull away from his gentle grip as he held her wrist loosely, guiding her.

Despite the pain she saw reflected in her eyes, she couldn’t waste a second on explanations. Not now.

In this moment, with no other choice, Prisa couldn’t afford to think about herself. Her only focus having the chance to be by her mother's side in her last breath...

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# Chapter : 15

Paris decided to wave down a taxi that was driving by, instead of using the car of the pretty woman who had just acted like she owned it.

When the taxi stopped, he opened the back door and helped his older sister get in.

Just as she was about to step in after her, she caught sight of blood on the corner of that woman's mouth.

It was clear she felt guilty about what she did. Her eyes were full of tears, showing just how sorry she was for hurting someone.

Only now did Paris realize something big-the person his sister was involved with wasn't some rich man like he'd imagined. It was a woman.

And not just any woman. He remembered now where he'd seen her face before. He liked keeping up with business news and gossip, and suddenly it hit him-this woman was one of the rich heirs he'd seen on magazine covers.

She had a twin, which made it hard to tell which one she was, but still, he knew now that she came from a wealthy and well-known family.

No wonder she looked so clean, classy, and confident-from head to toe.

That's probably why she talked down to others and acted like no one else mattered.

She had probably never faced real problems in her life.

At first, Paris had assumed that the relationship between his sister and this woman was all about money. But after what he just saw, he wasn't so sure anymore.

That woman looked like she really cared about his sister. The way they acted wasn't like two people in a deal-it looked more like two lovers in a fight.

And what made him even more sure was how his sister was acting beside him.

Prisa was crying quietly. She looked out the window, trying to hide her tears, but Paris saw her wiping them away.

It hurt him to see her like that.

Besides worrying about their mom, she was clearly upset about what had just happened too. And part of that stress... was probably because of him.

"I'm sorry," he said softly.

"For the way I yelled at her. I didn't think about how my words might make things harder for you later."

"It's okay," she replied.

"Even if I explained things back there, it wouldn't have helped. Right now, Mom is more important. Let's not worry about anything else for now."

Prisa looked away, still hurt and teary-eyed. She didn't dare look her brother in the eyes, but she knew he meant well-and she understood.

She didn't blame anyone for what just happened.

If looked at the situation from Thayavee's point of view, it made sense why she misunderstood. It wasn't like Prisa had time to explain anything during all that chaos.

The taxi ride was quiet-too quiet. But that silence didn't last long. Paris, clearly stressed out, asked the driver to hurry, her voice full of urgency.

For Prisa and Paris, the ride to the hospital felt endless. Every second was filled with worry and fear. By the time they finally arrived, their hearts were already heavy with anxiety.

Prisa rushed after her brother, trying to keep up with his long legs. She had to double her pace just to stay close.

As soon as they pushed through the hospital room door, Prisa couldn't hold back her tears any longer.

Their mother lay weak and fragile on the bed. When she slowly turned her head toward her children, both of them ran to her side, tears filling their eyes.

"Mom, I'm sorry I came so late... I'm sorry you had to wait,"

Prisa said, her voice shaking.

"...Ris... Risa..."

Even saying those few words took all of their mother's strength. Her tired face showed more exhaustion than ever. It broke her children's hearts to see her like this-fighting so hard just to breathe, just to stay with them.

"You two must be so tired, taking care of me all this time," she whispered.

"But now... you won't have to be tired anymore."

"No, Mom, please don't say that,"

Prisa cried.

"Whatever we've done for you-it's nothing compared to everything you've done for us. Don't say things like that. Ris and I... we've never been tired because of you. Never. Not even once."

Her voice trembled, and she tried hard not to cry too much. She didn't want to make her mom feel worse.

Her mother's body was so thin now, so weak, she could barely respond to their touch.

Prisa gently held her mother's frail hand against her cheek. Her heart ached deeply.

The room fell into silence. Their mother didn't have the strength to speak anymore. Whatever words she had left were replaced by a single tear that slipped from the corner of her eye.

Slowly... her eyes closed...

Then came the sound of her breathing-uneven and heavy at first... then slower... softer... until finally... there was nothing.

At that moment, the world felt like it stopped. Warm tears spilled down their cheeks, no longer hidden.

Their mother was gone-free at last from all the pain she had carried for so long.

Prisa threw her arms around her brother, letting herself feel the full pain of losing their mother in that final moment.

From now on, life in this big, wide world would never be the same. The person who had always been her safe place-her shelter, her strength-was gone. There was no one left to be her anchor anymore.

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While the siblings were being swallowed up by grief, Thayavee had just returned to her condo-emotionally broken, even more than she'd expected.

What she had done-hurting someone she loved-left her completely drained. It took all the strength she had just to make it home without causing an accident on the road.

Once she was finally alone, sitting quietly by herself, the pain she'd tried so hard to hold in started pouring out in tears.

No matter where she looked, every corner of the condo reminded her of that cruel woman-the same woman she couldn't stop thinking about. That soft, emotional side of her-one she'd never really acknowledged-was now bursting out uncontrollably. She barely recognized herself.

Then, she remembered his words...

"I don't know who you are or what gives you the right to insult others like that. But the one thing you need to know is-I've known this woman longer than you. My whole life, in fact. And I've never felt okay seeing anyone look down on or hurt the woman I love the way you just did."

*Known her longer than you?*

*His whole life?*

*The woman he loves?*

Each word felt like a sharp spear stabbing her heart over and over. Even though she knew those actions were meant to insult and belittle her, some past experiences still made Thayavee question herself again and again.

She had dated many women before. She wasn't someone naive or inexperienced-she could definitely tell if a woman was still innocent or not. That's why those stupid words from that baby-faced guy felt completely wrong, totally opposite to everything she knew.

Prisa was her first. And if that guy really had been in a relationship with her for a long time, then why did he let the woman he claimed to love end up with her?

Her thoughts were a mess, all tangled up. She couldn't find a way out, and the things she already believed still held more power than any reasoning.

Her heart felt the bitterness of betrayal, and at that moment, alcohol seemed like the best solution.

She kept pouring amber-colored liquor down her throat, glass after glass, until she faintly heard the sound of her phone ringing on the table.

Thayavee glanced at the phone screen briefly. Even though she felt dizzy and wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone, she remembered asking her secretary to contact the service center about the car she had left on the street. So, she couldn't ignore the call.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Khun First. I've already driven your car back to your condo. At first, I thought calling the service center might take too long, so I went ahead and drove it myself. I hope that's okay with you. As for the car key, would you like me to bring it upstairs?"

Thayavee frowned. She wasn't happy after hearing that update, especially since earlier she had clear what she wanted. She didn't ask her secretary to go through all that trouble and make her handle it all alone.

But it seemed like Praewa was purposely going against her orders. Showing up at the condo without permission didn't leave any good impressiondefinitely not the one she might've been hoping for.

Whatever the reason, the hidden intention behind her actions was so obvious, it only made Thayavee even more irritated-almost to the point of losing her composure.

Just because she was the daughter of her dad's friend, and had a wealthy backer supporting her, didn't mean Thayavee would give in to her out of politeness.

"Thanks for taking care of the car, but if it's not too much trouble, please leave the key at the front desk. In the future, I'd appreciate it if you try to understand my instructions better-and stick to your job without going beyond what I ask."

Thayavee was in no mood to sugarcoat things. Her father's matchmaking plans would never work. No matter how messed up her emotions were, she wasn't someone who would ruin her own life out of spite.

She was hurting-but still thinking straight. At the very least, she knew how risky it was to let her father's people get too close and invade her personal space.

And more than anything, she had already given her heart to that woman. Even though she'd been betrayed, that didn't mean she could just open up to someone else so easily.

She just didn't have it in her to care about anyone else. In such a short time, so many little things about Prisa had worked their way into her daily lifebecoming habits, then quietly turning into a bond she hadn't noticed forming.

Only now did she realize-losing that woman from her life had shaken her heart and emotions more than she could have imagined.

From the one in control, she had become the broken one-so ruined she could almost laugh out loud at how pathetic she felt.

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# Chapter : 16

The funeral was held simply at a local temple. It was just the mother and her two children, so not many people came. Only a few close coworkers and a small group of Paris's friends showed up to offer their condolences.

Each night of the ceremony passed quietly, but it felt heavy for those who were grieving.

The sadness still lingered deeply, and even though she tried to stay busy, every now and then, thoughts of Thayavee would sneak into her mind and stir up emotions again.

Since that day, the unresolved issue between them still hadn’t been dealt with. Prisa had been avoiding Thayavee’s feelings for days, all the way until the last night of the funeral rites.

It wasn’t just that her heart wasn’t ready—she couldn’t even see how her relationship with Thayavee could move forward from here.

A relationship not built on love is fragile and meaningless. Now that she no longer had to desperately find money for her mother’s medical treatment, that same relationship had started to feel like a weak link—something that could break at any moment.

So many things were affecting her decision. Thayavee had misunderstood everything. They weren’t really in love. And love from just one person— hers—wasn’t enough to hold them together.

The road ahead looked painful. She didn’t know when someone like Thayavee, who seemed to have everything, would eventually decide to walk away from her life.

Dressed in black, Prisa sat quietly, lost in thought at the temple hall. By now, all the guests had already left. Only her younger brother’s friends were still around, but he had just stepped out to see them off at their cars.

Her sweet face still showed traces of sadness, and the tear stains hadn’t fully faded. It was too soon. Whenever her emotions flared up again, her eyes would fill with tears without warning.

Prisa sat alone, letting her thoughts drift. But the silence, which she was using to heal, was suddenly broken by the sound of a luxury van pulling up at the front of the hall.

It was pretty late for guests to be arriving, so she snapped out of her thoughts and looked toward the vehicle.

It was an expensive Alphard van—easily worth millions. And since everyone had already left, Prisa wasn’t sure if they were coming for this event, or if they had the wrong place.

Caught between curiosity and politeness, she decided to walk outside and wait near the hall entrance.

She kept her eyes on the driver's door as it opened. A tall, well-built man stepped out—he looked like a bodyguard or assistant, like someone you'd see in a drama or even in real life.

Prisa watched closely as he walked around to open the passenger door in the back. Then an older man, dignified and well-dressed, stepped out of the van.

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In the split second that she got a clear look at the older man's face, Prisa’s perfectly shaped eyebrows furrowed slightly in surprise.

She followed the news and politics enough to know who he was. There was no way she wouldn’t recognize someone who frequently appeared in the media.

It was Mr. Hiran Sikhares.

A wealthy businessman. Of course, someone of his status couldn’t have possibly known her mother personally—at least not enough to show up at the funeral.

While her mind wandered with all kinds of guesses, Prisa suddenly had to snap out of it.

He was walking straight toward where she stood. There was no mistaking it now. She had to step out and greet him—even if she was confused.

Whether she knew him or not, she still had to show respect. He was much older—old enough to be her father—and regardless of whether he was a guest or not, he was someone she had to bow to.

“Are you Prisa?”

“Yes, my name is Prisa,” she replied.

She kept her answer short. His tone was flat and calm, not exactly warm, and didn’t feel particularly friendly either.

“I came to offer a wreath for your mother’s passing. My condolences.” His gesture left her slightly stunned. It was unexpected, for sure.

Prisa followed his gaze to a man standing behind him, holding a wreath. The man didn’t step forward or hand it over right away. He stood still, like he was waiting for his boss to give the signal.

“Thank you very much. I must sincerely apologize—I didn’t know you knew my mother.”

“I didn’t know her personally,” he said plainly.

“I came today because I have something important to talk to you about.”

"....."

That caught her attention. Her mind filled with questions again, but this time, things started to make more sense.

She studied the older man’s face once more. And finally, it clicked. She now understood why Thayavee’s face had looked familiar since the very first day they met.

And sure enough, the answer was standing right in front of her.

The resemblance.

The facial features.

The little details.

They all connected.

The older man gave a slight nod to his assistant. The young man bowed and quietly walked off toward the temple with the wreath in hand.

Meanwhile, Hiran Sikhares took the moment to silently observe the young woman standing in front of him.

Was this really the kind of woman his eldest daughter had chosen?

He had tried so hard to introduce his daughter to decent women, and yet the girl had ended up with a pretty-face model type for a wife. No matter how beautiful she was, showing her off in public would only be embarrassing.

That kind of career wasn’t exactly suitable for someone meant to be introduced as a wife.

"Alright then. I won't waste my time talking nonsense. I'm here today to make a deal with you."

He paused for a moment to observe her reaction. Her calm composure, showing no signs of nervousness while facing him, didn’t come across as arrogance—it had a quiet grace, steady and firm. It reminded him of a woman he once knew.

But no—this woman was nothing like his wife.

"First already has a woman who’s worthy of her. Even if you stubbornly insist on continuing a relationship with my daughter, you’ll never have the chance to stand by her side in any respectable way. At best, you'll remain a secret—someone hidden away in her life. Because I will never accept you as my daughter-in-law."

"....."

"How much do you want, to walk away from my daughter's life?"

Prisa stood silently for a moment. She understood exactly what he meant without needing him to repeat it. The cliché of shoving the ‘lowly’ woman out of someone’s life, just like a soap opera villain—it was painful and suffocating to experience firsthand.

Every word from this wealthy man’s mouth seemed designed to emphasize just how different she and his daughter were.

And of course, she wasn’t some virtuous heroine who could claim that money meant nothing to her.

Money had its appeal—Prisa knew that well.

But if she were to accept it, to take whatever price Hiran Sikhares was offering, she’d lose even the little dignity she had left. She would become nothing more than a pawn, chained to a fate dictated by the person who held the money.

Prisa valued her independence far too much for that. She didn’t want a comfortable life bought with a check at the cost of her freedom that would be controlled by someone else.

No matter what information this man thought he knew, when it came to the future of a relationship with no clear path ahead, only she and Thayavee had the right to decide how it should end.

"Why do you think love between two people can be bought with money?"

She asked.

“Love?”

He echoed. The man, seasoned by life, didn’t flinch or scoff. His expression remained calm, his eyes unreadable.

“What you're using to argue back with me—it’s not the answer to everything. If you truly believe you can stand beside my daughter without shame, without fearing comparison to someone more ‘worthy,’ and if your presence won’t tarnish the person you claim to love—then you don’t need to take anything I’ve said to heart.”

Once again, Prisa was left speechless. She was still far too inexperienced when it came to standing her ground against someone who had seen far more of the world.

Everything Hiran Sikhares said struck with the force of undeniable truth. She had no clever counter to deflect his arguments. The wealthy always had the privilege of choice, and when compared to them, she only seemed smaller.

Prisa didn’t get another word in. After leaving his heavy words hanging in the air, the man with power in every sense turned and walked away.

There was no farewell. No acknowledgment of her parting gesture. It was as if to say—without a single word—that someone like her didn’t even deserve to be seen.

She tried to seem strong, but the moment the van pulled away from the temple, leaving her behind, the tears she had been holding back began to fall silently.

Prisa raised her hand to wipe them away, hoping to chase off the lingering sting in her chest. But just as she was about to turn and head back into the temple, her sorrow—hidden deep in her heart—could not escape the notice of her younger brother.

"Both the father and daughter act like they own the sky, don’t they?" "Forget it. It’s been a long day. Let’s just go home. Tomorrow’s the last day we send Mom off."

"I heard everything you talked about with that man. So… you’re really not going to break up with that woman, are you?"

Paris asked again for confirmation. Though he didn’t like that woman much himself, he never wanted to use his own feelings to judge his sister's choices. He never wanted her to feel pressured—facing external judgment was already more than enough.

She was just a small woman who wanted to love someone. Why did she have to shoulder all the weight of social class and status?

His concern, along with his deep dislike for being looked down on, made it impossible for Paris to stay quiet anymore.

Because if feelings could be tucked away even for a moment, then a woman like Prisa—who never let herself be easily swayed—wouldn’t have shed tears over something so “trivial.”

"Do you love that woman… don’t you, Risa?"

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# Chapter : 17

Her little brother's question hit her hard-so much that she couldn't say anything back. With so many emotions bottled up inside, Prisa couldn't pretend to be calm or act tough to hide how she really felt.

"We can't be together, Ris... me and that woman."

She tried to keep her voice steady, but it was really hard. Before she got more emotional, she quickly walked past her brother, leaving Paris standing there, letting out a deep sigh as he watched his sister walk away, worry all over his face.

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Days passed. After their mom's funeral was over, the siblings slowly started getting back to their normal routine.

But something still felt missing. The change in their lives needed time to heal. They had to adjust to a new normal without their mom.

Prisa didn't take on any work that week. She just wanted to have some time to sort out her thoughts and emotions. But as the days passed and life started to feel a bit dull, she accepted her brother's invite to go on a beach trip.

Those three days by the sea gave her some peace. Time to rest, reflect, and heal a little from the pain she'd been carrying.

But sometimes, even in quiet moments, a storm can be brewing deep inside.

There was still someone she hadn't properly said goodbye to. Something unresolved kept bothering her. She couldn't shake it off.

Running away wasn't helping. So on the evening they got back from the beach, Prisa decided to go to a place she hadn't been to in over a week.

She'd been there many times before, so getting there wasn't the issue. But because something had changed between them, she felt nervous.

Their last argument was still fresh in her mind. She didn't know how Thayavee would react when they saw each other again.

Would she be angry? Push her away? Ignore her completely?

Her thoughts kept swirling until the elevator finally stopped at the right floor. She stepped out and headed to the room she had in mind.

She stood in front of the door, unsure whether to knock or just use the passcode she still remembered.

After a moment, she took a deep breath, bracing herself for whatever might happen.

Then, deciding not to overthink it anymore, she set aside her manners and used the code to open the door, instead of knocking.

Because they had lived together for a while, she still remembered her daily routine.

That's why, before coming here, Prisa was pretty sure about what time she should show up.

Everything seemed to go as expected. As soon as Prisa pushed the door open, the cool air from the air conditioner hit her skin, signaling the presence of the room's owner.

There was no sign of Thayavee, who was usually sprawled out on the couch. Her curious eyes shifted to the bar area. There, a bottle of brandy stood next to a glass, which had clearly been left there.

Prisa couldn't tell how long it had been used, but when she noticed the drink level had dropped almost halfway, the answer made her heart feel uneasy.

Her gaze shifted from the brandy bottle to the bedroom door. For a brief moment, negative thoughts crossed her mind. She feared something might be happening behind that door. She didn't want to imagine that someone who spent money on women would be sitting alone, drinking in a situation like this.

Her curiosity sparked, but still maintaining her composure, Prisa quickly looked at the shoe rack. The sight that greeted her made her feel a strange sense of relief, almost surprising herself.

For a moment, Prisa realized she was acting irrationally. Her attachment to Thayavee had caused her to let her thoughts wander too far.

And because she had learned to manage her emotions better, she didn't want to invade her privacy any further.

She decided to wait for her on the couch in the living room. However, as time passed, and even after two hours, there was still no sign of the bedroom door opening.

She held on for a little longer, but as her patience began to run thin, she decided to walk to the door. She was sure it was never locked, so with delicate fingers, she reached for the door handle and slowly pushed it open.

As Prisa peeked into the room, she saw Thayavee's tall, slender form curled up on the bed. She was still in her work clothes, with the top button of her shirt undone and the fabric looking worn out.

Prisa stepped closer and caught the faint scent of alcohol mixed with the clean, familiar fragrance of Thayavee. Her face, once radiant, now looked dull, and her lips, once full and moist, were now dry and cracked.

Had it really only been a week since Thayavee stopped caring for herself this much?

Prisa barely wanted to let herself believe that the current state she was in could have been caused by her.

As she stood there, unsure of what to do next, Thayavee suddenly opened her eyes. Her sharp, irritated gaze met hers, and her face twisted with anger. It was clear she was about to lash out at the cause of her frustration.

"After everything, you still have the nerve to show up here?!"

Thayavee's outburst startled Prisa. Her fiery gaze seemed like it could choke her if she wanted to. At that moment, she thought that if she really tried to hurt her, she probably wouldn't be able to take another breath.

She quickly sat up, and though she could feel her fury, Prisa tried her best to keep her expression neutral, as if she was prepared for what was coming.

"I just came to pick up some things, including returning your key card and credit card," she said calmly.

Thayavee smirked with her bloodshot eyes, the anger so intense that Prisa couldn't even tell what she was thinking. After leaving her alone with all these crazy feelings for over a week, this woman still had the nerve to come back with such a simple excuse.

It's kind of pathetic that she still misses her, even though she seems to live her life normally every day. But all of that-it's just a front she keeps up around people.

Whenever she's alone, though, the memory of that woman who betrayed her keeps haunting her. She can't find peace.

Everything around her is still the same. Every corner of the place they once shared still carries that woman's presence.

When the pain becomes too much, she's just a human being-unable to fight off the poison from that heartbreak.

Being betrayed by the woman she had already fallen for makes Thayavee feel both ashamed of herself and angry-an anger that refuses to fade.

But because she can't show weakness in front of others, the only place where she can truly break down... is the place filled with memories of that woman.

"Between me and your lover, your actions right now say it all, don't they, Risa?"

Their eyes locked for a moment. Her dark eyes, like the night sky, stared at the woman she once loved-cold, blank, unmoved. The anger in her face hadn't softened. She was doing her best to control her emotions before they boiled over.

"Even now, whether you believe me or not, I still want to tell you that the man you saw that day... Paris wasn't like you think."

"What do you mean?"

Thayavee snapped back immediately, remembering the day she saw her hugging some young guy right outside the house. There was no way she could see that in a good light.

Everything Prisa did after that-how she disappeared when it all blew up-if she still believed her words now, she'd be more than just a fool.

"I saw it with my own eyes! You hugged him! You let him drive the car I bought like it was his. And he even went around saying he's known you forever and loves you. You really think I should believe that, Risa? Do you think I'm that stupid?"

"I never thought you were stupid. Because that guy... Paris, he's not my boyfriend. He's-"

Her last words caught in her throat. Prisa turned her face away to hide the tears.

Thayavee's words echoed in her mind, pulling her back to everything she had once decided. Even though that night she didn't accept the offer from Thayavee's father, it didn't erase the truth she already knew deep down.

No matter how much love there was, their path together was almost impossible. Thayavee came from a completely different world. Their lives would never align. More importantly, she didn't want to tie herself to something that she already knew how it would in pain.

"Say it. Finish what you were going to say. Just tell me who he is! But don't you dare say his name in front of me!"

"I didn't come here to fight with you. I just wanted to end things between us properly-so there's nothing left unresolved."

"You really think it's that easy, Risa? You cheated on me, and now you think I'll just let you go and live happily ever after with your new love? Is that what you think?"

Before Prisa could respond, Thayavee grabbed her and shoved her down onto the bed. Then she threw herself on top, pinning Prisa's wrists down against the mattress.

Her eyes burned with rage-but underneath that anger was a deep, aching sadness, one that started to spill over in the form of silent tears at the corners of her eyes.

"I really hate women like you, Risa. I hate you so much... I didn't even think I could feel this much for anyone."

But instead of doing anything aggressive like she feared, Thayavee-tears welling in her eyes-just lowered her head and rested it in the crook of Prisa's neck, saying nothing more.

Because their bodies were so close, Prisa could feel the heat radiating from Thayavee's skin.

Her flushed face and glassy eyes weren't just from the alcohol-it was the fever that was clearly taking over her.

They had thrown emotions at each other without holding back, and maybe some resentment still lingered... but no matter how bad things were between them, Prisa couldn't ignore how worried she was about her.

"You're sick... Why are you still drinking?"

Her gentle voice whispered next to Thayavee's ear, but she didn't respondshe just stayed still, silent.

Her heart was reacting to that soft, caring tone... but deep down, she still fought against it.

Thayavee was battling herself. She hated how it felt like she was losing to this woman. Like she had no pride left.

The warmth of a body she used to hold... the longing buried deep inside... all of it was pushing her toward complete defeat.

It was humiliating and pathetic.

*Was this really who Thayavee Sikhares had become?*

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# Chapter : 18

"Can you sit up first? I'll go get you some medicine,"

Prisa said gently.

*Why does she still care?*

The softness in her voice, the warmth of her hands as she held her-it was enough to break through Thayavee's defenses and make her surrender.

She wasn't herself anymore. Her usual pride and self-control had vanished. Her body just gave in-motionless-letting the woman she wanted to push out of her life touch her without resistance.

And when Prisa asked her to move, she actually listened. She released her grip and sat back, slumping down, defeated.

That proud, defiant woman was gone. She now looked like a helpless kitten-though she still couldn't resist one last sarcastic jab, because the pain of betrayal hadn't gone anywhere.

Even now, Prisa still chose that guy over making things right with her.

"You must've used all your sweet little tricks on him too, huh? No wonder your lover is head over heels for you."

"Try dropping the sarcasm for one minute. I'm sure you won't die from not insulting the woman you think you bought with money."

Prisa glanced down at her-the woman who looked like she had no strength left thanks to the fever, yet still somehow found enough energy to throw cutting words at her.

Every word Thayavee said hit deep, but Prisa understood what kind of emotional storm she was trapped in. That's why she chose to stay calm and avoid fighting back.

Prisa quietly walked out of the bedroom, then returned with fever medicine and a glass of water.

"Did you eat anything this evening besides alcohol?"

"Mmm."

She answered vaguely-completely avoiding the truth. Because from noon till now, all she had was a black coffee and a basic breakfast set Praewa, her secretary, had managed to bring her.

Even someone who's not her girlfriend takes better care of her than this.

"If you're sure your stomach's not empty, then take the medicine."

Thayavee glanced at the pills Prisa was handing her. She didn't want to accept the kindness, but she wasn't the type to be childish about it either. So she silently reached out, took the fever meds, and swallowed them.

The pounding headache still hadn't gone away. She thought earlier that it wasn't that bad-bad enough to drink to numb her heartache, sure, but not enough to knock her down completely.

But after sitting with that bottle for a while, the fever really kicked in, and her body just couldn't take it anymore. Eventually, she had to drag herself back to bed.

Now she was a complete mess-physically sick, emotionally wrecked.

And worst of all... she still felt something when this woman, the one who caused all of it, showed her the tiniest bit of care.

It was pathetic.

"Do you really like him that much, Risa? So obsessed that you had to sneak around and do that behind my back? Are you only staying with me because of the money? Is that all I ever meant to you?"

"Are you asking me that because you hate me... or because you're actually hurt by what you think I did?"

"Hurt?"

Thayavee scoffed, smiling bitterly. If she admitted she was hurting because she loved too much, how low would that drop her pride in this woman's eyes?

Cheating wasn't something you could just brush aside. If she chose to hold onto this relationship now, she'd be nothing but a fool-horns growing out of her head for everyone to see.

Worth only her money. So Prisa could spoil some other guy with it.

What a joke.

"Why do you think I value a woman like you so much? Have you even though how disgusting what you did really is?"

Prisa had no reply.

Thayavee clearly already saw her in the worst light. Even if she tried to explain that Paris was just her younger brother, there was no guarantee Thayavee would believe it. She might even think she was just making it up. The damage between them had been left unattended for far too long.

Or maybe... deep down, Prisa knew this relationship was always headed for an end. Maybe it was better for things to fall apart like this-better for Thayavee to believe she was just some terrible woman.

"You've taken the medicine. Please rest now. I just need a moment to pack my things. I won't bother you for long."

And with that, she turned away from the tall woman's gaze, disappearing into the dressing area.

She didn't have many clothes, so it didn't take long to pull everything off the hangers and pack them into the same suitcase she had brought with her when she first moved in into the same suitcase she brought with her when she first moved in.

She was lucky, in a way-lucky that Thayavee's disgust hadn't gone so far as to toss her things into the trash like worthless junk. Because even if these clothes weren't worth a fraction of the price of anything hanging in Thayavee's closet, it would've been wasteful to throw them away and buy everything again.

Prisa glanced over her belongings one more time to make sure she hadn't left anything behind that might further offend Thayavee just by being there. Once she was certain, she rolled the suitcase out of the dressing room.

Thayavee was still sitting at the edge of the bed in the same position, legs dangling off the side. She didn't say a word, just silently watched everything happening around her, surrounded by a heavy, suffocating quiet.

Her mind was a storm of emotion-shaken, aching, yearning, and aching to hold on-but all that noise stayed trapped inside, locked in a silent battle with herself.

Prisa reached into her purse, pulled out her wallet, and took out the keycard and credit card Thayavee had once given her. She walked over to the bedside table and laid both items down.

She was about to turn and say a final word before leaving, but the moment their eyes met, that fragile grip on her emotions shattered. Her voice trembled despite her efforts to stay composed.

"Thank you... for everything. If it hadn't been for you, I honestly don't know how I would've survived."

Prisa didn't elaborate. It was enough that she understood it herself. But when her words were met with silence-no reaction, no response-from the woman who only continued to stare at her, the only answer she received was the faint flush in Thayavee's face and eyes. And that was enough to send a painful tremble through her heart.

*Was it pain?*

Was she sad to see her go-or simply suffering from the fever that had clearly taken hold of her body, judging by the heat Prisa had felt through their touch just moments ago? That heat now echoed in her thoughts, making her falter in her resolve.

"Are you okay?" she asked gently.

"Just go, Risa. Don't ask me that... not when you're clearly planning to leave."

No more stubborn pride. It wasn't a plea, not really-not words meant to stop her. But coming from Thayavee, someone who never spoke directly from the heart, those words said more than enough.

Prisa didn't argue. She didn't say anything more. She simply took hold of her suitcase and wheeled it out of the room, under the weight of Thayavee's gaze following her until her slender figure disappeared behind the closing door.

That was when it hit-the wave of pain crashing in, relentless. Thayavee sank down onto the bed, tears brimming in her eyes.

The throbbing in her head, the chills spreading through her bones, the fever coursing through her body-it all blended with the ache in her chest, until she couldn't tell anymore which one hurt more: the physical pain or the emotional wreckage.

She was exhausted. Too tired to keep chasing thoughts of the woman who had just walked out of her life.

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More than thirty minutes passed. Outside, the sky had turned pitch black, with only the city lights painting brilliance across the horizon, dancing in competition under the near-9 p.m. sky.

In the kitchen, Prisa untied her apron and draped it back over its hook. The freshly cooked porridge still steamed, its aroma filling the space with warmth and comfort.

Of course, Prisa hadn't left yet. The last thing she said to her-and the way she looked, clearly unwell-kept her from walking away. She just couldn't ignore how sick she was.

She picked up the tray of porridge and walked past the living room, where her suitcase was still sitting. She had already made up her mind: once she got better, she would leave. It was time to end things with Thayavee-like she should've done a long time ago.

She paused at the bedroom door, holding the tray with one hand and knocking with the other. Then she pushed the door open, not bothering to wait for her permission.

Thayavee was lying in bed, her tall figure hidden under the blanket pulled all the way up to her neck. Her eyes were shut tightly, her expression tenselike someone fighting off an illness.

Prisa set the tray down on the small table next to the bed and stepped closer to check on her. She reached out and gently touched her forehead, then slid her hand down to the side of her neck.

Her temperature was even higher than before, making Prisa frown. She stood up and quietly left the room again.

She returned with supplies to help cool her down and placed them on the table. Then she sat beside her. Thayavee eyes were still tightly closed. She slowly unbuttoned her shirt, one button at a time, then opened it to reveal her pale, smooth skin-still strangely beautiful, even now.

Her chest, perfectly sized, was mostly hidden under a black sports bra. Her toned stomach, without any extra fat, showed just how well she took care of herself.

Every part of Thayavee's body always had a way of making her heart flutter. But right now, her weak, feverish body and that made Prisa unable to get distracted by how attractive she looked.

She soaked a towel in cool water, wrung it out, and gently wiped down her body. A soft groan escaped her throat-like she was annoyed-and she flinched a little from the cold touch of the towel.

"It's cold... it's cold,"

She mumbled, still keeping her eyes tightly shut.

Prisa set the towel down and glanced at the long pants she was wearing.

She wasn't embarrassed about undressing her if it would help-but it was a certain feeling inside her that was bothering her more than the act itself. And that frustration was aimed at herself.

She reached out and began unbuttoning her pants, her heart pounding harder the moment she managed to slide them off her long legs.

Her eyes scanned over her well-proportioned body, now covered with only a few pieces of clothing. Suddenly, she felt like she couldn't breathe properly.

If the owner of the body knew how far her imagination was running, how much more would she feel about this kind of thing, a person who almost never stops having sex, be pleased?

Prisa tried to pull her mind back under control and started wiping her down again.

As she did, she stirred a little, and then slowly opened her eyes to look at her. His gaze was filled with pain, but there was also a trace of frustration.

"Why are you doing this? Why haven't you left yet?"

"You're burning up," she said quietly.

Prisa was about to answer her question, but instead, she quietly pulled the blanket over her half-naked body.

She didn't bother finding her fresh clothes to change into. If her body temperature was still high, she'd have to keep wiping her down like this until she got better.

"You don't need to take care of me,"

He said coldly.

"Go back to your man. Don't make me hate you more than I already do, Risa."

"You really hate me that much?"

She asked softly.

She looked into her eyes, feeling tired and worn out by everything. And honestly, she did want to know-if she claimed to hate her so much, just how deep did that hatred go?

That sudden need to prove something, a flash of defiance, took over her. It was strong enough to push her to do something she never expected.

She leaned down and kissed her, silencing the cruel words she had just thrown at her. But what she didn't know was that playing with fire might end up burning her alone.

Because the moment their lips touched, the kiss turned into something deeper-filled with emotion and heat, like flames ignited with gasoline.

Thayavee's tongue slipped into her mouth, and her strength, hidden behind her illness, surged up to pull her breath away completely.

It was too much. Her touch crossed the line-far more than it should have. Her quick, heavy breathing told her everything about the desire she tried to hide.

Then suddenly, Prisa tensed up, lips pressed tightly together-when the other person was inserting her hand through the edge of her pants and aimed at the target with the touch of the raw emotion in her that was awakened.

"You said you hated me."

"Since you offered, I just responded. And don't forget to go back and tell that young guy that you still can't forget me, to the point that you had to come back and let me poke you."

That mouth! Before she had a chance to respond, the slender body had to clench her stomach to respond to the intrusive touch that occurred quickly.

Her body was hugging the two slender fingers until they were completely in. Otherwise, she wouldn't have felt this stuck.

While her body was occupied by the woman she loved, would there ever be a time when she would be able to resist the desire from deep inside?

Because when the other person moved every part of their body to match each other, the happiness from those touches only reinforced how much influence Thayavee had on her body and heart.

Throughout the short time they had the chance to live together, Thayavee's being had seeped into her heart until it became a part of her life.

A relationship without a goal was scary because of this. When she accidentally let her heart get attached it's probably you who will suffer when the time comes to let go....

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# Chapter : 19

Late in the morning the next day, Thayavee woke up feeling a bit better. She still felt dizzy and had a lingering headache, but she could clearly remember all the details and the events from the previous night.

Prisa was curled up in her arms, and their bond felt as deep as ever, just like when they were living together normally.

But now, the warmth of the body that used to be close to hers no longer carried the familiar scent that she used to bury her face in.

The tall figure sat up and looked around the room, but there was no sign of the woman who had said she hated her so much.

A sudden suspicion sparked some thoughts, making her hurry to jump out of bed. She grabbed a bathrobe to cover her bare body and rushed to the bedroom door, throwing it open.

The hallway was still empty. There were no signs of anyone-no luggage or anything that would suggest Prisa was still there.

When she walked into the kitchen to check, she found a bowl of unfinished rice porridge on the table, next to some medicine.

There was no note or message, but the warmth of the porridge confirmed that someone had just left not long ago.

Her heart trembled from the small act of care that the other person had left for her - even until the very last moment.

So how was she supposed to feel?

Should she be happy that the relationship had ended, or was she now missing her even more?

While Tayavee was still standing there, lost in her confused thoughts, the other person - who had left the condo with her suitcase - had already chosen the easier way back by taking a taxi.

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Prisa closed her eyes with exhaustion. Her body felt just as tired as her heart. Every memory from last night still kept bothering her non-stop.

Even now, not only did she not understand herself, but she also didn't get where Thayavee found the strength - even though she was sick from being drugged, she still had the energy to keep pulling her close, again and again, until both her body and heart were left weak from all those touches.

They missed each other too much. The way their bodies fit together and brought pleasure to each other only reminded her even more of how deeply they longed for one another.

It all blended together so perfectly, it was almost scary that even after the relationship was over, she might still keep missing her and never be able to stop.

She should've never let it happen... when she had already planned to end things.

Prisa got home around nine in the morning, just as her younger brother was heading out.

His dream of joining the entertainment industry had led Paros to secretly audition for the lead role in a BL series that had been announced on a website last month.

And when the production team finally reached out, she still remembered how he had jumped with joy to celebrate that first step toward his dream.

And because he had an appointment to sign a contract this morning, Paris dressed up nicely and left the house early.

Prisa knew this because he had sent her a photo and a message earlier, updating her about where he was.

So when she got home, Prisa dragged her suitcase straight up to her bedroom.

The first thing she needed was rest. After spending all night taking care of someone sick - and getting completely drained both physically and emotionally - she was so tired that her legs almost gave out the moment she stepped inside.

By the afternoon, light rain began to fall, making the streets feel a little gloomy.

Paris didn't take his sister's car today because the meeting location was close to the BTS (Skytrain) station, so he chose the easier and more convenient option.

On his way home, he stopped to buy Pad Thai from his favorite vendor near the entrance of their street. The shop wasn't far from their house, so after picking up two portions, he carried the plastic bag and walked along the path back toward the neighborhood.

But when he was less than 20 meters away from home, a car suddenly swerved in front of him at high speed.

"What the hell? Who drives like that?!"

He didn't have time to jump out of the way. Water from the recent rain which had collected in shallow puddles - splashed all over his favorite clothes.

Paris frowned deeply, looking down at the dirty water stains all over his outfit. Then he looked up to see the back of the car that had just sped by.

Once he saw the brand and color of the car, he got even angrier than he already was.

Of course he recognized that car. And he was sure what had just happened wasn't an accident. It had to be on purpose - especially now that the car had its hazard lights on and was pulling over right in front of him.

He was so mad it felt like steam was about to come out of his ears. He stormed straight toward the driver who was just getting out of the car.

Until he was standing face-to-face with them.

"You drove like crap just now - was that on purpose? Were you trying to mess with me?!"

"Mess with you?"

Thayavee shot him a cold look. She had no reason to be polite to the guy who had messed up her relationship with the woman she considered her wife.

"You think you're that important? You really believe someone like me would waste my time doing petty things to a guy like you?"

She didn't hold back, throwing sharp words at him with zero concern for his feelings. She wasn't the least bit fazed by his serious, angry tone.

The truth was, she hadn't meant to splash him or mess with anyone. She was in a rush, trying to get there in time to wait for someone - that's why she hadn't been as careful as she should've been.

But once she saw what she'd done through her rearview mirror, she had actually slowed down and pulled over, planning to apologize and take responsibility.

That is, until she saw who it was.

The moment she realized it was him, all those good intentions disappeared instantly.

Not only did she feel no guilt, but the dislike she already had for him made her feel even more satisfied seeing him drenched and upset. Her glare said it all - she was enjoying this.

"Guess it's too much to expect an apology, huh? Are all rich people as arrogant as you? You and your whole family - like father, like child! My sister should've never gotten involved with people like you. Damn it!"

*Sister?*

*Father and child? What does any of that have to do with this?!*

Thayavee was about to be angry at being yelled at, but those strange comments caught her off guard. The words didn't sit right, and she couldn't ignore them.

Her brain replayed every word he said, and the confusion made her frown.

"What do you mean, 'like father, like child'? And your sister - what does she have to do with me?"

At that point, Paris almost laughed out loud. So this big-time CEO was actually this clueless?

But before he could say what was on his mind, someone else's voice interrupted them.

"What's going on here, Ris?"

Prisa quickly walked up to stand beside her younger brother, glancing down to check his clothes. Truth be told, she had seen the whole thing happen. While she was outside getting a package from the delivery guy, the scene had played out right in front of her.

"You should just ask this woman yourself,"

Paris said, not missing the chance to complain to his sister.

"Ask her why my clothes ended up looking like this - totally ruined." Normally, he wasn't the type to make a big deal, but the moment he sensed a snobby attitude from this rich woman, he didn't feel like being the gentleman anymore.

When Prisa shifted her gaze from her brother to the person responsible, Thayavee just stood there silently. The annoyed and ready-to-fight expression she had a moment ago seemed to have faded a little.

Maybe... the effects of the illness she had were wearing off. Maybe it was hitting her now.

"Why did you do this?" Prisa asked quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Tayavee replied - completely changing the topic.

She didn't answer the question about what just happened, because deep down she knew it was an accident. But with all the confusing things that had been said earlier, Thayavee just wanted answers - and she wanted to hear them from Prisa herself.

But her question didn't seem to make much of an impact. The person she hoped would explain things - calmly and clearly - just looked even more displeased.

Prisa didn't want to think badly of her. She didn't want to believe Thayavee would stoop so low as to take out her frustrations on her little brother in such a childish way.

"I didn't think you'd do something like this."

"I didn't mean to... I didn't do it on purpose."

"If you say so, Risa will try to understand. Let's go back inside, Ris."

"But I really didn't mean to hurt him. Stop talking for a moment, Risa." Just as she was about to turn and walk away, Prisa had to stop because her wrist was gently held back by the other person's hand.

"Just tell me. Tell me what you've never told me before. Is it really that hard? Why did you do this?"

Prisa looked into the other person's eyes for a moment. At this point, there was no reason to avoid the truth anymore. Even if Thayavee knew now, things between them couldn't go back to how they were.

"Ris is my younger brother. That's what you wanted to hear, right?"

Her heart, once tired and dry, suddenly felt a little better. Thayavee's eyes lit up with joy.

She glanced at the young guy she once accused of having an affair with her wife.

But sorry! Even if he was her brother-in-law, that annoying face of his still bothered her.

"Fine, I'll say sorry. But I still didn't mean to hurt anyone. And I'm only apologizing because I ruined your clothes."

"If you don't really want to apologize, that's okay. I don't mind. And excuse me, but I'm taking my sister back."

As soon as he finished speaking, Paris reached out and gently pulled his sister's wrist away from the woman holding her.

He didn't know why, but he just felt annoyed by this woman. Suddenly, he felt protective of his sister and didn't want her near someone with such a bad attitude.

"But your sister is my wife. Risa, we still have things we need to talk about."

At the end of her sentence, Thayavee looked at her with pleading eyes. She didn't even try to keep up her pride anymore. All that arrogance was goneshe looked like she was falling apart.

And now that she knew the truth wasn't what she had imagined, all she wanted was to pull that slender body into a hug. She missed her. She wanted to hold her close, kiss her, make up for all the time Prisa had left her with those crazy feelings.

It had been too long. So long that she realized her daily life without that woman around just didn't feel right. There was no happiness in it.

While Prisa was still standing there, looking into Thayavee's eyes, the cloudy sky-which had stopped raining since morning-started to bring down raindrops again.

Tiny droplets began to fall, and Paris gently tugged on his sister's arm.

"It's starting to rain. Let's go back inside before you catch a cold."

Paris said that last part to his sister, but it stirred up a feeling in her-a reminder of the person who'd been there all night, wiping her down and taking care of her.

"The rain's starting again. You should go back to your car now." Her words were soft but distant. And they could only mean two things:

One, she wanted her to leave.

Two, she didn't want to continue this anymore.

But either way, it wasn't the answer Thayavee was hoping for.

She stood there, still locking eyes with her-refusing to follow the request. At that moment, she didn't care anymore that they weren't together.

She wasn't going to walk away that easily-not when it came to someone like Thayavee. No way would she let this end like that.

That was her wife, after all. A wife she had completely fallen in love with.

No matter what, Prisa would have to take responsibility for that.

"I love you, Risa. I love you so much, I can't just let go of my own wife like it's nothing."

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# Chapter : 20

When it came time to speak, someone like Thayaveer could say these words without a care for anyone's gaze. As a result, the person being confessed to now found it hard to hide her emotions.

Prisa glanced at her younger brother, then at the person still standing there with pleading eyes. The embarrassment was undeniable, but it was also mixed with unexpected emotions. She never imagined she would have the chance to hear such words from someone who usually kept a hard exterior.

The relationship between the two of them didn't begin under the best circumstances. It emerged amidst numerous conditions, and based on the thoughts that had crossed her mind before, there was no way it could end in happiness.

But now, today, these words of confession, coupled with a sincere gaze, were shaking her previous resolve. All her thoughts were beginning to change. It forced Prisa to ask herself:

*If they loved each other, why did she have to let go of the person she loved?*

And at their age, they were too mature to be playing games of petty quarrels when their hearts longed for each other every single day. So, why should they block their own chance at happiness?

"Please drive into the house and park," she said.

Those few words, though brief, were enough to make Thayaveer's world light up instantly. And now that the opportunity had come, she certainly wouldn't let it slip away.

The small house welcomed someone for the first time, while Paris excused herself to go upstairs to shower and change. Meanwhile, the visitor followed the homeowner, stopping in the middle of the living room.

Her sharp gaze scanned the house briefly. The space was simple, with no complex layout. The house was clean, and every piece of furniture was neatly arranged in a simple and orderly fashion.

But as she continued her examination of the decorations, something caught her eye, prompting a question to arise in her mind.

"Is there only two of you living in this house?"

Prisa paused, following the direction of the other person's gaze, which was fixed on a photo frame placed on a built-in shelf.

The photo was a family picture, showing her mother, younger brother, and herself dressed in her graduation gown.

"Before, my mother was here with us," she replied.

Her answer didn't really clarify much, causing Thayavee to take the liberty of walking closer to examine the photo. In the image, everyone was smiling, especially the woman who stood out the most in her eyes.

Prisa was very beautiful, whether it was just in the picture or the real person standing right in front of her now.

Her smile was sweet and charming, it could easily make anyone's heart race, almost unlocking their feelings.

Thayavee felt as if she was becoming another person who could easily fall in love with this woman.

"So where is your mom now? Do I need to get to know her? At least because you're... my wife."

Prisa didn't say anything about the status the other person was talking about but smiled faintly and looked at the photo.

"My mom is no longer here."

The sentence made her beautiful eyebrows furrow in confusion, feeling uneasy about the answer that hadn't been elaborated upon. Before they had a chance to continue their conversation, Paris's tall figure appeared again, looking a little different than before.

Thayavee glanced at the young man, who was dressed casually. Paris was slightly taller than her, but not by more than 3-4 centimeters, judging by eye level. The young man was probably around 180 cm tall.

"I'm hungry. Sorry for interrupting. Do you want to eat together? You mentioned you haven't eaten anything since this morning, right?"

After speaking, Paris headed straight for the kitchen, pulling out a plasticwrapped package of pad Thai, followed by two more plates.

Thankfully, his pad Thai package had survived, or else he might have gotten even hungrier and more annoyed at the person who caused it.

"Would you like to eat with us?" she asked.

"There are only two packages. You two siblings can have them. I'll just sit on the couch in front of the TV and wait," she replied.

She didn't know what was inside the package, but it wasn't meant for a third person anyway. Even though since last night up until now, she had only eaten a few bites of the porridge that the other person had prepared, Thayavee didn't want to impose too much on the two siblings.

Also, the discomfort in her throat from being sick made it hard to enjoy any smells.

"Did you eat the porridge I prepared for you this morning?" she asked.

"Mm," came the short response.

The short, blunt answer made it clear for anyone who knew the stubborn, proud nature of the person involved. They could understand automatically without needing any more explanation.

"If you can manage some street pad Thai, come sit and eat with us."

"But I..."

"You're still feeling a bit tired. Have something to eat and then I'll get you some medicine to help you feel better."

That was the only reason. The care and concern conveyed through every little gesture made Thayavee not want to argue.

After walking into the kitchen together, Prisa made sure the tall woman sat in the chair across from her younger brother. She then walked over to grab another plate to divide her portion of pad Thai into two.

Thayavee glanced at the young man, who was still wearing a neutral expression. Prisa showed no reaction to her brother's actions. He wasn't a three-year-old who would throw a tantrum just because his sister had someone else in her life.

Even though he was protective, he could differentiate between being possessive and understanding that, sooner or later, he and his sister would have moments where they would live their own lives.

"Is everything okay today, Ris?"

"Next month we're scheduled to start filming. I'm so excited!"

Paris replied, speaking to his sister in a natural tone, without any nervousness, making the atmosphere feel comfortable for everyone sitting at the table.

And because of the small, habitual gestures they'd done so many times, at the moment the young man was about to scoop a shrimp from his plate to place it onto his sister's, Thayavee did the exact same thing.

For a brief moment, Thayavee and Paris locked eyes, neither saying anything. In the end, two shrimp ended up in the plate of the thinner person, who quietly observed both of them.

Then, the atmosphere at the dinner table continued simply, with the siblings carrying on their conversation.

From time to time, Thayavee just quietly listened. She wanted to observe and take in all the little details-so she could understand everything about the woman she loved.

Over time, their relationship had been full of challenges, and because of that, she barely knew anything personal about the woman she loved.

There was the unfinished conversation about her mother from earlier, and then the harsh words Paris had said to her before that.

Some of the things Paris had said-especially the part where she mentioned "enough"-made Thayavee feel uneasy. She knew her father's behavior well, and her instincts told her something wasn't right. She couldn't just let it go.

She had to know the truth.

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After dinner, Paris excused herself and went to his room. The rain outside was still pouring, with no sign of stopping.

Prisa gave Thayavee some fever medicine. Her body felt warm again-it was a sign that the fever was coming back.

Because she looked so tired and sleepy, the host couldn't bear to see her like that. So she brought Thayavee to rest in her own bedroom.

But the moment they were alone, the one who looked like she was about to fall asleep just moments ago suddenly seemed to have energy again.

Right when the delicate woman tried to step away after covering Thayavee with a blanket, Thayavee quickly grabbed her slim waist and pulled her down-causing her to fall right on top of Thayavee's body.

"Khun First, earlier you said you were sleepy. Were you lying to me?"

"I wasn't lying. I was sleepy... but now, I just really want to hold my wife. And I think we still have things to talk about."

Thayavee tightened her arms around her. Now that they were alone, she wasn't going to waste the chance. Everything she had kept bottled up-it was time to finally talk about it.

"So... you want to talk while lying down like this?"

"Why not? Honestly, I kind of love talking like this."

"You're not being serious. You just want to get handsy."

"Who said I'm not serious? I'm serious about everything, Risa-about your mom, about us... about all the things we've never really talked about."

Maybe it was the way she looked at her-so deeply and seriously-that made Prisa give in so easily when Thayavee rolled over and pinned her gently beneath her.

She just lay there, quietly looking into her eyes, as their bodies touched so closely, their unspoken feelings pulling them toward each other.

"So... which topic do you want to start with?"

"I want to talk about the thing that's been driving me crazy. I want to know why you never told me Ris was your younger brother. You let me confused and restless for so long."

"It's because... that day you saw me with Ris in the car and jumped to conclusions-you accused me of cheating. I knew then... you wouldn't have listened to anything I said."

"But you should've at least told me something-not just turned your back and walked away. I thought you had someone else, that you were cheating on me... I couldn't take that, Risa."

"The reason I couldn't explain anything that day... was because my mom was waiting at the hospital. She passed away not long after I got there."

That was all it took to leave Thayavee speechless. So that's why Prisa disappeared... because everything in her life was falling apart?

While Prisa was facing such a painful loss, Thayavee had been acting so foolish-accusing, yelling, throwing hurtful words the moment they saw each other.

Thayavee looked into her eyes. She had lost her own mother before, so hearing this felt like someone hit a nerve. It made her feel even worse about how she had acted.

"I'm sorry, Risa. I really hate myself for what I did."

Her voice was full of regret-not just her words, but her whole posture. Thayavee buried her face into the curve of Prisa's neck, hiding her vulnerability.

"Please give me another chance. No more stupid conditions. You're my wife. You're the woman I love."

"You've told me you love me twice today already, you know?"

Feeling the emotion in the moment, Prisa didn't want to let her sit in that pain any longer. Now that everything was out in the open, there was no reason to keep holding on to the hurt from before.

"Don't you want to hear me say I love you too?"

Her sweet whisper right by Thayavee's ear was as soft as her hand gently stroking down her back.

Thayavee lifted her head from Prisa's neck. Just seeing that soft smile, those loving eyes looking up at her-she felt like she was completely giving in to this woman in every possible way.

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"It's still raining like crazy. I don't think I want to drive back to the condo tonight,"

Thayavee mumbled, her voice going low and husky, especially with Prisa's delicate fingers slipping under her shirt-clearly teasing on purpose.

"So... are you asking to stay over? Did I get that right?"

"Mmhmm... the whole night. I want to hear you say it."

Prisa wasn't sure why, but the way Thayavee looked at her-so needy, so full of longing-felt dangerously irresistible.

And then Thayavee started moving, slowly grinding her hips with purpose, letting their bodies press together through the fabric between them. The friction sent a sharp wave of heat through her, wanting to send a signal that she might tell the other person that she loves her all night long.

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# Chapter : 21

From that day on, their relationship became clearer than ever. What had once begun with complicated conditions had now grown into a shared life —built on love.

They were no longer just partners in name. They were lovers. Life partners.

Days had passed, yet Thayavee still hadn’t gotten answers to certain questions that continued to weigh on her mind. Her past experiences had taught her never to overlook things concerning someone she loved.

And since it was Prisa’s younger brother who had triggered her suspicions, it was obvious—he was the one who needed to give her those answers.

Paris adored his sister, so getting him to talk wasn’t too difficult. Eventually, Thayavee learned what really happened during the days of Prisa’s mother’s funeral.

Her own father had gone there—and had a conversation with Prisa.

Prisa wasn’t the type to tattle, but keeping quiet about something like this? That wasn’t okay.

Thayavee frowned deeply, her thoughts consumed by the new information she had just discovered.

Then came a knock at her office door, snapping her out of her thoughts. She looked up and simply said, “*Come in*,” as her secretary stepped inside with a folder in hand.

Today, Praewa was dressed in a cream-colored dress with a matching blazer. She was undeniably beautiful—on par with any woman. But not once had she stirred Thayavee’s heart.

“These are the budget documents for the new housing development project,”

Praewa explained politely.

“Khun Pierce asked me to bring them to you for a final review and signature.”

“Thanks. Oh, and before you go, could you grab the file with this year’s expense report? ? It should be in the file cabinet at the back.”

“Just a moment.”

With that, Praewa walked around to the filing cabinet slightly behind the desk. She scanned the neatly arranged folders until she spotted the one Thayavee had asked for—right near the top shelf.

After quickly gauging the height, she decided to go for it—rising up on her tiptoes, even with her three-inch heels, stretching as far as she could to reach it.

But apparently, she wasn’t quite tall enough, and the result was a bit clumsy.

“If you saw it was out of reach, why didn’t you just say so?”

Thayavee had noticed her struggling from the corner of her eye, and decided to swivel her chair around to help. But just as she turned, Praewa lost her balance—and landed squarely in Thayavee’s lap.

It couldn’t have been more perfectly timed if it were a scene from a cheesy soap opera. And to top it off, their lips accidentally bumped together— perfectly aligned.

It wasn’t some swoon-worthy, heart-fluttering moment. But still… Thayavee’s hand instinctively moved to hold Praewa by the waist.

The way she landed was… dangerous, to say the least. Her chest was pressing against Thayavee’s body, close enough that she could almost guess her bra size. And that short skirt—by now it had probably ridden up so high, her thighs were practically on full display.

Thayavee froze for a moment, her whole body tense. But no matter how much she tried to act unaffected, the way their bodies were pressed together was clearly getting to her—and Praewa could feel it. She smirked inwardly.

All this time acting so cold and untouchable, and just one accidental moment of skinship—Thayavee was already reacting this much?

*So this is what she likes?*

“I’m so sorry,”

Praewa said softly, pulling her face back just a bit.

“Did I hurt you?”

She sounded apologetic, even looked the part—but she didn’t move. She stayed right there on Thayavee’s lap, not making any effort to get up.

She just wanted to test the waters a bit more. To see how far she could push it. If her hunch was right, she figured she might finally have found a way to get under Thayavee’s skin.

Thayavee liked this kind of teasing—the kind that got physical. If that was the case, Praewa didn’t mind going all in. If it meant winning her over, even giving up her body might be worth it.

“Next time, just say something if you can’t reach,”

Thayavee muttered, ignoring her question and scolding instead.

But before Praewa could answer—or either of them could move—the door to the office suddenly swung open. No knock, no waiting for permission.

Thayavee practically shoved her secretary off like she'd touched a hot stove. Of course, the only reason she could be this startled—was because the person who had just barged in was none other than the man constantly trying to push this woman onto her.

“Uncle…”

Praewa was the first to speak, her sentence out loud as she tried to mask her unease. She immediately slipped into her practiced demure mode, hastily straightening her clothes, putting on a flustered expression with all the grace of a woman trained in the art of playing innocent.

Seeing that only made Thayavee’s face grow more and more tense. The way Praewa was fussing with her outfit made everything look far more suggestive than it had been. Anyone walking in would jump to the wrong conclusion instantly.

“Prae, why don’t you step out for a moment? I need to have a word with her —just the two of us.”

“Of course, Uncle. I’ll excuse myself.”

Praewa gave a polite wai before walking out of the room, leaving behind a thick air of tension between father and daughter. It was Thayavee who finally broke the silence.

“So, what brings you here, Dad? Must be something important if you came all the way up to my office yourself instead of just having my secretary summon me like usual.”

“What? If I hadn’t walked in myself, I wouldn’t have witnessed that little ‘moment’ between you and Praewa. So—how far along are you two?”

“Please stop,”

Thayavee snapped, her tone laced with frustration.

“Whatever you think you saw, it was just an accident. You’re reading way too much into it.”

“An accident? You were kissing. You honestly expect me to believe that was nothing? I wasn’t born yesterday.”

“This is ridiculous.”

She muttered it under her breath, barely restraining her irritation. Honestly, she was sick of it—sick of him constantly forcing his expectations and wants onto her.

“You need to take responsibility for your actions,”

Her father snapped.

“Praewa is the daughter of my close friend, not some toy for you to play with.”

“Don’t overdramatize this, my lord,” Thayavee replied coolly.

“I already told you—it was an accident. If you don’t believe me, feel free to ask her yourself. But let me make one thing clear: I have never had the desire to get involved with any of the women you keep trying to shove into my life. And I’m certainly not so desperate that I need to go around collecting other women like playthings—especially when I already have a wife.”

“Wife?”

The word made his expression darken even further.

“Since when did I ever acknowledge that woman as my daughter-in-law?”

“And when has your approval ever mattered to me?”

She shot back, her voice cold and unwavering.

“Don’t try to corner me into a decision, Dad. Because if you do—if you push me too far—then even this last name I carry, or the fact that we’re blood-related, won’t mean a thing to me.”

Her words struck like ice—firm, cutting, and completely devoid of hesitation. The look in her eyes made it clear: her patience was wearing thin, and his control over her was fast slipping through his fingers.

And he knew it. If he kept pressing, the already-cracked relationship between them would shatter for good.

Thayavee was far too much like him. Too proud. Too unyielding. He couldn’t bully her into submission—not anymore. And deep down, he knew… he couldn’t truly cut her off either.

No matter how furious he was with his eldest daughter, he couldn’t forget the moment he first held her in his arms after his wife gave birth. His daughters were his pride. They were the heart of the family, the completion of the love he once shared with his late wife.

From the moment she was born, Thayavee had always been too much like him. And that was the cruel irony—he could never win against someone who mirrored his very soul.

Frustrated, he stormed out of her office, jaw clenched, eyes dark. His daughter was a rebel to the bone. And trying to fight someone like her… was a battle he’d only ever lose.

And now, he was at a loss to force everything to go in the direction he wanted.

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**That same evening…**

Thayavee left the office before 5 PM and went straight back to her condo without stopping anywhere.

Ever since her loved one agreed to move back in with her, Thayavee had never come home late—not even once. And if she ever had to stay out late, she would always let her sweetheart know what was going on.

When she got back to the condo, Thayavee rushed to hug the delicate figure who was busy cooking in the kitchen.

She pressed her nose gently against the soft cheek, breathing in the lovely scent again and again. The person who had just finished cooking had to pull away quickly because it tickled too much.

“Mmm, what smells so good? I’ve been in the kitchen all day,”

Said Prisa with a little laugh.

“I missed you. Even if you've been in the kitchen all day, you still smell amazing. So… how was your day?”

Thayavee hugged her even tighter, resting her chin gently on her partner’s delicate shoulder. She didn’t mind the little beads of sweat on that smooth face or graceful neck— not even a bit.

Ever since they decided to live together again as a couple, Thayavee had made it clear that her partner had to stop taking on work like before.

So for the past week, Prisa had been busy planning a business based on what she was good at—something she believed could give her a better future.

Part of that drive, besides wanting a stable life, came from her wish to improve herself. She wanted to be good enough to stand proudly beside Thayavee—without making her feel embarrassed in any way.

“I think I might be good at cooking. Back then, I used to help my mom sell food, and she taught me a bunch of recipes. So I tried a few out today.

Maybe opening a restaurant is the answer I’ve been looking for. I feel confident I could do well with it.”

“Then go for it. If you want a good location, I’ve got plenty of land you can choose from. Pick one. Or even better—set up in a mall, build a standout brand, plan the marketing right… You tell me how big you want this to be, and I’ll make it happen.”

“I am dreaming so big... But in the end, I’d still have to rely on your money, right?”

“That’s not a problem, Risa. You and I—we’re like one person now. Anything that makes my wife happy, I’ll support. Don’t stress about the money. Supporting my wife isn’t something to feel bad about. Even if you didn’t want to work a single day in your life, I could still take care of everything.”

“But I just can’t do that. What if one day you leave me? What would I have left—just a bag of clothes?”

“You’re still thinking like that? Don’t you feel how much I love you? Don’t you know how scared I am of you going out and meeting new people— someone might try to flirt with you, and I won’t even be able to say anything. That’s how much I care. I’ll give everything I have, and I won’t hold back. Whatever money I’ve got, just use it however you want.”

“Did you ever go this far for any other woman?”

“If she’s not my wife, why would I give so much of myself?”

Thayavee answered clearly, showing how serious she was. Ever since they decided to live together, she didn’t want any distance between them—not even when it came to money.

If her partner ever needed anything, she could freely use what Thayavee had. She wanted them to share everything, to be open about everything.

And of course, Thayavee never left out the stories from her past—including the one that explained why she had such a strained relationship with her father.

When she looked back to when she was 18, she was just a rich girl who always got her way.

On the day she got her driver’s license, her dad had also just given her a new car. Excited, she insisted on driving it herself for a family trip to Hua Hin.

Her mom was worried, so instead of riding in the van with her dad and twin sister, she chose to ride along with Thayavee.

But then something unexpected happened along the way—a car accident.

Her mother had to stay in the hospital for months. Her father was furious. He couldn’t even look at Thayavee, blaming her completely.

Things got even worse when her mother passed away later on… and from that moment, Thayavee felt like she had become a murderer in his eyes.

Her father’s eyes had looked at her that way ever since—as if she were marked with guilt. Once upon a time, she’d been the daughter he loved most, the one he was proud of. But now, she felt like the one he hated the most.

Those memories still hurt. The feelings from that day came rushing back, making her feel even worse about herself. But by now, she was so used to it that Thayavee had learned to quickly control her emotions.

“I had another fight with him today.”

“What was it about this time?”

Prisa asked gently.

She wasn’t surprised. Thayavee had mentioned before that things weren’t great between her and her father.

But she never shared the full details. All she really talked about was the accident that led to her mother’s death. Beyond that, there were things she left out—like the part about the woman her father had been trying to set her up with. He’d even gone so far as to attend her mother’s funeral just to bring up the subject.

And up until now, Prisa still didn’t know who that woman was.

“It was just the usual… stupid stuff, really. Nothing serious. I’m just venting because it’s been stressing me out.”

Thayavee said with a tired sigh.

But after letting a bit of her frustration slip, she found herself holding back again. She still hadn’t told Prisa the full story—especially not about her father always trying to match her with some other woman.

She had always assumed Prisa didn’t know anything… until today, when Paris accidentally spilled the truth.

Still, how could she possibly admit what really happened? That there had been an awkward accident, and she accidentally kissed the very woman her father wanted her to marry?

No way. She didn’t want to risk getting kicked out of the bedroom tonight. That would be a disaster.

As Thayavee was lost in her spiraling thoughts, the woman in her arms suddenly turned around to face her.

Then her heart skipped a beat—Prisa’s gaze suddenly froze on her lips. Her long lashes lowered slowly, like she was studying something.

Just that small look made Thayavee’s skin crawl with panic. Her whole back tingled with nerves.

“Why is your mouth smudged? What did you do?”

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# Chapter : 22

"Huh?"

"I still remembers - you usually don't wear lipstick in that shade. Especially not bright red like this. You didn't even have it on this morning."

It's true that Thayavee is a very beautiful woman, but her style is more cool and edgy. Her looks and the way she carries herself are actually more attractive to women than to men.

And she knows it too. That's probably why she never goes for a super glam makeup look.

Most of the time, she keeps it natural - maybe just a little bit of makeup and a hint of gloss on her lips to give them a soft shine.

So when something seems off - especially bright red lipstick smudged around her lips - it's pretty obvious that something weird is going on.

And of course, with evidence this clear, it's hard not to think something suspicious happened.

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"Risa."

"Did you kiss another woman?"

"It's not like that - it was just an accident."

When Prisa pulled back with a serious look and tried to get out of

Thayavee's arms, Thayavee started panicking, stumbling over her words.

She might've dated a lot of women before, but since she never saw herself as a player, she had no idea how to handle a situation like this smoothly.

She held Prisa tightly around the waist - even if Prisa punched her out of anger right now, there was no way she was letting go when she was this upset.

"What kind of accident leaves lipstick all over your mouth like that?"

"You're not usually this mad. Are you... jealous?"

Prisa was stunned into silence by Thayavee's soft voice. She realized she was feeling jealous - and even more annoyed seeing Thayavee smiling like she didn't do anything wrong.

"If you weren't someone I loved, why would I even feel this way? Are you smiling because you think it's funny?"

"No, not at all. I'd never find it funny if I made you angry. I'm smiling because... I'm happy that you care enough to be this upset."

Thayavee couldn't hide her smile. Sure, she was nervous that Prisa was mad, but deep down, since she knew she hadn't actually cheated, she felt like she hadn't really done anything wrong.

"Can you just listen to me first? Let me explain everything, and then you can decide if you're still mad."

- But with the way Thayavee looked at her, full of affection... and especially when she called herself "P'" (a sweet way to refer to oneself as the older one)... Prisa's heart was already starting to melt.

Thayavee always had this effect on her - she could never really stay mad or resist her for long.

"The fight I mentioned earlier... it was because of this," Thayavee said.

Now that Prisa had calmed down a bit, Thayavee began explaining everything that happened in her office - slowly, honestly.

Prisa kept her eyes locked on Thayavee the whole time. She wasn't someone who easily doubted others, and the look in Thayavee's eyes didn't show any signs of lying or hiding anything.

"I didn't tell you right away because I was scared you'd overthink it. I didn't want us to fight."

"Do I really seem like someone who's that unreasonable?"

"Not at all. If someone like you is considered unreasonable, then I don't think there's any truly kind woman left in the world."

Thayavee smiled.

"So... are we good now?"

"I'm not mad... it's just..."

She caught sight of the lipstick stain still faintly visible on Thayavee's lips. Just thinking about how close that other woman must've gotten - lips touching - made her stomach twist. She wasn't the type to just forget it and let things slide easily.

Prisa's irritation flared up again.

"Go take a shower. I don't want to see that."

"Okay, okay. I'll go right now,"

Thayavee replied quickly.

She let go of Prisa without complaint. Right now, there was no point pushing back. Half an hour later, she returned in fresh clothes and joined Prisa at the dinner table.

The meal was quiet and simple, but peaceful. And little by little, the warmth between them grew stronger - weaving them closer together every day.

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Everything about the other person - their personality, their belongings, their little daily habits - had slowly blended into her life. It was getting harder and harder to tell where one ended and the other began. They were almost like one person now.

After her shower, Prisa headed into the dressing room. Thayavee was lying on the bed, casually playing with her phone, eyes quietly following Prisa's every move - from the moment she stepped out of the bathroom in a clean white bathrobe.

Prisa stopped in front of the vanity where both their skincare products were so mixed together, it could hardly tell whose was whose. She picked up a jar of cream and gently began applying it to her face.

Meanwhile, Thayavee, who had been sprawled out on the bed earlier, suddenly appeared at the doorway between the bedroom and dressing area, leaning casually against the frame.

Prisa caught her reflection moving in the mirror just before Thayavee - now in dark blue pajama pants - walked up and stood right behind her, slowly wrapping her arms around Prisa's waist from behind.

"Why did you take so long in the shower? I've been waiting forever."

It wasn't just the teasing words. The way Thayavee was looking at her through the mirror said everything - that quiet intensity in her eyes made it clear what she was thinking.

But that wasn't all. She gently pressed her nose against the side of Risa's neck, and the hands resting over her flat stomach began to move - slow, subtle, brushing lightly over the robe. Even through the fabric, her touch sent a rush of heat through Prisa's whole body.

"I'm just putting on some cream. Almost done."

"But I don't want to stop."

"Khun First..."

"From now on, you should call your wife *Phi*."

Prisa felt like her mind was going blank. The soft, teasing voice - mixed with a husky tone - made it even harder to stay composed. And Thayavee's wandering hand had already slipped under the gap of her robe, gently playing with her chest while still whispering for her to say *Phi* *(a sweet, affectionate way to refer to an older partner).*

Prisa braced her hands against the counter. She didn't push her away - her body was already reacting to Thayavee's slow, affectionate touch.

Thayavee's nose nuzzled along Prisa's neck, while slender fingers moved in soft circles over her chest. Every touch sparked waves of sensation through her body.

A warm ache started to build in her belly - a low, pulsing need that made her feel flushed and breathless. She could feel the heat and dampness between her legs, even though Thayavee hadn't even touched her there yet.

Thayavee always had a way of cornering her like this, emotionally and physically. If just her touch could get her pregnant, Prisa was sure she'd already be expecting their second child by now.

The word "*sex addict*" that Thayavee had jokingly called herself before - it wasn't really a joke. It was part of who she was, part of how she expressed love. And over time, Prisa had noticed how her own body had started reacting more and more to Thayavee's touch.

Just a little graze, a soft brush, and her whole body would come alive ready to respond. It surprised even her.

Risa closed her eyes as she felt Thayavee's warm lips press against the soft skin at her neck, gently sucking, making her knees almost give out.

Her focus on anything else had completely faded. The heat of Thayavee's breath traveled up to her ear, lips teasing and nibbling, sending a wave of chills down her spine.

Thayavee glanced at the mirror, watching herself touch Risa - and watched Risa's face, lost in that moment of desire. Her lips parted slightly, sometimes biting them to keep any sounds from slipping out. The sight stirred something deep in Thayavee - an ache that throbbed through her whole body.

Risa was someone whose desire could be sparked so easily - and now that it was, the urge to keep going only grew stronger. In one smooth motion, the sash around Risa's robe was tugged loose.

In a blink, her soft, milky skin was exposed, glowing in the light. Her reflection in the mirror was beautiful, completely irresistible. Thayavee's hand slowly moved lower to explore the warmth waiting beneath.

"Hmm... Phi First."

"You're so wet."

"Why do you have to say that..."

"Just say that you want to have sex with your wife. Is it bad that I want to make my wife feel good?"

"At this point..... right-ahhh!"

Prisa let out an embarrassed moan, her stomach clenched, body curling slightly from the intense sensation as the fingertip that was swirling among the wet petals moved towards the small sensitive spot and started to rub it again and again.

"Ah-P'First, don't-don't do that. I can't... I can't take it..."

# Chapter : 23

From morning until afternoon, Thayavee stayed in her office, not even thinking about lunch yet. That's because she had a date with her lover around 1 p.m.

Earlier, she had already had some black coffee and a fried egg made by her lover, so she decided to just wait. She wasn't someone who ate much anyway, so skipping a proper lunch wasn't a big deal for her.

While she was working, there was a knock at the office door. After giving permission to enter, the door opened.

Praewa came in with some documents for her to sign. They had a brief conversation, but ever since that incident a few days ago, Thayavee had been keeping her distance. She only talked to Praewa about work-nothing friendly, no small talk.

Thayavee acted very differently with her other secretary. It was like she wanted to make it clear that Praewa's little tricks and charms didn't work on her.

The work atmosphere was a bit tense, but Thayavee understood Praewa had some hidden agenda. That's why she couldn't bring herself to treat her warmly.

Praewa had so many other options in life-she was the daughter of a government minister, and her family ran their own business. There was no real reason for her to be a personal secretary unless she had an ulterior motive. Thayavee believed Praewa wouldn't stick around long anyway-if she didn't get what she came for, she'd eventually give up.

It seemed like this silent power game was starting to get to Praewa. She walked out of the office just like she did every day, holding herself with pride-just like you'd expect from a minister's daughter.

But just as she stepped out, her feet suddenly stopped. She gave a polite smile, like any proper secretary would, when she saw another woman standing there, chatting with Thayavee's other secretary.

Praewa secretly sized the woman up, quietly taking in her elegance and beauty. At the same time, her ears picked up their conversation.

"Ms. First told me earlier, that if Ms. Prisa arrives, I should let her go right in."

The secretary said.

"Thank you very much,"

Prisa replied with a soft smile-the kind she give when talking to her lover's staff. Then her pretty eyes shifted toward Praewa, who had just stepped out of Thayavee's office.

Prisa noticed how stunning the woman in front of her was, and how she didn't look like just any regular secretary. It wasn't hard for her to guess-this must be the same woman Thayavee had told her about before.

*The minister's daughter.*

The one who seemed perfect in every way. Even more, she was someone Thayavee's family had once hoped would become more than just a secretary.

Still, Prisa gave her a polite smile, then calmly walked past her into the office of the woman she loved.

Once Prisa disappeared behind the door, Praewa couldn't help but question in her mind-why did *that* woman get to walk right in to see Thayavee without an appointment?

She was sure of it. Normally, she was the one who handled all of Thayavee's schedules. If someone showed up out of the blue, she would know. This visit was clearly unplanned.

It was unusual. Thayavee never let anyone in unless it was work-related.

Praewa couldn't help but think about the situation. If she had to guess, that woman definitely wasn't there for work.

"Who was that woman earlier? How come Ms. First allowed her to come in without an appointment? As far as I know, there's no meeting scheduled for this afternoon."

"Oh, that woman? She's Ms. First's girlfriend,"

The secretary explained.

"When you went out for lunch and hadn't come back yet, Ms. First ordered that her partner would stop by. She also said that if Ms. Prisa comes again in the future and Ms. First is in a meeting or not in the office, we should invite her to wait inside."

Praewa felt a sudden sting, even though she already knew Thayavee had a partner. But seeing that woman today made it feel real, almost like a slap to her face.

She was the daughter of a minister, just as accomplished as anyone, educated, and as beautiful as any woman could be. So why was she lowering herself to sit and wait for a woman who was already taken?

Even though Thayavee seemed to appreciate her skills and potential, Praewa couldn't help but wonder why she was sticking around. Why was she wasting her life, waiting for someone who already had someone else?

While Praewa was caught in her own thoughts, Prisa, who had just entered the office, was starting to realize why Thayavee had insisted she come by.

It was because Thayavee wanted to block the woman her father had planned for her.

Prisa gave a playful look to the tall woman, who had greeted her with a smile as soon as the door was opened. But it wasn't just the smile. The woman, who held an executive position, was opening her arms, ready to welcome Prisa even though she was sitting behind her desk.

"That doesn't seem appropriate,"

Prisa said.

"Not appropriate? It's just hugging my wife. Besides, no one will dare disturb us. I've already given the orders."

"Is this why you were pushing me to come here, so you could use me to block that other woman? If you're really serious about it, why don't you just tell her directly?"

"I already told her. I even told her that my wife at home is my real priority."

Prisa wanted to pinch the person who was exaggerating things. She had never thought of herself that way. She just stayed out of those kinds of situations in case Thayavee ever strayed.

Prisa then decided to walk over and sit on her lover's lap. Thayavee took the opportunity, and in a split second, kissed her on the lips, which were softly coated with peach-colored lipstick.

It was sweet, and the kiss was so tempting that Thayavee wanted to kiss deeper.

"Aren't you worried your lipstick will smudge?"

"It's my wife's lipstick, not anyone else's."

"Always reminding me, huh? So, this is why you wanted me to come here, for this reason?"

"Well, you could say that. I just want everyone to know that you're the only one for me. And it's also for your peace of mind."

"I understand, even though you're really possessive, I don't think you need to go this far."

"I do think it's necessary. Because, for me, my wife's feelings are more important than anyone else's. As for what others think, well... Let them talk. Those people don't have any effect on my happiness anyway," Thayavee said.

Prisa gave a soft, sweet smile that was so gentle and cute, it made Thayavee's heart flutter without even trying.

Day by day, she was falling even harder. Thayavee felt like she was falling in love all over again - like a lovestruck teen girl. It was getting ridiculous.

"Don't be so sweet,"

Prisa said playfully.

"The more you act like this, the more possessive I feel. If one day I ever saw you like this with another woman... I don't even want to imagine what I'd turn into."

"After all this time? Who would dare?"

Thayavee chuckled.

"The thing I'm most afraid of is getting kicked out of the bedroom by my wife."

Those words sparked a few thoughts in Prisa's mind. But more than that, the way Thayavee looked at her - those sweet eyes settling on her lips - said everything loud and clear.

Knowing exactly what her partner wanted, Prisa didn't pull away when Thayavee leaned in to kiss her.

Thayavee took her time, savoring the sweet softness of Prisa's lips. The kiss was slow and gentle at first, but as they began to share warm breaths, the heat between them started to build fast.

The kiss deepened naturally - their tongues dancing together, so closely it was impossible to tell whose was whose. Thayavee's hand slid from Prisa's slim waist up to her full chest, gently caressing. Their breathing grew heavier, the desire intensifying like fire catching dry leaves.

"P'First... we need to stop,"

Prisa whispered breathlessly.

"We're in your office..." "Why does this always happen?"

Thayavee murmured, frustrated.

"I only meant to kiss you, but the moment I see your face, I just... can't help

it."

She grumbled softly, her gaze fixed with warm intensity on her lover's sweet face. Before her desire could spiral further, her hand finally withdrew from Prisa's chest-though her breath still came unevenly. If she indulged even a second longer, she knew it would be nearly impossible to hold herself back.

"We need to go take care of our errands now,"

Prisa said softly, brushing her fingers along Thayavee's cheek.

"But once we're back at the condo... I'll let you do whatever you want. Deal?"

Not a single word of protest. Thayavee suddenly became very obedient. In no time, the two of them were walking out of the office arm-in-arm.

For this trip, Thayavee decided to take Prisa's car, which had arrived a little later. Her own vehicle would be driven to the condo by the company's chauffeur.

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Their first stop that afternoon was a mall in the heart of the city, where they grabbed a meal together.

Once they'd eaten, the two took their time walking through the mall, scouting potential locations for the restaurant they'd been dreaming of opening soon. They spent over two hours on this first mission-gathering information, asking questions, studying the layout-trying to decide which spots would be ideal for their plan.

Next up was a plot of vacant land in a prime location, a property owned by Thayavee herself.

Before they arrived, she had already given it serious thought. This land could be perfect for building a restaurant. All it would take was one word of approval from her partner, and she was ready to turn this dream into realityjust the way Prisa wanted it.

"If we built the restaurant here, I think it would work well,"

Thayavee said, surveying the open space.

"It's big enough for the restaurant itself, and we'd still have room to build a parking area for customers. Plus, we wouldn't have to worry about paying rent, since the land is already ours."

"But if I choose to build the restaurant on this land... it'd feel like I'm taking advantage of you, wouldn't it?"

Prisa said softly.

"Apart from my effort and a bit of brainpower, I'm barely investing anything at all."

She turned her gaze away from the beautiful plot in front of them, looking instead at her partner's profile.

Thayavee stood beside her, holding the umbrella to shield her from the sun. Her sharp eyes were scanning over the golden piece of land, which must have been no less than two rai in size.

It really was a great starting point if they chose to build here-everything about it seemed just right. The only hesitation was the cost. Prisa didn't have that kind of personal budget, and truthfully, she had never envisioned something this grand.

"Taking advantage?"

Thayavee turned to her with a gentle smile.

"I don't see it that way at all. We're in love, partners in life. Even though we haven't had the chance to officially get married yet, you're already my wife in everything but name. And I've already decided-I want us to have a proper wedding, when the time is right."

She looked into Prisa's eyes, letting her sincerity shine through every word, every glance.

"But if it would make you feel better, then just think of this land as part of our future. Something we're building together. We're partners-in business, in life. And if we're going to build something for our future, then I want to give it everything I've got. I'll be your support, your push when you need it, your strength when things get tough. As long as I'm here, you'll never fall so hard that you can't stand back up again."

Just a few words-but they carried the weight of a thousand, flooding her heart with warmth and stirring tears to her eyes.

That's exactly what Thayavee made her feel-safe, warm, deeply loved.

Living in this wide world, without her mother anymore, it hadn't just been her and her younger brother after all. Someone else had shown up to stand by her side.

Thayavee had become her comfort, her anchor, her cheerleader-and slowly, she was becoming everything.

As the blazing sun cast its heat over them, Thayavee pulled her gently into the shade of their shared umbrella. Her arm rested protectively around Prisa's shoulder while her eyes remained fixed on the open land before them.

They were just beginning this journey-of joy and hardship, together.

No money could define it. Just two hearts, and the understanding they chose to carry forward-side by side.

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# Chapter : 24

Once Prisa found her footing in life, she began moving toward her goal with unwavering determination. She started by laying out detailed plans and gradually stepped into the construction phase.

Thayavee took on the role of supporter—helping source architects, offering advice on every aspect, and always standing by her side as her steady presence.

Beginnings are never easy, especially when it comes to building a new path in life. But what helped smooth out the road ahead was the undeniable power of money—a privilege that opened doors and accelerated progress.

It’s a truth Prisa couldn’t deny: financial resources played a vital role in navigating the complexities of modern society.

Money can’t buy everything—but it can buy convenience, and that made all the difference.

Over the course of three months, everything slowly but surely fell into place. With careful attention paid to even the smallest details, the project began to take physical form—growing from an idea into something tangible.

And when that first wave of pride crested with the building’s completion, just two weeks later, her new Thai restaurant officially opened its doors.

Every day from that point on was filled with effort. It wasn’t always smooth or easy, but neither was it impossibly hard. It was fueled by a deep sense of commitment, determination, and a respect for every decision made along the way.

Prisa spent months nurturing the restaurant’s reputation, and little by little, it began to shine. Customers who visited once came back again—and then again. Word of mouth took over, with praise spreading across social media like wildfire.

Social platforms can be a double-edged sword, but in Prisa’s case, they turned out to be a stroke of luck.

The restaurant’s charming ambiance, flavorful dishes, top-tier service, and even compliments about the stunning owner herself—all became common themes in the reviews posted by delighted customers.

It was, without a doubt, a leap forward in success. But behind all that achievement stood one key figure—someone who had been her invisible strength from the beginning. Thayavee had been her wind beneath the wings, her shield, her safe place to fall on the days she was too exhausted to stand.

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Thayavee was the embodiment of all her pride. It was no surprise why her eldest daughter, Hirun, had grown into a successful businesswoman at such a young age.

The title of CEO hadn’t simply been handed to her because she was the daughter of a tycoon—it was her brilliance and undeniable capabilities that earned her the position. And that, in itself, was all the proof Prisa ever needed of how exceptional her partner truly was.

After living together for nearly a year, Prisa had come to understand every facet of Thayavee—absorbing all the layers of the woman she loved.

And one thing was certain: a businesswoman like Thayavee would never allow mistakes to compromise an endeavor she had poured her heart into— especially not one that involved her own investment, energy, and, most importantly, the dreams of the woman she loved.

Prisa had always known why her partner gave so much. A woman as wealthy and powerful as Thayavee had no obligation to shoulder someone else’s dream—let alone sacrifice her precious time and focus on a small venture that, in comparison to her empire, would only generate modest returns.

But for her, it was a lot. Earning seven figures a month was more than enough to completely change someone’s life for the better.

At the very least, it would let her stand proudly beside the one she loved one day, without feeling embarrassed.

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Around 8 PM, the place was still packed with customers as usual.

After walking around to check on things and casually greeting a few customers, she quietly returned to stand near the side of the cashier area to talk with the manager about something.

They chatted for a bit, and then her beautiful eyes suddenly lit up as she looked behind the staff. And of course, the only person who could make the pretty shop owner react like that was none other than her sweetheart—who always managed to drop by the shop quite often.

When the handsome manager (at least from the outside) turned to follow her gaze, he quickly greeted the other "boss" politely and excused himself to get back to work.

“P’First, have you been here long?”

“Just got here about ten minutes ago. I walked around for a bit, then came straight here to see the lovely shop owner. You’ve got a lot of customers today. Are you tired?”

“A little. What about you? Have you eaten yet? Don’t tell me you haven’t— it’s so late already!”

“Hmm, how should I say this… I just couldn’t eat anything. No matter when I eat, it doesn’t taste as good as when I’m looking at my wife’s face while eating.”

“You’re being dramatic! Since when did you become like this, P’First? And why are you always ignoring your meals? I really don’t like it.”

“Did you scolding me?”

She teased with a smile, while she looked at her with those scolding but strangely affectionate eyes.

Prisa didn’t often ignore her girlfriend. It was only on some days that she ended up staying around the shop until late.

Her shop opened at 10 in the morning and stayed open all the way until 1 a.m. The general management was handled by the store manager, and the staff worked in rotating shifts. Honestly, it could tell Prisa was super driven to get rich—because if everything continued running smoothly, she definitely planned to open more branches.

People’s dreams never really stop growing, and she was one of those people who worked hard to build a stable future for herself.

“I’m starting to get hungry,” she said.

“Then go sit at the table first, P’First. I’ll order something for you in a bit.”

But before her tall girlfriend could do as she said, a server came up and stood nearby, bowing slightly because she had clearly walked in right as the couple was lost in a moment, staring into each other’s eyes.

“Khun Risa, I’m sorry. A customer in the VIP room just asked to see the owner right away.”

“Was there any problem earlier?”

Prisa asked, noticing the staff seemed a bit nervous.

“No, not that I know of. But the customer insisted I bring the owner—said it’s really important.”

Hearing that, Prias looked over at her girlfriend, who had probably heard the whole conversation.

“Can you go sit at the table and wait for me for a bit, P’First? I’ll join you as soon as I’m done.”

“Honestly, if there’s an issue, the manager should handle it. Why does it have to be the owner?”

Even though she complained, the woman with the grumpy face still walked back to sit at her usual table—which had already been left open for her.

While Thayavee called over a staff member to order some food and kill time waiting for her girlfriend, Prisa headed straight for the VIP area on the other side of the restaurant.

The outdoor seating had a relaxed vibe, perfect for chilling, while the VIP zone was all about privacy. It was ideal for couples looking for a romantic, undisturbed atmosphere—only the waitstaff were allowed to enter.

Another section of the VIP area was set up for families or groups of friends who liked to host parties or private gatherings.

The VIP rooms usually had to be booked in advance, since they were always in high demand. If came late, chances were you’d miss out or have to wait a long time for a spot.

Prisa followed the staff into the area and stopped in front of one of the rooms. The server knocked on the door.

Once she was sure the customer inside knew she was there, Prisa pushed the door open and stepped in, with the staff member following in case she needed help with anything.

But the moment she took just a few steps into the room, she felt a wave of nervousness hit her.

Because now she clearly saw who the customer asking to see her was.

And even though she felt uneasy, as the owner of the place, Prisa had no choice but to keep her composure and handle the situation like she always had ever since the shop opened.

One thing was certain—coming face to face with *this* person so suddenly was a surprise. The memory of their last encounter, even after all these months, was something she still hadn’t forgotten.

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“You can leave now. If I need anything, I’ll call you,”

Prisa said calmly.

“Yes, Khun Risa,” the staff replied.

With that, the standby server quietly left the room, and now the space was filled with just three people: Hirun Sikhares, the powerful businessman, and Chayavee, the twin sister of her girlfriend—someone Prisa had already met several times throughout her relationship with Thayavee.

Chayavee gave her a small, polite smirk as a greeting. Prisa then turned her attention to the older man, who was staring at her with an unreadable expression.

She gave him a respectful wai (a Thai gesture of greeting) as was appropriate for someone older. But his face stayed cold and emotionless— he didn’t show a single reaction.

Was he angry? Disappointed? Did he hate her? Prisa honestly couldn’t tell how much of any of those feelings were there. Still, regardless of how he felt, she knew she had to be respectful and act properly toward someone from her girlfriend's family.

“I didn’t know you and Khun Pierce would be visiting today,”

Prisa said gently.

“If anything wasn’t prepared properly, I sincerely apologize.”

“Ever since you opened this place—not even on the grand opening day—I haven’t heard a single word of invitation from you or my daughter,”

He said sharply.

Just from his first sentence, could feel the tension in the room. But Prisa sensed that underneath that harsh tone, there was something more than just anger or disappointment.

It was the feeling of someone who wanted to be acknowledged.

“I’m truly sorry. I guess I didn’t think far enough ahead. I just didn’t expect... that you’d care.”

“First is my daughter,” he said firmly.

“And the fact that my own daughter went against my wishes and chose you as her life partner—do you really think… is it not important?”

Prisa stayed quiet. She could’ve said something, but chose to listen instead —curious about what her lover’s father really came here for.

She had never been accepted from the start. That much had always been clear. But over the past several months, from what Thayavee had told her, Khun Hirun Sikhares hadn’t really interfered in her personal life anymore.

As for Praewa, she quit her job after Prisa showed up at the company—not even a full week had passed.

So today, this moment, was actually the first time Prisa had come face to face with Thayavee’s father since the funeral of her late mother. Their lives had always been so different that their paths simply never crossed again— until now.

“If you two are going to live together like this, do you really think it’s okay to just leave me out of everything? Like I don’t matter? I’m still her father, or did you forget?”

“I truly apologize, sir,”

Prisa answered politely.

“If there’s ever a next time, I promise this won’t happen again.”

It was probably the first time she'd ever been called into a VIP room only to get lectured over a personal matter.

As silence fell between them, Hirun Sikhares let out a frustrated sigh.

Nothing ever seemed to go his way. The resentment he once felt toward the woman his daughter chose—he never imagined it would one day start to shift into something... more neutral, maybe even warmer.

Because the truth was, over these past few months, he hadn’t ignored what was happening in his eldest daughter’s life. Not one bit. And he definitely hadn’t overlooked the woman she chose to be by her side.

He’d seen everything. He knew almost every move they made.

Thayavee had always been talented. There was no need for him to be overly impressed by his daughter’s success.

But the small woman who was putting everything she had into proving she was worthy of his daughter… that was what was quietly changing the way he saw her.

Where she came from didn’t matter—not to him, not anymore. That was never the issue.

What truly mattered was the determination in her eyes. Her will to build a stable future from scratch. The way she tried to earn her place, not by begging for acceptance, but by proving she deserved it.

The resolve behind her gentle manner… the quiet strength beneath her polite words—were these not qualities worth admiring? Should he really ignore all that just because of a long-standing bias?

“I’ve said what I came to say,”

Hirun Sikhares shik stated firmly.

“Get back to your duties before my daughter storms in here, wondering where you disappeared to.”

But before he could finish his sentence, the door swung open with a sharp *bang*. The older man narrowed his eyes at the tall figure now standing in the doorway, instantly recognizing the rude timing without needing to guess.

With the younger twin standing here, it was obvious the two had signaled each other.

A trick his daughters had mastered since they were kids.

Always covering for one another. Always in sync. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming here, Dad?”

Thayavee demanded as she stepped inside.

“We just saw each other at the office. What exactly are you two talking about in here?”

“What? Are you scared I brought your wife here just to give her a hard time or something? Don’t look at me like that,”

He snapped, clearly annoyed. To him, it felt like his eldest daughter never saw him in a good light—about anything.

“Well, it’s not every day you show up out of nowhere and ask to speak with Risa in private. Can you really blame me for thinking something was up?”

Thayavee replied calmly. It wasn’t about being biased—just past experience had taught her to be cautious.

“You! That’s too much, First.”

He tried to keep his frustration in check, but honestly, he was exhausted. He didn’t want to keep fighting with his daughter, especially when all he wanted was some peace in life.

“Next Saturday’s my birthday. I expect you to show up. There’ll be important guests—high-profile people. If you don’t want me introducing you to some woman I’ve picked out, then bring your wife along.”

With that, he turned sharply and stormed out of the room, still visibly annoyed.

While Thayavee stood there quietly processing everything, her twin sister walked over and patted her on the shoulder. Her face was as calm as ever, but there was a faint smile tugging at the corner of her lips—her signature look.

“Dad left without paying for the food.”

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# Chapter : 25

*So what! Do I have to run after the boss to make him come back and pay?*

Thayavee didn’t say those words out loud, but her intense glare at her twin sister said it all — like it could burn right through her.

Chayavee smirked and leaned in to whisper teasingly in her sister’s ear.

“Well, since this is all your fault for making Dad angry, you should take responsibility.”

Then she walked out, leaving her twin to handle things. The older sister turned to her partner with a friendly smile.

“Dad forgot to pay for the food. You can charge it to me.”

“Looks like we’ll have to split the bill. I might’ve played a part in making him mad too.”

Hearing that, Thayavee felt a warm feeling — like things were getting better with her dad. Without thinking, she leaned in and kissed her girlfriend on the lips.

Just then, the door swung open. A staff member stood frozen at the entrance, her face turning red as she realized she had walked in on a romantic moment between her bosses.

“Um… I’m sorry! I didn’t know Miss Risa and Ms. First were… Would you like me to leave?”

“No need. Come on in and clean the room. And for the bill, just put it under my name.”

“Okay.”

Prisa pushed down her embarrassment and led her partner out of the room, passing the staff who gave them a shy smile.

Yeah, super shy!

“P' First, why would you kiss me like that with people around? Do you even realize?”

“I forgot, sorry. But then again, it’s not a big deal. Everyone here knows we’re a couple. Kissing my own wife is no problem. Kissing another woman, that’s a problem.”

“I’m not going to argue with you. So, did you order food already? You said you were hungry.”

“Yep, I did. Let’s eat together.”

Thayavee smiled at her partner, and it was a smile that seemed even brighter than usual. Prisa could feel it — maybe something about her own behavior today helped make Thayavee smile like that.

After spending so much time together, Prisa had come to understand that many of the emotional walls Thayavee had put up — all those ways she held herself back — were because of the complicated relationship she had with her father.

At heart, Thayavee was a gentle person. But growing up in a wealthy family, raised in a typical rich-kid way, had made her a bit more stubborn and spoiled than most.

Thayavee wasn’t perfect. Neither was Prisa. But the important thing was, they both could accept each other — flaws and all.

That stubborn streak, always wanting to win — it wasn’t much different from what Prisa had seen in Thayavee’s father either.

Even though she had only talked to him a few times, Prisa could tell that the father and daughter were actually very similar in personality.

Both were proud and stubborn — like father, like daughter.

After seeing how Hiran Sikhares acted today, Prisa felt even more sure that deep down, he didn’t actually hate or reject his daughter like he pretended to.

Thayavee was a certain way, and her father seemed to be just like that. And when Prisa thought about how a powerful man like Hiran Sikhares had made the effort to come see her at her mother’s funeral — just to talk about things that once hurt her so deeply — she realized that it was all coming from a place of love.

He may not have shown it in the best way, and their rocky relationship didn’t help, but his intentions were good. He just didn’t know how to express it properly. So what was meant as care ended up feeling like he was interfering in her life.

After staying at the restaurant for a while, Thayavee took Prisa back to their condo.

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It was almost 10 p.m. when they got home. Thayavee went straight to the bathroom, while Risa was still on the phone with her younger brother, who had called while they were still in the car to check in.

The two siblings kept in touch regularly, updating each other on their lives. Back when Prisa first moved in with Thayavee, she still tried to spend a night at home each week to look after her brother.

But ever since Paris became a full-time actor, he’d been super busy. He barely had any free time — juggling school and frequent shoots, sometimes even out of town.

Then, once his first BL series (boys' love) aired and his pairing with another actor caught fans' attention, the buzz grew fast. He became one of the most talked-about new stars.

Advertisements, events, and photoshoots started pouring in as his career began to soar.

And as if that wasn’t enough, that “fan-favorite couple” turned into a reallife relationship. So now, Prisa didn’t worry as much — because her younger brother now had someone to care for him.

A friend, a partner, someone who could share his life. They did what a sister like her could only cheer for from the sidelines — happy to see her brother in love.

After she hung up with him, it was the exact moment Thayavee came out of the bathroom.

Perfect timing.

Risa walked over and stopped right next to her partner, leaning in to kiss her freshly showered cheek. “You smell really nice.”

“Are you trying to tease me?”

“I think I should go shower now. If you’re sleepy, you can go ahead and sleep first.”

She said it so casually, but with the way they looked at each other, there was no way to stay calm. Once Risa headed into the bathroom, Thayavee turned back to her usual routine.

She slipped into her favorite pajamas, the kind she always wore, then got into bed. She pulled the thick blanket up to her waist and picked up her phone, scrolling mindlessly to kill time while waiting for her partner.

It had become a little nighttime habit. Eleven o’clock wasn’t that late for her anyway, and she wasn’t sleepy yet. Even after a long day, she still had more than enough energy for a few more *rounds* of something fun.

Her imagination was already running wild. She’d secretly set her sights high tonight — if she’d counted the days right, her partner’s period should be over by now.

It had been almost a week of just holding her, cuddling that sweet-smelling body, sneaking in a few kisses and flirty touches… but still no real release.

She waited patiently until Prisa came out of the bathroom, walked into the dressing area, then returned in a flowy white nightgown.

The light, silky fabric clung gently to her body, making it hard for Thayavee to breathe as she quietly took in every curve with her eyes.

She watched as Prisa climbed into bed and slipped under the same blanket. Then, just as Prisa turned her back to switch off the main light — leaving only the warm bedside lamp glowing — Thayavee scooted closer, wrapping her arms around her from behind and nuzzling into her soft, fragrant neck.

"Your period's over now, right?"

In fact, she didn’t even need to ask. The way the soft fabric hugged Prisa’s body… it was clear she wasn’t wearing anything underneath. She’d already noticed that much the moment Prisa walked out.

“You already knew. Why bother asking?”

Prisa tilted her head slightly, her voice trembling just a bit as her partner’s lips and nose started leaving soft kisses and nibbles along her neck.

“Then tonight… can I have you?”

Prisa did not answer because the mechanism of her body was responding to the other person's touch on its own.

Prisa turned her face to kiss her partner, their lips meeting in a passionate embrace that sent warmth spreading through her. The kiss began gently, but soon grew more intense—like waves in the sea building up and crashing onto the shore.

That gentle warmth turned into a thrilling rush that spread through her entire body. Her chest bounced up and down as her nipples trembled from being kneaded, and the tingling sensation from being touched by her fingertips was being transmitted to her lower abdomen.

Prisa's body was being attacked by tingling sensations, making it difficult to resist the touch of her lover any longer.

The slender body turned back to the person behind her, pushing herself up from her lying position to adjust her position, her legs spread wide from the position where she was trying to find herself to sit on her lover's body.

Thayavee watched the slender person's actions with sweet eyes. Prisa crossed her arms. To pull the flowing nightgown off her head, her thick hair was tied back, and the sight in front of her was so sexy and alluring that the heart of the viewer almost stopped beating.

Thayavee moved her gaze to stop at the two plump lumps of flesh, one hand moved up to touch and knead. Her lover had an alluring proportion, her breasts were too large for her body, her waist was tiny, matching her round, huggable hips.

A delicate figure, but the shape of her waist was like an hourglass, every proportion was alluring, easily stimulating the desire and fire in her body to flare up.

“This sexy, are you deliberately trying to charm me until I can’t lift my head?”

"....."

There was no chance to find any words to answer. Prisa wiped her face. Her brain couldn't process anything else except focusing on the touch of the tall woman who was burying her face into her chest.

The hot tongue licked the top of her breast, sucking hard and pulling alternately with light force until the slender body flinched. The other hand that wasn't in possession of the plump flesh tightened the small waist when the slender body arched its back.

Prisa arched her chest towards the hot mouth of her lover. The soft waist began to move sway flexibly, rubbing that part of her body against the abdominal muscles of her lover until it became wet and sticky because of the taste of pleasure that was distilled from her body.

"Move down a little more, I'm hurting all over right there."

Thayavee pleaded in a husky voice. Her palm gripped the small waist of her lover to lock the target for the slender body to move closer. The proportions that were calling for the touch of the person sitting and grinding her waist on top.

And immediately the hot proportions touched each other until they were close together. Thayavee also let out a low moan in her throat because of the pleasure.

The friction from grinding her hips down, intertwined with the rhythm of the hips bouncing back and forth to be in harmony as one. The wet sound between her legs mixed with the sound of a deep groan. Happiness rushed in with the rhythm of the hips moving.

The slender body let out a moan of protest while the rhythm of love was stimulated by the person below to be more and more intense.

Both electrified and aroused, waves of desire crashed over them, making their bodies tremble even more. Both parties demanded the touch, passionately from each other, pressing and grinding that part together again and again.

In a split second when the intense pleasure spread throughout her body, Thayavee released all the tightness from inside. The slipperiness from the secretion of the pleasure substance mixed with the slender person who was sitting and panting on her lap.

Prisa collapsed into her lover’s embrace, panting heavily, her body trembling from the intense pleasure centered in that sensitive spot, her abdomen tightening from the overwhelming sensation.

The pleasure was so intense it left her breathless. Her body was experiencing bliss in that form.

“It feels so good. I love watching my wife move your hips on top of me.”

“That’s not just an excuse because you’re too lazy to do the work yourself, is it?”

“If you’re going to talk like that, I guess we’re not getting any sleep tonight.”

“You’re getting turned on? Well, tomorrow’s a day off—we can wake up late.”

With teasing intent, she locked eyes with her lover, full of sweetness and understanding. They both knew that sex was an important part of a relationship. If a couple’s desires didn’t align, it could lead to problems— sometimes even breakups.

They were lucky to be equally matched in sexual desire. She couldn’t help but think that, if she wasn’t the kind of woman who could fulfill her partner’s needs—in a context where she had to force herself,—it might have become one of their relationship issues.

Most breakups stem from unfulfilled needs and insatiable desire. When intimacy in bed doesn’t match, it often becomes the very factor that drives one person to look elsewhere to satisfy what’s missing.

Maintaining a relationship takes many elements working in harmony.

For the two of them, neither knew how long their journey as a couple would last.

But today, Prisa felt content with everything about her partner—especially the way their bodies connected so perfectly.

This one person alone was enough to meet all her desires. They were like the final puzzle pieces to each other, fitting together perfectly and filling in the missing parts until it becomes perfect to this extent.

It's so perfect that they can't find this perfection in anyone else...

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# Chapter : END

One week has passed, and it's once again the anniversary of the birthday of the wealthy businessman, Hirun Sikhares.

The gift that was planned for the event was prepared three days ago. Prisa told her lover that there should be a gift, even though the birthday person already has everything. It's a small gesture of care that shouldn't be overlooked by her lover.

The anger from her father is also part of the reason, but if both sides keep turning their backs on each other, it will still be hard to heal the rift in their hearts.

She didn't force her lover to change her mind because the true nature of Thayavee is not someone who is harsh. Therefore, it wasn't difficult to convince her lover to open up to the possibility of repairing the relationship between father and daughter.

Both of them prepared themselves from 5 PM. Prisa chose to wear an old rose-colored strapless dress that revealed her smooth shoulders and slim collarbones. Her long hair was styled in soft curls and left to fall down her back.

Thayavee stood, looking her lover up and down. Her eyes sparkled with admiration, unable to look away from her beauty and charm.

She was so beautiful it made her feel tired.

"Do you think it's too late to lock you up at home right now? I don't want anyone else looking at you."

"If you lock me up, then you'd have to lock yourself up with me,"

Prisa responded to her lover with a smile, eyeing her tall, slim figure in a light-colored shirt, topped with a pastel pink blazer and fitted black pants. Her favorite watch and black loafers, with a logo on the front, gave off a classy and simple vibe that matched the brand's style.

She looked stunning, perfect from head to toe. How could Prisa not feel like she's being spoiled?

"Wait for me a second. I feel like something's still missing."

Thayavee looked at her graceful neck, then turned around and walked over to pick up an orange paper bag from the counter of cosmetics.

Prisa had noticed the paper bag sitting there for a while but hadn't bothered to open it-until her lover returned, standing in front of her again.

Thayavee looked inside the bag, pulling out a small box. When she opened it, inside was a set of bracelets, earrings, and a necklace, all adorned with small diamond pendants.

The price must be in the hundreds of thousands, judged by the logo, which is a feature of the famous jewelry brand.

Prisa didn't feel excited about the price, but she always felt good receiving these small gestures of care from her lover.

And because of these thoughtful gestures, today she found herself surrounded by luxury brand items.

From bags to clothes, shoes, watches, and even jewelry-head to toe, everything was chosen for her by her lover.

"Here, try this. I think it would go really well with your outfit."

"Thank you so much, but I still have many of the things you've already given me. I don't want you to spend so much on things like this all the time."

"There's no such thing as 'wasting money' when it comes to something worn by the woman I love,"

Thayavee replied.

"The reason I work so hard is because I want my wife to help me spend it. Now turn around for me, will you?"

Prisa couldn't help but smile at her lover's playful words. Her pink lips curved into a sweet smile as Thayavee took the jewelry out of the box. She gently turned around, following the request.

Once everything was in place and checked, not long after, Thayavee's supercar sped smoothly along the main road, heading straight to the event venue.

Inside the car, soft international music from the in-car playlist played in the background, adding to the calm atmosphere of the ride.

They spent almost an hour on the road. When the car finally turned into the grounds of the Sikhares Mansion, Thayavee drove directly into the inner parking lot instead of parking outside like she usually did.

This time, not only was she not planning to be late-she had even arrived fifteen minutes early. It was the first time in years she had let go of her pride like this, a change brought on by the shifts happening in her life.

And without a doubt, the one who inspired her to become a better version of herself... was the woman sitting right next to her.

Prisa stepped out of the car and stood beside her lover, taking in the surroundings. As a first-time visitor, everything around her made her feel as small as a kitten.

From the moment the car drove into the vast estate and passed the large, grand fountain at the entrance, it felt as if she had stepped into another world. What she saw now was far removed from her own life-so distant, it felt completely out of reach.

Even so, Thayavee gently leaned down to help her stand tall by her side.

"Let's go inside. Dad is probably waiting."

"Yes "

The slight nervousness growing in her heart made Prisa unusually quiet. Still, she let herself walk arm-in-arm with her lover toward the house.

As they moved forward, she stole a quick glance toward the lawn in front of the house, which had been transformed into an event space-clearly not a small or modest gathering.

And once they stepped inside the house, every inch of luxury unfolded before her eyes.

From the floor to the walls, the interior was filled with imported furniture.

Some pieces, Prisa guessed from what she knew, were likely part of private European collections-crafted with exquisite detail and reflecting the wealth and taste of the owner.

She had to resist the urge to let out a loud sigh as her nervousness grew with every step. If it hadn't been for the warmth of her lover's hand gently holding hers, she might have already turned into Cinderella, running out of the party and leaving behind just a high heel as a memento.

"To be honest, I'm really nervous right now," she whispered.

"Is it too late to change my mind and go back?"

"It's too late now-he's already waiting inside."

Thayavee smiled lightheartedly as she glanced at her lover, who claimed to be nervous, though not a trace of it showed on her face or in her mannerisms.

Her partner had a natural grace in social situations, especially in front of large crowds. Facing the patriarch shouldn't be too overwhelming.

Even as she stood in front of her father, Prisa carried herself with elegance and poise. She didn't let a single hint of unease show-only a serene smile and a respectful gesture, palms pressed together in a polite wai that radiated softness and humility.

"Happy birthday, Dad. This year's gift-First and Risa chose it together. I hope you'll like it."

"Thank you for the gift. Honestly, just having you here is more than enough-you didn't need to bring anything."

The latter part of his reply was clearly directed at the woman standing beside his daughter. At this point, he'd accepted that he no longer had the power to interfere in his eldest child's life.

For Thayavee to go this far, to soften her stance-it was almost unheard of. The last time she had made such concessions was back when her mother was still alive.

Barely half a minute had passed in silence before his attention shifted to the two other women nearby, whom he had been conversing with earlier. One was his youngest daughter, and the other, the daughter of a close family friend-a woman he had once hoped would become his younger daughter-inlaw.

"Ping, this is Risa-First's girlfriend. You two should get to know each other."

"Yes, Uncle,"

Pasika responded politely before turning to the beautiful woman who was now smiling warmly at her.

"Hello, P'First, Khun Risa. It's lovely to meet you both."

"Hello, Khun Ping. It's lovely to meet you as well."

"Since you're probably younger than Risa, you can just call her 'P'Risa.' It's more casual and friendly than using formal titles."

It was Thayavee who made the suggestion, knowing well the age difference between the two women. She was also somewhat familiar with Pasika, who happened to be the woman her father once hoped would become her twin sister's future partner.

But even now, Thayavee wasn't quite sure where the relationship between her twin sister and Pasika stood.

All she knew was that for over a year, her sister had used Pasika as a shield against the many women their father tried to introduce her to.

They went out together, arm in arm like a couple, but Pasika was never formally introduced as a romantic partner. Their relationship had always remained ambiguous-and that's exactly how Thayavee saw it.

"Guests will probably start arriving soon. Why don't you go have a look around and grab something to eat? As for you, Risa-"

Prisa met the gaze of her lover's father, who was now directing his unreadable stare at her.

"As for you-if I can't avoid questions tonight about who you are and how you are related to my daughter, you should call me by the correct and appropriate name, not the person."

"Yes, sir."

Prisa turned to look at her partner, silently asking for help. The truth was, she still wasn't sure what she was supposed to call her lover's father.

Because of the way she talks in circles, which is exactly the same as her lover, it makes Prisa not dare to speak.

She didn't want to assume that this was a subtle sign of acceptance.

And perhaps it was her hesitation-thinking too long about how to respondthat finally pushed the man who had been observing her closely over the edge of his patience.

"Just call me what my daughter calls me. Was that really so hard to figure out?"

"Yes, Dad." she replied.

That was all it took for Hiran Sikhares to storm out of the grand hall with a stern face, leaving Thayavee to stand there smiling quietly to herself.

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By now, the sun had long dipped below the horizon. Guests had begun to arrive in waves-most of them familiar faces from the business world and social elite.

In one corner of the event, Thayavee stood with her partner and her twin sister, chatting casually after making rounds to greet other attendees as appropriate.

Yet during that time, Chayavee found it hard to focus on the conversation with her sister. Her attention kept drifting, scanning the room for someone who had excused herself to use the restroom nearly twenty minutes ago-and had yet to return.

Until finally, her eyes landed on the slim figure she had been searching forPasika-who was currently deep in conversation with a man.

Chayavee politely excused herself from her sister and walked away. She didn't intend to interrupt unless absolutely necessary-until she noticed that Pasika should, at the very least, show her some respect.

Especially considering how openly their father favored her and wanted to see her as his future daughter-in-law.

"There you are. I've been walking around looking for you."

Pasika didn't respond immediately. Instead, the man she had been talking to turned and greeted the newcomer with a friendly smile.

"Oh, hello there, Khun Chayavee. I hadn't noticed you since I arrived."

"There are plenty of pretty girls at this party. No surprise you didn't see me,"

She replied smoothly.

"And sorry to interrupt. It's just that the woman who came with me has been gone a while, so I came looking."

"Ah, you must mean Khun Phing. By all means, then. If possible, could you give me a call before you leave, Khun Phing?"

"Of course. I may need to trouble you a little more before the night's over."

"With pleasure, by the way."

His eyes flicked toward the drink in Pasika's hand. Only then did Pashika understand what he was trying to convey.

She raised the glass and finished it in one go before handing the empty one back to a nearby waiter-all while being silently watched by someone whose expression had started to darken.

As the two women walked away together, Chayavee couldn't help but press for answers, her curiosity piqued by the conversation she had just overheard.

"Why do you need to call Mr. Vetat before you leave?"

"My house is on the way to Khun Vetat's condo. So he offered to drop me off, and I said yes. I didn't want to trouble P'Pierce."

"But it's already late. The host said you could stay over-so why go back? There's no one waiting at your house anyway."

"I think it would be more comfortable to go back home and sleep."

It was comfortable-both for her and for Chayavee. Pasika knew all too well that the other woman was never really willing to care for her. In front of elders or other people, Chayavee would always present herself as calm, polite, and composed.

But when it was just the two of them, that poised exterior vanished like an illusion-one that could disappear in the blink of an eye.

"Whatever you want, Ping,"

Chayavee said flatly.

After he finished speaking, Chayavee left her with a strange feeling and a bored sigh, with the behavior that had become a habit.

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Elsewhere at the party...

Thayavee had led her partner out of the stifling atmosphere inside, seeking refuge in the garden beside the house-an area that no outsider would dare wander into.

The moonlight that night was bright and clear, casting its silvery glow on the bench beneath a tree where the two of them sat. The small garden, carefully tended, offered a quiet intimacy away from the crowd.

"Feeling overwhelmed? Want to head back early?"

Thayavee asked softly.

"I'm alright. Leaving now wouldn't feel right. You're his daughter, and from the way he looks at you, I think he still wants to show you off. He seems proud of you-at least, that's how I feel."

"Maybe he used to be. But these days... it feels like he wants to bite my head off instead."

Thayavee chuckled, her words light but full of understanding. She knew exactly what Prisa meant-and understood the entire situation all too well.

A father's anger... and a father's love.

Now was not yet the time for a father and daughter to return to the bond they once shared-back when her mother was still alive. The rift between Thayavee and her father had lingered for so long, it had become become a sort of norm between them.

Although the man's attitude had begun to soften and he was showing signs of letting go, everything still needed time.

Because only when he could truly forgive her with all his heart... only then would things return to how they were meant to be.

Thayavee wasn't in a hurry. She was willing to let time do its work.

"I'm really glad, that tonight, you seem more at ease-with everything. You don't look uncomfortable anymore."

"There's no reason to be," Prisa replied.

"Because you've never left me to face anything alone."

"Every day I love you more. So... don't love anyone else, okay? Don't look at anyone else. Just keep your heart with me-only me."

Thayavee whispered those words with tenderness in her gaze. Their eyes met and held each other quietly.

The night breeze carried a chill that brushed over their skin-but neither sought warmth from anything else. Only their lips, now joined in a kiss, shared all the heat they needed.

Sweet. Gentle. As if the world had disappeared, and there was only this moment for them to float in.

All her life, Thayavee had never imagined she could love another woman this deeply.

But this woman-who was whispering love back through her sweet and gentle words was making her feel that way.

She wanted to protect her, care for her, and wake up each morning just to see her face.

She wanted the woman named Prisa to stop her heart-for her, and only her.

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**---------THE END-------**