

# Chapter 01: Secret Affair

The night lights of a famous entertainment venue lured in the nightlife butterflies, inviting them to relax and release their tension. Among them, a beautiful woman in a short black dress showing off her slender legs and full chest walked confidently toward a table, ignoring the gazes of numerous people hoping to invite her to their own tables first.

**Kantrada, 26-year-old,** beautiful and the owner of the popular boutique *"Kantrada,"* was well-known in high society circles. Perhaps it was due to her family’s influence or the hopes of mothers who wanted her to connect with their sons.

Her enchanting eyes stopped to focus on someone she recognized. This person was someone she once thought would fade into her past with time.

Back then, she had decided to continue her studies in Thailand before pursuing her dreams abroad, while that person had immediately left for overseas studies after finishing high school.

Memories of the past rushed back, memories she thought had long vanished with time. Scenes from their shared youth at eighteen replayed on her mind.

*Moments of their first kiss, their first time sex.......on the bed in the room of*

***Nichanan****.*

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“Hello, Kant,”

A familiar voice greeted her with a sweet smile and teasing eyes, pulling

Kantrada out of her thoughts. She stood still, staring at the woman in front of her without blinking.

Nichanan's appearance still looked the same as before. She is still beautiful and lovely as ever. Her height was still no difference from her. But there was something that had changed, the eyes that seemed to be hiding something. Perhaps shaped by her life abroad, making her seem more cunning.

“Hello, Nich. When did you come back?”

“Three days ago. Come sit with us.”

Kantrada smiled at the person who invited her. It seemed her friends eagerly made room for Kantrada.

The lively conversation at the table blended with the upbeat music, but something made Kantrada's heart skip a beat.

Nichanan continued chatting with her friends as if nothing unusual was happening. Yet, under the table, her soft, delicate hand gently caressed Kantrada’s thigh.

Even though Kanrada occasionally stopped her by holding her hand still, Nichanan easily resumed, leaving a warm trail that made Kantrada's breath quicken.

Kantrada glanced at the person who raising a glass of amber-colored drink, clinking it with her friends, feeling a mix of irritation and longing.

Nichanan acted as though nothing was happening, but her soft, delicate hands made it impossible for Kantrada to ignore her. Nichanan was drawing her into thoughts of their intimate moments, sparking a desire to relive those times when it was just the two of them.

*The physical relationship they once shared lingered in her mind—memories of their intimacy still vivid.*

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The slender hand unlocked her sleek car with the remote, she paused, noticing someone standing on the other side of the door. It was Nichanan, smiling sweetly. Kantrada was surprised. Nichanan had said earlier she’d find her own way home after saying goodbye to their friends. Why was she here?

*Kanrada had beautiful eyes like a confident woman, while Nichanan had a gentle beauty that was equally captivating.* “Kant, can you give this friend a ride?”

“I thought you said you'd find your way back?”

Kantrada smirked, unable to hide her amusement at the woman who had occupied her thoughts since their reunion, even though they had only met for a few hours.

“I’ve had too much drink and can’t find my way back.”

Nichanan replied with a playful grin.

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Inside the beautiful car, the soft sound of music from the radio filled the otherwise quiet atmosphere. Kantrada stole glances at Nichanan, who gazed out the window. She couldn’t help but wonder what was so fascinating about the street stalls outside that it kept her from making conversation.

“Where should I drop you off?”

Kantrada finally asked.

“You reminded me about the past. You’d always use that tone when I went quiet.”

Nichanan's teased made the driver caught off guard and glanced at her passenger. Nichanan’s sweet gaze made her want to pull over to the side of the road.

Nichanan’s slender fingers trailed along Kantrada’s arm, then up to her neck, before stopping at her lips, painted with a beautiful shade of lipstick.

The unexpected touch caused Kantrada to exhale audibly, tension filling the air. This was a side of Nichanan she’d never seen before—a sweet woman who flirting and make her heart race.

“And what about the past? Tell me.”

Kantrada asked, her voice soft yet filled with curiosity.

“In the past, your lips were sweet. I wonder if they’re still the same now.”

“Let’s find out,” Kantrada whispered.

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There was no need to ask where Nichanan wanted to go anymore. Moments later, the door to Kantrada’s condo opened and shut, leaving the two women staring at each other, speaking volumes with their eyes alone.

If it was said that they were communicating, the gazes would not be wrong for the two women who were holding hands and leading each other to the inside of the condo.

Nichanan’s gaze roamed over Kantrada’s body, accentuated by the short black dress. Kantrada still had the power to captivate, just as she did when they were eighteen. Whether then or now, as they stepped into adulthood, she remained irresistible.

The sound from the 50-inch television in the background couldn’t compete with the magnetic tension between them. Their eyes completely gone, even though a foreign movie was playing on the screen.

The image on the TV screen probably could not attract the attention of the two girls enough when their eyes were looking at each other before moving down to the lips that were pursed together as if there was a gravitational force when one of them decided to lean their face in a little bit.

The hot breath blowing on the face must have told them very well that right now there was almost no space left between the two of them.

The soft lips touched lightly, slowly, teasing little by little, letting the feeling seep through the lips that if they were going to refuse, they should break away from each other now.

Nichanan leaned down on the long sofa, following the push of the woman who was on top. Her sweet eyes continued to examine the short black dress that accidentally showed the mound of her thighs to the point of being exposed.

The slender fingers quickly untied the dress on the woman in front of her while Kantrada quickly pulled the dress of the person below her down, making it fall off in the same way.

Nichanan closed her eyes immediately when Kantrada's beautiful lips slowly touched her breasts. The wireless bra seemed to make it easier to touch than the one with straps when her lips continued to kiss her beautiful breasts without any sign of pulling away until the person being touched had to lift her body up a little to look at the gentle action in front of her.

Kantrada did not rush to touch or rush to show that she wanted sex, but Kantrada was gradually making her body get used to the touch.

The naked body was covered only two pieces of underwear, causing the person to stop touching and stopping to look before staring again. The slender fingers unhooked her own bra, leaving her upper body completely naked.

The sweet eyes of the woman below made Kantrada look at her with eyes that were almost the same. Right now, they both wanted to devour each other.

The fingers that touched her cleavage made Nichanan make a sound in her throat. Kantrada did not just rest her hand idly but trace her slender fingers teasingly sliding back and forth on her breasts that had not even taken off her bra.

Her beautiful lips pursed together again when the woman above specifically tricked her into breathing heavily until she begged for it.

Every inch of her body was barely spared from the slender fingers. Nichanan looked at the person above who kept touching her through her eyes before closing her eyelids and her heart had to work hard again when Kantrada's beautiful thin lips touched her skin instead of her own slender fingers. The lower she saw Kantrada move, the faster her heart beat.

A small white panty was slowly slid down around her beautiful hips before lifting her beautiful legs up a little so that the person could take them off and slide them to one of her left feet.

Kantrada's gaze lingeried intently on the delicate garment was stuck on her left ankle, causing the owner to let out a hot breath, trying to suppress the overwhelming emotions she was beginning to show.

"Kant....ahhh..."

The sensitive mound was lightly touched by the slender fingers, causing the person who was raising her legs moaning in frustration.

The wetness of the beautiful thing in front of her made the smile on Kantrada's face, almost making her want to teased further. However, she stopped upon noticing the sharp glare from the other person.

Her throat felt dry and needed refreshment, while the tempting source lay right in front of her, inviting exploration.

Kantrada looked into the eyes of the person who was looking before lowering her head down to the beautiful petals. Just by touching the tip of her tongue, she could feel the fullness and sweet scent that made her fascinated.

A slender hand held the soft, rounded hips in place, preventing any movement as she began to explore the delicate sweetness in front of her, letting the aroma and taste fill her senses as desired.

The battle between the tip of the tongue and the sensitive spots intensified along with the groans becoming more frequent. The more the shapely hips swayed up and down, the faster the tongue picked up the pace, eagerly sucking and swallowing the sweet nectar continuously.

*With every squirm, the urgency grew. The louder the moans echoed, the more the tongue lavished attention on the sensitive spots, nearly causing to lose breath.*

“Ahhhhhhh, Kant..."

A raspy moan called out as the shapely hips trembled and collapsed onto the couch in exhausted after swallowing almost all of her sweet juices.

*Their first sex at eighteen is memorable, but the sex happening now is a clear winner.*

The soft lips pressed down, and she could feel the wetness and the smell of her love juice very well. But was Nichanan really going to refuse and not dare to savor her own sweet nectar? The heated kisses continued while both of them started to remove the remnants of their clothing.

Heavy breaths echoed as they continued to tease each other's breasts. Kantrada's sweet gaze, looked down at her own breasts being squeezed, the sensation so intoxicating that she involuntarily tilted her face back before diving in for another kiss. A whisper shared between them made their movements momentarily pause.

“Let’s go take a shower, Kant.”

“Do you want I bathe you, or will you bathe me?”

“Both of us will.”

A sweet smile graced their face as their hands intertwined, guiding them to the bathroom in the private bedroom. The stunning body with its curves was a sight to behold under the neon lights, making someone like Nichanan want to leap in and touch each other’s bodies right away.

The water flowing over the beautiful white skin in front of her made Kant, who was turning on the tap in the white bathtub, unconsciously sigh. Her heart raced in a way it never had before.

At this age, it's not like she had never seen a naked woman, but this woman was different from all the others. Nichanan had something special that set her apart, or maybe it was just the deeper part of her heart still holding on to the memories of her first love, making it easy for her to open her heart to Nichanan.

The soap bubbles were rubbed on her naked body, making onlookers instantly captivated by the sight. Nichanan's gaze met her as she lathered herself with soap. It wasn’t intentional seduction but merely her artistic way of cleansing her body.

"Kant, don't you wash your body with soap before getting in the tub?”

"......"

"Why are you daydreaming? Come here, I’ll help you lather up."

Kantrada, who had met many women before, was puzzled by how easily she allowed Nichanan to take the lead. It wasn’t because they had been romantically involved as teenagers, though they once had a fleeting connection. Reuniting after years apart awakened both emotional and physical longing.

The cold water hitting her naked body made Kantrada out of her thoughts. Her eyes met Nichanan's, who was already gazing at her with sweet intensity. Gentle fingers glided over her body, prompting her to close her eyes and surrender to the sensation.

Even though right now there was soap bubbles concealed her naked body, the water soon washed them away completely, leaving her vulnerable yet captivated.

The soft lips pressed against hers without hesitation as Nichanan drew closer. Kantrada let her take the lead, the kiss growing deeper with each moment. Their breaths mingled, the warm water heightening the intimacy.

The back of her head touching the wall made Kantrada flinch, but just the tip of the woman's tongue that pushed her back and kissed her passionately again made her forget everything quickly.

Nichanan’s lips trailed downward, planting kisses along Kantrada’s skin. Kantrada starting to feel more as soon as the tip of her tongue touched her nipples, while the slender hands massaged and teased her at the same time.

The beautiful and sweet woman was sucking, teasing, making her nipples feel so tingling that she couldn't hold back her moans. The more the tip of her tongue touched her nipples, the more she didn't feel shy to let out a cry.

The panting sound was swallowed into her throat as soon as the soft lips that teased her breasts were moved up to grind and give another passionate kiss. Nichanan’s lips still created a feeling that made her want it endlessly.

In the past, Kantrada was the only one who took the initiative. But this time, their relationship didn't seem like that anymore. They took the initiative to give each other happiness.

The lips that touched lower and lower along her skin made Kantrada unable to help but lower her head to look. Nichanan was kissing and nibbling along her body until there was almost no part that Nichanan’s would not touch or get to know her if she said that kissing made her feel a lot, but the tip of her tongue that was close to her weak point, made her feel a thousand times more excited than kissing.

The tip of her tongue lightly touched her sensitive spot, causing Kantrada's beautiful legs to separate along with her thin lips that were inviting her to feel a feeling that was more than exciting.

"Ah, Nich...."

Just being touched by the tip of her tongue and tasting the taste of her love juice, Kantrada almost trembled. Sex in the bathroom made her feel more involved with the inviting feeling than ordinary sex.?

The long, flowing hair that was tied up for ceremony made her look more capable of doing things until the person being teased had to moan. Kantrada almost wanted to scream out loud when the tip of the woman's tongue that was kneeling sucked the sweetness from her sensitive spot endlessly until she barely knew how hoarse the moans were.

The feeling of wetness at the sensitive spot seemed to be more pleasing to the person who was sucking and squeezing the tip of her own tongue, touching and swallowing until now she didn't feel tired, but it only increased the trembling rhythm of the tip.

The tongue touched the sensitive point when the moans of pleading continued to be heard. Kantrada almost ran out of energy and accidentally threw herself down as soon as the feeling of wanting was high until it was time to release and flow out.

If it was said that her legs did not feel weak, it would be a lie. Right now, her legs were weak from standing for a long time and tensed up when she climaxed twice. Kantrada still let herself be led into the bathtub that was big enough for two people to comfortably soak in.

The woman on the opposite side was leaning against the edge of the bathtub, closing her eyes as if she wanted to soak in the water to relax, which made the viewer feel annoyed. Kantrada looked at her beautiful, well-shaped breasts, the perfect size, not too small or too big, bouncing up and down with endless pleasure.

"Are you a voyeur, Kant?"

"No."

"Denying? It's not good to lie. I saw that you looked at my breasts."

The teasing voice made Kantrada smile sweetly. Nichanan still made her feel like she had gone back to the time when the two of them first had a relationship and were both shy. But after that, she was not shy anymore. She was so addicted to this woman's touch so much that she had been complained about many times.

"I didn't just look at your breasts."

The meaningful eyes looking down must have made Nichanan quite embarrassed, causing her face turned red.

"Still as lewd as ever."

"I still wants and likes to touch you as well."

Kantrada continued to stare at the naked woman in front of her with her own eyes expressing her own words. Nichanan's sweet face still made her not feel bored at all to stare at her for a long time.

The ripple of water made the person looking like Kantrada smile again with satisfaction when the person being stared at stood up. And just two steps, the naked woman covered in water droplets was sitting on her body.

The curves of her chest, perfectly shaped to fit both hands, were so alluring that they made her lips feel unbearably dry, nearly impossible to resist the temptation to taste the proud peaks. Yet, the owner of that charm leaned away with a soft laugh, a sound so captivating it felt irresistibly enchanting.

If this had been Nichanan in her early stages of having sex, there would have been no such playful, innocent teasing. But now, as a mature and mesmerizing woman, Nichanan possessed everything that could effortlessly torment anyone who gaz

The beautiful, well-shaped breasts, the size that fit both hands, were tempting her dry lips until she could hardly stand to taste the perky nipples, but the owner chose to lean away with a small laugh that she found so charming.

If it was Nichanan in the early stages of having sex, there was no way she would have such a cute and seductive gesture, but now Nichanan in her youthful, charming bloom had everything that made anyone who saw her feel tortured easily.

“Ah...Nich....”

“What is it? Tell Kant...”

The palm of Kant's hand caressing her flat stomach under the water until it was close to the sensitive point that had soft hair that was cute enough to make her moan easily. When her body started to call out, it was not strange that her lips were now able to bite the nipples playfully.

“Harder, please?"

“Yes, Nich. I am happy to do everything you want.”

The whisper ended immediately when her lips were covered by Nichanan.

Kantrada immediately groaned in her throat as the passionate kiss seemed to drain her energy. Instead of teasing her breasts, which she was accused of being a voyeur, she was lured by fierce kisses and slender hands teasing her breasts instead.

It took quite a while to break away from the passionate kiss that they were feeding each other, until Kantrada had to force the woman sitting on her legs to move away a little so that the tip of her tongue could taste the breasts that were waiting and ready for her to taste.

The trembling moans every time the tip of her tongue played with the breasts made it even harder for someone who was drinking the breasts without milk like a baby waiting for milk from its mother's breasts to not hesitate, making sweet sounds that echoed in the bathroom, sometimes with the force of the water ripples that went out of the tub.

We all know where women have sensitive points that stimulate them. Right now, Nichanan's sweet face made someone like Kantrada want to take a picture to show her how sexy she looks when she's in the mood.

Slender fingers inserted into the sensitive spot hidden under the water without much difficulty when she was ready from playing with the tingling breasts for a long time.

Kantrada bit her lips and looked at the woman on her lap moving her beautiful hips with an unmistakable gaze. If it were to be said that Nichanan had both sweet and sexy sides that could not be denied, this woman, the older she got, the more she had everything to envy.

But right now, her slender fingers were moving to greet the softness that was squeezing until she felt so good that she accidentally moving her hips again to grind and kiss her passionately.

Their lips gave each other a passionate kiss while the lower parts started moving at the same time. The slender fingers continued to greet more frequently when the hips moved up and down according to the tingling feeling that was starting to get out of control. When the desire was floating in front of her to grasp, it was too much to let go.

The ripples in the water seemed to make the level in the tub lower with every rhythmic thrust. Each time the sensitive point met the slender fingers, moving in perfect harmony like two pieces of a puzzle fitting seamlessly together, a husky moan echoed through the bathroom.

The pace of pleasure quickened until it became impossible to tell whether it was her elegant hips or the skillful fingers that were in control of the game in the tub. All that was certain was the growing intensity in the air, leaving no room for anything else but surrender to the moment.

The gasps of joy were reflected in their embrace as soon as the fun ended with the screams releasing the pleasure.

Nichanan looked at the beautiful woman in a white robe blow-drying her hair in front of the dressing table. Her eyes were filled with fascination. Kantrada, at only eighteen, was more beautiful than her peers. But when they met again now, this woman was still as beautiful as ever, and maybe even more so than in the past. She still did not want to take her eyes off Kantrada.

Tonight, she could hardly count how many times she and Kantrada were happy together and reached the desired point of their dreams. One sex could lead to multiple orgasms as everyone knows.

She still could not believe that she would meet a woman who was her exgirlfriend. It was not like they never said that they were lovers and never broke up. But their relationship at that time had crossed the line of having sex.

*The two of them were close friends, loved each other, had sex willingly, and were passionate about each other.*

The white bed or almost the entire bedroom was decorated in white tones, indicating the Kantrada's identity so well that Nichacha had to smile many times because she remembered well that the woman who was smiling through the mirror liked the color white.

Except for the beautiful dresses in the large wardrobe that had many colors to choose from, worthy of being the owner of a famous fashion house. However, if it was personal items such as pajamas or casual clothes, most of them were still white in the way she liked. The thin shirt she wore to sleep was still white, as the owner of the room had chosen for her.

She couldn't even believe that the night she met up with her high school friends, she would have the chance to meet her first love and the person who had her virginity.

Since the other friends said that Kantrada was busy with work, Kantrada's schedule was so busy that she wasn't sure if she would be able to come. But in the end, she moved into the condo and was happy with the person who had her first virginity.

"Aren't you sleepy or tired?"

The question that the person being asked seemed unwilling to answer, instead gesturing for the other to take off the white robe and put on a thin white shirt before stepping onto the bed.

"I don't want to sleep yet."

"If you don't want to sleep, what do you want to do?"

The light in the bedroom was dark, with only a small orange lamp turned on instead.

Beneath the thick, fragrant comforter, the two women slowly unbuttoned each other's shirts, their gazes never wavering, locked together under the dreamy lights, like the owner of the room who had chosen it herself.

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At this moment, the thick comforter seemed far less necessary, even though the air conditioner in the bedroom is making it cold by lowering the temperature more than usual. Nichanan shifts her legs apart to make it easier for the owner of the beautiful face to penetrate.

The sight of the beautiful woman lowering her head to Nichanan's most sensitive spot left her unable to resist. She let herself fall back onto the bed, biting her lip softly. As the tingling sensation is accompanied by the tip of the tongue touching and greeting her precious mound.

Kantrada makes her hips unwilling to stay still, even for a moment, when the feeling of torment begs for more from the teasing and constant swallowing of sweet nectar without a break.

"Ah, Kant....a little faster,"

The feeling was too much to hold back any longer. Even though she likes being touched so much, Nichanan knows that if the torment continues for too long, it may become unbearable. And it seems Kantrada knows very well how to speed up the exploration of sensitive spots to bring her to the shores of dreams.

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The white bed sheet, which was once smooth and taut, has now become wrinkled almost without a trace of its original shape. It would be most accurate, as the naked bodies are pressing against each other the moment the initial excitement fades and they are ready to start a new game in no time.

The sensitive spots are pressing against each other with almost no space left, making the sounds of moans call each other's names without caring about how hoarse their voices might become.

Each time the beautiful curvy hips press down, the one waiting below does not hesitate to respond to the familiar touch. Even though fatigue or feeling weary is calling, seeing the beautiful body move in a natural arousal is something that cannot be taken eyes off.

The hips twitch along with the arms wrapping tightly around the woman on top as the tingling sensation is released. Nichanan receives a passionate kiss gladly as Kantrada's slender hands continue to caress her body that is covered in sweat, causing her to involuntarily bite her bare shoulder lightly to let the one with overflowing energy know that if they start the game on the bed again tomorrow, it would be hard for her to get out of bed.

"Is it hurts....?"

"You bite hard, get off me. You're heavy."

"Just now, you didn't complain about being heavy, you just wanted me to go faster, faster."

Nichanan doesn't want to argue with the person who is getting up from the bed, completely naked. What Kantrada said was true; at that moment, she was releasing happiness to the point where she couldn't hold back her deep feelings.

But now, the exhaustion made her eyes close, if there wasn't a soft damp towel touching her, causing her to jolts awake to see Kantrada cleaning her sweetly, smiling.

"Kant...."

"Yes..."

"Hurry up...I wants to cuddle with you."

The feelings of past unexpectedly rush back, reminding them of those moments just because heard words that had faded away into memory.

They promised each other would cuddle every night before both walked our own paths.

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Something pressed softly against her lips, causing the person still halfasleep to shift away with a faint groan of irritation. The dim light from the lamp cast a warm glow over the scene, and as her eyes slowly opened, the image became clear. The owner of the kiss mark straddle on top of her with sweet smile and playful.

Kantrada wanted to close her eyes and go back to sleep, but had to open them to follow the person who had plopped down on top of her, making her gasp a bit. She might be slender, but she's definitely not light.

"What time is it?"

A groggy, husky voice murmured, making the one on top of her chuckle softly. She leaned over, grabbing a glass of water she had prepared, and handed it to the grumpy face below.

"It's 5:30 a.m.," she announced.

"5:30? Why are you waking me up, Nichanan?"

"Let's go watch the sunrise together."

"...Seriously? At this hour?"

The one eager to see the sunrise didn't bother asking if the other wanted to join but instead insisted she get out of bed. Not only that, but she made her wear the same thin white shirt she herself was wearing.

Even though Kantrada liked the chill of early mornings, being forced to wake up in such light sleepwear made her feel oddly exposed.

Kantrada looked around her bedroom balcony in disbelief, wondering when the woman standing there smiling had managed to prepare everything. She felt too exhausted to even open her eyes, and there was Nichanan had somehow woken up early, preparing everything.

A small table on the balcony held a simple American-style breakfast, but the real issue was the reclining chair for watching the sunrise-there was only one. Worse yet, her thick, cozy comforter was now wrapped snugly around Nichanan, who stood grinning beside her.

Kantrada found herself momentarily stunned, unable to look away from the scene, caught between disbelief and admiration for the woman's audacity.

The thin white shirt had slipped off, revealing only her bare body wrapped up in the blanket.

"Is this what you want?"

"Come on! Hurry up; it's cold!"

Kantrada shot a glare at the girl who had already settled in the chair. Slim fingers started to undo the buttons on the shirt one by one before stepping inside the thick blanket.

Nichanan smiled before pulling the beautiful naked body of the girl into the thick blanket with her. At this height, there was no need to worry about anyone accidentally seeing two naked women on the balcony, quite the surprise.

A thick blanket was wrapping around two naked women sitting close together, hugging each other.

Kantrada's soft lips awaited the bread as her partner seemed to be making up for waking her up so early in the morning. Thinking about it, a smile crept onto Kantrada's face, realizing that what was happening now was the romance she had often told this sweet-faced girl about-wanting to sit and hug while watching the sunrise together back when they went to camp in high school. But she never mentioned wanting to be naked like this.

"Are you cold?"

"More chilly than cold. I don't like waking up early."

"I know, but I want us to watch the sunrise together."

Nichanan's smile made Kantrada unable to deny how good she felt. It seemed Nichanan remembered the beautiful memories that they shared quite well.

"I understand watching the sunrise, but I don't understand why we have to be naked,"

She teased, hoping to see Nichanan's face turn red, but instead, all she got was a sweet smile and a tighter embrace.

"It's to keep warm, right? Don't you like it?"

"It's not that I don't like it, but if someone sees us and takes a picture, we could go viral!"

"With us up here on almost the top floor, I doubt anyone would notice. Plus, it's still dark."

"Have you planned this out already?"

"I just want to do what we haven't done yet."

What Nichanan said was something the listener couldn't help but understand. There were many promises they made to each other that hadn't happened when they chose different paths and had to make decisions. No one cried when the day came to part ways.

But as time passed, their feelings somewhat faded.

Kantrada decided to turn around and face Nichanan, her back now facing the balcony. The thick blanket changed to wrap around her naked body instead of Nichanan's. This way, she wasn't afraid of anyone seeing them both naked.

Her slender hand lifted a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice before she brushed her soft lips against the beautiful girl in front of her, who was smirking while watching her actions knowingly.

The kiss that started from feeding orange juice with their lips grew increasingly passionate, little by little, as their playful biting of each other's lips seemed nowhere near as satisfying as exchanging kisses that demanded the deeper feelings they craved-wanting more than just a kiss.

"Do you remember who whispered something while I was asleep?"

"Were you awake back then?"

"Yes, I was. And I heard every word."

Kantrada's lips curved into a knowing smile as Nichanan's face flushed a deep shade of red. The memory of that day came rushing back-when Kantrada had been resting after their intimate encounter, only to overhear Nichanan's shy confession, thinking she was asleep.

Now, as Kantrada leaned back into the chair, her gaze lingered on Nitchanan, whose embarrassment only made her all the more endearing.

She leaned down on the long bench, lowering her neck, and said something that made her feel like this woman wasn't as proper as her sweet appearance suggested.

"I wants to have sex on the balcony with you."

Nichanan's whisper made Kantrada smiled even more, when she remembered what she had said before. It wasn't just about fulfilling her desires; Nichanan had prepared to satisfy both of their needs in perfect harmony.

"What kind of woman likes to show off?"

"Where?"

"Right here. What kind of woman wants to have sex in such an open place like this?"

"Or....doesn't Kant like it?"

Whether she liked it or not didn't need to be answered in words when actions spoke volumes. Soft lips pressed against each other, starting another kiss with the woman beneath her, making sure the thick blanket covered their naked bodies enough to prevent reveal too much of her back.

The sweet, soft kiss gradually turned into a more intense one, slowly, as their hands began to roam over each other's bodies like the night before. Their tongues danced together, exchanging hot breaths endlessly.

The more they kissed, the more the burning desire grew, resulting in continuous soft moans escaping their throats as they felt satisfied warming their bodies against each other until there was no distance left.

Kantrada's slender hand moved down as she guided Nichanan's right leg to bend upward so making it easily for her to penetrate. The hoarse moans in Nich's throat made Kant to trail her lips down to the beautiful curves of Nich's breasts. Once she had just her position, her tongue immediately began teasing both peaks.

The naked skin bore red marks, causing Kant to momentarily pause her intimate gestures. She softly caressed the marks while gazing at them with a playful smile.

"That's a lot.....does it hurt, Nich?"

"No, it doesn't. What about you, Kant? Yours are worse."

Nich's replied, her question seemingly true, as it was clear that the love marks on Kant's skin were noticeably more numerous.

Nichanan beautiful legs bent upward before spreading slightly as Kantrada's lips moved closer to the center. Kantrada was softly kissing both of her slender thighs, taking her time and feeling the fine, delicate hairs on the skin of the person beneath her, who was trembling with desire. At this moment, neither of them seemed to care about the intentions they had when they came here; all of it was forgotten.

Even watching the rising sun was easily forgotten.

The tip of her tongue flicked lightly, tasting the sweet, familiar nectar that she had savored countless times the night before. No matter how many times Kantrada indulged in this act, she never tired of teasing and playing until the flow of arousal was enough to soak, intensifying the sensation.

The owner of this sweetness, overwhelmed by desire, could only plead for release. Kantrada was so captivated by the beautiful sight before her that she wanted to commit it to memory for a long time. However, when the slender hand pressed her gently to move closer and partake, she complied without hesitation.

Kanrada gathered her silky hair to keep it out of the way before using the tip of her tongue to explore the sensitive spot, now warm and glistening with arousal. The owner's body trembled and seemed ready to cry out, yearning for her to guide them to the peak of ecstasy just within reach.

As the shapely hips tried to pull away, Kantrada was quick to prevent their escape, holding firmly with her hands as her tongue continued to lavish attention on the sweetness before her, never tiring of the intimate act.

Kantrada was enjoying the sight of the person beneath her jerking uncontrollably as pleasure coursed through the touches of her tongue. Nichanan, on the other hand, yearned for freedom as it seemed like Kant was reveling in seeing her weaknesses being squeezed tight, feeling ecstasy almost countless times from her own tongue.

The first time, she was with heavy breathing.

The second time, she barely had a chance to catch her breath before being attacked quickly.

The third time brought satisfaction, but the licks continued to flick up and down faster and faster until a feeling of relief came over her.

Nichanan chose to squeeze her legs together to keep Kantrada from getting too close to her sensitive areas after she stuck her tongue out and licked up the traces of her own love juice from her lips.

"Let go of me, Kant."

Even though she was telling the owner of those beautiful legs who dared to pin her face down, Kantrada couldn't help but laugh, feeling that both of them were reminiscing about the past when they used to wrestle on the bed over who would be on top and who would be below.

"Don't you feel sorry for me at all?"

"I just cleaning for you."

"How many rounds of cleaning are you going to do? I am going to have a heart attack."

The sweet and beautiful face shot a big glare at the person who was smiling teasingly before spreading her legs apart to let the person who was being pinched be free.

"If you have a heart attack, I will take care of it."

"Are you a doctor now?"

"My relatives is a doctor. Even though he is not a cardiologist, I guarantee you will be treated for free."

Nichanan didn't want to argue with the person who moved to lie next to her. And she who shifted down to lie on Kantrada's outstretched arm. She had just realized how much she liked the long chair that was there today.

"The sun is rising now..."

The orange morning light reflects off from the round sun, which is rising above the horizon, greeting the perfect moment of arrival.

Watching the sunrise together, having sex on the balcony, their desires are being fulfilled, not being forgotten by time.

"I feeling hot,"

Kantrada's hot complaints seem to not receive as much attention as they should, when now under the thick blanket, the slender hands are caressing her naked body with beads of sweat, for her to touch.

Nichanan's soft lips are still sucking and nibbling her breasts, which are at the right level. Even though there is a little sunlight now, the feeling is still revolving around wanting to touch the woman in front of her.

The neck that is being sucked and licked does not relax at all, causing Kantrada to accidentally release her own hoarse moans, even though she tried to hold it in. It is as if Nichanan is now speeding up, competing with the morning light that was approaching, forcing the touch to stop.

*If it had to stop halfway while the desire was soaring, it would definitely be left hanging and feeling frustrated.*

Kantrada shift her position, lying on her side facing the woman whose lips remained pressed againts her breast. Her beautiful right leg gracefully bent upward as Nichanan's slender hand stroked down further and further. However the sound of the balcony door opening in the next room made both of them startled, causing slight jolt. They looked at each other, but the desire did not disappear with the sudden interruption.

The slender fingers were slowly inserted into the sensitive spot without any warning, making Kantrada almost want to grab the beautiful sweet face and punish her. But she could only think about it when Nichanan's lips and the tip of her tongue were licking her nipples while the slender fingers started to move, gradually becoming familiar with it.

The morning sky, two naked women beneath a thick blanket. Someone in the next room coming out, standing to enjoy the morning scenery. Just thinking about it made their heart race uncontrollably. Kantrada was certainly one of them, feeling as though her heart to jump out of her chest. The tingling sensation mixed with excitement from the fear that the neighbour might accidentally hear their intimate sounds.

What tortures Kantrada at this moment was holding back her moans of pleasure, when the person next door still hadn't returned inside. Suppresing her voice while her sensitive spot is being teased and approaching the climax is a torture that she could barely endure.

Her breasts were being teased by a playful tongue, while her beautiful mounds were touched and moved in and out. The overwhelming sensations were impossible to ignore. She almost let out a moan again and again, but they're silenced by the lips that left her breasts and pressed with kisses to muffle the sound.

Kantrada felt her strength fading as the moment of release drew closer, compelling her to throw herself into the embrace of the woman who slowly lifted her face for a deep kiss. She never imagined that this morning would lead her to do something she had never even considered before. Now, she began to understand why so many people described thrilling, passionate intimacy as an ultimate experience everyone should try at least once.

Hot."

" I should talk more,"

Kantrada replied teasingly to the woman lying next to her, staring at her face at the same level with a mischievous grin. Neither of them noticed when the neighbor had gone back inside and closed their balcony door. All they knew was that their bodies craved rest, and their eyes were already heavy with exhaustion.

"Get up...let's go to bed."

Kantrada hesitated to get up from the long chair, but the real problem was that the sun had already risen, and both of them were still completely naked. Thankfully, the thick blanket wrapped around them provided enough cover, pulling them even closer as they held each other tightly and they walked into the room, smiling and laughing.

The bedroom curtains were drawn closed to keep the sunlight out, courtesy of the room's owner, whose tired eyes could barely stay open. Kantrada immediately collapsed onto the soft bed without a care for the time. The slight dampness of the soft towel brushing against her skin startled her, but the gentle touch made her smile at the slender hands tending to her comfort.

A soft kiss landed on her lips, making Kantrada shift slightly and wrap her arms around the woman curling into her embrace. Before long, the exhaustion overtook them, and they both drifted into a deep, sweet sleep.

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# Chapter 03: Secret Affair

The second cup of coffee by 11 a.m. puzzled the staff serving it, especially since their elegant boss, Kantrada, wasn't a fan of coffee. Adding to the curiosity was her unusual outfit today-a white shirt, fitted jeans, and flat shoes. Yet, none of it diminished her beauty in the slightest.

"What's up?"

"I'm just surprised that you look unusually tired today,"

The staff asked, noticing the faint fatigue under her eyes.

"It's nothing. Just call me when the client arrives,"

Kantrada replied, cutting the conversation short. How could she possibly explain why she felt so drained that she needed coffee?

If it weren't for the major client she had to meet today, she wouldn't have left her bed. She wondered if Nichanan had woken up or left the room by now. She hadn't even asked for her number, though she did leave a Post-it explaining why she had to leave early.

Karnrada greeted the high-profile client with a polished smile. The client wanted to discuss the details of a luxurious evening gown. Despite her professionalism, she often grew weary of having to smile at wealthy socialites who frequently brought their sons around to introduce to her.

"When will you join me for lunch, dear Kant?"

An older woman asked warmly.

"I've been so busy, Auntie. I'll let you know as soon as I'm free,"

Kantrada replied politely, masking her irritation.

"My son, Ek, is dying to have lunch with you,"

The woman added with a playful grin.

"Yes, Auntie,"

Kantrada chose to keep her words short as the elegant aunt in front of her proudly spoke about her handsome son.

The VIP customer had just left the store, and Kantrada almost wanted to collapse onto the long sofa in her office to rest. She was in desperate need of relaxation, but her thoughts drifted to someone she had shared a joyful experience with the night before.

The phone's loud ring disturbed her thoughts of the sweet-faced woman, and Kantrada quickly had to suppress her frustration. The person on the other end of the line was her another close friend, someone she had studied with for years.

"Okay, if I don't have anything else to do, I'll come over."

The meeting place this time was a karaoke bar in a famous nightlife area. Her friend mentioned it would be a gathering of their high school friends, maybe ten people. They had decided to switch from a pub to a karaoke bar, probably intending to drink and sleep there.

*Knock, knock, knock!!*

"Khun Kant, let the designer design Mrs. Somporn's outfit."

The head of the design team said, looking at her boss in surprise.

No one would have expected to open the door to Kantrada's office and find their beautiful boss, lying down to rest on the long sofa. If she didn't think much about it, she would assume Kantrada just wanted to relax for a moment.

But if she overthought it, she might wonder if she had been involved in an activity that made her sweat so much, leaving her weak and exhausted.

"Go ahead, Som. I'll check on it later. Today, I'll be handling the guests."

"Yes, Khun Kant,"

The head of the design team replied before closing the office door. As soon as the door shut, Kantrada closed her eyelids, allowing her body to respond to the call for rest.

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The music and the lively atmosphere of life made the person who had just sat down on the white long sofa laugh. Her friend, still sipping ambercolored water with a cheerful mood, Nichanan, could not stop laughing. She had just escaped from being dragged by friends to dance in front of the stage.

"Looking for someone, Nich?"

A friend's whispered question made Nichanan laugh. Now, she wasn't sure if her friend was starting to get drunk or was giving a suspicious look.

"Kant isn't coming?"

"I am not sure. She is busy with works and meetings."

Nichanan nodded understandingly at the words of one of her close friends, Phanghom. Phanghom studied the same department as Kant, but they had separated when Kant went on to study for a master's degree.

"Kan't really that busy?"

"Don't even mention it. She is so beautiful that men are lining up to choosing, which guy to date..."

The beauty of Kantrada is undeniable-no one can argue that she is truly a beautiful girl who doesn't rely on cosmetic surgery. She also has an impressive background, with both her family's status and a famous surname well-known in high society.

"It seems to be true,"

Nichanan observed as her friends immediately pulled Kantrada to greet them as soon as she entered the karaoke room around 9 PM.

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The sofa was completely occupied, but there was no way someone who had just escaped from her friends would feel awkward. With no one moving, it seemed like an invitation. Kant quickly sat on someone's lap and kissed her face, causing a burst of laughter from everyone.

"Disappeared for one night, and now you're sitting on someone's lap and kissing her?"

"Why, what's wrong?"

Kantrada didn't back down from the teasing and even dared to challenge by kissing the person whose lap she was sitting on.

The playful teasing didn't affect Kant's sharp, confident demeanor. Nichanan became the target of teasing instead, until it stopped when a new bottle of expensive wine was opened as Kant had ordered for anyone who wanted to drink.

"Back in high school, you two were inseparable. Haven't seen each other for years, and yet you're still so close?"

"It's not strange. Not meeting doesn't mean we're not still close."

"Yes, Ms. Kantrada, but now Nich is a famous painter."

Phanghom's comment made Kant raise an eyebrow at the person wrapping her arm around her waist. Nichanan responded with a nod, followed by a soft kiss on her back. Nichanan had chased her dreams and succeeded, just as she had always said she would.

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"Why don't you draw me, Nich?"

The person being asked to draw quickly got to work as soon as the two of them escaped the party early. Nichanan smiled and whispered to the beautiful girl in front of her, giving her a deep kiss on the lips. The drawing materials were ready, as Kan had instructed her assistant to prepare them.

"Are you really going to draw like that?"

"Yes, when I was studying, I used to draw, but I never took it seriously. This time I will."

"You're going to draw me?"

"Yes. I'll give you ten minutes to get ready."

Kantrada looked at Nichanan, who was preparing the materials, with a hint of distrust. Nichanan had drunk quite a bit, but it seemed like she was still fully aware, clearly explaining her purpose for the drawing.

The painting frame was prepared and the artist sitting and waiting for the model. Nichanan watched as the model walk into the bedroom and climb onto the bed before removing her robe, leaving only her naked body.

Although during art school, the teacher had invited a very sexy models to be models during the painting class, Nichanan had never felt as breathless as when she saw Kantrada naked, or even her curves that were so alluring that she wanted to put down the pencil in her hand and jump onto the bed.

"What pose should I do?"

Kantrada felt her face flush at the gaze of the person who asked her to take off her clothes. Nichanan had a sweet yet bold personality hidden underneath.

"I wants something sexy. Kan, lie on your side and look over here. Let the blanket cover just the lower part lightly. And give me a sexy look too."

Kantrada followed the artist's requests completely. Although she felt a bit shy, Nichanan's eyes showed nothing but focus and professionalism in her work.

The bedroom fell silent as soon as the artist began working with the model. Nichanan looked more relaxed, while Kantrada kept her eyes on the person behind the frame. Nichanan was almost silent, speaking only through the movement of her hand as she guided the pencil back and forth.

Kantrada had once said that Nichanan was most charming when she was focused on her drawing, and even now, she still believed it. However, when Nichanan revealed her plans to study abroad, Kantrada couldn't understand. She had scolded her a lot, despite their promise to never be apart.

But now, Kant understood the joy Nichanan found in doing something she loved. It seemed that Nichanan's artwork was highly valued, and as her friend had told her, it was expensive. Artists often have their own world, one that others can't easily comprehend, and sometimes, Kant felt like she was one of those people who couldn't quite keep up with Nichanan's thoughts or fully understand her.

"Yes..."

"Don't be absent-minded, I want you to have a sexy, sweet, and seductive look."

Kant looked at the person behind the frame, who had moved to sit on the edge of the bed, staring at her body closely with a questioning gaze. She wondered if she was absent-minded as Nichanan had said, which caused her to look away from the frame.

The soft lips touched lightly before moving closer to give a passionate kiss, little by little, until Kantrada couldn't help but cry out in desire as soon as Nichanan's lips pulled away.

"This is the kind of look that I wants."

Nichanan gave a kiss to help the model connect with the emotions she wanted to portray. But it didn't seem to stop there as her lips moved toward a sensitive spot before softly kissing it.

Kantrada's gaze was filled with longing, wanting more than just a kiss on her lower part. Her slender legs parted slightly, allowing the artist to savor the sweet warmth flowing from her.

"Nich..."

"Hold on a bit, okay? I wants to see this look in your eyes."

The artist has excellent patience, but not when it came to a beautiful woman like Kantrada, who seemed ready to abandon her role as a model and instead take control, pushing the artist onto the bed. She wasn't obsessed with sex or overly driven by desire, but when it came to Nichanan, she found it hard to control herself. Her body seemed to respond instinctively to Nichanan's every touch.

The model's pleading gaze was making the artist lose focus on painting, even though she intended to paint Kantrada nude, as she intended. The air in the bedroom is cool but Kantrada was still naked.

As she shifted her body, the beautiful flower petals revealed their nectar, tempting one to taste the sweet flavor. This made Nichanan feel every bead of her own sweat quite intensely. At this point, her slender fingers unbuttoned her shirt, pulling it away from the white tank top she was wearing underneath.

Nichanan was trying to regain her focus, but it seemed like that was a pretty tough task with the model uncooperative. The moment she saw the model slowly tracing her fingers over her own exposed body, it nearly took her breath away. Now, the pencil in her hand seemed to have lost its purpose as the model on the bed was inviting her to watch an act that made it hard to swallow.

With those slim fingers slowly gliding over both breasts and sexy, pursed lips, Nichanan couldn't help but ditch the distractions around her to gaze at the model's naked form. The current feelings made it almost impossible for her to look away. The more she saw those delicate fingers trailing down toward that gorgeous lower mound, the dryer her throat felt.

Her naked legs spread apart, and finally the slender fingers brushed against a beautiful flower, moist and waiting. The fingers moved sensually, accompanied by a sexy moan that was dreamy enough to make the onlooker want to hold their breath. Nichanan was feeling a warm sensation rising within her, intertwined with the sultry actions of Kantrada.

"That's enough,"

A hoarse voice said, stopping the action by grabbing her slender hand that was making her feel so horny.

"Not drawing anymore?"

Even though it was a playful question, Kantrada pushed herself up before taking off Nich's pants, and standing up straight to avoid the person standing next to the bed.

"Can you draw like this?"

"Why not?"

"Is there anywhere a model teases the artist, I am not strong enough to let you enjoy yourself without me being involved?"

Nichanan's tiny wet white panties were stripped down and left in a pile on the bedroom floor as she seemed more interested in the naked body moving to the center of the bed than where to put her clothes.

If you were to say Nichanan wanted to take the initiative, Kantrada wouldn't be any different.

The gaze sent out by Kantrada made Nichanan not want to wait for anything else but to jump onto the bed and make love with this woman. Her dry throat was being filled again with the delightful sweetness that was waiting to be greeted, her beautiful legs parting slightly as Nichanan buried her face right in.

A shrill scream immediately came out as the owner of the sweet face wasted no time, just like last night. Both the feelings and desires pushed to quicken the pace as the heart wished. The tip of the tongue moved up and down without hesitation, while the lovely hips swayed in agony, but there was no way Nichanan would let the sweet nectar in front of her slip away.

The condition of the bed was even more wrinkled than before, to the point where it was hard to believe that it was once smooth and neat. Kantrada was panting, breathing erratically as she tried to lift her hips away from Nich's lips that continued to lick her continuously even though she had been to the edge of the sky countless times. The results of the teasing were not good for her physical condition at all. Her body's strength was declining, making it difficult for her to turn over and be on top and taste Nichanan's sweet taste.

Kantrada's beautiful legs made Nichanan stop herself. She couldn't continue when her face was pinched. Kantrada was using the skill that she used to use on her when they had sex together on the balcony in the early morning. The struggle for dominance on both sides began just like the times they used to do it together.

The laughter and panting of the two naked women on the bed was making the bedroom become a room filled with the scent of happiness easily. Kantrada turned over, rested her arms, and stared at the person who kept smiling at her with sweet eyes.

"We two haven't played like this for a long time."

"I miss you."

"I miss you too. Aren't you lonely there?"

Kantrada chose to ask the opposite of what she wanted to know. In fact, she wanted to ask why both her and Nichanan gradually drifted apart. At first, they both tried to find a way to be closer. But as time passed, the distance between them widened until they thought their relationship would just remain as a beautiful memory to remember.

"I never forgot you, Kant."

"I never forgot you too, Nich. I'm glad to be close to you again."

What was Nichanan's dream? She knew it well. Kant chose to lean down and kiss her thin lips hard.

The freedom to draw pictures in the places she wanted to go is Nichanan's dream.

"Nich will come back to complete Kant's drawing."

"Only you can draw my nude pictures."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

Their promise was reminded of their feelings again by their naked bodies hugging and cuddling each other. Their lips conveyed the sweet, intoxicating scent endlessly. The more they kissed each other, the more felt yearning and wanted more than kissing.

Kantrada moved down to touch every area of her body that she felt. The gold flowed like the first time she had touched it. Even though the marks of their love were still clearly visible, it was as if they were experiencing it all over again.

But how could she not leave a mark? She wanted to touch the bare skin in front of her, like a beautiful crystal that should be cherished and kept pristine.

The hoarse moaning voice still came out for the listener to comply without hesitation. Nichanan's beautiful legs wrapped around the beautiful hips of the person above her. Kantrada looked at the woman's face filled with the desire before she starting to move closer to make their sensitive spots touch each other. "Faster."

"Nich..."

"Kant, faster..."

"...."

"Faster please...."

The rhythm of movement, in and out, became synchronized, intensifying as both aimed to reach the peak of their desire.

Nichanan almost wanted to make the back of the person who was moving her hips up and down feel pain. She had to suffer from being teased by being close to releasing, but Kantrada still delayed by moving slowly before moving faster again. Alternating between slow and fast movements left her aching with frustration.

There was no request. There was only the angry eyes that complained with resentment, causing the teasing person to quickly lean down and give a kiss to comfort the person below her. Letting her know that from now on, there would be no more teasing to make her feel tortured. The hips moved and pressed against the sensitive spot more frequently and faster until the sound of happiness again before not wasting any time, sending both herself and the person below her to reach their dreams.

Kantrada leaned in for a passionate kiss with the woman beneath her, who trembled and clung to her as their climaxes pulsed through their bodies, bringing them to their shared dream. Even as the pleasure faded, their hands continued to explore each other's bare skin with lingering affection. Though playful teasing sometimes interrupted their intimacy, they never let either side be left hanging.

The thin lips that were using her teeth to bite the top of her breast made Kantrada unable to help but flinch. But soon, her laughter and sweet smile appeared again when the owner of the sweet face didn't just bite, but instead moved her body to sit on her.

"Aren't you tired?"

"No."

"Do you exercise a lot, or do you just like sex?"

Kantrada laughed as the artist's slender hand playfully slapped her. Just a tease, and she resorted to physical retaliation.

"I travels a lot. It's not as easy for me as it is for you, Kan."

"I exercise often too, but I don't know why I can't endure it like you."

She said with a teasing look before sliding her body along with the sound until her face was in the same position.

Nichanan slightly lifted herself when she realized what the person beneath her wanted. Both knees rested on either side to bear the weight, ensuring that Kantrada's beautiful face wouldn't have to bear all the weight. Yet, the playful touch of a tongue lightly grazing her made Nichanan almost want to lift her hips away instantly.

"So beautiful...."

"Don't talk like that. Don't you think I will feel shy?"

"Beautiful. Don't run away."

"If you keep saying things like this, I won't play along anymore. Ah..."

She said it but didn't really mean it, yet it seemed Kantrada didn't understand. Instead, she teasingly flicked her tongue, as if punishing her for daring to suggest she wouldn't play along. How could she not want to admire something so beautiful that she wanted to touch it repeatedly?

The tip of the tongue continued its playful torment, speeding up its rhythm until the owner of the beautiful hips almost wanted to pull away. However, she was held in place. The more she pleaded, the more the sensations intensified, compelling her to moan as her sensitive spot was repeatedly teased without hesitation or the earlier slowness.

Nichanan tilted her head back, gasping as she tried to handle the uncontrollable pleasure brought on by the tongue that showed no signs of stopping. The intensity made her urge for a faster rhythm, her sensitive spot contracting tightly, and her beautiful hips trembling until she finally felt a release of relief. However, it seemed that the beautiful face below her had no intention of stopping, continuing the teasing until the waves of pleasure began building again.

"Kant... ah..."

"Mm... Nich..."

The night of pleasure seemed far from over, as the spark of desire was reignited, burning brighter with no signs of tiring.

If Kanrada was fire, then Nichanan would be the oil, constantly fueling the flames of passion. Their bare bodies pressed together with every moment of closeness, each touch making up for the times they had been apart. The time they had missed was replaced with physical intimacy, a reminder that they still longed for one another, unchanged despite their separate paths.

Their secret remains their secret, unchanged.

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The afternoon sun was still blazing so hard that many people wouldn't even want to step outside. But that wasn't the case with the beautiful German car that was still driving along the familiar route between the private condo and the office that Kantada intended to enter today.

A woman with beautiful eyes behind designer sunglasses watches the traffic light turn red before stopping her car, respecting road laws. Her slender hand reaches into storage compartment to take out a newly printed photograph.

'*A photo on the bed, with only a white blanket covering us. The smiles we shared as we kissed.*

Kanrada glances at the wide sky before driving again when the light turns green. The photo is placed back in its original position as now she reflects on the person in the picture who has flown away to pursue her own dreams. Nichanan didn't leave her behind, and Kantrada didn't stop her from following her dreams either.

'*We will wait for the day we are together again. On that day, the painting will finally be complete, as the model named Kantrada continues to wait for the artist, Nichanan, to begin painting the nude masterpiece herself.'*

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***--------THE END-------***