



## CHAPTER: 1

Dr. Fahlada looks at the documents in the folder left open with considerably weary eyes. Who says that executive work is easy? It's not easy at all. It's all about using her brain to figure out how to improve the hospital and make enough profit to pay the staff.

She wants to be just a doctor treating patients, not involved in the hospital's executives. But in the end, even if she doesn't like it, she can't avoid it since St. King Hospital is a family business. It was established by her great- grandparents and passed down to her father, who ran it well enough to make St. King a famous hospital.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

The sound of knocking on her office door causes Dr. Fahlada to close the file. She calls for the person outside to come in, who can only be the secretary outside her office. She comes to remind her not to work too late, as usual.

"It's time to clock out, Doctor."

"Right, I got a bit carried away with work."

"Please take a break. I've heard that patients have been asking for you quite often lately,"

The secretary says with a smile to the hospital's gorgeous dermatologist. Since Dr. Fahlada became one of the hospital's executive members, she had to significantly reduce her patient examination time.

"You're exaggerating it."

"I'm not. The other day, I listened to Sanithada's interview. She mentions that her significant other works hard, and you hardly see each other."

"Really? I haven't listened to it."

"Yes. I think you should take a break from work. Your girlfriend is also important, even if she says she understands your situation."

"Thank you for the reminder."

"I've been through something similar. I made the mistake of prioritizing work over my partner. We loved each other but ultimately had to part ways."

"Are you okay?"

"Oh, it's been a long time, Doctor. I've got kids now."

"I forgot about that."

"You've been working so much you forgot... Well, I'm heading off now. Don't forget to take care of your girlfriend."

Dr. Fahlada organizes her documents before stepping out of her office, but she doesn't head straight to her condo. Her lover has a busy schedule filming a drama, so tonight, she has dinner plans with close friends.

With its live music, the restaurant provides a relaxing atmosphere for customers to enjoy their meals and conversations, along with privacy, which is well-managed by

the establishment, making it a popular spot for many to gather. One of the groups that often meets there is Dr. Fahlada's close friends, who often find time to socialize.

"Have you been waiting long?"

"Tan and I arrived about ten minutes ago. Prem just got here before you."

"Let's order then. Everyone's here."

Dr. Fahlada and her friends begin ordering delicious dishes and a few drinks from the restaurant's menu, as usual.

"I heard you've been busy lately, Lada?"

Dr. Tankhun initiates the conversation about Dr. Fahlada's work. Even Dr. Prem, who works at the same hospital as Dr. Fahlada, rarely saw her.

"Yeah. I'm learning the ropes of administration."

She's been quite busy lately. Before, she'd go home to rest or wait for her lover at the film set after seeing patients. But she's been going home quite late for the past couple of months.

"So, Lada, you're fully on the executive tearn now?"

Dr. Bow is also concerned for Dr. Fahlada. She knows well that her close friend doesn't like getting involved in hospital administration.

"Not exactly. I'm learning gradually."

"Do you even have time for Earn?"

"She's been busy working, and I'm at the hospital every day. Sometimes, she comes home late, and sometimes, I come home to find her already asleep."

"And what does she think?"

"She understands. We talked about it."

Dr. Fahlada smiles at her concerned friends. She's confident that her lover understands her responsibilities. After dinner with her friends, Dr. Fahlada, who has drunk some alcohol, tells her driver to head straight to her lover's condo. Sanithada texted her that she was waiting at the condo because some actors got sick, and they had to cancel the shoot earlier than planned.

The lights are on, indicating that the owner has indeed returned as said. Dr. Fahlada heads straight to the kitchen.

Seeing no one in the living room, she assumes her lover must be in the kitchen, probably preparing a simple meal since she's just returned from the set. And it's just as Dr. Fahlada had thought. Her lover is at the kitchen counter, preparing food, likely some stir-fry, with all the ingredients ready.

"What are you making?"

Dr. Fahlada asks, wrapping her arms around her lover from behind, causing the beautiful actress to smile. She's wearing an apron and reeks from all the cooking, but that doesn't stop Dr. Fahlada from wanting to be close. She always likes being near, snuggling, and feeling her lover's presence.

"I'm about to make stir-fried vegetables. Have you been back long?"

"Just got here... I miss you so much."

The beautiful actress doesn't say she misses her back, but she chooses to put down what she's holding and turns to wrap her arms around Dr. Fahlada's neck, her eyes filled with the same longing.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Just a little... Have you been lonely without me?"

Dr. Fahlada looks into her lover's beautiful eyes, searching for an answer. Maybe she's been too focused on her work and neglecting her lover's feelings, as her friends have suggested. Even though Sanithada said, she

understood, not seeing each other at all must've caused some feelings of neglect.

"I also have work, you know?"

"Have you been lonely?"

The beautiful actress looks into the eyes of the woman she loves, a small smile forming on her face. Dr. Fahlada always cares about her feelings and has never neglected her, especially recently. Even with her busy schedule, she'll ask about how she feels whenever Dr. Fahlada feels they haven't spent much time together.

"Yes, I have."

The actress's honest answer earns her a gentle kiss from her beloved, perhaps an apology for making her feel lonely. Their lips slowly move together for another tender kiss. The actress follows the doctor's lead, knowing how sweet their kisses are. It's so sweet that she doesn't want to pull away. But they have to pull away as...

"Eeeek! Why didn't you tell me you two are having a moment? I walk right into it!"

Susie, the personal manager, had impeccable timing. The actress immediately glares at her manager, who asks why they haven't warned her, as if she wouldn't have entered the kitchen had she known. Sometimes, the actress wonders if Susie is also a clairvoyant, as she always seems to walk in at just the right moment.

"Is it really a coincidence, Susie?"

"Of course, girl. Truly, truthfully, honestly a coincidence."

Yeah no, I wanted to know what happened here. It's always exciting to see Dr. Fahlada close to Earn.

"Why didn't I see you? I thought you've dropped Earn off and left.”

Dr. Fahlada really hadn't seen her lover's manager. If she had, she wouldn't have made out with her lover.

"I was sleeping on the sofa. You probably didn't see because you didn't walk in that far.”

"I just glanced through the living room. I saw the kitchen light on, so I came straight here."

"It's good you didn't see me so I could enjoy the scene."

And it was really good, too. I soooooo enjoy seeing Dr. Fahlada being lovey-dovey to Earn. One has calm and mature, the other always seeking attention from the other.

"Susie, go wait outside. I'm almost done cooking."

"I thought I'd help since you're busy."

The actress's flushed face makes Susie chuckle before she leaves the kitchen as requested. Otherwise, she may have to find dinner alone.

The dinner is egg fried rice and mixed vegetable stir-fry, served on the dining table. Susie watches with a smile as Dr. Fahlada helps set the table for her and the actress. Where else can you find such a sweet partner? She understands why Sanithada is so taken with Dr. Fahlada's charm.

"Susie, don't look at the doctor with that kind of look. She's mine."

"Fine, girl. I'm just looking, so jealous."

"That's not 'just looking. Your eyes are sparkling."

"Real jealous. Dr. Fahlada also has so many cute female patients."

"Let's eat before it gets cold."

Dr. Fahlada has to interrupt before her lover and personal manager go any further, or else the conversation will surely turn back to her. Dr. Fahlada can only smile at her beloved, who playfully glares at her. Whenever the topic of pretty, adorable patients seeking treatment with her comes up, Sanithada will instantly become jealous. Dr. Fahlada doesn't see it as unreasonable at all; in fact, she finds her lover's possessiveness quite endearing.

"Doctor, May I ask you something?"

"Fire away, Susie."

"Who flirted with whom first?"

Susie meant to ask this question for a while but never found the right moment. Now that an opportunity presents itself, she seizes it. She's curious about the love story between Dr. Fahlada and Sanithada.

"She did,"

Said Sanithada.

"I thought it was you,"

Susie says surprisingly. She initially thought Sanithada would be the one who made the move. However, the seemingly demure doctor did.

"I approached her, got to know her, and then I made a move,"

Dr. Fahlada says, locking eyes with her partner sitting beside her, conveying a sweet look that spoke volumes of love.

"Did it take long before you got her heart?"

"What do you think?"

Instead of answering Susie directly, Dr. Fahlada turns to her lover to respond on her behalf.

"Susie asked you. How can you make me answer for you?"

"This is a question you have to answer because I don't know if it took long before you agreed to be my girlfriend."

"Ugh, anyone answer, please. Cut down on the sweetness; I'm going to get diabetes,"

Susie teases, asking the two lovebirds to tone down their public displays of affection.

"It took quite a while,"

Says Sanithada.

"How long is 'quite a while'? Like three days, a week, or something?"

"Not that quick, Susie. She flirted with me for three months before we agreed to date,"

The actress says, exchanging a sweet glance with her beloved doctor.

"I never thought you'd take that long,"

Susie muses. Sanithada is so in love with Dr. Fahlada that sometimes Susie would tease her about having 'Fahlada-mania.' She hadn't expected that Dr. Fahlada would take quite a long time to flirt with Sanithada.

"What? You think I'm easy, Susie?"

"Not at all. And you said that yourself, not me."

"Really?"

"Yeah... I think I better hurry up and eat. I've been bothering you and Doctor for too long."

The personal manager, who quickly scoops up a generous portion of rice, makes the actress laugh. She and Susie are so close that they are like sisters, making their playful banter a trivial matter that neither of them look it seriously. . . After the personal manager had left for a while, the actress finally retreated to her own bedroom.

Seeing Dr. Fahlada leaning against the headboard reading a book made her smile. She doesn't approach her but instead undresses piece by piece until she is left in her bare skin before picking up the robe laid out for her with a smile. How could she not smile? Dr. Fahlada's gaze isn't on the book at all; she's watching her undress.

"Doctor?"

"Yes?"

"Won't you shower with me?"

"But I've already showered."

She says that but why does she get up from the bed with a smile on her face?

"I want to shower with you."

"Well, what will I get?"

"How about a relaxing massage from me?"

"It'd be better if you also do what I want."

The actress doesn't respond to her beloved doctor's words but instead takes her hand and leads her into the bathroom with an embarrassed smile. She knows all too well what her lover means by doing what she wants. The water in the tub for two is at the perfect temperature, making the two naked women sitting close together, despite the ample space, feel content.

The fingers exploring her sensitive spot made the actress wrap her arms tighter around the doctor's neck as they approached the peak of their shared ecstasy. Heavy breaths with desire slowly return to normal as the actress kisses the doctor's lips tenderly, having reached the destination of pleasure. She loves the doctor so much that sometimes she fears she loves too much. If she said this to her, Dr. Fahlada would probably smile and reassure her with a soft voice that it was good to love her this much.

"Doctor?"

"Yes?"

"I love you so much."

"I love you, too, very much... What Susie asked made me think of something I want to ask you,"

She says, tenderly kissing the smooth forehead of the woman in front of her. I love her so much.

"What about?"

"The first time we...no, how do I say this?"

"Just say it. Don't be shy. I love you."

"The first time you realized that I didn't only have 'Dr. Fahlada side, how did you feel?"

This question has been lingering in her mind. She didn't intend for her lover to discover that other side of her because if she couldn't accept it, their love would have to end.

"To be honest, I was scared. But you didn't hurt me, right?"

Seeing the beautiful face of her beloved saddened, she can't help but give a gentle kiss to show that she's no longer afraid.

"Yeah."

"It was all mixed up: fear, confusion, surprise, excitement... But now, I love you. I love this Dr. Fahlada."

Looking back on the first time she discovered another hidden side of Dr. Fahlada, she felt a lot of things. But in the end, she accepts that personality and loves everything about Dr. Fahlada Thananusak.

(The first time she learned of her hidden side…)

The adorable smile of the woman waiting for her made Dr. Fahlada quicken her pace, not wanting to be any later. Tonight, the Thai student group here was having a farewell

party to celebrate the end of their studies before some would decide to return to Thailand to fulfill their duties.

As soon as she entered the expensive penthouse, Dr. Fahlada removed her long coat, set it slightly apart from the others, and returned the smile of the woman who approached her.

"You're late."

"I got caught up with work, so I hurried as much as I could. Have you eaten anything yet, Earn?"

"Not yet. I'm waiting for you so we can eat together."

"It's almost eight. You'll get a stomachache if you wait any longer."

The soft hand that clung to her arm didn't stop Dr. Fahlada from grousing at the adorable young woman who was smiling at her. She often had stomachaches, yet she still stubbornly refused to eat on time.

"I have a doctor as my girlfriend. What do I have to be afraid of?"

"You stubborn girl."

"Even if I'm stubborn, you still love me, right?"

The young woman's defiant demeanor made Dr. Fahlada want to pinch her nose, but greetings mixed with laughter drew Dr. Fahlada further inside instead of lingering for a sweet conversation by the door. The party was lively, with many letting loose before they had to return to their constrained lives or take on the role of a perfect child to manage the family business that had been prepared for them.

Glass after glass of beautiful-colored drinks was consumed...

"When will you return to Thailand?"

"There's no set date yet,"

Said the doctor.

"Or are you waiting for Earn to finish her studies?"

The teasing tone of a younger male colleague made Fahlada smile. It was true; she was waiting for Sanithada to graduate next year, and then they could return to Thailand together.

"Probably."

"I'm really envious of you two."

"Envious?"

"She's joyful and cute, and you're very beautiful. Well, let's drink to that."

The elegant glass was raised, and the conversation flowed with each sip. Dr. Fahlada's flushed face became evident as she carelessly drank several glasses of the alcoholic drink. Sanithada, who was engaged in conversation, began to look over with concern.

"Excuse me, I need to check on Doctor,"

She said, stepping away from a group engrossed in a game to approach the beautiful doctor leaning against the food table. The scent of alcohol that wafted over told her Immediately that Dr. Fahlada had drunk quite a bit, and it showed in her eyes. Fahlada had told her that she'd avoid alcohol if possible and only drink a little if necessary. So why had she let herself drink so much this time?

"Earnnnn,"

The doctor called out sweetly. It was really unusual. The unfamiliar smile at the corner of her mouth made it seem like the person before her wasn't the gentle Dr. Fahlada she knew.

Could alcohol really transform her into someone else?

"Doctor?"

"Earnnnn."

"Are you drunk? Look at your eyes."

The adorable young woman frowned at the beautiful doctor, who was giving her a sweet look. If the doctor gave that look to someone else, she'd be very upset.

"Yeah."

The doctor was aware that she was drunk, but what really stunned and surprised her was the beautiful face that leaned down so close that their breaths mingled on each other's skin. Normally, Dr. Fahlada was quite cautious, not openly displaying such affection.

"I think we should head back to our room,”

Sanithada suggested.

"Yes, I really want to hug you."

"Let's wait until we get to the room.”

Even though she was surprised by the change in her beloved doctor, Sanithada never thought to go against what the beautiful Dr. Fahlada

wanted.

She was tired from taking Dr. Fahlada back to her room. Now she understood why her friend always complained when another friend got drunk and had to take care of them. And now, with someone she loved, she had to be extra careful, especially since the doctor kept mumbling about nuzzling her neck.

"God, I'm tired,"

She complained, closing her eyes on the comfortable bed. A wet towel gently dabbed at the beautiful face. This was the first time she'd seen her beloved doctor seemingly out of it. She is also kind of cute when drunk and cuddly. But it seemed that her beloved doctor wasn't just cuddly. As soon as she woke up, Dr. Fahlada flipped over, putting the lovely young woman beneath her. The sweet, dewy eyes changed, surprising the lovely young woman. If this weren't Dr. Fahlada in front of her, she would've thought it was someone else.

"Doctor, Nghnn..."

The kiss wasn't the usual sweet softness but filled with an unfamiliar passion. It wasn't the gentle beginning that made the lovely young woman struggle to break free from the embrace.

"Doctor, mmm... let go,”

"You're so beautiful, dear."

These words weren't something Dr. Fahlada would say, and the look in her eyes was somehow frightening, Dr. Fahlada never called her by the word...

"dear."

"It's hurt... Aahh,"

The hand pinned above her head startled the lovely young woman into crying out. Even though it wasn't painful, she couldn't believe that the normally gentle Dr. Fahlada could make her feel scared.

"I like it... Crry more."

"I It's hurt..."

Her chest flinched at the small biting, but it seemed the more she moaned, the more the doctor's eyes shone with surprising satisfaction.

"You're hurting, but I like it, dear. I like to see marks on your fair skin."

Dr. Fahlada wasn't drunk anymore, but why did those eyes look so different, not like the one she knew? Dr. Fahlada would never have such a craving look and actions that seemed more forceful than ever.

"Doctor... It hurts."

Sanithada was speechless as fear mixed with the tingling sensations her lover was causing. Am I excited because I'm afraid or because there is something new in our love story? The hot breath became ragged as the love scene progressed in an unfamiliar direction. Although it made her a bit startled, because the woman leading the action was the woman she loved, she slowly adjusted and learned about her lover's desires. Her moans clearly indicated how close they were to reaching their destination.

But the owner of the light-skinned, bare body felt like she was floating down from a high place when the teasing tongue on her sensitive spot suddenly stopped, and the beautiful face slowly lifted from between her legs with a smear of love she licked with regret. The surprise, mixed with fear, made her move back, especially when she saw a small leather belt in the doctor's hand.

"What are you going to do? I'm scared..."

Sanithada said.

"Shh, it won't hurt."

"I'm scared. Please don't,"

Her sweet voice pleaded pitifully, imagining what she saw in front of her. Dr. Fahlada didn't stop but instead gathered her hands again, slowly tying them with the small leather belt. But her heart raced every time Dr. Fahlada seemed pleased whenever she cried out in pain. The sensitive spot was touched again with fervor, making the lovely young woman push aside her thoughts for the moment. The touch was filled with such heat that she wanted to reach the peak of her pleasure quickly. She knew how to please her beloved doctor, who looked different tonight.

"Faster, it hurts, aaahhh..."

It didn't really hurt, as she said, but she noticed that when she spoke and writhed, Dr. Fahlada seemed pleased with this passionate love scene. The love scene continued with countless trips to the Pleasure Peak, the sweat on their skin proving just how filled with joy and passion it was. Even though it sometimes scared her with another side, she'd just discovered.

The doctor had been peacefully asleep on the soft pillow for almost an hour. Soft fingers traced the beautiful face slowly before the naked woman with clear marks on her fair skin slowly rose from the bed. As soon as her feet touched the floor, the pain in her lower body made her slowly sit back down on the bed. Her sweet eyes couldn't help but look at the person still sound asleep on the bed. Did Dr. Fahlada realize how much she'd hurt her? If Dr. Fahlada had been sober, she'd never have made her feel like this.

This time, it was as if once Dr. Fahlada got what she wanted, she immediately turned off her switch, unlike other times. When they were doing it, Dr. Fahlada would cuddle her to warm her up or make her feel loved. What was this feeling tonight, and how did she really feel about this new aspect of her lover? Fear, excitement, thrill? Or was it satisfaction?

The morning sunlight streamed into the bedroom, and the sound of the small alarm clock woke Dr. Fahlada from her slumber. She quickly got out of bed when she saw certain evidence of what had happened last night. And without needing to say, Dr. Fahlada almost flung the blanket away to call for her lover, but it seemed futile when there was no sign of her lover in the room as usual.

"Earn..."

The belt, the thin towel, and the clothes scattered beside the bed made Dr. Fahlada sit down, feeling drained. She really shouldn't have drunk to the point of losing control. She should've been able to control herself better, knowing what would happen if she got drunk. How scared must Sanithada be now?

"Earn... I'm sorry."

Now she had to find Sanithada, talk to her, and explain everything that happened. She hoped that her lovely lover would still understand and accept what she'd never said. It didn't take long for Dr. Fahlada to stand in front of

her lover's door, pressing the doorbell to let the owner know someone was waiting outside.

"Earn, can you open the door, please?"

She knew her lover must've heard her, but she was still shocked and didn't respond to it. Dr. Fahlada pressed the doorbell again to signal that she was still waiting outside, but the door remained firmly closed with no sign of opening. A sad smile on Dr. Fahlada's beautiful face disheartened the young woman watching. She'd never seen a look of despair on Dr. Fahlada's face before. Would she be cold-hearted enough not to open the door and let Dr. Fahlada explain what happened last night and why had the gentle Dr. Fahlada turned into someone she didn't recognize?

"Doctor..."

The door slowly opened, bringing a smile to Dr. Fahlada's face, but it faded when she saw her lover's sad and wary expression, making her heart sink.

"Earn... I'm sorry..."

Seeing her lover's demeanor, not coming closer, she was truly speechless. She wanted to reach out and touch, but she was too afraid to hear words like, 'Let's break up."

"I'm not ready to talk to you right now..."

The words, accompanied by tears slowly flowing from beautiful eyes, made Dr. Fahlada feel as if her heart was being squeezed. Her slender hand reached out to wipe away the tears but stopped when her lover turned her face away. not letting her wipe them as usual.

"Earn.”

"I am really not ready. I'm scared and confused..."

"I understand. I love you."

Even though she wanted to explain all the reasons for that night, Dr. Fahlada didn't force it out. Her lover wasn't ready to listen right now.

"Doctor..."

The soft call of her lover made Dr. Fahlada turn back, but she didn't approach, knowing that everything was about to change. It was all because she couldn't restrain her own dangerous side. As a doctor, she should've been able to do better than this, not allowing the hidden emotions to emerge. Surely, no one would like their sweet and gentle lover to change, especially not into someone who doesn't care about feelings and seems to enjoy causing pain to their loved one during their intimate moments.

Dr. Fahlada slowly stepped past the door of her lover's room, but the last image she saw was of Sanithada covering her face with her hands, crying uncontrollably. And how could she not cry as well? The sorrow they felt was due to her actions alone.

Had I had better control over myself, We wouldn't have to feel regret like this.

Dr. Fahlada glanced at the clock on the wall before sighing. At this moment, looking at the calendar would be more suitable than looking at the clock. It'd been nearly two weeks since she'd been alone, not just alone but living as if she didn't have a lover. Now, she had to accept that Sanithada probably couldn't deal with what had happened that night. I want to ask for another chance. But does she have one?

However, the sound of the doorbell ringing gave Dr. Fahlada, with her sad face, a glimmer of hope because surely no one would come to visit at this hour.. Except her.

"Earn..."

Dr. Fahlada didn't hesitate to open the door, eager to look into the eyes of the woman who now stood before her. Initially, she thought there was no hope that Sanithada would say they still loved each other, but now, was it okay for her to hope?

"May I come in?"

She asked. Having not seen each other or spoken for nearly two weeks made it difficult to know what to say or how to approach Dr. Fahlada. But seeing her now made Sanithada realize just how much she'd missed Dr. Fahlada.

"Come in, Earn. Make yourself at home,"

Dr. Fahlada said, not just with words but by taking the soft hands of the woman she loved, affirming that her feelings remained unchanged. Once inside the living room, Dr. Fahlada headed to the kitchen, allowing her lover to choose a seat. Normally, they'd sit together on the same sofa, but today, she wasn't sure if it'd be like the old days. Perhaps Sanithada wanted to sit alone, not wanting to sit with her anymore. If that was what she wanted, Dr. Fahlada would have to accept it since it was her fault.

But Dr. Fahlada's overthinking gradually faded when she returned from the kitchen with a glass of water. Her face, trying not to show her feelings, now had a smile.

"Here's some water."

"Sit with me, please."

"Thank you,"

Dr. Fahlada said, not just for the invitation to sit together but also for the smile that came with Sanithada's words, which made her once withered heart bloom again. Our eyes meet. And we'll hold our hands. Dr. Fahlada slowly withdrew her hand before opening her arms, waiting for her lover to come into her embrace. The rhythm of the heartbeat they could both feel made Dr. Fahlada smile broadly.

"I love you. Very much,"

Said Sanithada.

"I love you too... I won't let that side of me loose..."

"I love you, just love you. At first, I was shocked, but the love I have for you is so great that it'd be terrible if we couldn't love each other. I can accept everything about you. I'm not in pain or suffering. You're still the same with me. It's just that that night, it happened for the first time, and I wasn't prepared."

These words carefully considered all the feelings in her heart. She followed love and asked herself many times whether that side of Dr. Fahlada would make her fall out of love. The answer she got was that she loved Dr. Fahlada very much. The situation on that night wasn't violent or painful enough to make her afraid to get close. It was just another dimension of love for a couple with added excitement. She was confident in Dr. Fahlada's love that if there was a next time, she wouldn't make her feel scared. She'd

make her willingly participate in every activity. There may be a little pain, but there will also be happiness in our love.

## CHAPTER: 2

The sound of the alarm clock in the early morning forces Dr. Fahlada to quickly turn it off before her beloved wakes up from her sweet slumber. Five thirty! Sanithada should still be sleeping on this soft bed, but for her, it's normal to wake up at this time every day. Dr. Fahlada gently kisses her lover's smooth forehead before she carefully gets out of bed, trying to make as little noise as possible.

“Doctor..."

The drowsy voice of her lover makes Dr. Fahlada, who is in the middle of taking off her thin nightgown, hurry back to the bed when it seems like her partner is about to wake up, even though she should still be in deep sleep.

"Go back to sleep. It's only five-thirty in the morning."

Dr. Fahlada kisses the thin lips of her lover before letting her own hand be captured by the sleepy one. She will have to wait until her lover is sound asleep again before she can go about her personal business. It may waste some time, but she's willing to do it so Sanithada can rest as much as possible. Dr. Fahlada has been at work for quite a while when the actress finally wakes up to the sound of her ringing, a regular wake-up call whenever there was a schedule to keep.

"I'm awake, Susie."

"I'm almost there, Earn. We have work in two hours, as I told you last night."

"Okay, I remember."

The actress hangs up from her personal manager and smiles when she sees the robe and towel neatly laid out for her. Her doctor never misses a detail, no matter how small. And how could she not love her? A simple breakfast menu neatly arranged on the dining table makes the actress smile contentedly before heading off to work. Her beloved doctor makes breakfast almost every morning, except when they both have a day off when she makes breakfast for Dr. Fahlada.

"Ugh, girl, I'm so jealous of you."

"Why?"

"You have such a sweet lover like Dr. Fahlada."

It's really enviable. No matter how busy Dr. Fahlada is, she always takes care of her lover the same way. This morning. Earn says the doctor has to rush to a meeting, but she still prepares breakfast as usual.

"There's breakfast for you too.”

Dr. Fahlada doesn't just take care of her but also looks after her close ones, which is why Susie always admires the doctor. Nowadays, whenever there's a disagreement, Susie always sides with the doctor, unlike before.

"How can I not love her when she's so sweet?"

"Susie, you can't love her. She's mine."

"Aight, she's yours. Let's eat the breakfast. Do you want caffee?"

"No, I'm not tired today."

"Didn't you have a busy night last night?"

It is a must to tease her. If she wasn't tired in the morning, it meant she went to bed early. If she was tired, it meant they had a long night.

"Susie!"

"I'm just kidding. Let's eat. It won't be good being late for work."

"We'll be late because you keep talking."

The actress playfully teases her personal manager, who was pacing instead of sitting down to eat.

"Alright, alright, let's eat. I won't make you late for work."

"If we're late, I'll tell Doctor."

"You always threaten me with Dr. Fahlada. If she doesn't give me a special bonus, I won't be scared of her, you know?"

Besides sharing a percentage with Sanithada, Dr. Fahlada also gave her a special bonus. Even though she said she wouldn't accept it, the doctor insisted, saying she was like Sanithada's older sister, looking after her.

"Well, she's my lover."

"Actually, you should tell her that she doesn't have to give me a special bonus. We take care of each other well already.”

Susie is a bit uncomfortable with this arrangement.

"I've told her that, but she insists on giving it to you. She says it's a bonus. If you don't take good care, then she'll stop giving it."

"Dr. Fahlada is this sweet. How could I not look at her with adoring eyes?"

"Let's eat, or we'll be late, and you'll miss out on a real bonus."

"Okay, let's eat. I don't wanna miss the bonus."

The actress chuckles at her personal manager's antics, who seems to be playfully rushing to eat breakfast before laughing at herself. That's why she is so possessive of Dr. Fahlada, who was beautiful, kind, and a dermatologist with both celebrities and non-celebrities seeking beauty treatments. It's inevitable that people would be interested or want to get to know her, but none of them could sway Dr. Fahlada's heart from her. They've been through many tests and trusted in each other's love.

The event, which is held at a famous shopping mall for International cosmetics brand marketing in Thailand, draws attention from the media and the public. The brand invites celebrities from various fields to attend. Sanithada is one of those invited to the launch and to showcase the products along with other famous actors.

"Is your outfit ready?"

Susie checks on Sanithada's outfit as it is almost time for her to showcase the products.

"Is it too revealing, Susie?"

"No, it's just a bit sexy, fitting the brand's concept... Enhancing Allure."

Other actors are wearing more revealing outfits, but Sanithada is concerned about her family and, importantly, Dr. Fahlada, who doesn't want her taking on overly revealing jobs-sexy photoshoots are a no-go.

"Susie, take a picture for me."

"Wanna send it to Dr. Fahlada?"

"Yeah."

Her personal manager took several photos from different angles, including selfies with her, before her smile faded upon seeing a rising male singer

who had publicly declared his interest in Sanithada. Some journalists are overly enthusiastic about supporting this news. She understands their jobs writing for public interest, but sometimes fabricated stories could harm the subjects involved.

"What's wrong. Susie? You look upset.”

"That singer who said he'd flirt with you is here."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"It's fine. It's almost time for the event. I'll go get ready."

Susie sighs before going to talk to other managers she's familiar with, She's worried about the journalists trying to create a 'ship.

The male singer seems to be a media favorite, and his record label supports the narrative that he'd long admired Sanithada and has been trying to win her over since entering the entertainment industry. The cosmetics fashion show was well-received by the mall-goers, including fans of the various actors, especially those of Sanithada. After the show, the cosmetics brand's PR team organized interviews with the press.

"It's time for your interview with the press."

"Okay, Susie."

"If there's a question you don't want to answer, just avoid it. I'll handle it."

"Okay."

Sometimes, the media would lead questions towards the male singer, making Sanithada reluctant to answer. It isn't

that she minded the questions, but some journalists would exaggerate it in the news. It does negatively affect her. Others don't know how much it shakes her when Sanithada has potentially damaging news. Her father, the general, would be one thing, but Dr. Fahlada's silent disapproval is even more frightening. She wouldn't show anger, but her silence was unnerving.

As soon as Sanithada poses with the cosmetics brand as a backdrop, the media's camera flashes begin firing. After questions about cosmetic products, the journalists move on to general questions about work or personal matters to get news to report.

"Hello, everyone. I hope you're all well,"

The actress greeted the media as usual, even though she knew some outlets liked to spin her news negatively.

"How are you, Earn?"

"I'm good, just busy with work."

"And does your personal doctor mind you taking on so much work?"

She tries to steer the conversation toward work. but journalists still manage to bring up her special someone.

"It's not really a big deal, we're busy with work, but we understand each other well."

She has to preemptively clarify that they don't have any issues with their busy schedules, otherwise, some reporters will write that they are having problems

"So when will you finally introduce your sweetheart doctor to the public?"

There are rumors in the industry that the doctor, who is close to the heart of Sanithada, is a well-kept secret. Only the sight of a luxury car picking up

the actress after a shoot or following her to events gave anything away.

"I'm not hiding anything,"

Sanithada replies.

"But you're never seen together at events. Doesn't the doctor feel a bit neglected?"

The reporter's question makes the actress, who should've been swayed by the question, smile slightly instead. It's not that she doesn't invite the doctor to events with her.

"The doctor has a full-time job, works every day, and doesn't really like going out to events."

"Isn't there a problem with one of you working in the industry and the other outside of it?"

This question from the reporter makes the actress's expression grow more serious, remembering that this reporter had once written favorably about a male singer who had publicly admired her.

"We never let small things become a problem."

"And what about the singer who publicly declared his admiration for you, Earn? What do you say to that?"

"Well, I appreciate the admiration."

She has to say this, even though she doesn't really appreciate his actions, which drew the attention of the press,

"Excuse me, everyone. I have flowers for Earn."

A soft cheer followed by a buzz of excitement causes the reporters to rapidly snap photos that could instantly become hot news. The actress stands frozen, not expecting the male singer to dare do something like this. Doesn't he realize how the press would spin this? The reporters seem to be preventing her from escaping this uncomfortable situation,

"I'm happy to meet the person I admire today."

"Thank you."

"Here's a bouquet for you."

"Thank you,"

She says, necessarily following etiquette even though her face doesn't show any happiness. Susie can't get through the crowd of reporters, who seem to know not to let her reach the actress at this moment.

"I'm Peem."

"Yes."

"Let's take a photo together, please?"

The reporter's voice calls for them to stand together, but the actress chooses to step back. She's been in the industry long enough to know what kind of news the reporters wanted.

"Let's just take the photo as the reporter suggested."

Says the actor.

"I'd rather not... Excuse me,"

The actress says, walking away from the circle of reporters, ignoring the voices behind her. She's truly run out of patience to stand there any longer. Susie quickly shields her from the reporters, telling the event staff to come and help, knowing that now isn't the time for her to speak to the media. If they continue to link her with that singer, the big news would be that she refused to acknowledge him, showing no interest in the new singer who admired her.

"Earn, I'm sorry I can't manage the situation,"

Susie apologizes.

"It's not your fault,"

The actress says, understanding that Susie has done her best. Susie has tried to get her out of the reporters' circle, but some of the reporters seem to be trying to create news about her and the singer.

"I think some reporters are doing it on purpose like they're working for that singer's record label."

"Let it go, Susie. Do I have any more work today?"

"Just this event today. You're back on set tomorrow."

"Susie, could you drop me off at Dr. Fahlada's place?"

"Sure, but the doctor won't be off work until three in the afternoon."

Sanithada is Dr. Fahlada's girlfriend, which makes Susie aware of the doctor's schedule as well.

"I can wait for her."

"Okay, I'll take you to Dr. Fahlada's."

She knows why the actress wants to see Dr. Fahlada. When something unsettling happens, Sanithada decides to seek out her love. But she didn't forget to send a message to Dr. Fahlada detailing the situation, a slight command to report if any problems arose. Being able to talk and be close with her doctor will surely make her feel better.

St. King Hospital is still bustling with patients, even though it's nearly four in the evening. The actress tells her personal manager to go home and rest before she puts on her brown sunglasses to hide her face, as she always does when she goes to places with a significant number of people. The actress smiles at the hospital receptionist, who seems to have been waiting to guide her to the Dermatology Department.

However, her thoughts are slightly off when the receptionist leads her to a floor that seems to be for the hospital's executives. The sign indicates that it's for the executives only, and a special key card is required to open the door. No one can easily access this floor.

"You can wait in Dr. Fahlada's room."

"Okay."

"She's still in a meeting. It'll be almost an hour before it's over."

"That's fine. I can wait for her."

The actress smiles at the receptionist outside Dr. Fahlada's private office before entering a room that cools her emotions. Seeing the arrangement of items on the beloved doctor's desk makes her smile even more when she sees a photo of them together. She wonders if she has let her love wait too long. Dr. Fahlada smiled as she opened the door to her office and found her love asleep on the sofa.

"Should I wake her up for you, Doctor?"

"No, that's okay. You can go home now, thank you."

"Yes, Doctor."

Once the secretary leaves, Dr. Fahlada approaches the sofa where the beautiful woman sleeps, feeling sorry for her. She must've fallen asleep waiting, and she must be so tired.

"Earn, I'm here now."

She gently nudges her, caressing her beautiful face with love. She truly loves this woman.

"Doctor..."

"Yes, it's me. Do you fall asleep waiting?"

"I wasn't sleepy at first, but as I waited, I got drowsy. Was the meeting tiring?"

After answering the question about falling asleep, she doesn't forget to ask about the doctor's work, gently touching her lips.

"A little... What happened today?"

Although she has some ideas from the personal manager, it'd be better to hear them directly from her.

"Do you already know?"

"Susie told me a bit, but not in detail."

"Some journalists are trying to link me with a male singer. Susie said that a couple of them are from the same agency as him."

"Are you sure they're from the same agency?"

"I'm not sure. But Susie is investigating whether it was planned or not."

It's suspicious that journalists are trying to link her to the male singer, and his agency is responding positively to the news instead of denying it. This makes the singer more interesting to the public. The singer, new to the industry, is linked to a famous actress with looks and a wealthy background. Why would the agency deny it when it only benefited from the news?

"Don't worry about it. Let Susie handle the news,"

Dr. Fahlada reassures her. It isn't just Susie who will deal with the news. If reporters write about her love with the male singer in a romantic light, she will have to do something. Sometimes, silence about the news isn't acceptance; it's about not stooping to play the reporters' game. Since her love works in an entertainment industry full of illusions, they're silent because they're waiting for something certain before they can deal with it properly.

"Doctor..."

"Yes?"

"Console me, please."

"Are you asking to snuggle me?"

"Yes, I don't want our love to face any more problems."

She admits she's a bit scared because they'd once separated even though they still loved each other deeply. She knows how painful that is.

"There won't be any problems. Don't worry."

"I love you so much."

"I love you too... But maybe I should punish you a bit?"

They kiss once before Dr. Fahlada looks at her love with a mischievous glint, distracting her from her worries.

"Punish me for what? I didn't do anything wrong,"

She protests, her heart racing with excitement at the thought of the doctor's thrilling form of punishment.

"You did,"

The doctor insists.

"Then tell me what I did wrong."

"You did. You made me miss you too much,"

Dr. Fahlada admits, blushing with embarrassment.

"You sweet talker. But that's not a bad thing, though."

"It is. I can't concentrate when I miss you."

"So, what's my punishment going to be? Come on, tell me."

"I can't think of one right now. Let's just say you owe me one."

"You can't tell me now?"

"Let's talk about it tonight, then we can get straight to the punishment."

Our lips slowly move closer until we share a tender, sweet kiss. Dr. Fahlada smiles at the young actress, her lips parting slightly. If we keep kissing like this, it'll be long before we leave the office. More importantly, the punishment shouldn't start right now, especially not in the office. It wouldn't be appropriate to carry out our punishment here. They don't know if the hospital's executives have all left yet.

Our intensely thrilling punishment should take place in private. Because in private, we can carry out the punishment however we want, right?

## CHAPTER: 3

Our Sweet Punishment...

As soon as they enter the condo room, their lips barely part from each other, only doing so when one of them needs to catch a breath as it becomes increasingly shallow. But their breaks aren't measured in minutes; they are mere seconds because they're so engrossed in each other. The actress, pushed against the wall, pulls her face away once more when her beloved doctor begins to shift from kissing her lips to undressing her. She can't help but laugh when Dr. Fahlada complains that her jeans are too tight. Her top is off, leaving only her white lace bra. But the bottom is still fully on.

"Next time, don't wear jeans this tight,"

Dr. Fahlada says.

"Why not?"

The actress asks.

"They're hard to take off."

"How would I know when you want to... take them off?"

The actress teases Dr. Fahlada with a sly smile, knowing she's frustrated with her tight jeans.

"Don't you know by now?"

"Nope. We've been so busy lately,"

She says, stepping away from the wall and moving towards the living room sofa, even as Dr. Fahlada's hands remain on the waistband of her jeans.

"Now I'm free... and I want to..."

"Want to what?"

"I want to do this..."

"Eeeeeeek!"

Her scream isn't out of fear but is a playful response to Dr. Fahlada finally managing to slide her form-fitting jeans down her legs.

"You look so sexy,"

She says, admiring the white floral-patterned designer underwear and her alluring figure, which never fails to captivate her.

"I'm naked now."

"Not really. There are still two pieces left."

"Are you going to make me completely naked?"

Her voice is husky as Dr. Fahlada's gaze lingers on her most sensitive spot, now damp without a single touch.

"Do you want me to?"

"You still need to ask?"

The actress playfully teases her, even though she's already in her underwear. If she said no, would Dr. Fahlada dress her again?

"Then I won't ask. I'll just do it."

"Do what?"

"You still need to ask?"

She glares at her for a second time when Dr. Fahlada echoes her earlier words. No matter the situation, she always finds a way to make her fall for her. Now, we are lovers. But we still fall for each other, over and over.

Their lips meet again, and her hands begin to unbutton her shirt as their breaths grow more ragged with the heat of their kisses. The soft, gentle hands knead her breasts before unhooking her bra, making the actress let out a soft moan as her bra ends up in Dr. Fahlada's hands, not thrown to the floor. Underwear should be worn on the chest, but now the beloved doctor uses it to tie her wrists. She isn't scared, though; she knows this was just another thrilling chapter of our love.

"Doctor…”

"Does it hurt?"

"No, but.."

"But what?"

Oh, come on. When the doctor has her leaning against the sofa with her hands tied by her bra, and the doctor is. kneeling below, looking at the spot between her legs. Don't you realize how hot your gaze makes me feel? Her fingers slowly pull down her panties, causing an Indescribable tingling sensation as the doctor deliberately leaves kisses from her sensitive mound down to her beautiful legs.

"Doctor."

"Yes?"

Come on. What are you waiting for? Don't you know I really want you now? The actress watches Dr. Fahlada's beautiful face as she buries it in her damp sweetness, feeling small tingles before they intensify as the doctor's tongue teases her sensitive spot. She lets out a moan, trying to hold back the sensation. But it's hard to resist, especially when she has to spread her legs wider and wider, unsure how much more she can take. She only knew the pleasure of watching Dr. Fahlada close to her beauty over and over.

"Nghnnn, Fahlada, I.."

"What is it?"

The question comes as Dr. Fahlada looks up, and if she were just looking, it'd be fine. But the doctor deliberately licks her lips slowly, making the actress feel as if the doctor is still savoring the sweet taste of the beautiful flower that remains wet and inviting.

"I can't take it anymore."

"What can't you take?"

"I want our bodies to love each other now,"

The actress boldly confesses, feeling truly hot and wanting Dr. Fahlada to make love to her quickly.

"But I don't want to... yet."

"Doctor..."

"How can I? I haven't punished you enough yet."

Her mischievous gaze makes the actress send a pleading look, pretending to beg, but her heart is actually excited to receive this thrilling punishment.

"Then punish me now."

"Do you really want to be punished that badly?"

The sexy whisper makes the actress shiver with anticipation as Dr. Fahlada climbs on top of her, biting gently at her nipples before the actress's moans grow louder as the doctor positions her on her knees, revealing her mound clearly, making her face flush with heat.

"Doctor. Nghnnn. ”

The leasing fingers gliding over her sensitive spot make it impossible for the actress not to feel the intense lingling. And it doubles when her hands, tied up, can't stop the doctor's teasing. How can I help myself with my hands tied like this? I have no choice but to be the one loved. and

punished.

"Don't run away, or you'll get hurt."

How can I with my hands tied like this?

"If it's you, I'm willing to get hurt..."

"Since you agree, I'll start the punishment now."

Whether Dr. Fahlada's punishment hurts or not, the actress doesn't care. All she knows is that she's calling out the name of her sweet punisher multiple times. As Dr. Fahlada slowly moves her fingers, touching the sensitive spot that responds to every sensation, a simple greeting would've been enough, but the doctor's rhythmic movement in and out forces the actress to move her hips in response to the increasing thrusts.

Breathless, with small red marks on her chest from the doctor's kisses, the actress rests her face on the doctor's shoulder, exhausted. Dr. Fahlada seems to know this and places her legs down, not keeping them raised as before. But why hasn't she removed her fingers from me? We did it countless times already.

"Doctor, I'm so tired."

"Already? I've barely started punishing you."

"Well, whose fault is that? Untie me now,"

She commands, exlending her hands, still bound by the bra, and giving the doctor a glare.

"What if I don't want to untie you?"

If you don't want to untie me, that's fine, but why do you keep teasing me with your fingers?

"Ahh... stop teasing me... I'm really tired."

"I can untie you. I'm not that cruel to you... When did you buy this lingerie?"

The actress lifts her face, giving the doctor a glare. She can hardly count how many times she's given Dr. Fahlada such looks. So annoying.

"Don't you remember?"

"No... Did we buy it together?"

"Yes, you picked it for me when we went to Italy, remember?"

"I guess we bought so many I can't quite remember,"

Dr. Fahlada apologizes with a small smile, forgetting the lingerie she had picked for her lover.

"Come on. You said this collection was cute."

She pouted playfully, asking Dr. Fahlada to carry her.

"We bought too many of them. I think we have to take it easy from now on. We can barely fit anything in the closets anymore."

"You keep buying them. I didn't even get to choose punish you by making you bathe me,"

The actress says. Dr. Fahlada has a thing for lingerie. She constantly buys new collections until the closets are all full. Sometimes, she has to tell her to stop, or lingerie will surely outnumber their clothes.

"Wearing matching lingerie is kind of cute, isn't it?"

"It is, but you don't have to buy them so often. You've bought so many already, Doctor."

"I just like them."

"Sure, you like them, but now let's get me bathed first. I'm all sticky."

"Alright, hold on tight, okay? Be careful not to fall."

"I know you won't let me fall."

"You smart girl."

"Of course, I know because you love me a lot."

"Confident."

"I am."

The young actress sends a loving smile to her beloved doctor before planting a kiss on the tip of Dr. Fahlada's chin. Sometimes, she knows she's being demanding with her, but she never complains. She'd rather discuss logically why she couldn't fulfill her wishes,

Lately, Dr. Fahlada has been busy with work and learning about the executive position, which means they spend less time together. Although she says she's lonely, she understands the doctor's work because when she takes on many jobs in a row, the doctor understands her as well. They both tend to remember and care more about each other's health. Having a doctor as a girlfriend meant health always came first.

\*Sanithada refuses to take a picture with Peem, even though he came to support her and wanted to meet the actress he openly admires.\*

A gossip magazine in the entertainment industry clearly references this with a picture of the leading actress, Sanithada, walking away from the press. It's not just entertainment newspapers that are running this story, several TV channels are also covering it.

Fortunately, some channels are presenting the truth, explaining that the singer showed up uninvited and without any contact from the event organizers. This led Sanithada to refuse the photo because she didn't want to be involved in more rumors about the singer.

"Ridiculous."

"What are you grumbling about? I've heard you muttering a few times.”

Dr. Premsinee offers a cup of hot milk. No her grumbling lover, who is also flipping through the morning newspaper.

"I'm reading the entertainment news."

"Hmm?"

"It's about Earn."

"What happened?"

"The news is about her refusing to take a picture with the singer, Peem, who openly admires her."

"That's terrible. Have you told Earn yet?"

Now, Dr. Premsinee is frowning at the news, which could damage the reputation of her close friend's loved one.

"I've talked to her. She's seen the news. She's tied up with filming a drama right now... I wonder if Dr. Fahlada knows yet."

"I'll ask her when I go to the hospital. Go take a shower so we can have breakfast and head to work together."

Dr. Premsinee returns the newspaper to her lover before telling her to take a shower so they can have breakfast together. As for the news about Sanithada, she'll ask her close friend again because Dr. Fahlada is very busy and mightn't have had the chance to read or watch the news. Initially, she thought she'd discuss the news with her close friend before work, but they only got to talk during lunch because both she and Dr. Fahlada were so busy.

"What's up, Prem? You've stormed into my office. Or do you want me to do a facial treatment?"

Normally, Dr. Premsinee doesn't come to the Dermatology Department much. It's usually Dr. Fahlada going down to see Dr. Premsinee in her office.

"Lada..."

"What's wrong? You look so serious."

Seeing her close friend's somber expression, Dr. Fahiada becomes more serious.

"Have you read any entertainment news lately?"

"Not really. I'm just too busy with work."

She hasn't been 'keeping up with entertainment news since she started juggling her medical duties with learning about the executive position.

"I saw the news about Earn this morning."

"What news?"

"The news about her refusing to take a picture with a male singer who declared his admiration... Do you know about it?"

Dr. Premsinee is surprised when Dr. Fahlada smiles back at her, not showing the worried face she expected.

"Uh-huh... There are people who deliberately tried to make some news"

"Huh?"

"To get attention. A new singer loudly declares his admiration for a leading actress. Who wouldn't be interested?

Then they create drama, which only earns them more sympathy."

"How did you know?"

"Susie was suspicious, so I had Indira, Nulee's girlfriend, help investigate."

"Wait, isn't Indira a real estate businesswoman?"

She knows Nulee is related to Dr. Fahlada, but as far as she remembers, Nulee's girlfriend is a businesswoman, not someone who would delve into entertainment gossip.

"Well, she asked a close journalist friend to help gather information."

"And you're not telling me everything. That journalist is Phetra, right?"

"Yes."

"All the information we've got confirms that the singer deliberately created the news and drama that are ruining Earn's fame?"

"Uh-huh."

"So, what will you do?"

"St. King Hospital affiliate just bought shares on the record label that the singer is signed with."

Dr. Premsinee smiles as she listens to Dr. Fahlada's calm and methodical way of problem-solving. It's fitting that her close friend will be the next head of St. King Hospital

"So, that singer's future isn't looking good, huh?"

"Who knows? He might have a future if he's brave enough to take responsibility for what he and his people have done."

Dr. Fahlada smiles at her close friend, but deep down, she's not smiling at all. If the damaging news continues to affect Sanithada, she guarantees that the singer's future will definitely be gone. If the news was deliberately created to harm her loved one, no one can stand to see their loved one hurt by baseless rumors.

The music label's board meeting ended a while ago with a decision to suspend all music projects of the male singer currently under scrutiny. Although some sympathize with the singer who is rejected by the beloved actress for a photo, some agree with the actress. Since the singer wasn't invited by the product owner to the event, the actress had the right to refuse to take a picture with him, as it wasn't arranged with the team.

"What did you say?"

The singer asked.

"The label is suspending all music projects, including the drama that had you cast.”

Not only the singer but also his personal manager is shocked by the label's decision. The shock is compounded by the cancellation of all pre-booked engagements.

"How is this possible? I'm doing well."

"I'm just as confused. It's like being struck by lightning out of nowhere.”

They were smiling at the attention from the drama of the actress's refusal to take a picture, but now, they're facing the order to suspend their work and pull out of drama, and even more so with all engagements being canceled.

"I feel like getting stabbed in the back."

"The label didn't stab you in the back, but you did this to yourself, Peem."

The door to the rehearsal room opens, and the music business's marketing manager enters with some documents.

"Hello, Mr. Phat."

The singer's personal manager quickly greets the man who entered the rehearsal room. At forty-five, he's an influential figure in the company's music business.

"How did you manage to damage the company like this?"

"What damage? I'm completely lost."

"Som, I asked you to manage the artist's schedule, not to devise a crazy plan that damages the company."

"A plan?"

"The one where you tried to link this singer with Sanithada.”

The man looks disapprovingly at the male singer, who also avoids eye contact.

"But right now, the kid's getting a lot of attention, it we use this news, it could be positive for us."

“I don't care about the news. I care that it made the second-largest shareholder in our company call a board meeting."

"And what does Sanithada's news have to do with the St. King Hospital affiliate buying shares?"

"The lover of Sanithada is the heir to St. King Hospital."

The answer stuns both the manager and the singer, who tried to create news to become known and remembered by the public. They no longer have to wonder why the company suspended all music projects and canceled all the engagements.

"Just because there's no news doesn't mean Sanithada is single, and you think you can use her as a stepping stone to success. I don't know about

others, but if it's Sanithada, if you're stubborn, I guarantee you won't have a place in this industry... I'm not threatening you, but I want you to think about how you're destroying your own career."

"But. "

"If you still want a future in the industry, you should tell the truth, admit your mistakes, and think about how you would feel if this happened to you."

The parting words left a lingering thought about the consequences of their actions, causing both the manager and the singer to look at each other with very serious expressions. Who would've thought that a plan to become famous quickly

would almost immediately end their future in the entertainment industry?

"What should I do now, and what about Krit, the reporter?"

"If you want to stay in this industry, you'll have to do as Mr. Phat said. We have to be brave enough to accept what we've done. As for Krit, he won't be much different from us."

This way is better than being cut off by the agency or even being silenced in the entertainment industry. This is the result of using someone else's drama to draw attention.

“This is just a warning. If we continue to do the same, we definitely won't have a place in the entertainment industry.”

The rising star singer, Peem, who is currently in the news for a leading actress's refusal to take a photo with him, admits that he wasn't actually invited to the event and also admits that he used his admiration for the senior actress to create news to become more well-known.

The content in today's newspaper headlines is starkly different from that day. That day, the news showed the leading actress walking away as if disgusted by the male singer involved in the scandal. But today, it's a picture of the singer holding a press conference, telling the whole truth along with a picture of him bowing in apology, asking for a chance, and with tears of regret for everything.

Susie places the newspaper on the table at the shooting location before going to perform her duties as a manager, taking care of the beautiful leading actress Sanithada, who must now have finished her call with Dr. Fahlada because soon she'll have to enter the scene for the next shoot.

"Did you finish talking with the doctor?"

"I did. Have you heard about that singer?"

"I read the news. Serves him right. He better remember not to do that again."

Messing with this Susie was a huge mistake for him.

"Why did that singer easily come out with the truth?"

"He's probably afraid of being dug into. Social media is so scary these days. Better get ready for the shooting. The director is calling you."

Since Dr. Fahlada chose not to say how to turn the damaging news about Sanithada into something more appropriate, she shouldn't say much. She just knows she's a bit jealous that Sanithada has someone like Dr. Fahlada who loves her so much, someone who takes such good care of their loved one. She's not just beautiful. But her role of protecting a lover is also very cool. Let me tell you, I really want a lover like Dr. Fahlada.

"Susie, why are you smiling like that? Suddenly, you have such a sweet smile."

"I really want someone like Dr. Fahlada as a lover. She's just so perfect."

"Don't even think about that. She's mine."

"Yeeeeeah, yeeeeah, I know, girl. Dr. Fahlada Thananusak is the only lover of Sanithada Phongpipat."

"Precisely. But you're allowed to dream of her, Susie."

## CHAPTER: 4

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"Susie, tell me about the news now."

"What news? You don't have any news lately,”

Süsie, who is sitting and reviewing the schedule for the young actress, has to lift her face to look up before averting her gaze from the questioning eyes to somewhere else.

"Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about."

"Pretend what? I'm totally confused now."

"This afternoon, the doctor's mother called me."

"Yes, and that's good, right?"

"She mentioned the news, saying she saw the doctor talking to her father about it. What news is related to the doctor, Susie?"

She remembers the doctor herself saying that Susie was the one who talked about her news with that young singer. It's impossible that Susie wouldn't know how the news that made the young singer rush to apologize to her through the media.

"Oh gosh... Why didn't she talk with her mother?"

"Talk what, Susie?"

"Lef's just say you should ask Dr. Fahlada yourself I need to excuse myself now."

"Susie, wait a minute!"

"Before I go, there's one more important thing. Tomorow, you have to wear an off-shoulder dress... no marks, okay?"

She teases Sanithada a little before hurrying out of the room as fast as she can. Otherwise, Sanithada might press her to tell her everything. It's better to let the beautiful Dr. Fahlada tell her herself.

"Susie! Even if there's a mark, I know where it should be,"

She mutters the last sentence to herself once her personal manager has left the room. There might've been times when a small mark caused Susie some trouble, having to change costumes suddenly, but that's because our love really can't be contained.

After her personal manager left the room for a while, Dr. Fahlada arrives at the condo room at her usual time, except for the days when she has to work late or if she has a drama shoot until morning. Then, Dr. Fahlada will go to her home.

"Are you back already? How was your day?"

Sanithada hands a cold glass of water to her beloved doctor and takes the document bag to place on the work table. It isn't just Dr. Fahlada who takes care of her. She also takes care of her beloved doctor.

"Today, I had four patients, and the rest was meetings."

"Meetings are more tiring than examining patients, right?"

"Yes. Give me some cheering up, please.”

The doctor's pleading face and manner make the young actress smile before she kisses the doctor's soft cheek as requested.

"Here's your cheering up."

"Thank you. Haven't you showered yet? You've been home for a while."

"I was waiting to shower with you."

The young actress slowly unbuttoned Dr. Fahiada's white shirt, smiling at the sight of the doctor's slightly embarrassed face. How come she didn't get embarrassed when she undressed me but did when I undressed her?

"Are we really going to shower together?"

They don't often shower together because it takes a long time when they do.

"You've come back tired. Let me scrub your back."

"Are you going to be the top?"

"You perv woman! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, where were you thinking?"

"I didn't think of anything... If you want to shower alone, that's fine then."

The beloved's sulky tone, accompanied by her retreat into the private bedroom, makes Dr. Fahlada smile with affection, She takes off her work shirt completely, leaving only her sweet-colored bra. There's no way she'll shower alone when she has a lover to care for her while she relaxes in the bathtub. The unlocked bathroom door is something Dr. Fahlada wouldn't hesitate to open. The sight of her lover's naked body in front of the mirror prompts her to embrace her from behind and plant a playful kiss on her lover's bare shoulder.

"Can I join you?"

"I thought you wanted to shower alone."

"How can I do that when there is someone offering to scrub my back?"

Dr. Fahlada watches as her lover's soft hands slowly untie her robe before she takes it off completely. Now, 'both of them are completely naked.

"I like it when you're naked,"

Says the actress.

"Hmm?"

"You're sexy... beautiful. You have a great figure and no fat on the stomach. Are you going to become an actress and compete with me?"

If Sanithada is just praising her, Dr. Fahalda wouldn't have to move away, but she's also caressing her. And how can she not feel a little excited?

"Why would I compete with you?"

“Don't even think about it."

"About what?"

"Even as a doctor, people are trying to flirt with you. If you became an actress, I'd probably have to lock you in a room."

Dr. Fahlada smiles at the actress's cuteness before pulling her into a gentle embrace, kissing her soft cheeks tenderly. No one could make her feel the love as much as Sanithada. She loves Sanithada so much that it's hard to

look at anyone else, even if they try to get to know her and are more beautiful than her.

"If it's you, I'm willing to be locked up."

"Sweet talker."

"My lips are also sweet, you know?"

"Are you challenging me, Dr. Fahlada?"

The actress changes her position to embrace the beautiful face, bringing them close enough to feel each other's hot breath.

"I'm not challenging you. I'm just telling you it's sweet."

"You don't need to tell me because I already knew how sweet this part of yours is."

Their lips gently touch in a tender kiss that slowly heats up as their hands caress each other's naked bodies,

"Let's soak in the tub instead,"

Dr. Fahlada suggests, pulling away first, realizing that if they kept kissing like this, the bathtub filled with water mighin't be used at all. There is plenty of space left in the tub when the beautiful naked women choose to sit close together instead of apart to relax in the bath. It turns out that they aren't relaxing as they thought because they caress each other's skin, making them feel more and more excited.

Dr. Fahlada shifts to allow the beautiful actress to sit on her lap, arranging her comfortably. Although the bathtub has ample space for two to sit comfortably, they choose to be close.

"Doctor?"

"Yes... Aaahhh..."

“You are the one who handled the news about me and that singer, aren't you?"

She asks while gently stroking the doctor's chest, knowing that this will get her an answer.

"What news? Aahhh..."

"Don't pretend you don't understand."

She punishes her by biting the doctor's shoulder as punishment for still pretending not to understand her question.

"Can I answer later? Right now, I... Nghnn…”

How can she answer when her lover's soft hands are caressing her body, and their lips are kissing like this? It is very difficult to answer right now.

"I want to know now. Did you handle the news for me?"

She asks again to make sure Dr. Fahlada knows she really wants to know. Why does she have to move her fingers closer to my sensitive spot while asking me that? Dr. Fahlada looks at her lover's smiling face before leaning back against the bathtub's edge, letting her slender fingers playfully greet the beautiful petals they know so well. It's impossible to answer now when the excitement has yet to reach its peak. The rippling water in the tub indicates that our loving activity is nearing its desired climax.

The actress looks at the beautiful face with closed eyes and a smile as her slender fingers are squeezed, and then she presses her lips to give a sweet kiss to her beloved doctor

"I'm the one who pressured that singer to tell the truth."

Dr. Fahlada embraces her lover's waist, who is now listening intently for the answer.

"How did you do it?"

"St. King Hospital's affiliate company has owned shares in the company that the singer is signed with for quite some time."

"Yes."

"The news that happened was planned. That singer should've told the truth to the public, not let the news harm others."

Dr. Fablada's serious tone makes the actress reveal a soft smile before kissing her lips as soon as the doctor finishes speaking

"Thank you, but I don't want you to do this."

"Why?"

"You're making me used to this. If one day you're not with me, I won't be able to stand it for sure,"

She expresses her true feelings. Dr. Fahlada is everything to her. She doesn't mean that the doctor will have someone else, but she means that if one day something happened that made them part ways forever, she won't be able to continue living in this world. Susie often says she's lucky to have Dr. Fahlada as a lover, but in that luck, there is fear because the care and attention from the doctor are so great that she feels she can't live without Dr. Fahlada. She hardly has to do anything. Most of the time, the doctor will handle everything for her.

"Earn..."

"You've been taking such good care of me... Promise me that you'll let me die before you,"

She says. This is her true feeling. It's better for her to pass away before the doctor because she is confident that Dr. Fahlada is definitely stronger than her.

"Are you scared?"

"Yes, I am. Very scared.”

Dr. Fahlada hugs her beloved tighter than before. She understands why Sanithada is so sensitive, it's because she loves deeply that she fears for the future. But it's not wrong for her to feel this way. She's also a part of the reason Sanithada feels like this, even though for some matters, she should let her lover decide or solve things on her own, not do everything for her. Even though I love her so much, I have to be reasonable, too.

"I'll try to coddle you less. Should I let you think and solve problems on your own?"

"Thank you for understanding, but..."

"But?"

"Don't coddle me less. Keep it the same; don't reduce it."

How can she suddenly coddle me less? I won't allow that.

"Is that so? You said you were scared"

"Coddling has nothing to do with it."

"Okay, If you say so. I think we need to get out of the tub. We've been soaking quite a while."

Dr. Fahlada gets out of the bathtub first, then stands by to towel off her lover, who also waits for her to do so, just like every other time they've bathed together. Didn't she just say she wanted to do some things on her own? Not even two minutes later, she's letting me take care of her as usual.

The scandal about Sanithada and the singer has concluded, but the outcome seems to be the complete opposite. The young singer who used improper methods to garner attention is now being ignored by multiple media outlets, and even the product owners who had contracts lined up have canceled them all. This contrasts with the young actress who has several advertising jobs coming in, and even event organizers are asking her manager to squeeze into her schedule.

"Are you alright, girl?"

Susie wipes the sweat off the young actress's face with concern. Even though there are only a few scenes left, the fact that she's taken on event jobs in between is starting to wear her out.

"Do I have other events after this?"

Despite being tired from going to and fro from one event to the next, some engagements can't be declined, especially when they involve respected figures in the industry

"There's one at eight tonight for a magazine's tenth anniversary celebration party."

"Okay."

"If you can't make it, I can cancel it for you. The actress's health comes first, even if it's for a magazine that they've worked with on several issues.”

"I can handle it, Susie. I don't want to inconvenience the seniors who invited me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Susie, don't worry"

"If you don't feel alright, tell me right away. Okay, girl?"

"I will."

It's not worth it if Sanithada gets sick. Some may say that when the window of opportunities opens, you should seize them, especially since the entertainment industry is always welcoming new talents. However, for her, the health of the actress under her care is most important. And now that Sanithada has a doctor as a lover, if she falls ill, Dr. Fahlada will have a few complaints.

During the magazine's tenth-anniversary celebration party, filled with celebrities from the entertainment industry, everyone comes to express their congratulations, including Sanithada, who has frequently been on the cover of the magazine several times.

"Earn, if you don't feel all right, tell me right away."

Susie reiterates to the young actress under her care, knowing that events like this can last a long time. And importantly, Dr. Fahlada has instructed her to bring Sanithada home as early as possible. Dr. Fahlada's "as early as possible" means no later than nine-thirty, and now it's already eight-thirty. Will she be able to get Sanithada, home in time as Dr. Fahlada has instructed? This is bad. Dr. Fahlada is worried about Earn like a mother to a child

"Yes, Susie, you've reminded me that about ten times already."

"I'm worried you've got a fever. I think we should just offer our congratulations and leave."

"That would be rude, Susie. I've been on the magazine's cover several times."

She knows many of the magazine's key figures, but if she leaves too soon, it could be seen as impolite. Even though she's starting to feel feverish, she thinks she can just take some medicine when she gets home, and she'll be fine.

"It's not rude. You're pushing yourself too hard."

Having worked together for so long, they are like sisters. Susie, who has worked with her long enough to feel like family, knows that beneath the actress's cheerful facade. she's hiding her illness.

"I can't hide it, right?"

"No. And Dr. Fahlada has instructed me to get you home as soon as possible."

"Does she know?"

"Yes... I think we should offer our congratulations and leave Don't push yourself,"

She has to mention Dr. Fahlada's name to persuade Sanithada, who would otherwise continue to push herself out of respect for her seniors. The young actress follows her manager to greet others at the party, including the magazine's owner, whom she respects, as well as photographers and the magazine's team with whom she's worked before.

However, as much as she wants to rest, the young actress must spend some time talking to the magazine's senior staff and greeting friends and colleagues from the Industry. When someone asks about the recent news, she simply says it's as reported, nothing more.

"Earn."

"Hello, Ingfah. We haven't seen each other lately. How are you?"

The young actress turns and smiles at the beautiful actress, whom she admires as a role model in the entertainment industry. Ingfah is rarely involved in scandals. except for rumors about her having a girlfriend.

"I'm fine. And you? Are you feeling better?"

"Well, I'm not feeling too great right now."

"Hmm?"

"I feel like I'm having a fever.”

Her face is growing hotter by the minute, and she wants to rest as soon as possible. But every time she tries to excuse herself from the event's host, someone from the industry comes to talk to her.

"Go home and rest now. Where's Susie?"

"Over there. She's coming now. She just went to the restroom."

Once Susie arrives, she greets Ingfah briefly before quickly excusing them from the party. She doesn't forget to say goodbye to the magazine's owner. Susie looks at the young actress, who falls asleep as soon as she gets into the car, with concern. Her fever prompts her to call Dr. Fahlada, and the doctor responds by taking her to St. King Hospital for a thorough check-up as soon as possible.

After arriving at St. King Hospital and getting a detailed examination, the young actress has to be admitted to the hospital following the advice of Dr. Fahlada, who seems less than happy to see her lover sick due to lack of rest and with symptoms of a cold. She was considerate of those seniors. But not considerate of her own health at all.

"Susie, you can go rest. I'll take care of her."

"Do you want me to bring you your clothes?"

"It's okay. I have some in my office."

"Then I'll leave her in your care, Doctor... As for work, I'll cancel everything until she's fully recovered."

"Susie, please don't spoil her when it comes to work from now on, okay?"

"Understood, Doctor.”

The young actress's manager leaves the recovery room. Now it's just the patient, still deeply asleep on the bed with an IV tube in her left arm. Dr. Fahlada gently strokes the patient's hair. She'll also have to reduce her workload too. She's been working so hard that she hasn't been able to care for her lover as before. Sanithada's work schedule is already erratic, Before, she helped manage her schedule properly, which meant Sanithada hardly ever got sick.

The next morning, the patient, having rested fully, slowly opens her eyes, slightly confused. She knows she's in a hospital, but as far as she remembers, she thought Susie was taking her back to the condo last night. Or maybe her temperature spiked so high that both the doctor and Susie

took her to the hospital. But this morning. she feels much better. There is almost no fever like yesterday.

"Awake already?"

"Doctor..."

The doctor walking into the recovery room is none other than Dr. Fahlada, wearing a white gown over her work attire. Every time she sees Dr. Fahlada in her work attire, she falls in love all over again. It wouldn't be wrong to say that the doctor is very charming in her work attire.

"How are you feeling how?"

"Much better. Did you watch over me all night?"

"Yes, I've ordered some rice soup with minced pork for you. From now on, you have to consider your physical condition when you work."

Dr. Fahlada kisses her lover's forehead with concern.

"Sometimes I can't refuse when people I respect ask me to do a job,"

Says Sanithada.

"You have to refuse, Earn. Getting sick isn't worth it.”

"Don't scold me, or I'll start crying."

She has never liked Dr. Fahlada's flat tone. Every time she hears it, she feels as if she's being scolded.

"I'm not scolding you. I'm just saying it because I care. You know how much I worry about you."

“I…”

"Don't cry now, okay? You always cry so easily when you're sick. This is exactly why I don't want you to get ill,"

Dr. Fahlada says with a smile as she wipes away the tears of her sensitive lover. When Sanithada is sick, she becomes easily slighted and cries over the smallest things. But Dr. Fahlada doesn't find it annoying at all. Instead, she understands why her lover feels this way when not well.

"I love you,"

Says Sanithada.

"I love you too, very much,"

Says the doctor. A sweet kiss is the perfect affirmation of their love. Dr. Fahlada continues to kiss her special patient, letting her know just how concerned she is.

"I'm not crying anymore."

"Good girl. Now rest a bit more. If there's nothing serious by the afternoon, I'll let you go home."

"Okay. What about you..."

"I'll go home with you. How could I not take care of my unwell girlfriend? You'd just sulk otherwise."

"Come on..."

"You may be sulky, but I still love you... Here's the rice soup, just in time. Eat up so you can take your medicine."

The actress smiles at the loving gestures of her beloved doctor, which surely confuses the person delivering the food. They must wonder why Dr. Fahlada, the heir to St. King Hospital, is in this room, taking such good care of a patient. But the word 'girlfriend' probably clears up the confusion quite well. Because I'm the beloved girlfriend of Dr. Fahlada Thananusak.

## CHAPTER: 5

Two days have passed, and the young actress illness has greatly improved, much to the satisfaction of Dr. Fahlada, who has taken excellent care of her, even though there have been times when she had to let her lover be a bit upset. When she receives invitations from the owners of product brands to attend events, she declines because she doesn't want her lover to go out to crowded places just yet, even though she says she's already well.

Dr. Fahlada looks at the woman sleeping on the bed in the middle of the day with a smile. No matter how much they sulk at each other, in the end, it's just a minor issue that they can understand. Every time there is a misunderstanding, they remember the days they've been through together, including the past events that once led them to part ways.

The misunderstandings are very minor things for the two of them. Dr. Fahlada's gentle hand slowly strokes the beautiful face of the young actress with love. When she first met Sanithada, she felt this woman was interesting and pitiable for having to study abroad from a young age when she should've been enjoying herself and studying in Thailand. Eventually, she decided to approach this woman because she could see her shyness when they talked.

"Doctor…”

"Did I wake you up?"

"No, how long have I been asleep?”

She remembers feeling sleepy after lunch. She woke up when Dr. Fahlada came to sit nearby.

"Around two hours."

"Will I be able to sleep tonight after napping for two hours?"

Normally, she doesn't nap during the day because she knows it'll make it hard to sleep at night.

"It's good to rest a lot."

"What about you? Have you got some rest?"

Since she fell ill, Dr. Fahlada has taken time off work to take care of her. Even though she says she's better, the beloved doctor still won't go to work. Dr. Fahlada just says she has taken a week off. She just had a fever from lack of rest. It was nothing serious at all.

"I'm not sleepy."

"Doctor."

"Yes?"

"I'm really better now. You can go back to work."

She knows how much Dr. Fahlada loves her job and is responsible.

"I told you, I took a week off."

"But I don't want you to sacrifice your work for me,"

She knows that Dr. Fahlada is learning the executive position alongside the usual patient examination, which is very challenging for her, who doesn't like executive job.

"We both work too much, don't we? We hardly have time for each other."

Before, they had more time together because even though she had a regular job, she had a fixed time off, while the young actress selected which work to accept. But now, as she works harder, Sanithada takes on more work so she won't be alone, making the time they had for each other noticeably less.

"True."

"How about we rest on weekends and work only if there's an emergency?"

Sometimes, she should leave work at the hospital and not bring it home when she should be resting.

"But don't you need to learn about the executive work?"

For her, taking fewer jobs is possible, but that's not the case for Dr. Fahlada, whose family now wants her to fully engage in the hospital administration as soon as possible.

"I've talked to my family already.”

She's thought it through that pushing herself too hard will do more harm than good to the hospital. Moreover, since she isn't adept at administrative work, the best thing for her is to leam step by step, which is better than rushing it.

"Are your parents okay with that?"

"They are. They listened to the reasons and understood.”

Dr. Fahlada moves to hug her lover, who tells her to come into her arms. If Sanithada hadn't been sick, she wouldn't have realized how much she'd neglected her lover even though they were close.

"That's great."

"Yes, it's very good that your illness makes me realize many things."

Even though it's just a minor illness, for those who love each other, it's not a minor thing at all.

"What did you realize?"

"That I've been working too much and neglecting my lover. Thank you for understanding and for not getting slighted by that. Thank you for understanding everything about me."

The word 'everything' of Dr. Fahlada probably means not just work but everything about her, whether it's her preferences or her hidden self, because if Sanithada doesn't understand or accept it, they won't be in love today.

"It's because I love you,"

Says the actress.

"Thank you for loving me."

There are still sweet words of love for each other, along with familiar tender kisses on the lips.

"Since I'm off work for a few days, shall we go on a trip fogether?"

Dr. Fahalda asks.

"That's what I'm thinking."

"Where would you like to go?"

"This time, it's up to you. I won't decide,"

"Usually, it's your decision."

"Let's switch this time. I'll spoil you."

"For everything?"

"Yes, I'll spoil you for everything."

Even though she sees the mischievous look in Dr. Fahlada's eyes, the young actress doesn't feel any danger. After all, she knows well that beneath those mischievous eyes is love. Our love isn't a bed of roses. But it's exciting in a good way.

Hokkaido is a large island in the northernmost part of Japan. Although the weather is quite cold, it's still pleasantly cool, even during the summer. Dr. Fahlada smiles at her lover who brings her a cup of morning coffee and admires the outfit she wears-a thin white shirt that hangs just past her hips.

Yesterday, she took Sanithada skiing in the snow. Today, they decide to rest and watch the snowfall from the comfort of a fully equipped resort, where each house provides good privacy for its guests. Most importantly, each

house had large windows, making it a favorite spot for tourists to stay. Even though the price is quite high, it was worth it for the beautiful view, perfect for couples who like privacy.

"Coffee for you."

Says the actress.

"Thank you. Did you have fun yesterday?"

"I did, but I fell on my butt so many times."

It was fun, but she, who never skied before, kept falling. As for Dr. Fahlada, there is no need to worry, she skied so well it was enviable.

"Want to ski again today?"

"No, I'd rather stay with you. Yesterday, we didn't get to spend time alone. After coming back from skiing. I passed out."

She was really tired. After showering, she went straight to bed, leaving Dr. Fahlada to dine alone, as she couldn't get up.

"You don't usually exercise, so you got tired."

"Who exercises like life depends on it like you?"

In a week, if she isn't at the gym, Dr. Fahlada would be swimming. There isn't a week when she doesn't exercise while she's tired enough just from acting.

"Are your legs still sore? Should I apply some ointment?"

"They're not sore anymore."

"Tell me if they are. Don't force yourself."

"I won't, but right now, I want to sit on your lap."

Without much further ado, the young actress moves to sit on Dr Fatlada's lap, waning against her beloved doctor with a smile as they watch the snowfall. But after a while of watching the snow with a smile, the smile turns into a frown, and the frown slowly turns into a sensual feeling when the buttons come undone, followed by a soft hand caressing her chest.

It isn't just the soft hand caressing her chest that makes her swoon, but the thin lips that touch her left shoulder, then her right, playfully biting until she lets out an involuntary moan.

The coffee cup or even the snow, which is a rare sight in Thailand, seems to lose all interest when what is most intriguing is the woman who is now nearly naked. Since her lover only wears a thin white shirt, all Dr. Fahlada has to do is take it off her lover. Between the snow outside and Sanithada's bare skin, she wonders which is fairer. But for her, the snow wasn't as beautiful as Sanithada's skin.

Her thin lips slowly descend to meet lips that, no matter how many times they kiss, always enchanted her. Their kiss remains sweet and full of indescribable feelings. There is never a time when she kisses and doesn't want to kiss again. Once she starts, she wants to keep kissing over and over. Just like now, when she starts kissing and can't stop herself.

The thin shirt that once covered her body is now used to tie the wrists of the beautiful actress, leaving her unable to do anything but watch Dr. Fahlada touch her. The room is surrounded by windows, which provide romantic scenery of snow gently falling outside. Observers may feel the chill reflecting the sub-zero temperatures outside, but why doesn't it feel cold at all right now? Instead, there's a growing warmth, almost a burning sensation in the room.

Dr. Fahlada's delicate lips touch every inch of the young actress's body, making her struggle to keep silent. But it's incredibly difficult, as every time Dr. Fahlada's lips teasingly touch her, causing a sharp sensation, it sends shivers of pleasure through her.

"Ah... Doctor "

"Does it hurt?"

"No, I want more. "

The more her skin is touched, the more pleasure she feels. Dr. Fahlada's flushed face and hot breath clearly indicate this.

"How do you want it?"

"The way you like... Nghrinn, it hurts. "

Does it really hurt? Not at all, not even a bit. Dr. Fahlada isn't really hurting her, it's just that their touch isn't as gentle. The beloved doctor just likes to see her in feigned pain, her pleading voice as if the doctor is in control of this love session.

The actress's hands are tied; she can't move them and can only watch the woman above touching her own body. It's not that she isn't enjoying it, she's actually very happy to Watch Dr. Fahlada touch her. Her legs slowly spread apart when Dr. Fahlada's beautiful face moves down, but the tingling sensation causes her to inadvertently clamp her legs shut, which earns her a slap on the thighs to prevent her from doing it again.

"You're hitting me... Ah..."

You are being punished, yet why is there a moan of pleasure? You should be crying out in pain.

"If you don't obey, you must get punished, naughty girl."

Whatever kind of punishment, she accepts it from her beloved doctor. Because the punishment isn't painful but a mix of pleasure and tingling that always brings them to a beautiful climax. Their heavy breaths and moans of pleasure can still be heard as their sensitive spots rub and press closely together with the rhythm of their hips knowing each other's every move.

Outside, the temperature is below zero, but for the two of them right now, they don't feel cold at all. Their body temperatures are so high that they're both sweating, and the rhythm of their pleasure brings them closer to the peak of happiness.

"I love you."

"I love you, too.”

Sweet declarations of love come with a touch of pleasure that takes them both to heaven together. The wrists that have been bound are slowly untied. Even though there are red marks, they don't hurt at all. In fact, it feels good to see Dr. Fahlada gently kiss each wrist with tender eyes. Because I know well that everything that is Dr. Fahlada is love. A love that doesn't hide or conceal itself.

Our hearts may have been hurt before so much so that we had to hide our love. But now our hearts have love for each other.

"Woah, hey! Too much! Too much!"

"Susie!"

"Well, have you forgotten that you brought me along?"

It's a good thing she came in when the two were already under the covers. Otherwise, she would literally see too much.

"You always interrupt our moments."

"But I do enjoy it every time. What an exquisite sight"