

# Chapter 01

**Around seven in the evening, a luxurious supercar pulled into the driveway of a large house.**

A tall figure stepped out of the car, carrying important files from the office. She walked into the house without any rush.

"Oh my goodness, Ms. Phat! Let me help you. Why are you carrying those files yourself? Why didn't you call one of the staff to help you?"

The maid, who was in her late fifties, hurried over to take the files and the suit jacket draped over her employer's arm with enthusiasm.

"It's alright, Auntie Nuan. I can carry these myself. But could you please ask one of the staff to take them up to my room?"

"Of course, Ms. Phat. Have you eaten yet? Your father and Mr. Tee are at the dining table right now."

"Not yet. The traffic was terrible, so I didn't stop to eat before coming home."

"In that case, why don't you join them at the dining table? I'll take care of these and have them sent to your room."

"It's better to let the staff do it. It's not good for you to go up and down the stairs too often."

A faint smile appeared at the corner of her lips. Her beautiful face showed signs of fatigue, but she still managed to express concern for those who'd lived with her family for over a decade.

Standing at over 5'9 tall, she walked straight to the dining room and took her usual seat, where her father and younger brother were already waiting.

"What brings my daughter back home today?"

**Thanaphat** greeted his eldest daughter. To make traveling between the company and home convenient, his daughter had chosen to live in a condo and usually came home on weekends or whenever it was convenient for her.

Like today, she'd come without notice but still made it in time for dinner.

"I have some business nearby early tomorrow morning. I didn't want to waste time driving back and forth, so I decided to stay at home tonight."

"But as far as I remember, you haven't stayed at home for almost two weeks,"

**Thiraphat**, her little brother, who was sitting across from his sister, said with a playful smile.

"Are you hiding a girl in your condo?"

"......"

While scooping rice into her mouth, her captivating eyes shot a glance at her brother. Thiraphat grinned, showing his white teeth, his mirthful demeanor contrasting sharply with his sister's.

"I don't have time to go out and chase girls like you do, Tee."

"Oh really? Even though you don't have time, there are rumors that the president of Thanadecha Group was seen having a candlelight dinner with a gorgeous actress. What's that about?"

"She's just the presenter for the new condo we're launching. It's nothing."

"Whatever you say, Sis."

**Phatthira** maintained a calm expression, finding her brother's teasing trivial.

"Your little girl is quite something, Dad. Surrounded by beautiful women, but hasn't chosen anyone to be your daughter-in-law yet."

"Enough, Tee. If you have so much free time, why don't you help me with work instead of talking nonsense?"

"Oh wow! Changing the subject as soon as you get the chance. Whenever it comes to work, I'm at a loss."

Thiraphat quickly turned to his father with a pleading look, knowing his fate. There was never a time when his father didn't side with his eldest daughter.

"Don't give me that look. You're an adult now but still living idly. I've given you months. It's time you learn the business from your sister."

"Dad, you're siding with Phat, too."

His father's stern tone and authoritative voice instantly changed the young man's playful demeanor.

"Can I have until the end of this month?"

"I'll take that as a promise. It's our family business. You're a man. Don't you feel bad leaving Phat to handle everything alone?"

"Feeling bad is one thing, but you know Phat is incredibly capable. Everything seems easy for her."

"You're so unbelievable."

His father shook his head in exasperation. Since losing his wife, his eldest daughter had seamlessly taken over the business, thanks to her exceptional management skills.

She was a stunning, wealthy, and talented businesswoman, and everyone wanted to be close to her. It was common to see news about the Thanadecha Group's executive dating handsome businessmen or beautiful actresses and models.

More importantly, Phatthira never hid her preferences, though she never openly declared them.

He and his wife never had any prejudice about their daughter's preferences.

The **Phatthanadecha** family raised their children with modern values, never restricting their thoughts, which naturally evolved with the times.

He and his wife supported whatever made their children happy. The family's relationships were built on understanding, and they allowed their children to freely choose their own paths, even in matters of love...

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**The sun had long set, and white clouds were quickly covered by darkness. Not a single star shone in the sky.**

It looked like it was going to rain soon.

A slender figure stood with her arms crossed on the balcony, gazing absently at the movements below.

Pandao had been lost in thought for over an hour, her large eyes shifting between the sky and the traffic below, watching the long line of vehicles.

Red and orange lights flickered from the tail lights of various cars, slowly moving, indicating that the people inside would soon reach their destinations.

A warm breath was exhaled softly. Her large eyes always carried a hint of sadness, often visible when she let her thoughts wander.

**Pandao** had lived in this apartment for over four years. Since losing her mother in a car accident, her life had turned upside down.

On the first day of starting university, she lost her parent, who was everything to her.

At nineteen, she had no close relatives to rely on, no siblings, just herself, and a small amount of money her mother had left behind.

In the first year of her loss, Pandao managed with the small sum her mother had saved, but it wasn't enough for a comfortable life. She had to struggle on her own.

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***Rrrrr!***

The ringtone of her smartphone pulled her out of her thoughts. She walked back into the room, her sweet eyes glancing at the name on the screen. A faint smile appeared on her lips, recognizing the frequent caller.

"Hi, Vee. If you're going to call me this often, why don't you move into the room next to mine?"

Pandao teased the caller lightly. Initially, she found it annoying, but eventually, his concern won over the annoyance, becoming something she was used to.

[Oh, come on! How can I not call when I miss you?]

The deep voice laughed dryly. Words like "*miss you*" or other expressions of affection had come from him countless times, but they never softened Pandao's heart or made her see him as more than a friend.

For years, **Patwi** knew his efforts hadn't affected her feelings. Still, he never gave up and never made her feel uncomfortable.

He never crossed the boundaries she set, which might be the only reason Pandao hadn't cut him out of her life.

Just being a friend and being able to care for her was enough for someone whose love went unrequited, who still held a glimmer of hope.

He hoped that one day, his consistent efforts would make her soften and give him a chance to move beyond friendship.

"Did you just close the shop, Vee? Why so late? Was it busy?"

Her beautiful eyes glanced at the clock on the wall.

9:30 PM. While many were heading home to rest, for her, it was the start of her workday.

[Yeah... Are you heading to work now? Want me to give you a ride?]

"No need. It's late. You should go home and rest."

[Don't worry about it, Pin. You know I'm more than happy to do it. Let me take you. A motorcycle is faster than a taxi anyway.]

"But I haven't showered yet,"

Pin said, as the pleading tone in the young man's voice made the owner of the sweet face start to waver.

[Then hurry up and shower. By the time I get there, you'll be ready. It won't waste any time.]

"Alright then. See you soon, Vee."

After hanging up, she quickly disappeared into the bathroom to take care of her personal business in a rush. In just ten minutes, she was dressed in a simple T-shirt and jeans, hurrying downstairs because she felt bad for making the young man wait.

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Patwi watched her half-walking, half-running out of the elevator with admiration in his eyes. Even though Pandao was in a plain t-shirt and jeans, she still looked beautiful and cute to him, as always.

"Did you wait long, Vee? I'm sorry for making you wait, even though I tried to hurry."

"Not long at all. I just got here. You didn't need to rush so much. I can wait."

"No matter what you say, I still feel guilty. You came to pick me up, and now you have to wait, too?"

"No matter how long, I can wait. You know that."

The young man moved away from leaning against his beloved big bike. His words, filled with hidden meaning, made Pandao respond with a slight smile.

She didn't feel uncomfortable hearing such words from him. Even though those words carried a truth she was well aware of, she knew her friend didn't intend to make her feel pressured or uneasy.

"Still, I don't want you to wait. Let's hurry so you can get back and rest."

"There you go, Pin, always killing the mood,"

He laughed to cover up his deeper feelings. Her gentle rejections always made his heart ache a little every time he heard them.

It seemed like he should be used to it by now, but he never really was...

"As long as we're friends, I'll never disappear, Vee."

Pandao gave a sincere smile as she reached out to take the helmet from him before skillfully hopping onto the back of the big bike.

They arrived at their destination in less than ten minutes on the road. The booming music could be heard even from outside, clearly indicating that this was a nightlife spot.

Pandao got off the bike, which had been parked by the club's side entrance. She smiled broadly as she handed the helmet back to him.

"Thanks a lot, Vee. Drive safely, and don't speed."

"Got it, sugar belle. You take care too. Did you bring a jacket? Don't forget to dress warmly on your way back. It's dangerous to take a taxi late at night. I worry about you."

"I got it covered. Thanks,"

She said, showing him the jacket she had in her hand before waving goodbye and disappearing through the side entrance of the club.

Patwi watched Pandao's petite figure until she was out of sight. Pandao was a pretty and charming woman.

Her delicate and fragile nature made him worry. He always believed that a woman like Pandao didn't belong working among these predators...

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# Chapter 02

**Amid the booming music that never seemed to stop, a pair of clean white sneakers came to a halt behind one of the doors.**

Pandao raised her hand to knock on the door out of courtesy, then pushed it open without waiting for a response from the person inside, as was the usual practice.

"Oh! Pin, you're here already?"

"Hello, Pim."

"I thought you had a singing gig somewhere else tonight. You're later than usual."

"Almost late, actually."

Pandao smiled at the attractive woman sitting in front of a large mirror, applying makeup. She placed a bag of bread she'd bought on the way on a nearby table.

"I brought some delicious pandan custard bread and fresh milk for everyone."

"Wow, that's my favorite! Pin, you're the sweetest."

"Well, you only say that when there's food involved, Pim."

One of their colleagues, who'd just emerged from behind the dressing screen.

Pimprapa glared at the owner of that teasing comment before walking over to grab her favorite treat without hesitation.

"Honestly, Pin, you didn't have to go through the trouble. That place is always packed. I once waited so long that I gave up. How did you manage to get it?"

"It wasn't crowded today, probably because it was late. Plus, Vee dropped me off, so I took the chance to buy some since Lin mentioned craving it." "Are you trying to make us all gain weight and lose our beauty?"

Pimprapa jokingly scolded, though she couldn't help but swallow hard as her friend unwrapped the bread and took a big bite.

"If you're not afraid of gaining weight, I'll eat it all myself. Thanks for sacrificing your share."

"Who said that? Delicious food like this, who wouldn't at least have a taste?"

Amid the playful banter, Pandao chose to sit down at her usual spot in front of the mirror. As she began applying her makeup, she couldn't help but chuckle at the familiar exchange between the two women, a nightly occurrence that had become routine.

But tonight, she didn't have much time to get ready. Pandao hurriedly worked on her makeup. She was a regular singer at this upscale club, but she didn't perform every night like the others. Typically, Pandao had a schedule to sing at this club two to three times a week or more on special nights.

After finishing her makeup, she took out the outfit prepared for the night from her bag. She disappeared behind the dressing screen and reemerged in a black leather outfit-a short skirt and a crop top that revealed just enough skin to be tantalizing.

The ample, white bosom that peeked out from the edge of her shirt seemed a bit too generous compared to her otherwise delicate frame. Her flat stomach was devoid of any excess fat, and her long legs were clad in black boots.

From a sweet girl, she transformed into an all-black, spicy, and slightly sexy look.

"Pin, you have such a great figure. I'm so jealous. Even though I like men, seeing you makes me want to switch teams."

"Don't say that, Lin. You're pretty, too."

"Pretty, but not as much as you, Pin. Your face is what they call a divine gift. It's like God was biased and gave all the beauty to one person, leaving none for the rest of us."

Pimprapa joked while examining the younger woman's reflection in the large mirror.

The atmosphere in the dressing room was filled with laughter and chatter.

But for someone as quiet as Pandao, she mostly listened and joined in with occasional laughter.

The Saturday night crowd was packed with partygoers dancing energetically.

The dazzling lights and pounding music created an exhilarating rhythm. Each partygoer's moves varied according to the amount of alcohol coursing through their veins.

Pandao stood by the side of the stage, ready to go. When it was time to change the atmosphere, the music from the DJ booth gradually lowered, replaced by a live performance from the front of the stage.

The solo music began, and the beautiful singer's voice rang out before she appeared. Pandao waited for the crowd to look for the source of the voice before stepping onto the stage and singing a popular hit.

Her melodious voice, combined with her captivating beauty, drew the attention of the partygoers, who couldn't take their eyes off her. Her seductive hip movements to the rhythm of the music were mesmerizing.

Phatthira was among those watching the performance with a pounding heart. Some emotion began to stir just from seeing the singer's alluring moves.

*Gosh, she is too hot to handle...*

"How long has it been since I last came here?"

Phatthira mused, noticing the woman she'd invited to drink with her was giving her sidelong glances.

*Just being forced to sit with me, does she have to look so reluctant?*

"Almost a month."

"Exactly, almost a month. And you let my girl dress up so seductively?"

"Is your brain malfunctioning, Phat? Since when did Pin become your girl? Don't make things up."

**Pharima** couldn't help but roll her eyes at her beautiful friend. Despite the calm demeanor, her friend's words were irritating.

"Why are you so possessive? She's just a singer we hired. She's an employee, and you're the club owner, with me as your partner."

"Don't use that as an excuse, Phat. Because we hired her, I have to protect the gem of my club. Seriously, when will you stop messing with and being interested in Pandao?"

"Well... Until I get her."

*Saying it with such a straight face...*

Pharima stared at her friend's beautiful face, then sighed deeply, feeling exasperated by her friend's determination.

"Can't you just let this one go, Phat? No matter how many times I tell you, you never listen. I don't agree and won't support you messing with Pandao, understand?"

Phatthira remained expressionless, unaffected by her friend's serious tone and look.

When she wanted something, she always got it. She'd never been disappointed in matters like this.

"And do you have a good enough reason to stop me?"

Phatthira finally turned her gaze from the stage to look at her friend.

"Because if you do, I might consider it."

"There are a hundred reasons. I've told you time and time again. Don't you get it already?"

"Not one bit."

"Phat!"

Pharima rolled her eyes in exasperation. Her friend was the type who never gave up easily. She always got what she wanted, and this stubbornness made Pharima sure that her warnings had fallen on deaf ears.

"Even if you're interested in her, Pin mightn't like women."

"And how would you know? You don't have a taste for women either, Pharima. Why are you so protective? Are you more worried than a boss should be?"

"And if I told you I liked her, would you stop messing with Pin?"

"When that time comes, we'll see."

"See? No matter what, you won't stop. Whether I like her or not won't change your mind."

"You already know that, so why try to stop me?"

"Ugh, fine. If you won't listen to me, do whatever you want."

Pharima's tone was firm, intending to mock her friend, but inside, she felt worried and couldn't help but be angry.

"Are you really mad at me over this?"

"I'll try not to be mad, but let me tell you for the hundredth time, Pin is a good girl. She's only twenty-three. If you're not serious, don't hurt her."

"Twenty-three isn't a child. She might be more experienced than you think."

"Don't judge all women by your standards. The reason I keep asking you not to mess with Pin is that she's not like other women."

"Whether she's like others or not, I have to find out for myself. The woman you think is so good mightn't be what you think. And it's not just up to me. If she doesn't play along, what can I do? We're both women."

"Because you're both women, you're more dangerous for Pin."

Pharima snapped, feeling frustrated. The more she tried to stop her, the more it seemed to encourage her. But letting it go mightn't be the best either.

She knew that the young woman she cared for like a sister wouldn't stand a chance against Phatthira's cunning ways. Even though Pandao worked in a club, she wasn't like other women, as outsiders might think.

But since her friend had no intention of backing down, Pharima was at a loss on how to stop her. Everything depended on Pandao herself, and she could only hope that Pandao wasn't attracted to other women, as she feared.

The beautiful club owner stared at the female singer on stage, her eyes reflecting concern that she couldn't hide. Pandao was a pretty woman with a small, high nose that complemented her full lips. She always flashed sweet smiles at everyone.

Her sweet face was enhanced with makeup, making her look striking. Her slender body was alluring and captivating. Even though she didn't have an eye for admiring other women, she couldn't help but appreciate the other's beauty.

How could her friend possibly overlook such beauty?

Beauty was like a double-edged sword. It offered many benefits, but at the same time, it could always come back to hurt you.

"If possible, I really don't want you to play around with this girl, Phat,"

Pharima muttered that sentence again. However, it still couldn't penetrate the listener's consciousness.

"If that woman has something more than just a beautiful face and body that I like, I might consider it or even think about taking care of her seriously."

"Is that all you think?"

Pharima raised an eyebrow at her friend's beautiful face, feeling a bit annoyed on behalf of the person being talked about.

Phatthira would never be committed to anyone. This was something every woman who thought about getting involved with her should know.

"Let me warn you, Phat. Nothing is certain. Being too confident isn't good because if one day you fall in love with her and she doesn't want you, you might be the one sitting there heartbroken. And on that day, I'll laugh at you."

"Never going to happen!"

Besides her full confidence, Phatthira barely paid attention to her friend's words, unlike Pharima, who saw things quite differently.

She really wanted to see what it'd be like when someone as confident as Phatthira had to chase after love for real...

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# Chapter 03

**After work hours ended, everything continued as usual, just like every other night.**

All the singers were busy preparing to head home. However, the dressing room was still filled with intermittent laughter and chatter among the four women.

"Pin, can I talk to you for a moment?"

While Pandao was busy packing her things to get ready to go home, she had to turn around at the sound of a waitress who'd just pushed the door open.

"Is there something you need?"

"Ms. Pharima asked me to call you to meet her in VIP Room 9."

"Ms. Pharima? At this hour?"

"Yes, she wants to see you right now."

Pandao's eyebrows furrowed in surprise. Normally, Pharima never called her to the VIP room. If there was any important work matter, Pharima would usually call everyone to her office.

Despite her curiosity, Pandao responded to the waitress with a sweet voice.

"Thank you. I'll head out now."

Pandao thanked the younger girl and then glanced at her close friend. On nights when their schedules matched, she'd hitch a ride home with Pimprapa since they lived in the same direction. However, being called in after work hours might mean she'd have to take a taxi home alone.

"Maybe I should wait for you. It probably won't take long."

"It's fine, Pim. I don't want to trouble you. You go ahead."

"Are you sure? Taking a taxi alone this late can be dangerous. I can wait."

"It's okay. I don't know how long Ms. Pharima will need to talk. You should go ahead. III take my usual taxi home and text you when I get there."

"Alright, if that's what you prefer. Just text me when you get home. Take care."

"Sure, see you later, Pim."

Pandao smiled softly before grabbing a perfectly fitting jacket from the hanger to put over her singing outfit, which she hadn't changed out of yet. Then, she headed toward the VIP zone, which was sectioned off.

It took her a while to weave through the crowd to reach the VIP room. She looked up at the number on the door before knocking and pushing it open without waiting for the person inside to get up and open it.

The door swung open, but the person sitting on the sofa inside wasn't the one who'd called her. Pandao froze, her heart pounding irregularly because the beautiful woman sitting with her legs crossed was staring at her as if she longed to devour her.

Even though they were both women, her heart fluttered easily under that gaze.

The door slowly closed behind her as she stood there nervously. Despite the cool air from the air conditioner, her face felt hot. Not even her close male friend, Patwi, had ever made her feel this way.

Was it because this woman's eyes were so dazzling and filled with an indescribable emotion?

"Are you going to stand there all night?"

The smooth voice of the elegant woman in front of her snapped Pandao out of her thoughts.

She awkwardly greeted the older woman. She knew this woman as Pharima's close friend and had seen her several times when she visited the club, but they'd never personally met.

"Um... I'm sorry. Ms. Preem asked someone to call me here, so I came as instructed."

"Pharima just left the room a moment ago. She said she had urgent business to attend to and would be back soon,"

Phatthira explained, slightly irritated by Pandao's nervous demeanor.

"Have a seat."

"Uh... thank you."

With the invitation, Pandao chose to sit on the sofa opposite Phatthira. However, sitting face-to-face only made her feel more awkward.

Phatthira was an incredibly beautiful woman. At one point, Pandao had mistakenly thought she was only a few years older than her. If she hadn't known that Phatthira was Pharima's peer, she wouldn't have guessed that this woman was a decade older than her.

Pandao stole glances at Phatthira's side profile. The white shirt with rolledup sleeves and dark pants weren't particularly formal, but they looked so good on her that Pandao couldn't help but stare.

While Pandao was quietly observing, Phatthira suddenly turned to face her.

Once again, that gaze made her feel like she was being devoured.

Strangely, she didn't feel repulsed by Phatthira's gaze, unlike when others looked at her the same way.

"Would you like a drink? Wine, whiskey, or a cocktail?"

The smooth voice pulled Pandao out of her thoughts, which were mostly about the woman in front of her.

"No, thank you. I'm just waiting for Ms. Preem. Once we talk, I'll leave."

Phatthira smirked slightly. She was sure that women who worked at nightclubs knew how to drink. They might even be better drinkers than her. So, there was no need for this woman to act innocent.

"Don't drink, or can't drink?"

"I'm not very good at it. I can't handle alcohol well,"

Pandao admitted, even though she worked at a nightclub.

"That's unusual. You work at a nightclub but don't drink alcohol."

"...."

Pandao chose to stay silent, seeing Phatthira's strange smile.

"But I think one cocktail won't hurt. Consider it a drink with me. Or are you going to refuse?"

"Well... alright."

Unable to avoid it, Pandao reluctantly agreed.

Phatthira pressed a button on the table to call a server to take their order. After a while, the drinks arrived, and Pandao had no choice but to take a sip.

Phatthira watched Pandao's full lips as she sipped the drink. Her awkwardness made Phatthira want to help her drink it.

Her eyes wandered to Pandao's ample chest peeking through her shirt. Even a glimpse was enough to fuel Phatthira's imagination.

Just staring at her stirred Phatthira's emotions. Everything about Pandao, from her face to her voice, captivated her.

This woman had an irresistible charm.

"Afraid of getting drunk? Or does it taste bad?"

Despite Phatthira's calm demeanor, her gaze made Pandao's face flush again.

Pandao put the drink down, having only taken a small sip.

"No, but as I said, I can't drink much."

Pandao smiled slightly, but just then, the door opened, and someone walked in, much to Phatthira's annoyance.

Why now?

"Oh! Pin, when did you get here?"

Pharima asked, surprised. But seeing her friend's expression, she sensed something was off.

"I came when you sent someone to call me."

"I sent someone?"

Pharima pointed at herself, realizing what was going on. She glared at her friend, who remained unfazed.

She wanted to pinch her mischievous friend for using her name.

So sly and shameless.

"Well, I had something to discuss, but now there's nothing. Do you want to go home? I'll take you."

"I don't want to trouble you, Ms. Preem. Thank you. If there's nothing else, I'll be going."

Though confused, Pandao quickly declined and stood up. But Pharima didn't give her a chance to refuse.

"I'll take you. It's late. Go change, and meet me at the car in fifteen minutes."

"Okay,"

Pandao agreed and hurried out.

Once she was gone, Pharima turned to her friend, intending to scold her. But seeing her friend's indifferent expression, she could only glare in frustration.

Underneath the calm demeanor, how many people knew just how cunning someone could be? Who would've thought Phatthira would have the audacity to use her name to deceive others and still act as if nothing had happened?

Her friend really was something else.

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**A sporty BMW pulled up in front of the apartment entrance around one in the morning.**

Pandao didn't hesitate to turn and thank the car's owner for kindly driving her home so late, even though their route home was completely different from hers. "Pin."

"Yes?"

Her hand, reaching for the car door, paused. Pandao turned toward the voice of the person behind the wheel.

"Ms. Preem, is there something you need?"

"In the eyes of outsiders looking at working women like us, whether they're women or men, they probably don't see us much differently. You know that, right?"

"Yes, I know. I'll take good care of myself. You don't need to worry, Ms. Preem."

"Then go up and rest. Don't you have a class to teach tomorrow?"

"Yes, I do. I'll be going now. Thank you so much for driving me. Drive safely, okay?"

Pharima nodded slightly, watching the slender figure walk into the building with a feeling that was hard to describe.

She loved and cared for Pandao like a sister, but her best friend Phatthira was putting her in a difficult position.

Because if everything went according to what the other party wanted, the one who'd end up heartbroken would undoubtedly be the innocent Pandao.

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# Chapter 04

**At four in the afternoon the next day, after finishing her teaching hours, Pandao walked out of the music Institute located inside a shopping mall.**

Amid the hot and humid atmosphere that hinted at incoming rain, the young woman took only a few minutes to walk from the front of the mall to the Skytrain station.

Each day, her routine was almost the same. Teaching music was another job she'd started alongside singing ever since she was still in college. On some days, Pandao still took singing gigs at various events, including weddings and even at restaurants in the evenings.

Today was another free day. With no evening engagements, Pandao planned to head back to her room to rest.

However, as she was heading toward the ticket gate of the Skytrain station, the vibration from the communication device in her small shoulder bag made her slow her pace.

She pulled her phone out of her bag, and seeing an incoming call from an unregistered number, she could only guess that it might be a job offer.

"Hello?"

[....]

A sweet voice came through the line, but Phatthira, who was sitting crosslegged, leaning back in her large office chair, didn't smile. However, her eyes clearly reflected satisfaction. Even though it was their first phone conversation, she could easily recognize the melodious voice of the woman she secretly admired.

[It's me, Phatthira. Are you busy? Can you talk for a moment?]

"Uh..."

Pandao was momentarily stunned, not expecting the caller to be the captivating businesswoman Phatthira, the woman who made her heart race every time they were close.

"I'm free. Do you have any business with me, Ms. Phat?"

[Do I need to have a business to call you?]

The flippant remark left the slender woman at a loss for words. Asking how the other got her number seemed unnecessary, as she could guess that Phatthira must've gotten it from Pharima.

While Pandao was lost in her thoughts, she had no idea that her guess wasn't entirely correct.

Although Phatthira got her number from a close friend, it wasn't with Pharima's consent as she thought.

She'd simply used some tricks to get it.

"Well, I..."

The sweet voice stammered, unsure how to respond. Phatthira made her nervous and naturally less confident.

[I have something important to discuss. Do you have time now?]

"Uh, I'm free now. You can talk about it, Ms. Phat."

[I don't like discussing business over the phone. Can we meet, or should I pick you up?]

"Uh..."

Pandao thought for a moment, not knowing how to refuse since the other had just said she couldn't discuss it over the phone.

"If you can't talk over the phone, I'll come to you. Where should I meet you?"

[Add this number on LINE, and I'll send you the location.]

"Yes, Ms. Phat."

With that, the call ended, leaving her feeling confused.

Pandao couldn't find a reason why she'd agreed so easily.

Whatever the reason, she comforted herself with the thought that Phatthira was a friend of Pharima, and there was nothing to worry about just because she was meeting her boss's close friend...

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**Soft sunlight streamed through the curtains from the balcony, causing the slender woman, who was sleeping under a thick blanket, to slowly wake up groggily.**

She squinted at the clock on the wall, which showed eleven o'clock. Last night, it took her a long time to fall asleep, tossing and turning several times.

The reason for her sleeplessness was undoubtedly the proposal from the owner of those sharp eyes.

*'I want you to sing at my hotel'.*

Those words lingered in her mind, powerful enough to make Pandao unable to refuse the beautiful businesswoman Phatthira's invitation.

Her serious face and calm demeanor made it seem like she was discussing a billion-dollar business.

The more she thought about her own confused response, the more Pandao sighed repeatedly.

From today onwards, she had to adjust her schedule to include singing at the other woman's hotel.

Pandao shook off the blanket and neatly folded it before grabbing a towel and heading into the bathroom.

. .

**The face and eyes of her new boss lingered in her thoughts almost constantly.**

Although she'd never experienced love before, she wasn't so naive as to not recognize the strange feelings and reactions happening to her.

Pandao had thought about this all night and was quite sure that the answer was something she couldn't prevent.

She was feeling attracted to another woman.

Pandao quickly got ready and headed to her destination, which was Patwi's music store.

The bell above the door chimed softly, catching the attention of the young man who owned the store, making him look up from the guitar he was engrossed in.

But just seeing the sweet face of the visitor brought a delighted expression to his handsome face almost immediately.

"Oh, Pin! Why didn't you call me first? I could've picked you up."

"No need to trouble yourself. I just wanted to drop by and also plan to shop at the mall."

Pandao greeted her close friend as she walked over and sat on a nearby chair out of habit. Her eyes glanced at the instrument in the young man's hands, her love for music evident in her interested gaze.

"A new guitar. Wanna try it? I just got it. Saved up for a long time before deciding to buy it. It's for my own use, not for sale."

"I can try it? You just bought it. Aren't you afraid I'll break it?"

"If it were someone else, I might be. But you're an exception, Pin."

He said. handing the new guitar to the woman who reached out to take it without hesitation.

"Since you're here, sing a song for me. I want to hear it."

"Just one song, as a trade-off."

A tender smile appeared on her rosy lips. After testing the sound briefly.

Patwi couldn't help but smile at the sweet, melodious voice that accompanied the guitar's rhythm, played with professional skill.

Her graceful fingers moved effortlessly across the chords, her body swaying naturally to the rhythm. Pandao had skills and abilities in playing various musical instruments.

Especially the 'piano,' which amazed him countless times with her talent.

Her unique, sweet voice was a gift that made others envious. The small music store was filled with her sweet voice for a while before Pandao gently placed the guitar back on its stand.

Her mother was a music teacher, so it wasn't surprising that her only daughter would be instilled with a love for music from a young age.

And because of this love, combined with her natural talent that showed from a young age, her mother always pushed and encouraged Pandao to study music from as early as she could remember.

"Why did you stop so soon? Can't you sing another song? I was enjoying it. You sing beautifully and play music so well. I could listen to you all day."

"You always compliment me. I graduated in this field. If I couldn't play well, the institution would lose its reputation because of me."

"I'm serious. If you weren't good, you wouldn't be a piano teacher at such a prestigious music institute with such high standards and expensive tuition."

"Don't say that too loudly. If someone hears, I might get fired for badmouthing my own institution."

With that, Pandao laughed softly before voicing something she'd been thinking about.

"I've decided to stop singing at clubs."

What she said made Patwi perk up. He'd complained about this to his close friend many times. The job of a nightclub singer wasn't suitable for a delicate woman like Pandao. He always worried about her safety.

But at the same time, he understood that in the past, various necessary reasons might've led her to sing in clubs.

But not anymore. Pandao had graduated for years, and her skills were impressive. Being a piano teacher at a renowned music institute was nothing to scoff at.

"It's the best decision, really. I've been telling you for a long time to stop singing there."

"I know. I remember. Let's just say I'm finally taking your advice. Are you hungry, Vee? Let's go eat. This meal is on me."

"Are you planning to celebrate in advance for quitting singing at the club?" "Not at all. It's not like I can just quit today or tomorrow. At the very least, I have to tell Ms. Preem first. I can't just suddenly stop like this."

"Okay, okay. Let's go eat then. Today, I'm gonna eat a lot since someone is treating me."

"Can I change my mind now?"

"Too late for that."

Pandao got up from her chair to wait outside, allowing the young man to lock the shop door.

They chose to eat sukiyaki at the mall, but then, by chance, life brought them back to encounter someone unexpectedly.

. .

**The image of a sharp-looking man laughing and chatting with an adorable woman became a scene that held Phatthira's gaze for a long time.**

Suddenly, she felt an inexplicable irritation when she noticed the closeness between the man and the woman she'd just offered to drive home last night.

"Ms. Phat, the food is here. What are you looking at? Someone you know?"

The strange reaction of the beautiful businesswoman, who kept glancing at the restaurant across the way, made the person sitting opposite her unable to resist seeking her attention.

"No."

"But I saw you staring at that girl for a long time. Are you interested?"

"No, Rita."

Once again, Phatthira chose to give a short answer, starting to feel annoyed for no apparent reason.

"She's pretty and cute, but she seems to be with her boyfriend."

"...."

Phatthira looked into the eyes of the gorgeous model without saying anything. Of course, those piercing words couldn't help but stir up a feeling of irritation.

Phatthira felt irritated by the word 'boyfriend' that Rita mentioned. If that were the case, what she'd hoped for would be a complete failure.

"Let's eat quickly. I have some business to attend to."

"But it's been almost a month since we last met. If you finish your business, how about we find a place to listen to some music tonight?"

Sensing the other's displeasure, the attractive model chose to speak in a coaxing tone.

Since the last time they met, there had never been a time when the president of Thanadecha Group would lower herself to call. If it weren't for this chance encounter, she wouldn't have the opportunity to sit and eat with a high-level executive like Phatthira.

"Hmm."

Phatthira responded with a feeling of weariness, knowing well that the invitation would likely end up in bed.

Even though part of her wanted to refuse, some emotions pushed her to accept the charming model's invitation without hesitation.

She admitted that the model's comments about the relationship between the two had stirred up an inexplicable irritation.

Interfering with someone who was already taken was something Phatthira had always avoided, believing that someone like her didn't need to lower herself to get involved with someone else's woman.

But Pandao's case was different. Even though her mind told her to think that way, her heart's answer was completely contradictory.

The desire to possess and own only grew stronger, to the point of being frightening. She feared that what she'd always held onto might be overlooked this time.

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# Chapter 05

**On the rooftop of a luxurious hotel in the heart of the city, the light from the candles Illuminated the various tables.**

The melodious tunes played softly, blending with the gentle breeze. A beautifully shaped wine glass was lifted by its tall owner for a sip.

However, as soon as the alcohol in the glass decreased, a waiter standing not far away hurriedly approached to provide service with exceptional politeness.

Of course!

Besides the high standard of service of the luxurious hotel, every staff member knew well who the striking woman sitting in the private corner was.

The president of Thanadecha Group, the owner of numerous real estate businesses, including this luxurious hotel.

The melodious tune from a musical instrument was being played beautifully.

An alluring female singer in a light-colored strapless dress was sitting facing the grand piano. It was a sight that captivated Phatthira, making her unable to take her eyes off it.

The slender fingers moved gracefully along the notes. Her lovely face was lightly adorned with makeup. Her long, wavy hair cascaded down her back. A sweet, gentle smile always adorned the corners of her mouth, even as she sang along with the song's lyrics.

That sweet, delicate demeanor was so different from the image of a seductive cat when she sang in a club as if she were a different person.

Moreover, Phatthira couldn't believe that the beautiful woman she had her eyes on could play this musical instrument so professionally.

For the past two weeks, she'd been frequenting this place more often than necessary. And the reason was undoubtedly the beautiful singer she'd personally contacted to sing here.

Phatthira watched the surroundings until the beautiful singer's singing session ended. Her waiting seemed to end as well.

The slender figure disappeared from the stage for a while. Judging by the time, she should've gotten up from the dining table by now.

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At the elevator, Pandao was staring at the numbers on the elevator panel as it ascended to the top floor of the hotel. However, while waiting, the vibration from her mobile phone caught her attention, prompting her to check the screen.

As she focused on the message on her phone, the elevator reached the top floor and opened. Pandao stepped into the elevator without noticing her surroundings.

Until...

"Move in a bit. Do you realize you're crowding others?"

A soft whisper near her ear made her heart drop. The arms of the person behind her, pulling her slender waist closer, caused her to startle.

The shock made Pandao turn sharply to look behind her, but her action caused her nose to brush against the cheek of the person standing behind her unintentionally.

"Ms. Phat?!"

Even though it was just a split second, Phatthira couldn't help but inhale the pleasing scent from the soft cheek deeply.

Pandao hastily turned her face away, her cheeks burning. Her heart raced. If Phatthira were a man, she couldn't help but think the other person was taking advantage of her.

"When did you get behind me, Ms. Phat?"

"I walked in with you and saw you were too busy with your phone to notice your surroundings. If I were a criminal, I'd like a careless victim like you."

The reprimanding words made the slender figure quickly put her phone back in her bag. The closeness and nervousness made her awkward and unsure of how to act.

Every second the elevator descended, the warmth from the bodies pressed together inside made Pandao almost forget to breathe.

When the elevator reached the hotel lobby, the slender figure didn't hesitate to follow the people exiting the elevator.

"Do you have to sing at the club tonight?"

Pandao slowed her pace when she heard the question from the person walking closely behind. But as she turned to talk, the height difference of over ten centimeters made her tilt her head up to converse, almost straining her neck. "Yes."

"I'll drop you off."

"But there's a taxi right in front. I'll take a taxi; it's better."

"Better how? This isn't the first time you've ridden with me,"

Phatthira retorted immediately, not waiting for a refusal she didn't want.

This wasn't the first time Pandao had refused her.

And it wouldn't be the first time the other woman had to comply with her wishes.

"I don't like repeating myself, Pandao. Follow me."

With the final sentence that felt like an order, Pandao chose to remain silent. Even though the other person's tone was calm, it carried a hint of displeasure that she didn't dare to defy.

Phatthira was her boss, and that was reason enough. It had enough influence to make Pandao follow the tall figure to the parking lot.

This wasn't the first time she'd ridden with the other person. Since she started singing here two weeks ago, she'd never been able to refuse the beautiful hotel owner's wishes. Since getting to know Phatthira personally, she'd sensed the other person's demanding and irritable nature.

*Do all rich people have such demanding personalities? Pandao was genuinely curious...*

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**Amid the booming music, the atmosphere had become familiar to her.**

Pandao arrived at her destination fifteen minutes early. If it weren't for Phatthira dropping her off, her schedule would've been more predictable.

"Oh! Pin, why are you here so early today?"

"Hello, Pim. I finished singing at the hotel and came straight here. Has anyone else arrived yet?"

"Not yet. It'll be a while. You got here early today."

"But you still got here earlier than me."

Pandao replied with a smile, sitting down at the vanity next to her older colleague.

The two women began applying makeup without rushing, as they had plenty of time to prepare for their performance. As time passed, the one meticulously applying red lipstick frowned at the busy demeanor of the pretty woman beside her.

"What are you looking for, Pin?"

"A paper bag. A white one. Did you see me bring it in earlier? I can't remember where I left it."

"When you walked in, I didn't see you carrying any bag except your purse."

The answer made Pandao think for a moment before she realized where she'd left it.

"What's in it? Did you leave it in the taxi? Think carefully."

"The outfit for tonight's performance. And no, I didn't leave it in the taxi."

"Oh! If you left it in your room, there's no time to go back. I have a spare outfit. You can borrow mine. No need to stress yourself out."

Pandao wouldn't be stressed if she hadn't left it in the car of the one who offered to drop her off.

Of course, she felt guilty because, by now, Phatthira might've driven far away.

The forgetful girl picked up her phone from her small purse. She blamed her carelessness. How could she forget such a big paper bag in the other person's car?

Her slender fingers unlocked the screen, but before she could touch the chat box or dial, a message popped up in the chat box.

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**Phatthira:**

**You left something in my car.**

**Pandao:**

**I'm sorry. If it's not too much trouble, could you tell me where you are now? If I take a taxi to get it, would that be convenient for you?**

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Pandao gripped her phone tightly, waiting for a response. Considering the time since she was dropped off, Phatthira might've driven home by now.

If that were the case, how could she take a taxi to get it? She didn't even know the distance.

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**Phatthira:**

**I'm in Pharima's office. Do you want to come up, or should I bring it down to the dressing room?**

With that, the last message was quickly sent without hesitation.

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Soon after, Pandao found herself standing in front of Pharima's office, located above the club.

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***Knock Knock! Knock!***

A soft knock on the door was followed by a voice granting permission from inside.

In a moment, the door was pushed open, and the slender figure of the beautiful singer stepped in with a face full of apology.

"I'm really sorry for leaving my stuff in your car and troubling you to bring it to me."

Phatthira sat with a stoic expression on the sofa. The room was empty except for her, as the owner had to go out to oversee the usual daily operations at the club.

"It's okay. This is yours. Come and get it."

Pandao made a move to grab the white paper bag placed next to Phatthira, but perhaps due to nervousness, her four-inch heels caught on the carpet, causing her to stumble and fall onto the woman sitting on the sofa unintentionally.

"Ms. Phat! Uh... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

As soon as she regained her composure, Pandao immediately tried to get up from the slender figure. However, it wasn't as easy as she thought because as soon as she moved, the other wrapped her arms tightly around her.

The striking face, enhanced with makeup to look sharp, was a stark contrast to how she looked earlier in the evening. One look was sweet, while the current look was like a fiery vixen, sexy and alluring, making one want to 'possess' her even more.

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

"What?"

Startled by the words, Pandao accidentally made eye contact with the speaker, her eyes wide with shock. It was clear that what happened was an accident, so why did the other person think she was trying to seduce her?

"I never intended to do anything like that."

"Really?"

Phatthira smirked, looking into the panicked eyes with a clear hint of desire.

"Then why do I want you to think about doing something like that to me?"

"Ms. Phat..."

Pandao unintentionally moaned the other person's name in surprise. She didn't know if Phatthira was serious or joking, but some instinct told her to struggle to get out of the embrace as quickly as possible.

However, her slight struggle was futile, as the taller one had no intention of loosening her grip.

"Ms. Phat, please let go."

"You fell on me. If you think a simple apology will satisfy me, let me tell you right now that you're wrong."

"Then what do you want me to do?"

The unintentional offender almost wanted to cry. The accident wasn't something she intended to happen. She'd already apologized, but if the other person was still not satisfied, she didn't know what to do.

"There's nothing you need to do."

Phatthira's sweet eyes focused on the plump lips as if everything around had stopped moving. The allure that was just inches away made Phatthira not want to let the opportunity slip away.

The tall figure immediately pressed her lips against the plump ones. The gentle touch, though invasive, wasn't aggressive, easily luring the inexperienced person into a daze.

The thin lips were slowly savored, every touch filled with gentleness, making the slender figure unknowingly respond to the sweet touch given by the other person.

The more the other person responded, the more Phatthira was encouraged. Her skillful tongue slowly explored the soft mouth, coaxing the small tongue to respond to her passionate kiss.

Her graceful hand caressed the delicate back before moving down to the rounded buttocks, gently kneading, which easily elicited a soft moan from the inexperienced person.

The passionate kiss lasted a long time before Phatthira reluctantly pulled away. The younger person was left dazed by the new sensation she'd just experienced for the first time.

It was so embarrassing that she wished to crawl into a hole and never come out.

Pandao looked at the woman in front of her with a face that seemed ready to cry, but her resistance was met with an even tighter embrace.

"Ms. Phat, please let me go."

"And what if I don't want to let go?"

Phatthira's eyes were still focused on the plump lips that were now swollen from the kiss. The lipstick had faded, and the sweetness she'd tasted for the first time made her crave it even more.

Phatthira leaned in for another kiss, but the one who'd regained her senses turned her face away just in time, causing the kiss to land on her white neck instead. The opportunist then chose to nuzzle her lips and nose against the slender neck, making the slender figure speak in a trembling voice.

"Ms. Phat, please don't."

"Why?"

The more she saw the weak resistance, the more Phatthira was encouraged. Just a touch made her tremble like a little bird.

"Isn't it because you want me to kiss you here that you turned away?"

"N-no, Ms. Phat, please let me go. If Ms. Preem sees this, it won't look good."

"Scared?"

The tall figure pulled her face away from the white neck with a smirk. As soon as the other person loosened her grip, the slender figure quickly moved away without saying anything else.

Pandao quickly grabbed the paper bag next to her and hugged it to her chest. The person who'd just sat up in the same position almost laughed at the sight.

Was she really that scared of being taken advantage of?

"I'll take my leave now, Ms. Phat."

As soon as the slender figure rushed out of the room, a smile appeared on Phatthira's face. She lightly touched her lips with her fingertips, the sweet taste from the soft lips still lingering in her mind.

*If just the lips were this sweet, how delicious would everything else be?*

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# Chapter 06

**At five in the evening, Pandao decided to take a leisurely walk inside the shopping mall near her home.**

Since it was after work hours, the bustling atmosphere made her choose to spend time at the bookstore on the second floor of the mall.

Book after book was picked from the shelves until her eyes caught sight of a book she'd been eyeing since the beginning of the month. However, the book was placed on a shelf too high for her to reach. Her sweet eyes scanned the area for an employee to help.

But no matter how long she waited, no employee passed by. After gauging the height again, Pandao decided to stand on her tiptoes to try and grab the book herself. Just then, a slender hand reached from behind and grabbed the book before she could.

"Why didn't you call an employee to get it for you if it's so high?"

"Ms. Phat?"

The appearance of the woman she'd been avoiding for days left Pandao at a loss for words. She wasn't ready to face her yet, still feeling embarrassed about the incident in Pharima's office that night.

"Uh... Ms. Phat, are you here to buy books too?"

"No, I had a meeting with a client here. Just finished."

"I see."

Pandao looked at the tall figure in a pastel pink suit. Phatthira had one hand in her pocket while the other held the thick book she'd just grabbed, showing no intention of returning it to her.

"Are you done?"

"What?"

"The books you wanted to buy, are you done?"

"Yes, I'm done."

After her confused response, Phatthira took two or three books from her hands and walked straight to the checkout counter without a word.

"What are you doing. Ms. Phat?"

"Buying books means paying for them. How else would you leave the store?"

She handed her credit card to the smiling cashier, her face expressionless, then turned her attention to the smaller woman who'd hurried to stand beside her.

"But these books are mine. I was going to buy them."

"But I want to pay. Is that a problem?"

She looked into Pandao's eyes, which were now wide with surprise. The innocent look in her eyes made Phatthira feel an unexpected fondness.

"I haven't eaten anything since noon. Come have dinner with me as a thank you for the books."

"...."

Even though she wanted to refuse the invitation from this person, who was dangerous to her feelings, the fact that she hadn't eaten made Pandao unable to say no.

*Is she worried about Phatthira?*

Despite fearing the answer, she chose to follow her into the restaurant.

Day by day, the more she got involved in her life, the more it affected her feelings.

By now, Pandao couldn't deny that she was starting to feel something special for this woman...

. .

**That same evening, her routine continued as usual.**

Pandao arrived at the hotel around eight o'clock. Since the sky threatened rain, Patwi offered to drop her off as he had business nearby.

"Thanks for the ride. Drive safely."

"You too, Pin. Take care of yourself."

Patwi took his helmet from the beautiful woman, but the wind blew her long hair across her face, annoying him enough to tuck it behind her ear.

"Look at this! Your hair is all messy."

"I'm going inside now. You should hurry before it rains."

"I know, I know. Who was it that told me to drive slowly? You saw it was going to rain, and I didn't want someone to get wet, so I sped up."

"Vee, you drive too fast. I don't like it; it's dangerous."

"Just admit you're worried. Or is it because you want to hold onto me longer?"

"Listen to yourself, never getting down from your high horse. Hurry up and go, Vee; I have to work."

"You're always like this. When will I ever win you over?"

Hearing her close friend's playful complaint, Pandao could only shake her head with a smile. She waited until Patwi sped off before turning to walk into the hotel lobby.

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She smiled politely at the receptionist, but as she headed toward the elevator, her eyes caught sight of a tall figure approaching her.

Pandao greeted the hotel owner with a smile, but it was a weak one because the other woman's expression showed clear displeasure.

They'd been fine during dinner at the restaurant earlier, so why was she so upset now?

"Just got here?"

"Yes."

Pandao answered briefly but noticed the mocking look in the other woman's eyes.

What had she done to upset her? She couldn't figure it out.

"Uh, if you'll excuse me."

"Wait!"

Pandao stopped and turned to face the taller woman, who still looked at her with the same cold eyes but now with more indifference. "Do you have something to discuss with me, Ms. Phat?"

Phatthira squinted at the woman, who still looked innocent. The sight of her being dropped off by a man hadn't escaped her notice.

And if she remembered correctly, that man was the same one she'd seen having dinner with her at the mall before.

But so what? That night, this woman had been in her arms, and now she was flirting with the man at the hotel.

Was she trying to have it all, both men and women?

"I don't like my employees having issues with jealousy. From now on, if you go anywhere or do anything with anyone, be careful. I won't interfere with your personal life, but if you do something with someone like you did with me and your boyfriend finds out, don't say I didn't warn you! And don't let it affect your work. Understand?"

Pandao could only stand there, stunned. She barely had time to process the long reprimand, but she wasn't so naive as to not understand the criticism.

A sudden pain hit her heart. The words felt like an unjust insult.

If letting Phatthira take advantage of her made her seem easy, she had no defense.

"I understand."

Pandao lowered her eyes, hiding the tears welling up.

"I promise it won't happen again and affect work as you fear."

"If you're sure, that's good. I don't like dealing with such nonsense!"

Phatthira glanced at her briefly before turning away without another word.

Even with a boyfriend, she let others kiss and hug her easily. If that wasn't being easy, what was?

*Women of the night, as long as the money is right, they'll be easy for anyone...*

*. .*

**Hours passed, but Phatthira's words still haunted her.**

Every word echoed in her mind, leaving her distracted.

"Pin."

The call came a second time, but the daydreaming woman didn't seem to hear.

Pimprapa watched her through the mirror's reflection. Pandao stared at her coffee cup, making Pimprapa put down her lipstick and focus on her.

"Pin! What's wrong? I've called you twice."

Pimprapa raised her voice, and it worked. The daydreaming woman looked at her with a startled expression.

"Pim, what's up?"

"I've called you several times. Where's your mind?"

"Sorry, I didn't hear."

"Of course not, with you daydreaming like that. And what's this? Drinking coffee at eleven at night? When do you plan to sleep? You never drink coffee."

Pimprapa wasn't the only one confused. Pandao looked at her drink, equally puzzled.

How could she explain that she hadn't even realized she made the wrong drink?

"Um... I had to run errands early this morning, so I'm feeling sleepy now."

Pandao made a flimsy excuse because the reason for her absent-mindedness was causing her to lose her sense of self without realizing it.

The passionate kiss that had happened between her and that woman still lingered in her feelings. Some emotions began to take shape, and Pandao couldn't deny that Phatthira's indifferent attitude toward her was having an influence on her heart in a way that shouldn't have happened.

"Pin, have you ever realized that you're not good at lying?"

Pimprapa sighed softly because the red-rimmed eyes and frequent blinking were clear evidence that something was wrong.

"Is there something bothering you?"

"I'm really fine, Pim."

"Do you see me as a stranger?"

"It's not like that at all."

"Even if I can't help you much, at least I can be a good listener for you. Whenever you're ready to talk, I promise to be there for you."

"Thank you so much, Pim."

"And stop being so tearful. If someone else sees this, they'll think I'm bullying a kid."

Pimprapa tried to change the atmosphere with a teasing remark, which managed to make the petite woman smile to cover up her confused feelings.

Pandao had to admit that she was feeling puzzled by the woman's attempts to get involved with her.

Sometimes kind, sometimes harsh, to the point where she couldn't keep up with that woman's emotions...

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# Chapter 07

**The last file of the day was closed as the watch on her wrist showed six in the evening.**

A heavy sigh echoed as Phatthira leaned back against her office chair. Her eyelids fluttered shut, and one hand rose to massage the space between her eyebrows, trying to ease the tension that had built up throughout the day.

With her mind momentarily free from work, certain thoughts and feelings began to invade her peace. That woman, like a lovely demon, seemed to dominate her thoughts almost constantly.

It was so overwhelming that Phatthira found herself irritated with her own mind.

Lowering her dignity to get involved with someone who was already taken wasn't her style. But with that woman, it wasn't easy to cut her out of her thoughts.

Her attempts to keep herself busy with work all week hadn't lessened her longing for that woman.

On the contrary, the longing had only grown stronger.

She wanted, she craved, she desired to conquer.

Every reason only added to her restlessness, and her patience, which had lasted all week, was on the verge of collapsing.

Phatthira knew well that she wasn't the type to endure such matters for long.

So, grabbing her luxurious handbag and slinging it over her shoulder, she walked out of her office, deciding to move forward without caring about anything else.

A week was too long. Someone like her didn't need to waste time enduring such things.

If she wanted something, she'd get it. Simple as that.

. .

**Spotlights illuminated the beautiful figure stepping onto the stage.**

The sexy black cosplay outfit she wore stirred certain feelings in those who watched.

Her fair, smooth skin highlighted her curves clearly. The ample white bosom peeking out from the small top was tantalizing, making the blood in one's veins rush.

*For heaven's sake!*

No one could resist imagining all sorts of things from the sight before them, just like Phatthira, who sat with a composed face in her usual spot, her eyes fixed on the woman performing on stage without looking away.

At the same time, she almost wanted to storm up and pull the sexy singer away from the handsome male singer. She knew it was just entertainment, but the way they were all over each other was irritating.

Pandao seemed to be very good at tempting everyone!

Phatthira tried her best to control her anger, but beneath her calm exterior, she was burning with displeasure.

"Did you hire a singer or a stripper? This is a club, not a brothel!"

"The hell?!"

Pharima was startled by the sudden outburst. The speaker's eyes were still fixed on the stage.

Of course, Pharima knew what kind of mood her friend was in, no matter how calm her face appeared.

"It's not that revealing. Other shows are much more revealing. I've never seen you criticize them this harshly. Take it easy, jeez!"

Pharima argued heatedly. The performance on stage wasn't that inappropriate. If she were to be blunt, Phatthira usually liked such revealing shows.

"All over each other like that? How is that not inappropriate? If they weren't on stage, who knows what they'd be doing by now."

"You're overreacting, Phat. Don't tell me you're jealous?"

Pharima blurted out, her eyes scrutinizing, but Phatthira remained silent, not responding to her friend's accusation, which seemed to have some truth to it.

Yes, she was jealous. But admitting it was another matter.

"Tell me, you and Pin haven't done anything, right?"

"What do you mean by 'done anything'?"

Phatthira teased, seeing the worried look on her friend's face.

The more she saw it, the more annoyed she felt. Why worry so much?

"I'm not joking. I'm asking you to your face. Have you slept with her?"

"And what do you think?"

"Phat!"

Pharima glared at her aggravating friend, losing patience with her antics.

"You're obviously showing jealousy over Pin. What am I supposed to think?"

"You were so confident that your girl wasn't easy. So why are you asking me such a stupid question?"

"What stupid question? How would I know? Seeing you so possessive over her, even if I'm confident in Pin, I don't trust you. Do you realize how untrustworthy you are in matters like this?"

"And in matters like this, doesn't it take mutual consent, Pharima? If that woman didn't agree, do you think I could force her?"

Pharima was at a loss for words, cornered by the truth in her friend's argument. Everything Phatthira said was true. She couldn't force another woman.

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***Beep! Beeeeep!***

The honking from behind didn't interest the person walking along the edge of the road. The flashing sky and rumbling sounds pressured her to quicken her pace toward the line of taxis at the club's entrance.

***Beep! Beep!***

The honking repeated, but this time Pandao turned toward the sound.

A black sedan pulled up beside her, slowing down as the driver's window rolled down.

"Pin, are you heading home? Get in, I'll give you a ride."

**Aekaphop**, the handsome singer who'd been performing at the club for less than two months, leaned out to talk to her. He smiled charmingly, but it did nothing for her.

On the contrary, Pandao disliked his lecherous gaze. He was an opportunist, often taking advantage of their duet performances.

So, outside of work, she kept her distance, treating him only as a colleague to protect herself.

"I'd rather not trouble you. Thank you."

With that, Pandao quickened her pace, not wanting to engage further. She never wished to get close to him and avoided unnecessary conversations. But her cold rejection didn't deter Aekaphop, a notorious casanova.

Opportunities like this were rare. Since he started at the club, this was his first chance to get close to her.

The harder it was, the more it challenged him.

"Come on, get in, Pin. It's dangerous to take a taxi alone, especially with the rain coming."

Aekaphop persisted, looking at the sky to pressure her. His determination to pursue her was relentless.

"Or do you not trust me?"

Pandao paused, wanting to tell him...

*No, I don't!*

But she wasn't one to be so blunt. So, her words contradicted her feelings.

"It's not that. I just prefer taking a taxi. Thank you." She stood firm, but he showed no signs of giving up.

His persistence was tiresome.

As a singer, she often faced such situations. It was normal for someone in her line of work, but she never got used to it.

Every time she was pursued by men like him, she felt annoyed.

In such awkward situations, the only escape was getting into a taxi.

But just then, a familiar white sports car pulled up beside the black sedan.

"Get in."

As the driver's window rolled down, the stunning face she'd been thinking about all week appeared, making her heart race.

There was no need to wait for the other person to repeat themselves. As soon as Pandao saw who the woman entering the awkward situation was, she immediately opened the door and got into the car without wasting any time thinking.

*At the very least, Phatthira seems more trustworthy than that man, right?*

The young man who'd been persistently pursuing the attractive woman he had his eye on for a long time couldn't help but pound his fist on the steering wheel in frustration.

Even though he didn't get a chance to see even a glimpse of the driver's face, he knew that the owner of that luxury car worth tens of millions wasn't an ordinary person he could get involved with or try to provoke without causing trouble for himself.

"So, she's a sugar baby. No wonder she played so hard to get!"

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# Chapter 08

**The luxury car had barely pulled away from the front of the club when the rain, which had been threatening for a few minutes, began to pour down as if the sky had burst open.**

The car's headlights, combined with the streetlights on either side, did little to help in the torrential downpour, which made visibility almost impossible.

Phatthira squinted through the rain, trying to be extra cautious. She felt irritated by the atmosphere around her; everything seemed to annoy her, and the main reason was the person sitting silently next to her since they got into the car.

"It's raining so hard, I can barely see the road,"

Pandao commented, breaking the silence because she couldn't stand the awkwardness any longer. Her soft, almost apologetic tone managed to catch the attention of Phatthira, who had been pretending to focus on driving.

"How do you usually get home?"

Phatthira asked.

Phatthira had been irritated by the sight of Pandao talking to the owner of a black sedan earlier, but now she had to calm herself down. She couldn't keep losing her temper over this woman repeatedly.

"I usually get a ride home with a colleague. We usually go the same way. Sometimes I take a taxi,"

Pandao replied.

"Why did you come out alone tonight?"

Phatthira asked.

"My colleague had an urgent matter and had to go back to their hometown right after work,"

Pandao explained.

"Why didn't you call your boyfriend to pick you up?"

Phatthira asked, prying into what she wanted to know but feeling annoyed at herself for mentioning the word "boyfriend."

"It's dangerous to go home alone in this heavy rain. Aren't you afraid he'd be worried?"

"No."

Pandao replied softly, clasping her hands tightly on her lap as she felt the cold from outside and the low temperature inside the car. She was just a woman alone; who'd worry about her?

Phatthira misunderstood the short, sad response, thinking Pandao might be having problems with her boyfriend and didn't want to talk about it.

Silence enveloped the car again. Phatthira's displeased expression made Pandao too scared to even breathe loudly. The tension made her sit stiffly, focusing intently on the road ahead.

Normally, the journey from the club to her place took less than fifteen minutes, but the continuous heavy rain extended her travel time.

It took almost half an hour for the luxury car to finally pull up in front of her building. The relentless rain made Pandao hesitate to get out of the car, feeling a growing concern in her heart.

She worried about Phatthira driving back in such heavy rain. It seemed unkind to let her drive back alone in this weather.

"It's still raining heavily. How will you drive back?" Pandao asked.

"I'll drive back the same way I drove you here. My condo isn't far from here," Phatthira replied.

"But I think it's dangerous,"

Pandao said, looking at her with concern. Her unintentional display of worry made Phatthira feel smug.

Whether it was an act or not, Phatthira felt that Pandao was very good at it.

"So what if it's dangerous? If I don't drive back now, what do you want me to do? I'm not going to park and sleep by the roadside waiting for the rain to stop,"

Phatthira said, turning to look at her.

Pandao froze. Knowing how she felt about Phatthira, it was impossible not to feel anything when they were alone together. But she couldn't ignore the danger of letting Phatthira drive back in the heavy rain.

"If you don't mind, you can wait in my room until the rain stops,"

Pandao offered.

"Won't that be inconvenient for you?" Phatthira asked.

"It's no trouble. I live alone,"

Pandao assured her.

Phatthira was pleased with the answer. She told Pandao to wait by the building entrance while she parked the car in the open lot.

A moment later, Pandao saw Phatthira running through the rain without an umbrella.

"Why did you run through the rain? I thought you had an umbrella in the car,"

Pandao said, concerned, noticing Phatthira's soaked shirt.

The mid-range apartment didn't have covered parking, but Pandao didn't expect Phatthira to let her out first and then run through the rain alone. "It's just getting wet. My car never has an umbrella," Phatthira said.

"But I have an umbrella in my room. Why didn't you tell me?" Pandao asked.

"If I told you, you'd have to run up to get it and then come back to get me. Why make things complicated and waste time?"

Phatthira said, running her hand through her wet hair, making Pandao stare.

Even a simple gesture, like running her hand through her hair, made Pandao's heart race.

"Is something wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Phatthira inquired.

"Uh... n-nothing,"

Pandao stuttered, trying to hide her feelings as she led the way to the elevator. Once they reached her floor and entered her room, Pandao instantly went to the wardrobe to find what she needed.

She pulled out a clean white towel and handed it to Phatthira, who was standing by the door.

"Here's a towel, Ms. Phat. I just bought it, washed it, and put it away. It's clean and never used."

"Thanks. But if it's not too much trouble, can I take a shower? I don't like being damp, and I'm starting to feel cold."

"Oh... sure."

"But I can't wear my wet clothes again," Phatthira said.

"Of course. If you don't mind, you can wear my clothes. I'll hang yours to dry. It might take a while."

"I'm not that picky."

Phatthira said, though she'd never shared clothes with anyone before.

With that assurance, Pandao went back to the wardrobe to find something Phatthira could wear. She returned with a new set of clothes.

"I only have these. Will they fit?"

Pandao asked.

Phatthira took the clothes without hesitation and went into the bathroom. Pandao took out a hairdryer from the vanity drawer for Phatthira to use.

Phatthira spent about fifteen minutes in the bathroom before coming out in light blue shorts and a white t-shirt. Her hair was still damp, so she looked for a hairdryer.

She noticed the hairdryer on the vanity, which hadn't been there before.

"You usually drink milk before bed?"

Phatthira asked, seeing Pandao with a glass of milk.

"Only when I'm hungry. But this is for you,"

Pandao said, worried Phatthira might get sick from the rain. A warm glass of milk might help.

Phatthira felt unexpectedly touched by the small gesture. It warmed her heart like having a 'lover' taking care of her.

But no! Even if she liked Pandao, she never thought seriously about it.

"Thank you,"

Phatthira decided to say that.

"Does the outfit fit?"

Pandao asked, awkwardly scrutinizing Phatthira's clothes.

It was quite unusual to see the tall woman in casual clothes, as she usually wore smart, formal outfits. As for the price, it didn't even need to be mentioned. It was undoubtedly sky-high, the kind of expense that an ordinary person like her could never afford.

But that was it. Even though Phatthira wore clothes that cost only a few hundred baht, she still made them look elegant and expensive as if they were from a high-end brand. The price was in the hanger, Pandao realized today, recalling a saying she'd heard before.

Admiring the tall woman for a long time, Pandao suddenly felt nervous without realizing it. Her face heated up because she'd just remembered that the clothes Phatthira had worn earlier were soaked through, likely all the way to the inside.

Underneath those clothes, the tall woman was 'braless.'

"Pretty good, but I want to know more about why the clothes I'm wearing have this smell..."

"What smell?" Pandao asked.

The embarrassment from her first thought hadn't even faded when she found herself anxiously waiting for the end of Phatthira's sentence.

Pandao looked up at the tall figure who was stepping closer. Phatthira stopped just a step away, her sparkling eyes conveying a message as clear as her words.

"A scent like yours, I find myself really liking it."

A beautiful smile graced the corner of Phatthira's mouth. That was all it took for Pandao to be left speechless. By the time she regained her senses, she still didn't know why she stood there waiting for more flirtatious words.

Phatthira smiled to herself as she watched Pandao's slender back disappear into the bathroom. Her eyes showed clear satisfaction. She desired this woman intensely, unable to control her feelings.

Phatthira tried to manage her emotions for a while before turning her attention to the glass of milk Pandao had prepared for her. She then walked over to sit at the vanity, picking up a hairdryer to dry her long, silky hair without any rush.

Pandao spent more time in the bathroom than usual. She knew it was foolish to lock herself in there, but at least it'd shorten the time she had to face Phatthira.

After more than half an hour in the small space, Pandao finally decided to come out and face the person outside.

But as soon as she opened the bathroom door, her sweet eyes met Phatthira's tall figure standing right in front of the door. Her heart sank to her feet, not expecting Phatthira to be waiting there.

"Ms. Phat!"

"Why did you take so long in the shower?"

"I usually shower this long."

Pandao said, her eyes dropping, unable to meet Phatthira's intense gaze. She admitted she was startled to see Phatthira standing there, arms crossed, staring at her as if trying to catch her in a lie.

"I thought you were trying to avoid me."

"No,"

She replied, trying to avoid eye contact with the person staring at her strangely. She was losing to those eyes and was scared of her own feelings.

"Can you move? I need to hang your clothes to dry."

Phatthira stepped aside to let Pandao pass, but her eyes never left Pandao's slender back as she walked out to the balcony. When Pandao returned to the room...

"You're trying to avold me, Pandao,"

Phatthira said, following closely enough to catch her unique scent.

If she had to explain her feelings at that moment, Phatthira couldn't deny that she 'wanted' Pandao.

And in that desire, she was overlooking her own boundaries.

*'I don't like getting involved with someone taken',* and in Phatthira's eyes, Pandao was someone within that boundary.

"I'm not avoiding you."

"Then you're scared."

"I'm not scared of anything,"

Pandao insisted, but her voice was filled with uncertainty, making it easy for Phatthira to sense.

"Then turn around. Look at me."

Wanting to prove her point, Pandao decided to turn and face Phatthira immediately.

But the sudden turn made Pandao realize it was a 'mistake.'

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# Chapter 09

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"Ms. Phat!"

Her enticing eyes widened as she turned and collided with the fall figure standing behind her. In an instant, Pandao found herself effortlessly swept into the other person's arms.

"I'm starting to wonder if your lips are as tough as your words."

"Ms. Phat, please don't."

Pandao tried to push the other person's shoulders away as the tall figure leaned in closer. Her smooth cheeks began to blush as Phatthira's nose brushed against her skin intentionally.

"Then tell me, what are you so afraid of? Why do you keep avoiding me?"

Phatthira demanded, her lips still lingering on the fair cheek.

"Or are you scared of your own feelings?"

"I'm not. I don't feel anything at all. You're overthinking it."

Phatthira smirked. Despite trembling like a little bird, Pandao was still stubborn. She'd just realized that someone who seemed to yield to others in everything could be quite obstinate when it came to certain things.

"Then let's test that, shall we?"

With that, the younger woman stood frozen as warmth pressed against her lips, catching her completely off guard.

Phatthira kissed her softly at first, then gradually deepened the kiss, slipping her tongue into the other woman's mouth. The skilled tongue entwined with Pandao's, the passionate kiss overwhelming her senses.

Pandao's body went limp in Phatthira's arms, the intensity of the kiss stealing her breath away.

Phatthira reluctantly broke the kiss, knowing that if she'd delayed any longer, Pandao might've suffocated from the passionate embrace.

Phatthira's sharp eyes focused on the adorable woman's sweet lips, her gaze so intense that Pandao had to turn her face away, blushing deeply. She couldn't meet Phatthira's eyes, unable to deny what her heart felt for the woman in front of her.

"Now, can you still say you don't feel anything for me..?"

Phatthira emphasized the last words, her eyes scanning Pandao's profile.

Without makeup, the young woman's face looked soft and innocent, her pink lips tempting Phatthira, who knew just how sweet they were. She wanted to taste them again and again.

Phatthira's gaze moved to Pandao's slender neck, then down to the curves hidden beneath her white T-shirt.

Damn!

This woman was incredibly desirable.

Phatthira swallowed hard, her emotions stirring uncontrollably. The desire she'd tried to suppress threatened to break free as she held Pandao's delicate body close.

"Ms. Phat, can you let me go?"

Seeing herself in such a dangerous situation for too long. Pandao tried to wriggle out of Phatthira's arms. But instead of complying. Phatthira leaned in for another kiss, ignoring any protests.

Inexperienced in love, Pandao quickly succumbed to Phatthira's expert advances, her body melting in the taller woman's embrace.

Heavy breathing filled the room as the passionate kiss continued, Phatthira's tongue skillfully entwined with Pandao's.

*I'm utterly defeated...*

Pandao let herself be guided to the bed, her beautiful eyes closing as her clothes were slowly removed. Her heart raced, but she couldn't resist the sensual touch.

Her pale, flawless body was revealed, so beautiful that Phatthira swallowed hard, her desire growing uncontrollably.

Phatthira climbed over Pandao, her lips trailing from Pandao's neck to her breasts without hesitation.

Her tongue teased Pandao's nipples, switching between them, sending waves of pleasure through Pandao's body, making her moan softly.

Pandao's hands tangled in Phatthira's hair as she focused on her breasts, Phatthira's heavy breathing fueling her own desire.

"Ah! M-Ms. Phat, please don't,"

Pandao gasped as Phatthira moved lower, her body trembling. She tried to close her legs, but Phatthira's position between them made it impossible.

Phatthira glanced up at Pandao with a seductive gaze, her hands holding the other's hips in place. With such beauty before her, she couldn't just watch.

"I'm not stopping, Pandao."

With those husky words, Pandao fell back onto the pillow, her sweet face flushed as she bit her lip, her body melting under Phatthira's deep, sensual touch.

Phatthira's tongue teased Pandao's soft petals, both gentle and demanding, making Pandao's body shiver uncontrollably.

Soft moans mixed with heavy breaths, the pleasure from Phatthira's tongue overwhelming Pandao, who let everything happen without resistance

"Ms. Phat, I-I can't take it anymore,"

Pandao pleaded, trying to move her hips away from the intense pleasure, but Phatthira only looked up at her with a sweet gaze.

Sweat dotted Pandao's forehead, her lips parted slightly, driving Phatthira to intensify her actions, her tongue delving deeper into Pandao's tight channel.

"Ah! Ms. Phat! E-Enough!"

Pandao's body writhed in pleasure, the heat inside her building to an unbearable level.

"Ms. Phat, please stop. I can't take it anymore."

Pandao's delicate hands gripped the bedsheet tightly, unsure how to handle the overwhelming sensations. It was both pleasurable and frustrating, making her want to release the tension building inside her.

But just as she was about to reach her orgasm, Phatthira's rapid tongue movements sent her over the edge, her body convulsing as her mind went blank. The delicious nectar from her body was eagerly lapped up by Phatthira.

"Ms. Phat, enough, please."

Pandao tried to stop her, her voice trembling with embarrassment.

"Why? It's tasty."

Phatthira said, moving up to kiss Pandao again, her tongue intertwining with Pandao's. Her hand moved to Pandao's wet center, the light touch making Pandao shiver and arch into her fingers.

*And in that moment...*

Phatthira took advantage of Pandao's distraction, quickly slipping her fingers inside Pandao's body.

Pandao gasped, the sudden pain replacing the pleasure, her arms tightening around Phatthira's shoulders.

Phatthira froze, her heart pounding as she felt the tightness around her fingers.

She pulled back to look at Pandao's face, seeing the pain and tears in her eyes, realizing what she'd done.

"Pandao."

"It hurts! Ms. Phat, it hurts."

Phatthira stared into Pandao's pleading eyes her voice trembling, making the older woman's heart ache in a way she'd never fell before.

She'd thought Pandao had experienced this before, so she hadn't been gentle.

But what she discovered at that moment made her heart freeze before it quickly transformed into another feeling.

*Pandao has never done something like this?*

Pride surged through her heart, accompanied by an unconscious sense of possessiveness that grew stronger.

"It'll only hurt for a moment,"

Phatthira said, looking sympathetically at the person lying there with tears streaming down. She gently kissed her forehead to comfort her.

"It won't hurt after a while, trust me."

Just hearing those comforting words from someone she'd unknowingly fallen for, Pandao slowly closed her eyes, gripping the shoulders of the person above her tightly as Phatthira's lips began to claim her breasts, arousing her once again.

The sensation permeated every inch of her body. The fingers buried deep within her love channel started to move. Her slender body trembled from the increasingly intense and frequent thrusts.

Her rosy lips let out a moan she couldn't suppress before she clung tightly to the taller woman, biting down on her shoulder in the split second when the tension shattered.

Pandao's breath came in shaky gasps, causing Phatthira to decide to withdraw her fingers from the other's body to pull her into an embrace.

She felt an inexplicable possessiveness over the woman in her arms.

It was overwhelming... to the point of fearing her own heart.

"Does it stil hurt?"

Her eyes stopped at her fingertips, which bore traces of blood mixed with the other's sweet nectar.

The slight shake of the head from the person resting against her chest made the taller woman smile tenderly.

Who would've thought that a woman working in such a place had never been touched by anyone before? And because her desire hadn't been fully released, her body still craved to go all the way.

Phatthira pulled away from the slender body to deal with her own clothes before diving back toward the other woman, both now equally bare.

Her slender frame moved to position itself between the pale thighs. Phatthira couldn't tell where the night's love scene would end because her desire for the person in front of her was unlike anything she'd ever felt for anyone else.

"Ms. Phat, I..."

"Don't stop me."

With that, the slender woman bit her lower lip in pain as the person above adjusted their position to press their heated bodies together.

Phatthira moved her hips to grind against her with a slow, deliberate rhythm, gradually increasing the intensity.

"Ah! Nghnnnh... Ms. Phat!"

Phatthira gazed at the sweet face with adoration. The pale, smooth body swayed with each thrust, further igniting her passion, making her pour her love into the slender body with all the intensity her rising emotions could muster.

"You make me lose control."

Panting heavily, Pandao could only watch the actions of the taller figure with a flushed face, Her tantalizing hips moved in response to the heated touch, their moans blending together until it was impossible to tell whose was whose before the pent-up feelings exploded in every drop.

Phatthira collapsed onto the willowy body, burying her face in the fragrant neck, both of them breathing heavily.

"Can I lie like this for a while? Am I too heavy?"

"N-no, not at all."

Pandao unconsciously ran her hand over the bare back of the person above her, overwhelmed with emotion. But the gentle touch only served to reignite the older woman's desire, making it impossible for her to stay still.

So, the movement on top of the other began again, driven by an uncontrollable desire.

It wasn't enough, and she wanted more and more....

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# Chapter 10

Light from outside seeped through the cracks in the window curtains into the room. Eyelids that had just closed a few hours ago slowly fluttered open.

The first sensation upon waking was a deep ache throughout her body. But as she instinctively moved, a sharp sting 'down there' made her wince.

Pandao bit her lip tightly, her mind processing the events of the previous night. The undeniable evidence of her intimate relationship with Phatthira was the arm draped over her naked body.

Pandao sighed softly, feeling a flutter in her chest. Confusion began to build in her heart, her mind heavy with thoughts, forcing her to close her eyes again.

She felt a growing fear of something that might happen once the woman beside her woke up.

Her sweet eyes focused on the beautiful face, still in deep sleep, filled with feelings of love!

That's right! She'd fallen for Phatthira. If she didn't love her, she'd never have allowed herself to be so easily taken.

But what if Phatthira saw their relationship as just a fleeting moment? What would she do then?

Her feelings for the woman in front of her were more profound than she'd imagined. As their relationship progressed to this point, her vulnerability gnawed at her heart, making her fearful.

Pandao placed her hand on the lean arm lying across her stomach, feeling confused. Even in sleep, the woman beside her retained her overwhelming beauty and charm.

Her bare face looked so youthful it was enviable. Her long, curled eyelashes remained closed, and if it were a time when this woman was awake, Pandao wouldn't dare to look into her eyes for long.

Phatthira had such an influence on her heart that she couldn't control her feelings.

Pandao carefully moved out from under the arm draped across her stomach. Though she knew she couldn't avoid facing her, she wanted to buy some time to prepare for the unpredictable.

But as soon as she lowered her feet from the bed, a sharp pain 'down there' made her gasp.

Pandao placed her hand on her stomach through the thick blanket, biting her lip. She then grabbed the edge of the blanket to cover herself, trying to move more cautiously as she stepped off the bed.

"Where are you rushing off to?"

Suddenly, the person who showed no signs of waking sprang up from the bed. Phatthira wrapped her arms around her from behind, resting her chin on her delicate shoulder, her nose nuzzling her soft cheek

"Ms. Phat, you're awake?"

"You woke me up."

Phatthira mumbled, in truth, she'd woken up long before the smaller woman, stealing kisses from her pink lips several times, but the other showed no signs of waking, allowing her to indulge herself freely. "I'm really sorry. You can go back to sleep if you want."

"How can I sleep when you're planning to leave me alone in bed?"

Phatthira placed her hand gently on the small hand clutching her stomach. She'd noticed the other's reactions since she woke up and knew the cause.

Even though she knew it was the other's first time, she couldn't control her desires. With other women, it was never like this, but with the one she was holding, the desire was inexplicably overwhelming.

"Does it hurt a lot down there?"

"Uh..."

Pandao was too embarrassed to answer honestly, knowing well what Phatthira was refering to. The relationship that had developed overnight still made her blush when talking about such matters as if discussing something ordinary.

"If it still hurts, why are you rushing to up?"

Seeing the other hesitate, Phatthira couldn't resist burying her nose in her bare shoulder. The scent of the other's body was so bewitching she didn't want to let go.

"I just wanted to take a shower,"

She replied shakily, trying to avoid the nose nuzzling her neck. Her hands were busy trying to stop the other from groping her chest.

"Ms. Phat, please don't."

"Can't I touch you just a little?"

"I-It's not that."

She tried to hold back the other's hand. Her breath hitched as the fingers caressing her chest stirred a deep longing she had to suppress.

"I just wanted to take a shower. It's late, and you might be hungry."

"I'm not hungry, and I'm not letting you go anywhere,"

Phatthira's voice grew stem as things didn't go her way.

"We barely slept, and it's only nine. Where are you rushing off to? Or did you make plans with someone else?"

Jealousy flared up at the mere thought of the other man. She hadn't thought much before, just concerned about the other's lired look. But now, besides worry, she felt possessive to the point of dizziness.

"I can stay in bed."

Pandao decided to end the conversation, sensing the other's mood. But as she pulled away and lay on her side with her back to her. Phatthira's face fell.

Knowing she'd raised her voice, the taller woman quickly lay down beside her, pulling her into an embrace.

"Are you mad at me?"

Phatthira's voice softened, turning the other to face her.

Pandao looked into the eyes of the taller woman, who was propped up on one arm, her body partially covering her. She hurriedly averted her gaze to the other's chin, unable to hold the intense eye contact.

Bossy, short-tempered, irritable, and commanding.

But despite all that, she didn't find these traits off-putting.

"No, It's not like that."

"Then why did you turn away? I know I was selfish last night, keeping you up. I just wanted you to rest a bit more."

"I'm really not mad, Ms. Phat. You can go back to sleep if you want if you don't want me to get up now, I won't."

"Can you quit being so stubborn with me?"

Knowing she was demanding, Phatthira felt a bit annoyed with herself.

She lay down beside her, pulling her into her arms. One arm slipped under her neck to serve as a pillow. Though she'd been with many women, she'd never shown such tenderness to anyone else.

"Are you hungry? I usually only have coffee in the morning."

"I'm not. But I need to get ready for work soon."

"Work? Don't tell me you sing during the day, too, do you?"

Phatthira couldn't help but ask. Since Pandao was hers, she had the right to know everything about her, right?

"I'm a piano teacher. I have a class this afternoon."

Learning this from the other made Phatthira secretly pleased. She was surprised but not doubtful, considering Pandao's talent, it made sense for her to be a music teacher.

*She played the piano so beautifully, after all.*

"Do you think you can teach? You look like you can barely stand. Just getting up is impressive."

"...."

Still making her blush. Pandao glared at her silently. For her first time, she didn't know if it was too intense, but she knew the other's touch could make her body melt every time, leading to mutual longing.

Time passed until almost noon. Pandao fell asleep in the warm embrace of the demanding woman.

When she woke again, her sweet eyes met the beautiful eyes of the woman who'd been watching her.

Her heart raced as those eyes focused on her chest, making her hastily grab the blanket to cover herself from the lustful gaze.

"Ms. Phat, have you been awake long?"

"For a while. You looked so peaceful I didn't want to wake you."

Phatthira glanced at the dock on the wall, not wanting the other to feel paranoid, thinking she was always ready to pounce. Though, in truth, she was.

"It's almost noon. Are you hungry?"

"No, I'll grab something at the nearby supermarket before my class. What about you. Ms. Phat?"

"Yes, I'm starved."

"I have some bread. Do you want some? I'll get it for you."

"I don't want bread."

Phatthira stared into the eyes that gazed up at her and then down at her rosy lips.

"I want you. I want you so much."

Pandao almost couldn't keep her composure. She tried not to feel embarrassed by those words, but she still wasn't used to the flirtatious remarks from the other.

"I think I should go shower first."

Pandao pulled herself away from the other's embrace, trying to get up from the bed without showing any signs of pain in front of the taller woman.

However, grabbing the only blanket to cover herself made her feel even more embarrassed. As soon as she glanced at the naked body of Phatthira, her face turned red with heat.

"You've seen me naked all night, isn't that enough?"

The older woman teased.

"I'm sorry,"

Pandao apologized and hastily averted her gaze.

Phatthira got up from the bed, a slight smile tugging at the corner of her mouth when she saw the younger swiftly turn her face away.

And because of her overwhelming embarrassment, she moved too quickly and almost collapsed to the floor if not for someone rushing to catch her in time.

"I told you you don't have the strength to get up. Let me carry you."

"No, it's okay, Ms. Phat I can walk by myself."

"How long are you going to keep pretending to be strong? You can barely stand. I'll carry you, and we'll shower together."

Without waiting for another refusal, the slender body was scooped up into Phatthira's arms. She glanced at the more petite figure who quickly wrapped her arms around her neck, looking so startled that it was almost endearing.

"Don't squirm. I'm not big enough to carry you comfortably without feeling the weight."

Phatthira warned.

"Then put me down,"

Pin mumbled softly, but her arms tightened around the other's neck.

"I don't like stubborn people. But if you keep being stubborn, it won't just be a shower. You can try me because I'm just as skilled in the bathroom as I am in bed,"

Phatthira threatened.

It worked! Her threat made Pandao stay still without saying a word.

Phatthira chuckled inwardly, thinking that the person in her arms was afraid she'd actually do what she said.

Phatthira admitted that it was quite possible, but so far, she'd never felt about any woman the way she thought about this one.

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# Chapter 11

In the afternoon, Phatthira drove to drop someone off at the mall. Inside was the location of a top-tier music academy, which she'd just learned the name of before coming here.

"After your lesson, I want you to go straight home and rest. You don't need to sing at the hotel tonight. I give you permission."

"But I can go. It'd affect the work otherwise."

"But I don't want you to. Why do you still want to show off when you look so exhausted. You don't have to go to the club either. I'll call Pharima myself."

"Please don't!"

Pandao panicked when she saw the other person reaching for her phone. If she let Phatthira call her friend, what excuse would she give for such an action? In Pharima's eyes, they weren't close enough to call in sick for each other.

"I can call the manager myself."

Phatthira nodded in understanding. Even though their relationship wasn't something to hide from her best friend, she didn't want to push if the other person wasn't ready.

"So, what time will you finish teaching today? How do you usually get home?"

"Around 4 PM. I usually take the train."

Phatthira looked at the cute face thoughtfully. Initially, she planned to go home, but the pale face of the other woman made her too concerned to ignore.

"I'll come back to pick you up. Wait for me here after your lesson. I'll call when I arrive."

"Okay."

Phatthira leaned in to kiss her forehead. She tried to tell herself that her feelings for the woman in front of her might just be because she was the first to possess her.

But deep down, it wasn't true. If she didn't lie to herself too much, Phatthira knew that the possessive feelings growing in her heart had never happened with anyone else before. She just wasn't ready to admit it to herself yet...

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**Around 8:30 PM**

Phatthira sat watching the TV screen, occasionally glancing at someone busy arranging fruit on a plate. After picking her up from the music academy, she still stayed here and showed no sign of wanting to go back to her own place.

"How long have you been teaching music here?"

"Since I graduated."

"Pharima told me you're only twenty-three."

"Yes,"

Pandao looked up from the fruit plate to focus on the tall figure frowning on the sofa.

"I've been teaching here for about a year."

"And before that, you only sang?"

"No, I sang and taught music since I was a student."

Pandao carried the fruit plate to place it on the low table in front of the TV, but the person on the sofa took the opportunity to pull her onto her lap without hesitation.

"Ms. Phat..."

Though surprised and a bit embarrassed, Pandao didn't resist at all. Since she'd already become Phatthira's, there was no reason to hold back with this woman.

"Why don't you stop singing at the club and just teach music?"

"I've been singing at the club for a long time. It might've become a habit."

No, it wasn't a habit. It was a job that helped her support herself through college and to this day. So, if she were to stop singing there, the first thing she had to consider was Pharima and someone who'd once given her a chance.

"And if I don't want you to sing at the club anymore, what would you say?"

Phatthira looked seriously into the eyes of the person on her lap. She didn't want her to work like that because everyone knew that being a night singer required a lot of exposure. Even if it wasn't much, it still became eye candy for many which she didn't like one bit!

"I don't like my woman dressing provocatively for anyone. If you want to seduce someone, seduce just me."

"Ms. Phat."

She couldn't react in time as her lips were captured by Phatthira's. The passionate kiss melted her heart, and the heavy breathing indicated the other's growing desire.

Her underwear was pulled up, exposing her full breasts, templing the older woman's hot, moist lips to follow her rising desire

"Ms. Phat,"

She whispered, her delicate hands squeezing the shoulders of the person burying their face in her chest. The teasing tongue and sucking created a thrilling sensation that made her stomach churn.

But then, a phone call interrupted.

Phatthira reluctantly pulled her lips away from the full breasts, frowning in frustration. She exhaled heavily to calm her raging emotions.

Pandao hurriedly pulled her shirt down and tried to get off the other's lap to grab her phone, but Phatthira wouldn't let her go so easily.

"Answer it here. Why go somewhere else?"

The displeased tone was clear, making Pandao look at the other's stern face.

If Phatthira wanted it that way, she'd comply without argument, not wanting to upset her further.

Pandao picked up her phone, but seeing the name on the screen made her hesitate. She didn't dare answer her friend's call now.

And, of course, Phatthira noticed her reaction and the name on the screen.

'*Patwi'*

Phatthira focused on the name saved on the phone. If she guessed right, she believed the man calling now was the same one she'd seen and thought was her lover.

Thinking this, jealousy surged, making her ears ring and her vision blur.

Her good mood turned into a burning rage, and the hesitation to answer the man's call in front of her only fueled her frustration.

"Why don't you pick it up?"

The flat tone made Pandao unsure how to react. She sensed the displeasure in the voice.

Because of this, Pandao decided to answer the call, not wanting to create any doubts for the one staring at her as if trying to catch her in a lie.

"Hello what's up, Vee?"

Pandao greeted as usual, but this time, she was more reserved. Though she never thought of Patwi as more than a friend, she knew he'd always seen her as more. So, the current situation made her too uncomfortable to joke with him, as usual.

"Pin, where are you? Are you going to work?"

"I'm not working today."

"Why not? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm just tired and wanted to rest."

"Okay, resting is good. Have you eaten? Want me to bring you something?"

"Uh..."

Pandao glanced at the tall figure, swallowing hard. She was certain Phatthira heard the conversation, which greatly increased her anxiety.

Pandao feared the other would misunderstand and she wasn't wrong. The person who heard every word clenched her fists lightly.

Phatthira tried to control her overwhelming jealousy.

"Thanks, Vee, but I'm fin-"

Before she could finish, a hand snatched the phone from her and hung up, tossing it onto the bed without a second thought.

The fierce eyes and tense face, along with the action, made her face pale with shock.

"Ms. Phat...?"

"I'm not generous enough to sit here listening to you sweet-talk your boyfriend when you were with me last night."

"But it's not what you think."

"If it's not, then what is it?"

She snapped, her anger evident. Pandao got off her lap and faced her, wanting to explain.

"Vee isn't my boyfriend."

"If not, why were you hesitant to answer his call in front of me? You were so considerate because you feared he'd know you were cheating with me. I'm not your mistress!"

"I never thought of you that way."

Her anger and cold demeanor made Pandao almost cry.

She never saw Phatthira as a mistress because the only person who owned her body and heart was this woman.

"If you want to meet your man, go ahead. Don't think someone like me will lower myself to deal with a woman like you ever again."

*A woman like her?*

Pandao was stunned by the words, her eyes burning because they pierced her heart.

*That's right!*

Why would a woman as perfect as Phatthira care about someone who worked as a mere nightclub singer like her? For a woman of that caliber to lower herself to get involved, it was just because she desired to try something new.

The deep relationship that happened overnight didn't mean anything to the other person at all.

While Pandao stood there with tears welling up from the pain stabbing her heart, the silent demeanor of the other person only fueled the anger of someone already consumed by jealousy, making her even more furious.

"Why? Why are you like this, huh? If you love and care about him so much, then why did you spread your legs for me?"

Phatthira raised her voice unintentionally, gripping the slender shoulders tightly without fearing that the small figure standing there with teary eyes might feel pain.

"A house! A car! Or a condo! What do you want? Tell me! Tell me, and I'll give it to you!"

"...."

There was no response from the tightly pressed lips. Pandao didn't even ütter a sound, no matter how much pain she felt from the grip on her shoulders.

The scornful words struck deep into her heart, and the tears she tried to hold back finally streamed down her cheeks.

She never wanted anything valuable from this woman. She never saw Phatthira as a mistress, as she was being accused. She was so sure she'd fallen in love with this woman, almost entirely.

The pain conveyed through her eyes made the older woman's heart ache.

Just seeing the tears of someone who refused to say a word, Phatthira decided to pull the slender body into a tight embrace. Her heart softened as she felt the sobs of the person in her arms.

There was no need to waste time finding answers to the feelings that arose at that moment. Regardless of the reasons behind their physical relationship, whether it was lust or desire, the only thing deeply ingrained in her subconscious was that Pandao belonged to her.

"Break up with that guy. Because if you don't, I'll make you dump him myself."

Phatthira's voice was calm but so serious that it sent shivers down Pandao's spine. The younger woman pushed Phatthira's shoulders away and wiped her tears with the back of her hand, her eyes red and swollen.

"Vee and I are just friends. How can you ask me to break up with him, Ms. Phat? I never thought of Vee that way. Can you listen to what I'm saying?"

The sincerity reflected in her beautiful eyes, free of any deceit, made Phatthira pause.

Was this what Pharima had been trying to tell her all along, that Pandao was different?

Having the chance to deeply understand the other person, Phatthira began to wonder how the woman in front of her had managed to protect herself from lecherous hands all the time. She survived until she reached her hands, chaste and pure....

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# Chapter 12

**Being the center of attention might've been a normal occurrence for a good-looking businesswoman like Phatthira.**

Maintaining a calm and composed demeanor in public was a behavior she always exhibited.

But this time, Phatthira felt different. Taking someone out for a meal was making her feel irritated.

Phatthira wrapped her slender arm around the slim waist of the person next to her protectively. It was an unconscious gesture when she noticed several pairs of eyes constantly staring at the white legs of the person beside her as they walked by.

"Next time, you don't have to wear something this short,"

She muttered.

The tall figure's grumbling made the young woman quickly look down to inspect her outfit uncertainly.

Today, she wore a long-sleeved blue oversized shirt, a white denim skirt that barely reached above her knees, and black high-heeled open-toe boots.

She had tried to dress nicely to walk beside the other person but still got criticized even though Phatthira hadn't commented on her outfit before they left the apartment.

And although she was quite confident that her skirt wasn't indecently short, Pandao didn't want to argue and ruin the atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, I'll be more careful about dressing next time."

Pandao said.

As they spoke, they arrived at the restaurant they had in mind. Phatthira chose a relatively private corner and ordered food, all of which were the other person's favorites.

Almost a month had passed since their intimate relationship began, enough for them to learn each other's lifestyles.

They knew what each other liked and disliked and understood the daily routines they had to follow.

"Why are you eating so little? Not hungry?"

"I'm just full."

"Two more bites,"

Phatthira bargained, putting food on the other's plate.

"You have such a low appetite. Where will you get the strength to.."

Phatthira intentionally paused, but her sparkling eyes conveyed a clear meaning, making the listener's face flush.

The elegant hand reached for a glass of water to drink out of embarrassment. Not even half an hour ago, Phatthira had been scolding her, but now she was giving her a teasing look, making her feel shy. Pandao had to admit she couldn't keep up with her moods.

For almost a month, Phatthira had been staying over at her place every night, and there was hardly a night when the other was 'free' from such matters.

Pandao didn't know how much 'sex' was considered normal for most people, but for Phatthira, she felt the older woman had quite a high need for it.

But more surprisingly, Pandao found herself increasingly addicted to the sensations Phatthira provided.

Pandao felt she was becoming more addicted to this woman's touch every day. But the happiness from their intimate moments always brought pain when she thought about their unclear relationship status.

Even though they slept together every night. Phatthira never mentioned their relationship status. And she wasn't the type of woman to boldly demand or ask for a clear relationship status.

Phatthira secretly observed the sweet face of the other person as she drank water. The oval face was framed by long, silky hair, charming eyes, a slightly upturned nose, and plump, rosy lips that looked moist from a lip gloss.

She wanted to kiss her. The thought suddenly popped into her mind, and Phatthira had to manage her feelings quickly.

"You're not singing at the hotel tonight, right?"

"No, Ms. Phat."

"I'm going to the club tonight."

Phatthira said, her eyes focusing on the faint mark she had intentionally left on the other's white neck.

"I hope I don't see someone dressed provocatively to sedúce people like last night."

It was the reason for the punishment for wearing a revealing outfit last night. Seeing the young singer take advantage of the lovely woman while singing a duet on stage made Phatthira irrationally angry.

She knew it was work, but watching the other person dress so sexy and flaunt it to everyone was something she couldn't ignore.

"It's work. Sometimes I can't avoid it."

"Then quit. I don't like it."

Phatthira stood her ground, causing the younger to remain silent.

Pandao never showed any displeasure, and her calmness made Phatthira feel more and more moved every day.

A woman with a strong leadership personality like Phatthira was losing to the sweetness of the woman in front of her.

The atmosphere at the table was simple until it was interrupted by the appearance of another woman.

"Hello, Phat."

Phatthira turned to the voice. The attractive woman who greeted her with a smile was met with a neutral expression because Phatthira didn't expect to see this woman here.

"I'm so happy to run into you here, Phat. It's been years. How have you been?"

"I'm fine, Lada."

"Would it be too much trouble if I sat with you for a while? I have a friend meeting me here, but they haven't arrived yet. I saw you and decided to say hi."

"Sure."

Since it was a straightforward request, Phatthira nodded reluctantly.

Maylada glanced at the other woman sitting across from her. The latter was the reason she decided to approach in the first place and was now being rude to this girl.

The new arrival chose to sit next to her target from the start, while Pandao remained silent, only glancing at the ravishing woman sitting next to the person she loved with an indescribable feeling.

Even now, with the mysterious, beautiful woman sealed, Phatthira, as the person in the middle, showed no sign of introducing the two women as she should.

Noticing Phatthira's silence, Maylada introduced herself to start the conversation.

"Hello, I'm Lada. Nice to meet you. Ms..."

Maylada paused to give her a chance to introduce herself. Upon closer inspection, she couldn't deny that this girl was quite a catch. However, her beauty made Maylada feel more irritated than wanting to befriend her.

Just pretending as she was now was more than enough.

"Uh... I'm Pandao. You can call me Pin. Nice to meet you as well."

Pandao felt nervous. The graceful appearance and demeanor of Maylada made her feel unworthy of sitting at the same table.

Maylada made her feel different, even though the woman hadn't done anything.

"That's a lovely name. But I think calling you Ms. Pin would be more convenient."

"You can just call me Pin. No need for formalities."

"Oh, okay. If that's what you prefer."

Maylada smiled warmly before turning her attention to the person next to her. Her target wasn't this stranger.

She only engaged in conversation out of politeness.

"When did you return from England, Lada?"

"I just got back two days ago, Phat. I was planning to call you, but I didn't want to bother you."

"It wouldn't be a bother "

"So, I can call you then."

Phatthira nodded before glancing at the other beautiful woman who remained silent.

"So, Pin, how long have you known Phat?"

"...."

Pandao looked at Maylada's face, unable to gather her thoughts since she felt like air between them just a moment ago.

"Not long."

"Really? But you seem very close to her. If you weren't, someone like Phat wouldn't let a pretty girl sit and eat with her."

"...."

Even though Maylada said it with a smile. Pandao felt it carried a certain undertone.

Maybe Maylada didn't like her, or she was upset for reasons Pandao couldn't guess.

"How are your parents, Lada?"

Phatthira changed the subject, not wanting to give Maylada a chance to invade her privacy. No matter how close she was to any woman, outsiders had no right to interfere or know.

"She's doing well. Mom often complains about missing you, Phat. She wants you to visit her at home sometime."

The conversation between the two women, along with the familiar tone they used, automatically created an uncomfortable atmosphere for the third wheel sitting at the table with them.

Pandao tried to control her thoughts from wandering too far, but the way Maylada looked at the woman she loved conveyed an obvious sign that was hard to interpret any other way.

Up until now, Pandao didn't even dare to guess the relationship between Phatthira and this woman.

Throughout all this time, she knew very little about Phatthira's true self. She didn't even know if there was someone else in Phatthira's life before. Their relationship status was ambiguous, with no clarity coming from the person she'd given herself to.

Thinking about this made a hard lump rise in her throat. As the feeling threatened to intensify, Pandao couldn't force herself to stay there any longer.

"Excuse me for a moment"

With those words, her slender figure quickly removed herself from the uncomfortable situation. If she'd stayed, she might've inadvertently shown some inappropriate behavior.

Phatthira watched the delicate back disappear into the bathroom. Even though she tried to avoid eye contact almost the entire time they were at the dining table, the confusion in her eyes didn't escape Phatthira's notice.

Concern was what the president of Thanadecha Group felt.

And because of those actions, the person sitting next to her could instinctively sense it. Maylada felt a burning sensation but didn't want to attack too quickly.

Meeting again after many years brought joy, but her heart still ached. No matter how many years passed, she was always just someone who watched the person she loved get close to other women.

"Phat."

Phatthira turned her gaze back to the voice calling her. Her face remained expressionless, but inside, she was far from calm.

"My friend called, so I have to go now."

"Go ahead."

"I'm really happy to see you here, Phat. Can I call you?"

"My little sister came back from England. I have to treat you to a meal. Just call me."

"Don't call me your little sister."

The beautiful smile remained on her striking face as she leaned in to whisper in Phatthira's ear,

"Because I'm more than that, aren't I?"

The stunning woman stood up but turned back to give a meaningful look.

And all those actions didn't escape the eyes of the one who'd just returned from the restroom.

Pandao froze, her heart aching and making it hard to breathe. The scene in front of her reinforced her fears.

Who was that woman? What was her relationship with Phatthira? Every answer might've been revealed through the scene before her eyes.

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# Chapter 13

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As soon as the door closed, Phatthira, who'd been following closely behind the room's owner, seized the opportunity to pull her into a hug.

The tip of her nose pressed against the smooth, soft cheek. The sadness she'd noticed since the restaurant had been bothering her mind, making it impossible to deal with the silence any longer.

Once they had the chance to be alone in their own space, she became someone ready to rush into each other's arms at any moment.

"Ms. Phat, I need to hurry and take a shower. Can you let go of me first?"

"Can't I just hold you like this for a while?"

The rather soft tone of the speaker made Pandao stand still without resistance. Even though the scene at the restaurant had disturbed her mind greatly, the rare display of affection made her heart easily yield to the other.

Since she was already in love, Phatthira had such a strong influence on her feelings.

"I have a headache."

Even though Phatthira never thought she could use a pleading tone with anyone, she was now unconsciously showing it.

The whole day had been stressful with work and long meetings, but with every minute spent in the tense atmosphere, her mind couldn't help but think of this lovely woman.

And just being able to come back and hug someone's warm body seemed to miraculously ease the accumulated fatigue of the entire day. Realizing the feelings seeping into her heart, she kept asking herself if her heart was ready to accept how she felt about this woman.

Did she like Pandao a lot, was she in love, or was Pandao simply more special than other women she'd met?

"In that case, Ms. Phat, why don't you go lie down on the bed first? I'll get you some medicine."

Just hearing the gentle, caring tone of the person in her arms made Phatthira willing to follow the other's words without hesitation. The tall figure walked over and sat down on the bed while Pandao headed to the medicine cabinet, returning with some headache pills.

"Ms. Phat, take the medicine first."

"Can you feed it to me? I really don't have the strength."

Phatthira glanced at the pill being handed to her, feeling more certain about her feelings. The more she wanted to be affectionate with the petite woman.

And in Pandao's eyes at that moment, the executive demeanor she usually saw was almost gone. There was only a clingy, demanding woman left, making her have to give in.

After feeding the medicine to the demanding person, Pandao didn't forget to reach out and unbutton two more buttons of the other's shirt so the tall figure could rest without feeling uncomfortable.

"I'm going to take a shower first. You don't have to take me to work tonight, Ms. Phat. The club is nearby, I can take a taxi."

"Didn't I tell you before that I don't like you taking taxis? Hurry up and shower. Il take you anyway."

With that, she closed her eyes to end the conversation, and Pandao didn't plan to argue, knowing she couldn't go against the other's wishes anyway.

Since the first day of their intimate relationship, this demanding woman had never let her travel home alone. No matter how late it was, Phatthira would get up in the middle of the night to drive and wait for her at the club regularly.

Actions speak louder than words, right? Until now, Pandao kept asking herself because sometimes the care that came in the form of a demanding one still gave her reasons to argue with herself.

A heavy sigh escaped softly before she tried to shake off the worrying thoughts and walked into the bathroom.

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After about ten minutes, the slender figure walked out, wrapped only in a towel. Pandao glanced at the person peacefully sleeping on the bed for a moment before heading to the wardrobe. But in the blink of an eye, the person who'd been lying on the bed sprang up and hugged her from behind.

"Are you trying to seduce me, walking out like this?"

Phatthira kissed the bare shoulder that was still glistening with water droplets, one hand busy untying the towel.

"Ms. Phat, don't. I just forgot to bring clothes into the bathroom. Let me go first."

"No, from now on, don't bring clothes into the bathroom. I've seen every inch of your body already. There's nothing to be shy about. And most importantly, I like looking at you."

Her eyes sparkled with hidden desire. Suddenly, her well-shaped lips swooped down to kiss and nibble along the white neck, making the one being attacked shrink away from the sensual touch.

"Ms. Phat! No, you said you had a headache."

"I do, but the medicine didn't help. Maybe I need something else."

"But I need to hurry to work. I'll be late,"

She said, tilting her head to avoid the persistent lips.

"Just a little while, one round."

She didn't listen. Before she could finish her sentence, the towel was swiftly pulled off and fell to the floor. Phatthira guided the slender shoulders to turn around, and she swallowed hard because the full, beguiling breasts were now on display.

Even though she'd seen and touched them countless times, their flawless beauty still stirred her blood.

"I've been thinking about you all day, you know."

Her voice trembled noticeably before her well-shaped lips claimed the full breasts without hesitation. Her hot, moist tongue flicked and teased the pink nipples, sucking and nibbling like a starved person.

"Ms. Phat, it..."

Pandao moaned, her voice shaking as the tall person sat down on the chair in front of the vanity, pulling her to sit astride her lap.

The new position made her feel embarrassed, but resisting was difficult as the position favored Phatthira, making it hard for her to escape the other's grasp

"I want to love you like this. Please."

Phatthira pleaded, her voice trembling, before burying her face in the full breasts again. Both hands moved to knead the firm buttocks of the person on her lap. The slender body was so alluring that it was hard to resist touching and caressing.

"Do you know that being close to you always turns me on?"

"Hgnnnh... Ms. Phat."

The delicate figure dug her nails into the shoulders of the person buried in her chest. In a moment, she winced from the discomfort, tensing her stomach as two long fingers slowly slid deep inside her.

Phatthira pushed the strong fingers in as deep as they could go, making the slender body tremble because of the depth and tightness,

"Ms. Phat, please, it hurts."

"Does it feel good?"

"Ah!"

The slender figure couldn't help but moan, her cute face flushed because the deep thrusts of the fingers created an indescribable sensation.

"Try moving yourself."

Phatthira began to move her fingers slowly as if teasing the elegant form to respond to her touch.

Pandao locked eyes with the other, her gaze soft and moist. Her body was learning to respond to the touches without hesitation.

Phatthira was nearly driven mad seeing the slender woman move her hips on her lap with such grace. The dangerous sexiness stirred her primal instincts, making her thrust rapidly into the soft body.

"Umph!"

The sweet voice moaned incoherently. Just before reaching the peak, the oversensitive body tensed and shivered, then collapsed, panting heavily, her face resting on Phatthira's shoulder, feeling dizzy.

"Why do you always have to be so demanding, Ms. Phat? I can't catch my breath."

"Hey, I'm not just verbally demanding. You know I prefer to be demanding through actions."

The adorable face blushed uncontrollably, but then Pandao winced from the sensation as the fingers still inside her began to move again.

"Hnnnghh Ms. Phat, p-please stop. I need to hurry to work."

"You won't be late, I promise."

With that, the lovely woman was moved from the chair to the bed. Once again, Pandao had to surrender to the insistent person's desires.

The passionate emotions surged between them for hours before ending when the other woman walked into the bathroom.

Pandao lay there, watching the tall figure's back with deep anxiety. She let the other possess her repeatedly, like someone worthless.

And if Phatthira saw her as just a toy, how much could she accept that reality?

Just thinking about it made her heart sink and tears well up. The scene that had unfolded in the restaurant replayed in her mind once more. The way Maylada looked at the woman she loved was so apparent that it wasn't hard to understand what that woman was thinking and feeling about Phatthira.

Moreover, the familiarity they displayed toward each other gave no assurance that Phatthira would have only her.

Pandao wiped away her tears as they silently fell, then got up from the bed to stand before the vanity. She examined herself in the mirror's reflection, but her eyes caught sight of the credit card lying on the table.

Curiosity made Pandao pick it up just as Phatthira emerged from the bathroom.

Phatthira glanced at the credit card in the other's hand, a faint smile appearing at the corner of her mouth because it was something she'd intended to give from the start.

"I meant for you to keep it in your bag in case you wanted anything. There's a considerable limit on it. I intended for you to use it every month, or if you need cash, you can withdraw it."

The other's words left the listener feeling numb all over. A sharp pain pierced her heart.

She tried not to think about it, but the other's actions were so obvious that she couldn't believe otherwise.

The relationship that had never been clear was now evident. Phatthira was using money and valuable items to exchange for a physical relationship that Pandao saw as more valuable than that.

But in Phatthira's eyes, she probably saw her no differently than a woman selling her body for money.

"You should keep it, Ms. Phat. I don't need that much money."

"But I just want you to have it."

Phatthira frowned in confusion, immediately baffled when she saw the petite woman refuse her gift and place it back on the table without any care.

As she was about to say something, Pandao turned and walked to the wardrobe, quietly dressing herself without showing any interest in her.

Though she felt bewildered by the sudden coldness, Phatthira hurriedly grabbed her clothes and dressed before the delicate woman could walk away downstairs.

*Are all reserved women this hard to understand?*

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# Chapter 14

"Thanks a lot for coming along to help me pick out gifts, Pin. If it weren't for you, I'd be in trouble. Choosing gifts for women is really tough for me."

"No need to thank me. It's not like you haven't closed your shop to help me pick out stuff before."

Patwi smiled widely as he reached out to take the paper bag from the sales clerk. Today, he'd called Pandao to help him choose a birthday gift for his mother. Being a man at heart, picking out the perfect gift for a woman was a delicate matter for him. He feared that his choice mightn't please the recipient, even if that woman was his own mother.

This was why he had the chance to meet her today. For nearly a month, Pandao had been avoiding him every time he tried to set up a meeting. For someone who used to see each other regularly, this was clearly unusual.

Despite his suspicions, Patwi didn't want to make her uncomfortable by asking. Throughout their relationship, Pandao had always been clear.

He was never more than a 'friend' in her eyes.

"We haven't seen each other much lately, have we?"

"I've been busy, Vee. I've taken on a lot of work, so I have to manage my time."

Pandao tried to find an excuse, feeling a bit guilty. She knew she'd been distant, but every time Patwi called, she had to deal with Phatthira's mood swings. If she had a choice, she wouldn't want to see the displeasure in those eyes.

She didn't want to argue and hurt each other's feelings for no reason.

"Is there something bothering you, Pin? You can tell me."

"No, nothing."

"Oh... Right, I almost forgot. The other day, I ran into a friend who studies at the same place as Peach. He said Peach would be back soon. Do you still keep in touch with him?"

"Yeah, sometimes. But I don't know when Peach will be back."

The mention of someone's name seemed to stir something in Pandao, making her try to hide her discomfort. She immediately changed the subject, not wanting to dwell on any troubling thoughts.

"How about we go to our favorite Pad Thai place? I'm starting to get hungry."

"Okay, this meal's on me. Consider it a thank you for helping me pick out a gift for my mom."

With Patwi's agreement, they hurried down the walkway toward their favorite Pad Thai restaurant. However, as they passed an Italian restaurant in the mall, Pandao suddenly stopped when she saw a familiar figure dining with a woman.

A sharp pain struck her heart as her eyes met the cold gaze of the woman in the suit who was looking right at her.

"Do you know them, Pin?"

Patwi nudged her elbow, but when he followed her gaze, he saw two women dining together intimately.

To say that his friend knew such a sophisticated and stunning woman, Patwi wasn't sure.

"No, I don't know them. Let's go."

She walked ahead without saying another word, but the one who was watching her slender back felt a burning sensation in her chest.

How should she feel when Pandao was hanging out with that man at every given opportunity?

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The clock on the wall showed it was almost midnight. Since the evening, there had been no sign of Phatthira calling or even sending a message.

Pandao glanced at her phone on the bedside table, Finally, the exhaustion from waiting for hours made her decide to turn off the light and lie down.

In the dimly lit room, the streetlights outside cast a glow. Pandao lay awake, feeling lonely as the empty space beside her reminded her of the warmth that used to be there.

In the short time Phatthira had been by her side, she'd grown accustomed to the closeness. The body that used to hold her every night made it hard to sleep without that warmth.

Even though she knew her place in Phatthira's life, her heart still waited foolishly. She loved and longed for her but didn't dare to call or show any possessiveness.

And worse, thinking that Phatthira might still be with Maylada, a woman she could never compete with, made her pain unbearable. She didn't know how she'd face the next day.

While her thoughts consumed her, the nightclub in the city center remained lively with continuous music.

Phatthira sipped her alcoholic drink. She'd been there so long she lost count of how many drinks she had.

But the alcohol didn't affect her much. She was still sober, just a bit tipsy She checked her phone periodically, but there were no messages or calls from the person causing her distress.

Phatthira was frustrated. It wasn't unusual for her phone to be silent, as Pandao rarely called her unless necessary. Sometimes, she wondered if it was out of politeness or indifference.

Phatthira gripped her phone tightly. The image of her woman being close to a man she claimed was just a friend gnawed at her, making her not in the mood to see her right now.

She feared that if they met, she mightn't control her irritation and end up arguing, even though she knew Pandao didn't see the man as more than a friend. But Patwi's admiring gaze annoyed her.

More importantly, Pandao meeting the man without telling her felt like a deliberate secret.

"Phat?"

A sweet voice from beside her broke her thoughts.

Phatthira turned to look at the beautiful woman next to her. Maylada wore a black dress that accentuated her curves, looking sexy and alluring, much like the woman in her thoughts.

"Yes?"

"Thank you for today. I'm so happy to spend time with you."

Maylada smiled sweetly, her eyes glistening. The alcohol made her bolder in expressing her desires.

"For my little sister, I'm happy to do it."

"Just a sister? Are you sure? You know we aren't just that. No siblings would lie naked together like we did." "Still not changing your mind, huh?"

Phatthira smirked, almost mocking. Though they'd been intimate before, it was a mistake she didn't want to repeat.

"I never wanted to be just a sister. You should know that by now. I want to be the woman in your eyes. I'll be anything you want. Just stop being so cruel to me."

"Do you know what you're saying? I'm not a good person, you know that."

Phatthira looked at her with emotionless eyes. She admitted Maylada was pretty, even more so than three years ago. But strangely, her beauty never stirred her heart.

No matter how many years passed, her feelings for Maylada remained the same.

"I knew exactly what I was saying."

Maylada tried to press her body closer to the taller woman, tilting her head up to meet her gaze at a close distance. She was deliberately trying to seduce the woman known for her flirtatious nature, hoping to arouse her with her touch.

"For the past three years, I've never stopped loving you, Phat. And if you really see me as just a sister, like you say, then why did you sleep with me that night?"

"Lada, you should know what caused that to happen."

Phatthira reminded her, but at the same time, Maylada slowly moved her hands to wrap around Phatthira's neck.

"I don't care. I only know that I want you, Phat."

"...."

Whatever the reason, Phatthira didn't think of resisting the woman in front of her. When Maylada leaned in to kiss her lips, Phatthira tightened her grip on Maylada's shapely hips, pulling her closer. Their bodies pressed together as she parted her lips, welcoming the probing tongue that slipped into her mouth.

The two bodies entwined in the dim light, Phatthira's slender hand caressing Maylada's white thigh before slipping under her skirt, deliberately stroking the soft mound until she felt the dampness seeping through the tiny underwear.

The outrageous action, regardless of the place, made Maylada shiver with excitement. But even though she desperately longed to be possessed by Phatthira, the remaining bit of her sanity made her consider their location.

It wasn't because she was a good person, but because she didn't want the passionate moment she yearned for to end halfway due to an unsuitable place.

"Let's continue at my condo,"

She said in a breathless voice, which effectively stopped Phatthira's actions.

The taller woman pulled back, her eyes glistening as she looked at Maylada.

Phatthira didn't object, and that simple response made Maylada smile with satisfaction. After tonight, she wouldn't let this woman go easily, not like before...

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# Chapter 15

"Where is the condo?"

"It's in the new Thanadecha project that just launched."

Phatthira nodded in acknowledgment. She wasn't surprised that the bewitching woman beside her lived in a condominium under the Thanadecha Group.

Her family and Maylada's were quite close, so it wasn't unusual for the only daughter of a jewelry business owner to move out and buy a luxury condo to live alone.

The luxury car moved onto the main road, heading toward the upscale condo in the city center. It didn't take long for Phatthira to park the car in front of the condo's entrance.

However, this action puzzled Maylada, making her turn to look at Phatthira.

There was a parking lot, so why did Phatthira choose to park just at the entrance?

"Why did you park here?"

"I'm just dropping you off."

Phatthira replied nonchalantly. The idea of going up to the condo with the woman in front of her had never crossed her mind.

More importantly, the adorable face of someone who constantly occupied her thoughts made it impossible for her to be the same Phatthira who could easily sleep with any woman without a second thought, even if that woman had been close to her before.

"What did you say, Phat? We agreed just a moment ago, and in the nightclub, you were..."

"I'm sorry about what happened at the nightclub, Lada. I didn't mean it."

"What?"

It felt like being slapped multiple times. The words "didn't mean it were so devoid of any concern for what had happened.

Maylada should've known from the start that Phatthira wasn't someone easy to catch. Otherwise, after years of waiting and trying everything to win her over, she would've succeeded long ago.

How did she miss this?

"I really didn't mean it, Lada."

Phatthira repeated with an even face. Even though she knew that what happened in the nightclub was something Maylada willingly allowed, deep down, Phatthira felt she was wronging someone else for reasons she couldn't explain.

"Are you saying that almost having sex with me in such a place was unintentional?"

How ridiculous! Just minutes ago, she seemed ready to devour her, and now she was sitting there, saying it was unintentional. Maylada wanted to laugh out loud.

The indifferent expression, as if she didn't care about anyone in the world, made Maylada feel even more humiliated, frustrated, and angry. She got out of the car, feeling utterly embarrassed.

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After parting ways with Maylada, Phatthira drove back to her own condo, even though her heart longed to see someone else.

The longing was almost unbearable, but her pride kept her from lowering herself to beg or show how much she needed that person.

When she arrived back at her condo, she quickly showered and prepared for bed. But lying down on the soft bed for the first time in a month wasn't as easy as she thought.

An hour passed, and she still tossed and turned. The sweet face of someone kept invading her thoughts, the scent, the warm body she once held, all of it disturbed her mind.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore!

Phatthira jumped out of bed, her eyes fixed on the digital clock by the bedside.

Fifteen minutes to four. By now, the person she missed was probably fast asleep, unlike her, who couldn't bear the longing.

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She carefully unlocked the door with the key she had in her pocket.

The room was dimly lit, but the light from outside the window helped her see the silhouette of the slender figure under the blanket.

Phatthira sat on the bed and slowly slipped under the same blanket, wrapping her arms around the slender body. The sweet scent made her bury her nose in the person's neck.

Despite her careful movements, she still woke the one who'd just fallen asleep.

Pandao opened her eyes in the dark, her heart racing as she felt the presence of someone lying beside her and holding her from behind.

"Ms. Phat, how did you get here?"

"I drove. Why? Can't come?"

The teasing words and the smell of alcohol made Pandao pause. But then she was pulled to face the person behind her, who was now lying on top of her.

"Ms. Phat, I was about to sleep, I have to teach early tomorrow."

Even though she was happy to see her, Pandao resisted the advances of the drunk woman. But her resistance only made Phatthira, who'd driven all the way there at almost four in the morning, more upset.

Going out with that guy for just one day, did she have to act so indifferent? Wasn't it enough that the other had already caused her so much trouble since the evening?

"Where did you go with that guy?"

"...."

"I asked, where did you go with that guy!"

Phatthira raised her voice as the silence felt like Pandao was deliberately provoking her.

"I just went for dinner and came back."

Pandao replied quietly, sensing that she was making the other person angry.

But her own feelings of hurt were enough to make her resist in silence.

"Just talking to me, is it that hard?"

Phatthira's voice grew harsher, her frustration rising as Pandao's indifference and resistance made her feel like she was about to explode.

"I'm sleepy." Pandao said.

"But I'm not,"

Phatthira instantly retorted.

"Ms. Phat, please don't."

Pandao tried to hold onto her shirt as Phatthira tried to pull it off. But the more she resisted, the more the latter's breathing grew heavier.

"Let go!" Phatthira demanded.

"Take off your clothes now."

"No."

.Pandao shook her head, trying to keep her shirt on, Since Phatthira had forbidden her from wearing underwear to bed, it'd be easy for her to strip her in an instant.

But not now...

"You're drunk, and I'm tired. Please, let me go."

"I said take it off."

Phatthira's demanding nature came out when she didn't get her way. Pandao had never resisted her before, so why now?

"Going out with a guy for one day, and now you're acting all modest with your husband, Pandao?"

"Ms. Phat?!"

It wasn't just Pandao who was taken aback by the word 'husband', but Phatthira herself was shocked that she'd said it.

Phatthira paused, never imagining she could say such a word without feeling awkward.

She'd never spoken like this to anyone, never wanted to possess any woman to the point of declaring ownership as she was doing now.

"Let go."

She said, her voice softer Pandao released her grip on her shirt, allowing Phatthira to remove it.

Because she loved and cared for Phatthira more than anything, Pandao always gave in, even though the sight she'd seen earlier and the smell of alcohol suggested that Phatthira had drunk quite a bit.

But knowing she had no right, Pandao didn't dare ask where Phatthira had been.

The feelings of jealousy and hurt were there, but no matter how strong, she could only keep them inside.

"Be gentle."

Pandao pleaded, her voice trembling as Phatthira moved between her legs, pressing down with intense passion.

"Don't do this again."

Phatthira said, her voice firm, as she thrust harder, making Pandao moan uncontrollably. The force made Pandao dig her nails into Phatthira's back, but the more she did, the more the tall figure's passion intensified.

"Hgnnngh, Ms. Phat."

"I don't like it when you meet with others without telling me, especially that guy. I can tell with just one look that he doesn't just see you as a friend."

"But I never thought of Vee that way."

"Never? But you walk around teasing each other like lovers."

The more she spoke, the more she thrust her hips into the slender body with intensity. Jealousy built up inside her so much that sometimes Phatthira didn't even understand herself, wondering why she'd become so possessive.

The lovemaking with this woman happened repeatedly. Before, she might've thought it was just physical desire.

But at this moment, Phatthira was sure it wasnt.

She cherished Pandao the most...

She was utterly infatuated...

And it wasn't just because of lust, as her heart had fallen in love with this woman.

"Ms. Phat, I can't take it anymore."

The slender body tried to curl away from the touch of the long fingers teasing her erect nipples. Her form writhed with intense pleasure, almost to the point of breaking, because of the invasive touch that could make her surrender at any moment.

"I love you, Ms. Phat. I love you, do you hear me?"

At the moment she heard the word love, Phatthira's body tensed and shuddered, releasing a flood of happiness

Pandao clung tightly to the taller body above her as her own body climbed to the peak of pleasure almost simultaneously. The sound of their heavy breathing intertwined, indicating exhaustion but also an indescribable satisfaction.

'*I love you, Ms. Phat!'*

The declaration of love made the listener's heart swell with pride, spreading through every fiber of her being.

Beyond the physical, this woman's heart also belonged to her.

Phatthira collapsed, breathing heavily, thoroughly enjoying being the one to invade, indulge, and extract pleasure from the body of the woman in her arms.

"What time did you fall asleep?"

Phatthira kissed the fragrant neck, wanting to stay close, inhaling the familiar scent that she'd become addicted to.

"I don't know either."

"Didn't think to ask where I went, huh?"

Phatthira pretended to suck on the pale skin of the other's neck, displeased with the answer she received.

*Your husband has been gone almost all night, and you don't care at all?!*

The word "husband' repeatedly echoed in Phatthira's mind, but she didn't feel embarrassed to use it for the woman who was already hers, both body and heart.

Pandao looked into the older woman's eyes, filled with confusion. What right did she have to ask? She didn't even know her own status.

Amid the overwhelming feelings of inadequacy, her eyes caught a mark that made her heart ache instantly.

The light from outside reflected off a rose-colored love bite on the other's neck.

Pandao lay still, heart pounding, eyes starting to burn with tears.

Some subconscious part of her ordered Pandao to push the other away, and with an unexpected force, Phatthira easily granted her freedom.

Though she didn't understand the sudden change in behavior, the older woman chose to move closer to the one hugging her knees.

"What's wrong? Why..."

Before she could finish, the hand she extended to touch the willowy shoulder was quickly swatted away.

Pandao turned away from the touch as if she were disgusted, tears ready to fall at any moment, unable to accept what she saw.

"Don't touch me, Ms. Phat. You just slept with someone else, didn't you?"

Pandao forced herself to ask, struggling to hold back sobs. The hickeys on the other's neck weren't from her because she'd never left such marks on the pale skin,

And those marks were proof that Phatthira had just been with someone else, hurting Pandao's feelings beyond what she could bear.

"Are you crazy? Why would you ask something like that? How could I have been with someone else?"

"You just slept with someone else, so why are you here with me?"

The same words were repeated with a sobbing voice. The slender body buried her face in her knees, trying to stifle her sobs, but it seemed increasingly difficult.

Just thinking that the body she'd just been intimately close with had been with someone else in the same way made her heart ache beyond words.

Her slender shoulders shook, making the observer feel a deep sorrow. Phatthira moved closer, intending to hug and comfort her, but the smaller body pulled away as if disgusted.

"Don't touch me!"

"Why are you saying this?"

She was starting to lose patience with the unreasonable behavior. Accusing her of being with someone else was one thing, but pulling away as if disgusted was too much.

No one had ever dared to treat her this way. Raised with everything she needed, Phatthira couldn't accept the disdainful behavior.

"What right do you think you have to act this way toward me?!"

Of course, wrath was taking over every emotion. Phatthira looked at the slender body with a cold expression, and her words pierced deeply, reminding the other of her true status.

Pandao looked up at the taller woman through her tears, feeling even more hurt. The words from the other's mouth emphasized her lack of rights.

She had 'no right to act that way.

She had 'no right to feel jealous.

"No, I have no right to raise my voice or act this way toward you, Ms. Phat."

Her voice was soft, her eyes filled with pain, hidden by tears, unable to even look up at the other.

"I never had any right, never, not even a little..."

Phatthira felt a deep pain in her chest. The sweet voice mixed with sobs, though quiet, was loud and clear in her mind.

It conveyed the agony, resonating in her ears, penetrating deep into her heart.

But Phatthira's ego was too great to apologize, especially when she didn't know what she'd done wrong. Phatthira decided to get up from the bed, grabbing her clothes from the floor and putting them on before storming out of the room without looking back at the crying woman.

***Bang!***

The door slammed shut violently. Phatthira had left, while the one still in the same position could only release her sobs.

Pandao loved her so much, felt it so deeply.

But for the woman who'd just left, everything that happened wasn't out of love. The fact that someone of her status lowered herself to be with a woman like her made it clear that Phatthira only wanted her body.

Was it enough?

If she didn't want to hurt herself more, should she stop everything right here?

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# Chapter 16

In the afternoon, after the meeting ended, the tall figure of the CEO returned to her office to seclude herself.

Her beautiful, stem face stared at her phone for a long time. When she had time to think, Phatthira found herself worrying about the words that had slipped out of her mouth in a moment of anger.

The red marks on her neck, which she noticed while in the bathroom, reminded her of the intimate moments with Maylada. Phatthira sighed in frustration as these thoughts only made her feel more guilty.

How could she let such marks appear on her body? And worse, she'd unintentionally hurt the feelings of the woman who'd just confessed her love to her.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt like a fool.

Pandao had every right to react the way she did upon seeing those marks. If it wasn't out of jealousy, why would a usually reserved woman act that way?

Phatthira picked up her phone and stared at the screen, her mind preoccupied with the device all day. She'd tried calling someone multiple times, but there was no sign that the person would answer her calls.

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***Knock! Knock! Knock!***

Phatthira put down her phone and glanced at her tall younger brother, who'd barged in without waiting for permission. Her eyes showed disapproval, but he just smiled and sat down opposite her as if he didn't notice her glare.

"What's wrong? You look stressed. You've been like this since the meeting. Aren't you afraid the whole company will resign if the president is in a bad mood?"

"Even you dared to come in without permission, so I guess I'm not that scary."

"Oh, come on! I'm sorry, Madam President. Please forgive your little brother."

Thiraphat continued to tease like a five-year-old, but Phatthira closed her eyes wearily. She then closed the file in front of her and pushed it to the corner of the desk, signaling the end of her workday.

"Are you done with work? How about dinner with your little brother tonight?"

"For what occasion?"

"Can't I just take my beautiful sister out for a meal?"

"What mood are you in? Can I say no? I'm busy."

Phatthira declined without hesitation, her mind anxious to get back to someone who might be upset because of her harsh words.

"You're not even going to think about it? Do you reject girls this quickly, too? I'm your brother."

"What are you? Five?"

Phatthira's stern look made Thiraphat shrink back in fear.

"You're so beautiful and mean. I really want to see the woman who will be your girlfrend. So mean."

"Enough nonsense. Stop talking about this. I have to go out. If you want to eat, meet me at the restaurant at seven. I'll send you the location."

"What?"

Thiraphat was taken aback by his sister's sudden decision and her arrangement of the place without asking his opinion.

He watched his sister's back as she left the office, confused.

Couldn't she ever inform others in advance about her plans?

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On the rooftop of a luxury hotel, the atmosphere was warm and romantic. Candlelight in jars illuminated various spots. Thiraphat watched his beautiful sister sip wine gracefully. Her proud yet composed demeanor made her look charming and mysterious.

It was a demeanor he'd grown accustomed to since childhood.

"Why did you invite me to eat at your hotel? Are you trying to teach me about work? It's past working hours. Don't be so strict."

"No. I just brought you here for a normal meal."

Phatthira's short response came amid the dim light, gentle breeze, and the melodious sound of an instrument accompanying a sweet voice.

Phatthira wasn't interested in the food on the table, only the good wine in her hand and her gaze fixed on the beautiful singer sitting on a high chair.

Noticing this, Thiraphat couldn't help but turn to look at the singer. Her beauty made him blurt out a compliment.

"She's so beautiful, both pretty and cute, with a lovely voice. Women holding a microphone to sing are incredibly charming."

"...."

Phatthira turned her gaze from the sweet face to her brother with a blank expression. The compliment wasn't much, but his sparkling eyes were annoying.

"Is she a regular singer here?"

Thiraphat continued to ask, not noticing his sister's face, as he was still captivated by the singer's beauty.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I'm interested. I admit she's beautiful."

"Even if she is, you have no right to get involved with her under any circumstances."

Knowing her brother's thoughts, Phatthira decided to nip it in the bud rather than deal with problems later. Thiraphat's stubbornness was similar to hers, so she couldn't let his interest develop, especially with the woman he just admitted to liking.

"Why? Does she have a boyfriend?"

"...."

"Phat?"

"Why do you need to know? If I say you can't get involved, you can't. What's hard to understand. Tee?"

Phatthira's stern voice. His words made her not want to stay any longer.

Thiraphat sensed his sister's mood and decided to keep quiet.

The dinner continued, with Thiraphat finding other topics to chat about, as was his cheerful nature.

When it was time to leave, they parted ways since they drove separate cars.

Thiraphat decided to stop by the restroom after parting with his sister. On his way to the elevator, he accidentally bumped into someone.

"Sorry, are you hurt?"

Thiraphat instinctively wrapped his arm around the slender waist, but when the beautiful woman looked up at him, his heart nearly stopped.

"No, I'm fine. Thank you, and I'm sorry for not being careful."

Pandao quickly apologized, feeling guilty for being distracted. The close contact made her push him away gently.

Thiraphat stood still, mesmerized. He recognized the woman as the beautiful singer he admired. The coincidence felt like fate, making him forget to let go.

She was even more beautiful up close, her sweet face captivating him.

"Um... could you please let go?"

Pandao asked, pushing him until he snapped out of it.

Thiraphat blinked, but before he could release her, a cold voice interrupted, making Pandao flinch.

"Pandao!"

"Ms. Phat?!"

Pandao's heart raced uncontrollably. The stern face of someone made them both step back.

Thiraphat wasn't fazed by his sister's appearance, unlike Pandao, who exclaimed her name in panic

Phatthira, the hotel owner, knowing the singer wasn't surprising.

"Oh, Phat, you're still here? I thought you left."

Thiraphat asked, but Phatthira didn't answer, her gaze cold.

"Why haven't you left?"

Phatthira glanced at the silent Pandao, who greeted her without looking up. She knew it was an accident, but the prolonged embrace seemed unnecessary.

It was fortunate that she didn't impulsively walk over and yank the delicate figure out of het brother's arms, as the possessiveness building up inside her was enough to make her lose her sense.

"I just meant to stop by the restroom before heading back, but I accidentally bumped into this lady."

Thiraphat explained, then turned his attention to the person beside him, searching for any signs of pain that might've resulted from the collision. She was so fragile, while he was built like a giant. The impact could've easily caused her some injury.

"Are you sure you're not hurt anywhere? I really apologize for not being more careful."

"It's okay. I wasn't paying attention either, and I need to excuse myself now,"

Pandao said, directing her last sentence toward the company president out of courtesy. The way the young man addressed the woman she loved, combined with their similar facial features, made it easy to guess that they might be related by blood in some way.

The slender figure hurriedly walked away from the awkward situation without looking back because those eyes were filled with displeasure. She wasn't ready to face Phatthira at that moment.

But it seemed her wish wouldn't come true because, on her way to the elevator, a familiar stern voice followed by a forceful grip on her arm stopped her.

"Where are you rushing off to?"

"Ms. Phat!"

Pandao turned to face the person who'd followed her closely, Phatthira's expressionless face made her almost too scared to meet her eyes.

"I've been calling you all day. Why didn't you pick up?"

"I left my phone in my room."

"Liar!"

The tone was filled with displeasure, but Phatthira's heart wavered because, upon noticing the swollen eyes, it was clear how much the small figure had been crying.

"We need to talk."

"But I have to go sing at the club. Can we talk another day?"

"Today! Right now! If not, quit your job. I don't want you singing there anyway, and I'll call Pharima myself!"

"Please don't!"

It wasn't just a threat, Phatthira was already pulling out her phone to make the call. Pandao looked at her with confusion, feeling a mix of hurt and reproach.

"We have nothing left to talk about. I understood everything you said last night."

Pandao tried to twist her wrist free from the other's grip, but her resistance only made Phatthira more annoyed.

"Why? Do you despise me that much?"

Overwhelmed by jealousy, Phatthira forgot herself and pulled the slender figure into her arms, not noticing the many eyes watching them. Pandao wished she could disappear from there, not out of embarrassment but concern for the image of the person in front of her.

"Ms. Phat, please let me go."

"Why? Is it going to kill you to be hugged by me? You didn't seem to mind when you were hugging my brother just now."

"Ms. Phat..."

Pandao's sweet eyes stared at the other person, red and teary, feeling hurt by the words that constantly made her feel worthless in the other's eyes.

To Phatthira, she was nothing more than this, not even worthy of respect or being treated like someone who mattered. Just a little bit of kindness would've been enough..

"Get in the car. We need to talk. If you keep being stubborn, don't say I didn't warn you."

Once she managed to control her emotions, Phatthira decided to take Pandao's hand and lead her into the elevator. The sweet eyes filled with tears melted the ice in her heart completely.

They headed to the parking lot, but even after the car had been driving away from the hotel for a while, the atmosphere inside remained silent.

Pandao chose to look out the window, her sweet eyes gazing outside with confusion.

She wanted to distance herself, to let go of this woman, but it seemed incredibly difficult.

In such a short time, her heart had come to love so deeply. She let this woman have such an influence over her feelings and heart that she almost forgot herself.

Just seeing her face made her heart yearn so much that she could hardly resist her own feelings.

While Pandao was lost in her thoughts, the silence in the car was broken by a phone call from the mobile hidden in her bag.

Phatthira glanced over as the owner of the phone began to look uneasy, having just lied about leaving the phone in her room.

Pandao decided to pick up the phone as it continued to ring, but when she saw the number on the screen, she hesitated for a moment.

The international number made her feel uneasy. She glanced at the person beside her before deciding to decline the call and turn off the phone, which only aroused more suspicion in Phatthira.

Sure, she was jealous, but because there were unresolved issues, Phatthira didn't want to start a fight and make things worse.

So when she saw the slender figure slump into the seat and close her eyes, looking exhausted and indifferent, she couldn't bear to see her act so coldly for long.

Phatthira decided to pull the car over to the side of the road, trying to calm herself down because talking things out would be better than starting a fight.

"Pandao, can we talk?"

Her voice was softer than ever, but in Pandao's emotional state, wanting to run far away, she couldn't sense any gentleness from the person beside her.

Pandao opened her eyes to look at the speaker, but the exhaustion that she couldn't shake off made her choose to remain silent.

"About last night, I-"

"I don't want to be involved with you anymore."

Pandao said softly, tears welling up. She was tired of this relationship and wanted to turn her back on Phatthira without any lingering feelings.

If it was possible, she wanted to end things and hoped Phatthira would understand.

"Can we just go our separate ways? I don't want to be in this kind of relationship anymore."

The pain in her voice struck Phatthira's heart, leaving her speechless. The pleading eyes were full of determination, but the only thing Phatthira could think of was that she'd never agree to end things as Pandao was asking.

Just last night, the other had confessed her love, and now she wanted to end it?

It wasn't that simple!

"We're just having a misunderstanding, and I never planned to end things with you because last night I.."

"Enough,"

Pandao interrupted, not wishing to hear more. If those words would make her feel more vulnerable or worthless, she didn't want to hear them.

"Don't make me feel more worthless than I already do. I want to end this, and I hope you understand."

As soon as she finished speaking, the slender figure opened the door and stepped out of the car, not giving the other a chance to argue.

"Pandao! Wait! Listen to me, Pandao!"

Phatthira hurriedly opened her door to follow, but she was too late. Pandao was already getting into a taxi that had pulled up quickly.

Phatthira stood there, feeling lost. She'd never been in a situation where she had to chase after someone, so she could only watch the taxi drive away, shoulders slumped.

For the first time in her life, Phatthira had been dumped by a woman....

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# Chapter 17

"What are you planning without telling me, Peach?"

Pharima opened her arms to welcome her tall, younger brother who'd just stepped off the plane. Pachara had called her to pick him up at the airport without any prior notice. Luckily, she had some free time to drive over and get him before heading out for other errands.

"If I told you beforehand, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it? You start complaining as soon as you see me. Don't you miss your little bro?"

"Missing you is one thing, but next time, give me a heads-up. That way, I can manage my time better. After I drop you off, I have to head to the club. You'll have to stay home alone tonight. I probably won't be back until late."

At the mention of the club, a wide smile spread across Pachara's handsome face. His sister's words reminded him of someone who was constantly on his mind.

"Is Pin singing at the club tonight?"

"As soon as you arrive, you ask about a girl. Aren't you going to ask how I've been? Whether I'm doing well or not?"

"Oh, come on, Preem. I talked to you almost every day while I was over there. No need to ask about that. So, is Pin working tonight or not? You haven't answered me yet."

"Don't tell me you're planning to see Pin right after you arrive. Go home and rest first. You can meet her later."

Pharima tried to avoid giving in to her brother's wishes. Lately, she'd noticed something unusual between her friend and the girl she cared for like a younger sister.

Pandao and Phatthira's relationship had progressed to a point where many things instinctively made her aware.

Whether it was the coincidence of seeing her friend always picking up and dropping off Pandao or other reasons, all of these made her want to delay the confrontation between her brother and Pandao a bit longer.

She knew how her brother felt about the beautiful girl he'd admired for many years. But if things didn't turn out as he'd hoped, the one who'd be most heartbroken would undoubtedly be Pachara.

As they walked to the car, the conversation between the siblings continued. Pachara agreed to his sister's suggestion because he was in a state that was more suitable for resting than meeting anyone at the moment.

"Are you going out tomorrow?"

"I plan to call Tee and arrange a meet-up, just the guys. Also, I want to discuss a business investment with him."

"You just got here, and you're already thinking about work? Don't you want to rest first?"

"I'm on fire right now, in the process of building my career. I might get a chance to propose to a girl soon."

Once again, his words made Pharima want to hold her head in her hands. It was frustrating to deal with something she couldn't fully express.

"Don't tell me you didn't talk to any girls while you were over there."

"My heart is here. How could I talk to any girls there? You know how long I've liked Pin."

"And if things don't go as planned, what will you do? It's good to keep some room for disappointment."

"Why are you saying this? Did you not take care of Pin as I asked you to?"

"I took care of what I could, Peach. Pandao isn't a child, and we're not her close relatives. We can't interfere too much. She's grown up and can take care of herself. She has the right to live her life."

"Are you trying to tell me something. Preem?"

His face and eyes began to show concern because his sister's serious demeanor easily shook his feelings.

"I don't know how to say it. Just talk to Pin yourself. But I want to warn you, don't let the help we've given Pin out of genuine care turn into a debt of gratitude. And don't let what Pin sees as a debt of gratitude force her to keep the promises she made. Understand, Peach?"

"I never intended to do that to her."

Though he said that, Pachara's heart was wavering. Pharima wanted to convey something to him in advance but just couldn't say it all.

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The next evening, Pachara managed to persuade his sister to call the girl he had his eyes on to meet at a restaurant. Pharima agreed, as she'd promised because Pandao rarely refused her invitations.

The meal went on with intermittent conversations. Pandao remained a good listener since most of the conversation was between the siblings.

"Preem said the food here is delicious. You have to book a table hours in advance. Do you like it, Pin?"

"Yes, the food here is very tasty."

Pachara smiled widely. Sitting at the same table with the girl he'd been thinking about made his happiness evident on his handsome face.

Thinking back to the past, he'd known Pandao since she started her first year of college. Even though they were from different universities, and their paths rarely crossed, his heart longed for her, so he always found opportunities to get close to the beautiful girl he loved.

Months of pursuing her, learning about her life, and several coincidences allowed Pachara to help her. He even found out that Pandao planned to apply as a singer at a club to earn extra money for her studies. That was why he offered her a job at his sister's club instead.

Working in the nightlife had many risks, and he didn't want Pandao to face such situations. So, he asked his sister to look after Pandao like a younger sister.

Pharima agreed because she knew how he felt about the girl. However, his consistent sincerity still couldn't make Pandao show any romantic interest.

Three days before leaving to study abroad, Pachara confessed his love and asked for a chance. Though Pandao didn't accept his love, she didn't outright reject his request either.

Whether her reaction was out of politeness or other reasons, it gave him hope and a chance to win her heart.

*"If you still don't have anyone when I return, can you promise that you'll date me?"*

Thinking about his words from that day made Pachara smile to himself. This reunion made him hopeful, wanting to turn their acquaintance into a romantic relationship.

But his sister's warning from the previous night made him feel uneasy. He'd never thought of rushing the relationship, but today, his thoughts were starting to change.

Pachara kept smiling and trying to please the girl he secretly loved. But as he was serving her food, Pandao's eyes caught sight of a tall figure entering the restaurant with a woman.

A chill ran through her body, turning into a sharp pain in her heart. It wouldn't have hurt so much if they weren't walking arm-in-arm toward her. "Are you okay, Pin? Are you full? Did I serve you too much food?"

Pachara took the opportunity to gently touch her delicate hand because of her sudden stillness as if she was lost in a strange emotion.

"Um, I feel a bit full now."

Realizing her situation, Pandao slowly pulled her hand back politely. But her actions didn't escape the eyes of someone, triggering a rapid surge of emotions.

Phatthira watched intently, her eyes gleaming despite her calm face.

Suddenly, Pharima felt like she was in an awkward situation, struggling to breathe as her tall friend approached the table.

"Hello, Phat. What a coincidence meeting you here. I was planning to visit you at the office tomorrow. How have you been?"

"I'm fine. When did you get back from England? Preem didn't tell me."

Phatthira glanced at her friend and then at the woman who kept her head down. While the two women sensed the growing tension. Pachara, unaware of the situation, kept smiling and chatting with his sister's friend.

"Yesterday. Preem probably didn't tell you because I wanted to surprise everyone. So, I didn't inform anyone in advance except for Tee. Preem only found out when I called her to pick me up at the airport."

Phatthira nodded as if she was paying attention to the conversation, but in truth, a whirlwind of emotions was crashing into her, making her feel the heat building up in her chest.

Pandao had been avoiding her for days, not answering her calls. But today, she saw Pandao sitting and eating with others, looking cheerful.

The tense atmosphere between the two was heating up, making Pharima almost want to wipe her own sweat. She knew everything and felt stuck in an awkward situation.

One was her brother, and the other was her best friend. She didn't know who to support because Phatthira seemed to be running far ahead of her brother.

Far enough that he probably couldn't catch up.

"Since we're all here, why don't you join us, Phat? Or do you need some private time?"

Pharima's question made Phatthira stiffen. She wasn't the type to let her woman be happy with someone else while she herself was restless and sleepless for many nights.

Phatthira accepted her friend's invitation without asking the person next to her. But Maylada didn't object, choosing to follow along and smile politely at the woman sitting awkwardly.

Since Phatthira didn't show any sign of knowing her in front of others, why should she reveal that she'd seen them eating together at a restaurant? Maybe Phatthira wasn't serious enough to announce her secret relationship with this woman.

Pharima chose to sacrifice herself by moving to the other side, making Pandao sit between the siblings.

This sacrifice made Phatthira more annoyed than ever because the seating arrangement forced her and Maylada to sit opposite each other.

Phatthira glanced at the one who remained silent, feeling irritated. The visible disconfort made her wonder if her presence at the table would make the other person explode.

As the meal continued, Pachara's attentive care for the beautiful woman beside him sparked curiosity in Maylada. She wanted to know what kind of relationship they had.

"Are you and Peach dating, Pin? Seeing how Peach takes care of you, I think it's cute."

"Uh...."

Pachara blushed at the question, hoping it was as Maylada guessed. For whatever reason, he chose to give a sweet look to the person next to him and let the silence be the answer.

But his actions made Pandao's face unreadable because the person across the table was giving her a cold, inexplicable look.

It was icy but filled with volcanic heat.

Phatthira clenched the napkin on her lap tightly. She felt like a fool for not knowing that the woman she spent every night with was her friend's brother's girlfriend.

Even though Pharima had openly opposed her involvement with this woman, she never explained why.

Phatthira felt disoriented. She wanted to confront the other person but ultimately tried to suppress her anger behind a calm face.

But Pharima also felt uncomfortable with the situation. She disagreed with her brother's behavior and feared that her friend's anger might explode at any moment.

The atmosphere was so tense that Pandao felt suffocated. Seeing the person next to Phatthira attentively serving her made her not want to endure the painful sight any longer.

Her eyes burned as the couple's behavior emphasized their relationship.

The combined feelings of jealousy and hurt overwhelmed her.

Knowing her place, she realized that Phatthira didn't want to love or respect her like that woman. Hoping for such care was a hopeless dream.

"Excuse me for a moment."

Pandao said.

She quickly left the table before her tears could fail. Not long after, Phatthira found an excuse to leave by pretending to take a phone call outside.

The burning feeling in her heart made Phatthira follow Pandao into the restroom. As the door swung open, the slender figure at the sink quickly wiped her tears.

Pandao looked at the newcomer through the mirror's reflection. Seeing the tall figure behind her, she turned to leave.

"Can we talk, Pandao?"

A quick grab at her wrist stopped her in her tracks.

Her heart softened at the gentler tone, but she reminded herself that facing Phatthira alone was not good for her heart.

"I have nothing to say. Ms. Preem and Peach are waiting. Excuse me."

"But I do. Let them wait. Do you care that much, especially about Peach? Was it fun deceiving me?"

"Let go of me, Ms. Phat."

Pandao tried to push Phatthira away, but her resistance only deepened Phatthira's inexplicable pain.

"Listen, Pandao. We need to talk. If you keep avoiding me, how will we ever understand each other?"

"I understood everything that day. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, please."

"No! If you don't talk, I'll hold you like this and never let you go."

"But you have no right to do this to me. Let me go already."

"Why not? If I don't, who will? Peach? Announcing it at the table, do you think I'll let my woman go to anyone?"

"So what if we slept together? We're nothing. We never were. I always knew my worth to you. At best, I was an outlet or a toy. So please, leave me alone. Let's stay apart."

Tears flowed again as Pandao buried her face in Phatthira's chest, feeling trapped.

She was in agony, realizing how hard it was to let go of someone she loved.

The pain grew, making her long for Phatthira's embrace daily.

How could she let go? Just seeing her face shattered her resolve.

Phatthira closed her eyes to calm the ache in her chest, hugging Pandao tighter with guilt.

She might've thought that way before, but not now. She didn't know when she started feeling this way, but she didn't want to lose this woman.

"Let me go. Everyone's waiting, especially Lada. If she sees us, she'll feel uncomfortable."

"I never thought trying to understand my wife would require caring about others."

"Ms. Phat...?"

Pandao pulled away, shocked to hear that word from Phatthira again.

Even though it wasn't the first time, it was the only time that made her feel it wasn't said out of anger. It was an expression of possessiveness that had a deeper meaning than just being bed partners.

A sense of overwhelming emotion filled her chest. Her heart softened because of the gentle, pleading look in her eyes. It was something she'd never received from this person before.

"That night, Maylada and I didn't.."

"Oh! Phat, you're here? I thought you went outside to talk on the phone."

Phatthira tried to suppress her simmering emotions under a calm facade. The untimely appearance of Maylada made her feel so irritated that she could barely contain it.

"Sorry, I saw that you were gone for a long time, so I came to look for you. I didn't think Pin would be here as well."

Maylada glanced at Phatthira's hand, which was holding another woman's hand tightly. Her expression and demeanor made it quite clear how much she valued that woman.

But on the contrary, the person who seemed unaware of being cared for was trying to twist her hand out of the other's grip. The soft feelings she had just moments ago seemed to be hammered home to the truth when another woman showed up.

Pandao took advantage of the moment when Phatthira turned her attention to the other woman to successfully free her hand from the grip.

The heart that had swelled with the word 'wife' suddenly deflated in an instant.

And what about this woman? Maylada had a deep relationship with Phatthira, no different from her.

Did the word 'wife' for Phatthira mean every woman she'd slept with?

It was her own fault for being so gullible and believing those words, which held no depth for the speaker..

"I'll take my leave."

After saying that, Pandao briskly walked away without even glancing at Phatthira's beautiful face. The indifference, which she'd never experienced before, made Phatthira feel a chill all over her body.

Never once had Pandao made her feel like she'd become invisible in the other's eyes to this extent.

Did this woman really want to end things with her?

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# Chapter 18

As Pandao stepped out of the restroom, she found Pachara standing by the entrance door to the restaurant. Despite the tear stains on her cheeks, she forced a smile, knowing she couldn't avoid facing him at this moment.

"Peach, are you here to use the restroom?"

"No, I was waiting for you. I have something important to discuss. Can we talk for a bit?"

Pachara replied with a gentle smile, trying not to show his anxiety. He had noticed several odd behaviors during their meal and couldn't shake off his instinctive suspicion. He had followed her out determined to clear things up

"Sure. Is Preem sitting alone now?"

Pandao asked.

"I already told her. Let's talk over here. It won't take long."

Unable to avoid it. Pandao nodded and followed him to the relatively empty parking lot. Her sad expression and absent-minded demeanor sparked Pachara's curiosity, making it impossible for him to hold back his questions any longer.

"Am I making you uncomfortable. Pin? About what happened at the table when I didn't deny to Ms. Lada that we aren't a couple?"

Pachara asked.

Pandao looked up at him. She wasn't angry at his actions and didn't want to embarrass him in front of others out of respect for Pharima and the kindness Pachara had always shown her.

She loved and respected him like a brother, but she knew he saw her as more than a sister. Pandao understood that love often made people do foolish things.

Even she'd done foolish things, hoping to win the heart of someone she loved. But, knowing she would never get what she wanted, she chose to distance herself to avoid more pain.

"It's okay. Ms. Maylada and I don't know each other personally. Whatever she thinks doesn't affect my life." Pandao said.

"Can I ask you something. Pin?"

"Sure."

"How long have you known Phat?"

The question made her look up at him with a flicker of surprise. Though she didn't understand his intent, it was a simple question she shouldn't let affect her.

"I've known Ms. Phat as Preem's close friend for quite a while."

"And how do you see her?"

"Why are you asking me this, Peach?"

"I just want to know. Everyone sees Phat as beautiful, smart, and charming. I wonder if you feel the same,"

Pachara said.

"If everyone thinks that way, I have no reason to see her differently,"

Pandao said. She didn't deny it, everyone agreed Phatthira was perfect. She was beautiful, wealthy, talented, and charming, enough to make even someone like Pandao, who never thought she'd be attracted to any woman, fall for her repeatedly.

"But you know what kind of preferences she has, right?"

Pachara finally asked.

Throughout the meal, he had observed the interactions between Pandao and Phatthira which seemed too add for him to overlook.

"Yes, I know,"

Pandao said, avoiding his gaze. She didn't want Pachara to sense the depth of her relationship with Phatthira.

She wasn't afraid of him knowing, but their relationship had ended and was never public to begin with.

"And you know how she looks at you, right?"

Pachara asked.

"Someone like her wouldn't have eyes for someone like me."

Pandao said, brushing her hair to avoid his eyes. Someone like her could only be just a toy to Phatthira. Expecting to be valued in her eyes was hopeless.

"You're looking down on yourself. As for me, I never saw you that way."

Pandao stopped walking as the man made the topic about himself. Pachara turned to face her and took her hand. His eyes were full of love, showing that he had waited for this moment for a long time.

"No matter what others think you know I've always been serious about you, I love you, Pin. I've loved you for a long time. Give me a chance to take care of you as a lover."

Pachara said.

"Peach..."

Pandao looked at him with a troubled expression. His confession wasn't unexpected, but his consistent kindness made it hard for her to reject him again.

"Please don't reject me again. Pin. Give me a chance. Even if you don't love me now, I wait. I promise not to pressure you. Just give me a chance,"

Pachara pleaded.

"But it's not fair to you. Peach."

Pandao said, tears welling up. She felt guilty, knowing she could never reciprocate his feelings. She appreciated his sincerity but couldn't love him the same way.

She could never love him like she loved that certain someone.

"I'm sorry. I can't feel the same way about you. I don't want you to wait or waste your time on me. I'm not the right person for you. Let us stay the way we are."

Her plea and rejection showed she respected her own feelings, crushing Pachara's hopes.

He was heartbroken, tears welling up in his eyes. He couldn't accept this disappointment.

"It won't be easy for me to stop loving you, but if you insist, I won't push you. But as a brother, can I hug you once?" Pachara asked.

Pandao stood still, feeling his pain. She let him hug her, feeling sympathy for him. But his long-held love caused him immense suffering.

In a moment of weakness, Pachara pushed her against the car and kissed her, catching her off guard. Pandao tried to push him away, but her strength was no match for his.

Before he could deepen the kiss, someone yanked him back by his collar, pulling Pandao away from his grasp.

"Ms. Phat!"

Pandao exclaimed, her eyes wide with shock. Phatthira's furious gaze made her heart drop.

Pandao was stunned, unable to process what was happening.

"What is going on here, Phat?"

Pachara demanded, angry at the rough treatment

"I should be asking you! What were you two doing?"

Phatthira shouted, glaring at Pandao. who was trying to free herself from her grip.

Seeing Pandao avoiding her for days was bad enough, but catching her in an embrace with someone else broke Phatthira's last bit of restraint.

"Why? Even if Pin and I were doing more than what you saw, Phat, it doesn't give you the right to do this to me, does it?"

Pachara adjusted his collar with a demeanor that showed no hint of remorse. However, the moment he glanced at the face of the woman he loved, a pang of guilt struck him so hard that his knees nearly buckled.

Pachara was certain that he'd made an unforgivable mistake at that moment. Meanwhile, Pharima, who had followed closely behind, almost wanted to jump in and tear her brother apart.

Both his words and actions made his sister feel disappointed and upset. But in that split second, it seemed unnecessary for her to even say anything because Phatthira's icy stare was already making Pachara feel a strange chill down his spine.

"Right? You were standing there kissing a woman who is *my* 'wife'! That alone gives me every right to yank you by the neck!"

The familiar pronouns had changed to cold, distant ones, and Phatthira's fierce declaration made everyone around feel as if their ears were ringing.

But the woman referred to as the wife could only stand there, tears welling up in her eyes. The situation was crushing her spirit.

The disrespectful actions of someone she respected like a brother had nearly shattered her trust. Moreover, the word 'wife' coming from the woman she loved left her feeling so confused that Pandao almost wanted to run away from it all.

She couldn't understand the actions of the woman in front of her. The words that had once made her feel worthless still haunted her, causing pain every time she thought about them.

Phatthira had never valued her and never saw their relationship as anything more than physical. Pandao never had the right to demand anything and never had any claim over this woman in any capacity. A perfect woman like Phatthira would never take her seriously.

But why now? Why was Phatthira suddenly announcing their relationship to everyone? Was it just to save face, or was it to humiliate her and show everyone how foolish and easy she was?

"Ms. Phat, please stop. Don't say anything more, I beg you..."

"Why can't I!?"

Phatthira's patience had run out. She squeezed Pin's small wrist so hard that the latter winced in pain. But in her jealous rage, her vision blurred with anger.

"You're mine! What were you thinking, doing this?! If I hadn't interrupted, would you have taken it further in the car by now?"

"I said stop!"

Tears that Pin had tried to hold back flowed freely like a broken dam. The pain inflicted by the woman she loved was too much to bear. The hurtful words from Phatthira were crushing her heart.

"Phat, calm down. Let's talk this out, please. Can't you see Pin is in pain? Get a grip."

Pharima decided to step in, seeing the situation spiraling out of control.

She knew Phatthira was furious and also knew how hard her friend was trying to control her emotions. In all the years they had been friends, Pharima had never seen Phatthira lose herself to this extent.

If it weren't for Pandao's influence on her heart, Phatthira would never have declared Pandao as her wife so openly.

Moreover, the jealousy Phatthira displayed had never been shown toward any other woman, not even once.

"Let go of Pin first, then talk calmly."

Pharima's words worked. Phatthira released her grip on Pin's wrist, her heart pounding.

The tears in Pin's eyes made Phatthira realize just how much this woman meant to her, enough to make her unwilling to lose her.

Phatthira glared at Pachara, who stood there pale-faced. Without a word, Pachara understood that he should back off.

Maylada stood frozen like everyone else. Phatthira's actions made it clear she didn't care about anyone else. Though Maylada didn't want to give up, she wasn't foolish enough to interfere at this moment.

"As for the condo details your friend wanted, I'll have my secretary contact you. And let me say, for something like this, you can contact my secretary. There's no need to arrange a meeting with me here."

With that, Phatthira dragged the slightly resisting Pandao to the car parked nearby.

As the car moved onto the main road, the image of Pin allowing someone else to touch and kiss her continued to torment Phatthira, making her grip the steering wheel tightly.

Her jealousy was boiling over and showing no signs of abating. The heat from the flames in her heart was palpable, making Pandao feel a fear she'd never felt before toward the woman beside her.

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# Chapter 19

Throughout the trip, as the car moved onto the main road, the atmosphere inside the car was engulfed in silence. The way the accelerator was pressed reflected the driver's mood, making Pandao too scared to even utter a word.

Even though the car headed toward an unfamiliar route, Pandao could do nothing more than sit tightly gripping her own hands.

As the car passed through the gates of a large house, the unfamiliarity of the grand place, akin to a 'mansion, made the small-framed girl feel unavoidably nervous.

"Why did you bring me .here, Ms. Phat?" Pandao asked

"Why? Are you scared?" Phatthira replied.

The look of suspicion mixed with tears welling up in her eyes triggered a sense of irritation in Phatthira, matching the turmoil in her heart.

Phatthira stepped out of the car and walked around to yank open the passenger door. She tried to ignore the fearful demeanor that was making her increasingly annoyed,

Was it really scary just being with her?

"Get out."

"But I want to go home. Why did you bring me here?"

"I said get out!"

"Ms. Phat, you're hurting me."

Pandao resisted slightly as the taller woman gripped her wrist and pulled her out of the car. Due to her greater strength, Pandao couldn't resist being dragged into the house.

"You shouldn't treat me like this."

"Shouldn't?"

Phatthira snapped, glaring at her. She was fed up with Pandao's resistance.

"And what about you hugging and kissing him in the parking lot? Do you think you should be doing that, Pandao?"

The slender figure was dragged up to the second floor of the house before the large bedroom door was pushed open, followed by a loud slam.

"I asked you if you should be hugging and kissing him. Answer me! Was it right?"

"Ms. Phat."

Pandao tried to stay calm despite sensing the fury. Her mixed feelings of hurt and sadness made her respond sarcastically without reason.

"I have the right to do whatever I want with anyone, just like you have the right to sleep with other women. We're nothing to each other. Maybe you've forgotten that you made it clear our relationship means nothing."

"You're my wife! Do you hear me, Pandao? I haven't slept with anyone else since I had you."

Phatthira declared.

"Could you stop calling me your wife? I know my place. A wife and a sleep partner are very different, and I'm not your wife."

"You're not?"

Phatthira's temper flared at the outright denial. She clenched her jaw and took a few steps closer. If Pandao thought she could end their relationship easily, she was mistaken. Phatthira would never let go of someone she loved, especially someone she could call her wife.

"It has to be Peach, right? Only then you won't deny it! I'm standing right here, and if you think someone else can replace me, it's not going to be easy, Pandao."

With that, Pandao was thrown onto the bed, followed by Phatthira's tall frame pinning her down.

Phatthira's eyes were filled with anger and jealousy. The more Pandao struggled as if disgusted, the tighter her small wrists were pinned above her head, and Phatthira's breathing grew heavier

"Let me go, Ms. Phat. Don't do this."

"I'm going to erase those stupid marks from your body. You'll know that the only one who has a right to you is me."

Phatthira pressed her lips against Pandao's rosy ones, forcefully kissing her with a demanding touch. Her hot, wet tongue invaded Pandao's mouth, tangling with her small tongue until she almost couldn't breathe.

"Mmhh,"

Pandao moaned in protest, but her resistance soon turned into stillness, with tears streaming from her eyes.

Phatthira paused when she felt the sobs. As she pulled away from the now swollen lips, her heart sank, pained by the tears caused by her actions.

"I don't want to see you like this, Ms. Phat. Don't treat me like I'm just someone to vent your anger on. Please."

"Pandao. I..."

Just feeling the sobs made Phatthira's heart soften in a way it never had before. She pulled Pandao into a tight embrace, guilt eating away at her, rendering her speechless. She hadn't realized that her jealousy and possessiveness could make her lose control and hurt the small-framed girl so much.

"I'm sorry, love. I'm so sorry,"

Phatthira whispered, stroking Pandao's soft hair to comfort her. She held Pandao close, feeling a deep sense of love and protectiveness that she couldn't deny.

"Don't cry anymore. I love you. Do you hear me? I love you. I'm sorry for scaring you. I'm really sorry."

"...."

Just hearing the words of love she never expected from the woman she loved made Pandao bury her face in Phatthira's chest, sobbing. The different term of "I" used by Phatthira was filled with such tenderness that Pandao's heart couldn't resist.

The love and longing she had for this woman were so overwhelming that she couldn't bring herself to feel anger or hatred.

She could never stay mad at this woman, and the more Phatthira showed tenderness, the more her heart forgot all the harshness as if she were easily swayed.

She was willing to be a fool, even if those words were just lies.

"Why do I... why do I love you so much? I don't want you to be angry or furious like this anymore."

"....."

"I won't do it again. From now on, you should call your lover 'Phat'." Phatthira said, gently laying Pandao down on the bed. She looked at Pandao with soft eyes before her gaze fell on her rosy lips. The longing she had felt for days couldn't be hidden.

"I love you, which is why I'm so possessive. Just seeing my wife close to someone else like that, how could I stand by and do nothing?"

"But it's not what you think. Peach and I aren't a couple. I never thought of him that way, and I never expected that situation to happen from someone I trusted."

Pandao explained.

It was an opportunistic act that shattered her feelings for Peach. She'd always seen him as a caring brother, but now that trust was almost gone, replaced by disappointment.

Phatthira saw the sadness in Pandao's eyes. She didn't need more explanation to understand and decided not to ask further.

"We won't talk about this again, but I'll be the one to erase those stupid marks myself," Phatthira said.

With that, she leaned down to gently kiss Pandao. The soft touch made Pandao realize how much she had missed Phatthira's touch during their time apart.

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The next morning, the heat from the naked body snuggled in her arms made Phatthira frown.

She touched Pandao's skin to check, and when she felt the high temperature, she carefully got out of bed.

She quickly put on the clothes scattered on the floor and left the room, returning with items to care for the sick girl.

Phatthira sat beside the still-sleeping Pandao, whose face was flushed with fever. The red marks on her pale skin made Phatthira lean down to kiss them gently.

Though Pandao moaned softly, her eyes remained closed. Phatthira fought her urges and grabbed a small towel to wipe Pandao's body.

When Pandao's temperature began to drop, Phatthira covered her with a blanket and headed to the kitchen downstairs.

She stood there, unsure of what to do. Cooking was beyond her abilities.

She'd always struggled with every kitchen tool used in cooking. She was entirely unskilled in this area and had never attempted it after past mishaps.

"Ms. Phat, is there anything I can help you with?"

It was like the voice of heaven. Phatthira turned sharply to look in the direction of the sound, giving an embarrassed smile to the maid who walked in at just the right moment. It was rare for her to show up in the kitchen, especially in the early morning like this, which made it even more surprising for the maid.

"Well, I wanted a hot bowl of rice soup. I couldn't find anyone just now and almost started making it myself."

"You, Ms. Phat? Thinking of cooking yourself? I'm afraid we'd need to buy new kitchen equipment."

Phatthira continued to smile at the elderly's teasing words. Even though she was just an employee, Phatthira always treated those who lived in the house with familiarity and warmth.

"In that case, why don't you wait outside the kitchen? It won't take more than ten minutes."

"Thank you so much. When you're done, could you have someone bring it to my room? And please bring some fever medicine, too?"

"Of course, Ms. Phat."

Though curious, the maid didn't pry into her employer's personal matters.

Phatthira walked out of the kitchen and headed to talk to her father about an important matter she'd been pondering all night. But when she returned to her room, the hot bowl of rice soup and the fever medicine had already been delivered.

Phatthira chose to sit beside the sick person, who was looking at the bowl of rice soup on the bedside table. She decided to lift the frail body onto her lap. Even though the other person tried to pull the bathrobe tightly around herself, it still made her heart race.

"You're awake. Feeling any better? I went down to order the rice soup and medicine for you. Sorry if I woke you up, Pin."

"It's okay. It's me who woke up late. Thank you so much."

Pandao looked at the bowl of rice soup, its aroma tempting her stomach. She'd felt feverish since she first woke up and felt embarrassed when a young woman, likely a house staff member, accidentally saw her in a compromising state.

"I think we need to talk, but let's eat and take the medicine first, then you can get dressed."

"We can talk first. Actually, you didn't have to trouble anyone to bring the rice soup up to my room."

"Pin, you're my wife. This is no trouble at all."

Pandao's face flushed as she met her lover's eyes. The word 'wife' was used repeatedly, making her heart race.

"From now on, everyone in the house will know you as my lover. And there's another matter we need to discuss, it's about Maylada."

"....."

Mentioning another woman's name easily shook the listener's heart. But Phatthira's earnest and pleading eyes made her not want to shut herself off from hearing the explanation.

How wonderful it'd be if they could talk openly just once.

"That night, nothing happened between Lada and me like you think. I can't control what you believe, but if my explanation can make you trust me a bit, I want to assure you that nothing happened with Lada. I haven't been with any other woman since I've been with you."

"Should I believe you?"

Even though her heart had softened, a sliver of doubt made her ask the question.

Phatthira didn't answer, but the brief sadness in her eyes made Pandao unable to bear looking.

She loved Phatthira so much that it was insufferable to see the discomfort in her eyes. Even after the misunderstanding between her and Pachara, Phatthira had been willing to listen and not ask about it again. So why couldn't she listen to her lover's explanation?

"Pin."

"That's enough."

Pandao cupped her lover's face, loving her too much to want to see the anxiety in her eyes.

"You don't need to explain anymore. I believe you. I don't want us to fight again."

"I love you, Pin. I want to make sure you know that."

The speaker's eyes reflected overflowing love. The closeness of their breaths became a powerful attraction, drawing their lips together slowly.

Their tongues intertwined for a long time, the sweet kiss growing more passionate until their breaths became heavy.

Phatthira's hand slipped under the bathrobe to touch the soft breast. The sweet pink nipple hardened under her touch. The slender body trembled and moaned, but as their passion rose, the phone on the bedside table rang, interrupting them.

Phatthira sighed heavily as she reached for the phone. But seeing the caller's name made her face fall.

Of course, the eyes of the person on her lap made her care about the feelings involved, making her feel awkward.

Part of her wanted to ignore the call, but doing so would only make Pandao think she was hiding something.

"Maylada might just have some business."

"Okay."

"You don't mind if I take this call, do yo-"

Before she could finish, Phatthira's breath hitched as the bathrobe was pulled down to her shoulders.

The sight of the full, white breasts made Phatthira swallow hard. Her eyes, filled with desire, couldn't look away. The seductive behavior of the person on her lap was driving her crazy.

"Pin, I.."

"Take the call. I'll just go shower while you talk to her."

At this point, she couldn't focus on anything else. The phone was tossed onto the bed, ignored, as the sweetness of the breasts before her lips was far more enticing than the person on the other end of the line.

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# Chapter 20

"Where are you going so early in the morning?"

Maylada stopped in her tracks when she saw both her parents sitting in the middle of the hall, sipping coffee. Her father's face was stern, contrasting with her mother's eyes, which always looked at their only daughter with unchanging care.

Her parents were so different.

"I'm going out."

"Since you came back to Thailand, I haven't seen you stay home. Every day, you just dress up and go out. Don't think I don't know where you go or what you do."

"Dad, I'm twenty-five, not a child anymore. When will you stop treating me like I'm ten?"

"When you stop behaving the way you do now, I'll stop interfering in your life. You graduated and came back, but instead of helping with the family business, you just go out every day. And about your female friends, don't get too carried away with them."

"....."

Maylada turned her face away, feeling frustrated every time her father brought up this topic, He never accepted her for who she was and always imposed restrictions that made her feel rebellious.

"Don't give me that altitude, Lada."

"Come on! Talk to our daughter nicely. Why do you have to raise your voice?"

Her mother finally spoke up to defend her after listening for a long time. She had only one daughter, and no matter what she did, the mother was always ready to support and side with her child. This often caused conflicts between her and her husband whenever the topic of their daughter came up.

"Because you always back her up. That's why she's so spoiled."

"Don't blame me. It's you who keeps controlling her."

"Enough, Mom. Nothing you say will make Dad understand."

"Don't be sarcastic with me!"

"I'm not being sarcastic, Dad. I just want you to know that I'm going out to apply for a job.

"Where are you going to apply for a job, dear? We have a family business. Why go through the trouble of applying elsewhere?"

Her mother looked alarmed. Their family was well-off, and there was no need for their only heir, Maylada, to go out and apply for jobs elsewhere or be under anyone's authority.

"I'm going to apply at Phat's company, Mom."

"See? I told you. Because you always back her up, she ends up doing things like this. We have so many businesses she could help with, but she wants to apply at Thanadecha Group. What is she thinking?"

"Your father is right about this. Why do you want to apply there, dear? I don't agree with this."

"But I want to work at Phat's company, Mom. I want to be Phat's secretary.

If you talk to her, she'll definitely hear you out. Can you talk to her for me?"

"But she already has a secretary."

Her mother thought hard. Even though she didn't agree, she could never refuse her daughter.

"She can hire another one. Someone like Phat can hire as many secretaries as she wants. If you talk to her, she'll definitely agree. Please, Mom, talk to her for me."

"Don't create problems that will make it hard for the adults to face each other, Lada. I know what you're trying to do. Phat has already tolerated you a lot because of the elders. But if you're going to create more trouble or embarrass her like before, I'll have to ask you to stop. Think of me." Her father said.

"Think of you? You only care about your reputation. When will you understand that I like women and I love Phat? You've seen it before. Even if you sent me to England, I could never get over her. Three years is too long. If you hadn't forced me to study abroad, she wouldn't have found an excuse to break up with me. Everything turned out this way because of you."

With that, she stormed out of the house not waiting for her father's response. Ever since the incident at the restaurant, she'd never felt at peace. Phatthira was serious about that woman, showing jealousy without caring about others' opinions.

Such behavior was not like Phatthira at all. She might've endured it before because she was confident that someone as heartless as Phatthira would never be in a serious relationship with anyone.

However, the incident that day made Maylada unable to remain indifferent as before.

If Phatthira was going to be serious about a woman, that woman had to be her.

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Later that morning, Pandao decided to visit Patwi at his shop. She'd been contemplating coming here for a long time because, after reconciling with her lover, her life was about to change.

After Phatthira introduced her to everyone in the family, both her father and younger brother welcomed and adored her without any sign of disdain.

A family so wealthy, yet without the arrogance one might expect. They welcomed an ordinary woman like her warmly and kindly.

Receiving such kindness from someone important to her lover made Pandao feel deeply touched.

Everything felt like a dream. After officially dating, Phatthira moved some of her belongings to Pandao's condo.

Even though everything happened quickly, the sincerity and dedication shown by the older woman made Pandao have no doubts about her feelings.

They were about to start their life together

*"Will you marry me? We'll have a wedding and register our marriage properly."*

*"But Phat, you're not in a position to do that. There's your social status and career. If you marry someone like me, I'm afraid..."*

*"There's no need to be afraid. I never care about others' opinions more than the feelings of the one I love. Status and social standing don't matter to me or my family. I'm rich enough to take care of my wife and ensure she lives comfortably for the rest of her life. Just say yes, and there's nothing to worry about. Will you marry me?"*

Every word and the sincere look in her eyes that day made Pandao unable to deny her own heart.

She loved Phatthira and wanted to spend her life with the woman she loved. When the other proved herself by giving her such respect, there was no reason to refuse a future together.

And that was why Pandao decided to come here today. Patwi was another important person in her life. Recently, she hadn't had many chances to see him because of various circumstances.

But today, the significant changes in her life made it impossible for Pandao to overlook the feelings of someone who had always cared for her.

Even though she knew how he felt about her, it was the only kindness she could offer him.

Not lying, not giving false hope, and still seeing him as an important person in her life, as a friend.

Of course, there were still some worries, but when she had the chance to tell him everything. Patwi remained the same person she'd always known. Even though his eyes showed signs of pain, there was also happiness.

In the end, Patwi proved that he was still a man who never disappointed her.

Pandao said goodbye to her friend when it was time. But because she had an appointment with someone, Phatthira offered to pick her up.

However, since there was still some important work left to finish, Phatthira decided to take her lover to the office with her for the first time.

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While waiting in the office, Pandao's eyes kept glancing at the tall figure from time to time.

Phatthira was still focused on her documents. Every movement of this woman was captivating.

But as Pandao was secretly admiring her, her eyes caught sight of the long fingers holding a pen, writing on the documents.

Her thoughts wandered far, and a certain feeling began to stir in her stomach.

Pandao looked away from her lover's fingers, trying to dispel the growing sensation. But before she could calm down, Phatthira's movements behind the desk caught her attention again.

Phatthira stepped out from behind the desk and stood in front of her. The tall woman quickly sat beside her and swiftly pulled her onto her lap.

Even though she knew this was her lover's workplace, Pandao didn't think to protest, as she never could refuse her.

"Are you done with work?"

"Yes, I am. Do you want to go home now?"

"If you're done, I'm fine with whatever

A gentle smile appeared at the corner of Phatthira's lips. She leaned in to nuzzle Pandao's smooth cheek. However, just then, the phone in her pocket rang, interrupting the moment.

Phatthira took the phone out of her pocket, her eyebrows knitting together in a frown. But she answered the call without moving away from her lover.

Pandao could hear bits of the conversation through the phone. She couldn't catch everything, but she noticed the tension on her lover's beautiful face.

Phatthira ended the call, but before she could say anything, the intercom buzzed, interrupting again.

"I need to take this call for a moment."

With no other choice, the tall woman had to pull away from her lover and walk to her desk.

As soon as her finger touched the speakerphone button, Pandao's heart skipped a beat when she heard the secretary mention a woman's name.

"Ms. Phat, Ms. Maylada is here to see you."

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# Chapter 21

From the moment the car pulled away from the company, the silence filled the journey, making it easy for Phatthira to notice something was off with her lover.

Faced with Maylada today and realizing that she'd become another secretary, the person beside her felt significant discomfort. Phatthira knew this better than anyone.

Yet, Pandao never showed any sign of displeasure. She never voiced anything that would make Phatthira feel uneasy. However, that silence worried Phatthira more than she'd anticipated.

"Pin."

"Yes?"

Pandao turned her gaze from the road ahead to meet her lover's eyes. Phatthira's gentle voice broke the silence in the car but did nothing to ease the turmoil in her heart.

The recent events had planted seeds of doubt in her mind. Even though the closeness between the two would be as a secretary and an employer, the fact that Maylada had once hurt her feelings made it hard to find any good reason to dispel her growing suspicions.

"How about we go out for dinner tonight?"

"But you said earlier you wanted me to cook dinner at the condo."

"I don't want you to be tired. Let's go out for dinner tonight."

"Okay, if that's what you want,"

Pandao agreed, unable to refuse her lover's gentle plea.

Phatthira reached out and took Pandao's soft hand, bringing it to her lips for a tender kiss. She hoped this gesture would convey her love and reassure Pandao.

"I love you so much, Pin. More than I've ever loved anyone before. I never thought I could love someone this much."

"I love you too, Phat. So much that I don't know if I could bear it if you ever stopped wanting me."

"Why would you say that?"

Phatthira asked, taking advantage of a red light to turn and face her lover seriously.

Maylada's appearance today, along with her deliberate mention of their past relationship, might have unsettled Pandao. Phatthira understood her lover's discomfort and shared her unease about the situation.

However, a direct request from her mother's dear friend to employ her beloved daughter as a secretary was hard to refuse.

As an executive, Phatthira was serious about her work and never made exceptions for anyone. Even though Maylada was recommended by someone she respected, she wouldn't allow her to act freely.

In her company, no employee could expect special treatment.

"I know today's events might've made you uncomfortable, but I want you to trust me. If I were to be swayed by any woman, it would've happened countless times before I met you. You're the first woman I've ever truly loved and wanted to spend my life with. Even though Maylada and I were once together, it was a mistake, not love. We're about to get married, and the only woman who matters to me is you."

"But it seems like Maylada..."

"I say this again. Whatever you're overthinking about, the only woman I care about is my wife."

Phatthira said firmly, leaning in to kiss Pandao's forehead to reinforce her words.

Pandao was the first woman Phatthira had ever loved so deeply and the only one she envisioned a future with. She was the only woman who made her heart race like no one else ever had.

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**Over a week had passed since Maylada started her job as another secretary for the president of Thanadecha Group.**

Her intelligence and eagerness to learn were qualities that quickly became evident to those around her.

Whenever it came to work, Maylada could shed her spoiled kid persona and become a different person. Her role as a secretary helped streamline the workflow significantly.

Throughout the morning, Phatthira worked diligently to clear her mountain of tasks before noon. She'd sweet-talked her lover into having lunch together at the company.

Phatthira wanted to honor the woman who would soon become her life partner, making their relationship known to everyone through her actions rather than words.

However, watching her rival walk in and out of Thanadecha Group as the president's lover only deepened Maylada's resentment and jealousy.

Phatthira maintained a clear professional distance from Maylada, treating her strictly as an employee. Maylada felt the growing distance more acutely now than before she started working as a secretary.

She was being sidelined, and the closeness they once shared was almost gone. This only fueled Maylada's determination to get closer to Phatthira whenever she had the chance.

She was being shameless because she knew that soon, the woman she loved would belong to someone else. Maylada decided to pursue her desires rather than give up easily.

Even if Phatthira married someone else, feelings couldn't be controlled. Maylada wasn't the type to prioritize morality over her own happiness and desires.

So, she resolved to pursue the relationship without caring about anyone else.

She firmly believed that someone like Phatthira, who had dated many women, couldn't easily settle for just one.

At this moment, all she wanted was to possess Phatthira, regardless of the title. Maylada was ready to fight for what she wanted.

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The coffee cup in her hand was placed on the desk, but the sight of the president of Thanadecha Group massaging her temples was an opportunity for Maylada to show her concern.

"Are you having a headache, Phat?"

"Just a little. It's nothing. You should take a break."

"But you don't look well. Should I get you some medicine?"

"No, it's fine. It's already noon. You should take a break. I'll handle it."

"But I'm worried. If you don't want to take medicine, let me give you a massage,"

Maylada suggested, stepping closer without giving Phatthira a chance to refuse.

It would've been better if her offer to help didn't involve leaning in so close that Phatthira's nose almost touched her neck.

Phatthira could smell the faint perfume from Maylada's body as she moved closer than necessary. The seductive outfit Maylada wore today drew Phatthira's eyes to her ample cleavage.

Phatthira admitted that the sight was tempting and attractive. As a woman who appreciated beauty, it wasn't surprising that something so alluring would affect her feelings, even if just a little.

"Lada, you should step back a bit."

"Why? I want to give you a massage. If I'm too far, it won't be effective."

"No need for a massage. It's not that bad. It's break time, so you should go."

The situation between her and Maylada was too risky. It wouldn't be good if someone walked in and saw them like this.

"But I want to help."

"Step back."

"I'm just worried. Why are you being so harsh?"

Maylada's voice softened, but she didn't give up.

When the opportunity presented itself, why should she back down?

"It's inappropriate for you to get this close. You're my secretary, and this is the president's office. Please leave."

"You're overreacting. I haven't done anything. Or are you afraid you can't control yourself?"

"...."

The room fell silent. Phatthira narrowed her eyes at the woman who dared to provoke her.

Maylada took the opportunity to sit on Phatthira's lap, looking at her seductively. She then guided Phatthira's hand to her chest.

"You can have more than just a touch if you want, Phat...."

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# Chapter 22

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"I already have a girlfriend."

Phatthira pulled her hand away from the other's chest without any hesitation. The more Maylada tried to get closer, the more the instincts of a tiger, once a hunter, wanted to retreat.

Because what came easily was never intriguing or attractive to her.

"If we're talking about desires, if I really wanted you, it would've happened a long time ago. More importantly, it has to come from willingness, not from a mistake. I hope you understand."

"What do you mean by that?"

The smile on Maylada's face slowly faded, replaced by a numb feeling. All this time, Phatthira had never dug up the past to make her feel ashamed. But the look in her eyes and the words she just said made it clear what the older woman was referring to.

"You shouldn't do this again. Please leave."

Phatthira pushed the other woman off her lap, her eyes showing no emotion, even as the woman in front of her began to tear up.

Phatthira had a bad habit; whenever she felt her personal space was being invaded too much, she wouldn't care about anyone.

And because of her blatant dismissal, Maylada retreated without protest.

Phatthira exhaled as she watched the door close. But almost immediately, the office door was knocked on again, followed by the appearance of her lover.

Even though Pandao smiled sweetly, Phatthira fell a chill run down her spine.

She wasn't afraid of being caught because she hadn't done anything wrong. But she couldn't help but imagine that if her lover had shown up a bit earlier, the scene in the office might've led to disaster.

"I missed you so much. Can I have a hug?"

Phatthira tried to cover up her unease by opening her arms for her lover. Pandao obliged, walking over and allowing herself to be hugged, then sitting on Phatthira's lap as she was pulled in.

"Aren't you afraid someone might see?"

"This is my office. Besides, what's wrong with hugging my wife? Are you hungry? Should we go out to eat or order in? I can have my secretary arrange it."

"I think we should eat here. That way, you won't waste time going out. Traffic might be bad during lunch."

"Alright then. I want to be alone with you, too."

With that, Phatthira reached for the intercom to ask her secretary to handle the food order.

After ordering, the room fell into a noticeable silence.

Phatthira sensed a certain tension around her. Her lover's unusual quietness made her feel uneasy. Even though she tried to make conversation, it didn't help ease the tension.

When the food was served, the atmosphere between them remained awkward. Even after her lover left, the discomfort lingered.

Phatthira was momentarily distracted from her thoughts by another knock on the door. After granting permission, the door opened to reveal her younger brother and cousin.

She had an appointment with her cousin, who had cleared her schedule to visit the company. But being preoccupied with her own issues, Phatthira had almost forgotten.

"How did you come with Tee?"

"We ran into each other downstairs, so we came up together."

Naraphat greeted with a smile, unlike Thiraphat, who frowned at his sister.

Earlier, he'd passed by his future sister-in-law, who seemed unusually upset, making him suspicious of his sister.

"We just saw Pin downstairs."

"Yeah, she came by for lunch and just left. She said she had an afternoon class."

"Did you two fight?"

"Fight? Why do you ask that?"

Phatthira looked up at her brother while Thiraphat exchanged glances with Dr. Naraphat without immediately explaining.

"Well, Tee and I saw her crying and getting into a taxi. We didn't approach her."

"Crying?"

Phatthira repeated, her face paling as her heart sank.

The quiet demeanor she noticed during lunch was indeed a sign of something wrong.

Phatthira quickly grabbed her phone to call her lover, but there was no answer. Her worried expression made Thiraphat unable to stay silent.

"Don't tell me it's because of Maylada. I warned you not to keep her close. Haven't you learned?"

Tee's voice was full of displeasure. He once cared for Maylada like a sister, but her actions had changed his feelings.

Maylada had once drugged his sister with a sex stimulant, leading to a mistake. After that incident, Phatthira took responsibility by dating Maylada, even though she didn't love her.

His sister did it out of respect for their elders and the good relationship between the two families, sacrificing her cherished single life.

Maylada's actions had turned their affection into disdain Thiraphat felt disgusted by her.

Now, everyone knew the president of Thanadecha Group was getting married. From the moment he knew Maylada would be his sister's secretary, Thiraphat foresaw problems.

Comparing the woman who would be his sister-in-law to Maylada, he saw a stark difference.

Pandao was beautiful, kind, and well-mannered. She was perfect for Phatthira, more than anyone else who had been in her life.

"I didn't mean to. She might've seen something she shouldn't have."

"Should or not, you're getting married. How could you let this happen? I feel sorry for her. Be careful. Someone like Pin is loved and protected by everyone. If you keep Maylada close, don't say I didn't warn you."

Phatthira chose silence as her response. The mistake of letting Maylada get too close was affecting her lover's trust.

Pandao had every right to be angry. However, it would've been better if she'd expressed her feelings instead of staying silent and keeping what bothered her to herself.

"I think you should explain to her before things get worse. She seemed really upset, or she wouldn't have left crying."

Phatthira nodded, understanding but trying to stay calm. She'd asked Dr. Naraphat to meet her for an important discussion today.

No matter how much she wanted to chase after her lover, she couldn't prioritize her own time over her cousin's.

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The clock showed it was past 10 PM Phatthira was anxiously waiting for her lover to return.

Since she got back to the condo at 4 PM, the long wait had made her, someone not used to waiting, easily frustrated.

Phatthira clenched her fists as she waited on the sofa for hours. Besides not answering her calls, Pandao had turned off her phone, not considering anyone's worry.

She understood that what Pandao saw might've caused a misunderstanding.

But wouldn't it be better to ask than to turn away?

Her anger matched her worry. So when the door finally opened and her lover walked in, Phatthira clenched her jaw and stood up, her face stern.

"Where have you been this late? And why is your phone off?"

"Can I take a shower first?"

Not ready to talk, Pandao tried to avoid answering. But her refusal and avoidance only fueled Phatthira's anger.

"I asked where you were! Just answer, how hard is that?"

Phatthira raised her voice, which was enough to cut through Pandao's feelings, making her even more vulnerable.

Pandao looked up, her eyes meeting the other person's through a veil of tears. The scene before her began to blur as the tears welled up, threatening to spill over.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't need an apology. I just need an explanation for where you've been so late at night. I tried calling you so many times, but your phone was off. And when you came back, you didn't explain anything. You just acted like this. How am I supposed to understand what's going on?"

Having been consumed by worry for hours, Phatthira's voice was filled with frustration.

The more she spoke, the more it seemed like things were spiraling out of control.

Pandao looked down at the floor to avoid the other's gaze. The image of her partner being so close and intimate with someone who was supposedly an ex-girlfnend was still fresh in her mind making it hard to shake off the feeling.

Every word that had been said to assure her trust echoed in her ears, but the scene she'd stumbled upon in the office had easily shaken that trust.

She wasn't the type to make a scene, so she'd chosen to disappear and deal with her emotions. But when she returned, she found she couldn't manage her feelings as well as she'd hoped.

The argument that erupted as soon as they saw each other only made it clear that neither of them was ready to talk.

As the tension between her and her partner remained high, the sound of a phone ringing from the back pocket interrupted then.

Phatthira's eyes flashed with anger, It was late at night, not a time for anyone to be calling her partner.

The unusual timing of the call made Phatthira grab the phone without hesitation. When she saw the caller ID, her curiosity grew, and she answered the call without permission.

*'Hello, Pin. Have you talked things out with Phat? Thanks for today. Thanks for giving me a chance...'*

Before the sentence could be finished, the phone was hurled against the wall in a fit of rage.

Pandao watched in shock, tears streaming down her face, unable to process the sudden turn of events.

"Where have you been?"

Phatthira's voice was harsh, her grip on Pandao's shoulders tight enough to cause pain. The words from the caller had sent her mind racing.

"I asked where you were! How many hours were you with Peach? What did you two do? What chance was he asking for? Tell me, Pandao!"

The change in how Phatthira addressed her was noticeable. She glared at her, whose eyes were red, mixed with hurt and anger. The words she'd just heard made her fear that her partner was thinking of betrayal.

Pandao had been gone all afternoon and returned late at night. How many hours had her partner spent with the man she'd seen them kiss? Despite not wanting to think negatively, her mind couldn't help but wander.

It drove her mad with jealousy.

"Phat, you told me to trust you. Should I still trust you after what I saw today between you and Lada?"

Pandao tried to hold back her sobs. She knew her partner was angry, and she shouldn't escalate things.

"And what about you? If I had a chance to meet Peach, if we were together as you think, would you trust me?"

Pandao looked into her partner's eyes, waiting for an answer. She wasn't trying to manipulate anyone, she just wanted to know if there was still trust between them.

She and Pachara had just run into each other. He'd only come to apologize for what happened that day. They hadn't spent time together as her partner thought. They'd just talked for a few minutes before parting ways.

"Can we not do this, Pin? I don't know what you saw, but it wasn't what you think. Please don't disappear like that again. Just ask me, and I'll tell you everything. I won't let something like today happen again."

The vulnerability in Phatthira's eyes melted Pandao's heart, which was already full of love.

Pandao threw her arms around her partner, tears flowing. She loved and cherished this woman too much to lose her to anyone else.

As long as Phatthira's heart belonged to her, why should she let doubt destroy the trust they should have in each other?

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# Chapter 23

Finally, the important day that both had been waiting for arrived. The wedding was held without much extravagance, and only a few close relatives and friends were invited.

However, because it was a significant event involving a well-known figure in society, news of the beautiful businesswoman's wedding spread across various media outlets.

There were some criticisms, both positive and negative, but they did not affect Phatthira's life in the slightest.

After starting their life together, the two often visited their family home whenever they had the chance. Pandao got along well with everyone in the family.

Phatthira's father adored his daughter-in-law, and even the household staff respected her because of Pandao's charming demeanor.

Late in the morning, Phatthira's closed eyelashes slowly fluttered open as she groggily reached out for the warm body she'd been cuddling all night. But when she felt only emptiness, she sat up and scanned the room for the robe she'd carelessly discarded the night before.

A gentle smile appeared on her face when she saw her robe neatly folded at the foot of the bed. Phatthira grabbed the white robe and slipped it over her bare body before heading to the kitchen.

Her sharp eyes focused on the slender figure busily preparing breakfast.

Since they started living together, Phatthira had more than just a cup of coffee for breakfast every morning, she now had simple meals to start her day

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

Phatthira asked as she walked up and hugged her lover from behind, resting her chin on Pandao's slender shoulder. Her arms wrapped around Pandao's waist, lightly caressing her flat stomach.

Even the slightest touch could easily send shivers through Pandao. The sensation of Phatthira's nose brushing against her neck and the warm breath on her skin only intensified the feeling.

"I saw you sleeping so peacefully, so I didn't want to wake you."

"But I missed you. I didn't want to sleep alone."

Phatthira's mischievous hands began to wander up to Pandao's ample chest. With only a white shirt and no bra, it was easy for Phatthira to tease and touch her lover directly.

Pandao held her breath as her nipples were gently teased, quickly responding to the familiar touch. She felt frustrated with herself for how quickly her body reacted to Phatthira's touch.

"Phat, don't tease me. I'm trying to make breakfast." "But I'm not hungry for food. I want something else."

*Wasn't the whole night enough?*

That question remained unspoken as Phatthira's touch grew more insistent, making it hard for Pandao to think clearly.

Phatthira's deliberate teasing stirred the blood in Pandao's veins, and the desire from being aroused created an irresistible pull between them.

Phatthira kissed Pandao passionately, their tongues entwining. Their breathing grew heavy with desire, and Phatthira's body pressed closer, almost merging with Pandao's.

'Love isn't just about sex, but sex can ignite the flame of love.'

Their compatibility in bed added another layer of fulfillment to their relationship. Phatthira had a high sex drive and felt lucky that her lover accepted her for who she was.

Every response was born from mutual consent and shared pleasure. The love they made reaffirmed that finding someone so compatible was like finding the final piece of a life puzzle.

Pandao was carried back to the bedroom, followed by Phatthira, who climbed on top of her.

Their lips remained locked in a deep kiss, and Pandao's slender arms wrapped loosely around Phatthira's neck. Their breathing grew heavier as Phatthira's hips moved slowly, creating friction between them.

"Mm... Phat."

"It feels so good, my love. Why does it have to be like this every time? You've made me addicted to sex."

Phatthira's eyes filled with desire as she looked at Pandao's sweet face. Despite having touched her beautiful body countless times, Phatthira's heart never failed to race with excitement whenever this alluring body was panting and moaning beneath her.

Their clothes, easy to remove, were no obstacle. In seconds, their bodies were bare, rubbing against each other.

Phatthira pulled away slightly to reach for something in the bedside drawer. When she took it out, Pandao's breath hitched, her eyes fixed on the item in Phatthira's hand.

"Can I try using this?"

Phatthira asked in a husky voice, She'd ordered this item a few days ago. Pandao's alluring charm and unique personality made her want to try something new in bed, something she'd never wanted with anyone else.

As Phatthira waited eagerly for Pandao's response, Pandao's eyes remained glued to the item.

It was a flesh-colored strap-on, resembling a pair of pants. From Phatthira's request, Pandao understood that her partner wanted to use it during their lovemaking.

"But we've never used it before. I'm just worried..."

Pandao swallowed hard, but Phatthira watched her reactions with affection.

Phatthira had no intention of forcing her if she refused. But as someone who had been living together, she could easily tell how she was feeling. Pandao was scared and curious to try at the same time.

"I'll make sure you feel good and happy. But if you're not okay with it, I won't use it."

"I've never refused you, Phat. I've never disliked anything you've done, for me."

That was all the answer Phatthira needed. She adjusted the strap-on and reached for the lubricant, applying it generously to the toy.

Pandao watched, her face flushed and her heart racing. She almost forgot to breathe as Phatthira positioned herself between her legs, guiding the toy to her wet folds and slowly rubbing it up and down.

Pandao bit her lip as the new sensation washed over her. The way Phatthira touched her was exciting in a different way from their usual lovemaking.

Her legs were lifted over Phatthira's shoulders, and the new position made her feel even more embarrassed. The heat spread across her face.

Pandao bit her lip as Phatthira's fingers rubbed her sensitive spot while the toy continued to rub against her wet petals.

It slowly pushed into her body, leasing her until she looked at Phatthira with eyes full of desire. The pleasure from every touch made her hips move in response, her face showing her need, which only fueled Phatthira's primal instincts.

"Ahh,"

Pandao moaned as the pleasure turned into a slight discomfort. Phatthira was slowly pushing the toy inside her.

But when Pandao's face showed discomfort and her hand pushed against Phatthira's stomach, Phatthira stopped immediately.

The reaction of the person beneath her made Phatthira realize that Pandao was feeling uncomfortable. Even though only half of the toy was inside, the tension in Pandao's stomach made Phatthira hold back her own desire to ensure Pandao's comfort and pleasure

"Are you okay? Should I continue?"

"I'm okay. It's just a bit uncomfortable. It feels tight."

"I'll go slowly. It will only be uncomfortable for a moment."

Phatthira reassured her, leaning down to kiss Pandao passionately. She moved her hips back and forth, slowly easing the toy in and out until it was almost fully inside.

Pandao's hands gripped Phatthira's shoulders, her nails digging into her skin. But the slight pain only intensified Phatthira's desire.

The rhythm of love grew more intense with the rising emotions. The initial discomfort transformed into sheer ecstasy.

Phatthira moved her hips in a circular motion, causing her slender body to let out a continuous moan. Pandao met the fiery gaze of the person whose hips were persistently invading her.

The skillful love-making and the expertise with the equipment, which was being used on her for the first time, sparked a curiosity she could no longer contain.

"Have you used this with other women before?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because it doesn't seem like it's your first time using it."

"Jealous?"

Phatthira pressed her hips down hard when she saw the slender one turn away and bite her lip to stifle a moan. She just wanted to hear the answer with her own ears, and this made her want to tease the other person into submission using a method that always worked

Pandao almost moaned uncontrollably when the other person buried her face into her chest while her hips continued to move relentlessly. The alternating sucking and heavy nibbling created a tingling sensation that made her entire body shiver with pleasure.

"I'm your wife. If I don't get jealous, then who should be?"

With that, the person who had her face buried in the ample chest finally lifted her mouth away.

Phatthira looked into the eyes of the person beneath her, intensifying the rhythm of their love-making until the slender body beneath her shook all over.

"I've never used it with anyone else, only with my wife."

With those words, the heat building up in her body seemed ready to explode.

Pandao moaned, her entire body trembling as her lover pressed down heavily to drive their love-making to its peak. The room echoed with their passionate moans, the overwhelming pleasure making her ears ring and her vision blur.

Phatthira collapsed onto the slender body, resting her face in the crook of her lover's neck, inhaling the scent and feeling the sweat-dampened skin with deep affection.

The more time she spent with her, the more she loved her. With each passing day, she became more infatuated. She was addicted to this scent, almost unable to lift her head from it.

"I love you, Pin. I want to have a child with you. Let's have a baby together."

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# Chapter 24

The words that came out of Phatthira's mouth that day led to their plan of having a child together. Pandao had no objections to her partner's wishes because she couldn't deny that she'd always dreamed of having children and building a future as a family, not just the two of them.

For several months, the couple frequently visited the hospital to follow all medical procedures. Eventually, everything was completed as planned. The good news they both awaited brought tears of joy to their eyes.

Phatthira's love and care for the mother of her children grew immensely. She decided to move back home, fearing there'd be no one to help take care of the pregnant woman while she was at work.

Pandao was given an ultimatum to stop teaching music. Due to Phatthira's overwhelming excitement about the babies, she began looking for a skilled architect to design and decorate the babies' room.

Phatthira personally designed and selected every piece of furniture. All the baby items were prepared in pairs because the woman she loved dearly was carrying two little hearts inside her.

They were going to have twins. It was a pride Phatthira never imagined her life would reach. She never thought she'd have a woman to love and two precious children who would become her breath of life.

Three months passed quickly. Phatthira still came home on time every day despite her busy work schedule. She never neglected to care for the mother of her children, tending to her more' carefully than anything else, cherishing every moment together until their bond became so strong it was almost as if they shared one breath.

On the anniversary of the company's founding, which Thanadecha Group celebrated every year, Phatthira chose to bring the mother of her children to the event. Besides being an important day for the company, it was also her birthday.

Phatthira, dressed in an elegant suit, stood out among hundreds of people. A delicate figure stood by her side, always with her.

Pandao looked sweet and graceful from head to toe. The cream-colored dress she chose to wear highlighted her fair skin, making her look even more radiant. Her sweet face was lightly made up, and her gentle smile attracted the admiration of everyone at the event.

However, due to the long walk, Phatthira couldn't ignore her companion even for a minute. With her pregnancy entering the third month, she had to be extra careful and concerned about the mother of her children.

"Are you tired? Feeling uncomfortable? Do you want to sit down and rest? I'm afraid you might get too tired from walking too long."

"It's okay. I can still manage."

"But I'm worried Preem just called to say she's arrived. How about we go see her at the table?"

"Alright, sitting down for a bit sounds good."

Pandao didn't refuse because the fatigue from walking made her want to sit down rather than strain her body.

Phatthira smiled gently as she linked arms with her lover and walked toward the area, reserved for special guests.

But as they reached the table, her eyes caught sight of a tall man with whom she had unresolved issues. Phatthira maintained her composure and chose to treat her friend's younger brother as if he were invisible.

"Hello, Phat."

Knowing what kind of situation he'd face, Pachara chose to greet her first.

The situation between him and Phatthira hadn't improved since the incident. Despite trying to move on, he couldn't let go of the woman he loved, making it hard for him to face her sincerely.

Pachara glanced at the sweet face while Pandao politely greeted him. Since their accidental meeting and his chance to apologize for past wrongs, he felt she'd forgiven him, but his guilt never lessened.

"Happy birthday, Phat. I hope you'll accept this bouquet and the gift I brought."

Phatthira glanced at the bouquet and the gift box he offered. Though she couldn't look at him with the same foolings, she wasn't rude enough to embarrass her friend's brother.

After all, Pharima and she were still friends, and Pachara's presence today was likely as a guest of her brother, who was also a close friend of the young man. Their intertwined relationships and friendships made it hard to sever lies completely.

"Thank you. Please, make yourself comfortable"

"Thank you."

Phatthira tried to overlook her lingering doubts by accepting the bouquet and gift from the young man.

Pachara glanced briefly at the beautiful woman standing beside the birthday girl. He saw Phatthira turn to an employee to hand over the flowers and gift for safekeeping.

The tall woman pulled out a chair for the pregnant woman to sit on, then sat in the next chair, giving Pandao a chance to catch up with her friend after a long time apart.

"It's been a while. Has the soon-to-be mom gotten prettier?"

"Not really, Preem. You're exaggerating."

"No, you're always beautiful. Anyway, Phat, here's a gift from me. Happy birthday, my dear friend. Honestly, I don't even know who this gift is for."

Phatthira smiled slightly as she accepted the small, compact gift from her dear friend. From her friend's knowing look, she could guess what it was.

"Thank you anyway."

Amid the ongoing conversation, Pachara's lingering feelings made him excuse himself to stand in a corner of the event, sipping his drink.

Every conversation at the table wasn't new or exciting for Pachara. He already knew Pandao was pregnant from his close friend, Thiraphat.

As business partners, it wasn't unusual for him to be aware of the Phatthanadecha family's activities. But what made him retreat to a comer with his drink was the haunting words of a woman.

*'If I had a way to make you happy with the woman you love, would you be interested?'*

Pachara downed his drink. The night before, he'd run into Maylada at a nightclub, and her words still haunted him, even though he didn't understand her crazy proposal.

"Would you like another drink? Downing it nonstop like that, is there something troubling you?"

The sweet, teasing voice of a woman snapped Pachara out of his thoughts. He glanced at the woman standing beside him, offering him a drink.

Though he should've refused, Pachara took the drink to avoid further annoyance.

"Thank you for the drink, but I must go. I was just about to leave."

"Aren't you going to consider my offer?"

Pachara paused, turning back to face her. He downed the drink in one gulp.

"Sorry, but if you want to discuss this, you should know I'm not comfortable talking to you."

With that, Pachara handed the empty glass to a passing waiter and walked away, not noticing the smile of the person watching him.

It seemed luck was on Maylada's side that night. At the same time, she spotted a familiar figure coming out of the restroom

Maylada didn't hesitate to approach her target. As soon as Pandao saw her partner's secretary, she couldn't help but stop to greet her.

"What a coincidence to see you here. Were you using the restroom?"

"Do you have any business with me, Ms. Lada?"

Pandao kept her suspicions to herself. Normally, whether by chance or intention, Maylada wouldn't lower herself to talk to her unless in front of her partner.

"No, don't ask as if we're not familiar. It's not unusual to greet each other when we meet by chance, right?"

"Oh, okay."

Not knowing how to continue the conversation, Pandao responded briefly.

For several months, she'd been aware that Maylada never gave up trying to get close to her partner. But because she didn't want to let these issues affect her feelings, Pandao chose to trust her in order to maintain a happy relationship.

If she could avoid it, she would. But before she had the chance to excuse herself, a glass of fruit juice was handed to her by her conversation partner.

Pandao looked at the drink in the other, person's hand, weighing her options. If she didn't accept it, she'd surely be seen as rude.

"It's just fruit juice. I hope you won't refuse."

"Thank you."

Pandao decided to reach out and take the glass. She was worried that the person who had been pulled away to greet an important guest might not find her at the table if she lingered too long.

She lifted the glass of orange juice to her lips to avoid any issues, but she couldn't force herself to drink it all. She only managed to drink half of it.

Maylada didn't insist that she finish the drink. She just glanced briefly, smiled slightly, and chose not to bother her anymore.

There were no parting words as there should've been. Maylada simply walked past without saying anything. Amid her confusion over the other woman's behavior, Pandao felt a light tap on her arm.

"Peach."

"Sorry, why are you standing here alone? Where's Phat?"

"I went to the restroom, and Phat went to talk business with Dad for a bit. So, I'm waiting at the table with Preem."

"So, you're heading back to the table?"

"Yes."

Pachara smiled softly. He sensed the kindness and sincerity of the woman in front of him. Pandao was too sweet for him to hurt, Because of this, the confusion in his heart cleared, and he knew what decision to make.

"Then let's hurry back to the table. If you're gone too long, Phat will worry. Congratulations, by the way, about the little ones."

"Thank you. Aren't you coming back to the table with me?"

"No, I plan to leave early. Please tell Preem and Phat for me."

Since he and his sister drove separately, it wasn't a problem for him to leave first. But before Pandao could say goodbye, she felt a strange heat wave through her body.

It grew stronger until Pachara noticed. Being a man, he could easily recognize the symptoms.

A gut feeling arose as he recalled Maylada's words. Various behaviors were pieced together in his mind. Though he didn't want to accuse or think badly of her, Pandao's reaction made him realize that Maylada had played dirtier than he thought.

"Pin, are you okay?"

Concern made him rush to support her delicate frame. Just his touch made her body react easily.

Pandao began to breathe rapidly, feeling hot and cold. Sweat formed along her hairline, and she could barely contain her symptoms.

"I don't know. I feel strange, like I'm getting a fever."

"Where's Phat? Do you know? Or call her. I'll take you to her right now.

"I didn't bring my phone. I left my bag with Preem at the table."

"Then let's go to the table now. Can you walk?"

"I can. I'm okay."

In a situation where they couldn't waste time, Pachara's mind focused solely on getting her to the table. But the distance seemed to stretch as her condition worsened.

What should he do with the situation and the image of the woman beside him, looking at him with glazed eyes amid so many people?

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# Chapter 25

In a critical situation, Pachara tried to pick up his phone to call his sister, but even after waiting until the call was cut off, there was no sign that Pharima would answer.

As the person beside him began to show signs of losing control, he realized he couldn't take Pandao back through the crowd to their table in this state.

The young man decided to support her and walk toward the parking lot. During this time, he kept trying to call Pharima, but due to the increasing lack of control from the person beside him and the strange sensations happening to himself, he decided to shove his phone back into his pocket with trembling hands.

Pachara's breathing grew heavy as his body came into contact with her soft frame. Even though he was just supporting her, the heat building up inside disturbed his mind.

Pachara quickly searched for his car keys before deciding to help her to his car, which wasn't far away. However, her delicate hands, which were becoming restless, kept brushing against his body, causing Pachara to clench his jaw tightly to suppress certain emotions that were quickly responding to her touch.

"Pin, calm down. Stay still and try to focus. Can you hear me?"

Pachara managed to get her to the car, but he had no idea that someone was following them from a distance and watching their every move.

The scene of the young man and woman supporting each other into the car was recorded on the phone as a video, which was promptly sent to someone else's phone.

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Phatthira felt the vibration of her phone hidden in her suit pocket. After finishing her tasks elsewhere, she returned to the table and found only Pharima chatting with other guests.

After asking around and learning that her lover had gone to the restroom, she was about to go look for her when her attention was drawn back to her phone, which was still vibrating in her pocket.

Phatthira decided to check her phone. As soon as she opened the chat box, the video clip showed a certain event that made her body go cold from head to toe. Her hands began to shake, and she gripped her phone tightly, her eyes blazing with anger.

"What's wrong, Phat? What happened? Did someone send you something? Why do you look like that?"

"You said Pin went to the restroom, right?"

Pharima noticed her friend's unusual behavior. Phatthira abruptly left the table without responding.

Sensing something was wrong. Pharima quickly followed her. Her friend's behavior made her feel ominous, and she became anxious for no reason.

As the two women hurriedly left the event area and headed toward the location seen in the video clip, they didn't notice their surroundings. This caused them to miss the fact that their hurried actions had caught Thiraphat's attention, prompting him to follow closely.

Phatthira quickened her pace, her mind filled with turmoil. Her imagination ran wild much like the scene unfolding inside the car.

"Peach, help me. I'm burning up. I can't take it anymore."

"Pin, stay still. You need to focus more."

Pachara tried to pull her delicate hands, which were wrapping around his neck. It was the most difficult moment of his life because, under normal circumstances, handling a small woman and helping her into the car wouldn't be so hard.

But as his body was overwhelmed by strange sensations, maintaining his own composure became increasingly difficult.

Pandao continued to resist. The heat building inside her was driving her to respond uncontrollably. She needed someone's touch to release her from her current feelings.

The more she touched the young man's body, the more her body craved closeness. It intensified as much as the young man's arousal, which pressed against his clothes, causing a throbbing pain.

The overwhelming desire broke Pachara's composure. He buried his face in her neck, his breathing growing heavier due to the powerful effects of the drug.

But as they embraced passionately in the car, the heated scene was witnessed by three pairs of eyes standing frozen outside the car.

Phatthira couldn't move. Her body felt cold as if bound by heavy chains. It felt like lightning struck her head, and her heart ached with anger, pain, jealousy, and a mix of emotions overwhelming her.

She didn't know what to do with the scene before her. Even though they were still fully clothed, if she'd arrived a moment later, these two would've gone much further.

The look of desire in their eyes and their mutual responses left no room for her to think that her wife might be being assaulted.

Her heart shattered completely. Tears flowed unknowingly. Her world was collapsing as the pain and disappointment were too much to bear.

She was being betrayed by the woman she loved and cherished. Though she wanted to pull then apart and scream at them, the reality was that she couldn't bring herself to touch the disgusting pair.

"You bastard! What the hell are you doing?"

While Phatthira stood frozen, Thiraphat rushed in and yanked his friend away from his sister-in-law, causing Pachara to fall to the ground.

A heavy punch landed on Pachara's left cheek without mercy. Pachara could only blink in confusion, unable to defend himself as the second and third punches followed, nearly knocking him out.

"How could you do this, Peach? You bastard! How could you do this to my sister? Pin is Phat's wife! Why can't you see that? You scum!"

"Stop, Tee. I'm begging you. He is already hurt enough."

As the older sister, Pharima rushed in to stop Thiraphat from throwing another punch. Even though she knew her brother was wrong, she couldn't bear to see him in such a state.

Thiraphat glared at her, breathing heavily. But because his anger hadn't been fully vented, he pushed his friend down and kicked him in the stomach, causing Pachara to cry out in pain.

If it weren't for Pharima, a bloody mouth wouldn't be enough for his actions. To make it right, he would've beaten him until he needed to be in the hospital for a month.

"Phat..."

Amid the chaos outside the car, Pandao tried to hold onto her remaining sanity. But seeing her partner's pained and hateful eyes made her want to die right there.

Tears of heartbreak streamed down her cheeks. Her heart shattered from the situation she couldn't explain. She wanted to run to her partner, but her body and mind wouldn't cooperate.

Pandao fought against the strange, overwhelming sensations. Just seeing her partner walk away made her cry out in pain.

Her sobs drew Pharima's attention, causing her to leave her brother and rush to the crying woman in the car.

The sight before her was worrying, making Pharima feel sad. If she'd been more observant, she would've noticed the strange symptoms affecting her friend.

"Are you okay? What's happening to you?"

"Preem, help me. Phat, Phat is gone."

"Pin, calm down."

Pharima tried to support her as Pandao clung to her shirt. Pandao was barely holding on, fighting some internal struggle. Her heavy breathing and physical reactions indicated something seriously wrong, making Pharima deeply concerned.

If everything wasn't as it seemed, the person who was more worrisome than anyone else would undoubtedly be the one who was newly pregnant and sitting there crying her heart out at this moment...

# Chapter 26

"Maylada drugged Pin and I with an aphrodisiac,"

The words that slipped from Pachara's mouth made Thiraphat immediately shift his attention from his friends to check on his sister-in-law. Given Maylada's past behavior, which had previously victimized his sister, and the current abnormal state of both individuals, he found it easy to believe his friend's words.

Thiraphat fell a deep anger and disgust toward that woman. The consequences of her actions were not just about creating a rift in someone else's marriage. The effects of that stupid drug could certainly impact the unbom children of the Phatthanadecha family.

"I'll take you to the hospital right now."

"I want to go home. Can you take me to see Phat? I want to talk to her. Please, Tee, take me to see her."

The desperate plea made Thiraphat look at her with sympathy.

His sister misunderstood the situation, and Pandao would have to deal with that later.

Despite being in a nearly unbearable state, Pandao was more concerned about her sister's feelings than her own.

At that moment, Pandao didn't even realize what was happening to her. But because he knew, Thiraphat couldn't comply with her request.

"Please, Pin, don't think too much about it now. We'll deal with Phat later. I have to take you to the hospital. Trust me this once."

Thiraphat didn't give the pregnant woman a chance to refuse. He quickly scooped her up in his arms and separated from Pharima, who had to take care of her own brother.

Throughout the journey to the hospital, Pandao could barely keep herself together. Despite the difficulties along the way, he managed to get the pregnant woman to a nearby hospital.

After a physical examination and allowing the pregnant woman to rest, her mental state was not ready to cooperate. He had to comply with her request to take her back home.

When they arrived, Pandao went straight to the bedroom. She felt a bit relieved seeing her partner's car parked outside, as at least Phatthira hadn't disappeared in this dire situation.

As soon as she pushed the door open, the look in her partner's eyes was filled with hatred and contempt. Pandao noticed the swollen, red eyes of her partner, indicating the deep pain Phatthira was going through.

The myriad of emotions conveyed to her made her throat dry, and she was unable to speak. In that moment of heartache, she wanted to hug her partner and explain anything that could improve their situation.

But her actions and the disgust she felt toward herself made her lose confidence, and she was unsure of how to start explaining everything.

"Phat."

"Don't even think about touching me with your filthy hands!"

Just hearing those cold words and seeing her partner recoil in disgust made her hand. which was reaching out, fall to her side. Her tear-filled eyes could only look at her partner with deep regret.

The swollen eyes of her older partner only emphasized her guilt.

On a day when Phatthira should've been the happiest, she was instead filled with sorrow because of her unforgivable actions.

The more she thought about it, the more disgusted she felt with herself. The image of Pachara's stubbly face and lips kissing her body, his hands groping her breasts passionately haunted her with self-loathing.

It wasn't wrong for Phatthira to feel disgusted, if Thiraphat hadn't pulled Pachara away in time, she might've ended up having sex with another man in front of her partner.

"I'm sorry, Phat. If you would just listen to me explain..."

"Shut up. Pandao! Don't make me despise you more than I already do. No matter what you say, it won't erase the filthy actions of a promiscuous woman like you."

Phatthira's patience snapped, and tears of pain and disappointment streamed down her face. The actions of the woman she called her wife had shattered her heart beyond repair.

Phatthira didn't even know how much she should pity herself. The incident in the car mightn't have been their first time together.

"But I never had sex with Peach. Please believe me, Phat. I didn't mean for any of this to happen, And if I told you that Ms, Lada was involved, would you believe me?"

"Don't try to drag others down with you to make them dirty too. The more you talk, the more disgusted I feel. Now, I'm not even sure if the children you're carrying are really mine or if you got pregnant with someone else."

"Phat!"

Those hurtful words brought fresh tears to her eyes.

She knew she was wrong and was ready to accept any blame. But saying the children weren't hers was deeply painful.

If Phatthira believed they weren't hers, how could she continue living here? When her children were born, they'd be seen as bastards in Phatthira's eyes.

If all the bad things happened to her, she could accept it. But if they affected her innocent babies, how could she bear it?

"I understand. If you think I'm dirty, I won't make you feel tainted anymore. And if you think they aren't ours, there's no reason for me to stay."

With that, Pandao tried to walk to the closet. She took out a small suitcase and packed only a few clothes. She didn't take any of the things Phatthira had given her.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Phatthira yanked the clothes from her hands and threw them on the floor like they were worth nothing. Despite being betrayed, she couldn't bear to see her leave so easily.

If their relationship was toxic to the point where they couldn't fix it anymore, they might as well suffer together.

If she suffered, this woman would have to suffer as well because if Pandao had hoped to use this issue to cut ties with her, it wouldn't have worked.

"If you think it's easy, Pandao, you're wrong! I won't let you leave to be happy with him. You will stay here until the twins are bom. Then you can leave if you want!"

"But I can't do that."

"Yes, you can. A promiscuous woman like you has no right to negotiate. From now on, I can't stand sharing a room with you. Move your things to another room, and don't step into my room or the babies' room again."

"Phat..."

"You're not my wife! I reserve that intimacy for those I feel close to."

The cutting words from the woman who once cherished her made Pandao cry uncontrollably.

Her heart ached unbearably. Her weakened body couldn't endure more pain, causing her to faint.

"Pandao! Pandao!"

Phatthira quickly caught her. Despite the anger, her eyes still showed love and concern. No matter how much her mind told her to hate, her heart still cared for the woman in her arms.

She laid Pandao on the bed. Despite declaring her disgust, she couldn't overcome her concern for the unborn children.

Phatthira was sure that the children in Pandao's womb were the ones she'd intended to bring into the world. But the reason she chose to hurl hurtful words at her was because of her own disappointment. She just wanted this woman to taste the bitterness of pain.

Yet, the more she wanted the cheater to suffer, the more it seemed that she herself was the one who ended up in pain.

Maybe it was because her heart still loved and cared for this woman too much...

# Chapter 27

After regaining consciousness, her tightly closed eyelids slowly fluttered open. Her beautiful eyes fixed on the ceiling of the room as her mind began to process the events that had transpired.

Every word, every prohibition, and even the reminders of her status here made Pandao quickly rise to get off the soft bed where she'd once nestled in her partner's warm embrace.

But before her feet could touch the ground, her slender body froze at the sound of a cold voice accompanied by some documents being slammed onto her lap.

"Sign it."

Pandao looked down at the paper. Even without picking it up, the words on the page were clear enough to drain the remaining color from her already pale face.

Tears began to well up in her eyes, blurring her vision. The divorce papers, attached with a contract, contained words that squeezed her heart painfully.

The main point stated that from today, she'd live in this house as a resident. After giving birth, she'd have no rights or involvement with the child and would have to leave the house from the day she gave birth.

"Phat, please."

Pandao pleaded with her partner, but Phatthira continued to look at her with indifferent eyes. The care and concern that had once been there were gone.

She was being pushed away by the person she'd hoped to spend her life with.

She wouldn't even have the right to raise her children.

Just the thought of it made her heart ache. Pandao could hardly imagine how she'd live in the days to come if that day arrived.

"Don't do this to me. Don't make me live in this world without them. You can let me stay here in any status. Just let me have the chance to take care of them."

"Stop crying and sign it. Because no matter what, I will never let my child stay with a woman like you!"

The pen was slammed onto the paper before her soft hand was grabbed, and the pen was forced into her trembling hand.

"Phat, please don't do this. I'm begging you."

"I said, sign it! And stop calling me Phat. From today, you're just someone else to me."

Everything was over. She couldn't resist the hatred her partner had for her. Pandao let her tears fall, her slender shoulders shaking with sobs. The eyes of the woman she once loved showed no trace of sympathy.

At this point, how could someone with no options like her ask for sympathy from the other?

The tip of the pen touched the paper with a trembling hand. The sound of her sobs and the tears streaming down her face did nothing to soften Phatthira's demeanor.

The slender body slowly placed the pen down before the contract was snatched away quickly. Phatthira continued to look at her with cold eyes, reinforcing the feeling of loneliness in her shattered heart.

The feeling of having no one left was bringing back the loneliness to consume her heart in this vast world, living alone in the past was filled with loneliness, like a small boat floating in the middle of the sea.

But the happiness she once experienced when the other person became everything in her life was gone in just one night.

No more love...

No more us...

From now on, there would only be a woman who was about to lose even her own children.

Phatthira turned away, trying to suppress her feelings as she turned her back on the slender figure stepping off the bed. She didn't want to see the person's weakness and fragility as she struggled to walk out of the room.

Her heart was in turmoil because of the woman who had betrayed her.

None of the events in the house were conveyed to the head of the household as he was traveling around the world with friends in his twilight years. Pandao had asked her partner's younger brother not to tell their father about these events.

And when she had to live as just a resident, Pandao chose to move herself into the servant's quarters.

However, less than half a day had passed before the homeowner ordered the servants to move her belongings to the guest room next to the children's room, for a reason that didn't make her feel any less heartbroken.

'*You're still carrying my child. If you know what's good for you, don't try to use them to get attention. What you should always remember is not to be a burden.'*

Pandao could remember every word clearly. So, for the past month, she'd tried to stay in her own corner, living humbly in this house without intruding or stepping into her partner's private room again.

But there was one thing she often disobeyed: sneaking into the children's room while the homeowner was at work. It was the only time she could gather memories of the children, the two little hearts she loved and felt connected to, even without seeing their faces.

Tears flowed continuously, expressing all the pain she fell. If the day of separation came how much pain could a mother's heart endure?

With each passing day, her withered heart was nourished by various imaginations about the children.

The environment in the children's room, the baby items, everything Phatthira had chosen seemed excessive.

Pandao lay down on the thick, soft bed. Her body was quite exhausted due to the increasing severity of her morning sickness. Her slender hand gently caressed her belly before it slowly fell to her side as fatigue pulled her into sleep.

As the silence lulled her to sleep, the door was pushed open, and Phatthira's tall figure stepped into the room.

But as soon as her eyes caught sight of the slender figure curled up on the bed, her heart trembled at the sight.

It wasn't the first time Phatthira had seen the mother of her child in this state. The pale face still bore traces of tears even in sleep. The once bright smile never appeared on her sweet face.

The beautiful eyes Phatthira used to love looking into were filled with sadness, as if the whole world was dark for her.

Phatthira's gaze moved to the sleeping woman's belly. The growing pregnancy made her notice the changes in the pregnant woman's body.

In just a few months, the lives inside would have the chance to see the world. Though she wanted to reach out and touch the belly, Phatthira stood silently watching.

Being so close yet unable to pull the other into a hug to satisfy her longing made each day pass painfully.

Every time she closed her eyes, the image of betrayal haunted her. Each night, she endured the cold alone on the bed that once held the slender body she used to embrace. It wasn't that she didn't feel tormented by longing.

Phatthira turned and left the room, gently closing the door behind her.

She was afraid of her own heart because if she stayed, she wasn't sure how much longer she could resist her desires.

Why was it so hard to make herself hate the woman who betrayed her...

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At around 1 a.m., Pandao was still sitting on the sofa in the middle of the hall, waiting for someone to return.

For several days. Phatthira had been coming home late, often drunk. Tonight was another night Pandao couldn't sleep, so she found herself waiting like every other night.

Because of the love and attachment she still fell for her former partner, every time she saw Phatthira drunk, she couldn't help but worry that Phatthira might return to her old ways.

Even though she knew she had no right, her heart still ached at the thought of Phatthira being with someone else.

Each night, her mind was filled with anxious thoughts until she heard the familiar sound of a car pulling up in front of the house. The slender figure quickly stepped out to look through the door as she always did.

But several minutes passed, and there was no sign of the person in the car getting out. Her concern made her unable to let time pass. The slender figure decided to step out and stand beside the car.

But then, the scene unfolding before her eyes was crushing her heart repeatedly.

Two women were making out in the car, passionately kissing each other. The sight brought tears streaming down her face without her realizing it.

For many minutes, Pandao stood there, staring at the painful scene. Even though she wanted to walk away, her legs were too weak to move.

She was just a fool, standing there with tears flowing, understanding now how much Phatthira must've hurt when she accidentally saw what happened between her and Pachara.

Even though the two had now pulled their faces apart, she still let those images carve wounds into her heart.

The driver's side door opened. Maylada stepped out and walked around to the passenger side. She saw the woman she loved being helped out of the car by the other woman. Every intimate movement only intensified the paranoia in her heart.

"Phat is drunk, so I brought her home. Please take care of my girl. I'll return her car tomorrow at the company."

*'My girl.'*

The words, accompanied by a mocking smile, cut deep into her heart, almost tearing it apart.

Maylada drove away, but the tears of anguish continued to stream down her cheeks.

Pandao stood there, watching the woman she loved through her tears. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have dared get close enough to provoke disdain from the other.

But because Phatthira was so drunk she could barely stand, she couldn't let her stumble into the house on her own.

The slender woman walked over to support the drunk one, embracing her. The close contact, which had been absent for months, hurt her feelings as much as it fulfilled her longing.

Phatthira had someone else. That place was no longer hers.

"I love you so much, Phat. Why did you do this? It hurts so much, you know? It hurts, and I can barely stand it."

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# Chapter 28

The towel, dampened and wrung out, was gently wiped across the body of the drunken woman. Her words of lament, born from her delirium, made the slender figure quickly raise her hand to wipe away her tears, feeling a deep ache in her chest.

"Do you know how much I love you, Pin? Why did you do this to me? Why did you cheat on me?"

The more Pandao listened, the more her heart trembled. In just a month, her lover had become noticeably thin and unrecognizable.

Phatthira had neglected herself, caring less about her well-being and using alcohol to solve her problems until her physical condition deteriorated. The heat radiating from her body made her certain that it was more likely due to a fever than just the effects of alcohol alone.

The clean white towel continued to wipe down the body of the restless woman. The longer Pandao stayed in the room they once shared, the more her heart ached, almost to the point of breaking

The clothes she once wore were placed on the pillow, indicating the longing they had for each other. The state of the room made Pandao realize the pain and suffering of the woman she loved.

The poison of love had wounded both their hearts Phatthira tried to build a wall to protect herself by appearing strong and cruel, but in reality, the woman she loved was more fragile than anyone could imagine.

Pandao held the slender hand of the drunk woman to her cheek, kissing it softly with longing. At that moment, when her heart felt as dry as a parched tree, it began to revive with life, knowing that the other still loved and missed her.

Throughout the night, Pandao stayed by the sick woman's side, barely sleeping. As the sky began to change color and the sun started to rise, the exhaustion from staying up all night finally took its toll, and she fell asleep.

The bright sunlight filtered through the gaps in the curtains, hitting the eyelids of the person sleeping soundly on the bed. The first sensations were a heavy head and body aches.

Phatthira slowly opened her eyes to adjust to her surroundings. Her eyebrows furrowed when she saw the slender figure of the pregnant woman, who was resting her head on the bed while sitting on the floor.

"Pandao."

The hoarse voice softly called the name of the mother of her children, but it was enough to wake the woman who had just dozed off.

Pandao lifted her head to meet the eyes of the sick woman, feeling awkward because she knew that disobeying orders would give the other a reason to scold her, just like every other time.

"Who gave you permission to come into this room?"

"....."

There was no response because the first question from the room's owner was exactly what she'd expected.

Pandao chose to avoid eye contact, not wanting to argue. She blamed herself for being careless because she'd intended to leave the room before the sick woman woke up, but she'd fallen asleep and was caught.

"Last night, you were very drunk and had a fever. If you feel better now, I'll take my leave."

With that, Pandao slowly stood up, but her body weakened from staying up all night, making her world spin and making it hard to stand.

"Why do you always cause trouble for others?"

It wasn't just a scolding Phatthira, seeing the slender woman stumble, instinctively jumped up from the bed to catch her, even though she herself was barely able to stand. Her heart still worried for the mother of her children, showing concern contrary to her earlier words.

"I'm sorry. Last night, you were very drunk and had a fever, so I helped wipe you down."

"In the future, you don't need to go to such lengths. Just call someone from the house to take care of me."

Her gaze at the sweet face was full of displeasure, but deep down, it was all out of concern.

She didn't want the pregnant woman to be troubled or stay up all night to take care of her.

If Pandao didn't think of herself, she should at least think of the children. Despite her anger, Phatthira was sure that the children in her womb were her own flesh and blood.

Because of this concern, which she told herself was for the children, the woman who had once shouted that she despised her decided to lift the slender woman into her arms and gently lay her on the bed.

But the gentle act made Pandao bury her face in the warm chest of the taller woman without fear of being pushed away.

How long had it been since they had the chance to be this close? When the longing grew too strong to resist, she couldn't hold back her feelings any longer.

"I miss you, Phat. I miss you so much. Can I stay like this for a while? Just let me hold you for a bit."

"Get some rest. If you feel better, then go back to your place."

No matter how much she missed her, Phatthira chose to pull away because if she stayed any longer, the tears she was holding back might fall, revealing her weakness.

She didn't want to be in that state, didn't want to be pitiful. Even though she'd been betrayed, her heart still loved her deeply.

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Throughout this time, Thiraphat continued to take the pregnant woman to the hospital for her appointments.

He took care of his sister-in-law as if trying to make up for his sister's neglect. He consulted with his cousin, Dr. Naraphat, about her mental state, overall condition, and any risks that might affect the pregnant woman's life.

During this hard time, Thiraphat never gave up trying to reach his sister.

But many times, Phatthira closed off every opportunity. The pleas of the person who had to endure her sister's moods often made him respect her decision and do nothing more than watch from a distance with concern.

*Everything points to Phat believing that. Saying anything now is useless. If I speak, she will think I'm making excuses. I understand what she is doing. Give her some time, Tee. If that day comes and I'm sure she no longer loves me. I'll be ready to leave.*

Since the day he heard the pregnant woman's reasons, he had to admit he couldn't find a counterargument. Insisting on talking to someone who wouldn't listen was pointless. He understood Phatthira's situation and hoped that time would help her calm down and listen to reason.

Until one late morning. Thiraphat's frustration seemed to find a solution. His father returned home earlier than planned due to a sudden change in travel plans. Thiraphat didn't want to let the opportunity pass.

He decided to tell his father everything that had happened since the morning he arrived. The head of the house was very angry but reasonable enough to try to handle everything without rushing.

By 4 p.m. that same day, Phatthira returned home earlier than usual. But as soon as her car pulled up to the front gate, the sight of someone getting out of a taxi disturbed her calm mood.

She tried to suppress her anger and quickly opened the door to get out of the car when she saw the pregnant woman trying to walk away, even though she clearly saw her arriving home.

"Where have you been?"

"Phat."

Pandao flinched at the stem voice she didn't expect to hear. She saw the displeasure in those eyes but tried to respond normally.

"I went to the nearby mall to buy some things."

"Why did you take a taxi? We have plenty of cars at home. Have you forgotten you're pregnant? And what's that paper?"

With her sharp eyes, Phatthira easily noticed the unusual behavior when she saw the pregnant woman trying to hide the document behind her back. She walked over and took it from her hand.

But as soon as she read the text on the paper, the acceptance letter from a music school was torn in half and thrown to the ground without care.

"Who allowed you to go out looking for a job?"

"I did. Why?"

The stern voice that interrupted made Phatthira turn her attention to her father.

The calm, reproachful gaze made it easy to guess that her brother might've told their father everything.

"When did you get back, Dad?"

"When I came back isn't important. I just want to know why you're scolding her. Just going out to teach music isn't a big deal to the point where you can't speak nicely to each other."

"You should know that Pandao shouldn't be working. What if she faints or something? And with her morning sickness getting worse every day, it'd just be a burden on others."

Phatthira glared at someone with a look of reproach. Was the money transferred into the account each month not enough? Why did the other person have to go out looking for work, acting as if she couldn't take care of her own family?

"But I already gave her permission."

"But Dad-"

"If you have any issues, come talk to me. Just let her go out and teach piano for an hour or two a day. Any pregnant woman can do that. Why make it a big deal?"

"But I don't want her to do it."

The more they argued, the more Phatthira felt cornered. Besides being worried, she was insanely possessive of this woman, terrified that Pandao might sneak out to meet Pachara. She was paranoid and overthinking everything, turning into someone she couldn't even understand herself.

How did she become like this?

"It's fine, Dad, If Phat doesn't want me to do it, I won't."

Seeing that the argument between father and daughter was escalating,

Pandao decided to end the problem by walking over and gently touching

her lover's slightly trembling hand.

Ever since hearing those drunk mutterings, she didn't want the woman she loved to be stuck in such torment. Phatthira had suffered enough because of her. If trying to earn money on her own made the other person uncomfortable, she was willing to comply without a word.

Just knowing that Phatthira still loved her with all her heart, she was ready to wait...

Wait until the day we could love each other like before...

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# Chapter 29

Phatthira refused to join the dinner table. However, the feverish feeling she had earlier in the evening made Pandao worried, causing her to pace back and forth in front of the sick person's room around 9 p.m.

Her concern made her want to defy all prohibitions. Despite fearing reprimand, she mustered the courage to raise her hand and knock on the door.

She listened intently until she heard a response from inside. But as she pushed the door open, her eyes met the tall figure reclining on the bed.

Phatthira was pressing her fingers between her eyebrows, glancing at her from the corner of her eye. But Pandao tried to overlook her stern demeanor by stepping closer to the bed to inquire about her condition.

"Why are you here?"

"Are you having a headache, Phat?"

"It's none of your business. I asked why you're here. Just answer the question."

Pandao chose to ignore the harsh tone of the stubborn woman. Besides not answering her question, Phatthira turned her face away as if she didn't want to converse.

However, the behavior she witnessed made Pandao sigh softly. Deep down, she believed it was just the arrogant woman's way of seeking attention.

"Can I sleep here tonight?"

"I told you not to come in here. Don't you remember?"

"I remember, but you're still not well. I just want to keep you company. I promise I won't bother you or make you feel annoyed."

"You're so persistent. I'm going to take a shower. Do whatever you want."

Phatthira cut her off, glaring at her. Every word and action, though seemingly caring, was melting her heart.

The walls she'd built so firmly seemed to be crumbling because of the growing longing.

Had the time and the terrible behavior of this woman not made her heart learn its lesson?

Phatthira disappeared into the bathroom, spending over an hour managing her emotions. But when she came out, she found that the pregnant woman had laid a blanket on the floor beside the bed.

Her eyes were closed, and her breathing was steady. It made Phatthira, who leaned in to check, confident that she was asleep.

Phatthira hesitated for a moment. Despite their conflicts, she never wanted the mother of her children to suffer to the point of sleeping on the hard floor.

She decided to lift the slender body into her arms and gently lay her on the bed. She pulled the blanket over her with a soft touch. Her eyes quietly fixed on the sweet face.

Various emotions clashed within her. Memories flooded her mind.

Love, longing, the journey filled with countless stories, until the day they decided to walk together.

'*I may not be a perfect woman, but from now on, I promise to love only you, Pin. No matter what happens, I will take care of you as best as I can, as much as a woman can do for the one she loves'.*

Phatthira bit her lip, trying to suppress her feelings. She was in pain, recalling the promise she made when they decided to live together.

*Why did everything tum out this way?*

How many times had this question crushed her heart? The events of that day still haunted her. Not wanting to let the closeness affect her feelings, she couldn't let her heart stay in a risky situation for too long.

Phatthira intended to pull away, but suddenly, a slender arm wrapped around her waist, and a face nuzzled into her, even though her eyes were still closed.

*Is she doing this in her sleep?*

Phatthira chose to respond to the touch with stillness. But the long-lost closeness stirred her longing even more.

The firm flesh hidden under the thin fabric aroused her emotions easily.

Phatthira swallowed hard. The scent of her body wafting to her nose disturbed her feelings, making her caress the soft skin.

The more she touched, the more she smelled, the more her breathing quickened.

Phatthira buried her face in the white neck, kissing down the slender shoulder to the full chest.

The temptation of the firm flesh she'd touched countless times aroused her desire, making it impossible to resist.

The full flesh was captured in her mouth, her tongue flicking and sucking the sweet nipple until it hardened. The sleeping woman responded by writing, even though she was still unconscious. The pent-up feelings were released more and more.

But before her overwhelming desire could be fully expressed, the ringing of the phone on the bedside table interrupted, causing irritation.

Phatthira pulled away from the slender body, quickly grabbing the phone to avoid disturbing the sleeping woman. She didn't even glance at the caller ID, but the urgent voice on the other end calmed her irritation, indicating it wasn't a trivial matter.

Phatthira spent less than a minute on the call, then hurriedly dressed and rushed out of the room.

But all the movements in the room brought silent tears to the woman on the bed.

Pandao had been awake since she was lifted onto the bed, longing for closeness, leading her to act impulsively.

Phatthira had another woman. She shouldn't forget this fact because her lapse in judgment was crushing her heart repeatedly.

She heard every word Phatthira spoke on the phone. The urgency to leave immediately after the call emphasized how important Maylada was to the woman she loved.

What was she still hoping for?

By now, she should know that their love could never return to what it once was...

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The next morning, Phatthira arrived at the company early. She stayed in her office until noon, hearing a knock followed by the appearance of a woman who made her sigh softly.

"I wanted to come in and thank you for last night."

"You already did. I don't think it's necessary to thank me repeatedly."

Her tone was indifferent, matching her expression, She didn't see why a simple act of kindness warranted repeated thanks.

And, of course, if Maylada wasn't an employee at the company, she wouldn't have bothered to help her get her car out of a ditch in a remote area.

"Still, I have to, Phat. You drove me home late at night when you could've been resting. Instead, I troubled you."

Phatthira chose silence to cut off the annoyance, but it seemed her silence didn't deter the other woman.

"You look tired. Are you feeling unwell?"

"No. If there's nothing else I have work to do."

It was a dismissal that could easily make the listener feel embarrassed. But Maylada tried to hide her displeasure with a smile.

Since the incident, she'd been confident that Phatthira had broken up with that woman. But meeting Pandao when Phatthira was drunk made her realize that she'd kept her by her side all along.

She'd tried to take advantage of Phatthira's heartbreak, hoping to win her over. But her hopes were dashed because even infidelity couldn't remove Pandao from the life of the woman she loved.

The heat in her heart felt like it was burning. If she was suffering, why not throw some fire at others?

"Recently, I haven't seen Pin at the company like before."

"It's personal. I don't need to answer that."

"Why are you so harsh? I was just asking as an acquaintance. The other day, I saw her with Peach at the mall. I was going to say hi, but they disappeared into a car."

"I don't know what you're trying to imply, but Pandao is my wife. Be careful with your words. If they reach others and are misinterpreted, I don't need to repeat how you should reconsider your place."

Even though she appeared calm, Phatthira's attempt to protect her wife with those words only fueled the fire in Maylada's chest. Her patience snapped.

Despite trying every possible way to destroy the relationship between these two, Phatthira, who held the position of company president, foolishly allowed herself to be deceived by her wife in such a pathetic manner.

"I never thought that my good intentions would make you see me in such a negative light. Even though that woman once cheated on you right before your eyes, you still try to protect her. What do I lack compared to someone like Pandao?" "What did you say?"

**A slip-up!**

Maylada froze as she realized what she'd just blurted out. The hatred she felt for her romantic rival made her reveal everything without thinking.

But those words had a chilling effect on the president of Thanadecha

Group. Phatthira nearly lost her mind as she recalled the events of that day. Besides Pharima and her brother, she was sure Maylada wasn't there.

So how did she know everything?

As soon as she pieced together everything from the words of the woman in front of her, her anger gradually intensified until her face turned red. The more she thought about what the mother of her children had tried to explain, the more she fell unforgivably foolish.

'*But I never had sex with Peach. Please believe me. Phat, I didn't mean for any of this to happen. And if I told you that Ms. Lada was involved, would you believe me?'*

Every explanation came out with tears, but that day, she refused to listen to the words of the woman she loved.

The more she thought about it, the redder her eyes became. They burned with anger and sorrow before Phatthira lunged forward and grabbed the arms of the woman in front of her, her eyes blazing as if ready to kill this wicked woman with her bare hands.

"What did you do to my wife? Everything that happened was your doing, wasn't it, Maylada? Answer me now!"

"Phat, let go of me! You're hurting me!"

"I asked if it was true!"

Phatthira gritted her teeth loudly, trying hard not to reach out and strangle the woman in front of her.

The dirty methods Maylada chose didn't just harm the relationship or the heart of the woman she loved. They were also despicable enough to potentially harm her children. If things had gone that far, she'd never forgive this woman.

"Does someone like you even have any humanity left? Do you know that your vile methods didn't just hurt my wife? You intended to kill my children, too. Pin is pregnant. Did you hear that clearly?"

"What?"

Maylada's knees went weak. Besides being shocked by the fierce demeanor of the other person, something she'd never seen before, what she just learned from Phatthira's mouth shocked her even more.

Even though she was wicked, she never, intended to harm anyone to the point of destroying their life. If she'd known that Pandao was pregnant, she wouldn't have chosen that method.

"I'm sorry, I truly didn't know that Pandao was pregnant."

"Whether you knew or not doesn't matter because no matter what, you intended to harm my wife. From today onwards, don't let me see your face again. Get out of my company. And if you ever think of touching my wife or children again, even a little, don't say I didn't warn you!"

Cold as ice, her vengeful eyes stared at the woman standing pale and trembling for a moment before Phatthira quickly turned and left the room without caring about anything else.

Her footsteps hurried toward the parking lot. Her heart was flying toward someone. She desperately hoped that her foolishness hadn't shattered the small heart to the point where it wouldn't want to see her again.

Wait for me a little longer, my dear. Just a little longer. Give me a chance to make up for what I did to make you sad.

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# Chapter 30

Throughout the drive from the company, Phatthira kept accelerating the car, driven by her anxiety. Several times, it almost caused accidents. Nevertheless, she managed to park safely in front of the house.

She hurriedly pushed the door open and stepped out of the car. But as soon as her feet touched the ground, the chaotic scene before her made her heart drop. Worry gripped her as she saw her brother carrying the fragile body of a pregnant woman toward the car.

"What's happening, Tee? Dr. Na?"

"Pin is having stomach pains. We need to get her to the hospital as quickly as possible. I'll explain everything later."

Naraphat replied.

Phatthira quickly followed her brother. Thiraphat placed the pregnant woman in the back seat before running to the driver's seat, leaving Phatthira and Dr. Naraphat to sit on either side of the pregnant woman.

Phatthira noticed the mother of her children clutching her stomach continuously. Her sweet face was pale, and tears streamed down her cheeks. Just seeing the pain of the woman she loved with all her heart made Phatthira feel like her own heart was being squeezed, making it hard to breathe.

Phatthira extended her arm to support the fragile body, letting her lean on her shoulder. If she could, she'd take all the pain herself.

"Does it hurt a lot. Pin? I'm here now, sweetheart. Hold on a little longer. We're almost at the hospital. You and the babies will be okay."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. Phatthira kissed the temple of the mother of her children, trying to comfort both her and herself.

Even though she hadn't received a clear explanation from her cousin, she wasn't foolish enough not to know that the pregnant woman was facing a risky situation.

From the initial symptoms, her heart was racing with worry, almost driving her mad.

While Phatthira was dealing with her overwhelming anxiety, the woman leaning on her shoulder felt the same.

Even though Pandao could feel the warmth of the familiar embrace, her heart felt colder than anyone could imagine.

The pain she'd been enduring made her feel too broken to bear. The path of love between them could never be the same because Phatthira's future no longer included her and the baby.

Pandao tried to push herself away from the woman she loved. Even though it hurt like dying, she didn't want to seek sympathy from her anymore.

The coldness from the pregnant woman's reaction, something that had never happened before, felt like a spear piercing Phatthira's heart. Her heart sank when the pregnant woman chose to lean on her cousin instead. Even in such a vulnerable state, the mother of her children chose to rely on someone else rather than her partner.

How much had she destroyed the trust of the woman she loved?

As silence enveloped the car, Pandao tried to cope with her growing anxiety. The pain in her lower abdomen intensified, signaling something that made the pregnant woman feel terrified.

"Dr. Na, I'm scared," Pandao said.

"It's okay, Pin. Stay calm and be strong. The twins will be fine. We'll do everything we can, Naraphat reassured her.

Naraphat tried to comfort and encourage the pregnant woman. Even though she was a doctor, she couldn't help but worry when she recalled the previous ultrasound results.

After discovering that one of the babies had a slower heartbeat than normal, she'd been doing everything to monitor the pregnant woman's condition.

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Earlier this morning, Pandao had called to report unusual symptoms since dawn. Naraphat had quickly cleared her urgent cases at the hospital to rush to the Phatthanadecha house.

Everything unfolded as it did. Thiraphat happened to return home at the right moment, becoming the crucial help in carrying the pregnant woman to the car.

Throughout the drive, no matter how fast Thiraphat drove, it still felt slow to Phatthira.

When the car finally parked at the hospital entrance, the pregnant woman was moved to the emergency room

As Phatthira hurried to follow the streicher, she caught a glimpse of fluid seeping down the pregnant woman's legs. Her heart sank repeatedly, and the tears she'd been holding back started to flow uncontrollably.

"Pin, hold on, You and the babies will be okay. Please, be okay I beg you."

Her heart folt like it was breaking. Her mind was so foggy she couldn't think straight. Even as the stretcher reached the emergency room, Phatthira was in a daze, unaware that she was stubbornly trying to follow inside like someone out of their mind.

"Phat, you can't go in. Wait outside Pin is in the doctor's hands now. Let me and the nurses handle it. Stay calm," Naraphat said.

"But I'm worried about her and the babies. Na, you have to help them. Promise me they'll be okay."

"I'll do my best. Stay calm, Phat."

Naraphat tried to comfort her cousin while signaling Thiraphat to take over.

Phatthira was frantic and out of control. Even though Naraphat wanted to reassure her more, as a doctor, she couldn't escape the reality.

Anything could happen, but she'd do her utmost to save the little lives that deserved a chance to see the world.

Phatthira stared at the emergency room door as it closed. She felt her legs give way, and Thiraphat quickly supported her, guiding her to a seat outside the emergency room.

Phatthira was weak and losing control, something Thiraphat had never seen before.

Hours passed, and Phatthira's eyes remained fixed on the emergency room door. Memories of the past events flooded her mind, making her heart ache.

Her foolishness had led to this. If anything happened to Pandao and the babies, how could she live happily?

The more she thought, the more she blamed herself. Her heart felt like it was breaking. The waiting felt like an eternity.

The atmosphere outside the emergency room was silent, filled with coldness and tear-filled eyes.

Finally, the wait ended as the emergency room door opened Phatthira rushed to ask about the pregnant woman's condition, her heart racing.

"Dr. Na, how are Pin and the babies? Are they safe?"

"Calm down, Phat. Pin is safe, but..."

Naraphat's face showed concem, making Phatthira's hands tremble. She shook her head slowly, feeling numb from head to toe The words she didn't want to hear brought tears to her eyes.

"Phat, stay strong. The doctors and nurses did their best, but we couldn't save both babies. One was lost, but the other is still safe. We need to monitor closely until we're sure."

Naraphat explained.

"This can't be happening It can't be like this,"

Phatthira muttered through tears. Her legs gave way, and she collapsed to the floor, crying openly. Though she wasn't hysterical, her heart felt like it was breaking along with her lost child.

The child she'd hoped to bring into the world.

The child she and her lover had cherished since the day they knew of its existence. But it was her fault that her child died.

Phatthira sobbed, her shoulders shaking. Her broken state made everyone around her feel deep sympathy.

Naraphat looked up to swallow her tears. She'd done everything to save the twins, but the drug that had once entered the pregnant woman's body had already put Pandao at risk of miscarriage.

The pregnant woman's poor mental state had also significantly impacted the early pregnancy. Naraphat didn't want Phatthira to blame herself, but now, the once strong woman was utterly broken, something no one had expected.

Phatthira cried out in a heart-wrenching manner. Her pain was distilled into sobs, and she was muttering something almost incomprehensible

"I lost my baby. My baby is no longer with me. It's all because of me, isn't it? It's all my fault. I didn't take good care of them. I didn't take good care of Pin and the babies."

"Phat, please stop. Don't blame yourself anymore."

Thiraphat couldn't bear to see his sister's broken state any longer. He sank to the floor to cradle her trembling body against his chest.

From childhood to adulthood, his sister had rarely cried in front of anyone. But now, Phatthira was vulnerable, almost unrecognizable from the strong woman everyone knew.

"I know how much you're hurting. Phat. Even though you've lost one child today, you mustn't forget that you still have another child to take care of."

"...."

Her brother's words gradually eased her sobbing.

Phatthira wiped away her tears. The sorrow still overwhelmed her, gnawing at her emotions until she felt utterly drained. But it wasn't too late, was it? If she could just make amends for her past mistakes.

She just wanted a chance to care for another precious heart as best as she could.

She'd give everything, waiting for the day the baby opened her eyes to the world.

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# Chapter 31

After leaving the hospital, weeks had passed, but Pandao's mental state remained fragile.

She was trapped in a state of depression, constantly blaming herself for the loss of the baby. The repetitive cycle of self-blame haunted her thoughts.

She believed that if she'd taken better care of herself, the tragic loss mightn't have occurred.

Phatthira felt no different. Every passing moment was filled with guilt that never faded. Seeing the mother of her child in such a weakened state only intensified her feelings of remorse.

Phatthira instructed the maid to move the pregnant woman's personal belongings back to her original room from the first day they left the hospital. Despite the coldness between them, she persisted in caring for the mother of her child, determined to be there for her.

"Pin."

Phatthira placed a warm glass of milk on the table in the garden beside the house, causing the pregnant woman, who was lost in thought, to shift her gaze to the glass with an expressionless face.

Since the day they lost their child, Pandao'd never allowed Phatthira to get too close. Although she permitted her to care for her and showed no signs of anger, the emptiness in her eyes was like a sharp knife that cut into Phatthira's heart, causing her immense pain.

"Pin, drink some milk. I'll be right back."

Phatthira said.

After noticing the swelling in Pandao's feet due to her advancing pregnancy, Phatthira decided to leave briefly. She returned with a container of warm water, placing it on the ground.

"What are you doing. Ms. Phat?"

Pandao quickly pulled her feet away as Phatthira, kneeling on the ground, gently reached out to hold her feet. Pandao wasn't used to such actions from someone who had never lowered herself to serve anyone. Since the incident, she'd often seen this behavior from Phatthira.

But this time, the act of kneeling to touch her feet seemed too much for someone who never thought she deserved such care.

It might've been better if this had happened when they still loved each other, not when the wounds in her heart were too deep to heal.

Phatthira looked up at the pregnant woman with sad eyes. The distance in the way she addressed her still pierced her heart every time. But she tried to overlook the coldness and continued to serve the mother of her child as she always did.

"Your feet are swelling. Soaking them in warm water will make you feel better. Dr. Na recommended it."

"But I can do it myself. You don't have to go this far."

"Pin, you're the woman I love, the mother of my child. Everything about you is important to me. Please let me take care of you. Don't refuse."

The words 'the woman I love' or any words from the woman she once loved no longer made Pandao feel proud. The path of love that could never return to what it was the only thing she reminded herself of every day.

"I'll stay here until I give birth, as I promised you. After that, we will have nothing to do with each other."

Pandao said, walking away without touching the glass of milk on the table, not caring that her coldness left Phatthira sitting with her head down.

But if asked if she felt discouraged, Phatthira could immediately answer that she never did.

The current situation was just too painful to express.

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For over ten minutes, Phatthira waited for the person who had gone outside to take a phone call. She tried to reassure herself that it was nothing, but her anxiety made it hard to sit still.

Her possessive nature still defined her. Just hearing the other person's phone ring at almost 9 p.m. made her heart race. But instead of reacting with anger or dissatisfaction as she used to, Phatthira chose patience, waiting until she heard the door open.

Phatthira glanced at the phone in the slender woman's hand, too afraid to ask, fearing that the mother of her child might be displeased with her question.

"Are you sleepy, Pin?"

"Yes."

Though it wasn't the first time she received such a cold response, it still squeezed her heart every time. Phatthira forced a small smile, trying to hide her pain. Despite the hurt, she never stopped trying to win back the mother of her child.

"I have something to talk to you about. Can I have two minutes?"

"Yes."

"I want to invite you on a vacation. Would you like to go? The beach or the mountains, the north or the south, or even abroad? I think it'll be harder for you to travel once your pregnancy advances. Walking might become more difficult. So, if we take this opportunity to travel now, what do you think?"

"I already have plans."

Pandao replied without hesitation, quickly enough to leave Phatthira feeling dejected.

Phatthira tried to cope with the cold wave that hit her heart. She mightn't have been a good enough lover in the past, neglecting the person in front of her until she became the worst person in someone's life.

But if given a chance, she still wanted to be someone who could change for the better for someone.

And that woman was the one standing before her.

"Who are you going with?"

"I have plans with Vee. We're going to visit his relatives in the countryside. We're leaving the day after tomorrow. It's good you brought this up. Well, at least you're the homeowner, I should inform you."

"Can I come with you? I've cleared my schedule and have a whole week off. Please let me come."

"But the countryside isn't comfortable. I'll be staying at Vee's house, not a hotel. It's not a suitable place for you. You'll just be inconvenienced." "If you can stay there, why can't I? Please let me come..."

Pandao looked into Phatthira's eyes without immediately responding.

She could already imagine that someone like Phatthira wouldn't be able to live in such a place.

Even though it was just a few days trip, from her previous experience visiting there as a student, she knew that someone accustomed to a life of comfort would find it difficult.

But what could she do when she knew she couldn't stop someone as stubbom as Phatthira?

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Two days later, they arrived at Chiang Mai Airport at 2 pm. Patwi volunteered to pick them up at the airport, and it took about half an hour to reach their destination by car.

Phatthira stood looking at the two-story Thai-style wooden house, elevated on stilts typical of northern Thailand, with a hint of rural charm. The surroundings were quiet, nestled in nature, giving visitors a true sense of relaxation.

How long had it been since she had the chance to experience such tranquility? Apart from the comfort brought by money, her life was like standing on a high tower, looking down from above.

She'd never felt the heat from stopping for street noodles. Instead, her life was filled with work, socializing for benefits, living in chaos, competing, and facing pressure every second.

Where was true happiness? She often asked herself this until she met the woman who showed her a different life.

And that woman was the one who made her willing to give up the comfort of a luxury hotel to stay at someone's house without spending a single baht.

"Let's go inside, Pin. It's been so long I've missed you. How have you been?"

A young woman in her twenties greeted them, rushing to hug the slender woman whose her brother had pursued for years. It'd been almost two years since she last saw Pandao, and her brother, who had returned home a week ago, seemed just as eager as before.

"I'm fine, Wan. How is everyone? Are they well? I'll be imposing on you this time."

"Don't say that. Everyone is happy you're here. Vee is more excited than anyone."

The words of her friend's younger sister made Pandao inadvertently glance at the person standing next to her.

On this vacation, she had no intention of revealing the status of her relationship with Phatthira to everyone here from the start because a relationship that was waiting to be let go was not something that should be disclosed to anyone.

Before coming here, she'd already had an open conversation and reached an understanding with Patwi.

The man was ready to cooperate and was always a great friend to her.

Because of this, Pandao chose to introduce Phatthira to the young girl only superficially. Besides the name, there was no other status mentioned.

After that, the two were invited into the house. Pandao and Phatthira spent a fair amount of time chatting and greeting the homeowner before they went their separate ways to relax.

Pandao led the tall person into the same room she'd stayed in before it was just a small bedroom with furniture consisting of a three-foot bed, a wardrobe, and a vanity table placed next to each other.

Phatthira briefly surveyed the room. She didn't even know where to place the suitcase she was holding.

"Ms. Phat, please sit and rest on the bed. I'll handle it."

"Just tell me what to do. I'll do it myself. You go rest."

When the tall person stood firm, it was pointless for her to argue.

The slender figure chose to sit on the bed, letting the other person struggle to unpack the suitcase. Every item Phatthira handled seemed awkward and clumsy.

Phatthira took almost an hour to manage the items in the suitcase, both hers and the pregnant woman's.

Prenatal vitamins and various supplements were arranged so the pregnant woman could easily access them.

By evening, the savory and sweet dishes prepared by the homeowner were laid out on the table to welcome the guests.

Phatthira scanned the strange-looking dishes one by one. She learned from the cook that they were local dishes, but whether it was the spicy chili paste or various other spicy-looking dishes, they made Phatthira almost break into a sweat.

She wasn't used to spicy food, but when she forced herself to take a bite, she immediately reached for a glass of water, her face turning red.

The spiciness took its toll, making her lips swell, and sweat beads form along her hairline. Even though she was very hungry, she didn't dare take a second bite.

Her reactions didn't escape the notice of everyone at the table.

"It seems like you can't handle spicy food, Ms. Phat. I'm sorry. Last time, I saw that Pin liked it, so I focused on these dishes. I forgot to add some milder options. I'll have Wan fry some eggs. Would that be okay?" The homeowner offered.

"Please don't trouble yourself. This is already too much. I'm not really hungry. Please, everyone, enjoy your meal. Don't worry about me." Phatthira replied.

"It's no trouble at all. When we have guests, my mother loves to cook to show off her skills. By the way, what kind of food do you usually like, Phat? My mother can cook anything. Tomorrow, I'll have her make something for you to try."

The young woman boasted about her mother's cooking skills, her cheerful voice and bright demeanor bringing smiles to everyone at the table.

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Time passed, and after leaving the dining table, Pandao chose to return to her room to rest, while Phatthira decided to sit under the house.

The tall figure sat on a large wooden swing. The atmosphere made her want to lie down and gaze at the sky, lost in thought.

Phatthira had been enjoying the quiet night, with a cool breeze occasionally brushing her skin, until she heard footsteps on the grass, stopping less than a meter away.

"Go upstairs. There are a lot of mosquitoes here."

"Pin,"

Phatthira quickly sat up when she saw who it was. If not for the indifferent expression, could she take that as Pandao was worried about her?

"Aren't you going to sleep yet?"

"I'm about to. I just came down to ask if you're hungry."

Phatthira smiled faintly. Even though she was hungry, she didn't want to be a burden to the pregnant woman.

"No, I'm not hungry. It's late. You should go to bed. I'll come up in a bit." "Okay,"

Pandao responded briefly, leaving the tall figure feeling a bit dejected as she watched the slender figure walk away.

Even though she didn't want to be a burden, she still wanted to see some concern in those eyes.

But walking away without any sign of care made her question herself again.

Maybe the woman she loved had truly stopped loving her.

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# Chapter 32

It was late at night when Phatthira began to feel a burning sensation in her stomach. The hunger had grown so intense that she could no longer resist it

Al nearly 11 p.m., here in the countryside, it was too late for her to ask anyone for help Ignoring Pandao's indifference and going upstairs to say she was hungry would be too much trouble for the pregnant woman.

Phatthira decided to make her way to the kitchen quietly. By now, the homeowners were likely all asleep, and it wouldn't be a big deal if she took the liberty of finding something to eat to stave off her hunger.

She opened the refrigerator door to look for ingredients to cook with. She found some eggs lined up on a tray inside the fridge door Phatthira decided to take them out and stood there contemplating for a moment.

Cooking a simple dish might be easy for most people, but it was never easy for her. Nevertheless, Phatthira looked for the tools to crack the eggs into a bowl, followed by some seasoning sauce, which she poured in just the right amount.

She didn't expect much in terms of taste because she had no cooking skills. They were so bad that she even burned toast. So, it turned out to be one of the most cumbersome tasks of her life.

After turning on the stove and waiting for the oil to heat up, with smoke wafting above the pan, she poured the prepared eggs into the sizzling oil.

The struggle didn't end there. The burning sensation on her skin from the splattering oil made Phatthira wince and rub her arm repeatedly. Small beads of sweat began to form along her hairline. In the end, her efforts resulted in a burnt omelet, which she placed on a plate of cold rice that she found at the bottom of the cooker.

Phatthira stood looking at her creation, swallowing hard before placing it on the small kitchen table. She sat down, scooped the burnt omelet into her mouth, and forced herself to chew and swallow the awful taste.

However, just as she was about to take a second bite, the plate was pulled away from her. Phatthira looked up to see a slender figure standing there, looking at her with a mix of sternness and concern.

"Why are you forcing yourself if you can't eat it?"

"Well..."

Phatthira glanced at her omelet rice, feeling embarrassed that she'd even burned a simple dish like that.

"If you're hungry, why didn't you tell me?"

"I can eat it. I thought you were asleep, so I didn't want to bother you,"

Phatthira replied.

Pandao looked at her with an indescribable feeling. Seeing the red marks on her fair skin from the oil splatters made a lump rise in her throat

"I'll make something for you. Just wait here."

Fearing she wouldn't be able to hide some feelings anymore, Pandao quickly moved to the stove to cook something new for her. But as soon as she turned her back, the tears she'd been holding back began to fall.

She quickly wiped her tears away. In the end, she could never stay mad at this woman for long. Just seeing the sad demeanor of the woman she loved made the walls she'd built to protect herself crumble.

In less than ten minutes, Phatthira had finished the fried rice that Pandao had made. When she returned to the room, she quickly showered and got ready for bed.

Phatthira stopped by the side of the bed. Even though Pandao had moved to the edge to leave space, the bed was quite small, and she worried that the pregnant woman might feel cramped. So, Phatthira decided to grab a blanket and pillow from the bed and lay them on the floor.

"Why are you sleeping down there?"

Unable to keep up her tough facade, Pandao sat up. She watched Phatthira as she busied herself preparing a bed on the floor.

Phatthira had never experienced hardship, and sleeping on the hard floor wouldn't allow her to sleep well.

Even though she'd never allowed Phatthira to get too close, they still shared the same bed every night. It was just that they had to maintain a certain distance.

"The bed is small. I'm afraid you'll feel cramped."

"Come up here and sleep. If you're worried about me feeling cramped, I'll move to sleep in Wan's room so you don't have to feel that way."

"No, please, don't go. I'll come up right now,"

Phatthira quickly said, grabbing the pillow and blanket and placing them back on the bed.

Seeing this, Pandao decided to lie down without saying another word.

Phatthira turned off the lights and lay down beside her. She slipped under the blanket, the moonlight streaming through the slightly open window, illuminating Pandao's slender back as she lay facing away.

Even though they were so close, there was no chance to embrace. The longing grew stronger, almost unbearable.

"Can I hold you?"

"....."

The soft voice broke the silence, making Pandao remain still. But the overwhelming longing made Phatthira gather her courage to ask again.

"Can I hold you? I want to hold our baby. Just for a little bit, please."

*Hold the baby?*

*Isn't the baby still in the mother's womb!?*

It was the dumbest excuse ever, but if she said she wanted to hold her wife, she feared the answer might break her heart even more.

She was afraid of rejection.

Afraid of disappointment

Afraid of being ignored by the mother of her child more than ever.

As Pandao remained silent, the pent-up feelings began to spill out, and tears welled up in Phatthira's eyes.

Maybe her mistakes had hurt the woman she loved too much for her to be forgiven. She didn't blame anyone but herself for being foolish enough to lose something so precious.

"I'm sorry for asking something so unreasonable."

Phatthira could feel her voice waver. Even though she knew she'd be rejected, she still sought out the pain.

Feeling dejected, Phatthira turned to lie on her back, letting her tears fall onto the pillow. The torment gnawed at her heart, making her feel cold. The closeness she couldn't reach felt like standing in a dark world with no light in sight.

Pandao lay with her eyes open in the dark room, feeling vulnerable. She closed her eyes to suppress all her emotions.

In the end, Phatthira still had a strong influence over her feelings.

Pandao decided to turn back toward her, slipping her arm around Phatthira's waist with a deep sense of longing. The brief touch made Phatthira quickly turn back to embrace her tightly.

Phatthira held her close, fearing she might disappear. She wanted to convey her love through her touch, hoping Pandao would understand that despite the distance, her heart had never stopped thinking about her.

"I miss you so much, Pin. Please don't torture me anymore. I know I was wrong. I know I wasn't a good partner. I know everything that happened was my fault. I'm not asking for another chance, but please don't hate me. I can't take it anymore, Pin I really can't."

"Why do you think I hate you?"

Phatthira froze as Pandao pulled away to look at her. The moonlight reflected in her eyes, the same eyes that used to look at her with love.

"Because you won't let me get close to you. You don't care about me anymore. It's like there's nothing left between us."

"How can I get close to someone who has someone else? How can I care like I used to when you're not mine anymore?"

"I've never belonged to anyone but you,"

Phatthira said, realizing what might've caused the misunderstanding. Besides the issues with their child and her numerous mistakes, there was something else that had likely troubled Pandao.

Phatthira moved to hover over Pandao, being careful because she always remembered that there was a small life inside her that she needed to protect.

"Why do you think I'm with someone else? Whatever made you think that, I want to assure you that I only have one wife, and that's you."

Phatthira said.

"And what about Ms. Lada?"

Pandao asked, pushing Phatthira's shoulder to keep some distance.

"If you never slept with Lada, how could she claim that you were hers, Phat?"

The word "Phat' slipped out unintentionally, catching Phatthira's ear and making her smile.

Phatthira hugged her tightly, realizing that the jealous woman was crying.

All the love she had, besides for her child, she could only give to this one woman.

"Even now, I still insist that I've never slept with anyone except you. I haven't even kissed anyone else."

"Never, huh? The day you were drunk, and she brought you home, I saw you two kissing passionately. And you still dare to say it never happened? How long are you going to lie to me, Phat?"

"Wait a minute, I kissed Maylada when I was drunk?"

"That's enough."

The confused look on the taller woman's face made Pandao not want to be at a disadvantage against someone so stubborn. If she couldn't catch her red-handed, it was pointless.

"Let go of me, now."

"No. I'm not letting go. If that kiss really happened, I wasn't aware of it.

And I've never done anything inappropriate with Maylada, not even once. Besides, she's not my secretary anymore. I fired her a long time ago."

"...."

"Please believe me just this once. Since I've had you, I've never been with any other woman. As for Maylada, I won't let her interfere in our lives anymore. Just knowing what she did to you, I can't bring myself to forgive her. I love you and our child very much."

Phatthira gently caressed the other woman's stomach. Thinking about this made her guilt squeeze her heart until tears welled up.

"That's enough. I believe you. I don't want you to think like that. I don't want us to hold grudges against anyone. As long as she doesn't interfere with our lives, that should be enough."

Phatthira smiled into the eyes of the woman beneath her, then took her hand and held it against her cheek.

"Are we good now? Have you forgiven me?"

There was no verbal response from the slender woman, only a gaze that overflowed with love.

But that was enough to bring back the happiness that had been missing from her heart.

As long as they could be in each other's arms, Phatthira needed nothing else.

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# Chapter 33

**After the darkness, the sky always returned to brightness. That was the way of the world.**

Happiness, sorrow, smiles, and laughter-when a relationship came with forgiveness, giving chances, and choosing to hold hands together, it allowed them to rediscover happiness in their life together once more.

A precious little life was born to complete their lives.

Little Panfun, or Panpatra, was the apple of everyone's eye in the house.

For over five months, Phatthira continued to come home on time after work. She never stopped anywhere else except at home and the office because her heart was focused on her wife and the little one. This made her, who once loved freedom, become a homebody by default.

The tall figure headed straight to the bedroom after draping her outer suit jacket at the end of the bed. She then rushed to plant a big kiss on the cheek of the person sitting on the bed.

"I missed you so much, my little girl."

"You said you missed the baby, but it looks like my cheeks are all bruised."

"I missed both the baby and the baby's mom. I missed you all day. How was today? Was our little one fussy?"

"She woke up crying for milk, but once she got it, she quieted down just like you see."

Phatthira smiled tenderly as she looked down at the little one nestled against her mother's chest. She gently touched the baby's pink cheeks with her index finger, and the familiar touch made the little one release her tiny mouth from her mother's chest and turn to gaze at her with wide, innocent eyes.

"Full now? Did Mommy bother you?"

"Ah, ah."

The five-month-old baby cooed as if conversing with her mother. Phatthira smiled sweetly and playfully tickled the baby's small hand with her fingertip.

When teased, the little one waved her hands and laughed joyfully, her big eyes looking more like her mother's every day. This cuteness seemed to make both her grandfather and uncle fall head over heels for her.

"Panfun, did you miss Mommy? Come here, let Mommy hold you. I missed you so much, my good girl."

Pandao handed the baby to her partner. Phatthira always had a sweet side when she was with their child, and this gentleness made Pandao fall more in love with her partner every day.

If not counting the past mistakes, Phatthira today was the best woman for her.

Love, care, attention, and even the willingness to change every flaw until she was almost a different person made Pandao feel lucky and want to thank her partner many times over.

She wanted to thank her partner for changing herself for an ordinary woman, even though it came with some pain for a while. But they both took it as an important life lesson and never wanted it to happen again. "Are you hungry, Phat? I made your favorite dishes for you."

"Taking care of the baby and still finding time to cook for me? Next time, let the maid handle it. I don't want you to be tired. Besides, are you trying to make me fat? Aren't you afraid I'll get ugly?"

"Not at all. With your figure, no matter how much you eat, you won't get fat."

Pandao smiled sweetly at her partner. Noticing the little one starting to doze off, she took the baby from Phatthira's arms and laid her down in the crib.

Their daughter wasn't a demanding kid. After nursing and playing with her mommy for a few minutes, she fell asleep. So. after making sure the baby was sound asleep, Pandao turned her attention back to her partner.

Her delicate hands unbuttoned Phatthira's shirt as she always did. Phatthira watched, pulling her partner closer, her sharp eyes conveying desire that made Pandao feel a warm flush.

"Go take a shower first, Phat. It's almost time for dinner."

"But can I have something else first? We still have plenty of time. I missed you so much."

"Plenty of time?"

Knowing her partner well. Pandao couldn't help but lease.

"Aren't you afraid Dad and Tee will be waiting for dinner?"

"If you help me shower, I'll try to be quick. Deal?"

No more coaxing was needed. Pandao was ready to comply with anything, Just a nuzzle at the comer of her mouth, and her body responded with a warm flush.

Her delicate hands gripped Phatthira's shoulders as she slowly kissed her lips. Since becoming a mother, her partner had never been as demanding as before.

Phatthira had become more patient with her desires, but Pandao knew how much effort it look for her partner to hold back.

Phatthira feared she'd be exhausted from taking care of the baby, waking up in the middle of the night to nurse when the baby cried.

But Pandao didn't want to neglect her partner. If intimacy was her partner's happiness, her happiness was seeing her partner happy.

Pandao felt the breath of the person nuzzling her neck. The silky camisole she wore for easy nursing slowly slipped off her body, leaving her bare. She shivered lightly as her nipple was enveloped by a warm mouth, gently sucking.

"Hmm, Phat..."

"I'm jealous of the baby every day."

Mumbling while still nibbling and sucking on her breast, Phatthira guided her into the bathroom without stopping the foreplay for even a second.

In the spacious bathroom, the sound of heavy breathing echoed. After lifting her onto the countertop, Phatthira knelt between her white thighs.

The woman buried her face in her sensitive area, making Pandao tremble all over. The hot tongue teasing her folds, flicking up and down, left her breathless.

The sensation spread through every hair follicle. Pandao's fingers dug into Phatthira's hair as she breathed heavily with each teasing lick.

"Phat, can you use your fingers? I want you inside me."

Hearing the breathy request, Phatthira lifted her face from between her thighs. She stood up, kissing her passionately, her skilled hand moving to where her mouth had been, teasing the wetness before slowly inserting a finger.

As the long finger pressed deep, the familiar sensation made Pandao's stomach tighten.

She closed her eyes, moving her hips to match the rhythm of the finger inside her. Each thrust sent waves of heat through her body, making it impossible to hold back her moans.

The sweet moans only spurred Phatthira on. She bit gently on Pandao's shoulder, sending shivers through her and making her dig her nails into Phatthira's back.

Her stomach twisted with tension, every movement like a crashing wave. The heat in their bodies was overwhelming.

Phatthira thrust her finger deeply, making Pandao tremble. Feeling the tight contractions around her finger, a satisfied smile spread across her face.

"That's hot, my love. How much more will you make me fall for you?"

Not just words, but the look in her eyes reflected such adoration that it made Pandao's heart race. She tried to catch her breath, but the heat in her body was reignited.

Phatthira quickly undressed, lifting her from the counter and stepping into the bathtub.

Their desire wasn't sated. They clung to each other again, their naked bodies pressed together in the warm water. Phatthira kissed her deeply, her hips moving against her, driving her wild with desire.

She wanted to love her again and again, never tiring of the allure of the woman she loved.

The woman who was casting seductive glances was making her lose track of time, forgetting everything around her except for... how she was swaying on her lap.

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# Chapter : The End

**Late in the morning,** it wasn't the first time the employees at the company had grown accustomed to the sight of the beautiful female president carrying her one-year-old daughter in her arms, walking alongside her lovely wife into the office.

The happy family made everyone smile because the love between these two women had created a complete family, no different from any heterosexual couple.

Pandao greeted every employee she passed with a smile, and her humble demeanor earned her the respect and admiration of everyone, including her beautiful wife.

"Panfun, don't blow like that, sweetheart. You'll get Mommy's clothes dirty,"

Pandao gently scolded her daughter as she saw the little one puffing her cheeks while they walked toward the executive elevator.

"Okie!"

The innocent eyes looked up at her mother before snuggling into the neck of the one in the suit as if to complain about being scolded.

"I'm not scolding you, sweetie, I'm just telling you."

Pandao smiled at her daughter's adorable protest. The little one peeked at her with a pouty face, still nestled against her mommy's neck. "Should I carry her instead? Your shirt might get wrinkled,"

Pandao suggested.

"It's fine. I don't want you to get tired. Besides..."

Phatthira leaned in close to Pandao's ear and whispered with a smile,

"I want you to save your energy for me tonight."

Pandao looked up at her tall wife, understanding the meaning behind her words. The sweet gaze always made her blush

Pandao chose not to respond to her flirtatious wife as they entered the elevator. When they reached the executive floor, Phatthira handed over the care of their daughter to her wife.

"Stay with Mom for a bit, okay? Mommy needs to work for a little while."

Phatthira said, kissing her daughter's soft cheek and then quickly pecking her wife's lips.

Pandao didn't protest as her wife nibbled on her lips, knowing that if it weren't for their daughter, her wife wouldn't stop at just a peck.

"Aren't you embarrassed in front of our daughter?" Pandao asked

"I just want to show my love for her mother. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. Look, she seems to like it, staring at us with those big eyes,"

Phatthira smiled broadly before sitting down at her large desk and focusing on her work. But the sweet voice of their daughter occasionally made her smile.

Phatthira enjoyed working amid the chatter between her wife and daughter. Even though her wife tried to speak softly to avoid disturbing her, the presence of her family made her happier rather than annoyed.

"Panfun, come to me. Don't bother Mommy, okay?"

Pandao gently scolded her little angel, who had toddled over to cling to her mommy's legs, raising her arms to be picked up.

It seemed that Phatthira, who was attached to their daughter, couldn't resist. She put her work aside and lifted her little angel in a pink dress onto her lap.

"I told you she's quite energetic. She'll disturb your work." Pandao said.

"It's just once in a while. It's fine. I miss her and want to be with her. By the time I get home after work, it's already late. Some days, I barely have time to spend with her."

Phatthira replied.

Pandao watched them with a tender smile. She understood her wife's feelings because she felt the same. Panfun was at an adorable age, always seeking attention. Who wouldn't love her?

Their daughter's need for attention didn't last long. A few minutes later, she started rubbing her eyes, showing signs of sleepiness.

"Looks like she's getting tired. Let me take her to sleep so you can work,"

Pandao suggested.

"Alright," Phatthira agreed.

"Panfun, come to me. Are you hungry? Let's go get some sleep, dear,"

Pandac said. opening her arms to her daughter, who eagerly reached for her. But before she could leave, the little one tried to snuggle into her mom's chest.

So impatient, like daughter, like Mommy!

"Eat, eat!" Panfun said.

"Not here, sweetie. Let's go to the room first." Pandao replied.

"Wait a minute. Aren't you going to give me some encouragement? I barely have the energy to work,"

Phatthira said.

Without another word, Pandao found herself sitting on her wife's lap. A kiss on the cheek wasn't enough; Phatthira's hand moved to gently massage her chest, making Pandao almost unable to handle it.

Her daughter and her wife were both equally demanding.

"Phat, stop. Take your hand away. This is your office. You can't be so shameless," Pandao said.

"I'm starting to get jealous of our daughter. She gets to be breastfed whenever she's hungry, but I..."

"Wasn't last night enough? And our daughter barely drinks from me anymore,"

Pandao said, smiling at her wife's playful pout. Their daughter mostly drank from a bottle now, only occasionally breastfeeding. Her wife, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy it more.

"I'm taking her to bed now."

"Alright, but.."

Phatthira leaned her cheek in for a kiss, but Pandao playfully kissed her lips instead.

Phatthira watched her wife and daughter with a loving gaze as they walked into the bedroom, which she'd specially designed for their convenience.

As long as her loved ones were happy, she was willing to give them everything.

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The white vacation house stood prominently on a private beach. Pandao stood on the balcony, arms crossed, gazing at the blue sea and enjoying the cool breeze.

She felt someone drape a shawl over her shoulders.

"Are you cold?"

"I was starting to feel cold, but not anymore."

Pandao replied, leaning her cheek against her wife's face resting on her shoulder. The embrace from behind made her feel warm inside and out. No cold could penetrate her heart as long as her wife was by her side.

"Is our daughter asleep?"

Pandao asked.

"Yes, Aunt Nuan is taking care of her."

Phatthira replied.

Phatthira had volunteered to look after their daughter all afternoon since Pandao was exhausted from caring for her because their daughter had clung to her mother throughout the journey, not letting anyone else be near.

"Do you like it here?" Phatthira asked.

"I love it. As long as you're with me, I love any place," Pandao replied.

"I mean this house. Do you like it?" Phatthira clarified.

"I do. It's beautiful and feels so warm," Pandao said.

Hearing this, Phatthira smiled brightly, pleased with her wife's response.

"This house belonged to my mother. She loved it very much. When she was alive, she often came here to relax. Our whole family loves this house. Everything that happened here is a cherished memory and happiness for our family."

Phatthira said, her voice filled with joy as she spoke of her late mother.

Pandao tightened her embrace, feeling the warmth through their hug. "You must've been very close to your mother. She must've been very kind."

Pandao said.

"She was. She was kind, gentle, and patient, just like you."

"But I'm not as perfect as she was."

"Who said that? To me, you don't need to be like anyone else. Besides my mother, no one compares to you in my heart. You're the only woman I love, the mother of my child, just the way I want. That's everything to me."

Phatthira said, loosening her embrace to turn Pandao around and gently cupping her cheek.

"I love you, Pin. I want you to know that I transferred this house to your name a long time ago, since the day you gave birth to our daughter."

Phatthira said.

"But it's too much. You never told me."

Pandao said, stunned. The house's monetary value was immeasurable, but its sentimental value was even greater.

"Because this house means so much to me, it deserves to have your name on the deed. I believe that you'll love this house just as much as my mother and I do. You'll take care of and preserve the sentimental items well, just like you take care of my love, just like you take care of our child. This reason alone is enough to make you the owner of this house. Please accept

it."

Every word, every meaning reflected in her eyes, brought tears to Pandao's eyes.

She felt the love that the other person was trying to convey, and it was so overwhelming that she smiled through her tears.

"I love you, Phat. Loves you more than anything in life. Thank you for giving me this day for giving me a child, for standing by my side. Thank you for choosing to love an ordinary woman like me."

"Who said that? The woman standing in front of me is the most valuable and special woman in my heart. I love you, Pin, and I love our child very much, too."

Could there be any words sweeter than these? Pandao smiled to absorb the words of love through her tears. Her eyelids gently closed as the taller person leaned in until their noses touched lightly.

Amid the atmosphere filled with the scent of the sea, love was embracing both of their hearts together.

Love, understanding, and loyalty would be preserved as long as the two of them continued to hold hands and stand by each other as life partners.

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

# Chapter Special 01

"Mommy!"

The clear, sweet voice of a four-year-old girl whispered into the ear of the person snuggled under a thick blanket. Phatthira felt the small creature climbing onto her. Even though it was well past her usual wake-up time, she still lay with her eyes closed on the bed.

Seeing no response from the adult, the little one tried a new tactic. She pressed her tiny lips against Phatthira's, making it impossible for her to hold back a smile.

"Who's sneaking kisses from Mommy?"

"It's Panfun! Mommy wasn't waking up, so I came to wake you."

"Am I waking up late today?"

Phatthira pretended to ask, a gentle smile appearing on her face. She glanced at the clock on the bedside table before turning her attention to the little girl with wide eyes sitting on her.

"My daughter is dressed so beautifully today. Aren't you afraid your dress will get wrinkled, climbing up to wake me like this?"

"No, because you woke up late, Mommy."

Phatthira sat up and lifted the little one onto her lap, examining her outfit. Panfun wore a bright-colored dress, her long hair with bangs adorned with a small bow matching her dress. The more she looked, the more Panfun resembled a little angel,

Unable to resist the cuteness, Phatthira buried her nose into her daughter's soft cheek, making the little one giggle with delight, just like when she was a baby.

Every time she saw her daughter dressed adorably, she felt proud. Phatthira had personally chosen this outfit for her daughter. She often bought many items, almost clearing out entire stores, until her wife had to restrain her during shopping trips.

Even toys, dolls, and various items were constantly added, leading to the creation of a special room just for storing toys.

Everyone in the house doted on the little one in her arms, who was more precious than anything else.

"Why isn't Mommy wearing a shirt?"

The little face, already showing signs of beauty, looked puzzled. This made Phatthira think of an answer for her daughter, as her bare shoulder peeking out from the thick blanket must have raised questions.

"Mommy felt hot last night, very hot."

"Really? Did Mom feel hot, too?"

The innocent question and curious eyes made Pandao, who had been listening quietly. unsure how to respond.

She turned to her partner for help.

"Mom felt hot, too, Phatthira answered, noticing her wife's face turning slightly red. Judging by her appearance, Pandao had probably gotten up early to bathe, dress their daughter, and get ready herself.

"If that's the case, Mommy and Mom can sleep in my room next time. It's very cool there I allow it."

"Why is my daughter so sweet?"

Hearing her daughter's innocent but kind offer, Phatthira praised her with affection. At this age, her daughter mightn't understand adult meanings, but it was undeniable that she was smart.

Panfun was quite advanced for her age. They'd taught her to sleep in her own room since she was three, with the door open to connect to their room. Not a single night passed without them sneaking in to check on her.

Teaching her to sleep alone early on was seen as beneficial for her future. Eventually, Panfun would need to sleep in her own room, and by then, she wouldn't fuss and would be self-reliant.

Because of this, her daughter knew how to help herself instead of always asking for help first.

"Because I love my Mom and Mommy,"

The little arms wrapped around her neck, and she moved closer to kiss her mommy's cheek affectionately.

"Being this affectionate, what does Mommy's good girl want?"

"Today, we're going to the mall, right? Last night, when you told a story, you promised to take me and Mom for ice cream."

There it is. She remembers it.

Phatthira smiled at her daughter's sharp memory. On weekends, she usually spent most of her time with her family. So, after promising her little one a trip to the mall, the little angel woke up early and dressed beautifully, unlike her, who had slept in until almost ten in the morning.

The reason was obvious. Despite the passing of time, Pandao looked more beautiful each day. Phatthira felt more in love and infatuated with her every day. Over the years, she never stopped longing for her partner's body. "Mommy, are we going to the mall and having ice cream?"

"Yes, but first, let your Mommy shower and get ready, or we'll be late."

Pandao said as she walked over to the little one on her partner's lap, lifting her to stand beside the bed. She knelt to be at eye level with her daughter, adjusting her beautiful dress.

"Can we wait for Mommy downstairs, Mom? I want to see Grandpa and Uncle Tee first."

"Sure. Well, then, Panfun and I will wait for you downstairs, okay?"

"Give me a kiss first."

Phatthira said, tilting her cheek for a kiss. But when her beautiful wife leaned in, Phatthira quickly turned to steal a kiss on her lips.

"Phat!"

"Today, my wife looks so beautiful, I don't want to go out. I'm possessive."

"What are you talking about? Hurry up and shower. Our daughter is waiting."

Pandao hid her embarrassment by changing the subject. Showing affection in front of the daughter was normal for their family, but they never did anything more than hugging kissing, in cheek kisses.

What made her blush was her partner's sparkling eyes, which seemed to want to undress her all the time.

But if asked if she liked it, she could answer without hesitation.

She liked it and wanted to see the woman she loved infatuated with her for the rest of their lives.

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When they went downstairs, the little girl immediately let go of her hand and ran to her grandfather, who was sipping tea and reading a book in the living room.

"Grandpa!"

"Yes, my dear. Where are you going today? You dressed so beautifully?"

The head of the house put down his book to focus on his beloved granddaughter, who ran to him with a bright smile. He lifted her onto his lap, giving her a warm smile.

"Mom and Mommy are taking me for ice cream at the mall. Do you want to come, Grandpa?"

"Grandpa is too old to eat ice cream with you, sweetheart,"

He laughed softly, smiling at his daughter-in-law, who sat on the opposite sofa.

"Why can't Grandpa eat ice cream?"

"Because ice cream is very cold. Grandpa is old and can't eat ice cream like kids."

"Is that so?"

The little face showed disappointment, but the four-year-old didn't fuss after hearing the adult's reason.

"Did Tee leave for the airport, Dad?"

"He just left. He said he had to run an errand before heading to the airport, so he left early."

"Where is Uncle Tee going, Mom?"

"Uncle Tee is going to Phuket for work."

"Is Phuket far?"

The clear eyes waited for an answer, making the adults smile with affection.

"It's far, sweetheart. Uncle has to take a plane."

"Take a plane? Can I go there, too?"

"Of course. You know, when you were smaller, Mommy and I took you there often."

"Really? Why can't I remember?"

"How could you remember? You were so little when we took you."

Pandao could answer her daughter's questions endlessly, but before the little one could ask more, her partner's appearance seemed to capture her attention more.

As soon as she saw her mommy coming down the stairs, the little girl jumped off her grandfather's lap and run to her, making the adults smile at her enthusiasm.

Being a child was great. Besides eating and playing, there was nothing to worry about. Just living each day happily was all that mattered...

Inside the mall during the holidays, after taking her little daughter for a walk until she was satisfied, the ice cream shop became the final destination of the day.

While eating ice cream, the conversation between the mothers and daughter occasionally broke through. But the sentence that caught the attention of both parents was Panfun's sweet, soft voice, which interrupted them as she glanced at another family member sitting at a different table.

"Mommy, why don't I have a sibling?"

The beautiful eyes, like those of her parents, stared at the two children of similar age who were eating ice cream in the shop.

"Do my good girl want a sibling?"

"Yes, I do. At school, my friends have siblings. If I have a sibling, there will be someone to play with, right. Mommy? On holidays when I don't go to school, there will be someone to play with."

"In that case, I think we should try to persuade Mom, okay?"

Phatthira smiled mischievously as she leaned in to whisper in her daughter's ear. With an ally, she didn't intend to let this opportunity slip away because the idea of having another child was already one of her intentions.

"I have to persuade her? The little girl asked with wide eyes, her face serious.

"Yes, you do. You used to be in her tummy. If you want a sibling, we have to persuade her together."

"Really?"

The little girl thought for a moment before turning to give her mother a sweet smile, the kind that always melted her heart.

"Mom."

"Yes?"

"I want to sit on your lap"

"Of course, sweetie."

Upon hearing the permission, the little angel moved away from her mommy to raise her arms so that her mom could lift her onto her lap instead.

Her innocent eyes were full of affection, and her small arms wrapped around her mom's neck as she nestled her face against her soft cheek, a gesture she often used when she wanted something.

"Mom,"

The small voice murmured against her mom's fair neck,

"I want a sibling."

"Hmm?"

"I want a sibling. Mommy said if I want a sibling, I have to persuade you. Will you allow it?"

Pandao turned to meet the eyes of her life partner, who was smiling mischievously beside her. She understood the reason behind the whispering earlier because the sparkling eyes staring at her now were so deep that Pandao could immediately grasp the meaning.

This wasn't the first time Phatthira had used persuasion to express her desire for more children. However, the number she'd previously mentioned made Pandao take a bit longer to the over.

"From two, we can reduce it to one. What do you say, Pin? Will you agree to have a sibling for our child? Will you allow it?"

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# Chapter Special 02

The colorful lights flashed and flickered, accompanied by the booming, exhilarating music. It'd been a long time since Phatthira had the chance to step into this place. But when Pharima, her business partner, half-invited and half-forced her to come, Phatthira couldn't refuse.

Being the anniversary of the club, there was naturally something special about the night. From the large sofa facing the stage, she could see the entire area. Her sharp eyes scanned the crowd until they landed on a beautiful singer in a fiery red dress, gracefully stepping onto the stage.

The singer's slender figure and sexy moves captivated Phatthira, who found herself staring at the seductive performance directed right at her.

Of course, admiring beauty was harmless, especially since she didn't intend to do anything more than just look.

"Phat, ease up on the staring."

Pharima's voice competed with the loud music, but given their close proximity, there was no way Phatthira wouldn't hear it. Pharima's knowing look made Phatthira mask her momentary infatuation with a calm expression.

"Just looking, Preem I wasn't thinking anything."

"Better be true. I saw you. If you start flirting around like before, don't blame me if Pin takes the kid and leaves."

"What nonsense are you talking about? I never intended to do anything like that."

Phatthira maintained her composure with a neutral face. She was just looking, not thinking about taking anyone to bed. It was normal for someone in a place like this to look around.

"Good, because I don't want to see anyone here end up in a mess, scared their wife will leave them like last time."

"No need to rub it in, Pharima."

"Okay, no rubbing it in, no adding salt to the wound."

Pharima shrugged before saying,

"I'll be right back. Sit here alone for a bit. I'll be back soon."

"Yeah, don't rush."

Phatthira dismissed her friend nonchalantly. Once Pharima left, leaving her to drink alone, she grabbed her drink and took a sip. She didn't drink as much as she used to, fearing that if her little one woke her up early the next morning, there would be questions for sure.

Phatthira smiled to herself, thinking of her child, but her thoughts were interrupted by the smile of the beautiful singer who had walked up and stopped in front of her. "May I sit with you?"

"I was just about to leave."

Phatthira declined without hesitation. The inviting look in the singer's eyes was clear. If a were the old days, she might've been interested in taking it further and ending up in bed. But now, those thoughts never crossed her mind.

"You're about to leave, but you're still here."

The beautiful woman persisted, then boldly sat down next to her, pressing her soft body against Phatthira's arm. Although she didn't like being approached this way, former player Phatthira wasn't about to move away and lose face.

"Are you here alone?"

She looked at the woman in front of her with satisfaction. The other woman was beautiful, charming, and attractive enough to make her want to invite her to bed.

"You can see that."

"So, you're alone. Don't you want some company? If I'm not mistaken, from the way you looked at me on stage, I think we could get along."

Testing the waters, even though she was confident that this well-dressed woman shared her tastes.

"If it were before, maybe. But now, I'm not single."

"Just a bit of fun, nothing serious. You're exactly my type, and I'd love to have some fun with you tonight."

The stage was hot, but not as hot as now, with the beautiful woman making a bold move by sitting on her lap.

Amid the lights, sounds, and dimness, along with the temptations, a slender figure stood at the front of the club, looking at the familiar sign. It'd been years since Pandao had the chance to visit.

If it weren't for Pharima's direct invitation earlier in the evening. Pandao wouldn't be standing here now.

Initially, she declined Pharima's invitation because she was worried about her child. But when Panfun begged to sleep at Grandpa's house tonight, Pandao felt a sudden urge to dress up and go out for a change.

Or maybe another reason she decided to come was knowing that Phatthira was here, as Pharima had mentioned earlier in the evening.

Nude lipstick was carefully applied to her lips. The black backless dress that hugged her curves was Pandao's choice for the night. As soon as her slender figure stepped into the club, her beauty and fair skin reflecting the lights drew the eyes of everyone around.

Her sweet eyes scanned the crowd, looking for her tall partner, until she spotted the tall figure sitting on a sofa in a corner. On her partner's lap was a sexy woman, sending sweet looks. That alone made the wife hold her breath and gather her composure for a long moment.

Jealous? Absolutely! But since making a scene wasn't her style, Pandao tried to calm herself and decided to approach them, her eyes never leaving the scene in front of her.

She saw every moment, the sexy woman looking seductively at her partner, pushing her chest forward. Despite her burning jealousy, she forced a smile as she walked up to her partner.

"Pin! How did you get here?"

Phatthira quickly pushed the singer off her lap, her face paling. She admitted she was shocked, a chill running down her spine despite her wife's smiling face.

"I had someone from home drop me off."

"Uh I think I should go now."

Just observing the interaction between the two women, the beautiful singer realized she should find a way out of this situation. As soon as the singer left, Phatthira's face turned even paler.

She hadn't managed to escape in time and didn't expect her wife to walk in on such a scene.

"Come here, Pin. What you saw just now, it wasn't what it looked like."

Phatthira quickly grabbed her wife's hand, pulling her to sit beside her.

Even though her wife didn't make a scene, explaining first made her feel safer.

"Yes, I know it was nothing."

"You're not mad at me?"

"Why would I be mad? You said it was nothing, right?"

"Yes, but I was just afraid you'd be mad. Why didn't you call me before coming? I could've come to get you." "It's fine. I found you anyway."

"But I don't want you walking in alone."

Just seeing her wife's outfit made her possessiveness overflow. Her wife was stunning, but she didn't want anyone else looking. She didn't even want to take her eyes off her, let alone let others look.

"Isn't this outfit too revealing? I don't like you dressing like this."

"But I thought you'd like it, considering that beautiful woman earlier."

"Oh, Pin!"

Phatthira quickly covered her mistake by pulling her slender wife into a hug.

"She saw me sitting alone and asked to join. But I didn't think anything of it. You know it's hard to avoid in a place like this. Besides, I'm goodlooking. It's normal for girls to approach me, right?"

"Normal, huh?"

Pandao cupped her partner's face, their noses almost touching, feeling a mix of amusement and frustration at her partner's arrogance.

"I think I'll go see Preem for a bit. Since I'm here, it wouldn't be right not to say hi to my former boss."

"Then let me come with you."

"You stay here. I'll be back soon."

Without waiting for a response, Pandao stood up, giving her partner a meaningful look before leaning down to kiss her and then walking away, leaving Phatthira sitting stiffly.

Who wouldn't like being kissed like that?

While her wife was away, over half an hour passed before Pharima returned to the table.

Seeing her return alone without her wife, Phatthira didn't hesitate to ask.

"Where's Pin? Didn't she say she was going to talk to you?"

"She said she needed to use the restroom. She should be back soon."

Pharima glanced nervously toward the front of the stage, her eyes darting around. She didn't dare to make eye contact with her best friend, even though it was just a simple question that should've been easy to answer. But because there was more to it, she, the keeper of secrets, couldn't even look her friend in the eye.

She feared her eyes would betray her.

Less than five minutes passed, and the lively music that had been playing suddenly shifted to a slow rhythm. The lights dimmed before a spotlight illuminated the front of the stage. The special show for the night was announced for everyone to hear, and the excited murmurs from the night goers grew so loud that Phatthira turned her attention to it.

A stunningly beautiful woman with pale skin was straddling a chair placed prominently in the center of the stage. Her light, red velvet dress was incredibly sexy, showing off her pale skin from her back, thighs, and cleavage, making the tall woman watching freeze in place.

Her beautiful hips swayed to the rhythm of the music, every movement so sexy that it made the onlookers' hearts race. Her fiery eyes followed every move on the stage, almost forgetting herself, while her ears seemed to buzz as if she were about to faint.

"Wow, she's hotter than a whole garden of chili peppers. She wasn't this hot when she used to sing here. Are you sure she's had two kids?"

Pharima remarked, noticing her friend's reaction. Almost simultaneously, Phatthira's eyes widened, and she turned to glare at her friend without wasting any time. But the jealous wife was already springing to her feet, causing the club owner to shoul in surprise.

"Where are you going, Phat?!"

"I'm taking my wife home!"

"Hey! Wait a minute, she hasn't finished her song yet."

It was too late Phatthira was already heading to stand by the stairs next to the stage. Her sharp eyes were fixed on the woman swaying her hips without a care in the world. The seductive gaze she sent his way made her heart flutter, and her stomach chum.

Go ahead and tease! If you can tease, then tease away. She couldn't help it, just a little teasing from her wife, and she was already aroused. Just wait until they got home, she'd make sure her wife couldn't get up!

Everything Phatthira had in mind, she tried to keep hidden until they got home. They'd been together for many years, and their children had grown up, but her possessiveness toward her wife had never diminished.

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Her sharp eyes were fixed on the bathroom door as she saw the slender figure step out, wrapped only in a towel. Droplets of water still clung to her delicate shoulders, and the part that caught her eye the most was the full, white breasts peeking out from the edge of the towel.

"Why did you take so long in the shower?"

Phatthira got up from the bed and walked over to the woman who had just sat down at the vanity. She slowly applied cream to her slender arms, moving down to her white thighs.

Phatthira watched these actions, swallowing hard. Her breath became labored as she saw the towel being pulled up to her fair thighs, causing her to imagine all sorts of things.

"I wanted to soak in warm water, so I took a little longer in the bathroom. If you're sleepy. why didn't you go to bed first?"

Pandao asked.

"You should know I'm not sleepy, and what you're doing is deliberately teasing me, making me wait, making me anxious. And for dancing provocatively for others to see, you know I'm possessive."

"Well, don't you like pretty female singers, Phat? I just wanted to know...

Mmm."

Pandao moaned softly as the person behind her reached out to grasp her breasts, massaging them without giving her a chance to react.

"You wanted to know what? How jealous I can get?"

Phatthira whispered, nibbling on her white earlobe. Her hot breath on her skin was meant to arouse the woman in her arms.

Pandao could feel something pressing against her from under the bathrobe the other woman was wearing. When the tall woman pressed her hips against her from behind, it became even more apparent, making her heart race.

The towel was pulled down to the floor, and slender fingers teased her sensitive nipples until they hardened. The slender woman bit her lip, trying to stifle her moans as the teasing intensified.

"Moan for me. I love your voice, Pin, you know that,"

Phatthira whispered behind her white ear, moving her dominant hand down to tease the sensitive spot between her legs. The slickness she felt indicated how ready the woman in her arms was for her.

"You're so wet, and I haven't even done anything yet."

"Phat!"

Slender fingers rubbed her sensitive spot, making the slender woman moan. The teasing fingers on her sweet nipples added to the sensation, making it easy for her to reach her climax.

"Phat, I-I can't take it anymore."

"If you can't take it, then let it out. You know how much I love your sweet juice. Let's go to the bed."

Phatthira whispered hoarsely, guiding the slender woman back to the bed. She positioned herself between her legs, her beautiful face moving past her flat stomach, stopping between her legs and diving into her favorite spot, making the slender woman tremble.

Her body tensed and convulsed repeatedly as the wicked tongue licked and swallowed her sweet juice, showing no signs of stopping.

The bathrobe of the tall woman was discarded, leaving her completely naked. The sight of the stiff love rod that had been inside her body before made Pandao stare at it, swallowing hard.

"Are you going to use that?" Pandao asked.

"I want to use it with you. Can I?" Phatthira asked.

"Why not?"

Pandao didn't need to be asked twice. She pulled the other woman's neck down for a kiss, and the enthusiastic response only heightened their desire.

Phatthira reached down to guide the love rod, rubbing it up and down in the slickness.

Pandao bit her lip as she felt the pleasure. Every touch from her partner always brought her immense satisfaction.

"Mm, Phat, it feels so good," Pandao moaned.

"Does it feel good? Do you like it?"

"I like it. I like it a lot. Don't tease me, Phat,"

Pandao protested when the woman above her suddenly stopped moving, making her thrust her hips toward the love rod still poised at her entrance.

"What do you want me to do? Tell me, and I'll do whatever you want."

"Inside me. I want you inside me."

Pandao pleaded.

"Like this?"

The head of the love rod, slick with lubricant and her sweet juice, was slowly pushed into her body. But because it was larger than her fingers, the slender woman bit her lip as she felt the tightness when it entered her.

"Ah, Phat, it's so tight. I feel so full."

"I've only just started, my love. Just a little more."

Phatthira said, pushing her hips to insert the love rod into her fully. The size and depth made the slender woman cling tightly to the woman above her. "Ahh!"

"Does it hurt? Are you okay?"

"It doesn't hurt. Try moving, Phat. Ah!"

"Do you know how much your moans and your face when I'm inside you turn me on?"

"I know. I know,"

Pandao replied, moaning.

Knowing what her partner liked, from words to moans and actions, Pandao was always willing to comply.

Every move from her partner brought her immense satisfaction, always leading her to climax. They never tired of each other, always craving one another because their preferences matched each other's perfectly. They didn't need anyone else.

Just this person was enough. The one who accepted her for who she was and shared happiness without any pretense.

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# Chapter Special 03

Time passed by, and many things in life changed with it. But for the love that had once endured a great mistake, it became an important lesson in life. It taught the couple to understand and support each other, guiding their relationship with reason and understanding.

The melodious sound of music echoed throughout the hall. Everyone was sitting with smiles on their faces, focused on the image of a six-year-old girl sitting in front of a grand piano.

"My granddaughter's talent is extraordinary. It looks like she might really pursue this path when she grows up,"

The head of the family remarked with a proud smile. Initially, he'd hoped that his granddaughter would take over the family business in the future. But it seemed his expectations were a bit off, as from what he saw now, his granddaughter had both the talent and ability in music, surpassing the path of becoming a businesswoman like her mommy.

"Would you mind, Dad, if Panfun really pursued this path?"

"What could I say? If she loves it, we should let her do what she loves.

Besides, I still have another grandson. In the future, Prin might follow in Phat's footsteps,"

The head of the family said, nodding toward the little boy who was fidgeting on his daughter's lap. The one-year-old boy was trying to get down from Phatthira's lap before toddling toward his sister, who immediately turned her attention away from her play as soon as she saw her brother approaching.

"Prin!"

The six-year-old girl jumped up from her chair to help her brother, Prin, who had fallen on his bottom. Seeing her brother about to cry, the sister, who had a hint of beauty since childhood, quickly comforted him.

"Don't cry, Prin. Where does it hurt? Let me see."

"My niece seems to love her brother very much,"

Thiraphat said, looking at the scene with affection. The gentle nature of his granddaughter was just like her mother's.

"She was begging her mom for a sibling. If having kids is this adorable, Pin, do you think we should have one or two more? I'm good at taking care of them, right?"

Phatthira asked her wife, but the underlying meaning known only to the two of them made Pandao blush. She felt a sudden warmth as she imagined what her wife meant.

Bedroom matters were something Phatthira always demanded from her wife. Even after many years together, Pandao remained as desirable as ever. Despite having two children, she was still beautiful and charming, always making Phatthira's blood race.

With her partner's meaningful gaze, Pandao tried to change the subject to hide her embarrassment. It wasn't that she disliked her partner's expressions of desire, they reassured her that she was still wanted just as much as before.

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During a long holiday, the Phatthanadecha family traveled to Phuket for a vacation. The white vacation home was a place that held many memories in their lives.

Pandao sat on a swing under a tree by the beach, gazing at the white sand and absorbing the surrounding atmosphere, enveloped by the vast sea and sky.

Her little daughter was jumping around, playing with the waves that occasionally crashed onto the shore. Nearby, her partner was playing in the sea with their daughter, holding their laughing son in her arms.

For over ten minutes, the scene before her made Pandao unable to stop smiling. Up to this day. Phatthira made her feel certain that choosing her as a life partner was a stroke of luck she'd never imagined.

She never regretted a single day of giving her love, life, and breath to this woman.

Even though their relationship had faced severe hardships, overcoming them turned those experiences into lessons for growth.

Today. Phatthira made her understand her own worth. Previously, her career, judged by outsiders, had always made her feel anxious. But the doubts and insecurities about the love they had for each other were now gone.

What Phatthira had given her over the years was love and stability, proving to her that she could trust and be confident in their relationship.

Today, her heart was ready to embrace the love of this woman and protect it with all the love she had.

Seeing the golden light on the horizon starting to raise the morning temperature, Pandao decided to walk toward the three people who were her life and breath.

A sweet smile adorned her face as her partner turned to smile at her, extending an arm to pull her into a hug.

"Mom's here. It's time to go back inside."

Phatthira told their eldest daughter, who was still enjoying the small waves crashing onto the shore. Since they'd walked along the beach from the house early in the morning, her daughter showed no signs of tiring from playing in the sea.

"Mom!"

"Yes, my dear?"

Pandao opened her arms to receive her daughter, who ran toward her.

"I love you so much, Mom."

"I love you the most, too. What does my sweet daughter want?"

The little girl smiled sweetly, looking up at her mother with her usual pleading eyes:

"Mom, will you and Mommy take Prin and me to play in the sea again tomorrow morning?"

"Mm, would you like to come, Panfun?"

Pandao stroked her eldest daughter's head, noticing the beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Panfun was a clingy child, often making her parents give in to her.

"Yes, Mom. I had so much fun playing in the sea with Mommy today."

"Have you asked Mommy if she agrees?"

"I asked already. Mommy said yes, right?"

There was no need for an answer because as soon as she looked into her partner's eyes, Pandao already knew the answer.

Phatthira always indulged their children, especially their beloved daughter.

She rarely denied her anything.

"I should know the answer already, right?" Pandao said.

"Of course. I'm her mommy have always spoil my beautiful daughter."

"Yay! I love Mommy the most in the world!"

The little face leaned in to kiss her mommy's cheek. Just like that, the world of both parents brightened with their child's smile and happiness.

The ones she cherished and loved more than anything were these three people.

"And I love you, love Prin, and love your mom the most in the world,"

Phatthira said, turning to look at her partner. The love reflected in their eyes was overwhelming, beyond words.

Both love and attachment, feeling that the other was her entire breath.

"I love you, Pin. I want to tell you I'll love you like this until we're old."

"I love you too, Phat. I love you so much."

"That doesn't sound very nice."

"What do you mean?"

The question was full of curiosity, and the answer came as the taller woman leaned in to whisper in her ear.

"Because I love it better when you say you love me when I'm on top of you. When we get home, can you tell me you love me a few more times?"

"Just a few times? But why do I want to tell you I love you for the rest of my life?"

Pandao smiled sweetly, hearing her partner's soft laughter. Phatthira's face was filled with happiness. Her smile was as bright as the sky at that moment.

The warm embrace tightened as if to say they both wanted to hear each other's love for a lifetime. They wanted to whisper their love in those moments, even as time passed and their, bodies aged, still holding hands and staying together.

They wanted to embrace each other every night, to hear and say words of love to the woman who owned their heart for a lifetime.

**"I love you, Pin. I will tell you I love you like this for my entire life. I promise."**

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**Uncertainly**

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