Chapter 1: The Void

Ha Anh eased the door open and stepped into her quiet apartment. Evening sunlight spilled across the tiles, casting a tired golden hue on the pale walls. She slipped off her shoes, hung up her coat, and slowly collapsed onto the sofa with a long, weary sigh — as if trying to shed the invisible weight she’d been carrying all day.

The clock struck six. Silence — the same kind she came home to every night — settled over the room.

Her husband had been working overseas for almost two years. The video calls had grown infrequent. The messages? Just a few clipped words: “Busy.” “In a meeting.” “Will call when I can.”

At first, she told herself it was temporary — for their future, their family, their dreams.

But the emptiness had a quiet way of creeping in — during meals eaten alone, on sleepless nights staring at the ceiling, in the cold space beside her in bed.

She didn’t complain. Didn’t blame him. She did everything right — went to work, picked up her son, called her mother-in-law, kept the house in order.

But some nights, her own reflection startled her. The sparkle in her eyes was gone. The smile felt... practiced. Something inside her had quietly slipped away — like a single strand of hair falling without a sound.

That night, after dinner, she made herself a cup of tea. She sat by the window, watching city lights flicker in the distance. The world was still alive. Still rushing. Still bright. But inside her, everything felt muted — like a song without lyrics drifting through the dark.

Her phone lit up. Not him. Just an ad. She set it down. Closed her eyes.

A hush rose in her chest — soft, like a rising tide — but strong enough to make her heart flutter.

And then, uninvited but unmistakable, a name surfaced — distant, delicate, almost dreamlike — but enough to make her chest tighten with something she hadn’t felt in a very long time.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

She froze.

Standing on the other side was her neighbor — holding a small box of pastries…

**Chapter 2: Reunion – When an Old Wind Returns**

**TEASER:** A chance encounter at the supermarket reawakens a love Hà Anh thought she had buried. The eyes, the voice, the quiet tension — all come rushing back with just one message. And as rain falls outside her window, a long-forgotten part of her stirs awake. Maybe it was never really gone.

**TAGLINE:** *"You are married. You are safe. But your body stirred — barely, but enough."*

“Have you ever wondered... if a part of me was still waiting for you?”

The thought drifted through Hà Anh’s mind like breath across warm tea — soft, fleeting, gone before it could linger.

**Quân.**

His name echoed like a note from a song she hadn’t heard in years — low, familiar, buried under time, now quietly vibrating in her chest.

It felt strange. Not frightening — but like an old breeze finding the back of your neck, reminding you how it once knew your skin by heart.

He looked the same. Tall. Lean. A face marked not by age, but by the pause of time.

But his eyes... they hadn’t changed. Still deep. Still soft enough to make you look away — not from discomfort, but to avoid falling into the ache of remembering.

She took a step back, fingers tightening around her purse strap — not from fear, but instinct. Like anchoring herself inside a moment too wide, too still.

“It’s been a while,” he said — voice husky, low, laced with that casual intimacy of someone who once lived inside your silence.

She nodded. A careful smile. Shy. Tilted. Like something once precious, now too delicate to hold.

They had loved each other.

The kind of love that blooms before the world gets too loud. Raw. Hopeful. Reckless in its honesty.

But love didn’t pay rent. Didn’t impress parents.

Her mother had said, “You can’t live off love. My daughter needs something real.”

And Quân had nothing — except a tender voice and a heart too wide.

He never blamed her. Only himself — for not having more to offer.

And Hà Anh — though she ached — let go.

Not because she wanted to. But because she was taught to.

They didn’t fall out of love. They just ran out of the time they were allowed to stay in it.

The day they graduated, he disappeared. No goodbye. No message. And she never chased him.

Because deep down, she knew: if they ever saw each other again, she wouldn’t leave him twice.

She thought that chapter had closed.

Until that night — under the neon lights of a supermarket, between the rustling of greens and polished tiles — their eyes met.

And it all came back. Like wind slamming into a half-open window.

Not love. Not regret.

But the ache of something unfinished. A pull between memory and instinct.

“I just moved in,” he said. “Two buildings down.”

His gaze didn’t leave hers.

She smiled — the kind that hides a stuttered heartbeat. Then turned away. Gracefully. Like nothing had happened.

But his gaze… lingered.

That night, she curled under the covers. The bedside lamp spilled gold across her shoulder — skin soft as rain-warmed silk.

**Chapter 3 – Silent Waves Stir the Heart**

**📖 Teaser:** A single message awakens a flood of memories. A dream, a meeting, and the gentle tremble of a heart long buried in silence…

**💬 Tagline:** Some silences echo louder than words — and some goodbyes never truly end.

She had no idea when she drifted off that night — her mind a whirlpool of tangled emotions. Her heart, a knotted mess. Her body, strangely hollow… and damp.

Outside, the night breeze rustled through the trees, whispering like voices from a long-lost memory. Streetlights cast blurred shadows across the ceiling, as hazy as her thoughts.

In her dream, she was making love to her husband — wild, intense. Yet the man’s face began to blur… until it wasn’t her husband anymore. It was Quan. His deep, burning eyes seared through her.

She tried to resist, but her body followed each breath, each longing moan.

She woke with sweat across her brow — and between her thighs. The dream had left its mark. A dream… or a buried desire clawing its way out?

Morning crept in. Soft light filtered through the curtain slits, casting a gentle blush across her bedsheet. The lingering scent of fabric and her hair from the night before still clung to the air — faint and familiar, like the warmth of a dream that hadn’t yet faded.

Quan’s message resurfaced in her mind:

“If you’re free this afternoon… I want to see you. Just once.”

She didn’t answer. Part of her wanted to delete it — to erase the past. But another part… wanted to see him. Not to rekindle anything, but to ask. To look into his eyes and see if something was still left unsaid.

Sunlight filtered through the leaves outside, dancing across the swaying white curtain. The faint scent of jasmine from the diffuser floated in the air, thin as a memory. The room was so quiet, she could hear her own soft breathing.

She picked up her phone, then set it down again. Her thoughts circled: *I’m married… Would meeting him cross a line? Or is it just a conversation?*

A moment’s hesitation. Then those eyes — Quan’s eyes — appeared clearly in her mind, the same eyes that once made her heart skip.

She couldn’t delete it. Not yet.

She sat there in silence for a long while. Memories came flooding back. Their college days — a love once thought unbreakable. But distance, family, choices… had pulled them apart.

Tears welled in her eyes. Not sobbing — just quiet drops. Regret. Fear. Powerlessness. She knew that if she saw him again, it would be hard to keep her feelings in check.

But then she whispered to herself, like a gentle self-convincing:

“It’s just an old friend, that’s all…”

And then… she texted back:

*“Why do you still have my number?”*

The message sent. A moment later, her screen lit up.

*“I never deleted it.”*

Just four words. But they struck deep, tapping something inside her she thought long buried.

That afternoon, they met at a riverside café — the same one they used to frequent during college.

It was a small place, carrying the scent of roasted coffee and aged wood. Rustic tables and chairs, paint chipped with time. A pot of bougainvillea fluttered gently in the breeze.

Ha Anh arrived first. She chose a table on the patio. The setting sun cast a golden hue on her hair, on the rim of her glass as she slowly turned it in her hand.

Then Quan appeared.

Still tall, with that quietly melancholic gaze. His white shirt slightly wrinkled. He paused when he saw her — as if afraid the moment might vanish.

Their eyes met. No words. Just heartbeats and silence.

“It’s been a while…” — he finally said, voice low, almost lost in the wind.

“Yeah… a long time.” — she replied, trying to keep her tone even.

A breeze passed. The scent of coffee and wood stirred old memories.

“I used to imagine… if we met again, I’d say so much. But now… I don’t know where to start.”

“Just seeing you like this… I already understand,” she whispered, her voice trembling.

Silence again.

“I was angry… at the world when you left. I buried myself in work, chasing things to forget. But the harder I tried, the clearer your memory became.”

She looked up at him. Something unnamed flickered in her eyes.

“I promised myself — if I ever made it, I’d find you again. Now I’m the CEO of an IT company. I came back. But when I heard you got married… it felt like falling into an abyss.”

The wind brushed past. She shivered slightly.

“It wasn’t a coincidence… me buying an apartment near yours,” Quan said softly. “I haven’t let go. I never truly did.”

They sat a while longer. Talking little. Saying nothing deep. But their eyes kept meeting — enough to stir the heart, but not enough to close the distance.

When it was time to leave, Quan stood first. Ha Anh nodded, walking beside him toward the exit. The evening breeze cooled the air.

“I’ll walk you home?” — he asked gently.

She shook her head with a faint smile. “No… I’ll walk a bit on my own. Clear my head.”

“Alright…” — he nodded, the quiet disappointment unhidden.

They stood there a few seconds. As if words lingered, unspoken. But in the end, silence won.

A single nod — their farewell.

They turned. Each walking a different way.

The slanting sun stretched their shadows in opposite directions.

On her way home, Ha Anh felt her heart beating faster than usual. A mix of relief… and hollowness.

Nothing wrong had happened — but it wasn’t entirely right either.

And Quan, hands in his pockets, eyes on the sun-speckled pavement. She was still as beautiful as ever. But now… she belonged to someone else.

A meeting that seemed harmless — but within them both, a dormant current had been stirred awake.

**Chapter 4 – The Edge of Desire**

**📖 Teaser:** Memories resurface, blurring the line between past and present. Some desires never truly vanish — they just lie dormant, waiting for a crack in the silence.

**💬 Tagline:** The most dangerous sins often begin with a quiet ache.

Saturday afternoon. The sky was shifting quietly, the last rays of sunlight gliding over the windowpane, casting long golden streaks across the polished floor — like a memory trying to hold on through dusk.

Ha Anh had just dropped her child off at her in-laws’. A precious pocket of solitude she looked forward to each weekend. Yet, strangely, in that quiet… loneliness seeped in even more clearly.

She read novels. Stories — especially the ones on Moonlust. In them, she saw reflections of herself — women with gentle facades, hiding secret embers of longing. Sometimes she wondered: *“Will I… one day… become like them?”*

The thought made her body flush with heat. A flicker of fear. But deeper… a slow-burning throb of desire. A yearning — deep, persistent, untouched.

Since that café meeting, she and Quan had messaged more often. It made her smile. But also feel guilty. *“I’m married,”* she reminded herself.

Yet each message felt like a knock on an old door she thought was sealed shut. He didn’t speak of sex. But that gaze — his voice, soft and low — made her feel heard… seen… remembered.

And she couldn’t deny it: part of her was drifting, quietly, back toward him.

That night, she lay curled beside the window. A soft amber glow cast a halo on her cheek. Outside, the caws of crows echoed against the rare silence of the street. It was quiet enough to hear her own breath.

A faint breeze slipped through the open window. The scent of damp air and far-off woodsmoke mingled with something older — a memory of rain, and a tiny apartment in their college days.

A rickety fan turned with a rhythmic creak. The dim tube light flickered, making shadows dance on peeling walls. The floor was thin wood. The air smelled faintly of laundry soap.

But within that bare space, there had once been something radiant: first love.

They had studied side by side, hands brushing, exchanging clumsy first kisses. Whenever Quan touched her — her shoulder, her back, his hand slipping gently along her waistline — it was like sparks lit her skin.

One rainy evening, they lay side by side on a thin mattress on the floor. He kissed her deeply, slowly. His lips traveled from her mouth to her neck… her chest… lower…

A sudden noise — footsteps in the hallway. Ha Anh froze. But it was only a neighbor passing by. Still, her pulse quickened. Their bodies tangled again — as if each kiss could be the last.

She remembered how, when she said no to going further, Quan didn’t pressure her. He simply leaned down… and used his mouth to explore the most intimate part of her.

She gasped. Startled. Her hands flew to his head — not pushing away, but trembling with uncertainty. Fear. Embarrassment. What if someone heard?

But the moment she let go… his warm breath felt like summer rain falling on parched earth — awakening something in her that had long been buried.

She trembled. Her throat tightened. She instinctively pressed her legs together — but couldn’t resist fully.

“Stop…” she whispered — though her voice lacked conviction.

He looked up at her. Eyes tender. Then held her close, as if to shelter her from her own storm.

At nineteen, Quan had a hunger in him — raw, unfiltered. Whenever they were alone, he touched her like she might slip away. He wanted her with all the reckless passion of youth.

And she — though fearful — couldn’t turn away. Because she loved him. Fiercely.

Though she never let things go all the way, she gave him everything else — long kisses, tight embraces, trembling skin pressed to skin.

Maybe that’s why the memory never faded — because they never crossed the line.

There’s a certain purity to almost-sin — enough innocence to call it love, enough tremor to haunt you for life.

And there was one secret she never dared speak:

The first person to touch her there… wasn’t her husband.

And the first hand she shyly held… didn’t belong to the man she married.

But all of it had stopped at the edge — a breath before surrender. Just enough to stay sacred.

Just enough to never forget.

**Chapter 5 – Glasses of Longing**

**📖 Teaser:** Sometimes, you don’t need to end up in bed — some meetings alone can leave you trembling all night.

**💬 Tagline:** Not all cravings are physical. Some come from memories that never learned how to fade.

The old seafood shack still sat beneath the canopy of that ancient almond tree, its yellow lights casting a hazy glow over steaming trays of boiled snails, stir-fried clams, grilled scallops. The scent of alcohol mingled with lemongrass, ginger, and sea salt — a small gateway to a long-sleeping memory.

Quan arrived first. Sleeves rolled, hair tousled like the old days. He was staring into his glass of rice wine when her silhouette appeared.

Ha Anh came later. An ivory silk dress hugged her frame — not revealing, but enough to highlight the curves of a woman seasoned by life. Her body had changed in the way mothers do. The flat stomach of her youth now gave way to soft, full femininity — a kind of ripeness that made every movement seem like a sensual note in a song.

Her wavy hair cascaded loosely. Bare shoulders peeked through the thin silk. Her eyes — still those same eyes — deep, wistful, like a lake in late autumn.

Quan looked up. Froze for a second. Not because she looked glamorous, but because of that ripened womanhood — the kind of beauty only time can shape, and only the observant can truly feel.

"Been a while since I had this dish," she said, picking up a steaming snail.

"Tastes the same. But the person next to me… isn’t the third-year student from back then." He smiled, pouring her a splash of rice wine.

She hesitated, then raised her glass for a light clink. “Just one glass.”

But one became two, then three. Not out of a wish to get drunk — but as a shield, a reason not to speak the truth.

The restaurant lights blurred with the wine. Laughter from other tables faded, leaving only the rustling leaves above and the soft crackle of charcoal below.

Quan poured more wine, his voice low, almost like he was talking to himself:

"It’s been ages since I sat like this… next to someone who once made me forget the world."

Ha Anh chuckled softly, eyes lowered, fingers swirling her glass. She didn’t answer, but the corners of her lips moved slightly.

He looked at her, slow and deliberate:

“Do you remember that rainy afternoon? We were holed up in my little room — cold outside, but burning up inside.”

She froze. A pang hit her heart.

"I remember. Vividly," she whispered.

A long pause. Quan sipped his wine, gently set the glass down, his fingers brushing the edge of the table.

"If there hadn’t been footsteps in the hallway that day… we might not have stopped."

She looked at him — eyes shimmering with something between longing and regret.

She hadn’t thought he remembered… those tiny details. What she’d locked away and tried to forget still lived, perfectly preserved, in someone else.

And that… made her heart ache.

“Maybe… back then, I wasn’t brave enough. I thought drawing a line would keep you close. But all I kept… was a beautiful memory I can’t touch.”

She put down her chopsticks.

"My husband’s been on an overseas assignment for over a year now."

“I know.”

“At first, we’d video call every day. Then it faded… now it’s just short messages like ‘Work’s hectic. Take care.’”

Her voice carried no blame — just fact, wrapped in a paper-thin smile that the wind could blow away.

“Sometimes I don’t miss him… as much as I miss the feeling of someone looking me in the eyes and *seeing* me.”

That line — like a blade slicing through the emotional armor she’d been wearing.

Quan said nothing. Just poured another glass and handed it to her. Their hands touched.

She paused.

Didn’t pull back.

Didn’t flinch.

The wine. The warmth. His gaze… made her heart skip a beat.

They kept talking. About college. Skipping class to eat snails. The first time he held her hand in the rain — shaking like a boy in love for the first time.

Fragments of old stories — soaked in nostalgia, in longing, in desires that had never quite found names.

Night settled in. The wine warmed her cheeks. She tilted her head back for a final sip, wincing at the burn — eyes glistening like dew.

“I should go,” she said, tightening the strap of her purse.

“I’ll call a cab.”

When it arrived, Quan draped his coat over her shoulders. His hand lingered at the nape of her neck — a beat too long. She closed her eyes for a second. Didn’t move.

As she stepped into the car, she turned and whispered:

“Thank you… for tonight.”

He leaned in, kissed her cheek — light, without desire. Just a touch, like he didn’t want the night to end with words.

She didn’t resist. But didn’t return it either.

Only her eyes — as she turned away — glistened just a bit more.

The car pulled away. She leaned against the window, thoughts tangled.

[Text from Quan:] “I still remember… that rainy night. You were curled up under the blanket, wet hair clinging to your cheek. That look in your eyes… it was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen.”

She stared at the screen. Hesitated. Then typed:

[Reply:] “Tonight… I don’t know if I should feel happy or sad. But one thing I’m sure of: I never forgot.”

**Chapter 6 – From a Single Touch**

**📖 Teaser:** Not every embrace is about love. Some are just to keep a woman from falling apart.

**💬 Tagline:** Sometimes, the line we draw is the one we long to cross the most.

The last message Ha Anh sent — *"I never forgot"* — had remained unanswered all night.

Until morning.

[Quan:] *"If one day you want to forget the line... I’ll still be here. Just to listen. Just to hold you."*

No other words.

That morning, Ha Anh stared at the message for a long time. She didn’t reply. But she didn’t delete it either.

That afternoon, the sky turned grey, heavy with unnamed sadness. Wind rustled through the lakefront trees. Yellow leaves fell like quiet memories letting go.

She texted him one short line:

[Ha Anh:] *"I need to talk. Can we meet?"*

They met at a lakeside café. Rain had started — a soft drizzle, like whispers from within.

Ha Anh arrived late. No makeup. A long knit dress, modest. But her eyes — they held a vast reservoir about to overflow.

She sat down. Didn’t order anything. Just said softly:

“That night… I was wrong. I shouldn’t have sent that.”

Quan stayed quiet. Looked at her for a long time, then shook his head gently:

“No. You weren’t wrong. You just… spoke your truth. And sometimes, speaking your truth… is the hardest thing of all.”

Rain grew heavier. Droplets streaked the window like memories sliding down glass.

“I’ll take you home,” he said, standing.

On the road, rain pounded harder. At a long red light, the hum of traffic blurred into the sound of doubt.

Quan glanced at her and spoke, voice low, like wind slipping through a window:

“If you want… there’s a place nearby to wait out the rain. We could go there. Just until it eases.”

Ha Anh didn’t answer. She looked at the rain, at her hand gripping her purse strap. Then glanced at Quan.

Something cracked inside her.

She didn’t nod. Didn’t shake her head. Just turned away, whispering:

“…Yeah. It’s raining.”

🌧️ A hotel. Warm lights. And the faint blur between boundaries.

The room was simple. Clean. Not luxurious. But quiet enough to hear a heartbeat.

Golden light filled the space, softening the walls — as reason began to surrender to feeling.

Ha Anh wrapped a towel loosely around herself after drying off. Quan leaned against the table, watching her. His gaze wasn’t teasing — it was ripe, restrained longing.

“This place… reminds me of my old apartment,” he murmured.

She blinked, startled by the memory.

“Back in college… cramped little room full of guitar strings and instant noodles.”

He stepped closer:

“You used to wear those oversized tees and shorts. Honestly… I found you even more attractive back then.”

She swatted his arm lightly, shy. But her eyes… shimmered with a quiet tremble.

“I remember that feeling. Just pulling you into my arms… made the whole world disappear.”

She turned away. Eyes toward the window. Then slowly stepped back, as if letting herself brush against the coming storm.

In her mind: *I’m married. I have a child. He’s just a ghost from the past. We’re here just to wait out the rain.*

Lightning flashed. Thunder rolled — a voice from deep within.

Quan came closer. Placed his hand on her waist — gently, but firm, like instinct breaking free.

She gasped. Part of her wanted to push him away. Leave. Escape before this crossed beyond forgiveness.

But the memories… held her there.

He inhaled the scent of her damp hair. His breath seared her neck. His lips traced her spine — from nape to lower back.

His hand gripped her waist tighter — like he couldn’t bear to lose her again.

The wind blew the curtain open. Her towel shifted. And her body… shivered.

He turned her slowly to face him. Their eyes locked. A silence deeper than words.

He kissed her.

First, at the corner of her lips — soft as a dragonfly landing.

Then, deeper. Hungrier. Like years of restraint collapsing into a single kiss.

His hand brushed her shoulder. Fingers traced the edge of her towel. He paused — searching her eyes.

She didn’t speak. Just closed her eyes.

The towel slipped. Each inch, peeling away one last layer of self-defense.

His fingers caressed her skin — soft, untouched for too long.

He knelt. Lifted her heel. Kissed her knee. Then down her inner thigh — slow, deep, intoxicated.

She trembled.

“Quan… don’t look at me like that…” she whimpered, part ashamed, part aching.

Her phone buzzed. Her husband’s name lit up the screen.

She flinched. Turned away. But Quan stayed where he was — breath hot against her trembling thigh, like an electric current through her core.

She clutched the towel tighter, rushed to the window, answered.

Rain still fell outside. Inside, the golden light wrapped her flushed skin.

Thunder cracked. She shivered — not from fear, but from something deeper.

Her husband’s voice: “What are you doing? Home with our son?”

“Yeah… just watching TV.” Her voice shook, like someone caught between two waves.

But Quan was behind her now. His hand found her waist again — held tight.

His body pressed into her back — towel the only thing between them.

Below… something hard nudged against her.

She held her breath. Gripped the phone tighter.

“I’m here…” she whispered, dazed, clinging to the last thread of control.

His hand slid to her lower abdomen. Then paused. Waiting.

Her mind screamed. But her body… yearned.

If he didn’t stop now — she wouldn’t stop him.

Her husband said something. She didn’t hear.

A long silence.

Then she said:

“…Let’s talk later. I think our son’s calling.”

She ended the call.

And in that moment — every boundary collapsed.

She dropped the phone. Didn’t turn around. But didn’t stop him.

He understood.

He kissed her back. Her shoulder. Her neck.

And as his lips slid down her bare skin, Ha Anh closed her eyes — and let herself melt… into the rain… into the moment… with no way back.

**Chapter 7 – When the Body Speaks**

**📖 Teaser:** Some voices need no words. Just a look, a touch... and the body will answer on its own.

The phone had just gone silent, and Ha Anh stood frozen — both hands gripping the window ledge, her body locked between a tide of memories and the storm of longing rising inside her.

Outside, the wind lashed against the glass, syncing with her pounding heartbeat, threatening to explode.

Behind her, Quan said nothing. He simply tightened his arms around her waist — steady, warm. No demands. No rush. But no retreat either.

Ha Anh tilted her head slightly. His lips found her ear, whispering with hot, damp breath:

"I'm here. You don’t need to say a thing..."

Then he kissed her. No longer tentative — but with fire. From her neck, across her shoulder, down to the trembling curve of her collarbone.

Wherever his lips touched, her skin awoke like after a long sleep.

Ha Anh turned to face him. Her eyes glassy. She looked up at him — no longer resisting, but surrendering. A surrender both proud and desperate.

She kissed him. Her lips reached for his — hungry, trembling, like a child returning to a long-lost embrace.

Their kiss deepened — fierce, uninterrupted, as if stopping would shatter it all.

Quan lifted her. Ha Anh wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her face into the hollow of his shoulder — where his scent lingered like an addictive drug.

He laid her on the bed — as gently as placing something sacred on the altar of desire.

Her towel slipped away. Her naked body revealed beneath the soft, golden light. She moved to cover her chest, but Quan stopped her.

He looked at her for a long time — said nothing, just placed a hand on her left breast, over her racing heart:

"Right here… you're still the same girl I once loved."

Then he lowered his head. His mouth wrapped around her soft breast. His tongue circled her stiffening nipple — tender yet intense.

Ha Anh arched. A gasp escaped her lips — involuntary, raw.

He took his time. His left hand traced her spine — from the nape to her lower back, each vertebra shivering. His right hand slipped lower — across her belly, past her navel, and paused at the warm, wet triangle of her desire.

He didn’t enter. Just traced the outer folds with one finger — like a wind dancing over water and fire.

She twitched slightly, but didn’t resist. Her legs parted. Her body responded like a night flower blooming under a summer rain.

Outside, a low rumble of thunder echoed — awakening something primal in her.

As his finger slid inside, she arched, moaning:

"Ah... don't... don’t be rough..."

But her eyes begged: *Don’t stop...*

Quan continued — gentle at first, then firmer. Ha Anh clutched the bedsheet, trembling. One hand still caressed her breast, the other played with her drenched petals.

She heard her own heartbeat — erratic, wild — mingling with the steady patter of rain on glass.

Then he spread her legs wider, sliding between them. His erection was hard as stone, burning like fire.

When its tip touched her wet entrance, Ha Anh jerked — but didn’t pull away. She only whispered:

"Quan… go slow…"

He looked at her, said nothing, kissed her forehead — then pushed in gently.

As he entered her, a flicker of memory surfaced — her husband’s brief, silent sessions. No kisses. No foreplay. No whispers. Just duty.

But now... Quan was inside her — with heart, with eyes, with every tender thrust.

The fullness wasn’t just physical — it was the overwhelming presence of a real man.

She shuddered — not in pain, but because for the first time… she felt like a woman.

For the first time in years of a cold marriage — she felt someone truly entering her.

Full. Overwhelmed. Yet... something hollow deep within finally felt complete.

Every movement erased the nights she lay alone. Slow at first, then building — until the old bed creaked with each rhythm.

The wind still howled. Rain still fell. And they — tangled together like two souls meeting in a storm.

Ha Anh moaned — soft at first, then louder, unashamed.

She called his name. Clung to him. Cried.

But not from guilt — from the release of finally being heard.

"Just like that... don’t let me go..." — she sobbed between thrusts — both in pain and in ecstasy.

Quan didn’t answer. He just held her tighter — as if melting into her, piece by piece.

And then, at the deepest point — as her body clenched around him, a broken moan on her lips — Quan exhaled, thrust one final time... and stopped, his body trembling.

A hot rush spilled inside her.

Ha Anh’s eyes widened — her whole body lit up, confused, lost, yet wrapped in a strange fullness.

She could hear it — the pulsing deep within, the warmest part of her just filled.

Neither spoke. Only breath tangled. Rain whispered beyond the glass. And here — in this small room — two souls had touched something far beyond flesh.

...She didn’t know how long the night would last. But she knew — she would never be the same.

**Chapter 8 – Sleepless Night**

**📖 Teaser:** When the body speaks, the soul can no longer remain silent.

Ha Anh lay on her side, her messy hair spilling down her bare back. The warm yellow light of the bedside lamp cast a glow over her flushed skin, still steeped in the breath of passion.

Quan was behind her, his arm wrapped securely around her waist. His breathing was deep and even—but his eyes remained open, as if trying to memorize each trembling moment just passed.

She wasn’t asleep. Her body was still tingling, but inside… it felt like a flood was rising—wild and unstoppable.

Her hand reached back, touching his. Then she turned her head, a tiny, mischievous smile tugging at her lips:

"Do you want more?"

Quan looked at her. No words. But his eyes—lit up like fire.

He rolled her onto her back, leaning down to kiss her breast that had only just calmed.

“You already know the answer.”

This time, it was Ha Anh who took the lead. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him close. Her hand reached down, grasping his hardness—warm, full, pulsing—and guided it to her lips.

She kissed the tip as if caressing something sacred. Her tongue traced his length, her eyes locked on his—teasing, seductive.

Quan let out a low moan, his body taut. He gripped the sheet as her tongue played around the vein that ran beneath, then slowly, gradually, took him into her mouth—deeper, deeper—until she reached the base.

"Where did you learn this...?” he whispered, gasping and moaning.

“Not from my husband,” she smirked—half teasing, half true—then continued, taking him in again, slower this time, in a rhythm soft and hypnotic, like a lullaby for lust.

Wet sounds filled the quiet room. Moans mingled with suckling, breath hot and heavy.

Just when Quan thought he might lose control, she stopped—climbed on top of him, pinned his hands above his head, and slid down.

As he entered from below, she let out a shuddering moan of fulfillment:

“Ah… god… it’s so deep… I love it…”

She began to move—slow at first, then faster. Her breasts bounced with each thrust. Sweat glistened on her neck, chest, stomach—the light catching her like a glowing silhouette in the dark.

“My husband’s never seen me like this…” she hissed, then leaned down and bit his ear. “Do you know… how long I’ve craved this feeling?”

Quan flipped her over, lifted her legs onto his shoulders—and pounded. Hard. Relentless.

The wet slaps echoed, blending with panting breaths and Ha Anh’s sobbing moans:

"So deep… ah… yes… don’t stop… more…"

They changed positions again and again—she on all fours, he taking her from behind; then lying sideways, one leg lifted for deeper thrusts; then she sat on him in a chair, arms wrapped around his neck—her back arched, chest pressed against his, their bodies moving in perfect rhythm.

“Right there… yes… harder… don’t you dare go easy on me tonight…”

Each climax brought tears—of not pain, but release. A wave of ecstasy stripping away her every facade.

No longer the cold wife. No longer the perfect mother. Just a woman—aching to be seen, to be touched, to melt in the arms of someone who truly listened to her body.

“Quan… I… again… don’t stop… don’t…”

“Moan for me, Ha Anh… let me hear everything you’ve kept buried…”

That night, they made love a third time, a fourth… they stopped counting. She drifted off, only to be awakened again by a kiss between her thighs.

She smiled through her tears. Moaned his name. And as dawn crept in, with the storm outside finally quieting… they were still tangled in each other.

Before the final round, Ha Anh leaned in, whispering into his ear with a trembling but eager voice:

“This time… I want it… in my mouth. Let me taste you… please.”

The words incinerated whatever reason Quan had left.

He panted, lifted himself, letting her lie back with her head slightly raised.

Standing by the bed, he watched as Ha Anh opened her lips—eyes gleaming, tongue tracing around his swollen tip—then took him in.

Quan grabbed her hair, moaning out loud:

"God… Ha Anh… I’ve dreamed of this since college…"

She sucked deeply, rhythmically—saliva and heat combining into wet, obscene music.

She reached up, using both hands and lips, making his whole body tense, every vein prominent.

Her soft moans hummed through him—like a desperate, rising melody.

“More… I can’t hold it… ah…”

And then—with a guttural moan and a strained cry of her name—Quan convulsed, holding her head in place… and came.

Pulse after pulse of thick heat filled her mouth, coated her tongue, slipped down her throat.

Ha Anh didn’t flinch. She swallowed—slowly, fully—then exhaled a soft, satisfied sigh:

"Salty… but it tastes like the man I never want to lose."

Quan pulled her into his arms, holding her as if giving her every last piece of himself.

They melted into one another—no clocks, no storm, no outside world. Only two hearts, beating as one.

Tonight, her body had truly come alive. And that buried voice… had finally been heard.

**🎧 Tagline:** Lust is loudest when whispered through the skin.

**Chapter 9 – A New Flavor of Temptation**

**📖 Teaser:** When a kiss carries memory, even the air feels heavier.

Morning came gently, sunlight filtering through the curtains like a shy afterthought of the night before. Ha Anh opened her eyes—naked, sore, and tangled in a storm of emotions. It had been ages since she’d slept that deeply—no dreams, no tossing. Only the afterglow on her skin and the musky scent of two bodies woven into the sheets.

She turned—slowly. A dull ache pulsed between her legs, drawing a sharp inhale from her lips. Her muscles protested with every slight shift, as if her body were still whispering remnants of last night.

Beside her lay a small folded note, written in that familiar, confident hand:

*You are most beautiful when you stop hiding what you truly desire.*

*I know this is crossing a line. But when you cried in my arms last night—I couldn't walk away anymore.*

*I’ve never touched a married woman before. But with you… every principle collapsed.*

*I didn’t come back to stir up your world. I came back… because staying away felt more like betrayal.*

—Quan

She clutched the note, closed her eyes. Each line pressed into her chest like hot ink on delicate paper.

No, she didn’t regret it. But something inside her had shifted. Something she couldn’t name—like a thread that had always held her together had now quietly snapped.

She laughed, low and breathy:

“Don’t even know how many rounds… no wonder my legs feel like jelly.”

Then she smirked—a wicked little glint in her eye.

“And yeah… Quan isn’t my husband.”

Back home, she soaked under the shower for ages. Cold water ran down her flushed skin, but it couldn’t erase the imprints of his hands, the fevered kisses, the way her breath had caught in his mouth.

In the mirror, she met her own gaze—red-rimmed, distant. As if seeing a version of herself she hadn’t met in years. Guilt coiled low in her belly. Her husband’s face floated behind the fog—gentle, unshaken. A man who had never failed her. Never raised his voice. Never left.

He was the one who stayed up when their child had a fever. Who ordered her favorite takeout after her late shifts. Who kissed her forehead without asking for anything in return.

She remembered the way he waved at the airport, smiling through tired eyes. And just like that—her heart twisted.

Why now, Quan?

Why did you have to return when I was this lonely… this fragile?

If we had just been braver back then—would I be sneaking around now, breathing in guilt between pleasure?

Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes. One man had built her a life. The other had branded her soul.

What choice did she have—when either path meant losing a part of herself?

She sighed, long and aching, as if exhaling years of restraint. Something had changed. Irrevocably.

Her phone buzzed.

**Quan:**

*Can you meet tonight?* *I won’t ask for forgiveness. I just want us to be honest.* *Whether we end this or not—I want to be the one who respects you most.*

She didn’t reply. Just sat there, staring at the screen as evening seeped through the window.

A second message lit up:

*I booked our old spot. If you don’t come… I’ll still wait.*

The café was tucked away like always—quiet, intimate. Quan sat waiting, fingers loosely spinning a cold teacup. When she walked in, his eyes lifted—no shame, no demand. Just a softness she remembered too well.

They spoke slowly. No apologies. No pretending. Just stories. Echoes. Wounds shared between sips.

*You were my dream… every damn day I was young.*

*And you were the one I let go of—not because I stopped loving you, but because I didn’t know how to fight.*

As the place emptied, Quan leaned in:

*I don’t want to undo the life you’ve built. I just want to be there… if you ever need me.*

*Come by tonight, if you want. I’d like you to see what my life became after you walked out of it.*

She didn’t speak. Just nodded—barely.

His apartment was cleaner than she expected. Sparse, but warm. In one corner, an old photo frame held their college class picture. Her smile, frozen in time, made her heart ache.

This—was the surprise. A space that hadn’t forgotten her. A life that still kept her on its shelves.

Quan poured wine. Music played—their song. The one they’d used to study to, laugh to, fall asleep with in her dorm room.

She closed her eyes. Let it wash over her.

They sat side by side. Not touching. But close enough for their breaths to brush.

*I know I shouldn’t… but I want to understand what this is becoming.*

*I don’t want to steal you. I want you to choose—because you want to.*

Night deepened. And Ha Anh didn’t leave.

She stayed. In silence. In memory. In the pull of something far bigger than either of them.

He didn’t speak. Just gently took her hand.

Then, wordlessly, pulled her into an embrace so soft it made her tremble.

And in that moment, when their lips met again… she stopped fighting.

She let go.

**🎧 Tagline:** Some sins are sweeter when remembered than forgiven.

**Chapter 10 – Everything That Trembled Inside Her**

**📖 Teaser:** When guilt begins to taste like desire, even silence burns.

The office bathed in the golden hush of late afternoon. Ha Anh leaned against the edge of her desk, the hem of her skirt brushing her thighs. She hadn’t meant to stay this late, but part of her didn’t want to go home either.

Her phone buzzed.

**Quan:**

*“Can you meet now? I’ve been thinking about nothing else.”*

Her fingers hovered over the screen. The air in the room felt thicker, heavier, as if her hesitation had weight.

*“Give me ten minutes.”*

She didn’t look at herself before leaving. Didn’t fix her makeup. Didn’t rehearse what to say.

She just walked.

Quan’s place smelled faintly of bergamot and whiskey. Ha Anh stood at the door, coat still on, heart pounding beneath layers of reason she no longer believed in.

Quan opened the door and stepped aside, silent. No words. Just breath, heat, and tension.

The moment the door closed behind her, she turned—and kissed him.

Hard.

As if every missed chance from the past had finally caught up and refused to be denied.

Her coat slid off her shoulders. His hands found her hips. Lips parted. Teeth grazed. Tongues met like fire meeting oil.

She dropped to her knees.

The carpet scraped her skin as she reached for his belt. Her fingers trembled—not from fear, but from need. From memory. From the echo of how he used to taste.

She looked up at him—eyes glinting with something wild, almost broken.

Then, without a word, she took him into her mouth.

Soft. Deep. Slow.

Each stroke of her lips a confession. Each swirl of her tongue a surrender.

Quan let out a low groan, his hand tangled in her hair, not guiding—just grounding himself.

She went deeper. Gagged. Pulled back. Went again.

Until her tears mixed with spit and his moans became prayers.

When he came, she didn’t flinch. Just swallowed.

And smiled.

“Missed that,” she whispered, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

Later, he lay on the couch, still dazed. She straddled him—facing away.

“Don’t you want to see me?” he asked.

“I want to feel you,” she murmured, sinking down onto him.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips.

Her hands gripped the backrest. Her hips rolled. Slowly at first—then faster. Desperate. Hungry.

She rode him like memory, like vengeance, like she was trying to undo every year they’d lost.

Their bodies slapped, the sound wet and obscene and perfect.

He reached around, cupped her breasts. She arched.

“Say it,” he rasped.

“That you ruined me?” she breathed. “That every night with him felt like a lie after you?”

He thrust up, matching her rhythm.

She came—shaking, panting, biting her lip to keep from screaming.

He followed—face buried in her back, breath ragged.

Steam curled in the bathroom. Ha Anh stood under the water, letting it cascade down her flushed skin. Her legs still trembled.

Quan stepped behind her, arms circling her waist.

“I shouldn’t be here,” she whispered.

“But you are.”

He kissed her shoulder. Traced her spine.

Hands found thighs. Lifted. Pressed.

He entered her from behind—slow, steady.

Water splashed. Skin met skin.

She moaned—high, soft, helpless.

His voice was a growl in her ear:

“Who makes you feel this alive?”

She didn’t answer. Couldn’t.

Her head fell back. He held her tighter.

Each thrust sent shockwaves up her spine, through her ribs, into the place that still remembered how to ache.

She came again—silently this time, mouth open in a scream she swallowed.

When he followed, she felt every pulse, every twitch, every unspoken vow he poured into her.

Wrapped in towels, they lay on his bed. No words. Just breath syncing in the dark.

“I’m not asking you to leave your life,” he said. “Just to be honest with yourself.”

She turned to him.

“I don’t know who I am with you.”

“Yes,” he said gently. “You do. You’ve just been pretending not to.”

She looked up at the ceiling.

And somewhere deep inside—something crumbled.

**🎧 Tagline:** Some lines, once crossed, redraw the shape of a woman’s soul.

**Chapter 11: The Day He Returned**

The night before her husband’s return, Ha Anh and Quan knew they’d be apart for at least two weeks. He had an unexpected business trip in the morning, and she needed to prepare for her husband’s arrival after nearly two years away. They didn’t speak much—just lay quietly under the dim glow of the bedside lamp, eyes fixed on the ceiling as if counting down the seconds they had left.

She straddled him, letting the soft light skim her porcelain skin. The room was still, filled only with the whir of the ceiling fan and the soft rustling of fabric and quickening breaths. Ha Anh lowered herself, her trembling fingers reaching between his legs, gently wrapping around the heat pulsing there. She stroked along its length as though discovering it for the first time, then slowly guided him inside—deep, deliberate, as if trying to etch the sensation into memory. A silent farewell, written in the language of skin.

Quan wrapped his arms around her waist, moving in rhythm, gripping tighter as if to capture this final moment. No words of love. No lines drawn. Just the sound of bodies meeting, echoing through a room scented with longing, laced with breathless sighs and the faint creak of a bed shifting with each thrust.

She leaned down, kissed his shoulder, whispered in his ear: — I’ll remember… every second of tonight.

He didn’t respond. He rolled her beneath him, held her down, and drove into her with the weight of an unspoken goodbye. When they climaxed, it was as if they tumbled into a void—no future, no past—only the now, wrapped in passion and pain.

In the final seconds, Ha Anh gently pushed him back, her eyes tilting with quiet hesitation. She didn’t let him finish inside her, not like before. The looming presence of the morning—of a man who once meant everything—made her tremble. Instead, she raised herself and caught his heat on her face, softly suckling the last of it, as if clinging to the taste with every drop of instinct and regret.

Later, lying curled in his arms, sweat beading along her spine, the amber glow from the lamp cast their shadows upward. The fan stirred the damp strands of her hair, cooling her like the tailwind of a storm she’d survived… barely.

He kissed the nape of her neck, murmuring: — Tonight… you’re mine. But tomorrow… you’ll be you again. A mother. A wife. A woman who once belonged to another man.

She said nothing. Just held his hand tighter, trying to freeze the moment. There were no boundaries anymore—only echoes. Salty. Hot. Deep. In places no word could ever reach.

A thought flickered inside her, aching and tender: “That day… I couldn’t give you my innocence. So tonight, I gave you everything. Even the part no one else had touched… a final, complete surrender.”

Late June in Hanoi was thick with heat and dust, as if the whole city had bottled up summer’s secrets in its sweltering air. Ha Anh stood in front of the mirror, straightening the collar of her white blouse. Morning light filtered in through the blinds, highlighting a thinner face, deeper eyes.

Today, her husband was coming home.

The gray suitcase sat ready by the door. She had barely slept, not out of fear—but because she no longer knew what needed hiding… or how to hide it. All traces had been erased—new bedsheets, discarded perfume, rearranged clothes. But sensations? The scent of Quan still clung somewhere—around her chest, under her belly, in the gaze staring back at her from the mirror.

A car horn startled her. She walked quickly to the gate. And there he was—the husband who had been gone nearly two years—stepping in, wrapped in sun and sweat and the fatigue of long-haul flights. He embraced her like one clutches something familiar and fragile. She held him too, by reflex… but her heart beat uncertainly.

“I’m home,” he said, his voice low and tired. Yet his eyes hadn’t quite found her.

Behind him stood a foreign man. Dark-skinned, tall, lightly curled hair, sunglasses tucked into the collar of a blue shirt. He nodded politely:

— Hello. I’m Tony—traveling with Andrew back to Vietnam. Nice to meet you.

She nodded with a soft smile. Just a guest, that’s all.

That evening, after the welcome dinner, Tony was invited to stay a few days for work. They chatted lightly—weather, culture, Hanoi in summer. Ha Anh mostly listened, smiling, offering food, then quietly excusing herself, worn out from the day’s preparations.

After Tony left for the hotel, she tucked their son into bed. Only the two of them remained.

**Her husband pulled her close on the couch, his arm around her shoulder.** The golden glow of a table lamp softened the room, masking the invisible distance between them.

His voice was low, slightly hoarse:

— I missed you… so much. The house, your scent, even the way you scolded me before I left. I’m no good with words, but… without you, I couldn’t breathe.

She didn’t know how to respond. She smiled faintly, nodded, resting her head on his shoulder. Her heart raced… not from emotion, but anxiety. Images of Quan hadn’t faded yet.

He stood, took her hand: — It’s been too long… Let’s go upstairs.

She nodded. Every step up the stairs felt heavy with fear—fear of being found out.

In the bedroom, the only light came from the corner lamp. He pulled her into him, kissing her neck and shoulders like a starving man. She closed her eyes, letting him unbutton her blouse, his hands roaming her back, her breasts, and lower.

He panted into her ear: — You’re still so soft… still smell the same. God, I’m going crazy.

She wrapped her arms around him, each motion careful, restrained. She was scared—afraid her body still carried traces of Quan. Afraid her husband might notice.

She whispered, trying to stir longing: — Make love to me… like we were never apart… I missed you… I need you…

He lost control, lifted her to the bed, mounted her, and entered her in one swift thrust—too sudden for her to prepare. Their scents—sweat, skin, separation—mingled in the thick air. The lamp flickered, the fan spun, and the bed began to creak again… but it echoed differently than it had with Quan.

She didn’t feel pain. Nor pleasure. Just something missing. She realized… maybe her body had grown used to another kind of fullness—slower, deeper, heavier—the kind only Quan gave.

Her husband groaned: — You’re still perfect… Thank you… for waiting for me.

She arched with each thrust, trying to match his rhythm, but inside, she counted—each push bringing her closer to the end. When he tensed and spilled inside her, she tightened her thighs—not from pleasure, but to keep it from escaping too quickly.

As he collapsed beside her, breathless, she turned her face away. Her eyes stared into the dark. Her heart raced—not from lovemaking, but from the ache of knowing… she hadn’t been touched at all.

**Chapter 12: In His Arms, Yet Out of Rhythm**

"There are moments when I still lie obediently in your arms… but my heart has long wandered elsewhere."

The bedroom remained unchanged—the old wedding bed, the faint scent of fabric softener lingering in the sheets, the golden bedside lamp casting a warm glow over Ha Anh's bare back. Her husband—just back from a two-month business trip—was sleeping soundly, his breathing steady and deep. Beads of sweat still clung to his stomach from the lovemaking earlier. A proper, complete act of love… by marital standards.

Yet why did her heart feel so hollow?

Ha Anh turned over, gently pulling the blanket over her chest. Sleep evaded her. Her eyes remained wide open in the dark.

Outside the window, rain tapped softly against the metal roof, the wind whispering through cracks—sounding like a quiet sob from the soul. Memories of Quan—their secret days, his lips burning down her spine, the embrace that left her breathless—played like a slow-motion reel, threading through each exhale.

With her husband, everything had become routine. From the way he held her to the way he touched her. Nothing was wrong… but nothing stirred her heart anymore. No surprises. No shiver of anticipation when a fingertip grazed her skin.

—"Tired?" her husband mumbled.

—"No… just having trouble sleeping."

He turned to hold her from behind. A familiar embrace. An arm around her waist, a leg draped over hers. Warm body, steady breath.

But in that moment—in his arms—Ha Anh felt cold.

She closed her eyes. In the darkness, she imagined herself in the old hotel room, where Quan once whispered:

—"You don’t have to be so strong here. Just breathing… makes me want to take you."

A single drop slid from the corner of her eye to the pillow. Was it a tear… or sweat?

Her husband’s hand suddenly found its way between her thighs. Ha Anh flinched slightly, but said nothing. He stroked her soft pubic mound, then slowly trailed his fingers along the damp folds.

She didn’t resist. Movements unfolded like a familiar script—a silent play where the actors no longer felt their roles.

He made love to her—slow, rhythmic, like a husband reunited with his wife. But Ha Anh was drifting elsewhere. Her mind detached from her body, floating into memory.

She bit her lip, suppressing a moan. Not from pleasure. But from guilt.

When it ended, when he drifted back into sleep, she remained awake—eyes wide, heart aching.

"I’m still your wife. But my soul… is no longer here."

The next morning, Ha Anh sat alone on the balcony, holding a mug of black coffee. Morning light filtered through the trees, reflecting off her tousled hair. Sparrow songs mingled with the distant sound of traffic—a melody both familiar and estranged.

Her phone vibrated.

[Quan: You okay?]

She stared at the message. Didn’t reply right away. Deleted it… then typed again.

[Fine.]

Just one word. But inside her, a thousand shards.

Her husband stepped out, resting a hand on her shoulder:

—"Let’s have lunch with my parents today. They miss little Minh."

She nodded, offering a soft smile. But her hand clutched the phone tightly—as if holding onto something slipping away.

She tried to blend back into the role of a loving wife. Every moan, every dirty word played like a rehearsed line.

But inside—was emptiness.

Ha Anh could only climax when he bent her over the kitchen counter in doggy position. Eyes shut tight, breath ragged with abandon.

But the man she imagined… wasn’t her husband. It was Quan.

The moans built, urgent and raw, and in a moment of losing herself, she nearly whispered, “Quan…”

The only time she reached ecstasy—was when her memory brought him back.

And then… she began to notice her husband had changed too.

Positions they’d never tried before… became common. He wanted her to sit on his face, devouring her sweetness with fervor. Once, he pinned her to the window, tugged her hair, slapped her ass—wild and primal.

She felt pleasure—yes. But with it, a creeping doubt.

Has he… touched someone else while abroad?

Memories returned.

Their wedding night—he’d trembled while unbuttoning her blouse. His hands clumsy, his eyes shy, barely daring to look at her chest. He whispered:

—“I’ll be gentle… I just don’t want to hurt you.”

Back then, she was confused, but deeply moved. Every move was slow, tender—as if he feared breaking a flower.

Now, that same man… shoved her against the window, whispered vulgar things that made her feel more startled tHa Anhroused.

She didn’t know when the tenderness disappeared. Or whether someone else had taught him those things.

She herself was torn.

He was her first. A good man. But her body… no longer belonged to him.

That hidden place was always warm, always yearning for something rougher, deeper… something Quan once gave.

A few days later.

A gloomy morning. Drizzle painted the streets. Cars passed like shadows.

Her husband carried his suitcase. Ha Anh bid him farewell with a long hug, a light kiss, and tired eyes dark from sleepless nights.

Last night, he’d taken her over and over, in every wild position he could.

—"Take care… Minh and I will be fine," she told him.

As the car disappeared around the corner, Ha Anh turned quickly—almost running—toward the apartment complex behind her office.

Third floor. Room 302.

Her hand trembled as she entered the code. The door clicked open.

No words. No waiting.

She burst in—pushing Quan against the door.

The slam echoed like the final curtain of one play… and the opening act of another—where she belonged to no one.

—"Hà… Ha Anh… You… oh God…"

**Chapter 13: The Final Offering**

The door clicked shut.

Without a word, Ha Anh dropped to her knees.

She didn’t look at Quan. Her eyes stayed lowered, hands pressing to the wooden floor. Her fingers reached for his belt, slowly undoing each buckle, each button, as if unwrapping something sacred.

Her hands trembled. Her lips parted—soft, hesitant, then opened fully. She said nothing. The room filled only with the quiet sound of breath, and the wet hush of anticipation.

Quan stood frozen, his breath catching.

And then… her tongue touched him.

His eyes closed.

She licked slowly, then took him in—deeper, inch by inch. Not out of guilt. Not from pressure. But as if… this was the only gift she had left to offer.

*“I didn’t give you my first time in college… So now, I give you this. One final, complete offering.”*

Quan groaned, his hand finding her hair—gripping, then letting go. He didn’t dare guide her. But she needed no guidance.

She moved with aching devotion, her throat welcoming every inch. Her lips pressed flush to his base. She stayed like that. Breathing through her nose. Feeling him throb inside her.

She wanted to remember every pulse. Every tremble.

When he finally released, she swallowed everything—without flinching, without looking away. As if this act had long been hers to perform.

She looked up.

Her eyes shimmered.

*“I’m ruined now, aren’t I?”*

Quan pulled her up without a word.

He kissed her.

Led her to the bedroom.

And laid her down like someone who’d lost her… and found her again all at once.

In the half-lit room, Ha Anh straddled him—facing away.

She guided him in with quiet boldness. Her back arched, her hands braced on his thighs.

The first motion was slow.

Then another.

Then deeper.

Her breath hitched, and she began to ride—gently at first, then with growing rhythm, as if chasing something just out of reach.

Her hair fell down her back like a curtain of black silk. Each time she moved, her thighs clenched, her hips rolled with aching precision.

Quan watched in silence—his hands holding her waist, then sliding up to her shoulders, then tracing the sweat along her spine.

She was no longer the Ha Anh of hesitation.

She rode like a woman possessed—lost in sensation, in memory, in some silent vow to lose herself just once.

When Quan groaned, she clenched tighter.

When he tried to flip her over, she pressed him down.

“No,” she whispered, breathless. “Stay there… I want to see you when you break.”

He broke.

They both did.

In the end, they lay tangled, breathless.

Not talking. Just listening to the thunder outside and the storm within.

The shower steamed.

Ha Anh stood beneath the water, eyes closed, fingers tracing her lips.

Quan entered behind her—warm, silent.

His hands ran along her waist, down to her hips. He turned her slightly, lifting her thigh onto the low edge of the tub.

She gasped.

He pressed in from behind—slow, firm. Her hands braced against the wall. Her breath came in soft cries.

The sound of water mixed with skin and sighs.

She moaned as his thrusts deepened, his chest pressed to her back.

“You and your husband…” he growled near her ear. “Who makes you feel more alive?”

Her lips parted.

But no answer came.

Only the trembling of her legs.

Only the soft slap of wet skin.

Only the echo of her heart, breaking—and burning—all over again.