

Fish upon the Sky

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СДАВАТЬ

0

"Hey... They're holding hands."

"Nan and his boyfriend are such a lovely couple."

The sound of the fans of 'Mueangnan' talking echoes in my head. I can't help but feel proud as a person by his side. Well, Nan is one of the campus sweethearts, so it's only normal that everyone adores him.

I turn my head to those girls fangirling not so far away and give them a little smile, and then I glare at those guys looking at the little man from the corner of the eye. Nan is very cute. He's friendly, smiles a lot, and as adorable as a cat. How can I not be possessive of him?

Wondering who I am? Everyone in the university knows me because I'm just as popular as Nan.

My name is 'Pi', like a year (pi), a second-year dental student.

I look fairly good. Five foot ten. Average weight. Girls are smitten just by a glimpse of my face.

Ever seen someone praising themselves like this? Of course you haven't! Only I can do this.

"Nan, where should we eat?" Hearing that question, Nan looks up.

His beautiful lips are tempting. Big, round eyes glancing up are sweet like honey. His cute, small nose complements that oval face, with milky white skin contrasting to his dark brown hair. Despite Nan being a guy, he's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life.

Thump-thump...

The heart of someone waiting...almost jumps out of the chest as two pairs of eyes meet.

"Up to you, Aut."

THUD!

The smack crashing on my head almost sends me flying face down to the footpath. Thick eyeglasses for someone with myopia -7 diopter nearly fall out of my ears. I grit my teeth and pull myself up to face the culprit.

"You piece of shit."

"W...What?" I groan, completely baffled.

"Quit peeping on someone else's lover. Know your place. Take this!" He slams a stack of paper sheets into my hands.

"What's this?"

"Our group project report. We've done our parts. The rest is yours." Judging from his eyes, it's the same as before: all they've done is less than even 20 percent of my part.

"..."

"Oh! And don't tell that senior of yours, or else there'll be another fight."

He threatens me and walks away. All I can do is shaking my head. I suddenly remember I was looking at Nan, but he's gone when I turn around.

Yeah...Nan is not here. And I was actually walking parallelly with him, not exactly by his side because I kept my distance from him. He's taken. His boyfriend is a hot senior with a luxury sports car while I...

Take a look at me. I'm pretty tall, yeah. But do you want to know the truth?

I'm super lame. A man with unkempt hair and thick eyeglasses, with braces I've been wearing since the last year of high school. I wanted my teeth to look nice since I applied to the Faculty of Dentistry, but it's still not time to remove them. People also often take advantage of me.

It's probably as they say: I can never catch an angel except imagine it.

He doesn't know my face.

Or even my name. I know him one-sidedly.

Mueangnan...

1

"Pi, where's the project report? Did you submit it?"

"I did."

"Good! If even 0.1 of our mark is deducted, you're dead meat."

This is how my classmate greets me. I want to say, 'Fuck you,' but I don't dare to. I can only lower my head and follow orders.

I can't talk back to anyone. I've been a nobody, ignored by everyone. They will acknowledge my existence only when it comes to schoolwork. They use me and toss me away once it's done. My social life is out of the question, like, have you seen my look and personality?

Well, yeah, who would want to be my friend? The only friend I have is a senior from a different faculty. We met near a café and became friends since then. My world is small, and I don't want to reach for anything to expand this gray world of mine.

Except for one thing...

"Guys, it's Mueangnan."

I turn my attention to that voice. Two AHS* male students

* Allied Health Sciences.

are ogling the person coming up the stairs with his friends.

That person is my crush. We're in the same section, though it's only this one class.

Analytical chemistry.

Damn...how I love chemistry.

WHAM!

"I'm sorry. Are you okay?" I'm lost in my own thoughts when that pervert heads towards Mueangnan and bumps into him on purpose. He smoothly helps pick up the stuff Mueangnan dropped. Who would be stupid enough to fall for such a dumb plan?

"It's all right. You didn't mean to."

Ah, Mueangnan fell for it. Damn it!

Nothing will change even if I smack my head ten times. Nan is gay. Everyone knows that. However, his popularity is unshaken even though he's not single. Look at this guy. All he has is a handsome face, but Mueangnan still gives him a smile. What about me...?

I'm standing right here by the public waste bin. Have you ever looked at me?

I'm Pi, a second-year dental student. We're the same age. And I like you very much. Can you please think about it?

Ah...It's just a dream. He would purse his lips and tell me to know my place.

To me, Mueangnan is 'the fish in the sky,' an impossible love. As far as I know, no one can catch the fish in the sky or look for stars in the water. They're never there.

It means the possibility of us ending up together is zero.

"We're in the same section. Where are you gonna sit? I'll carry your books there." He's still at it. The corner of my mouth won't stop twitching it starts to tingle.

"It's okay. I'm sitting with my friends." His friends are right there in front of you. How can you be so shameless?

"Oh."

That tall guy moves off the way so the little guy can walk inside. My eyes follow his small back, wondering how it would feel to reach out and touch his shoulder. I'd probably have a good dream at night afterward.

"Pi, what are you doing beside the wet waste bin? Won't you come in?"

I snap back to the cruel reality. Why do I have to hang with this kind of guy? Wait until I rise, fucker.

I've been saying this to myself since freshman year, and now... nothing changes.

This is a big class section. Students from nearly every faculty concerning health sciences take this class. There are first and second-year students, including third-year students from different majors. The left corner is occupied by nursing students. Medical students take the rows in the center. By their right are pharmacy students, where my fish in the sky are giggling with his friends.

Where am I? Oh, not so far away.

At the last row close to the control room, only three million light-years away from the one I long for. This is the closest I've been in my life.

"Keep it down, students. We'll continue from the last

chapter..." The professor starts lecturing as soon as she's arrived, not wasting a single breath. I focus on class, of course, but not as much as glancing at someone from a distance.

After a while, the ambiance in the room becomes chaotic again.

"I need one volunteer from each faculty to come and solve these problems."

"Nooooo!" The cry of utter boredom makes me laugh. Those problems aren't easy to solve. If you do it wrong, you'll feel humiliated in front of students from other faculties.

"Medicine? Step up. Chicken out already?" The professor is good at provoking.

"Sutthaya, you go. Now!" A group of med students in the center of the room gestures to someone to get up.

"Yayyy." His friends clap and cheers for him.

That person rises and heads to the front of the class, looking all dignified. He wears black-framed glasses and dresses perfectly properly, but why does he look so good?

"That's the Med Prince."

Riiiiight, that's why he's fucking good-looking.

"Pharmacy, where's your volunteer?"

"Mueangnan, Mueangnan, Mueangnan!" The cheer resounds, echoing in my heart. His glowing cheeks flush a little. He smiles shyly and gets up, walking up front, stopping next to the Med Prince.

Wah...Why do they look so good together?

I want to cut off his face and paste mine on instead so that I can be close to my fish in the sky as well.

"Come one, AHS. Don't back down." The professor calls out again. The perve with that stupid plan from before rises with a round of applause.

"He's one of those top hotties."

So annoying.

Are only good-looking people chosen in this class? Or is it just ordinary people will never get noticed? Aside from their looks, they are smart as hell. I'm at a loss for how to compete with them. And what the hell is that?! He's standing closer to Mueangnan and exchanges a smile. Waaaaaah.

"Who is that, the one standing up? A volunteer from Dentistry?"

Damn it, why am I standing up? I just want to look at my crush clearly, but luck is never on my side.

"N...No."

"Come on out. Don't give up in front of your classmates."

"Just go, you shit. Don't embarrass us."

I go rigid, trying to get a grip for a moment before stepping forward. Other volunteers got cheered by their friends of the same faculties, but no one even looks my way. It's so quiet I can hear some ant pissing.

Every step gets my legs shaking. Finally, I'm in front of the class.

This is the closest I've ever gotten to Mueangnan, though we're separated by the AHS student. I take this chance to inhale deeply, taking in the nice smell from the little guy. All I get is the sweaty smell from the guy next to me, though.

"Veterinary science? Hurry up, your friends are waiting."

Nursing, too. Send a volunteer!" The professor calls for the rest as if this is a contest.

While waiting, someone at the side starts a conversation.

"How are you doing, Nan?" The Med Prince asks. They've known each other for quite some time. I'm not sure what his name is. Ma? Maew?

"Nothing much. The classes aren't too hard. What about you, Mork?"

His voice is so sweet. Ooooooh, what did you eat to become so pretty, my fish in the sky?

"Same here. But I've got to help the freshmen prepare for the Stars Contest. You can stop by when you're free."

"Sure, I will."

I smell something fishy. The aura of love is so overwhelming I almost choke. Hey, don't you dare. I've liked him for a long time now. No one can have a crush on him, otherwise...I won't be able to fight you.

My thoughts run wild. Those two have stopped talking before I know it. And now, the AHS student strikes up a conversation.

"Nan, what club are you in?"

"Oh, I'm in a volunteer club with my friends. It's the faculty's club."

"That's great. Can I join the camp next time?"

"Of course, we always welcome volunteers. Ah...what's your name? I'm sorry, it was rude of me."

"Oh, I'm Nil." Daaaamn, how fucking smooth. Don't you know Nan is mine? Why are you staring at him as if you're gonna swallow him whole?

"What about you? What club are you in?" Nan leans forward, looking at me.

Woooooah. Let me wiggle joyfully in my head for a second. My fish in the sky talks to me. What do I do? What do I do...?

"Um...I..."

"I'm in a tennis club. I saw you often at the court, but I was too afraid to talk to you, Nan."

I shut my mouth. I forgot that the veterinary science student is beside me. Know your place, Pi. He looked past you like you're just dog shit.

Nan continues greeting everyone except...me.

Let me wipe my tears for a sec.

"Med Prince, your friends said you're super hot, then your problem should be super hard."

"They're exaggerating." Tsk! I envy that you look good from head to toe.

In which part are we different? We dress the same and both of us wear glasses. But why are our images so different like concrete and mud roads?

The line moves. The Med Prince is solving a problem shown on the projection screen while the rest of us wait for our turn. At this moment, I get to watch Nan clearly even if the love rival is right between us. I've been looking at you from afar for a year now, and today we're the closest to each other. Even so...why are you still the fish in the sky?

"You haven't answered my question. What club are you in?" I hear his sweet voice, but I give no response. He's probably asking

someone else.

"Hey...Hey..." He taps me with his long, pretty finger, smiling widely, and the world has stopped.

I feel like fainting.

"H...Huh?! Pardon?" I ask, voice trembling, so excited I have no idea how to act.

"What club are you in?" Shiiiiiiit, this is real. Mueangnan finally talks to a wet waste bin like me.

I fucking want to go and dance to EDM out there in the sunlight. This is a dream come true. I've been praying for so long that he will acknowledge my existence one day.

"A...A cichlid club."

Look at my face. This kind of club suits me best. My task is to feed the fish. Take that!

"Interesting. Can I stop by the club to see the fish some time?"

"S...Sure."

My fish in the skyyy. Why are you so kind? He lowered his pride to talk to a person the world has forgotten like me.

"What's your name?"

"Me?" I point at myself, eyes popping in disbelief.

"Um."

"It's Pi."

"I'm Nan." Yes. I know. I know even if you don't tell me.

Your height, weight, favorite food, go-to beverage, places you like to go, and...who your boyfriend is. I know it all.

I know everything about him like a professional stalker. But I keep my feelings to myself because he already has a lover. All

I can do is wishing them to break up so Mueangnan will be single again and I can hit on him.

"Nan, ah...I have something to tell you."

"Pharmacy, you solve this problem."

Professor! Your timing is the worst.

"Let's talk later."

Nan waves at me. He sits down and explains how to solve this problem skillfully. It's all right. We've got so much time to get to know each other. But I have no time to get rid of those who won't stop looking at my crush.

What is wrong with all of you? You are ogling at him!

However, I don't have a chance to get close to him after class because he's surrounded by his friends and those fuckers trying to impress him. I have something to give him as well, but maybe not today.

I hope we'll get to talk to each other again...*my fish in the sky.*

Late afternoon, I hang out with 'Pae', the only friend I have. He's a third-year architecture student and the president of the faculty's student union. He's weird and foul-mouthed but kinder than he seems. With his intimidating look and messy hair tied up, a few dares to approach him.

Well...people with no friends are bound to meet each other.

"Pi, you gonna fucking eat that?" He asks, mouth full of food.

"No." I actually want to eat it, though.

"I'll take it, then." He quickly stabs his fork into a piece of marinated chicken meat on my plate.

The sound 'shik' hurts me like hell. I can't help it because he's a glutton. He eats at least three plates a meal. I feel sorry for his mother.

"Excuse me, will there be other people? Can my friends and I sit here?"

A sweet voice like honey in May interrupts our bromance time, snapping me out of my own thoughts. I look up to see the person standing so close and get lost in a pleasant dream.

"Mueangnan..."

"You remember me." He grins.

"..."

"Pi...um...can I sit with you? Other tables are occupied."

"S...Sure. Of course." I move, leaving enough space for Nan and his three other friends to sit. Pae makes an annoying sound because his meal got interrupted.

I take back what I said that he was kind. I'm going to smack my mouth a hundred times.

"Did you order your food?" Again, I don't know how to act. I'm covered in sweat when I finally ask the question.

"Yeah, it might take a while."

"Oh, good."

What should I talk to him about?

"Hey, you! The krathong* on the water of our faculty is tilting. Fix it now."

The romantic side in me disappears when Pae yells, his gruff voice echoing across the canteen. We, unfortunately, are eating

* Lotus-shaped rafts made of banana leaves, decorated with candles and flowers. Thai people release them onto the water in the Loy Krathong Festival.

beside the river during the preparation for the upcoming festival. That's why Pae is frequently possessed by the ghost of the student union's president.

"Pae, lower your voice," I warn.

"I told you to fix it now. Why doesn't anyone get up?"

He cusses out loud. Mueangnan and his friends eye him strangely.

"I'm the president, but they never fucking listen to me."

"..."

"It's like I'm wasting my breath with ghosts," he grumbles and eats simultaneously, shoving food into his mouth at the speed of light until there's no single grain of rice left.

"Pi, I'm leaving first. Got a mission to complete." He pats my shoulder and runs off.

When I turn around, I see the familiar figure of my senior climbing up the krathong on the water under the strong sunlight. I feel pity for him. It's no surprise he has no friends. His personality is as weird as how I look.

Now I've been left alone, and Mueangnan is next to me. I should catch up with what I was thinking. What should I talk to him about?

"You like eating here?" What a lame topic, Pi.

"Yeah."

"The food is good."

"Um, but some aren't that good."

"Right, that's what I think."

"..."

"Some are so salty that I teared up." I change my opinion right away. Everything tastes good to me because I'm not a picky eater. "Are you free after this? I..."

"Oh, Aut."

Again?!

Nan's friend's voice is mixed with excitement. I turn my attention to the owner of that name immediately.

The tall guy, Nan's lover, is heading towards us. He's the BA's* popular guy. He wears a white shirt with both sleeves folded up and a pair of jeans. That's it and he already looks fine, making heads turn.

People tease him as he's coming closer. I see Mueangnan smiling mildly, looking at him. When he's reached our table, without a word, he places a plastic bag full of snacks in front of the little guy.

"For you."

"What brings you here?"

"I missed you, I guess." So cheesy, I'm gonna puke.

"Will you eat with us, Aut?"

"No, thanks. I just stopped by. I have to work on a project with my friends."

"I see."

"I'll pick you up in the evening."

"Okay."

Aut ruffles Mueangnan's hair, making it messy, and leaves. All that's left is Nan's shyness and the sound of his friends teasing him.

* Business Administration.

I narrow my eyes.

Aut is handsome, rich, and romantic. I will never fucking beat him.

I have nothing to compete with him. And it's not like I can just have a crush on someone else.

"I think your food is ready, Nan. Your cheeks will hurt from smiling," his friends tease in amusement. They all get up to the food they ordered without a glance at me.

He will always be the fish in the sky. It's good enough that I've come this far.

I finish my meal quickly after comforting myself. When I'm about to leave, I suddenly remember that I have something for him. I take this chance to put it on the table with a lime green note.

He loves soufflé, so I bought it for him.

I stick a note on the box and place a couple of things next to the sweet. It's a toothbrush and grape-flavor toothpaste.

'Don't forget to brush your teeth after finishing this. Nice to meet you.'

I just want him to remember this second-year dental student.

Even though I can't be his lover, being a friend, just a part of his life, is enough.

2

Pi, Pi, and Pi again. I want to fucking kick those snobs who boss me around, but I can't do it. If I fight back, I will get smacked in the head and bossed around without a break.

I haven't seen Nan since yesterday. And I don't have the chemistry class every day, only twice a week. Plus, we're in different laboratory classes. My fish in the sky is fading away out of my grasp. The closest I got to him was merely a coincidence.

No need to ask for a miracle like in some novel: I like him, he likes me back, we love each other but never say a word. Ah... it's all in the past now. I'd been fooling myself with this idea for quite a while. And what? It's been a year and he still hasn't noticed you.

BAM!

I topple over. My glasses fall off my ears this time and my mouth kisses the edge of the table. I'm infuriated because my reflecting time got interrupted.

"How many times do I have to call you? Did your dad forget to give you auditory nerves?"

My dad is also your dad.

"I really didn't hear you." I stroke my head, frowning at the person scowling with his hands on his waist.

He is 'Duean', my bigger brother. There are three sons in our family. My eldest brother is Wan. He's a doctor in the south, working to pay back the student loans. I'm studying dentistry. And this guy is super different from all of us.

First...he's more handsome than other brothers. He even got selected as the Prince in his freshman year.

Second...he's studying engineering, not health sciences like other brothers.

And third...it's his fifth year in college.

Yes! He should have graduated last year. But his brain is on a different level from us, which makes him 'start with his friends, graduate with med students.'

BAM!!

My head bobs again after getting smacked by that big hand. I see stars for a moment. Aside from his evil nature, he also has a foul mouth.

"What are you hitting me for? It fucking hurts, Duean!"

I never show him respect because he doesn't deserve it. We're more like friends.

Duean is actually not that stupid, just unruly. He didn't care much about studying and got an F on a test in the last semester. He even guffawed when he couldn't graduate because he spent all his time flirting. I'm so sick of his behavior.

"I'm gonna hit you again if you don't answer my question."

"What's the question?"

"I asked if anyone picked on you today."

"No."

He'd deal with it if I said yes, which is not a good idea.

He's the kind that uses violence to solve problems. It's become known that Pi is an ugly crybaby with an angel-looking delinquent pampering him. He even moved into my room this semester because Mom cut off his allowance as a punishment for not graduating.

"Tell me the truth."

"It's true. Everyone loves me. Why would they pick on me?"

"Yeah, they fucking love you..."

Duean is being sarcastic, pursing his lips annoyingly, but his eyes lock on my diary.

"What are you doing?"

"Leave me alone. Go play a game or something." I dodge him, covering the page with my hand, blocking it from him.

I always do this. Ever since Duean moved into my room, I had to buy locks for every drawer. Secrets have to remain secret.

"My fish in the sky...I don't know how far I have to go to be able to get to know you. I wish I had half the courage of the host of the paranormal reality show. That way, I'll be able to confess my feelings for you without fear of being disappointed."

"Hey! You meanie. Why the fuck did you do that?"

I've had it. Those words are what I wrote in my diary yesterday, and Duean...What the hell has he done?!

"Just curious."

"Fuck off."

"I'm not telling anyone."

"But I don't want you to know." We never hide anything from each other, but I'm not brave enough to share my love story. "How did you open the drawer, though?"

"Don't be such a dumbass, my bro. You hide the key under the couch. I have noooooo idea at all."

"Laugh all you want."

"Why don't you have the courage? You've been writing about liking him for a year." Damn it! So he read every single page. There's no more secret.

"If I were half as handsome as you, I wouldn't have to write in a diary like this."

"Feeling inferior?"

"Yes. Why are Dad and Mom so biased, giving you and Wan all the good parts?!"

I start feeling cross.

I have feelings, you know. Ever since I was born, people compared us all the time. Wan is charming. He's handsome down to his skin pores despite the thick glasses he wears. That's why he's a real playboy. I bet he's got lovers all over the hospital.

Duean was born to kill and bury me. He has perfect eyesight even though he plays games day and night. He has a prominent nose and healthy skin. A zit never appears on his forehead. Every hairstyle suits him, not to mention his killer smile that drives girls crazy. They don't even care that he retook a year because his face solves everything.

What about me? What do I have?

"Don't cry in front of me, Pi, or I'mma beat you up."

"Who would cry? I'm just yawning."

Fuck! Tears are dripping down my face. I'll pretend it's sweat.

"You're weak, useless, and can barely survive each day. Studying is your only good point. Try waking up and looking at yourself in the mirror, bro. All you do in the morning is wolfing down cornflakes with chocolate milk and running off. That's why the world will never give a damn about you."

Ugh! My heart fucking hurts.

"Why are you so harsh to me? I'm your little brother."

"It's because you're my brother. You said you'd take care of yourself, but you go to bed at three in the morning and wake up with eyes full of sleep. How many times do you comb your hair in a year? I told you to get your hair cut but you kept saying you didn't have time. And your braces, if the dentist refuses to remove them, I'm gonna rip them off with a cable cutter. You like that? Fuck... you keep complaining about your look. A handsome dude like me is so fed up."

Duean finishes with self-praise as usual. I hate him.

"I'm just being myself. If someone's gonna love me, they gotta love me for who I am."

"It's fine to be who you are. I'm not asking you to change. Who would say a word if you liked who you are right now? That means you've accepted yourself. Why still complaining, then?"

"..."

"If you're still complaining, you're not satisfied with your current self. There are two options. First, change yourself. Second,

change your attitude. Choose!"

He strides away and plops down on the couch, playing a game on Play Station comfortably, leaving me pondering alone.

Options?

If I change...No! I have to be loved for who I am.

I can always make my own choice.

The fifth-year student's part:

*"Aim to reach for the horizon, but fate doesn't seem to understand..."**

Let's sing away. I was about to graduate with my friends, but, as it turned out, I become a fifth-year student instead. When people ask, I tell them it's for my future study. The truth is, I failed!

And this subject is fucking hell on earth: Life Skills.

Yup, life skills. I guess I didn't have them enough to pass. I skipped this class until I got disqualified from the exam. Before I knew it, my mom slapped my mouth, asking why I couldn't graduate. Oh...I forgot that I had to graduate.

It'd be better if I didn't have to retake the class with freshmen with cute name tags hung around their necks. I fail to apply for the other section in time. And so, instead of studying with my mates or juniors from the same faculty, I have to be in the same section as students from other faculties. They've been gossiping about a fifth-year student in the class recently, saying that person is too old for this. I, sitting next to these gossipers, have to pretend to be a freshman. I told them I forgot to bring my name tag.

I'll try again today. The mission to be a fake freshman starts

* Song 'A Small Boat Should Leave the Shore' by Bodyslam

when I'm looking for a victim in front of the classroom like a criminal.

"Hey, you!" I block his way once I've found my target.

"W...What's the matter?"

That freshman gazes up. Good grief, what kind of skincare he used when he was young? Why does his skin glow like jellyfish? I glance at his name tag. His name is Meen, a medical student.

"Are you sick? You're stuttering."

"No, I'm not." What a timid little thing.

"Come in, Doctor Meen. The professor is here," his friend calls, blatantly cutting in on our conversation.

Ha! Calling yourself a doctor in your first year? I'm a fifth-year student, but not a single soul ever calls me Master Duean.

"Give me your name tag."

"Huh?"

"Give me the name tag on your neck."

"I can't. The senior will punish me. Ask for a new one if you lost yours." Whoa! He gives me advice. I look so young that he mistook me for a freshman. Damn, I'm proud.

"Too lazy to find it. Can't you just lend yours to me for an hour? I'll give it back after the class." Since robbing doesn't work, I will ask for it nicely. "Come on, Meen...Pleeeeeease."

Look at my face. I'm trying this hard, dude.

"N...No."

"I'm begging you. I'll treat you to a meal."

"I don't want that."

"I'll buy you something to drink, then. Please help me."

"Just for a while, okay?"

"Okay, just for a while."

Meen slowly takes off his name tag and hands it to me. When his eyes brim with tears, I feel...

Sooooooooooooo good. Messing with a young guy is truly my happiness.

I got a name tag. Now I can flirt with the first-year girls with ease.

The fifth-year student's part ends.

"Pi, get ready for tonight."

I nod at the somewhat forceful order from a group of friends. This is the first time they invited me out. They said it's a group party. I said yes because I wanted to be part of it. Maybe...I will come across something nice.

"Dress nicely if you don't want to embarrass yourself."

"Okay. Where are we going?"

"XX Club, at Ten. Don't be stupid and get lost."

"I won't get lost."

XX Club? Holy shit...I never went near a nightclub ever since I was born. I have no idea what they're celebrating, but I can't miss it because I said I'd go. I think I need help from my brother, Duean.

Having made up my mind, I drive back to my place immediately. I've looked for something to wear for 4-5 hours already. It's not much, though. First, plain T-shirts. Second, striped collar shirt of different brands, which look exactly the same. No wonder why my fashion style is so boring.

"The hell you doing, my dear bro? I've watched you ransack

the closet for a while now. Come have a meal."

"I'm trying to find something to wear. Gonna go out and celebrate with my friends."

"Where?"

"XX Club." Holy hell, Duean smacks his knee dramatically, stunned by what he just heard.

"Whoa! You know what kind of people go to that place, right?"

"People who dress sexily."

"Dumbass, it's a gay club."

"So? I'm into guys anyway."

"How bold." He steps closer to me with his long legs, bending down to pick up my clothes, examining them.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't you have any better clothes? You're going to a fucking club, not giving an offering at the temple."

"What should I do, then?"

"Wanna borrow mine?" He spins on his heels and opens his closet. He picks out a shirt and a jacket and tosses them onto the bed. Now he's about to take off the jeans he's wearing.

"Hey! The fuck are you doing?"

"They're my favorite. I guarantee they're gonna make you look good."

Shit...The shirt is fine, but I gotta say no to those jeans. Doesn't he think I'd be disgusted?

"I don't need them. I might lose confidence wearing those."

"Will you take them or not?"

"No."

"Whatever, four-eyes." He makes a mocking face and puts his clothes back in the closet.

Right, I told myself to be proud of who I am. I decide to choose my favorite shirt, a Crocodile striped T-shirt, and a pair of cylinder jeans. Now I'm ready.

A bit past 9 p.m., I take a taxi from my apartment, heading to the luxurious club with excitement.

I enter the club through the front door. The atmosphere is so different, as if it's another world. The blasting heavy metal music and flashing lights make me feel dizzy for a moment. It's also very crowded. Fear starts to creep into my heart.

"Pi, you shithead. Come here."

My friend waves at me. I wave back happily and stride to the zone full of tables and no chairs. The table is full of booze.

"This is how you dress nicely?" One of my friends scoffs. That's why people were staring at me all the way here, huh? They weren't staring because my look stunned them for sure.

"So you guys come to this kind of place often?" I ask out of curiosity.

"Yeah, to have an eye-opening experience."

"It feels a little weird, this kind of place."

"Because you always lock yourself in your roo...Nan." He changes the topic out of the blue. I follow his eyes until I spot someone.

He's the owner of a slim figure, a face as sweet as an angel, and big round eyes. His dark brown hair flows as he moves

his body to the rhythm. His pretty lips curve into a smile.

Mueangnan...

My fish in the sky is fucking sexy.

I stand still, astounded. What shocks me even more is that he's dancing on the floor, shaking his hips, attracting a bunch of men. They're whistling, feeling pleased. A luxury-brand white shirt covering his slim body is so thin that it almost reveals his bare skin. The V-neck is super deep. Everyone can see down under his belly button when he bends down. Not to mention his skinny black pants.

Damn...I'm gonna go crazy.

"Wooooooo, Nan, my boy!!"

"Hella hot."

The Mueangnan I know and the guy in this club is a totally different person. I don't know how to feel...

"Nan really came here tonight."

"He's hot. Gotta give him that."

"Should we say hi?"

"Sure."

"Let me go with you," I blurt out excitedly, but they all turn to me with a smile.

"Watch the table. We'll be right back."

"O...Oh, can't I tag along? You asked me to come. Why are you leaving me here?"

"Who wanted you to be here? I asked you just to be polite. Didn't think you'd actually come."


Please let me, I gotta say this. YOU FUCKING BASTARD!!!

They chug the booze down their throats, chuckling, making several plans to approach Nan, while I slowly disappear into the air, out of everyone's sight.

I should have realized it...

No matter how much time has passed, I will always be nothing to them.

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To me, Mueangnan is like the 'fish in the sky.'
He's truly out of my reach, so impossible that I should give up or get hurt.
But I, Pi, am only good at studying, not smart at love.
That's why I've been chasing after him from a distance for two years.

Once I've made up my mind that I'm going to win his heart no matter what...
The Med Prince suddenly becomes clingy to my fish in the sky.
That asshole is only handsome, smart, popular... That's all!
I will never back down, though!

First of all, I gotta get rid of this damn Med Prince.
But as I am doing that... why the hell did things turn out this way? Fuuuuuuuck!