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Y
Deep

The Series
Love in The Air



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Love Sky

Prologue

It is half past two in the morning. A road that was jammed with cars in the daytime has been transformed into something most people could not have expected. Two large container trucks loaded with powerful superbikes have been parked side by side, while several black cars have been parked to block the entrance and the exit of the road, so no one else could enter, and it turned the road into a motor racing circuit in the heart of the city.

It is a special event that only the invited guests can join.

However, tonight is different when a boy sneaks in and makes the whole event chaotic, and the security guards of the event chase and try to catch him turbulently, but it all then ends up on a chief mechanic's shoulder.

The uninvited guest has been ushered away, but he seemed

to completely forget his best friend who came together.

Sky, who has been through the chaos to get into the venue, runs after a car that is pulling away with his friend. He's got a confusing look on his face as he has difficulty deciding whether he should be worried about his friend or himself.

Since the event does not allow the outsiders in, it also means that those who sneak in are not allowed to leave either.

Damn you, Rain! You have got me in trouble.

It is that moment that the young man hears a greeting from behind.

"Did you come with Phayu's boy?"

The person who greets him is shaking a car key that Sky remembers by heart that... it is his friend's key.

"Your friend dropped the car key."

The look in the eyes of the man in front of him tells Sky that he is enjoying it.

"If I want it back, what would I have to do in exchange for it?"

"You can just take it." The man handed it over to him easily, but in the moment that he is about to pull his hand out, what the young man is afraid of becomes true.

"But you know that this event requires a pass, right? It's not good to sneak in like this."

"Then let me ask you: what do I have to do to leave quietly?"

Then what he fears happened.

"I think you know what I want."

Even though Sky has told himself that he would never have a relationship with anyone, whatsoever, after he considers the atmosphere all around and a relatively tight security system, all he could do is agree.

"Fine."

He has nothing to lose; it's only sex.

"Take off your clothes"

"Whoa! Slow down there. It's not really my style to just get here, strip and get it over with."

"Ugh."

Phraphai is quite surprised and amused when he leads the young man into a luxurious condominium he uses to 'lure the bait,' but the bait is completely indifferent to what is going to happen. Also, the kid is the one who pulls his own T-shirt off over his head and throws it onto the backrest of the sofa indifferently. It makes the person who made an offer laugh in amazement.

And he is even more pleased when the kid sighs in his face.

What a naughty boy!

Phraphai thinks while raising the corners of his mouth and staring at the young man whom he just helped out of the motor racing venue in the middle of the city with scrutiny in his eyes.

Today is not different from many other Fridays that Thailand's influential people hold a speed race on a road of the capital city without any regards to the law. Phraphai is also one of the most talented racers who appears in almost every race. However, today it was a bit different as there were uninvited guests... the boy of Phayu, the skilled mechanic of the host of the race.

Phraphai does not know that boy, but he respects the boy's courage to have snuck into the venue and run away from the security guards, causing chaos all over the place. The story ended when Phayu took his boy away, but that boy seemed to forget his friend he brought with. In the midst of the turmoil in the event, Phraphai found the boy's car key, and he also noticed that there was another boy running after his friend, but was unable to catch up with Phayu who sped up out of the venue. That was why he knew that they had come together.

After seeing all that, a good (?) guy like him could not ignore such a situation, so he returned the car key and teased the boy that if he wanted to be safely taken out of there, there had to be something in exchange.

He offered in a playful manner of a playful guy, but the other one... accepted the offer and looked at him with contemptuous eyes.

At an inattentive glance, the young man in front does not look so outstanding that he might just have overlooked easily,

but when he looks closely, the young man turns out to be an intriguing person: a tall and slim figure, bright-colored tempting lips and beautiful soft pitch dark hair that makes him want to comb with his hands. In addition, his eyes that are as dark as a deer's eyes make his whole body heated up when they stare at him with an icy look.

This ordinary guy is hiding something that he feels worth searching for.

It is that boy who is stepping closer and placing his hand on the crotch familiarly.

"Let's get it over and done with quickly, so I can go."

Again, Phraphai becomes surprised that the guy seems so familiar with what they are going to do, but since both of them are satisfied to do it, a person like him who lives for fun has nothing to object to. Maybe tonight might be a better night than ever, but...

Grasp!

"I never do it just to get it over and done quickly."

The man wraps his arms around the younger one's waist and pulls him against his broad chest. He smirks mischievously as he looks meaningfully into the eyes of the other one. He is so pleased with the facial expression that changed for a short moment that he leans forward in order to feel the beautiful lips that have been tempting since they were at the venue, but...

“Stop dillydallying.”

The young man mutters while raising his hand to cover his mouth, and then he pushes himself out of the embrace. So, Phraphai lets him go as he believes that the other one would not take back his words—his eyes say so—but what this young man is doing startles even a person like Phraphai.

The kid kneels down before him, and... unzips his jeans.

This boy, no matter how I look at him, shouldn't be over twenty.

No matter which angle he looks at him, Phraphai cannot think that the boy can be older than his younger brother, not to mention that he looks more like a good boy. His beloved brother openly expresses that he has a lot of experiences, but the kid in front of him looks the other way around. If the boy said that he never had any experience like that with anybody, Phraphai would even buy it. This makes a playboy like him feel indescribably drawn to the kid, but those thoughts fly right out of his mind when the soft hands touch his manly part in a manner that clearly shows that he knows what he should do with it.

The two hands gives him strokes that are not too gentle, not too rough, knowing where to apply the pressure and how to rub. The fingertips rub back and forth upon the tip, arousing the owner of that flesh stick. He lets his warm breath out, and not long after that, his little manly part is not little anymore.

“You’re so good at this.”

Glance!

Those eyes make me feel like I am the one who is too inexperienced.

Phraphai thinks to himself hilariously, because as he just placed his hand on the boy's head, those raven eyes glanced at him for a short while. Then the kid focuses back on what is in his hands. This time it's no surprise when...

Slurp!

The brightly-colored tip of the tongue licks its tip without disgust.

Phraphai feels satisfied—greatly indeed.

Suddenly, the kid who looks well-behaved and innocent gives off a different atmosphere without even changing his facial expression at all. Yet, Phraphai can feel the radiating sexiness; the drops of sweat seeping around his hair make him want to lick them, the white neck that tilts just perfectly at the right angle makes him want to nibble at it, and the bright-colored tongue that is still licking all over the hard organ makes him want to suck it. Or is the fact that his manly part is in this kid's mouth the reason why it all feels so arousing?

So fucking sexy.

"Mwah... Slurp, slurp..."

Now the boy has gobbled the entire organ. As he is sucking that large part, he is creating the obscene sound that turns the tall man on. His breath gets warmer, but Phraphai

simply puts his hand upon the boy's fine-looking head, not trying to force him to speed up. He just looks at the kid with fire in his eyes and licks his lips like a predator that finds a prey that pleases its appetite.

The other one continues to satisfy him, with his lips rubbing along the hot organ and his tongue intertwining all over it until it's all soaked. He even pushes it deeper inside his throat until Phraphai has to let out a moan, admitting to himself that this kid is incredibly good, but it is nowhere near enough.

"Just come already. My jaw is getting all sore."

The kid knows he does not finish easily as he releases the hot organ out of his mouth and uses his hand to rub it harder instead. Then he looks up and says with frustration in his voice, and that...

Grasp!

"Hey!"

Phraphai feels so indescribably satisfied that he can also surprise the other person by pulling the boy's arm to make him stand up and dragging him to a big bedroom. He kicks open the door, then the kid turns around to meet his eyes again and looks down to explore all over the tall figure.

"I'm not satisfied with just a little blowjob like this." The sharp eyes stop at the red lips that seem even redder. Upon hearing that, the kid bites his lips so hard that they turn pale.

It is hard to tell if he's just displeased or enraged.

But no matter how the boy is feeling, the man does not care as he pushes the smaller guy onto the bed and straddles over masterfully. However...

“Where’s the condom?”

“In a drawer.”

Phraphai almost teased him by saying there was none, but seeing those sparkling eyes, he knew that even if he said that there was none, he might have got what he wanted as well. The listener rolls over and opens a drawer next to the bed. If Phraphai is not imagining things, the boy gives out such a nasty look while he grabs a large box of condoms and the lube and throws them onto the bed. The man cannot stop himself from teasing the young guy.

“Are you planning to use all of these tonight?”

“...”

The listener does not answer, but he just glances at him with cold eyes for an instant. Then the seemingly innocent kid quickly takes off his pants by pulling down both his underwear and pants to his feet at the same time. The one who is watching could not help but regret it.

He prefers taking the time to take the clothes off his bed partner.

But those thoughts fly right out of his head, because...

“Hmm.”

The young man starts touching himself!

The slim figure uses both hands to squeeze his own pale-colored nipples so harshly that he unknowingly moans softly in his throat. The face that was emotionless when he sucked his manhood a while ago now begins to flush. His thin lips are pressed together, but that cannot suppress the faint moans that slip through. It is obvious that his nipples are so sensitive that Phraphai feels like... licking them.

But the watcher just stares because those eyes of the younger one clearly tell him not to do anything just yet.

Then the kid grabs the bottle of lube and squeezes it out on both hands, rubbing his hands together until the lube warms up. The young man seems so familiar with it that Phraphai has to gulp. Then Phraphai has to take a deep breath as those hands do not caress the pale-colored organ that is growing bigger. Instead, they help spread the legs open to make way for the hands to touch the tight, inviting passageway.

Slide!

“Ah!”

I'll be damned!

In that exact second, Phraphai roars loudly inside his head. He stares straight at those two white hands arousing himself, digging the tips of his fingers deeper into his own body with the passageway extending itself to suck them in, and he almost holds his breath, not to mention the soft moans that slip through that throat. The more he stares, the more his lower part aches as if

it would explode from just looking.

Sexy is an understatement!

Now the kid is spreading his legs wide open. His toes stick into the soft mattress with bed sheets that are becoming more wrinkled. His flushing face shakes slowly on the soft pillow in pain. While one hand helps open his round buttocks, the other hand inserts the fingertips into the narrow passageway, one finger at a time. Soon, three penetrate the entrance. Then they slowly move in and out, and that arouses the watcher insanely.

This kid knows his own sensitive parts.

“Hmm... Ah-ahh.”

Even though the moans are so soft, they make the watcher lose control of himself.

Grasp!

“Mmm!”

Phraphai's eyes glow instantly, because when he simply reaches his hands out to pull those nipples, the young man who is twitching slightly on the bed opens his mouth and lets out a moan. His eyes widen. His entire body quivers so much that Phraphai cannot resist running his fingertips on that enlarging part and feeling that it is even bigger than anyone he's played with before.

“You pierced your nipples?”

“I... removed it... long ago...”

And not just one, but both of them.

Phraphai smiles wide immediately.

Smooch!

“Hmm. N—No...”

He now knows how to drive this emotionless kid frantic.

This thought makes the man lower himself down to suck one of the nipples while caressing the other one with his hand. From time to time, he decreases his strength and just rubs it gently, causing the one under him to moan with a shaky voice. The two hands are now busy pleasuring his lower area harder. It sounds all wet now. Phraphai roars in his throat, enthusiastically grabs a condom and takes a very deep breath in his throat.

I can't hold it back anymore!

This is one of the few times Phraphai ever thinks this way, but he can't help it when he sees the tempting face of the one under him.

Who would believe that an ordinary kid could be so damn alluring in bed? The teary dark eyes, the brightly flushing cheeks, and the lips that part open letting out a moan he tries so hard to hold back. Phraphai wants him to scream it out as the kid squirms in torment in his arms.

Peels!

Phraphai tears a condom package open with his teeth and puts it on quickly.

Grasp!

Surely, he grabs both hands of the boy who is pleasuring

himself and wraps them around his neck instead. His big hands push the boy's thighs up high. The wild sharp eyes stare down at the body that has become so vulnerable after touching himself, and then...

Squish!

"Hmmmmm! Ah!"

The person inside his arms bites the lips hard while he thrusts his manly part into the warmth inside. The face that extremely reddens turns him on even more, but the act of him trying to hold it in does not satisfy Phraphai. He quickly presses his warm lips down to the bright red-colored lips, slips the tip of his tongue into the boy's mouth greedily and brushes off all the sweetness without sparing the boy a chance to back away.

The kissing sound echoes throughout the room, but it does not overpower the thrusting sounds of the heated meat that is being pushed deep in the soft passageway.

"Do not hold your voice back. Let me hear you!"

Phraphai mutters close to the boy's lips before he buries his face in the white neck, sucking and licking along that neck as he pleases while moving his hips faster, going deeper into the heavenly space that is driving him crazy. It tightens him, opens up to welcome him and allows him to move freely at his rhythm. Nevertheless, the boy still does not abide by what he said.

"Umm. Ah. Ah..."

Once again, the one in his arms holds back his voice, and

that...

Squish! Squish! Squish! Squish!

“Hmmm. Slo... slow. Slow down...”

Phraphai does not care about the protest because he penetrates into the sweetness over and over again, making the person in his arms quiver rapidly on the bed with his face turning left and right. And—oh, gosh! He’s the sexiest, most beautiful, fucking person he’s ever slept with, ever!

But that is not the best part yet.

Grasp!

“Damn it!”

Suddenly, the languid person who is lying on his back musters the strength to push the wide chest away, and takes the chance when Phraphai is off guard to push himself up and straddle over Phraphai’s lap. The man himself lies on his back on the bed by surprise, but he is not surprised for too long before his eyes sparkle when... the kid moves his hips by himself!

The lean body without muscles places both hands on Phraphai’s stomach, and then he rocks himself with an extremely reddened face. He pants heavily, and that arouses the watcher to push his shoulders backward, so the kid places his hands on his lap instead.

Nice view.

And then...

“Ah-ah! Wait. Hmm. Ugh!”

The big guy wraps the smaller guy's waist and pushes himself against that waist with a really fast rhythm, causing the one who is getting it to scream from the top of his lungs. However, the person who just told the other one to wait turns out to be the one who takes a stable position to reciprocate with such equal heat. The man grabs the kid's pretty part in one hand and strokes it with the same rhythm. His mouth then sucks a light-colored nipple, and that makes the kid shudder as if electricity shocked him, he then lies back on Phraphai's thighs.

Nevertheless, the one who seems to be unable to stand it responds to him satisfactorily.

This kid is so seductive like a sexy creature!

"Hard... Harder... Harder!"

Of course, Phraphai thrusts with all his might, and the sound of the flesh clapping against each other echoes throughout the big, wide room, along with the moaning sound and the panting sound that accompany the movements. Sweat is covering their bodies as the temperature is rising.

Gasp!

At that exact moment, the smaller guy jerks harshly and closes his eyes tight as he lets out the white liquid all over his white stomach, and that arouses the one who's watching even more. When this body is tightening him up insanely, it is like it is squeezing and driving him so crazy that he presses his lips on those beautiful-colored lips, crushes them hard and moves back

to listen to the sound of the pant that seems daring.

“These lips... *Gasp... Gasp... Are you going to cum yet?*”

Phraphai immediately shakes off any thoughts of the kid as an inexperienced kid. This would definitely only drive him crazy!

“I’ll say... let’s count how many times I’m gonna cum tonight.”

Who says this kid is bland? Phraphai will object to that until his dying day because the picture of flushing face with an icy smile and the sad look in those eyes is already imprinted in his heart, and it will be difficult to erase it.

This kid is so intriguing... so intriguing that he cannot take his eyes off of him!

Sky bends his neck to get rid of the soreness as he walks out of the building and turns around to look coldly at the luxurious condominium where that man brought him in. The conversation that they had earlier pops up in his head.

‘Are you leaving now?’

‘There’s no reason for me to stay on.’

‘You’re so cold; you were very hot last night. Can I have your number?’

‘That’s not necessary.’

‘Then, can I at least have your name?’

‘You don’t have to know it. Just let it end with the night.’

The young man tightens his fists, closes his eyes and mutters softly.

“There are only jerks. You too are a jerk.”

Sky opens his eyes again, and this time they clearly show the sadness that he has been hiding deeply.

Get used to it, Sky. In your life, you only run into jerks like this.

He thinks and turns around to the car of his friend... who was the reason he had to sleep with that jerk.

Chapter 1

When the Wind Blows This Way

Two months later.

“It’s getting exciting. Next, volume 45.”

Inside a dorm room not too far from a well-known university, the owner of the room, Naphon, or as his friends call him ‘Sky,’ is lying on a big bed with his feet wiggling. On a mattress are tens of comic books on top of each other all around him, and when he finishes one, he rolls over to the edge of the bed to look for the next one in the set he just bought.

“This is volume 46, and where the hell is volume 45?”

When he realizes the book at top is not the one he wants, the person who has been lying there since yesterday bounces up from the crumpled bed sheets to search in the pile of the set of 70-volume comic books that he just bought to binge on until his eyes are tired. But no matter how hard and careful he looks at

the spines of all the books or even pours the rest of them onto the bed, he still cannot find the one he is looking for, and he has to tie his eyebrows.

“What the hell! Volume 46 to 70 are all here, so where the fuck is my volume 45!?” The owner of the room mumbles to himself in frustration because after lining up all the unread books in the set, he finds that there’s only one missing. His eyes spot the receipt that was tucked with the comic books and dropped from the bag when he poured the books out. He picks it up and thinks to himself that if they charged him for seventy books, he will storm to the store and cause hell to break loose there.

Everyone can do whatever they want—I’m not upset by any of it, but don’t leave me on a cliffhanger in the middle of the comic books binge!

He thinks as he calculates the numbers from the receipt quickly and discovers that...

“They really charged me for sixty-nine volumes.”

So, the seller did not bring him all of them.

Thud!

Once he realizes that, Sky lies back down on the bed, rubs his eyes that are tired from the days and nights of binge-reading comic books. He is really into it and nothing can stop him. Also, during school time, he has got used to sleep deprivation, so just stupidly reading comic books all day long will not hurt him as badly as the way the professors constantly assigned him all the

work.

“What time is it?”

When he cannot continue reading his comic books, a person who does not like skipping any part while reading comic books asks about the time. As he glances at the clock on the wall, it does not surprise him in the least bit why his eyes are so teary.

I probably haven't slept for a day and a half.

He thinks as he rubs his stomach, because he has come to realize that if he has not slept, then he has not eaten anything either.

“Eat, shower and sleep. Then, once I wake up, I'll go buy volume 45.” The young man concludes it with himself and walks to a refrigerator to see if there is anything to eat. Even though he lives in a dorm, not all kids who lives in a dorm feed on instant noodles—he wants some rice even if it is a frozen meal.

And this is just a daily routine of Naphon during term break.

Even though during school time at the Faculty of Architecture, Sky is one of his class' committee who is well respected by his classmates, during the school break, when he does not need to be hectic with turning in assignments to the professors, spending time writing plans more than calling his parents, and also taking a responsibility for his class activities, the young man wants to just have lazy, carefree days once in a

while too.

And he has been doing this for over a month now.

When he finds an instant frozen meal, without any hesitation, he shoves it into a microwave. Then he takes off his top and throws it into a basket, planning to take a shower to freshen himself up before eating his... whatever it is. But then his phone rings from somewhere under a pillow before he can even get the chance to take off his shorts. He drags himself to the phone.

“Another rant about a fight with your hubby for sure...”

Sky might seem bored, but he actually lets out a faint smile as he thinks of his best friend. Warren used to call him every day to whine about how he could not get any girls, but now that he has a boyfriend (Yes, you read that right!), he only calls when he needs advice, and it can only be Warren who calls this early in the morning.

Architecture students do not like to wake up early, and that includes term breaks.

However, the ten-digit number that is appearing on his phone screen makes him tie his eyebrows.

It could not be one of his friends, but Sky does not want to hang up the phone because, as mentioned before, he is in the class committee, and sometimes there are calls from the professors, the university staff members, or upper-year students who he has never talked to asking about an activity, and around

this time of the year, it can be nothing but the freshmen's welcome activity.

In a few weeks, Sky will become a second-year student, and he has been fortunate enough that another classmate of his, Zig, has volunteered to be a class representative. Hopefully, when he becomes a third-year student, someone will volunteer like this as well, since they are the ones who are responsible for everything regarding the freshmen's welcome activity and Sky prefers doing piles of paperwork to clowning around in front of the freshmen. Frankly speaking, he just cannot do that.

He is reserved, likes to keep things to himself and does not get into trouble with anyone, so a person who does not like to get into trouble with anyone like him answers the call immediately.

"Hello?"

[...]

The other end is in complete silence, so he goes on.

"Hello? Can you hear me?"

[Crystal clear.]

The listener ties his eyebrows, feeling all confused by the teasing voice, but that still does not ring any bells. It can be said that he has completely forgotten.

"Who's calling?"

[And who's asking?]

He's getting on my nerves!

Sky slightly narrows his eyes, sensing that the other one is messing with him, but he still really does not recognize the voice. If it turns out to be one of the upper-year students who likes to tease younger students and he says something bad back, it will just cause nothing but trouble. A peace lover like him can only sigh and speak formally.

“This is Sky speaking.”

[What a cute name.]

“If this is all you have to say, I’m hanging up right now.”

[You’re hot-headed, aren’t you?]

No matter how patient he is, this just ticks him off.

“Yes, I am hot-headed, so I’m hanging up.”

[Is anything else hot too?]

This is a pervert.

Nonetheless, before he gets the chance to hang up the phone, the other one laughs in a familiar voice. Yet, he still cannot figure out whose voice it is. In his mind, he is calling the other person a pervert, but he is a hard one to crack, so he can handle this with a stone cold face even though inside he is wondering more and more who this asshole is.

“Well, all parts of mine are hot.”

[Woah! What’s hot? Do you need my help to cool it down?]

The one on this end smiles coldly.

“Humans are warm-blooded creatures. I am a human, so if I am a bit hot, then it’s normal. Therefore, you don’t have to

help me. I don't like to be involved with cold-blooded animals anyway. Bye!" Then he hangs the fuck up!

"Lizard!"

This is the real meaning of what he meant to say to that man.

Since most cold-blooded animals are reptiles, and one of the first reptiles he can think of is a water-monitor lizard or 'Hia' (the animal's name in Thai that Thais use as an insult), so Sky thought it was suitable!

If that person has a brain and realizes that it's an insult, then the insult will have served its purpose. But if not, then let him continue being stupid.

"Frustrated since the early morning."

Ding!

At that moment, the microwave rings, so the person who is upset takes a deep breath and throws his phone onto the bed. He opens the microwave, takes the hot meal box and puts it on a Japanese table. Then he grabs a fork and a spoon near him, trying to clear his thoughts about the pervert off, but he does not even get the chance to take the lid of the meal box off...

RRRRRRrrrrrr

The owner of the phone takes a deep breath and picks up his phone, then he discovers that it is the same old pervert's number.

"If you have so much free time, I advise you to call a

psychiatrist.”

[Hmm. I’m not going. Even if I go, the psychiatrist can’t help me anyway.]

The voice on the phone sounds cheery. He probably has not realized that he has just been insulted.

“I think...”

[Because I’m love sick.]

Stunned!

Sky takes every word he’s going to say back. He gets stunned because he doesn’t see it coming, but it takes only a few seconds, because...

“If you’re sick, then take the pills, okay? Calling me wouldn’t help.”

The other one laughs gently, and that sound kind of tickles in an indescribable way. Not to mention the following sentence...

[I really am ‘LLLLLove’ sick.]

This time, he totally emphasizes the word that starts with an L, making Sky roll his eyes. He is approaching his patience’s limit, and he is getting close to throwing his phone against the wall. The longer he talks to this weirdo, the more his stomach makes a noise as well as pain as if he is about to have gastritis.

And also...

[Prepare yourself. I’m about to hit on you.]

The listener presses his lips together while his brain tries its best to think who the person on the other end of the line is.

“Who are you?” he asks bluntly as he cannot figure it out.

[The handsome Sailom.]

The more he hears, the blanker Sky is. The only one he knows with the closest name to ‘Sailom,’ literally translated as wind, is Phayu, which can be translated as storm, who is Rain’s boyfriend. But just the thought of his friend’s boyfriend talking like this gives him the creeps. There is no way that Phayu would try to flirt with him like this. Besides, he is madly in love with Rain. There is definitely no way that he would be messing around with him.

As he has been silent for a while, the other one continues jokingly.

[Oh, and prepare your heart as well because I’m not just playing around. Then, I won’t be keeping you now. Ba-bye.]

“Wait...”

It turns out that Sky is the one calling out to the other person, but it is not in time, since the other one has hung up the phone. He can only stare at the screen of his phone, which now displays a picture from his favorite anime. He thinks hard about whom he might have fascinated, but no matter how hard he thinks, the answer is still... none.

He has stopped going out ever since he started studying at the university. He never told anyone that he is gay, so if there had been any time that he might have charmed anyone, then it must have been what happened a few months ago.

Sky let himself go and slept with a guy he met at the car racing event, but it has been several months. It has been such a long time that he even forgot about it. Besides, the little time they spent together gave him the impression that a guy like that would not get serious with anyone. He was just flirting around with anyone he liked, and Sky just happened to be there.

Suddenly, the face of the man who is full of confidence pops up in his head: the playful honey brown eyes, the lips that usually smirked, and the charm which that man was so confident of that Sky could not help but make that man succumb to him in bed.

Everything flushes in, and he has to close his eyes.

“It can’t be him. He doesn’t know my name, and I didn’t give him my number. It could just be a creep that finds a random number and call.”

Sky shakes this thought off, but before he can grab the spoon and start eating...

RRRRRRrrrrr

“Will I ever get to eat today?”

He mutters to himself in frustration, glances at the phone screen a bit and answers the call.

“What do you want?”

[I want to tell the adorable Sky that I am not offended by the water monitor lizard insult, I get that a lot. Haha.]

The other end of the line just says that and hangs up. Sky’s

mouth is open, but he is speechless. That gentle laugh at the end especially sounds genuinely amused with his insult. Sky feels so angry that he wants to throw his phone away, but...

RRRRrrrrrrrr

“What the hell is it now?!”

Now the cold guy is sufficiently heated with rage, so he answers the phone without even looking at the number and asks in a frustrated voice, and that...

“Whoa! What’s wrong with you? What are you mad at me about?”

Now Sky clearly remembers the voice.

“Rain.”

[Yeah, it’s me. Are you all right? Did I make you mad? Don’t be mad at me; I haven’t done anything.]

His best friend says in a soft voice that obviously sounds so guilty that Sky lets out a heavy sigh. He does not want to take his anger out on his friend, so he answers in a much calmer voice.

“No, I was just about to eat and your call just cut in.”

[Um, then I’ll hang up. Enjoy your meal.]

There is no way that Rain couldn’t tell that he is currently so angry that he can kill someone. That’s why he says sheepishly and hangs up.

Sky shakes his head slowly. Even though he is a bit surprised that Rain hung up easily and did not ask many questions like every time, right now he is not in the mood to

wonder about anything. Just trying to figure out who called was headache-inducing enough, and now the warm food is almost cold.

“The handsome Sailom, huh? Humph. That Sailom is a wind of bad luck.”

So, now Sky is sleepy, hungry, and has not had a shower yet. He imagines that if the perverted Sailom were standing in front of him, he would be prepared—not for accepting his love or anything else, but for becoming a murderer and ripping out that annoying person’s guts.

“I’ll just fucking heat it up again.”

He ends up muttering softly to himself and putting the food into the microwave.

But Naphon still has no idea that this wind is not blowing in just to blow past by easily. Like the man said, he is not only playing around.

For a second, Sky thought the man who called to get on his nerves was the same one he accidentally had a one-night stand with, but this thought flew right off his mind when he saw the messages that were sent every day. It is not that Sky would bother to read it and reply. Not at all. There is not even a single part of him that wants to talk to that person, but the application keeps sending him notifications of the texts on the screen and he is sure that he is in a mind game now.

...Hello. The weather is nice today. I looked up and saw Sky...

...What are you doing during term break? I'm so bored...

...The new term is about to start soon. Are you ready?...

He is mesmerized by how stubborn the other one is; even though he has never replied—he has not even got into the message inbox to read the messages—he still sends stuff every day. Then he just assumes that it must have been one of the upper-year students at the faculty where he is studying, and that stresses him out because if that really is a student from the upper year and he faces him, how will he deny that person in a way that the other one does not know that... he is so fucking annoyed!

But now Sky is not surprised that his best friend, Rain, never managed to successfully hit on a girl. Try getting texts like this every day, and you will feel creeped out instead of getting turned on. And he is even more creeped out when, in the morning of the first day of the new term, his phone dings with a notification along with a short text message.

...Today, we'll get to see each other...

This totally gives me the creep.

Sky exhales hard and looks at the reflection of himself in the mirror. He is a realist, and he thinks that his looks should not charm someone. He is not as cute as Rain, or drop-dead handsome (as Rain usually brags) like Phayu. He is also not outstanding with an approachable persona like Zig. He is just an

ordinary person like everyone else. He does not even bother to dress up to look presentable like he used to do years ago.

He is just an average person who studies hard and joins a lot of activities, so he knows a lot of people. That is all.

This Naphon stopped thinking he had any charm a long time ago.

“You must have bad eyesight,” Sky jokingly says to his phone.

Even though a part of him feels creepy, another part of him also wants to know who sent all these text messages even though his heart tells him not to pay attention to love.

I should've trusted my first instinct!

The first day of the second year is not that interesting. Even though this is a faculty that is known for having the toughest homework from the professors, it is not piled up from the first class. If there is anything remotely interesting, then it is the freshmen's welcome activity, but Sky does not work in the spotlight anyway. He helps the upper-year students do the paperwork behind the scenes and does not really show his face to the freshmen. So, today is no different than any other days until... they let the freshmen go home.

Yes, the upper-year students have let the freshmen go home, but nobody told him that they had summoned a black giant to the faculty!

“Hi, Phai. Was it difficult to get here?”

The cause of the problem is the same person... Rain.

His tiny best friend with a cute face and a wife material is running happily to a big man in a dark-colored shirt and a pair of slack pants. He even wears a loosened necktie with the knot that hangs down to the second button from the top. Astonished, Naphon unknowingly points his finger at the man's face with no patience left.

“Why are you here!?”

This is the guy he slept with!

“Oh, you know Phai? Oh, right, he came to ask me for your number that day because he wanted to return your stuff.”

I've found the root of the problem!

Sky gnashes his teeth as if he wants to choke his best friend a couple of times, but after seeing a wide smile that is shrinking and shrinking as though Rain has just realized that he should not have given his friend's number to other people without permission, he calms down a bit and asks him about all of this mess first. Then he will chew his friend's butt after he learns the full story.

“And this is...” The speaker uses his eyes instead of words.

“Right, you probably already knew him, but this is Phai. He's older than us. He's Phayu's best friend at the race. And, Phai, this is my friend. His name is...”

“Sky. Yes, you already told me, Rain.”

The look in Sky's eyes tells his friend to confess. Warren quickly tells him, trying to pleasing him even though he feels smaller and smaller, but the introduction is not even properly done when the big man who somehow shows up at their faculty building cuts in with a big smile, and even steps closer to the point that sky steps backward to imply that... he is disgusted in him.

Okay, said 'Phai' probably does not derive from a 'pie' like an apple pie or a chicken pie. It is probably shortened from... Phraphai, meaning wind.

The handsome Sailom, the handsome wind?

That thought makes him look at the man from head to toe even though it is not his habit to do so, and then...

"Am I as handsome as I advertise myself?"

The listener bites his lips so hard that it turns pale right away, trying his best to control all the swear words that he is about to spew and swallow them back, because despite everything, this is Rain's boyfriend's best friend, and he does not want any problems. Also, he does not want his best friend to know what kind of relationship he had with the man in front of him.

"Err, Phai, didn't you say you have something for Phayu?" Rain changes the topic as he sees that the situation is becoming uncomfortable, but Sky can see Rain discreetly step away from his reach.

“Oh, this.” What the man in front of him grabs out of his pants pocket is a piece of rugged paper folded in half. Then he hands it over to Warren.

“This is very important, Rain. Extremely important. Please give it to Phayu for me.”

Even though Sky does not see how different that paper is from a piece of one-time used paper, he says nothing because his best friend also shows disbelief in his face but puts that piece of paper into his bag anyway. Then those sharp eyes glance back at him, with lips extending into a big smile, as he looks as satisfied as that night on which the race took place.

“And... it’s nice to meet you again, Sky.”

But it’s not nice for me!

Sky’s eyes say that. He wants to let that crazy night slip his mind, but the other one happens to show up in front of him. You do not have to be as smart as Einstein to figure all the whole thing out.

That person got his number from Rain. Sky wished that this guy would just be a random racer who had nothing to do with anyone around him, but it turns out that this Phai guy is Phayu’s best friend, and Phayu is Rain’s boyfriend. This is enough for him to connect the dots.

Phraphai tricked Rain into giving his number, and with an inconvenient look on his best friend’s face, he probably did not mean to give it to him. And there is no doubt why Phraphai knows

what he is studying, which year he is in, and when the term starts or ends, even though he is not a student here; the man probably learned all of those from Sky's tiny best friend. Also, he is waiting to meet him here as he has said in the text message by telling Rain that he has something he wants Rain to give to Phayu.

That paper must have complete nonsense—surely not as important as he said.

And Naphon finally understands at this second why the other person said he was interesting. It is because they already had sex.

He is aware that he is better in bed than his appearance might suggest, so this Phai guy is not fascinated by him, but by having sex with him.

"Rain, aren't you going to see Phayu? He's probably home already."

The listener knows why the other person wants his best friend out of the scenario, which is fine because he does not want to share his past with his friend either.

"I have to give Sky a ride to his dorm first."

Yet, Warren cannot help worrying about his friend. Even though the time that they dismiss the freshmen's activity is not so late, but it is quite hard to find a taxi to get out of the university, and he will feel guilty if he lets Sky walk to his dorm. His dorm is just nearby. It is better to take his friend back to his place first. Besides, deep down he starts to not trust his

boyfriend's best friend.

Sky looks like he wants to kill me. I can't leave you two alone!

"It's all right. I can go back on my own. You should go."

"But..."

"Just go. Your Phayu would have been waiting by now."

"Is that a good idea?"

"Don't worry. I'll drive him back to his dorm."

Suddenly, the big man cuts in with an enthusiastic voice. His eyes sparkle so much that Warren feels even more protective of his friend. He stares at Sky who freezes for quite a while. The smaller guy is about to decline that, if it's not because...

RRRRRrrrrrr

The phone in his pocket rings so loudly that he has to pick it up.

"Yes, Phayu?"

During that short interruption, Sky hears a soft whisper from the big man.

"Rain doesn't know about us?"

The listener looks up at the honey-colored eyes and sees the cunning look in them.

No, Rain does not know, and he does not even want Rain to know that it was Rain's attempt to outsmart Phayu that caused him into having to sleep with the man in front of him. His best friend would feel guilty for eternity. Also, Sky does not want Rain

to be disappointed in the relationship with men the way he is—the way that it is just... about sex.

Rain is so happy with his pure-hearted love, and he does not want to ruin that, so when Warren turns back, he denies it in a cold voice.

“You can go now. Phayu’s probably worried to death for you by now since you aren’t home at this hour. I can go with... Phai.” Naphon says while looking at the taller guy who smiles in satisfaction that his name is called, then he turns back to his tiny best friend to reaffirm with him.

“You don’t have to worry about me. He’s Phayu’s friend, isn’t he? If anything happens to me, you know who to catch.”

“I won’t do anything that will make anyone want to catch me.”

Like I’d buy that.

Sky tilts his head, and then he nods again.

“Don’t worry about me.”

“Are you sure? Okay, please take care of Sky for me, Phai.”

Even though Rain looks hesitant, he nods eventually, and...

“And you and I have to talk tomorrow.”

Then Rain runs fast out of their sights, leaving his beloved best friend alone with the big man, just the two of them.

This time, Sky turns back to meet the tall guy’s eyes.

“What do you really want?”

The other person reveals a gentle smile—the kind that

should tickle the heart of the one seeing it. His sharp eyes glow as he bends over until his eyes meet the kid's. Their noses are only an inch apart—so close that Sky can feel the warm breath on his white cheeks, followed by a soft voice of the handsome one.

“I already told you that I’m here to hit on you, Sky.”

Those cunning eyes glance all over his face and stop at his lips, making Sky insist on his thought he had before:

This guy’s clearly the wind of bad luck!