YOU, IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE

English Sample · Chapters 1–2

by Samha

Amarin Coporations PCL.

Chapter 1

“Earth is one planet in the universe. According to current scientific understanding, the universe began from an extremely hot, dense state before undergoing a tremendous expansion around 13.8 billion years ago. It has continued to expand ever since, eventually becoming the universe we know today.”

“Yes. We’re talking about the Big Bang theory. Many people say the Big Bang was not an explosion, but an expansion of space itself. Even so, before that expansion, the universe existed for a period in an unimaginably hot and dense initial state. As it expanded and cooled, space, time, matter, and energy emerged, eventually giving rise to stars, galaxies, and all the structures we see today.”

“And now, NextSphere International Research Organization is delighted to inform all investors that our particle accelerator—designed to recreate the early conditions at the birth of the universe—is ready to advance to Phase Three testing.”

“Humanity is closer than ever to answering the question of how the universe began. From a theory born out of nothingness may come limitless minerals and energy. NextSphere and all of our investors will undoubtedly help determine the direction of the world’s future.”

Phuangchomphu removed the coat she had worn for the investor presentation and hung it in her locker, exchanging it for her usual laboratory coat.

She walked through the research center, nodding to familiar colleagues along the way. At the entrance to the laboratory under her supervision, she scanned her fingerprint and iris. The security doors opened.

“How far are we?” she asked the members of her research team, all of them busy with their work.

“On schedule. How did it go on your side, Doctor?” one of them asked without looking away from the computer screen.

“Same as always. The investors want us to accelerate the project.” Phuangchomphu leaned toward the monitor to study the graph. “Which is normal. If you put money into something, you want results as quickly as possible.”

She was no longer young and had been working as a researcher for more than a decade. Researchers like her were driven by questions. Investors were driven by returns. No investment existed without expectation of profit.

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The inner security door opened. Professor Will, one of NextSphere's senior executives, entered to inspect the project. He, too, had been pressured by the investors. The project had begun with nothing and, although progress remained on schedule, success still seemed frustratingly distant.

"You said the initial conditions are ready. Show me."

Phuangchomphu glanced at the professor, then nodded to her team.

The sealed glass chamber remained pitch-black except for the lights outside it. Several monitors came alive, displaying measurements of invisible energy. At first the readings were steady. Then the particle accelerator started, and the numbers surged.

The researchers watched from outside the chamber. Though nothing visibly moved within, everyone knew the temperature and density were rising—far beyond anything a living organism could withstand.

Heat began to radiate through the specially engineered glass. A faint whine filled the room, just as it always did. Dizziness struck Phuangchomphu. She suspected everyone else felt it too.

"Enough," she said. "Stop increasing the acceleration."

"Wait. Push it a little further." Professor Will raised a hand to stop them. His eyes locked onto one particular reading, suddenly bright with excitement.

Phuangchomphu followed his gaze. After continuous expansion and gradual cooling, electrons in the d-orbital had begun arranging themselves.

Now she understood what he was waiting for.

The formation of those electron configurations marked the birth of transition metals. Gold. Silver. Valuable elements of immense commercial interest.

Her headache intensified. The dizziness worsened. Even the lights outside the glass chamber began to tremble.

"That's enough. Stop now," she ordered again.

Her team hesitated because Professor Will still held up his hand.

"Dr. Pink, can't you see what is happening?"

"Seeing the electrons arrange themselves should already be enough. You're destabilizing the system—"

"Don't you want to know what happens next? Don't any of you want to see? The energy is rising. Look. It's still rising—"

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Professor Will never finished the sentence.

Inside the darkness, a tiny point of light appeared.

Less than a fraction of a second later, there was no living thing left in the laboratory.

The destruction spread outward, erasing everything back into nothingness. The laboratory. The building. The city. The country. The devastation expanded farther and farther with no sign of stopping.

Then, after that impossible glimpse of destruction, emptiness swallowed Phuangchomphu's mind.

Something seized her.

She was yanked violently through a black, lightless passage.

When everything finally became still, a tragedy waited before her.

"Aaaah!"

Her scream tore through an opulent room.

Blood covered the glossy white tile floor. A young man lay facedown, one upturned eye frozen open, his finger still hooked around the trigger of a gun. Not far away, a man in his fifties or sixties lay on his back. The white shirt over his chest was soaked crimson at the heart.

Both were dead. Freshly dead.

And who else could the murderer be but the tall man standing nearby with his back to her, staring at the bodies?

"Murderer!" Phuangchomphu shrieked.

The man turned.

For one absurd instant, she noticed that he was devastatingly handsome.

This was not the time to admire a handsome young murderer.

He was walking toward her.

His brows drew together. More alarming than his expression, however, was the gun in his hand.

"Help..." Phuangchomphu looked around desperately. Aside from the two corpses, the grand room contained only her and the man in front of her. "Help! Somebody help me! Don't come any closer, you murderer! Stay away!"

She backed away, but not fast enough. He caught her wrist. She panicked and cursed him, struggling violently until he had to seize both her arms to keep her still.

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“Let go of me! Don’t touch me with your filthy hands, you disgusting murderer! Let go—”

Bang.

Agony tore through her abdomen.

Phuangchomphu collapsed slowly. The man who had shot her looked even more shocked than she was. His hawk-like eyes trembled. He stared at the gun in his hand, then at her, then at the two bodies on the floor.

He raised the gun to his own temple.

Without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

Phuangchomphu’s eyelids drifted shut. She no longer had the strength to scream. She was dying too, filled with confusion.

What had just happened?

That vicious murderer had looked as though he had not meant to shoot her.

And why had he chosen to kill himself immediately afterward?

She thought she would die there.

Instead, the moment her eyes closed, the world dissolved into emptiness again.

She was seized and hurled back through that same black passage.

“Stop!”

Her eyes snapped open as she shouted the command.

She was back in the laboratory. The ceiling lights were trembling. Heat rolled from the glass chamber where the particle accelerator was recreating the early conditions of the Big Bang.

Her team turned to stare at her in surprise.

“Dr. Pink, can’t you see what is happening?” Professor Will said again, his hand still raised—the exact same words she had heard before.

Phuangchomphu’s mind raced.

Before she appeared at the murder scene, she had been here. Professor Will had pushed the accelerator until the system lost equilibrium.

Once that balance was destroyed...

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Explosion.

Global destruction.

She had to stop it.

“Shut down the particle accelerator now or it will explode!”

She lunged toward the controls and hit the emergency stop herself.

Inside the chamber—previously empty—a mass of gas appeared and began to spiral.

The sight was breathtaking.

The Big Bang had expanded to a certain point. Temperature was falling. A universe was being born inside the laboratory.

The cloud intensified into a turbulent high-energy system. Galaxies, something like a Milky Way, and structures she could not even identify formed and expanded at an impossible rate. The chamber had never been designed to contain that kind of pressure.

The glass exploded.

The researchers died again.

Once more, Phuangchomphu fell into nothingness.

Once more, something dragged her through the black passage.

Her eyes flew open in the luxurious room.

The same two bodies lay on the floor, one face-up and one face-down. The man she had called a murderer had not yet killed himself. He still stood staring at the corpses. And this time, her abdomen was uninjured.

Time reversal?

Overlapping dimensions?

Then the passage that had pulled her here—was that a wormhole? A theoretical gateway between dimensions?

She had to return to the research center. That was her dimension. She could not allow the explosion to destroy everything. If she went back and stopped it in time...

No. She had to stop it.

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At the very least, she had to reduce the damage as much as possible. As a researcher, she could not accept innocent people being harmed by her experiment.

How had she returned last time?

She had been shot to death.

Phuangchomphu shut her eyes and held her breath. While the tall man remained distracted by the bodies, she darted forward and snatched the gun from his hand.

Ignoring his shock, she pressed the barrel to her own temple.

She pulled the trigger without hesitation.

“Stop!”

The moment her eyes opened, she was shouting again.

She rushed to the particle accelerator controls and shut the system down.

“Doctor!” Professor Will roared.

“Professor, this laboratory cannot withstand the energy fluctuations. It will explode.”

She had imagined the expansion of the Big Bang countless times and designed the laboratory based on existing research. Phase One and Phase Two had gone well. But Phase Three was far more violent than projected, already beyond control.

“Dr. Pink, this chamber was designed to endure extreme energy. There is no way it could fail. You shut the machine down. Do you understand what you’ve done? That phenomenon could have been the beginning of enormous commercial value—proof I could use to secure future funding—and you erased it in an instant!”

“Professor, whatever comes next is not worth the risk. We can reinforce the laboratory and try again—”

She got no further.

A flash appeared inside the chamber.

Everyone turned.

Heat still poured outward. The ceiling lights still shook. This time, there was no immediate explosion. Only a hairline crack appeared at one corner of the glass.

But the temperature, density, and pressure leaking from within were enough.

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One by one, the people in the room collapsed.

“Magnificent,” Professor Will whispered.

His eyes remained wide, fixed on the miniature universe forming before him. Even as the cells in his body failed and death approached, his clouding eyes never left the sight.

Neither did Phuangchomphu’s.

Her entire body burned. Internal organs failed. Blood seemed to boil and seep from every pore.

So this was the price of human curiosity before something as vast as nature itself.

She could not stop the expansion of the tiny universe.

But at least the damage appeared smaller than before.

Temperature, density, and pressure gradually returned toward equilibrium. The miniature universe inside the chamber began to contract, preparing to vanish as if it had never existed.

That must be the wormhole.

Because she had shut the particle accelerator down abruptly, everything had slowed enough for her to see it clearly.

And it was far too small for her physical body to pass through.

It was ending.

The wormhole shrank further and further.

This time, perhaps her life truly would end here.

Then Phuangchomphu returned to emptiness again.

Now she could clearly see herself being dragged and flung into the black passage. At the far end, after she entered, a golden spark flashed. Brilliant colors burst through the darkness as the passage itself began to collapse.

The wormhole was closing.

There was not enough energy to keep it stable.

The miniature universe created by human hands vanished as well, leaving behind only the bodies of the researchers—bodies so badly damaged at a cellular level that future investigators would wonder why they appeared scalded and unnaturally soft, as though their bones had dissolved.

Phuangchomphu opened her eyes again.

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The opulent room.

The two corpses.

The cold-blooded “murderer” standing over them.

She could barely breathe.

Considering how far back in time she seemed able to return, she realized she had already done the most she could: shut down the accelerator midway and reduce the scale of the disaster.

Could she go back again?

She did not know.

But moments ago, everything had seemed to dissolve back into emptiness. No new universe. No unstable spacetime. No wormhole.

And perhaps no life left there either.

What exactly had she witnessed? Had she died instantly? Had those impossible visions truly happened, or had the experiment caused hallucinations?

She was too shocked to decide.

Phuangchomphu simply sat on the floor until she almost forgot that, in this other dimension, she was still alive.

She only came back to herself when the tall man moved.

He looked at her sitting there in despair, then calmly set the gun on a table.

He did not frown this time. He merely took a deep breath, exhaled hard, walked over, and lifted her from the floor.

He carried her out of the magnificent room, leaving the evidence of tragedy behind.

Phuangchomphu did not dare speak or move. She was afraid he might throw her down or shoot her again. All she could do was secretly observe the man carrying her with steady steps.

He barely seemed to notice her. He looked absorbed in his own thoughts.

As they passed servants and staff, his hawk-like eyes only swept over them. Every person bowed their head.

That was another reason Phuangchomphu remained silent.

His people.

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They were all on the murderer's side.

He took her to another building some distance away, a separate house altogether. It was much smaller and simpler than the grand mansion they had left.

Phuangchomphu quietly surveyed possible escape routes. At the same time, she could not help respecting the murderer's stamina. He had carried her all this way without showing the slightest sign that she was heavy.

He brought her into a bedroom and set her on the bed.

Panic returned.

Was he going to assault her? If she resisted, would he kill her?

"I'll be back."

The result was completely different from what she expected.

He showed no interest in her at all. He barely even looked at her. He spoke the sentence as if talking to empty air and walked out.

Phuangchomphu sat there, bewildered.

Once she recovered, she looked around the room.

His room, perhaps? Surprisingly simple.

When she was sure she was safe, she climbed off the bed and searched for a mirror. She needed to know who she was in this dimension.

A wormhole generated by human technology probably did not contain enough energy to transport a living body. What had been dragged here might have been pure energy—something like a soul.

There were still mysteries in the universe that science could not explain.

But whose body was she inside?

She had read theories about parallel dimensions. Some proposed that another version of oneself might exist elsewhere. Others imagined worlds identical to one's own except for the people within them.

Then she found a mirror.

Phuangchomphu held her breath and stepped closer.

It was her.

Another version of her.

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But what made her eyes widen was not the resemblance. It was the age.

The reflection was not Dr. Pink at thirty-eight. It was a thin young woman without makeup, her hair tied awkwardly as though she did not know how to style it. She could not have been more than her late teens or early twenties.

I'm not old!

Then what was wrong with this body?

She was young, yet soft and under-muscled, thin enough to look undernourished. When Phuangchomphu herself had been twenty—many years ago—she had possessed far more strength than the girl reflected in this mirror.

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Chapter 2

The tall man strode steadily through what he called the main house.

By now, everyone must know that his father and elder brother were both dead. The staff had begun treating him with wary respect. Some were quicker than others and had already started bowing with obvious flattery.

He was his father's illegitimate son, born to a mistress.

His childhood had been anything but good. Miserable would have been more accurate.

His mother had spent her life trying to win his father's love, trapped in an endless struggle to defeat the lawful wife. In the end, that obsession had consumed the best years of her life. His father had never cared. Yin had been a child his father never intended to have. His mother had done everything she could to conceive him so that she would have another bargaining chip.

As for his father, perhaps he had simply decided that since the boy existed, he might as well serve as a subordinate to Kritin, the legitimate son.

There had been nothing good about growing up illegitimate.

His father was immensely wealthy. The family had owned Wellbeing Pharma, a major pharmaceutical manufacturer, for generations. Yet Yin never received anything comparable to his elder brother. Forget privilege—even scraps of basic kindness rarely reached him.

He had been forced to claw his own way out of the mud while Kritin, born to the legal wife, walked roads that others cleared for him. Everything Kritin wanted was placed at his feet without effort.

Unfortunately for them, both father and eldest son were dead now.

So who would take control of the pharmaceutical company?

Who else but him?

It was finally time for Yin Phawit to receive what should have been his all along.

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Phuangchomphu left the bedroom to explore the house. It was only an ordinary two-story home and no one else seemed to be inside. After wandering around for a short while, she decided to return to the bedroom and wait.

For the moment, staying put seemed wiser.

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She owned nothing here. She did not even have a phone. She knew nothing about this dimension. Where exactly was she supposed to run?

And judging from the wardrobe, this version of Phuangchomphu clearly lived here. There were men's belongings in the same closet, suggesting that she lived with the "murderer."

Was staying here a terrible mistake?

She would try it for now. If things looked dangerous, she could run later.

Dangerous?

She was living with a possible murderer. For all she knew, this version of her might even have been his accomplice.

She waited a long time, but the man did not return to answer her questions.

Only a caretaker appeared with food.

The woman was unfriendly.

No—not merely unfriendly. Openly rude.

In nearly forty years of life, Phuangchomphu had never been treated this badly.

The woman pushed open the bedroom door without knocking and slammed a food tray onto a table in the corner. That would have been tolerable if she had simply left afterward. Instead, she marched over and yanked Phuangchomphu roughly by the arm to make her get off the bed.

"Eat. Hurry up."

Even the old ladies who fed stray dogs at temples showed more tenderness than this.

Phuangchomphu turned to stare at her.

The caretaker flinched, then glared back.

"You're damn lucky, idiot."

With that, she turned and left, leaving Phuangchomphu staring after her.

Idiot?

She had a doctorate. She was a senior researcher at a world-class international organization.

Idiot?

Who exactly was she calling an idiot?

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...Unless she had not really been insulting *her*.

Was the Phuangchomphu of this dimension intellectually impaired?

Judging by the caretaker's behavior, her status in this household could not have been very good.

And lucky about what?

She did not understand.

Could she safely eat the food?

Well, she cared about her health and believed in eating regular meals. She might as well eat first. If there was poison and she died, so be it. Technically, she had already died once.

No—five times, if she counted properly.

Unbelievable.

The food was not poisoned. Phuangchomphu remained perfectly alive until the caretaker returned to collect the tray. The woman stared at the empty dishes, then at Phuangchomphu, looking confused and almost alarmed.

What? Had she eaten too much?

Sorry, but nutrients mattered. She had to eat properly.

The caretaker remained offensively rude. Phuangchomphu wondered what sort of employer would keep someone like this. If she were not a civilized woman, she might have slapped her.

But she was a good, well-mannered person.

So she merely stared and refused to say a word.

After dinner—Phuangchomphu had checked the time and confirmed that it was evening—the "murderer" returned.

Another person with no manners.

He walked straight into the bedroom without warning and began taking off his clothes, apparently unconcerned by her presence on the bed.

Not that he seemed about to do anything to her.

As she had noticed earlier, he treated her as if she were invisible. He removed his shirt and changed into more comfortable trousers, probably because his previous clothes were restrictive.

"Excuse me," Phuangchomphu finally said.

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He did not seem as openly rude as the caretaker. And if they lived in the same room, they were probably close in some way—though she did not want to guess what kind.

She still suspected he might be a murderer, but he also appeared to be her best option for obtaining information.

The man whipped around to stare at her.

His brows knitted. He approached slowly.

“Did you just call me?”

“Yes.”

She nodded.

His eyes were not especially large, but their sharp inner corners gave them the look of a hawk’s gaze. Now they widened in surprise. He even stepped back once and blinked several times.

Damn. The kid was handsome.

Sharp eyes, a high nose with a slightly hooked tip, downturned lips, strong bone structure. Somehow it all fit together perfectly.

“You...” He pointed at her, then lowered his hand. His confusion seemed even greater than hers. Phuangchomphu had no idea why he was so shocked to hear her speak.

But now was the time to carry out the explanation she had invented earlier.

“There was a shooting before. I think I was so frightened that I lost my memory. Could you tell me who I am?”

He became still.

The crease between his brows eased slightly, but those hawk-like eyes remained fixed on her.

“...Really?”

His expression and tone were so flat that Phuangchomphu’s confidence faltered.

Was her excuse really that unbelievable? She thought it was perfectly reasonable.

“I really don’t remember anything,” she insisted.

Please do not ask me questions about this version of myself, she prayed. I have no answers. Her original soul could be anywhere.

What a headache.

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In her old world, she had no husband or children, but she did have a family. Had her parents in Thailand learned yet that their accomplished daughter was gone?

And now she had somehow entered the body of another family's daughter in a parallel dimension. They looked identical, but they were not the same person.

"Were you that badly shocked?" he asked.

Phuangchomphu could only nod.

His eyes were impossible to read—deep, controlled, revealing nothing. He looked so young. Why did he look at people like that?

Dr. Pink, if you cannot read him at all, congratulations. He probably does not believe you.

The man remained silent, arms folded as he thought.

For Yin, it was not that he disbelieved her. He was wondering what sort of shock could have transformed the woman before him into a normal person. Gunshots. Death right in front of her. He was not sure how much she had understood.

She claimed to remember nothing.

Her behavior was bizarre compared with before, but Yin had always thought of her as innocent as a blank sheet of paper. Suspicion did not come naturally to him where she was concerned.

"Your name is Chomphu. Phuangchomphu," he said, effectively introducing her to herself.

A chill ran over Phuangchomphu.

Even the name was the same.

Chomphu was a name she had not heard anyone use in years. Unless she called home to Thailand, everyone at NextSphere knew her as Dr. Pink.

"You're the daughter of Khun Pham, owner of a private hospital group with branches in Thailand and overseas."

Phuangchomphu paused.

Pham was not her father's name in her original world.

Still, this father sounded wealthy. Then why had the caretaker treated her so badly? And why was the house she lived in so ordinary?

"Before this, you weren't mentally normal... you were slow."

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Phuangchomphu raised an eyebrow.

“Slow? Intellectually disabled? Autistic? Congenital or acquired?”

The questions flew out automatically, as if she were asking a member of her research team for experimental results.

Unfortunately, the man in front of her was not one of her subordinates.

“You know what autism is?” he asked. “You say you don’t remember anything, yet you know that. I’ve been surprised ever since you spoke an entire sentence. What happened to you?”

He sounded curious rather than suspicious, but the way he folded his arms and stared made a guilty person like Phuangchomphu interpret it otherwise.

“People learn things while they’re alive. Even if someone is slow, if people keep talking to them, they can learn, remember, and respond...”

“Respond?” Yin interrupted. “You never responded to anything. You showed no interest. No signs of learning or memory. Your whole life, whenever you were awake, you only performed the most basic functions necessary to stay alive. It wasn’t autism—congenital or acquired.”

Stunned.

That was the only word for Phuangchomphu’s reaction.

He described it so calmly, as though explaining something perfectly ordinary. He still watched her with his arms folded, face unreadable except for a slight furrow between his brows.

Now she understood why the caretaker had dared to call her an idiot. Why the woman had recoiled when Phuangchomphu looked directly at her.

This version of her had never responded to anything before.

“She couldn’t speak either, right?” Phuangchomphu pointed at herself. The situation was worse than she had imagined.

“Speak properly,” Yin said. “Refer to yourself by name. Use polite endings when you ask questions.”

Her lips twitched.

This kid had no respect for his elders. She was more than ten years older than him in her original life.

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“Before this, Chomphu couldn’t speak at all, right?” she asked obediently.

“Couldn’t speak. Couldn’t learn.”

Phuangchomphu closed her eyes.

Were these even the same universe?

Her life in the other world had been the complete opposite. Highly educated. Successful. Respected.

And here?

Helpless. Incapable of learning. Pitied by no one. Bullied by everyone.

She opened her eyes and studied the man in front of her.

Murderer or not, he had not harmed her. He had carried her here, placed her safely on the bed, and now answered her questions—even if he also seemed to be examining her.

“Maybe Chomphu was so shocked that her brain suddenly started working normally,” she said.

Good enough. Use that excuse for now.

“Maybe,” he replied.

Otherwise, how else could she have suddenly started talking and asking questions?

“And you are...?”

Best to learn his name. Know your enemy and all that.

“Yin.”

She raised an eyebrow.

That was it? No longer explanation?

Still, judging from the fact that he took reasonably good care of her and lived in the same house...

“Yin is Chomphu’s older brother?”

She could not bring herself to call him *P’Yin*. He looked a decade younger than her.

Yin did not answer immediately. He watched her for a moment. At last, those hawk-like eyes moved away, glancing at the ceiling before returning to her face.

“No. Husband.”

Phuangchomphu nearly fainted.

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In her original dimension, she had been accomplished, stable, successful—and single.

Here she had been intellectually disabled.

And somehow she had a husband?

Her expression must have betrayed what she was thinking: What kind of man married a woman incapable of making her own decisions?

It seemed almost immoral. If this body's original owner had never responded to anything, then she could hardly have chosen marriage for herself.

"Neither of us chose this marriage," Yin explained.

He disliked talking more than necessary, but her face forced the clarification from him.

Phuangchomphu nodded in understanding.

"I see. An arranged marriage. Then your family must be very rich too."

After a pause, he said, "My father owns a pharmaceutical company."

"Oh. Then we're husband and wife in name only."

She looked him over.

There was nothing romantic in his expression. And what man would feel desire toward a woman with no awareness of her own surroundings? His family was wealthy, he was handsome, and he had probably been forced into this marriage.

He likely had women circling him everywhere when no one was looking.

Yin did not answer. He merely watched her and wondered why she seemed able to understand everything so quickly. Before today, she had stared blankly into space. Had casual conversation over the years somehow taught her more than anyone realized?

Phuangchomphu looked back at him and, having no idea how to respond to his unreadable gaze, offered an awkward smile.

Strangely, despite being alone with him in a bedroom, she did not feel threatened.

Even with his shirt off and muscles on display, she was not nervous.

First, he probably had no interest in her.

Second, she was a gym girl. She had seen plenty of muscular men in her life. One shirtless man was hardly enough to unsettle her.

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They continued staring at each other until Phuangchomphu could no longer tolerate the silence.

Before deciding what she should do next, there was one last thing she needed to know.

“The two men you shot—who were they?” she asked in the sweetest, most polite voice she could manage.

Politeness was self-preservation.

If he disliked the question and pulled out a gun to shoot her again, there would be no Big Bang, no overlapping dimensions, no time distortion, and no wormhole waiting to rescue her.

She truly had nowhere left to go.

“My father and my older brother.”

Her eyes flew open.

A man who killed his father and brother?

She had been planning to stay here temporarily, get her bearings, and escape later. But how could she live with someone capable of patricide?

“I didn’t shoot them. They shot each other.”

Her expression loosened slightly, though she remained wary.

“There are security cameras in that room. If I had shot them, do you think I’d be standing here now?”

True.

If he were the murderer, he should be in police custody.

After explaining, Yin stopped paying attention to her. He left Phuangchomphu to think in silence, walked to the curtains, opened them, and stepped onto the wide balcony.

In the near distance stood a five-story luxury modern mansion blazing with lights.

If Phuangchomphu remembered correctly, that was the house where she had first appeared in this dimension.

She climbed down from the bed and came to stand slightly behind him, looking at the same building.

Yin was still not used to seeing her respond to her surroundings, much less follow him on her own. Normally she stared into nothing and barely moved unless someone guided her.

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“Father and Tin are dead. That house belongs to me now.”

Not only the house. Everything had fallen to him.

Perhaps he should thank his mother for causing enough chaos that his father had eventually been forced to legally acknowledge him as a son.

For years, he had only ever seen the back of that mansion.

Now he and what remained of his family would move into it.

Yin glanced at Phuangchomphu—the family he had left.

“Tomorrow, we’re moving into that house.”

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