

## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 13 -

“RIVER SHRIMPS!”

It’s like a dream when I see a huge river shrimp in my hand. It’s full of shrimp paste bubbling up in front of me. That delicious smell is calling me.

“Is it that good?” Khun Sam looks at me while I’m acting like an actress. “No wonder. When I broke the promise, you got upset with me.”

“Who? Who was upset? I didn’t. By the way, I’m so hungry right now. It looks so yummy.”

After saying that, I start eating the shrimp that are in front of me. I’ll be honest, I don’t usually eat good food like this because I just graduated and didn’t get my first paycheck. Also, my mom isn’t particularly rich to buy expensive food like that.

But Khun Sam brought me here to eat... Ah, my benefactress. I must give her a flower ring on every special holiday.

“You are neither pretty nor educated.”

“If you said I’m not pretty, then I am.”

“What?”

“You are a kind of Pharisee.”

“As you know?”

“I watched.”

“As?”

“When you say you don’t like something, it means you like it.” I turn away from my plate to describe her. “For example, you said you didn’t want to propose, but you really did.”

“Bullshit.”

“Is that you. Everyone in your gang thinks the same.”

“Hmmm. When did you speak to them? So if I say I don’t like you. Do you know what it means?”

“It means you like me.”

I smile from ear to ear. And I'm suddenly embarrassed as I stare into her eyes. Her too.

"Craziness. I don't like you at all." Her face is getting redder and redder as she's waving her hands in denial. "I mean what I said."

"You hate me?"

"Not."

"Okay, so do you like me or not?"

"I like."

"..."

"..."

"Enough of that. What the hell are we talking about? Oh, you got a notification, your phone is vibrating."

She is shaking her body following her cell phone to hide her embarrassment. I look at her, wanting to laugh, but I hold back.

Is she trying to avoid the subject? But what she did with that serious face is so lovely.

"Who will dance? Insane." She said for no reason. I wonder why, so I set my plate down again and pay attention to her.

"To dance?"

"Jim sent me a dance clip and told me to practice." Khun Sam shows me on his cell phone a clip of the SES group "I'm too old to dance."

"A wedding ceremony only happens once in a lifetime. Let's dance for her."

"Not."

It means that she will definitely dance. I smile and am suddenly startled by my cell phone ringing. But I don't tremble like Khun Sam.

"Hello?"

[Mon, aren't you at home? I was going to invite you to Chatuchak, where are you?]

I look at Sam before answering him. She is having fun with the dance clip.

"I'm in Ayuthaya with Khun Sam, we go out to eat."

[You hang out with Khun Sam very often. Last week you were with her. This week it is again. You do not have time for me.]

"Ahhh. Stop complaining. See you every day. Please stop blaming me." River at the same time. Khun Sam stops looking at his cell phone and stares at me coldly.

"Who is it?"

"It's Nop." Silence ensues, so I decide to hang up. "I'm eating. Talk to you later, Nop."

But cruel eyes are staring at me and I don't know why I need to be scared of her like that, even though she's already met Nop.

"I'm sorry."

"Why are you apologizing?"

"I don't know." She said sloppily. She clasps my mouth with her hand. "Hmmm?"

"Your lips are so thin."

"..."

"Such pretty lips."

She immediately changes the subject. What's happening? We maintain eye contact for a while and then she pulls away.

"You seem pretty close to Nop. He is your boyfriend?"

"No, it's not."

Khun Sam is serious and I answer her carefully, as if I'm hiding something in the answer.

I'm afraid she'll get mad.

Hmm? Why am I afraid of this?

"Nop... He always hangs out with you." She starts to eat while asking. "Aren't you afraid of rumors that he's your boyfriend?"

"He has always been my friend, since school. And he was always kind to me."

“You are popular?”

“Not a lot.” I laugh sheepishly and count on my fingers. “Hmm... there were more than ten confessions.”

A fork falls from Khun Sam’s hand. I laugh when I see the scene.

“Are you okay?”

“Not a lot?”

“If it was a hundred, I would say it was a lot.”

“You are weird.” She speaks. “Beautiful lips.”

“Hmm...” I look at her and say with my mouth full. “Ojcearecentersada min oca (Today you seem interested in my mouth.)”

“What are you saying? OK I understand. Sorry.” She keeps looking at my mouth. “They would definitely enjoy kissing her mouth.”

“...”

“...”

“What do you expect me to answer?”

Now, we are uncomfortable and embarrassed. She keeps looking at my lips. What’s up with her?

“What do you like about me?”

“Hmmm?” Why does she want to know which part of her body I like? “Must be the nose.”

“Do you want to bite my nose?”

“Um...” I roll my eyes upon hearing this response. “Looks delicious.”

“Let’s make a trade.”

“The kind?”

“I let you bite my nose.”

“...”

“And you let me bite your lips.”

She bites her lip as she looks at me. Heavens, what a shame. I lift my hand to cover my mouth.

“You need to ignore my mouth first. I’m bewildered. Nobody talks to their friends like that.”

“You are not my friend.”

“What am I to you?”

“...”

“...”

After a long pause in our conversation, Khun Sam, who is composing himself, changes the subject.

“I saw you took a picture of the river shrimp before you ate it. Are you a social media girl?”

“Oh... what a shame. I’m grumpy. When I saw the prawns on a food blog, I wanted to show them too. You don’t?”

“I don’t understand being in a virtual world and posting pictures of food. Where did you post? Instagram?”

“On my Facebook.”

“Why do we have to have a Facebook account?”

Okay, this is a pretty mind-blowing conversation. I need to be careful.

“It’s to communicate with old friends. We can find them there.”

“Can’t we get in touch by phone? The numbers are recorded in the yearbook.”

“Nowadays, you no longer open yearbooks to find a phone number. She raises her eyebrows, which makes me laugh. “Did you do that?”

“This is why we created the yearbook. If Facebook is as good as you say, I’ll try to learn it, but I won’t post my pictures or update the world about my life.”

“You look like an old woman.”

“What did you say?” she says, irritated.

“You own a digital advertising company, but you don’t understand how to use Facebook, Instagram or other social networks. So I wonder how you survive these days.”

“We came here to eat.”

Heavens. She misunderstood my point again!

“Do you use Facebook a lot?”

“Every day. I keep up with the news there. Is easy.”

“You have a lot of friends?”

“Several. Most of my office colleagues added me. Chin, who works alongside me, flirted with me.” I tell her without thinking.

“Always sending me stickers by private message.”

“I command too.”

“I know.”

“I sent stickers.”

“Yup.”

“I always sent you stickers.”

I look at Khun Sam who keeps repeating what she said. Do I need to interpret something here?

“Exactly. You send me stickers every day.”

Then she crosses her arms, raises her eyebrows, and doesn’t say anything else until we get back.

Okay, I dropped the ball. On the way home, without saying a word, I feel uncomfortable until I reach my house. Until I can’t take it anymore.

“Are you mad at me?”

“Not.”

She smiles at me, which startles me.

She's mad at me for sure...but why?

"You can tell me if you're mad at me, because sometimes I don't understand."

"You're always handy using social media, how could you not know? Send beautiful stickers."

"Do you have a problem with the stickers?"

"I think it is beautiful."

"Are you mad at me about the stickers?"

"Is not it beautiful."

I smile. Now I can read your mind and I know what you're thinking.

"You are beautiful too."

"..."

"You also send me stickers. More than anyone else." So I smile at her and she looks at me with narrowed eyes.

"Serious?"

"Really. I think you're beautiful."

"Do you measure it by the number of stickers?" She stretches her back. "Then you can go. I'm going back to my house... Oh, don't forget the shrimps I bought for your mother."

"Yes ma'am."

Khun Sam and I turned at the same time to get the prawns from the backseat. Now we are just inches apart from each other.

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

Help... help me, God. My heart is racing so fast I might have a heart attack.

“Mon.”

“Y... Yes.”

“Not interested?”

“On what?”

“On my offer... The exchange.”

“Hmmm.” I’m confused, rolling my eyes. Her face gets closer and closer to mine.

“Exchange what?”

“I let you bite my nose.”

“...”

“And then I will bite your lips.”

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## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 14 -

The beautiful woman in front of me is moving closer. We are just inches away. Her nose touches mine, she shifts a little to find the perfect angle. I’m stunned and my eyes are closed. What should I do?

Suddenly.

Tick, tick, tick.

Someone is knocking on the car door... Just one step closer...

“Finally.” She regretfully says. “Your friend broke the mood.”

Khun Sam straightens up in his seat and opens the windows to talk to Nop, who was trying to look inside the car.

“Good night, Khun Sam.”

“Good night.”

She answers him. I try to act natural, even if it’s not natural at all.



“Did you wait long?”

“Not. I just arrived. I saw your car and thought for sure Mon would be in it.”

“Then. I better go, thanks.” I thank Khun Sam before getting out of the car. But she surprises me by asking Nop a direct question.

“What is the relationship between you and Mon?”

“Yes?” Nop awkwardly points the finger at himself. “We are just friends.”

“Right, Mon said the same.”

“Y... Yes.”

“Why do you make others think you are a couple?”

She asked him directly and cautiously. I try to calm her down.

“K... Khun Sam...”

“Why? I’m just curious... and I feel like you tried to string Mon along so she couldn’t refuse you. And you know well that Mon can be nothing more than your friend.”

The silence becomes deafening. Nop is smiling but crying inside. He tries to hide it and responds politely to Khun Sam.

“Did she say we can’t be anything more than friends?”

Khun Sam looks at me to confirm.

“Tell him, bunny girl.”

“Why are you asking me that?” Nop asks and Khun Sam is looking at him curiously.

“I asked you because I am rich.”

Babbling.

“So, we need to say goodbye. Thanks for dinner. It was great.”

She holds my hand. His beautiful brown eyes stare at me.

“You still haven’t answered him. This is your chance to clarify your relationship.”

“Why are you asking that?”

“Because I am rich and the great-great-granddaughter of a king.”

“Khun Sam...”

I try to force her to stop by looking into her eyes, but she ignores me. We were silent. She goes on without saying anything, it pisses me off.

“Sometimes you have to think of an answer before answering it. I can’t answer that right now. I will speak with him later in private.”

I say goodbye to her and get out of the car. We seemed happy all day and now we end up in conflict. She watches Nop and me for a few moments before pulling the car very fast. Nop and I look at her car and he says:

“She was weird.”

“She always is. No surprises.”

“What were you two doing in the car?”

“What were we doing?”

“I saw.”

Even though I don’t like the idea, I can’t explain it to him, I’m too shy to say we wanted to bite each other’s lips.

No one can understand me.

“We didn’t do anything.”

“Did you kiss her?”

“It’s none of your business.” I answer irritably. “We didn’t do what you’re thinking. It’s hard to explain.”

“I have plenty of time to hear your explanation. Just tell me, what did you two do in the car?”

“Why are you pressuring me?”

“I want to know.”

“If I wanted to tell you, I would. Please don’t act like you own me, we’re just friends.”

This was the clearest answer I'd given him after keeping it inside for so long. Nop tries not to show anything on her face and just smiles, it's a sad smile.

"It hurts me a lot."

"I needed to make that clear to you. No, I don't..."

"I do not want to hear."

"You should accept the truth. I've been trying to tell you this for a long time, but you always avoid the subject. Today, I'm making this clear... I don't think of you as a boyfriend. You believe that a man cannot be friends with a woman, but that is a lie. I can be your friend, but I won't be your girlfriend!"

"Why?"

"I have no motives, but I don't have these kinds of feelings for you. Please stop. You make me uncomfortable." I take a deep breath, it feels like someone has lifted a mountain off my heart.

When I turn to go back to the house, he takes my hand.

"And the relationship with a woman?"

He asks me a strange question.

"As?"

"Are you and Khun Sam friends?"

"Nop."

"I'm asking a question, is she just a friend?!" He looks at me more seriously. I try to let go of my hand. Now I'm excited.

"Whether we're friends or not is none of your business."

"Just confirmed they were kissing."

"We were!"

"..."

"Are you satisfied? I'm going in."

This was the first time I'd said something to hurt him. He should have done this sooner because I seem to have kept him around too much and messed up his chances of getting a nice girl. But see? I tried to avoid. I was afraid the truth would hurt him too much. And now I had to say it because of Khun Sam.

Should I thank her for helping me clear it up or be mad at her for making me fight with my friend?

It seems like we're always mad at each other. When I see her in the office, we freeze as if we're waiting for who's going to say hello first. Last night, she didn't send me stickers as usual... That made me upset.

She made me fight Nop. At least she should say "hi" first.

While I'm upset, she instead smiles and greets everyone. That's why the office is full of darkness.

And the unlucky one this time is Chin, the one I mentioned yesterday when we were eating river prawns.

"Chin... How are you? Is everything okay with work?"

She asks him briefly with a smile. Everyone is now working... Pretending to be fully focused, but curious to know what will happen.

Chin, who was asked, now can only give a dull smile.

"Everything comfortable. This is a great place to work."

"Good. It looks like he's having little work, as he has enough time to send Facebook stickers to others." She keeps smiling with her arms crossed. "What a cute thing."

I feel bad that I'm the reason she's accusing him. Shall I help you? No, I can't because I don't want others to notice my relationship with Khun Sam.

"A... Ah... I'm sorry about that."

"Okaymmmmmm." She said extending her voice. That's scary. "If you have time to send stickers to someone else, that means you've finished all your work, right? Are you a graphic designer? Show me your portfolio from the last two years. I want to see your style."

"Of course, ma'am."

"Sounds easy for you... So you can do all that and send stickers all day. I heard you got married?"

“Absolutely.”

“How can you send stickers to others? Does your wife know?”

“...”

“So cute.”

“...”

“Very cute, don’t you think?”

“ML Sam, I...” Chin is wiping the sweat like he’s going to die.

“Do we have each other’s Line contact?” Khun Sam said.

“Hmmm.”

“I also have several figurines. I will try to send you. I want to know how many stickers do you have? When are you going to send? I’ll know when I’m free.”

“I’m not totally free, sometimes I look at Facebook to relax. The stickers I send to everyone.”

“All?”

“Clear.”

“How wonderful!” Khun Sam looks at everyone, who is pretending to work, and asks, “Who got stickers from him?”

Everyone stops and stares at each other. Some of them startled, including me, raise their hands. Probably only I didn’t feel anything because I know the reason.

she asks me as she moves her finger.

“Miss Mon, follow me, please.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Three raised their hands, but I’m the lucky one. When we get to her office, she switches the walls to matte mode, sits down in her chair and crosses her arms.

“Chin is married.”

“Yes.” I give a short answer. I do not know what to say. She bites her lip gently and drums her fingers on the table.

“It’s not nice to send stickers to a married man.”

“They are just figurines.”

“It shouldn’t be like this.”

“From today, he won’t send me anything. You scared him.”

“I still haven’t done anything. Just smile at him. Do you know why you are here?”

“Why?”

“I called you here to let you know that he is married.”

She said it like I didn’t know. It must be the effect of what happened yesterday... She didn’t talk to me on Line and freaked out at the office, this is what her friends call ‘PP Theory’, now I understand a little more.

“Khun Sam, you look upset.”

“Not.” She responds in a rude tone.

Hmm. It was a rude tone.

“Something must be bothering you. If it’s about the Nop...”

“I sent you a friend request. Why didn’t you accept it?”

Hey? I’m stunned. I was wrong, I thought it might be because of Nop.

“What?”

“I created a Facebook account and sent you a friend request. Why didn’t you accept me?”

“When?”

“Last night... when I got stuck in traffic. I created an account and added you, but you didn’t respond. Why? Do not want talk with me? Or do you want to talk to Chin more than me?”

“I didn’t know you added me. I’ll tell you the truth, I get a lot of friend requests. If I don’t recognize the person, I don’t accept it. What is your name on Facebook? I’ll accept

you.” I pull out my phone to check friend requests, but I can’t find her profile picture or her name.

“My profile picture is Conan’s shadow and my name is ‘I’m your boss’ because I am your boss.”

What’s that name of her?!?!

I don’t answer anything, but I find her bill and smile. I finally found it. And it’s real!

“Why this name?”

“It’s my face and no one will know it’s me.”

Everyone would know... not a chance... no one knows how beautiful she is.

“Yes ma’am.”

She looks down at her phone and smiles before typing something. Not long after, my phone vibrates.

“I sent you stickers.”

“Why do you send so many?”

“Aren’t they beautiful?”

“...”

“Aren’t they prettier than Chin’s?”

I don’t answer her question and now she’s sulking, I can’t take it anymore. I need to do it now that the walls are in matte mode.

“Khun Sam!”

“Hmm.”

I run over to her and cup her face in my hands, finally biting her nose gently.

“Hmm!”

“There!”

I walk away laughing.

“You deserved! She was all pissed off just because I didn’t accept her friend request.” I laugh madly. “You destroyed the mental health of all of us. It was not cool.”

“Isn’t sending stickers cool?”

“You are the only exception. I need to go back to work.”

I smile at her again as I’m leaving the office. So, she was upset for silly reasons.

“Please wait.”

“Yes?”

She walks towards me and cups my face in her hands...

“It’s my turn. Hmm!!!”

Then, she quickly bites my lip.

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

We are both stunned. Now, we are face to face, with both lips touching.

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

We’re both afraid to move. We are in the same place. Time passes slowly, as if it were an eternity. It’s a little weird.

This has never happened to me before.

From biting lips, now we’re just touching. We’re frozen for another second, she pulls away slowly licking her lip.

“You better get back to work.”

“Yes.”

Palpitation...

My heart is pounding so hard I can hear it and I’m praying no one else hears it. Why does all this affect me so much?



“Mon.”

I’m pushing open the door, so I stop to look at her.

“Yes?”

“I’ll send you stickers.”

“Right.”

“If you want to be cute...”

“...”

“Send me too.”

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

Now my heart is racing.

“Yes I’ll send.”

“Hmm.”

“I’m going back to work now.”

I leave the room with my heart exploding. Everyone in the office is looking at me with pity. They must think that Khun Sam scolded me a lot.

It was painful, but it wasn’t...

What happened?

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## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 15 -

So it’s war...

Only the winner will be declared the cutest.

After leaving Khun Sam's room, we were sending stickers to each other like crazy, as if whoever sent the most stickers was considered the cutest. We continue sending stickers until the end of the day. Now it's just Khun Sam and I working late, because we were so busy before.

We are finally alone in the office.

Doraemon: It's almost 8pm. We must battle again another time.

So I get ready to go home and she immediately storms out of the room coughing to get my attention.

"Ahem! Ahem!"

"..."

As we're looking into each other's eyes, I have a *flashback* to when she bit my lip. I'm still embarrassed, so I look away to hide it.

"Are you going home yet?"

"Yes. Is that you?"

"Also."

"But it's too late. What time do you get home?"

I look at the watch on my wrist.

"Around 10 pm. It depends on the traffic."

"Why do you work so far from home?"

"I wonder why?"

"..."

"..."

My God. I shouldn't have asked that because we're still stunned. I'm so shy right now.

"If you are going to continue working here, why not move to the region? It will be safer when you have to leave work late."

"In a mall like this, I don't think I can afford it."

“At least it will save you money on shipping.”

“Bus tickets are cheap.”

“It’s dangerous.”

“The poor human here has no choice. I’m not like you, who can buy anything you want.”

“Then, I will take you home.”

“My home is too far away. I’m afraid you’ll get migraines on the way while driving.”

We looked at each other for a moment and embarrassed, looked away. Why am I feeling weird just talking?

It must be because of what happened earlier.

“We’d better go home now. If we keep talking it will get later and more dangerous.”

“Hmm.”

We walked to the elevator. Along the way, her scent hits me the entire time. We were silent inside the elevator. Although we talked a lot before, now it’s very quiet.

“Mon.”

“Khun Sam.”

Just because I wanted to break the silence, I call out to her and she immediately calls me back.

“What?”

“You can speak first.”

She looks thoughtful and says:

“It’s too late. I think you should...”

“Should what?”

“I should do something to stay safe.”

“But I’m not going anywhere dangerous.” I stay quiet and don’t understand what she means. She makes a disapproving noise.

“Yes, I suppose.”

“You should find a safe place and not go home.”

“If I don’t come home, where will I stay?” I’m laughing as she remains silent.

“Do you know why I bought that house?”

“Because it’s close to your office.”

“My house has a guardhouse. A security guard makes several rounds during the night.”

“It’s a good guardhouse.”

“It’s pretty safe there.”

“I don’t have enough money to buy it.”

“I’m not saying buy it.”

“Not even for rent.”

“I’m not talking about you renting. It’s free.”

“As?”

She’s trying to get me to spend the night at her place. It is not? We stared at each other until a security guard showed up. It seems that the elevator door opened a long time ago, but we are not done with our conversation.

“Are you asking me to spend the night with you?”

“I didn’t say any of that.”

“Okay, then I won’t.”

“But you said I always say the opposite of what I mean. If I say ‘no’ it means ‘yes’.”

“Saw! You really want me to spend the night with you.”

Her face is flushed with embarrassment. She walks away from the elevator with her hands in her pockets and not looking back, leaving me alone.

“Why are you standing there? Follow me.”

“I need to let my family know first, but my dad...”

"I let him know."

"Then my father will not refuse."

"Well that."

And I go after her without saying a word, like a duckling after its mother.

Is weird. I do not know what to do. It's uncomfortable, but not bad. We talked shyly. Is it funny to hide this feeling?

"Wow! That car of yours is really cool!" I look excitedly at her car, she raises her eyebrows and looks at me suspiciously.

"You've sat on it before. Why the animation?"

"But I never looked at him calmly. Can he transform?"

"No, you cannot."

"What a shame."

"But you can dance."

"Can the car dance?"

"Not the car, but the driver."

Then she moves her body with some movements without any music. My mind goes blank with this joke.

"Hmmm."

Looks like I'm not the only one trying to play funny, but Khun Sam is giving it away. She stops when she sees me stunned.

"What am I doing? Let's get going."

"I also think."

"Put your seat belt on."

"Clear."

I try to put it on, but I can't.

“Hurr. Can’t put a belt on.” She moves to lay it down for me as she says this. Now, we are very close again, I have another *flashback* .

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

The beautiful woman is leaning over me and I automatically close my eyes for no reason.

Click...

“Ready.” After buckling herself up, she says, “We can go now. We are wasting time.”

My mind is blank as I slowly open my eyes.

“Yes.”

Oh! How embarrassing. Why did I close my eyes?

As we expected, my father lets me spend the night because he knows it can be dangerous to come back late and I’ll be safer at Khun Sam’s house, which is a girl.

And my family trusts her because she’s from the royal family.

This is the second time I’ve been here, in the restricted area. I’m still excited like it’s the first time. If there’s anything different, that’s what I did to her car.

What if she saw that I closed my eyes like that? I still don’t know why I did that.

It’s so simple to stay here. I take a shower, put on her pajamas and get ready to go to bed.

Now, she is lying next to me...

We turned our backs to each other without saying good night. Sometimes we talk a lot, but most of the time not much. We are silent, it’s scary for me. I don’t know how to handle it.

Quarter...

Boss: Sticker

I look at my phone to read the message. Khun Sam, who has his back to me, sends me a sticker instead of talking to me.

Doraemon: Sticker

Since I don't know what to reply to her, I decide to send her a sticker and she is silent for 3 minutes before sending a message.

Boss: Why are you so quiet today?

Doraemon: It's late now.

Boss: Sometimes I think you're upset with me.

Doraemon: I'm not.

Boss: Okay, we're good. So why are you so quiet?

Doraemon: It's a bit strange.

Boss: Is it because of what we did earlier?

Doraemon: I think I'm the only one who felt that.

Boss: Why are we texting?

Doraemon: You sent it first.

Boss: I don't want to type anymore.

Doraemon: Then what are you going to do?

Boss: Turn to me.

Doraemon: Okay.

I feel her turn away, so I turn too. Now our faces are very close, her eyes reach my heart, which is beating louder and louder...

Now we are face to face, but silent as ever... We keep looking at each other...

Looking...

Looking...

And looking...

"Mon."

“Yes?”

“Want to do something with me?”

“I want.”

We are both stunned. It seems that her subconscious asked me this question and I also answered unconsciously. It's too late to fix this. We finally let it go.

And she decides to say:

“What do you want to do?” She brings her face closer and puts her nose close to my mouth. “Wanna bite?”

So close... I'm afraid she'll hear my heart beating wildly.

“What will happen if I bite?”

“I will bite your lips again.”

Hmm.

I bite her nose like I want revenge.

“So, it's my turn now.”

She stares at my lips for a while, then bites down gently. I can't resist and I let her get revenge easily while I have my eyes closed. My heart beats involuntarily...

I'm going to pass out.

I feel like I'm sick, but it's not bad, in fact I want to stay like this longer.

What is this feeling?

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