

Gap Pink Theory Novel

Chapter 16 -

Chapter 16 – Don't Let Them Know

She's still biting my lip and I don't dare move.

"Aoon Am (Khun Sam)"

"Oh Hmm."

I can't speak properly because my lips are being bitten. My boss continues to feel pleasure biting me.

"ai order a eighth? (Gonna bite me all night?)

She looks me in the eyes for a moment before slowly pulling away. Now my mouth is full of her saliva.

"Your lips are so appetizing."

"You said you were only going to bite!"

"It would hurt you, so I decided to suck."

"It's not about biting or sucking. I bit your nose for a second, but you stayed forever."

"How long did it take? It was quick."

"Nop also said my lips are beautiful."

Khun Sam gets serious and turns to the other side.

"I need to sleep."

"What did I say wrong?"

"Nothing."

"You didn't like that I mentioned the Nop."

“ ... ”

“Why?”

I ask her innocently. And she remains silent, so I keep poking her in the back.

“If I let you bite my lips, will it feel better?”

She turns to me nodding like a kid waiting for candy.

“I will be better.”

“Okay, I’ll let you bite.”

When I give her permission, she hurries to bite my lips gently, but this time, not for long. I wipe your saliva playing hard to get.

“So, if I’m upset with you, will you let me kiss your nose?”

“I’ll let you bite my nose, but I’ll bite your lips back.”

I take a moment to think about it and nod my head in agreement.

“Okay, why are you so weird?”

“Can I bite your mouth all the time?”

“If anyone sees it, they won’t understand. I myself do not understand why we are biting each other.” Now my face is turning red. “We need to hide and not let them see us, if they do, we will have to give a long explanation.”

“I’m not the type of person who likes to explain himself. We can do it in secret.”

“Why does it feel like we are doing something wrong?”

“Or you can bite me in front of others, I’m fine with that.”

I refuse.

“All right? Do we keep biting each other?”

“Oh ha”

“We didn’t kiss, did we?”

She's still thinking, I'm really ashamed of myself for asking this, but finally she responds normally.

"It was a bite. A woman doesn't kiss another woman, only Tee."

"Saw? Because there are relationships between women like Tee in this world, we may confuse others as our bites look like kisses.

"Yes, if my grandmother finds out, it won't be good. She's old-fashioned, she wouldn't understand that I was joking."

"Do you play with your friends like that?"

"Never."

"Why are you kidding me?"

"You are not my friend." I agree with her, but I don't know what to call what we're doing. "Why are you quiet?"

"It's weird, but it's not bad that we're so close and stick together."

"Then we are so close that we can bite each other. By the way, if you want to bite my mouth, make sure people don't see it... It's a secret, nobody can know."

"Okay, don't let anyone know."

"This is the first time we have spoken clearly and to the point. You wanted me here so badly. Why? Afraid of ghosts?"

"If..." She thinks for a second. "If being scared brings you here, I'll say yes. I'm scared of ghosts."

"If it's okay with my dad, I'll come stay with you more often."

"How easy."

We looked at each other for a long time, then slowly closed our eyes.

It looks like we've taken another step.

She likes to play. Since we agreed on the nose/mouth biting prank, she always bites me when she gets the opportunity.

"Can I bite you?"

But it needs to be hidden. We always joke and laugh alone. No one can see it, not even her fiancé. Now, I often spend the night at Khun Sam's house. My family agreed, because my home is far from work and Khun Sam assured my father that I will be safe.

Now some of my clothes are in her wardrobe. From the shade of gray, it now also has some colors. Sometimes I feel caring for her.

Boss: sticker

She spends a lot of time on Facebook now but doesn't share anything, just sees what I post and likes all my posts.

Bold! ALL PUBLICATIONS.

"Don't want to post anything? I also want to like your posts."

"I don't know what to post." She looks confused. "I don't have anything interesting in my life to post and I don't know who to show it to. I only have you on my friends list."

"Just me? Why not add your gang? Kate, Tee and Jim?"

"I sent them a friend request, but they didn't accept it."

"They shouldn't know it's you... because of the name in your profile."

"But it's so like me. They should know."

How am I supposed to tell her? Why is she so confident?

"But I don't care, I don't want to know about their lives."

I'm suddenly embarrassed and it feels like my heart swells because I'm the only one on his friend list. It means she is interested in me.

"I want to know what you've been up to. Post something to show me... no need to post a picture."

"What should I post?"

"Just post something from your heart or your head, whatever you want. It can flaunt its wealth or show off its food. You can show everything."

"That doesn't look cool at all. Do we waste time on Facebook to brag?"

“If we have it, we must show it. I went to eat that river shrimp and posted a picture.” I look at the sweet-faced woman for a moment. “You even liked it and said I’m a good photographer.”

“I have to change my point of view. Since you insist, I will post something.”

It must be the age difference... Finally, Khun Sam is posting something.

‘Hungry.’

‘My office is so quiet.’

‘I’m looking at the ants on the wall.’

‘There’s a lizard in my living room.’

She can post whatever she wants, but Facebook won’t love her. Does she really work at a tech company?

‘My birthday is coming.’

And the last post interests me after all the other meaningless ones. I think before replying to her post.

‘What kind of gift do you want for your birthday?’

‘I do not want anything. I’m rich enough to buy it myself. Now I’m showing you how rich I am, leave a like.’

She really is the type of woman who is hard to understand.

Khun Sam, who I got to know through interviews and magazines, is a ‘lie’. If I want to know what she likes, the best place is in PP’s gossip group with her friends.

Tee: What does she like? Of herself. Just that.

Martha: She’s so rich. Don’t worry about the present, you’re just an intern.

Kate: Sam usually wears expensive stuff. She doesn’t care about the brand, but things with good quality. But unfortunately good quality stuff is also expensive.

Tee: Just show up to the birthday party, that’ll be enough. We throw a party for her every year. It will be nice of you to go this year.

Kate: Yes, you need to go.

Doraemon: But is it ok for me to go without bringing a present? It will look like I went because it's free.

Kate: No. You worry too much.

Tee: Nobody sees you that way.

Martha: Your manner is similar to PP's Don't worry.

I sigh looking down at my phone. For an intern who just received her first paycheck and gave a good part of it to her mother, how much did she have left?

Now I'm at the department store. Today I got my first paycheck in my life and I am so excited. I decided to come here to buy a present for Khun Sam. But when I talked to your friends, I felt like I'm not good enough even to be your friend.

Khun Sam wears luxurious things... I should know. Heavens, what am I supposed to do for her? What can I do being poor?

"You've been going around in circles talking to yourself. What's it?"

I turn to see who spoke and I'm taken aback.

"Khun Sam!" She is walking around me. "What are the chances."

"Not. I've followed you since you left the office. And today you got your first paycheck, right? What are you going to buy?"

I make an awkward gesture to hide my embarrassment.

"I'm just looking around. But why are you following me silently?"

"Should I shout that I'm following you or sing with you?"

Why is she so hard to understand? Did she understand what I meant? Forgets...

"Anyway, let's walk together."

"What are you looking for, bunny?"

"I am looking for a gift for you."

She looks at me for a few seconds and turns away.

"He just got paid and he wants to buy me a present. Silly. Why don't you buy something for your parents?"

"I already shared with them. Why are you like this to me?" I pout sullenly and she clamps down on my mouth when she sees it.

"Looks delicious."

"You always look at my mouth like that, stop it. We're in the middle of a department store. So, you're not the type of woman to wear cheap things."

"No, I'm not. I only wear good stuff."

"But your bags, your dresses and your cosmetics... you only choose the luxurious ones."

"And? I am not rich?"

Sometimes I want so much to pull her hair. Why is she so annoying?

"I have a thousand baht (about R\$140.00). What can I buy you?" I say this after looking at what's left in my wallet. So I smile at her.

"Why do you want to buy me something? I didn't say I wanted a present from you."

"You're having a birthday party, I can't show up without a present for you. Is not cool."

"Usually you're not nice at all."

I'm going to start hating her soon. What a bitter woman.

"So, give me your money, bunny girl." She takes the money from my hand and puts it in her pocket. "I'll buy it myself."

"If you buy it yourself, it won't be a gift."

"Stop worrying about it. You will find out what I bought for my birthday. Enough, it's late. Let's go back home. It's almost eight o'clock."

She pulls me by the hand to go along with her.

"You said 'home'. But what house?"

"Our home."

"Hey?"

"I mean, my house." She points to herself answering me the way a child speaks to her teacher. "It is not safe for you to go home now."

“Since Sunday... I’ve been at your house for 5 days.”

“Today will be the sixth.”

“You just want to bite me, right?” I ask her. “Khun Sam, you bite me every day.”

“You do not like?”

“Far from it. But I’ve been feeling weird when you bite me. Like there’s something flying around inside my stomach. You don’t?”

“Me too.”

We were silent for a long time.

“It doesn’t look good at all, but it’s not bad either.”

“I don’t know and I dare not ask anyone.”

“But then you won’t know why.”

“You will know the answer one day.”

We both know it’s not normal, but we’re not sure what it is. If we ask her friends, we can’t say why we feel that way.

It’s caused by a little prank.

What a joke? Biting lips.

A month later, the birthday party is coming up. Kate and her friends order a cake and reserve an entire restaurant to celebrate the party in private, like a rich man would. It’s not strange, because Khun Sam is the King’s great-great-granddaughter and Kate is a well-known actress.

“Blow.”

Khun Sam blows out the candles and everyone around is happily clapping. The cake is cut into several slices and presents are opened.

“While I was in France, it reminded me of you. So accept it.” Tee raises her eyebrows and shows off a luxury watch she bought for Khun Sam.

“Wow, but how about this? A key chain made of Swarovski crystals, it wasn’t expensive, but it sparkles and draws attention.” Kate raises her eyebrows like Tee did when she

handed the box to Khun Sam. Jim is now holding a box of a famous brand of wallets to give to Khun Sam.

I see all those presents and I feel ashamed because I didn't bring her any presents.

"Mon."

"What are you doing here?"

"I just need to go to the bathroom."

"She looked upset. She certainly doesn't go to the bathroom. Are you okay?" The sweet-faced woman walks up to me and takes my hand, I can see her clearly now. "They usually give me those things."

"But I didn't bring anything. I am ashamed. It shouldn't be here. I feel out of place."

After telling the truth about what I'm feeling, she raises her eyebrows and says:

"You gave me a thousand baht."

"What did you buy?"

"A lip gloss." She takes some cheap lip gloss out of her pocket and shows it to me, and has a little cash with it. "This is the change."

"Thing. Did you have change?" I feel like crying and the tears start to flow. "My gift is so worthless compared to your friends' gifts."

"Why are you comparing? I chose it myself." She opens the lip gloss and sniffs it. "It's good, it smells like strawberries."

"You don't have to pretend you like it. It is a shame for me."

"What you mean? It's my birthday. How dare you cry on my birthday?"

"I... am so pathetic."

"Want to use my lip gloss?"

"Hey?"

She passes me lip gloss instead of a tissue to wipe away my tears.

"Why do I have to pass this?"

“You ask a lot of questions. Come on, I’ll pass you.” Then she puts it in my mouth and stares. “Change color. Saw? Now it’s turning pink, and it suits you perfectly.”

“Why did you put your gift on my lips? It is your gift.”

“Oh! I don’t want a lip gloss, but this does.” She bends down to gently bite my lips and then pulls away. “When it’s on your lips, it’s delicious.”

“There is?”

“Pass more.”

She’s focused on swiping at me and repeating the bites, but there’s something else this time... a tongue. My lip is licked by her like a cat licks its fur. My legs go wobbly and I can’t hold on, so I take a step back to lean against the wall. Now Khun Sam and I are in a good position.

The beautiful woman in front of me reaches out and pins me to the wall, as if she won’t let me get out of her control. From bites to licks. Now she’s tasting my lips hungrily, she’s not hard but soft and gentle, millimeter by millimeter, like she’s trying to taste as much as she can. And when I also try to taste her lips, someone suddenly coughs for us to notice her presence.

So we stopped and walked away from each other. It was Kate who coughed.

“What are you doing?”

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Chapter 17 -

Chapter 17 – A Little Finger

Silence hangs between us. Kate looks at me and Khun Sam repeatedly, then she moves her lips.

“You two were kissing.”

“Not. No really, it was just a bite.” Khun Sam hurries to respond. But it looks like she didn’t hear. “Take it easy.”

“Do you know why they named me Kate?”

“Why?”

"I don't know. Our! I won't be able to keep this, I need to tell everyone. Everyone should know and I'm going to spread this to the four winds, because if I know, everyone will know. Heavens!"

"K...Kate..."

I try to reach her, but it's too late. She has already disappeared. Khun Sam looks at me and sighs.

"There are no secrets in the world."

"What should we do?"

"We can't do anything, so let it go. But why is her name Kate?"

Is it time to question her name?

Now we're surrounded by her friends and they're looking at us like they're trying to find the truth about what happened. All I can do is stare at my hands, but Khun Sam is so strong, she's acting like nothing happened.

"Why are you so serious? We were joking and I already told you everything."

"Friends don't play like that. We used to play like this, PP?" Jim said. "Was it a joke, Mon?"

"It was. I thought no one would understand us and it's hard to explain. It's just cute aggression where I bite her nose and she bites my lips."

"Heavens! What an innocent little couple!... This is not kidding. That's it..."

"Jim, you are so petty." Kate tries to stop her. She looks understandably at us. "Intimate girls can play like that."

"How can you understand this situation? If I was close to someone and we bit each other like that, I would have like twelve kids by now."

"You are so old-fashioned! We are humans in new times. Them biting each other is no big deal, is it, Tee?"

Tee, who is now confused, agrees with Kate.

"It can be true."

"Hey, my pretty girl, did you agree? Huh?"

"It is normal in western society. They always kiss each other when greeting each other." Kate said that looking at Khun Sam. "I understand, Sam."

"You sure are my modern friend." Khun Sam says slowly.

"Anyway, what did you get her for her birthday?... Lipstick?" Kate takes it from the table, opens it and spins it. "It smells like strawberries. Why did you choose this flavor?"

"Is tasty."

"So, did you put it on Mon's lips?"

"Yup."

"If you want to eat it, why don't you eat it instead of putting it on her lips?"

"It's about feeling."

"OK I understand."

Now Khun Sam is looking at his friends as if they are talking through their eyes. Kate smiles at Tee.

"Smells. It smells good, as good as the gift you bought."

Tee takes the lipstick from Kate's hand and smells it. Khun Sam looks at her.

"Do not pass! I don't want to share it with you."

"Then you better put it on Mon's lips." Tee said. She turns to me. "Come come."

This beautiful woman's slender hand is cupping my face, and with her other hand, she gently brushes lipstick across my lips. I can only sit and stand still. Khun Sam looks at me in silence.

Pushing me...

"What a beautiful color. Change color. How does this cheap thing do it? I usually buy my girlfriend one of these which cost a lot more than a thousand baht." Tee looks at me in awe. "Your mouth is shaped like a heart. Has anyone ever told you that your lips are beautiful?"

"I've already been told."

"So wonderful. It makes you want to kiss."

“What are you waiting for? Kiss her.”

Kate said while pushing Tee’s head, but Khun Sam is faster and pushes Tee away.

“Hey Hey. It’s my head.

Kate and Khun Sam are glaring at each other. I, in the middle of the two, remain standing still.

“You are too old to play like that.”

Jim looks annoyed at Kate and Khun Sam “I’m just kidding like her. A friend can play with the other like that.” While Kate keeps pushing Tee’s head, Khun Sam keeps pushing away as if he’s not going to lose this fight.

“When did you guys get this close to Mon? They met a few times... they shouldn’t consider themselves friends.”

“There. We talk every day without you knowing. Tee took Mon out to dinner and a movie. Are we not close enough?”

“Mon doesn’t want to bite Tee’s lips.”

“How do you know? You are not her.”

“I know well what she is thinking.”

“Ah! I understood! You speak for her. You guys are really close now.”

I continue to sit without reaction. Jim, who has also been sitting for a long time, can no longer hold back and finally says:

“Fighting like children, come on? I got it!”

She runs towards me and prepares to kiss me. But something is faster.

Bang!

Jim

Jim is hit by Khun Sam’s hand like a volleyball is hit in a decisive spot. It was loud enough for everyone to fall silent. Jim is now stunned and frozen.

“Jim...” Khun Sam speaks in shock. Jim, his face now full of tears, turns to Khun Sam slowly.

“PP... you... you hit me really hard.”

“I am really sorry. I did not want.”

“How much stronger would it be if you wanted to? The baby inside me is going to cry from this.”

“I slapped you in the face, not your stomach.”

“It hurts here too.” She touches her belly lightly as she responds by crying. “You can bite Mon. Because I can not?”

“What the hell is happening? Why do you need to bite her?”

“You said it’s normal for friends to do that. We want to get closer to Mon. Just play with it. Why are you stopping us?”

Kate said with her arms crossed. Tee, go towards Jim to calm her down. It seems that she didn’t like what Khun Sam did.

“You are too serious. We were just kidding.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong.” She looks at her friends who are silent. “Mon is not a toy you can play with.”

“Then why can you?” Kate responds boldly. Now the situation is not good at all. In fact, it’s uncomfortable and I need to do something.

“Yes. We can joke around and I’m fine with that...”

“For me, Mon is not a toy.”

She pulls me by the hand out of the restaurant without saying goodbye to anyone. In the case of her friends, none ask her to stay longer.

We were having fun at first, but why has everything seriously taken a turn for the worse?

“Khun Sam, is it okay for us to leave like this? Don’t be a party pooper, they were just kidding... no need to take it seriously.”

“If I didn’t take it seriously, you would have been bitten by them.”

“They were teasing you.”

The beautiful woman stops and looks at me seriously... Now I can read her mind like never before. Now I know what she's feeling.

"Are you going to play chew with anyone?"

"Why not? I even play with you."

"We are close."

"Saw? I'm also close with Kate, Tee and Jim."

"We are more intimate. Besides, they don't know how to bite and would hurt you."

"Ah! The lipstick was left on the table." I almost forgot. "I'll come back for it."

"No, you don't have to go back."

"But it's your birthday present."

"I buy another one."

"But..."

"I won't let you go back there!"

She said it in a tone I've never heard. Her voice is now controlling me and keeps me paralyzed. Why does she look so upset? Even if normally she hides feelings from her.

"Khun Sam, today is your birthday, please don't be grumpy."

"If you go back, they might bite you."

"I will not let. Promise."

"I said I won't let you go back, I'll buy another one."

"You spend your money uselessly. Even if it has no value to you, it was my first payment."

"Leave it there. Better than you biting someone's lip."

"No big deal. I am fine." Enough of that biting. It's just a joke. We are all girls. If I can play with Khun Sam, why can't I play with them?

But...

“But I’m not. Today is my birthday. The gift I wanted wasn’t the lipstick, it was your mouth. So how can I let anyone bite? It’s my birthday present... Mine alone. You understand?”

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

Palpitation... Palpitation... Palpitation...

My heart is beating so fast. My blood feels like it’s going to burst a vein and I’m going to pass out. Meanwhile, Khun Sam’s face is suddenly all red like never before.

All I can do is look at her, so Khun Sam pulls himself together and hurries towards the car.

“Let’s go back home.”

“Right.”

But I’m still worried about her friends. A few days later, I send a message to PP’s gossip group. First, I’m afraid to ask since I was the reason for the fight, but it must be divine intervention or something because Tee talks in the group first.

Tee: Hey, Jim. Are you feeling better?

Martha: Much better.

Tee: How? Did you forget that you were slapped in the face by PP?

Martha: I won’t forget, but I don’t need to brood. She already came to apologize to me personally.

I skip over the other messages to read Jim’s in a little surprise, then ask back.

Doraemon: When did she make peace with you? I didn’t know.

Martha: How would you know, Mon? It’s not with her all the time. Haha ha.

Martha: Sticker.

I’m the one who’s with her all the time... But I don’t tell them that.

Martha: She came to lunch with me and apologized. I almost broke up with my boyfriend to fall in love with her again.

Martha: PP made my heart flutter.

A lunch? When I try to remember, I remember one day when Khun Sam went out alone and came back around 3pm. Surely it must have been on this day. The day I thought she went out to meet some customers and I didn't ask and she didn't say anything either.

I'm a little offended. I thought she would tell me... everything.

Kate: I just read it. How it was? Tell us.

Martha: First she said she wanted to pee and asked where the bathroom was.

Kate: That's so PP, going around the subject, avoiding getting to the point. Her house is in Bangkae, so she went from Silom to Bangkae to go to the toilet?

Martha: So she talked about cystitis because she was worried about the baby in my womb. At that time I was still mad at her.

I read what Kate wrote and smile. That's what she usually does. It's so Khun Sam.

Martha: So I told her the truth. That I hadn't forgotten that she slapped me and she said... I should do it like in the drama series.

Kate: Like in drama series?

Martha: Slaps and kisses.

Tee: Interesting.

Martha: She turned her face away and said that since she had slapped me, I could either kiss her or slap her again... Guess what I chose?

Kate: You chose the kiss, right?

Martha: So smart. I kissed her cheek. God, I almost dumped my boyfriend to be with her. We've been friends for so long, but it was the first time I kissed her cheek. Her face turned red with embarrassment... Wow... Wow... and then we were good again.

Martha: Jesus... what a smooth skin on my PP

When I read this ending, I suddenly lock my screen and throw my phone on the table. My office colleagues who are working are surprised because the room is so quiet.

Furious... I'm furious with her.

If I kissed my best friend, what would it be like?

Without thinking, I make a Facebook post. And then everyone, my office mates, my friends, or anyone who's friends with me on Facebook likes the post and comments.

Of course...

'You're going crazy...'

Khun Sam, who is now using an unknown account with a profile picture of a shadow, commented on my post and I reply.

'Everyone does it.'

'Who are they all?'

'I don't know, but I'll remember that if a friend of mine gets mad at me, I'll reconcile with a kiss.'

Playing...

My phone is ringing on the table, but I try to ignore it, even though the noise is loud. Until everyone in the office listens and gives me a disapproving look.

"Answer, please. Khun Sam will be mad at you."

Yah said as if he knew who was calling me. I sigh and wait. She still does the same, starts by introducing herself.

[It's Khun Sam, come over here, please.]

And this is the first time I refuse.

"No, I won't."

Everyone in the room immediately looks at me. I, who responded aggressively, try to change my tone to a more polite and formal one.

"Want to talk about what, madam?"

It's still weird for everyone. When Khun Sam wants to see someone, no one dares not show up. She is the boss and I am opposing her.

[What's your problem?]

“ ”
... ”

[Is mad at me?]

We are so far from the starting point. Although I feel like she cares about me more and more. Can a boss talk to her employee like that?

I hang up immediately and go back to work. Everyone still keeps looking at me, until I get messages on my cell phone. It's Khun Sam sending me thousands of stickers before the text.

Boss: What is it?

Boss: You declined my call.

Doraemon: No.

Boss: So there's something.

Doraemon: How do you know?

Boss: I'm like you.

There is? She knows well...

Doraemon: Did you make up with Jim?

Boss: I already went to her house to apologize.

Doraemon: You didn't tell me anything.

Boss: Need to know everything?

I am speechless and stunned when I read it. Tears well up in my eyes out of nowhere. I feel like she was trying to say that it was none of my business.

Doraemon: No need, I'm not your friend.

Boss: Are you mad at me?

Boss: I don't understand.

Boss: I don't understand.

Boss: I don't understand.

Boss: I don't understand.

She repeatedly sends. In my case, all I can do is wipe my tears and cry in silence. After that, she sends me another message.

Boss: Did you see my Facebook post?

I don't answer anything but click on the Facebook link she sent me. I almost spit out the water I was drinking when I see the picture she posted. It's a picture of her little finger raised... to make it up to me.

I don't understand, but please excuse me.

It's insane!!!

Yes! I accept your apologies.

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Chapter 18 -

Chapter 18 – Am I?

“Hey, tell me.”

“What?”

“Why are you upset?”

Today is another day where I stayed at Khun Sam's house, as usual. Now we're watching *The Masked Singer* – a TV show – which I don't know what the prize is for the winner, but it's cool. In the case of my parents, they are not worried about me because they know exactly where I am and I don't have to wake up early or come back late at night. “I'm not upset.” I reply sullenly, even though I don't believe what I said myself. “I'm just just...”

“Only...”

“Only...”

“Just...” I tried to figure out what I feel before sighing. “I'm just grumpy knowing you kissed Jim on the cheek. It's bullshit.”

“Um, really.”

I glare at her. Now she should have said something to cheer me up.

But it's insane.

"I am used to it. This is my way."

"Hmm?"

The beautiful woman looks at me and shrugs.

"When Tee was trying to kiss you, I was just as grumpy. So, I understand you now."

"Serious?" I'm feeling more normal. I'm not weird. "Would you be this grumpy with Tee or Jim or Kate?"

"Not only you."

"Because I?"

"So, I say the same, why me?"

"Hmm."

"Hmm."

Now our brains are working.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask her.

"Yes, what is it?"

"What kind of relationship is ours?"

She acts like she's thinking deeply and looks at me.

"We have a big age difference.... so we're not friends... should we be sisters or something?"

"..."

"What is your problem?"

"I don't know. I'm moody."

"Are you menstruating?"

I put a pillow on my lap for Khun Sam.

“I better go to bed. My emotions are not stable today. Even though I said we’re sisters, I’m in a bad mood.”

“Then what do you want to be mine?... Ah! I know.” she says excitedly. And I’m interested to know. “You want to be my slave!”

“...”

“I mean, my maid. My grandmother used to call them maids.”

“Good night.”

And I run to bed. Khun Sam keeps talking about what I should be.

Jim’s wedding ceremony is coming up. Khun Sam will be godmother. Today she left the office early because she needs to try on dresses with her friends. So I go back to my house. And this is why she texts me every 10 minutes,

Boss: Are you home?

Boss: What did you have for dinner?

Boss: Did you shower?

Boss: Why are you so quiet? What are you doing?

I can feel the impatience in every word she typed. I’m laughing and as I’m answering her I hear someone cough for a while.

“Mon.”

“Nop.”

So I need to talk to Nop before replying to Khun Sam’s message. My handsome childhood friend is afraid to approach me.

“Come on, Nop.”

“Do you have time to talk?”

Our last conversation didn’t go well at all and I was destined not to reconcile with him because I wanted to make things clear. Now that he’s here, it means he’s accepted everything and wants us to be friends again.

"It's okay, come in. How are you?"

"It felt like you were abroad. We didn't see each other... for many days. Your father tells me that you have been staying at Khun Sam's house."

"Hmm." I don't know why I'm embarrassed to answer him. "It's close to my office. She is so kind, so she let me stay there."

"How kind of her. Her boss is very generous with employees."

he said sarcastically to me. And when he sees that I'm not satisfied, he changes the subject.

"How was your first paycheck?"

"I gave it to Mom." I'm trying to be nice to him. "But I kept a part."

"The way we talk... it's not the same anymore."

"We are both growing up. We have work and responsibilities."

"Not. You have a new friend... Khun Sam."

"Nope..."

I'm getting moody and ready to argue with him again. But the cell phone rings and takes me out of the situation. Khun Sam is calling me.

"One second. They are calling me... Yes, Khun Sam."

Nop laughs and I pretend to ignore him, controlling myself not to lose my temper.

[What are you doing, bunny?]

"Oh, I'm talking... to Nop."

I pause for a moment before saying his name. Khun Sam is pressuring me.

[Talked to a friend and already forgot me.]

"No... Not for long."

[Continues...]

She suddenly hangs up on me leaving me confused, because I don't know what's wrong, but one thing is for sure, I'm going to take it all out on the Nop in front of me.

Nop is the reason for the rude conversation I had with Khun Sam.

“I am tired. I’m going home.”

“Mon.”

“What?” I answer him sharply. “I am tired.”

“Do you like Khun Sam?”

“I have liked and admired her for a long time.”

“I mean, are you in a relationship with her?”

“How crazy!” I scream. “It’s disgusting. We are good friends. How could we be in a relationship? We are two women.”

“Did you know that when you talk to her it seems like you are a couple?”

“We are just intimate. You know it well, she has been my idol for a long time.”

“Idol is different from a couple.”

“What do you want, Nop?”

“I just want to be your good friend.” He looks at me gently. “But it seems I expressed myself badly.”

“Yes, he expressed himself badly. How would we be a couple? We are women.”

“Mon, what world do you live in?”

“That’s enough, if you still want to be my friend, stop talking about it.”

“Mon, you can talk to me about anything.”

“But not about that.”

I turn and go straight to my room. I keep looking confused at my phone. It seems I’m scared to talk to Khun Sam, if she doesn’t answer I’ll be disappointed and cry alone.

My only hope now is... The PP gossip group

Doraemon: Girls... Have you finished trying on the dresses yet?

Doraemon: Did it look good on Khun Sam?

Doraemon: She sure will be beautiful.

Doraemon: Khun Sam ate something?

Doraemon: If she hasn't eaten yet, she'll have gastritis.

Doraemon: You're back already? And Khun Sam?

Kate: When are you going to cut to the chase? She left a long time ago. She was smiling at us, which scared us a lot.

Tee: What happened?

Jim: Her smile makes the whole world cry.

It does, she's mad at me for talking to Nop. And I don't know why I need to feel guilty about talking to the childhood friend I grew up with and worrying that she's upset about it.

Kate: Tell us. What happened?

Doraemon: It was nothing. We don't fight.

Tee: If you two haven't fought, there's something else.

Doraemon: Khun Sam called me when he was with a friend.

Tee: A guy or a girl?

Doraemon: A boy.

Tee: Just a friend?

Doraemon: Yes. We are just friends. But what would happen if it wasn't?

Then silence hangs over the group. It seems they disappeared to discuss something. After a while, Jim sends a message.

Jim: Mon, I'm going to ask you a serious question. Are you and Sam a couple?

Doraemon: Not yet.

Doraemon: No. Why did I say yet? We are not in a relationship. Are...

I stop typing and sigh before writing something that pisses me off inside.

Doraemon: We are sisters.

Tee: The world already had one stupid girl, but now another one has been born! My God! I want to die with you two.

Kate: Mon, I don't want to rush you, but think carefully and answer me later.

Kate is silent for a few seconds before asking me something that makes my heart race.

Kate: Do you like Sam, Mon?

Why is everyone today asking me this question? Nop and now the girls in the PP gossip group I can't deal with this.

I must ask Khun Sam. Today, I will have to clarify this.

Doraemon: Sticker

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I see the message has been read but no replies. Khun Sam will wait for me to write something first. It makes me nauseous.

Doraemon: Have a good night.

Boss: Is that all?

It worked! I smile and answer.

Doraemon: What's the matter with you? Your friends told me you were moody.

Boss: It was boring. The dress didn't fit right. He was uncomfortable.

Doraemon: You're grumpy because I didn't spend the night with you, right? Are you feeling alone?

Boss: Why would I feel alone? I've been alone for a long time.

Doraemon: You mean it's better to sleep alone?

She doesn't answer me which annoys me. Silence can mean a 'yes'. It's not hard to guess.

Doraemon: Why am I the only one who wants to be with you?

Doraemon: Why am I the only one missing you?

I type this begging for a response, but she's gone for five minutes. I'm disappointed. Then, when I decide to type again, she suddenly responds with perfect *timing* .

Boss: I miss you too.

Palpitation...

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I drop my phone to the floor as I try to hold my heart in my hand. Maybe it was shock or excitement, but it reminds me of what Kate said in the PP gossip group and it stuck in my head.

Do you like Sam, Mon?

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Her question echoes loudly in my mind over and over again. I look in the mirror on my dressing table. I see my face flush, my eyes are shining like never before... I'm even more shocked.

My God... I'm...

Am I allergic to the fried fish cake my mom made?

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Chapter 19 – Mr. Kirk & Khun Sam

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So much drama... Do we really need to get married these days?

When I think about it, I get moody. That's the truth. A man should stay with a woman. I need to accept this.

However, Khun Sam, she is so good that no one in this world can match her. She should be single, at least that's what I'd like.

Um... That would be nice.

Now, she always meets with her friends because Jim's wedding is coming up. I heard from Khun Sam that Jim didn't want to get married, probably she's in depression. So they talk to her often to cheer her up. And my boss, she always reports to me what she's doing. Where is... and I do the same too.

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Boss: The title will be 'the loser' like Miss Kornkamon, the loser.

So creative.

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"Mon, please stay still and don't look back."

"What's it?"

"Mr. Kirk."

"And? Why..." Even though Yah said not to turn around, it's hard to control curiosity. I look back and see Mr. Kirk hugging a little miss. Now I know why Yah didn't want me to look back. "Who is she? The woman with Mr. Kirk."

"Of course I don't know. I'm not feeling well right now. I shouldn't have seen something like that... It's so hard to keep a secret. We must hurry and get out of here. If he sees us, it won't do us any good. We will be marked."

"Why?"

"Because we found out his secret, he will force us to resign. I've seen this before in soap operas. I'm too old to look for a new job. We will.

I'm pushed out by Yah, now I'm feeling sad for someone and I don't know why.

No... I can't ignore that.

“Yah, you can go ahead.”

“Why?... Hey, what are you going to do?”

I turn and walk towards Mr. Kirk. Yah has already disappeared, because she doesn't want to be part of this situation and be forced to resign. Mr. Kirk is happy with the lady beside him, they are busy talking sweetly about the latest version of a cell phone.

“Hello Mr. Kirk.”

That's it.

“Mon.”

The sweet mood disappears, as if blown away by the wind and dried by sunlight. He hurries on to say, still with his hand around her waist. What a surprise for him.

“Mr. Kirk, good to see you. I don't want to get in the way, I just thought I'd say hello.”

Even though I have a lot of things in mind to say, I don't say anything. None of my business. Whatever he did, it's between Khun Sam and him, but I'm very close to her and I accidentally stumbled across this.

Finally, I am now sitting in Mr. Kirk and that short woman magically disappeared. I feel a lot of pressure around me and I'm starting to regret not listening to Yah.

Khun Sam keeps texting me to ask where I am and what I'm doing. I should be in Khun Sam's room watching a Korean drama with her, but I don't seem to have a choice since I'm in his car going to my own house.

Doraemon: I'm sorry. Today I can't be with you.

Doraemon: My mother is not well.

Boss: What does she have?

Doraemon: I'm not sure, but I'll let you know when I find out.

I feel guilty for lying to her, but if I tell her the truth, I'll have to explain my real reason.

“Mr. Kirk, won't you talk to me?”

“You haven't told Sam yet, have you?”

“ . . . ”

"I messed up. It was my fault."

I'm having a great time hearing the owner of the company I work for pleading with me like a child. Why are you telling me this? I should tell Khun Sam, that's what.

"Mr. Kirk, you don't have to beg me like that." I give him an awkward smile. He pities me.

"I want you to feel sorry for me."

"Oh..."

"I know you're not the snitch type, but it's best that no one knows."

"I won't tell anyone, but you really messed up." I don't know where I got the courage to say that. "Mr. Kirk, you're dating Khun Sam. I shouldn't do that."

"I was feeling lonely."

"..."

"She usually has no interest in things. But lately, she doesn't have time for me. It's like she... has someone else."

I freeze as if the words 'someone else' are me.

"Don't take it seriously. Khun Sam... is difficult to reach."

"But now someone has managed to reach her. I'm feeling it."

"You are worrying too much, sir." I respond immediately. "Khun Sam is a difficult person, but you were the only one, excluding her friends, to get close."

"Hmm?"

"Yes?"

The handsome man looks at me in wonder.

"Do you know her gang?"

"Ah... ah." I look around trying to find an answer to how I met her friends. "I'll tell you the truth. I have known Khun Sam for a long time."

"As?"

“I’ve known her since fourth grade...”

And I tell her a long story and a false one about how I met her and her friends around the same time. He looks at me in surprise and starts talking more.

“Serious? You’ve known her for a long time. This is a surprise to me.”

“Yes. So I also know her gang.”

What a liar...

Why did I lie? There’s nothing wrong with meeting her friends. Today I lied twice in less than 10 minutes and lied to two people about their issues.

What?...

“I have known Khun Sam since I was young, children. Our families are close. You might find it pretentious, but I fell in love with her at first sight.”

Now, it’s time for him to tell his own story. I look at him with envy. This man has been with Khun Sam since he was a child, when her legs were short, her hands small and her voice so sweet that not even her friends in the PP gossip group could hear it.

“Sam was a charming, difficult and cute girl. I was lucky our families were close. She didn’t have many friends, so I was lucky to be her friend.”

“Were they forced to get engaged, like in dramas?”

“Of course not, this is the real world. It’s not like the Jutatape series.” Oh, Mr. Kirk knows this drama. Does he like actress Mew Nittha? “But we got engaged because I rushed things.”

“Hmmm?” I’ve had this ‘hmmm’ stuck in my throat for so long, I let it out when I heard the ‘I rushed things’, it sounded like he had violated it. Mr. Kirk looks at me like he can read my mind. He hurries to explain himself.

“I asked her to date me and said that if she didn’t have anyone, we should get married, if not, her grandmother would find someone else... And guess what? She said yes... It’s a deal. Being with me is better than being with someone else.”

“I understood.”

I feel a little upset after hearing that. Mr. Kirk smiles, but it’s a sad smile.

“Saw? I can’t imagine what Sam would do if she found out I was seeing another girl. What would she show in that cold face?”

“What you mean?”

“I mean... Will she be jealous of me? ... I would really like to know...”

“...”

“But let’s not pay to see, I don’t want to take any chances. You already promised me you won’t tell anyone.”

Time goes by so fast. Now I’m standing in front of my house, watching his car drive away.

Really won’t tell anyone?

I decided not to tell... because I promised, Mr. Kirk was grateful and treated me very well. Later, he sent me a friend request on Facebook, with a name as different as Khun Sam’s.

‘Ronaldo, a nice guy.’

What happens to the owners of this company?

“I need to hide. If your colleagues find out it’s me, they’ll be uncomfortable. Also, I want to be your friend on Facebook to find out what people gossip about me... Ah! I almost forgot, don’t be weird. Act naturally.”

These were the reasons he gave me. Frankly, I feel uncomfortable and awkward. It seems that my parents are watching my profile and I can’t post what I want.

He liked all my Facebook posts. Everything I posted, even posts talking bad or good about him, he liked everything. Of course... not only do I find it strange.

“Who is Ronaldo?”

Finally Khun Sam asks me after seeing that Mr. Kirk likes everything I post and doesn’t know that... Ronaldo is her fiancé.

Should I tell her or not?... But how should I explain to her why we became friends on Facebook? If I say why, I’ll have to explain it from the beginning and in the end I would break the promise. And the secret that he had betrayed her would be revealed.

Chaos!

No, no, no... I won’t tell her.

“A friend on Facebook.”

“He comments on his posts all the time.”

“Just comment.”

“But it’s all the time, are you close with him?”

“You also comment on my posts all the time.”

“Because we are intimate.”

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She looks at me for a few seconds and taps me lightly on the forehead.

“Giving change.” She raises her eyebrow. “I think... Ronaldo, a nice guy, is commenting too much on his posts, I’ll have to give him a reason to stop.”

“Khun Sam, these are just comments.”

Khun Sam is so fearless that I feel insecure. Finally, a social media war breaks out in the middle of the night. Khun Sam responds to Mr. Kirk as if he wanted to start a fight.

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I look at her. Khun Sam is now laughing in her bed like a kid who just stole his older sister’s cell phone to post her number on an adult website.

We didn’t wait long... Mr. Kirk responds fiercely.

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Khun Sam is quiet for a second. Now, I’m feeling like the situation is going to get worse because I see Khun Sam looking at her cell phone and typing insanely.

I’m your boss: Your parents didn’t give you an education?

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“Who is he?” She bites her lip as she looks at me. “I know him?”

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“Unfriend him now, how did you meet a scumbag guy like that? I have never seen such a rude person in my entire life. So wild! No one has ever called me ‘nosy’ before.

But what do your friends call you, PP? ... Clear. I just think out loud. I don’t say that.

“ ... ”

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Chapter 19 -

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There!

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Chapter 20 -

Since that day... she's been stressed and fights almost every day with 'Ronaldo, a nice guy'. I feel like crying I tried so hard to get Khun Sam to stop, but I failed. I was surprised when I found out that she sent an email to Mark Zuckerberg asking for information on Ronaldo, a nice guy. Of course, even the Thai government doesn't get such information, how could she? Who is she?

She's just ML Sam.

While she is stressed, Mr. Kirk, who fought her, is loving this social media war.

“Saw? So nosy, I gave her a reason and then she was gone.”

“Mr. Kirk, you shouldn't fight her.”

“Next time, she won't meddle again.”

Mr. Kirk is talking to me as I'm standing in front of the elevator. He invites me to lunch among my colleagues... Of course, I will definitely be the talk of the office.

Calm down, calm down. He has lunch with Khun Sam... That's right! She will come! PP with her straight face, now she's grinning from ear to ear, it must be because she's been so stressed.

Maybe she wants to see the enemy who's called her a busybody all day... Him, her fiancé, who's right here.

“You have a big smile on your face. Are you stressed?”

“Why is Mon here?”

"I invited her to have lunch with us."

"Are you close with her?" she asks him back. Then she looks at me. "You are the boss, but you invite subordinates to lunch with you. They can create rumors about it."

"Who would dare to create rumors about me? I am the owner... elder and besides, you are with me. But you're well? Looks moody. Saw? He's even smiling."

Mr. Kirk talks to Khun Sam as he places his hand intimately on her shoulder. I feel uncomfortable seeing this, so I decide to walk away from them.

I do not like it...

"Hands off." Khun Sam pushes his hands away as usual. "I'm just smiling. Why would I be grumpy? I'm just happy."

"You always do the opposite of what you think."

"Even you say that."

"Did anyone else say that?"

She looks at me for a second and shrugs.

"My friends said so too."

"So what's bothering you?"

"Damn it, someone pissed me off on social media." Even though Khun Sam is smiling, I can't feel it. "Because we don't know each other's true identity. So we talk the way we want."

"Are you using social media? Which?"

"Facebook."

"I didn't know."

"I am a novice user."

"Then add me."

Khun Sam stops for a moment and then shakes his head in denial.

"I don't use it much, I just catch up with the news. Do you use it often?"

“Sometimes I am also a beginner.” He smiles at me like only the two of us know. “We’re supposed to be friends on Facebook, Sam. I will put that I am in a relationship with you.”

“It’s going a long way. Why do we need to announce this?”

“This is how Facebook works.”

“Said the same thing.” Khun Sam looks at me. “For now, Facebook is making me depressed. The more I use it, the more annoying it gets. Lots of talkers.”

“Don’t call them. All they can do is type. What goes around comes around.”

“Cool, I don’t want to fight with them in a rude way, like they’re kids.”

“Truth. It is true.”

“Did their parents not educate them?”

“Their parents must have taught well, but they didn’t listen. If you see them, you need to scold them.”

“I’m not rude, you know. But this is the first time I want to respond in a violent way. Do you know a way to respond without violence? I want to scold, but with good arguments.”

“Tell him to fuck off.”

“As? We are on a social network.”

“She types him ‘go shit, ‘go shit, several times.’

“It’s as if what he said several times actually happened. So if you say he’s gay, he’s gay, he’s gay, then he’s really gay, right?”

“Being gay is nothing to make fun of, Sam.”

I’m looking at this whole thread and I feel like I shouldn’t be here.

Suddenly, disappointment hits me.

They continue arguing from the elevator to the car. Khun Sam, who is normally not a talkative person, won’t stop talking. Looking at the way she talks to him, they seem so close...

More... More than me?

Yes, definitely closer than me.

“Mon. He is well? Why are you so quiet?” Mr. Kirk asks me carefully. He looks at me in the rearview mirror. I’m a little surprised and smile at him.

“Not. I am well. I’m just sitting and enjoying your conversation. You two get along well.”

“What a beautiful speech.” She said as he placed his hand over her head. Khun Sam pushes his hand away again. “Why? I’m showing all my love, but you keep pushing my hand away.”

“Do not touch me.” Khun Sam looks at me for a second and says, “Mon is here, don’t do this in front of others.”

Others...

I’m stunned and look out the window in silence... That’s right... I’m the other one.

“Mon, you should try this. It’s delicious, it’s the restaurant’s most recommended dish.”

Mr. Kirk takes good care of me while we’re having lunch. In my case, inside I’m still disappointed, but I try to smile. I must confess the truth, I have not enjoyed today and I am in an uncomfortable and stressful position.

Others...

Why am I so weak?

I shake my head to compose myself and am noticed by her eyes.

“Are you so quiet today, bunny? What’s it?”

“I am not well.” I reply to Khun Sam normally. So I smile at Mr. Kirk. “Don’t ask me for anything else, please. I am satisfied. Thanks.”

“And what’s wrong with you, Kirk? He’s also being kind to Mon like never before. There’s something there.”

What she said leaves Mr. Kirk in shock. Now, he’s laughing to change the subject.

“Not. There is nothing. I just wanted to buy her some good food. That’s why I brought you here.”

“Why did you suddenly invite her? You don’t usually do that.”

She’s too smart to accept that answer. I remain quiet and enjoy the food. “Mon, is there something you want to tell me?”

“No, nothing.”

“Why are you avoiding eye contact with me today?”

“Serious. Is nothing.” I lift my chin and look at her for a couple of seconds, then look back at my food. “Let’s eat. Do not worry about me.”

Now, we’re all quiet and focused on our plates. While we are enjoying our meal, Khun Sam texts me instead of speaking in person. She might be afraid of Mr. Kirk finds out we’re intimate.

Boss: Are you okay? It’s so quiet.

Doraemon: No. I am well.

Boss: Are you menstruating?

Doraemon: No, I’m not.

Boss: Is that your only answer?

Doraemon: Yes.

Bang!

She slaps the table while we’re eating. This shocks us and everyone else in the restaurant. I look in surprise at Khun Sam. His eyes are fierce and he’s not laughing anymore. This is the first time I’ve seen her express what she’s really feeling.

“Sam, what’s your problem?”

She clenches her fists and closes her eyes.

“I am satisfied.”

“Why are you so mad?”

She hastily gets up and leaves the restaurant.

“I’ll wait in the car.”

Now, it’s just me and Mr. Kirk. It’s so hard to smile and hold back the tears. Mr. Kirk looks at me quite sympathetically.

“You’re shocked, aren’t you? Me too.” He looks more serious. “Or she found out I cheated on her. Did you tell her?”

“No, I didn’t tell her. I did not say anything.”

“So why was she so mad? She was fine when we were in the car.”

“I don’t know.”

“I won’t be able to eat anymore.”

“Me either.”

“We better go.”

Mr. Kirk asks the waiter for the check and we head to the office. Khun Sam and I didn’t exchange a word. We just looked at each other and... This was our first fight.

Um... Our relationship has progressed to the fighting stage.

Of course... the news about our situation spread on PP’s gossip group Kate is the first to know, even though I didn’t say anything to her.

If you didn’t hear it from me, you heard it from Khun Sam.

Kate: Mon, what’s the problem with you and PP? She’s been avoiding the subject for almost two hours, I can’t get work done.

Tee: Finally, she told you what happened, huh?

Kate: She told me. Mon didn’t speak to her.

Jim: Making a storm out of a teacup. It was just a little thing, nothing much compared to what I felt. I got slapped. Comparing that to that bullshit... It’s not fair.

Tee: But your boobs grew.

Kate: Of course, she’s going to be a mother. Her nipples are the size of my thumb.

Jim: You cheated on me with my husband? You said the same as him... exactly.

Kate: I’ll ask every time. Why did you change your name from Martha to Jim?

Jim: Because my husband called me ‘Mama’ instead of ‘Martha’ and I didn’t like it so I changed my name again.

Kate: Neither Martha nor Jim are good.

Tee: Let’s get back to the point.

Tee: There, little girl, tell us more.

Doraemon: Nothing.

Kate: It can't be. There must be something. I heard that you and PP had a fight.

Doraemon: It wasn't like that.

Kate: Don't lie. Can't wait too long.

Tee: But you waited for PP to speak for two hours.

And everyone is quiet waiting for my answer. I dare not say much about it, because I think it was stupid. But they are waiting for the answer, so I need to tell them...

Doraemon: She said... that... I am others.

I summarize the story. Then all of them are silent, as if they were in another group talking to Khun Sam.

And the PP gossip group was silent for a whole day.

Today, I didn't say anything to Khun Sam and now she finishes her work early and goes straight home, without waiting for me, as usual. I am so depressed and upset. When I see her so impassive, it depresses me more and now I am not able to hold back my tears.

Every time on the bus, I keep trying to wipe my tears with my hands until someone next to me notices and hands me a tissue. If they ask me what's wrong with me, I give an innocent answer like...

A Korean actor has announced that he is getting married.

No... I'm crying because of Khun Sam.

But I'm surprised when I get home. The yellow Mustang is parked in front of my house.

Khun Sam's car.

I walk into my house and hear someone laughing and talking. When my father and mother see me, they greet me excitedly.

"Mon, what took you so long? Khun Sam has been waiting for you for a long time."

"Why would you..." and I see all my files of pictures I've cut out of magazines. So I run to take it from her hands.

Too fast. It happened so fast that all they could do was blink their eyes. Now, I have recovered my files. But Khun Sam's thumb is bleeding. We are shocked.

"Mon, what are you doing? Can't you see? Khun Sam's finger is bleeding."

'K... Khun Sam.'

"Fast! Take the first-aid box." My mother said. "Her blood is oozing."

"I am fine."

"Not. Your blood cannot be spilled."

My mother can't imagine that Khun Sam is an ordinary person like us. But, I don't want to break her beliefs.

I find the first-aid box and hand it to my mother. My mother said that Khun Sam is walking all over the house and heading towards my room. I am shocked and embarrassed and run to my room to stop her. But it's too late.

"Why didn't you stop? It's bleeding."

"Just a scratch."

"But you shouldn't walk around other people's houses like that."

She silently looks me in the eye.

"It really hurts."

"Saw? It's just a scratch, but it hurts."

"No... I'm referring to your words. Really hurts."

"What words?"

"Others."

I didn't want to speak sarcastically so as not to hurt her.

No... It could have been Kate. She must have told her what I said.

Now I understand why they disappeared from the group.

"That's why you didn't talk to me. I didn't mean it like you were somebody else."

“I think about it a lot, really. I’m just an intern at your company. If you want to say that I’m just someone else, you won’t be wrong.” I try with all my might to manage a smile. “I was so into it that I spent the night at his place, I just misinterpreted the idea of us being close. I’m no different than the others. So that hurts me a little bit.”

“To me, you are not like the others.”

“So what am I to you? Khun Sam... You never answer me. I already asked that once and you didn’t give me an answer.”

“...”

“Being sisters is weird. We just met and we are not related by blood. We are not friends... because we have an age difference of 8 years. There is no title for me more appropriate than ‘another’. It’s right.”

“As for me?”

“Hey?”

“What am I to you, Mon?”

I was not prepared for this question. So I’m stunned and respond clearly by snapping back.

“You could also be an ‘other’.”

“Why do we have to label this? Nobody is like us.”

“True, we are strangers.”

“...”

“Why do we want to label ourselves so badly?”

Silence hangs over us again and it’s weird because we never feel uncomfortable with each other.

“Let’s bandage your finger. I don’t even know what we’re talking about anymore.”

“Mon.”

She uses both hands to cup my face, forcing me to look her in the eyes.

“Yes.”

What???? She wasn't prepared for this.

"Whatever."

"..."

"I can be anything you want."

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