

Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 3

Chapter 3 – On Target

Sometimes Tiger hears my prayers. I'm holding Khun Sam and I place her on the sofa in the middle of her room. Acting like a good girl, I run out to buy migraine medicine. This is a good opportunity to get closer to her.

"Are you feeling better?"

I kneel beside her while Khun Sam is lying on the couch with her hand on her forehead, trying to hide her eyes from the light.

"I'll get better in a jiffy."

"Didn't know you had migraines."

"And why would I have to know?"

Because I'm your biggest fan. Of course I didn't answer that out loud. But when I start to answer, I'm interrupted by her.

"Why don't you go home?"

"Oh... Oh. I like to work late after everyone else has gone."

"So, you came to see me here?" She takes her hand off her forehead, revealing her hazel eyes. "Aren't you afraid of me?"

"Why would I be afraid?"

"Haha, I don't know why they need to be afraid of us."

She places her hand back on her forehead and continues to lie there in silence. As for me, I'm still on my knees next to the couch because I don't know what to say.

Is she falling asleep?

It's been ten minutes... finally, she stirs.

"Why don't you go home? How long will stay here? I can not sleep." She moves her arm and sighs. "Are you going to stay here all night?"

"If I leave, you will be without company."

“And?”

“You will feel alone.”

She looks at me again with confused eyes.

“You are weird. If I feel alone, what about it?”

“Nothing. I’ll stay here and be your friend.”

“It’s late now. You are a girl, you should hurry up and leave.” She looks at his luxurious watch. “It’s eight o’clock?”

“Could you leave?”

“I will stay here”.

She disagrees. “Where you live? I’ll take you.”

I run to keep her seated. For a moment we’re close, and she quickly pulls away.

“Hey, why are you so worried? It’s just a migraine.”

“You better go home. I can accompany you.”

“No, I will stay here.”

“So, me too.”

We’re looking at each other like we’re fighting. Then she sighs like I’m not listening.

“Do you know where I live?”

“You can tell me.”

Even though I’m your biggest fan, I don’t know your address because no magazine or article had this specific information. In any case, I’ll take you home today. How could she sleep here without a blanket?

“Can you drive?”

“No, I can’t.” Her countenance now looks confused. So I hasten to say. “But we can take a taxi. Please tell me where you live.”

And after insisting a lot, I finally managed to take her home by taxi. The house is huge, with 3 floors. It has a strange appearance as if it has no one.

“Do you stay here alone?”

I look at your whole house as if I were looking for a living being there. It's huge and luxurious like a soap opera palace.

“Hmm.”

“Do you live alone here?”

“Yes.”

I get out of the taxi and help Khun Sam to the entrance. But she tries to stop me...

“He arrives.”

“But...”

“I'm already home, don't be bossy.” She stares at me for a few seconds. “You also need to go home. Give me your phone.”

“Yes.”

“This is my number... 062-446-****.”

I'm looking in awe at her, who's speaking briefly to me. I take my phone back and immediately save her number.

“Give me a missed call.”

“There is? Oh... okay.” Because of her wide eyes, I felt like I will be forced to call her as a missed call. Her phone starts to ring, she looks at it and nods.

“Text me when you get home. I'll know you arrived all right... Don't forget to send me the taxi plate.”

“Right.”

After finishing the conversation, she pushes me towards the taxi. I see her touching the side of her head. I look at her until I completely lose sight of her from inside the taxi.

Heavens. How long did I talk to her today?

Also, I took her home and stood in front of her door.

Excellent!

I arrive at my house with a huge smile on my face... Of course, my happiness is spreading everywhere, even if I was bitten by an ant or a mosquito, I wouldn't care. There would be no reaction.

My heart races.

"You are scarring me."

Someone says in front of me while I'm walking distracted. I smile at my childhood friend, who lives close to my house.

"Nop... Are you waiting for me?"

"Yes... I've been waiting for a while. Do you have to work that hard?" He looks displeased at me. "Your mother and I, we care about you."

"I already spoke to my mother. So how are you? We haven't seen each other since he started working."

"I've been waiting for you here with crab pasta, your favorite. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

Today is my lucky day, I've been with the person I love and now I'm eating my favorite dish at home. Nop stares at me as I devour the crab noodle until I turn my head in embarrassment.

"Please don't stare at me. I can not eat."

"Seeing you enjoying my food is one of my joys. It's great to have a job and earn money, I'll be able to buy your favorite foods."

"First you'd better make time to see me. I hear you've been busy, so we haven't seen each other in a while."

"I'm very busy. But I can find you." Nop's serious tone makes me smile and nod because I don't know what to say to him. "What about your new job? You are working with your idol."

"Hmm." My mother is such a gossip that he knows a lot about me. "I came back late because of her. She was sick."

"How did you treat her?"

"I bought some medicine. It was great to be able to help her."

“Got it, so that’s why you came in smiling from ear to ear. If Khun Sam was a guy, I would be jealous.”

“Jealousy?” I almost choked on the noodles. I looked at his smile without feeling anything. I’ve known for a long time that Nop likes me, not just as a friend.

I must reject it. I don’t want to hurt anyone, especially my childhood friend.

Nop is the boy who has lived near my house since I was born. We played together as children, studied at the same school. We broke up when we went to university. First, he wanted to study at the same university as me, but his grades weren’t good enough for that. In my case, I wasn’t smart, but I tried very hard to study at the same university as Khun Sam.

And I did that, plus now I get to work at her company.

For Nop, when we were in high school, our friends were supportive of us dating. But I ignored. I didn’t accept it or deny it, but I didn’t know that in his head we were in a relationship.

Should I reject it more clearly? I will hurt you. Oh, oh...

“Why are you so quiet?”

“Hm? Oh, I’m just talking to myself.” I take a whiff of the crab noodle and drink some water. Nop looks at me and smiles.

“When I flirt with you, you are always silent.”

“I don’t know what to say... I’m so full, my eyes are closing. And it’s late now. Talk to you later. Tomorrow I need to work early.”

“I heard your office is quite far from here.”

“Hmm. I need to catch some buses.”

“It is worth it? Your salary is not much for a beginner.”

“Worth it, still worth it.” She told him loudly.

“One day, my salary will increase, if I’m smart about Khun Sam.”

“One day I will see Khun Sam.”

“And then?”

“I’ll tell you that you’ve always adored her, that you have to take multiple buses to work and beg her to fire you.”

“Then it’s better that you don’t see her.”

Even if it was very far away, as far away as the horizon, I would still work in the same place as Khun Sam. This was my wish since I was at university. Even though I get exhausted going to work every day, I’ll be excited to see the freezing room.

But today... It’s so awful. Freezing room is in work mode.

“I don’t care, I’m going anyway. Don’t make the same mistakes I did!” A noisy young man shouted from the freezing room as he opened the door, he threw his name tag on the floor and stomped on it several times. “Shit, no romantic relationships in the workplace! Are you even human?”

His noise is so loud in the silent office. The girl leaves the room, hand covering her face, pushes his back to hurry him out of the freezing room.

“Hurry, hurry up. We will.”

And everything is silent again. The HR employee who interviewed me runs towards Khun Sam’s office with a ton of documents in her hands.

“Boss ML is demonstrating his power again.”

The colleague sitting next to me is whispering to other colleagues. I don’t join them, but I can listen quietly.

“Saw? There is nothing to worry about with their relationship. She is not in the accounting department, and he is not in the purchasing department.” No one is whispering like they disagree with the rule.

“It’s just a precaution. If they are in love and working in the same place, what will happen when they part? It’s hard to work together. Dismissal is a way of alerting us.”

“Boss ML has no heart. There really isn’t.”

And there’s more noise again. The HR employee leaves the room, looks at me worriedly and walks away. I’m discouraged now.

Did she look at me?

Touch...

My phone is ringing.

It's HR calling me.

[Mon, did you do something wrong?]

"What did I do?"

[I don't know, but Chief ML asked me for your background. So I called to ask you first. You're just a trainee, but now you're in the crosshairs.]

"I can't remember what I did."

[I'm warning you to be careful. She should call you soon. Behave yourself.]

She hangs up the phone putting me under pressure. Not for long. I leave it ringing for a while until my colleagues beg me to pick it up.

"Answer it soon, please."

"OK."

Even though I'm afraid it's Khun Sam, I'm considerate of my colleagues. I need to answer the call.

"May I help?"

[It's Sam... Come over here, please. We need to talk.]

Her nasal voice is unique. I get up and straighten my clothes, then walk into the freezing room. My classmates, who ignore me, are now looking at me in surprise...

"Is Boss ML calling you?"

I nod like I'm about to start crying. Everyone waves back as if saying goodbye.

Okay... I didn't do anything wrong. Everything will be fine. She is very kind!

Tock, tock, tock.

I knock on your door before you open it. Khun Sam who is reading my history looks at me and slowly says.

"Close the door please."

"Yes."

I do as she asks, then meekly walk over to her table. Khun Sam looks at my face, and then looks thoughtfully back at my history.

“Tell me the truth.”

She looks more serious, closes the folder in her hands. Then she looks back at me.

“Have we met before?”

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