

## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 31

I finally solved the puzzle of what she wanted. And the more I call her my love, the more I am provoked.

But I don't feel bad. When Khun Sam gets moody and raises her eyebrow, to make her smile again I just need to call her 'Darling', then things go back to my way. Now I know how to control it.

Our love remains a secret and yes, Khun Sam still has a fiance. I don't feel good about it at all, but I don't want to push her too hard because I know it won't be easy breaking up with him. In addition to fiancé, he has been her friend since they were young.

Looks like... there's a catalyst, remember the war on my Facebook?

Ronaldo, a nice guy: put angry emoji in all my posts, so come on, let's fight @I'm your boss.

I don't know why getting angry emojis would make a man like Mr. Kirk angry. But Khun Sam also responds by fighting back.

I'm your boss: If you want, I'll do it. You shit, shit, shit.

And all I found out is that Mr. Kirk didn't answer anything. Khun Sam thinks she's won the war, she throws her hands up like a kid who got straight A's.

"Really worked, just call it shit he's gone. Haha ha."

On the same day, Khun Sam is forced by Facebook to show her real name on her profile, uploading a photo of her document. Everything is discovered the next day, Khun Sam returns to the platform with her real name, but her profile picture is still Conan with a black shadow.

How are things? Everyone now knows that the person who used to comment on my posts was Khun Sam, including Mr. Kirk. And shortly after, he sends me a private message on my Facebook, even though it's just a message, I can imagine what he's feeling.

Ronaldo, a nice guy: Mon, why didn't you tell me that I was fighting with Khun Sam?

Kornkamon: You two were keeping a secret, I wouldn't dare reveal it.

Ronaldo, a nice guy: Come on, meet me in the parking lot. I won't move, it's too cold right now.

Even though it's weird that he wants to see me hiding, I decide to go to him because I know the situation is getting worse. It seemed like a joke, but not for Khun Sam. So when Mr. Kirk sees me, he starts crying like a baby.

"How could you do this to me? I will die." He rubs his hair as he talks to me. "I've been in shock ever since 'you shit', even more so when her name was changed to her real name. Tell me the truth, how mad is she at me?"

"Ahh... a lot. She sent an email to Mark Zuckerberg asking for her information."

"Did she make it?"

"If not even our prime minister can do that, why would Khun Sam?"

"I will respect Mark like a god, if Khun Sam finds out, he will definitely kill me. There." Mr. Kirk is begging. "You promise me? It will be a secret between you and me. Don't let Sam know."

I look embarrassed when Mr. Kirk takes my hand as he pleads. But before I pull my hand back, someone is unfortunately watching us.

Chin, who went to the parking lot to smoke, looks surprised at what we are doing, he bows to Mr. Kirk and hurries out. Of course, a misunderstanding occurred. Mr. Kirk doesn't know anything because he keeps thinking about him and Khun Sam.

"Mr. Kirk, Chin just saw us..."

"Sam is going to hit me, what do I do?"

I hope Chin isn't the gossip type.

Will be?

Of course, the rumor spreads far and wide. Now, I've become Mr. Kirk. Everyone looks at me differently. Only Yah is still on my side.

"Whether or not you are Mr. Kirk, I will remain your friend."

It's a little strange that she supports me as a lover.

"Yah, I'm not. Really."

"You don't have to hide it from me. If I were Mr. Kirk, I would pick you easy. Boss ML has no emotions. You would make him happy."

"This is going too far."

I do not know what to do. If Yah, who is close to me, is thinking like this, how am I going to explain myself to others? But what if Khun Sam hears these rumours?

Do not. Khun Sam doesn't easily believe rumors. I must hurry to explain this to her first.

Boss: What the hell is going on?

Boss: Sent a picture.

Khun Sam sent me a picture of a letter of complaint. It's an anonymous letter. I zoom in to read the message. It's about an adultery between Mr. Kirk and me. This sucks for me, now it's too late for me to explain.

Too late to speak.

Doraemon: Just a rumor.

Boss: Where there's smoke there's fire...

Doraemon: Why are you believing this rumour?

Boss: But lately you've been hanging out with Kirk a lot. What happened?

Doraemon: I've been with you all day, why are you asking that?

Doraemon: I'm mad.

Khun Sam is silent when he sees that I am the first to get angry.

Boss: I just want to know. I want to hear from you.

Doraemon: It's about trust.

Boss: Right. Defeated.

Khun Sam was defeated, I take a deep breath. Nobody believed me, but I don't care. I just need her support.

By the way, who left that complaint letter? It could be from Chin the gossip!

"Mon."

Mr. Kirk, who returns to the office, calls to me so intimately. Everyone is staring at us.

"Come over here, please. Need to talk to you."

I'm confused now. Should I go or not? But if I don't go, it will be awkward for us. He owns the company and I'm just an employee. I dare not ignore it.

Finally I go to him and he guides me to the elevator. He paces around worriedly and talks to me seriously.

"Should I tell her? I think it will be better."

"Still worried about Facebook? Now you have something new to worry about."

"Nothing is worse than her calling me shit, and I being rude to my fiancée." Mr. Kirk looks up at the ceiling as if he's waiting for God to take him to heaven. "I will die."

"Someone reported to Khun Sam that we have an affair. I have already become your mistress."

"Heavens! There's nothing so bad it can't get worse!"

"Yes of course. Facebook is second to none right now."

"What she said?"

"She doesn't believe one hundred percent and doesn't dare to doubt it."

Because she's afraid I'll be mad at her...

"So what should I do? What should I worry about?"

"You must worry about us. Everyone is looking at me indignantly. They are creating rumors on top of rumours. And often, you have called me to talk privately."

"Can't a boss be close to an employee? I'm close to you. So is Sam."

"Nobody understand. You two weren't close with anyone before."

"It's because I like you..."

As he finishes speaking, something rides through the wind and hits him hard in the face.

"There!"

A shoe hits him in the eye before we turn and see an angry Khun Sam behind us.

"Well, Mon, you said there was nothing. Kirk, did you just say you like Mon?!"

"Sam..."

“You are a bastard!”

Khun Sam slaps his fiance. Mr. Kirk turns away numbly. I’m in shock.

“Sam...”

I’m still shocked by what happened. Khun Sam faces his fiance and me.

“Don’t you dare say there’s nothing here.”

“K... Khun Sam.”

And she leaves the office. Many people saw what happened. When Mr. Kirk looks at them, they all go back to work as if nothing happened.

While I’m still in shock, Mr. Kirk runs a hand over his face and smiles at the same time. I’m looking at him without reaction. I don’t understand why he’s smiling with everything that just happened.

“Sam is jealous of me.”

“It is?”

This time I’m the one stunned. Mr. Kirk turns to me and grins from ear to ear, like a kid.

“This is the first time she has expressed this clearly. I am shocked and happy at the same time.” Mr. Kirk carelessly touches my hand. “Thank you very much Mon. Thank you very much. Today, I found out that Sam loves me.”

“...”

“Wonderful... very good!”

It grew too big!

The situation between Khun Sam and me is getting worse. I had never seen Khun Sam be violent with Mr. Kirk like that. It’s good Mr. Kirk understood that he was slapped because Khun Sam was jealous of him. If he knows we’re in a relationship, how can I face him?

Khun Sam didn’t look at me or speak to me, I didn’t like her being violent with Mr. Kirk and to make matters worse, she doesn’t trust me. She believed the complaint letter more than me. So, I decide to go back to my house, due to all these incidents.

“Mon.”

Nop, who has been missing for so long, is standing in front of the office with a Chinese cake he bought for me. For a moment, I'm afraid Khun Sam will see me with him and get mad. But I keep saying that Nop and I are just friends.

There is nothing to fear.

"Why are you here?"

"I just decided to stop by after visiting a client nearby. We haven't seen each other in a while, so I thought I'd visit you. We do not talk anymore."

"Right."

"Your mother told me that you stayed at Khun Sam's for two weeks."

I start to get hot before I answer him.

"Yup."

"Want to tell me something?"

"I..." I'm torn on whether or not to tell him. "Is nothing. Everything is alright."

"You and Khun Sam are in a relationship, aren't you?"

I'm stunned and let silence be the answer. When he looks at me, I smile like I understand everything.

"You're..."

"I said nothing."

"Didn't say, but it's obvious."

"I'm not."

"Yes it's true."

I'm shocked when someone behind me interrupts us, I turn slowly towards the voice. I remember well whose voice this is. Khun Sam looks at me with a cold smile. His anger is evident.

Nop looks at Khun Sam, who interrupts us and asks again.

"What is she to you?"

“She is my girlfriend.”

This is the first time that Khun Sam has revealed our status to others. I, who am in the middle of it all, am happy and feeling weird at the same time. Now I’m trying my hardest to strain the muscles in my face to say something, but I can’t. All I can do now is be quiet.

“This is your debut as a fan, right?” Nop looks at me and Khun Sam non stop before saying something annoying. “I don’t worry about it, it’s just a relationship. It’s not like they’re married.”

“What?”

Khun Sam, who is easily angered when it comes to something about me, exclaimed in surprise. I look at him and frown, warning him to stop. But it looks like Nop is enjoying pissing her off.

“Also, a girl with another girl. She is a piece of cake.”

Khun Sam walks towards Nop, but I try to stop her.

“We better go home, Khun Sam.”

“...”

“I will make soup for you.”

Since I don’t know how to calm her down, I offer to cook for her. When she hears this, she gets more irritated. She takes my hand away and looks me in the eyes. Her face no longer has a smile, she took off her mask to fight me.

“Do you think I’m a child? Offering food to calm me down.”

“Be quiet, please.”

“Today, you were not a good girl. It was not kind.”

“You also do not. Today you acted like a bully.” I’m trying to say it calmly, but I’m irritated. “The Khun Sam I adore is not like that.”

“You are not as kind to me as the day we met either.”

We are both furious. I try to end this situation by asking Nop to come home with me.

“Well, if you don’t come home with me, I’ll go with Nop.”

I turn my back on her. Khun Sam grips my shoulders tightly and turns me around to face her.

“That’s all you want, isn’t it?”

“ ... ”

“You told me that when you were a student, a lot of men chased after you, but I don’t think it was because you were pretty or anything, but because you hit on everyone! Even my fiancé did not escape! You flirted with him!

“Khun Sam!”

This time I’m the one who yells at her. And when we looked into each other’s eyes, she said something to me that wasn’t rude, but almost made me break down.

“You are a beautiful catcher.”

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## Chapter 32 -

I’m so mad at her that my tears flowed without a single hiccup. Khun Sam looks at me guiltily, but she tries to look away. I do not hesitate in the decision to go back to my house with Nop without giving an explanation.

Nop, it’s ignored by me. I didn’t say anything to him on the way home, because I still think he was the reason, as he started to piss off Khun Sam. And my best friend seems to feel guilty, but I still haven’t forgiven him.

This is our first serious fight since we started our relationship. I didn’t think it could be this intense. What she said affected me so much that I couldn’t eat or sleep. I cried all night and missed a whole day of work because I’m too tired to do that. And the rumors spread to the PP gossip group. Everyone tried to contact me, but I didn’t respond. I’m not ready yet.

Until now, I haven’t wanted to talk to anyone, not even her friends, but... someone else is calling me.

[Mon... I already confessed everything to Sam.]

Mr. Kirk calls me in a muffled voice, as if he’s been scolded by Khun Sam. I don’t even want to talk to him, because he’s the cause of all these problems. But he’s my boss... it’s hard to avoid him.



[I confessed that I am Ronaldo, a nice guy and explained to her about the rumor that was going around the office. I was afraid Sam was going to misunderstand you. But when I confessed, she got even angrier and yelled at me... 'Bastard'.]

"It's not a hurtful word. It's better than catchy, unfaithful, treacherous."

I said this with a forced laugh when I remembered what Khun Sam had called me.

[I just wanted to tell you not to worry. I clarified everything for you. I'm so happy to see Khun Sam jealous of me. But I don't want Khun Sam to hate you. To me, you are like a beautiful little sister. I don't want to disturb you because of me.]

What he said makes me feel guilty because he's so good to me. After the anger, I now calm down and sit slowly on the bed while talking on my cell phone.

"I'm glad she understands you now."

[You didn't go to work because you're scared to face her, right? Don't worry, she knows everything now. I told her it was my fault. You can relax and go back to work normally.]

"Thank you very much, Mr. Kirk."

After hanging up the phone, I don't feel any better. I'm still lying in bed doing nothing until there's a knock on the door. My mother has her arms crossed at my door.

"It's already late. You haven't showered yet. Why didn't you go to work today?"

"I said I'm sick."

"You're pretending to be sick, aren't you? Any problems at work? Or did you fall out with ML Sam?"

I look at my mother, who speaks fondly of Khun Sam. If she knows what Khun Sam called me, will my mother still adore her like this?

"Yes."

"My God! Are you that close to her to the point of fighting? Oh, you must be, since you stayed several days at her place."

My mom saying that embarrasses me. If Khun Sam was a boy, it would mean that we were living as a couple.

But it's not different. With men or women.

"Fighting for what?"

“It was not a big deal.”

“It must have been. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be waiting for you downstairs.”

I jump out of bed when I hear this. I confess that I am happy to know that my love is waiting for me down there. But this feeling is mixed with anger.

“It is so rude of you, an ordinary girl, to keep the king’s great-great-great-granddaughter waiting.”

Is my mother discriminating against me?

“If it takes too long and she can’t wait, let her go.”

“Please do not do that. I have consideration for her.”

“Then go there yourself and receive it. I am going to sleep.”

I lie down on the bed and turn my back to my mother, pretending to ignore her. Finally she leaves and leaves me alone. I’ll confess the truth, even though I try my best to ignore it, I’m still worried that she’ll get tired of me.

And? If she gets tired of me, then let her come home.

My house does not have air conditioning. She must be hot since the weather is hot. It’s late, night hasn’t come yet. Her pressure will rise because of the temperature. Her nose might bleed again...

But that’s her problem, why do I have to worry about her?

I’ve been rolling around in bed for over twenty minutes trying to sleep, but I can’t. Finally, I get up and go to the stairs to spy on Khun Sam, who is sitting waiting for me in the living room. She is watching a music video on her cell phone while dancing with her hands.

Is this stressful?

“I’ve been looking at it for a long time trying to identify what this shade is. Why are you sitting there spying? Get down here.”

My dad was standing at the bottom of the stairs for a while, but I didn’t see him. Now he’s telling everyone where I am and what I’m doing, which embarrasses me.

“I wasn’t spying.”

“So, I was looking for a lizard on the ground, huh? Why don’t you come down?”

Khun Sam looks at my dad and I talking before looking at me. So I stretch my body up and come down easily.

“Your mother told me that you had a fight with Khun Sam.”

“Does anyone else know?” I scold my mother a little. But my dad ignores it and keeps saying.

“Such a good boss like that, who comes to the employee’s house to make peace. But the employee acts dismissively. Maybe the company doesn’t have someone else to work with, so they had to come and reconcile with you.”

“We didn’t even fight.” I hasten to say before my father continues talking. “Then I will take care of her. If you want to go water the plants, please feel free.”

Finally, I’m alone face to face with Khun Sam. When I make sure no one else will hear us, I start talking.

“Come to scold me for what now?”

“Do not you went to work. Is sick?”

“Yes.”

“How it is?”

“I’m a pretty catcher.”

Khun Sam looks at me stunned after my answer. The guilt is clearly written on her face.

“Yesterday, I didn’t finish talking to you.”

“What else are you going to call me?”

“I said ‘taker’, it’s true, but I wish I had said more.”

“But what?”

“Taker... You better come with me, Taker. For tonight the tables will turn.” She sings and dances. It’s a song by Tinashe (a female singer).

“...”

“Don’t you know her?”

“I don’t think I’m from that era. It must be the age difference.”

“Hey. It is very popular. You must have heard it by now.”

“Bullshit. I don’t know exactly what you meant, but you said that ‘when I was a student many men chased after me. And it wasn’t because I was pretty or anything, but because I hit on everybody’, even you, a woman, I got it.”

“Mon...”

“Not only a catcher, but I can be a bitch too. I looked for other synonyms myself.”

“I’m sorry.”

She looks at me with her head down, which makes me feel guilty. All my anger has gone and now I’m mad at myself.

Do not. I can’t cry. I cried all night. I won’t make amends that easy just because she apologized to me. It’s not right.

“If everything was resolved with an apology, why would we need respect?”

“Ahhh. What can I do to make you feel better?”

“I don’t know. You better go home. I realized that I am happy living alone.”

“But I am not happy living alone.”

“...”

“I cried all night when I thought you were having an affair with Kirk. And you left with Nop. Am I wrong to be jealous of you?”

Burst!

Did you hear my anger bubble burst? I almost smiled when I heard the word ‘jealousy’.

I hate to do this, but I need to keep pretending I’m mad.

“Give me more time.”

“No, I can’t give you more time. She is hurting me. Let’s go back home.”

“This is my house.”

“Not ours.”

“You can’t drag someone into your house whenever you want.”

“Our home means you and me... we...”

The way she makes up is so cute. I want to pinch her cheek and bite. But all I can do right now is keep quiet and keep my composure.

“What if I don’t come back?”

“I will wait here until you go.”

“My parents will be curious.”

“Then, come back with me.”

“You must try to please others.”

“Other is you.”

How nice.

“...”

“What should I do to make you feel better? I’ll do anything. I top everything.” She shows me her palm like she’s giving me all her money on this deal. “I never do that with anyone.”

“Anything?”

“Yup.”

“Good. Now I know what I want.” I turn towards the stairs, but she immediately grabs me by the shirt.

“Where are you going?”

“Get my clothes. You asked me to come home, didn’t you?”

Khun Sam is smiling like a child. This smile enchants me. So I turn my face away because I’m afraid she’ll figure out I was pretending to be mad. The woman in front of me knows how to make me lose control.

God, why am I so obsessed with her? Even though she called me a ‘taker’, I can forgive her easily.

I give my father an excuse that we have urgent work at the office. My parents say nothing and understand the situation. But who knows? The truth is, their daughter is spending the night at her girlfriend’s house. I’m a really spoiled girl.

My boss, who is beside me, is now happy because she managed to take me home with her. When we arrive, she hurries to take care of me. It sounds like she's feeling guilty.

"You don't have to take care of me that much. You are not like that."

Khun Sam is stunned and ashamed that he doesn't know what to do for me.

"I don't know what to do to make up for what I did to you. The image of you crying yesterday can't get out of my head."

"Do you care that much about me?"

"I worry a lot about you."

I look into her beautiful brown eyes as I sigh. When she says what she's really thinking, it hits me in a way. But when she says the opposite, it's so hard to know what's on her mind. Where is the meeting point?

When Khun Sam notices my silence, she leans in to kiss me, but I know what she's going to do, so I turn my face and she ends up kissing the pillow on the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"Just a little fainting."

So lovely.

Khun Sam still has her face buried in the pillow, I, who realize that something is wrong, decide to shake her body.

"Khun Sam."

"..."

"Why are you quiet?"

"There is..."

"..."

"..."

"Is crying?"

I sit up hurriedly in shock. Khun Sam is still sunk and sobbing into the pillow.

“Talk to me first. Why are you crying?”

“I don’t know what to do to make you feel better. I don’t know how to make it up to you.”

I must have teased her too much, I’m feeling guilty now. I pull her off the pillow because I’m afraid she won’t be able to breathe properly.

“No, don’t cry, dear.”

She continues to cry even when I pull her into a hug. She rests her face in my neck as she sobs like a baby and says something in a broken voice.

“I felt so bad.”

“I know I know.”

“Why are you still mad at me?”

“I’m not. If I still was, I wouldn’t have come with you.”

“You were despising me. Hmm…”

“I can’t last long. Two minutes is too much for me. When you told me back home that you were jealous of me, my anger went away. I’m better now. I was just teasing you. I wanted to see more of you trying to make it up to me.”

Khun Sam walks away from me with tears in his eyes.

“Serious?”

“Yes it’s true. So stop crying. You don’t look pretty crying.”

Khun Sam laughs.

“When you were a kid, you told me that.”

“We met ten years ago, kind of surprising we’re a couple now. Don’t cry, dear. I don’t want to see you crying.”

I lean down to kiss her. The taste is a little salty due to the tears. She looks weird as we kiss. I’m the first to act and start pushing her to lay her down on the couch again.

“It’s not right.” Khun Sam tries to take control and put me underneath, but I resist by gripping her shoulders and staring deeply into her eyes.

“That’s right.”

“But...”

“You told me you would do anything.”

“But I never...”

“There is a first time for everything.” I reach out my hand to unbutton it and use my tongue to gently touch her face. “This is also my first time. I will do my best.”

“...”

“If you don’t let me do it, I’m going home.”

Said with such a serious tone of voice that I left her stunned, but suddenly she closes her eyes slowly. When I see her reaction, I know exactly what will happen.

Today... Khun Sam will be mine.

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## Chapter 33 -

### Chapter 33 – A Part Time Lover

Although it is not the first time we make love, it still feels like our ‘first time’ again, but now the position and direction has changed.

The leader has changed...

Khun Sam, who is under my control, is petrified and resistant when I try to remove her shirt. She realizes she won’t be able to resist for long so she gives up and lets me take control and just begs me for mercy at times.

“No... I’m not used to it. Can we do it with my shirt?”

“Of course, you can keep your shirt on.” She looks at me happily and then is taken aback by my next response. “But I’ll take everything else off.”

“Do you know how to do this?”

“Have you [forgotten](#)? Your first time you didn’t know what to do, just like me. And the most important thing is... The article about making love you read was written by me.”



I start with my lips gently touching her neck. While my hand is busy unfastening her bra, revealing her beautiful breasts, which are waiting for my touch. When I do, my heart races again because this is the first time I've played her naked.

"M... Mon."

Khun Sam, shudders beneath me. His **skin** reveals that he's feeling a tingle, but I'm not done yet, my hand is unexpectedly roaming all over his upper body, but there's something struggling uncontrollably with my hand.

"Don't be nervous, relax and go with me the way I went easy on you our first time."

"No one has ever seen me naked before."

"Neither to me. Nobody had seen me naked before, when I slept with you, it was the first time." I pull away from her neck to look into her eyes, which are full of questions and conditions. "Can I see you through your body, Khun Sam?"

Now, the white-skinned woman's **body** turns pink like that of a shrimp. It must be shame or passion that makes me look at her fondly.

My hands are still busy when Khun Sam allows it. I begin to explore around her abdomen, before unzipping the black pants she usually wears to work. But she's not used to my touch, she rushes to take my hand and presses her lips together.

"In that place?"

"It's gonna be okay." My lips ignore her, exploring lower and lower, stopping at her breast, then I suck on what's in front of me. Her body shudders and she moans. Now my emotions are rising.

"Ah... Mon... That..."

One of his hands is holding the air while the other is gripping the back of my collar. And when I realize that I'm not allowed to touch any lower, I start to move my hand slowly down her body, until I dive deep inside her little panties, touching what I've wanted to touch for a long time.

It's a good start...

The softness and warm the and wetness of her makes me irritable with the **clothes** on her body. To drive her better, I need to start undressing her whole body.

"Mon..."

His warm hand is touching my breast in an irresistible way, urging me on deeper, wilder. I'm still busy with her clothes, now her white blouse and bra are unbuttoned. She is better than me, our first time, by this time, I was already completely undressed.

"Let me help..."

"Not." He refuses, taking her hand away from her, which was trying to take control of the game. "Today is my day."

Then, without any permission, I pull her to a half-sitting position and push her back onto the arm of the sofa before moving further down and spreading her legs.

"Not!" Khun Sam pulls my head back as if he knows what I'm going to do. "It's dirty."

"The same words." I grab her wrists, hold them tightly to my sides. "I said the same thing, but you didn't stop."

I bury my face right between her legs. The woman on the couch shudders as if she's received an electrical shock. Her body twitches in response. I wonder if I'm really enjoying this and when I realize I want more, I understand why Khun Sam likes to control me so much.

Seeing your face, my love's face, suffering and enjoying at the same time, is so good.

Moaning with pleasure and want...

Moaning for wanting me...

Delicious.

"Uhhh... Mon... Ahhh..."

"..."

"I'm almost there... come out Mon, get out of there."

Of course I don't walk away from her and I know exactly what she's feeling right now. I've felt this before and I want to teach her how to face this pain before it explodes.

"Mon, I am..."

"A little more..." Khun Sam is being attacked and he can do nothing but moan and moan and moan, more and more. Her body is squirming, making me aware of what she wants. I use my finger to touch her lips, before gently placing it inside her mouth, not knowing why I did it.

“Uhhh...”

Khun Sam, who is out of control, gently bites my finger while moaning softly.

“Another...”

“Just a little more...”

“Let me see you...”

“Call me ‘honey’.”

I don’t know why I said it, but when I commanded it and she obeyed easily, it made me even hotter, my body shuddered and squirmed without even being touched.

“Dear.”

And it’s all over. His sleepy eyes are lighter and stare at me, I’m burning up. My heart is beating so fast and my body is on fire. The game is over for her, but for me, it’s still going on. My body is about to explode...

“Help.”

“...”

“Please help me, Khun Sam.” I shift position to shamelessly straddle his face and order.

“Eat me.”

I’m so surprised at myself...

I did not drink. Why did you say that? Now, Khun Sam and I are busy getting dressed. We didn’t dare look at each other in shame. Even though it’s happened several times, we’re still not used to it.

“A brand.”

She said quietly as she buttoned her shirt. I turn my face to her and see a mark on her neck. I move closer to see clearly. Khun Sam looks scared and hurries to cover it with her collar. Her face is red.

“Oops.”

“Yes?”

"I pull my hand back, losing my self-esteem when I see her scared. But she's faster and grabs my wrist.

"I'm not bothered. Don't get me wrong." I see that Khun Sam got to know me better, even though she was disappointed. "I am ashamed."

"Yes." I bite my lip and agree. "Does it hurt? It's so red."

"Not. I'm just surprised. Did you bite me?"

"I can't remember."

"But, I yes."

"..."

"..."

"Did you feel all right?"

I ask the question and squeeze my eyes shut because I can't face her. Khun Sam is silent for a moment and calls my name.

"Mon."

"Yes?"

"I felt really good."

I open one of my eyes and look at her, now her face is turning red. When I notice that she is happy, I smile uncontrollably with happiness.

"Well, I was afraid of doing something wrong, did it hurt?"

"It didn't hurt at all. It was weird at first because I... never." She said with a labored breath. So she tries to change the subject. "But..."

"But what?"

"Not mad at me anymore, are you?"

Does she keep thinking about it? I smile at her.

"I already told you I'm not."

"But when we were doing that... you were so aggressive. I was shocked."

Now I'm the one ashamed, so I turn my face away. But Khun Sam raises his hand to touch my cheek. And turns my face back to look her in the eyes.

"I didn't say it wasn't good."

"Then. It was good?"

"Ah... I liked it."

"Hmm?"

"I don't like to be aggressive. I mean... it was the first time you showed your desires. Normally, you are shy and quiet, you rarely say what you want. But with what just happened between us, you seemed more confident and assertive...you did what you wanted to do. Was very good."

She's praising my performance in bed, right? Khun Sam tries to say it normally, as if she was talking about office work. Even though I'm so embarrassed, I need to stretch my body and smile.

"Thanks. I'm glad I made her feel good."

"Have I ever made you feel bad?"

"Not..."

"..."

"I don't have time to feel bad." I like to tease her. "Saw? You're the best. I said what I was thinking directly."

"I kept the promise. Ah, what a thirst." Khun Sam is touching the neck. So I go into the kitchen and get her a drink. She looks at me for a moment and says, "I didn't force you to get me a drink."

"Is a pleasure."

I lift a glass to drink too, Khun Sam looks at me and says something softly.

"I like having s\*x with you."

Pfffffftttt!

Water comes out of my mouth like a blue whale from the Arctic Ocean. Khun Sam closes his eyes and wipes his face with his hands.

“Why did you have to spit like that?”

“What did you say?” I cough and run to get a napkin to dry it off.

“Didn’t you tell me to speak my mind?”

“Khun Sam, some things don’t need to be said out loud. My God, I don’t know how to set you an example.”

“If I don’t call it ‘having s\*x’, what am I going to call it? Make love? heal? Mate? Copulate? Coitar? Nhanhar?”

“Let’s learn to communicate better next time.”

Having Khun Sam as a girlfriend is the hardest, it’s not easy to understand her. However, she’s still cute to me.

Amazing!

We’ve reconciled. Everything is back to normal. However, we are getting sweeter every day, like lovebirds in love. Before, I was defeated by her, but now I fight back. What a beautiful moment we are living...

“Good morning, Khun Sam.”

“Oh, we arrived at the same time. What a coincidence!”

Khun Sam and I pretend to greet each other in the elevator in front of our colleagues, even though we arrived in the same car in the morning. We stayed in the back row, smiling at each other and even found an opportunity to hold hands.

I wish I had the chance to hold your hand out there sometime.

Time to get off the elevator, we let go of our hands and go to work as if nothing had happened. Lately, we’ve coincidentally run into each other in the elevator when we need a moment together. Sometimes she calls me into the freezing room to cuddle and snuggle. A few moments are enough for us.

Everything goes well. We’re both happy, until this afternoon, after lunch with my colleagues and getting ready to go back to work. We were surprised to see Khun Sam talking to someone in the opposite direction.

“Actually, I don’t want to brag that I’m his girl, it’s not fair to me. He comes to me every time you make him sad. Today we need to clear things up.”

When I see it clearly, that girl is the same one I saw with Mr. Kirk in the department store, that day Yah was with me. Now, Yah recognizes it too.

“It’s the girl from Mr. Kirk.”

Khun Sam, who is shorter, has his hands in his pants pocket and is looking at her thoughtfully.

“What you want from me?”

“I just want to clear things up...”

“You want me to break up with him, right?” Khun Sam is standing still, she’s not mad or anything. “If it weren’t for that, you wouldn’t be here.”

“ ... ”

Khun Sam sighs and says something without showing any feelings. Everything is quiet.

“All right.”

“ ... ”

“I will break up with him.”

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## Chapter 34 -

Now I can hear my heart beat so fast. Everyone present is holding their breath in fear that Khun Sam will see us here. Suddenly, Mr. Kirk yells from afar, breaking the silence, before approaching Khun Sam and that girl. He must be afraid of them fighting over him.

“Why are you here?”

“She came looking for you.” Khun Sam answered in her place, while facing Mr. Kirk with a glare. “You are a heartbreaker.”

“Sam.”

Khun Sam turns away from him in disgust. She must be hurt that her fiance cheated on her.

“Do not touch me.”

“Sam... I love you.”

“But I hate you.”

“Sam!”

“Do not follow me. Disgusting.”

She suddenly steps away from the chaos. I see that the others are staring at Mr. Kirk and the girl. So, I hurry off towards Khun Sam.

“Khun Sam.”

The woman stops, and looks me in the eyes. She is full of hate and I know well, she must be disappointed.

“Why are you here? Didn't you go back to work?”

“I saw everything, so I followed you.”

“My God, like in the music videos.”

I am worried...

“How are you?”

“Disgusted.”

I lift my hand to touch her with compassion. Even though I want to hug her, I'm afraid someone might see us. So I can only do this for her.

“You are disappointed in him. If you want to cry, you can cry. I understand.”

“Yes, I am very disappointed, but I will not cry. I just want to get a piece of wood to hit him with. That bastard. Asshole!”

“Serious?”

“I still remember that Kirk was the reason we had a fight.” Khun Sam raises his eyebrows before returning to the point we were talking about. “I also remember he called me nosy.”

Why is she still talking about that fight on Facebook? And Mr. Kirk?



“Khun Sam, didn’t you feel anything because of that girl?”

“Do I have to feel?”

“Ah, you looked disappointed in him.”

“Yes. He called me nosy and scolded me for ‘you shit’, he should be ashamed... since I found out that ‘Ronaldo, a nice guy’ is him, I don’t intend to be friends with him anymore. What an old-fashioned name!”

“Yes...”

“I want to throw shit at him every time I see him. I want to hit, hit, hit, hit him. Asshole!”

She keeps mumbling at Mr. Kirk. I feel like she’s mad at him. She has no idea that her Facebook name is also old-fashioned. But I don’t want to interrupt her while she’s in a bad mood.

“Do you feel anything about what just happened? That girl came after your fiancé.”

“Why do I have to feel something? If Kirk wants to have her, let him. Understand, you and I are in a relationship. That’s good for me...it makes it easier for me to break up with him guilt-free. In fact, I’ve wanted to break up with him ever since I heard he’s ‘Ronaldo, a nice guy’. But I had no good reason and he would refuse.”

“I saw you leaving in a hurry. I thought you were hurt by Mr. Kirk betrayed you.”

“Why would I be hurt? When my friend gets a girlfriend, I should be happy for him. I left in a hurry because I couldn’t stop thinking he called me a nosy person.” Khun Sam looks so pissed off right now. “I can clearly picture the look on his face when he said ‘Eww, nosy’, and that image sticks in my head.”

“Mr. Kirk must be sorry. If he had known he was fighting you, he wouldn’t have done that.”

“Why are you supporting him? I’m not liking.” Khun Sam looks at me indignantly and turns away. “What I don’t like, you shouldn’t like either. And you disagree with me, but not with others.”

“He is your betrothed, not others.”

“Now he will be one of the others forever, he is no longer my fiancé.”

“You left the office all the way here, where were you going?”

“I don’t know.”

“Oh, why did you leave?”

“I just did a cool thing. Let them talk to find the way out.” She looks bored and says, “I’m coming home late today.”

“Why?”

“I need to do something.”

“What thing?”

“I want to try...” She hesitates for a moment and I know she’s going to avoid the subject by giving me a hundred reasons. So I stop her right away.

“Answer me in one sentence.”

“I want to do something with you in my office room.”

“Hmmm!...” I look left and right in fear that someone will hear us. “What you mean?”

She lifts both hands to rub her head.

“I’ve wanted to do this in my living room for a long time, let’s wait for them to come out.”

“Khun Sam, you obscene!”

The story of Mr. Kirk has clearly replaced my rumor with him. Yah helped me explain about the new rumor and confirmed that she saw Mr. Kirk with the mistress. So I confirm that that day I went to talk to Mr. Kirk because he begged me to keep it a secret. My image is improving at the office, plus I get more sympathy for being forced with that rumor.

Everything has a positive side...

In the case of Mr. Kirk, as he failed to clear things up with Khun Sam, returns home sad. By the way, Khun Sam is not worried at all, she continues to work in the freezing room until late at night, waiting for everyone to come home. Finally, when there is no one else in the office, Khun Sam opens the door and asks me to come in.

“Is anyone there?”

“There is nobody here.”

“Come.”

I look at her knowingly and go to her office without a second thought, because inside my head, I thought she looked so cute. When I walk in, she grabs me and kisses me right away.

“I missed you.”

“Khun Sam, you can’t miss me all the time like this. In our house it is better. I think you’re just kidding me right now.”

“I read on a porn site that it’s nice to have s\*x in the office.” She remains busy with my body as she talks and at the same time unbuttons my shirt. “In the article I read, the guy throws everything off the table. I will do the same.”

“And waste time later setting the table?”

“Oh, I don’t mind if you want to lie down on the pens and all the documents.”

“Nothing from Mr. Kirk in mind, huh?” I place my forehead on his shoulder and hug him relentlessly because I am now under his spell.

“Please don’t talk about that asshole. He called me nosy.” It travels from my neck to my lips. “So exciting.”

“Yes, it’s very exciting. I feel paranoid.”

“There is no one here now...”

“Sam!”

Bang!

“There!”

“I already told you that you should dress appropriately even if an extra hour has already passed.”

Khun Sam uses the palm of his hand to lightly hit my forehead, it wasn’t hard but it made me stagger. Mr. Kirk, who has entered the room, sees me falling and rushes to catch me.

“What are you two doing?”

“I’m teaching her a lesson. It’s not just because the office is over that she can wear whatever she wants. It’s not good for the company’s image.”

She handles the situation so well. And I hurry to button my shirt, since I'm afraid that Mr. Kirk see something.

"Then why do you dress like that?"

"Er..." I turn left and right in search of a good answer. "I thought there was no one here and I was working alone, so I wanted to relax and be more comfortable."

"It's too comfortable, don't you think?" Khun Sam said with a serious tone. "As of now, you are not allowed to do that."

"Clear. I won't do it again... It doesn't matter when."

He said it slowly, but making it clear. Khun Sam is expressionless now and tries to change the subject.

"Why are you here?... Oh, I forgot. I was very polite to you... asshole."

Khun Sam crosses his arms, looking annoyed that he interrupted us. So she gets mad at him. He destroyed her plans.

"Sam, please. Calm down."

"Excuse me. I better leave."

I prepare to avoid this war, but Khun Sam holds me to stay.

"You can stay. You don't have to go out."

"I think..."

"Stay here!" Khun Sam orders me out loud. So I dare not move. "Do you need something? Say it soon and leave."

Khun Sam looks at Mr. Kirk, who is still sad.

"Sam. About Nuch and me, it's over. I'm sorry I betrayed you."

"Do not worry. It happened. I'll leave you, asshole." Khun Sam emphasizes his name at the end to let him down. "Our relationship may be over since you told me you're Ronaldo, a nice guy."

"Sam. Do not go, please. I won't let her go."

“When I heard ‘don’t go’ it reminded me that you typed ‘nosy.’” Khun Sam glares at him vengefully. “If you don’t want to break up with me, that’s your problem, not mine. I’m breaking up with you. I’m done. You have no idea how mad I am at you for that...”

“I know you love me.”

Khun Sam acts like he saw a ghost when Mr. Kirk stops her. I think Khun Sam was focusing on the Facebook fight, but Mr. Kirk doesn’t care.

Poor Mr. Kirk.

“Master? That word is a long way off, Kirk.”

“If you don’t love me, why are you so mad?”

“You called me nosy.”

Mr. Kirk kneels down and grabs her by the legs. There’s no businessman here, just a kitten. I look away from them. It might be uncomfortable for them.

“I really love you. I have loved you for many years. I got away sometimes, but I love you. I always honored you.”

“But you called me nosy. It is very honorable for me.”

Khun Sam smiles petrified, as if she was controlling herself not to laugh.

How mad are you, dear...

“I was wrong, please forgive me. Give me one more chance.”

“I can’t give you this chance.” She puts her hand on Mr. Kirk, who is still begging and hugging Khun Sam’s legs. “

And I’m not mad at you. At least, not what you were thinking.”

“...”

“You found someone. I’m happy for you. Our contract is annulled.”

“No, it’s not. I broke up with Nuch since Mon saw me with her. I have not contacted her since.”

“Hmmm.”

Khun Sam looks at me confused. All I can do is smile at her. I do not know what to do now.

“You are the only one I love. When I realized I was wrong, I stopped. Today she came here, I didn’t know. Mon can prove I’m not lying.”

“Why did Mon know about your part-time lover?” Now she looks at me. “When did you two start having secrets?”

“For a while.”

“This...” I try to explain, but Mr. Kirk interrupts me.

“Please forgive me, Sam. I already left her.”

“Kirk, don’t be upset. I don’t want to know about it.... Mon, you knew this whole time and didn’t tell me? Why did you hide this from me?” Khun Sam looks at me as he speaks with a choked voice. “You talked behind my back.”

“I didn’t want to cause a misunderstanding between you and Mr. Kirk. Furthermore, Mr. Kirk had promised me he wouldn’t do that anymore. So there was no reason for us to talk about it again.”

“Because you didn’t contact me, that girl came here. I’m not mad about it, but you kept it a secret.”

Khun Sam is not focused on Mr. Kirk, but all his attention is on me.

“Do not blame me.”

“I don’t understand. You said you’d talk honestly about anything, but you were keeping it a secret behind my back. What is all this?”

“Khun Sam. Lets fight? Please focus on him first.”

“Not. Kirk, I don’t know where you’re going, but go now. Mon, I’m focused on you right now. Hey! Let go of my legs. Bastard!” Khun Sam tries to get him off his legs and towards me, but Mr. Kirk doesn’t let her leave.

“Sam, I am not breaking up with you.”

“But I’ll go.”

“Not. I’m done with her.”

“But I’m breaking up with you now because I already have a girlfriend!”

“What you mean?”

“Can’t you see?” Khun Sam points his finger at me and says loud and clear. “Mon is my girlfriend. Our contract is void as of now.”

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## Chapter 35 -

### Chapter 35 – I Heard Everything

Silence hangs in the air. Mr. Kirk looks at Khun Sam and laughs in disbelief. Even his face looks like blank paper now.

“Not really, how are you guys dating?”

And Mr. Kirk stands up and looks down at my collar and sees my untidy shirt. Now he must be putting the whole puzzle together in his own head.

“That means... before I came in, you two were...” Mr. Kirk rubs his head. “As??”

“Mr. Kirk.”

I try to move closer, but he takes a step back as if he’s in shock and disgust that I’m coming near.

“Mon... I don’t think you and Khun Sam will... will...”

“It’s over, Kirk.”

Khun Sam emphasizes so that Mr. Kirk, who has been his boyfriend and friend for so long, accepts. Mr. Kirk doesn’t answer, but leaves without saying anything, leaving Khun Sam and me alone in this awkward situation.

“Khun Sam, you shouldn’t have told him.”

“One day he would know. We’re not going to be able to keep this a secret forever.”

“But we should have found a better way to tell him.”

“Then should we get down on our knees to tell him? I am a Mhom Luang. I do not do this.”

What the hell?... I look at my beloved and shake my head indicating that I'm fed up with her. She fails to understand the point. Then I start adjusting my skirt and buttoning my blouse. Khun Sam crosses his arms and glares at me.

"We are not done yet."

"If you want to share my secret with Mr. Kirk, I've explained everything. There's no reason to complicate it."

"I already understood that." Khun Sam prevents me from buttoning my shirt. I look up and see her licking her lips. "As for us, we will continue where we left off."

"Ah! How quickly your mood changes! I was so angry just now."

My shirt is unbuttoned by her hands while I'm confusedly numb.

"I was mad he didn't leave."

"So mean. You just said that I should dress appropriately even outside office hours and you hit my forehead. Don't expect me to give in easily."

"The situation forced me. Don't be moody." Khun Sam continues unbuttoning my shirt. I pretend to resist a little because I know I can't resist her for long. "Oh! New bra?"

I rush to cover it with my hands.

"You are so observant. Even my bra doesn't slip."

"You never wear gray."

"I see you like this color."

"Read my mind." Khun Sam unbuttons two buttons on her blouse, revealing a new bra that surprises me. "I also bought a new bra."

"Pink."

"The first in my life. But I can't bear it if there are cartoon characters or flowers."

Then she pushes me passionately towards the table, before throwing everything on the floor and saying something under her breath.

"Oops."

"Are you really going to do that?"



“Is not cool?” She presses my shoulder to lay me down on the table. “But it will be even better if we do it here, on the table.”

“Did you learn that on that site? Oh...”

Her wet lips touch my breast, then her tongue begins to play softly with me.

“I learned a lot of things on that site. I’ll show you what I learned.”

“Then teach me, I will do it for you.”

Zipppp....

A zipper is pulled down. Now my skirt is on my feet. Khun Sam spreads my legs and faces.

“Hmm.”

Even if our relationship is a little messed up, there’s nothing to worry about. Khun Sam and I know how to act with each other, without touching points that make us angry and start an argument. For example, Khun Sam is a jealous girl, so I try not to smile and talk to others because I care about her. As for Khun Sam, she tries to tell me everything honestly and avoids letting me down, even at work. Because she knows well that I can’t separate work from personal life.

Mr. Kirk has remained silent since when it all happened. And I don’t dare say hello to him, because I remember his look of disgust well. I am very hopeful that one day he will forgive me. I feel so guilty...

Furthermore, as per the office relationship rule, Khun Sam fired all the employees who had a relationship, and now she continues to do so. It annoys me. Especially this morning. Yah, who sits next to me, has been shaking in shock for an hour. So I ask her.

“How are you? All right?”

“One thing pissed me off.”

“If you want, you can tell me.”

“I think I will be fired.”

“There is? ... Why?”

Yah is about to cry. Her eyes continue to scan the freezing room.

“Boss ML knows that Chin and I... We are dating.”

“Ahhh!!!” I scream without realizing it and immediately cover my mouth with my hands. “Wait, wait. What is happening?”

“We exchanged pictures. I command, he replies. He sends, I answer. You see?”

“But Chin has a wife.”

“Can’t love be forbidden?”

I don’t challenge her, because in this case, I’m not better than her. I secretly fell in love with my boss who was my other boss’s girlfriend.

Ah... it’s so complicated.

Since I can’t judge her, all I can do is listen to her.

“How does she know?”

“Chin and I were together in the parking lot.”

“What were they doing?” I lift my hand to cover my mouth and speak more quietly. “In the parking lot? My God.”

“I know. You’re going to judge me, right?”

“No, I’m not going.”

How am I going to judge her? I fucked myself in the freezing room like a porn star. So, I can’t judge her for anything. Ah...

“We didn’t do anything. We just made out... Who knows? Chief ML went to her car and saw us. Aaaah...”

My beloved colleague raises her hands to cover her face in embarrassment. I put my hand on her shoulder to calm her down.

“What did she do after she saw it?”

“She left. She was...so quiet. I don’t have a good feeling. She will definitely fire me. I haven’t even looked for a new job yet. And I’m too old to find one.”

All I can do is calm her down because I don’t know what else to say to her. I want to know what Khun Sam is going to do about this case, because what she does is not very different from them.

Of course... I don't think about it for a long time. When everyone goes home at the end of the day, I, who am waiting to leave with Khun Sam, go to her office to ask about Yah.

"Are you going to fire her?"

"I'm thinking."

"If you fire her. It contrasts with what we do." I bite my nail anxiously. "I think, I have to resign."

Khun Sam looks at me disapprovingly.

"Looking for a reason to quit your job and go work with Tee, huh?"

"Don't be irritated. You will lose your dominion because of me."

"Nobody knows about us."

"No secret can be kept in this world for long. Mr. Kirk was Ronaldo and it was revealed to you."

"Fair." She raises an eyebrow in disapproval. "But I don't want to fire you. If you're not here, I have no motivation to drive to work. Currently, you are the reason I come to work."

I feel a little weird when she keeps talking like a three year old who is obsessed with her babysitter.

"I spend the night at your place most days and come back to my place once a week. It is not enough?"

"Is different. Should we change the rule? Yes!" Khun Sam raises her hands like a winner. I shake my head in disagreement.

"No you can not. It wouldn't be fair to the previous ones."

"They are already gone. They won't know."

"And the current ones?"

"Why should I care? I give the orders here. I can change."

"So spoiled. I won't let anyone come complain to you. I have to find a new job."

"You are not cute at all."

“But I love you, Khun Sam.”

“Oops.” Khun Sam is blinking his eyes unexpectedly before lowering his face to avoid looking me in the eye. “You just said you love me...”

“Khun Sam, you are so appetizing.”

I rush over to gently bite her nose.

“You know when you bite my nose I have to bite your lips in return.”

“Yes, that’s why I bit you.”

We continued to stare at each other. She must know what I have in mind right now, so she smiles.

“You enjoyed making love in the office, huh?”

“This time I start, but I’m not going to throw things off the table on the floor. I’m too lazy to clean up later.” I get to my knees and lean forward to bite her neck. “Here, on the chair.”

Khun Sam easily accepts. I start taking off her pants, she helps me by lifting her hips slightly up. We laughed like we were up to something wrong. And then the voice of the woman sitting in the chair becomes breathy. “Now you are better.” Khun Sam holds my hair while saying something softly. “Slow down, I want to feel longer.”

“Are you being honest?”

“Do not run away from me. I will not bear it.”

I smile and keep playing with her sensitive spot and I don’t forget to use my hands to caress her whole body, showing who is in control of the game. The sound of the breathless voice turns to moaning, before we hear the clatter of high heels outside.

“Someone is coming!”

Khun Sam gets up scared without wearing anything at the bottom. I pull her into the chair again, as I hide under the table, with her legs over my shoulders.

“Boss.”

Yah’s voice makes me shudder. Khun Sam coughs a little and says:

“It’s late now, why are you still here?”

"I can't take it anymore... I decided to talk to you after hours. I was waiting for you in the parking lot for a while, but I didn't see you."

"So, you decided to come here." Khun Sam said in disapproval. "What you want? Tell me."

"Are you going to fire me?"

"Per?"

"About..." Yah doesn't complete the sentence to test Khun Sam's reaction. "About the parking incident."

"..."

"If nothing, I have no reason to fire her."

"Boss..."

"You can go now. I need to finish my work."

"But..."

"Is there anything that happened in the parking lot that I need to know about?"

"Nothing."

"Then. Can go."

"Yes."

The clatter of her high heels is now far away. When everything returns to silence, Khun Sam sighs deeply before he bends down to look at me.

"Where did we stop?"

"Right."

"Uhhhh..."

Khun Sam tenses his body and holds me tightly with his legs. I'm moving my tongue along with my hand.

"Faster."

She grips the arm of the chair tightly and makes an uncontrollable noise as if she can't take it anymore. Not long after, everything explodes. I feel something trickle into my mouth and I accept it willingly.

"Mon..."

She curls up in the chair exhausted, I crawl out smiling.

"You missed it completely."

"It's not my turn yet."

"I'm going to the bathroom first. Get dressed so we can go home."

"Back home, the real war will begin."

Khun Sam looks at me sullenly. I leave the room and am suddenly shocked to find Yah standing in the doorway, surprised to see me. "Mon. Haven't you gone home yet?"

My heart plummets. I hasten to give her an answer with good reason.

"I forgot my stuff, so I went back to get it."

"Ah... there is a hair in your mouth." Yah reaches out to take something out of my mouth. "Why is it so short?"

I rush to get the hair before her.

"Oh, it's an eyelash."

"Mon."

As I'm leaving, Yah keeps calling me in an altered voice.

"Yes?"

I answer and turn to see her. Yah is smiling slyly.

"I heard everything."

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