

Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 6

Unexpectedly I am sitting in Mr. Kirk, the owner of the company, and Khun Sam are also in the car. On the way, I sit frantically. I'm actually more comfortable taking a bus home than I am in this luxury car.

"Your home is so far away. How come to work? What time do you wake up?"

Mr. Kirk asked me after using Google Maps to estimate the route. Khun Sam is looking questioningly in the rearview mirror awaiting my response, but she chooses to stay quiet.

"I have to wake up at 4 am to shower and change. So I leave the house at five, and I get to work at seven. Then I have breakfast."

"My God. How hard. It looks like a survival game. It's so far away, why not look for a job closer to home?"

Because close to my house, there is no Khun Sam. Anyway, I've changed my mind now.

"I am thinking about it."

The silence is deafening between us. Khun Sam looks at me and says something.

"If you think like that, why did you apply for the company? It makes other people miss the opportunity to work here."

She said it coldly and sarcastically.

"Sorry."

"Why are you apologizing?"

"Looks like I made you nervous again." She says this in a shaky voice and I look back at my hands in my lap.

"I wasn't angry."

But your voice doesn't lie. Mr. Kirk saw the situation escalate, so he coughed to interrupt us.

"Sam wasn't mad at you. If she was mad, she wouldn't be in the car with me to drive you home. Normally, she would go back to her house right away."

Khun Sam glares at his boyfriend. Mr. Kirk is trying to improve the situation, but it's not helping.

About an hour and a half after we crawl down the road, the car pulls up in front of my house. Khun Sam and Mr. Kirk look at my fence and ask:

"In a capital city like Bangkok, how can there be a cute wooden house like in the series?"

"It's quite old, not cute."

"Scary!" She looked at my house and said quietly.

"In the middle of the night there will be some noise as if someone is walking, and there will be something crawling from the basement under the wooden bed..."

"Sam, this is Mon's house." Mr. Kirk interrupts as she imagines things. "And Mon lives here. You said the house is scary. How will she feel?"

"Is there a hole under your bed, bunny? Watch out if something crawls out..."

"No, there is no hole under my bed."

"Good, because it's scary. If you are ever in bed and happen to fall, there will be a long hand in the hole waiting to pull you out."

"Sam, Mon's house isn't haunted."

I look at her for a moment and think how cute she is. But I pretend to be disappointed when I remember what she said in the car.

"So, I better get into my house now. Thank you both so much for bringing me here."

I get out of the car. Nop, who was waiting in front of my house, is calling me in surprise that I got out of a luxury car.

"Why did you come back in this big car?"

"My bosses brought me home."

"They are so kind... Good night." Nop greets them. Mr. Kirk rolls down the windows. "Thanks for bringing Mon home."

"It was nothing. We have to reconcile with her because of this little girl." Mr. Kirk smiles and looks at Khun Sam. "She doesn't know how to reconcile so I had to do it for her."

“Talker, can we go back now?”

Mr. Kirk smiles and winks before leaving.

Nop looks at me confused for not knowing anything.

“To reconcile?”

“I don’t know.”

“Then why did you go back with them?”

“I don’t really know why. It was not comfortable in that car.” I take a deep breath. “I’ll probably quit that job.”

“Why? The work is not easy, but Khun Sam is there.”

“She will be the reason I quit that job.”

“Huh?”

“Need to go.”

“Why are you mad at me?”

I answer him with silence. I feel like I’m not nice to him, despite that he was worried and waiting for me. But I’m not in a good mood right now, even though I was in the same car as Khun Sam.

This weird thing between Khun Sam and me is not over. At night, I continue to receive stickers on her Line, always at 1 am. Tonight, I don’t turn on silent mode, because I want to know whether Khun Sam will send me stickers or not...

Why do I think a bad woman like her would send me stickers again?... And she does. I just see her stickers, but I don’t respond. Just to mark as message seen. And yes, Khun Sam keeps sending me every minute.

Boss: Why haven’t you gone to sleep yet?

This is the first sentence she writes after sending dozens of stickers. I read it and am confused whether or not to reply.

Doraemon: Someone sends me stickers to disturb me at dawn.

My reply leaves the chat silent for three minutes and I finally get a reply from her.

Boss: Why did you answer me?

Is there anyone like that? I look at the message and reply, but not immediately. What are we doing? Psychological warfare via app?

Doraemon: I was afraid you would feel abandoned if I left you talking to yourself.

Boss: Watch out if something crawls out of the hole under your bed.

I smile at the phone and think we talk more, even though we rarely look at each other or talk in the office. Apart from today, she arrived at my table with several drinks.

Doraemon: Crawling under the bed is better than crawling on the ceiling.

She read it and was silent for a long time, now I'm worried about her.

Doraemon: Is your bed a double?

Boss: Yes.

Doraemon: When you turn to the other side, be careful not to see anyone lying next to you... Have a good night.

Laughing I put my cell phone aside. From the cell phone screen I can still see that she is trying to send me something. But I don't read. I wanted to make this lonely woman scared after putting me down all day.

And it works... the next morning when I see Khun Sam, she looks like she hasn't slept at all. Even with makeup on, I can see that she's tired. When she enters the office, she narrows her evil eyes as she glares at me, walks towards me glaring at me vengefully.

"Didn't you read my message last night?"

I smirk without any expression on my face.

"I was so sleepy and my house is so far from here, so I needed to sleep."

"Then why did you respond and talk to me?"

"You talked to me first, right?"

"Then why did you have to mention there was a ghost lying next to me?"

"You did it first. A monster under the bed."

We're staring at each other like we're fighting. She is popping her cheek. Then she turns.

"Today I will definitely have a headache because I didn't sleep."

After saying that, she immediately goes to her room and changes the walls mode to matte, to maintain privacy. Also, one thing I know better than the magazines is that she's afraid of ghosts. And from what I saw this morning, she didn't sleep last night. She will definitely get sick.

No... I won't worry. She will blame me for trying to get close to her.

But today boss ML is quieter than usual, even on her lunch break she doesn't go out for lunch. As everyone leaves, I continue to pretend to be busy with my work and wait for everyone to leave. When there's no one else in the office, I go to see Khun Sam. How is she?

Tock tock tock...

No reply. First, I think about going back to my desk, but then I muster up all my courage for a moment to open the door, just a crack. I see Khun Sam lying on the sofa, she has her hand over her forehead to hide her eyes from the light.

Headache from not having slept last night.

"Come in if you like." She takes her hand off her forehead.

"Hiding like a psychopath."

"Can't sleep?"

"It's too much of a headache to sleep. I wonder who caused this?"

I walk in, look at her guiltily but act like I don't.

"Yes, who could have caused this?"

"Why did you come here?" I'm stunned. As I search for an answer, she stops me.

"Are you worried about me?"

"Not."

"You even said that if I died in front of you you would ignore it, didn't you? How can I believe you?"

“Then... I better leave.”

I look at her angrily. And when I'm leaving, Khun Sam, who is hard to understand, says something into the air.

And the air is me.

“Hungry.”

“...”

“I want to eat fried chicken noodles from Nong Ann in Plubplachai [an area close to Bangkok] or chicken and rice at Watergate.”

“...”

“Hungry.”

I'm taking a deep breath and looking back at her furious face, but she's adorable at the same time.

“Better call a delivery service.”

“I want to eat tonight, not now. Nong Ann's fried chicken noodle restaurant opens late at night.”

“Okay, I'll make a note that it opens at night.”

“Dining alone is not cool.”

Is this an invitation? I roll my eyes and don't know how to respond.

“If I eat and take medicine I will feel better and I will probably be able to drive.”

“Good for you.”

“It is delicious.”

“Yup.”

“It's really very good.”

“...”

“Not just the fried chicken noodle, it has crispy wonton, and if you don't like both, there's also dry suki...”

“Is inviting me?”

I asked her honestly. And she is silent for a moment.

“No, I’m not. Just doing an analysis, like food blogs.”

“It was a good review. Now it’s too late for me to go to lunch...”

“Or want to go eat red noodles near Sao Chingcha. It’s delicious too.

“I can go with you?”

I ask her to end our conversation. Shame is all I have, but it’s gone now.

“Saw. You want to go with me. I’ll let you go with me just because you asked. See you in the parking lot at night. Oh! When you go out to lunch, please buy me something to eat. I need to take medicine.”

Khun Sam puts his hand on his forehead again after finishing the conversation. I am stunned...

Is there any woman like that?

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