

Gap Pink Theory Novel

Chapter 61 -

Chapter 61 – Special 02 – Part 2

“Do you wear glasses, Mr. Kirk?”

I ask Mr. Kirk, who changed his studies. I don't know why, but I heard he has bad eyesight.

“Do I look good with glasses?”

“Excellent.”

Khun Sam looks at me for a moment. I can sense that she didn't like me praising him for being with her.

“How great?”

“Oh. I don't wear them because of fashion.”

“It's because of age!”

“It might be. It must be because I use my phone a lot in the dark. It's what I usually do. So now I need to use... By the way, am I looking older? I pass on more credibility, right?”

“If you think you look cooler wearing glasses, why not buy a convertible car?”

“A luxurious car conveys more credibility at work.”

“But you said that glasses convey more credibility, right? So wear your glasses to work too.”

For this situation, I need to hold her arm to calm her down. Khun Sam is fighting him and he knows it.

“You are jealous. Would you like to use it, right?”

“If you use it, it will look great... better than Mr. Kirk, for sure.” I praise her to satisfy her. “But if you don't use it, you'll be fine just the same. The glasses don't matter, I love you more.”

“Ew.” Mr. Kirk makes a stodgy face at us. “Why do I have to see this mess between you? You’re lucky I’m a nice guy. How many would hear their ex-girlfriend flirt with their current one like that?”

“You talk too much, Kirk. He’s still my friend because of me, not you.” Khun Sam sticks his tongue out at him.

“Even though he sticks out his tongue, he’s still adorable. Hahahaha.” Mr. Kirk touches her tongue with his hand, so she pulls it back and spits.

“Is your hand dirty? She is salty.”

“Oops. I just got out of the bathroom and forgot to wash my hands.”

“Kirk!”

“Haha. It’s my turn.”

This week, I spent the night three times with Khun Sam. Tonight is another night I’ll spend with her. For complimenting Mr. Kirk, Khun Sam is still quiet like we’re fighting. I don’t know what I did wrong, but I’m not feeling well. During the ride home, I touch her face with my hand and smile in awe.

“You are so beautiful, Khun Sam.”

“Don’t flatter me.”

She’s mad for sure.

“Seriously, even without glasses you are beautiful.”

“You complimented Kirk with glasses, but you told me I’m beautiful without glasses. You’re a liar. I don’t like liars.”

“What should I do?”

“You must speak the truth.”

The truth? It reminds me of an old memory and I sigh. If she wants to wear glasses, I need to tell her.

“Glasses make people more serious, it’s true.” I explain slowly. “When I was in elementary school, one of the teachers always wore glasses during classes, but he

always took them off when he went out. He kept imagining it for a long time... So when I see someone wearing glasses, I assume they are a serious person."

"Humph!"

Saw? I told her the truth. Why is she still mad? Either way, she looks beautiful angry. Seeing her raise her eyebrow makes me weak. I unbuckle my seat belt and bite her cheeks when we stop at a red light.

"Oh, what are you doing?"

"What a beautiful girl."

"Bit me because I'm beautiful?"

"You tend to raise your eyebrows. It`s cute." I chuckle. "Saw? You can be beautiful without glasses, just raise your eyebrows like this."

"But I don't look serious to you."

"Hmm. I do not know what else to do. It doesn't matter if you wear glasses or not, I love you so much, Khun Sam."

She shifts a little embarrassed, but remains angry. We were silent until we got home. Since we only see each other three times a week, usually when we're together, we have sweet moments or naked moments, like any couple. But today she didn't touch me. She remains focused on her reading in the dimly lit room. When I try to talk to her, she always puts her hand up to stop me.

I'm so sad right now. I need to reconcile with her.

While she's focused on reading, I decide to crawl under the blanket and pull down her pants. She shudders with fright and realizes what happened under the blanket.

"What are you doing?"

"You're not interested in me, are you? If you want to keep reading, go ahead... I'll do what I want. We still haven't had any moments together today, Khun Sam."

"I am busy reading."

"All right. I'm not busy. I will do it alone."

"I am reading, do not disturb me."

"Keep going. Just open your legs for me."

“No... My God!”

He groans as he says no. I smirk and continue at a frantic pace. It still tastes fantastic to me. Now, she is satisfied. The fact that she was all wet shows that her body didn't refuse me.

But... after moaning once, she doesn't moan anymore. When I look up, she pretends to ignore me and continues reading her book.

Challenging me... great!”

Not just the mouth, I place my finger on the same sensitive spot. Her body starts to move a little, her hand is getting weak. She covers her face with her book and moves her hips to comfort me. She moans again, following the rhythm of my finger... not long after, her body starts to shake. She drops the book and begs.

“Come here”

I smile and hug her. That's what we usually do in the end. Spasms dominate our body, waiting for a moment to relax. I'm kissing and holding her.

“I love you, Khun Sam. Never forget how much I love you.”

“Love you too.”

“If you love me, why were you ignoring me?”

“On the contrary, I am very interested in you.”

“Then stop reading and help me. Now, it's my turn.”

Seeing me begging, Khun Sam turns and presses me against the bed. It's my turn to be happy now.

“I am so happy now. I am more important than a book.”

“You will always be the most important to me.”

And we end up with a lot of spasms and wheezing before going to sleep...

I thought this topic was over, but one day she says she has a surprise and she's going to show it to me after work. And it's quite a surprise. She appears wearing gold framed glasses. Everyone in the office is surprised. Especially me, I'm blinking my eyes when she looks at me.

“Do I look more serious?”

“Are you wearing glasses?”

“I tested it and it works fine.” She takes off her glasses to show me. “It’s a Gucci, it helps me see better. A perfect match for me.”

I’m surprised to hear that she wasn’t seeing well.

“When did your eyesight start to get bad?”

“Since I started reading books in dim light in the bedroom.”

“Was it straining your eyes to have to wear glasses?”

“Yes. That’s right.”

“Khun Sam!” I almost scream. “I didn’t have to do that, or if I just wanted to wear glasses, I could just buy a non-prescription one.”

“These look fake. I like good things. Saw? I look more serious. Now I drive a sports car and wear expensive glasses. From now on, just praise me.”

“Poor thing... had to do this.”

“Wait... I’ll show Kirk. He is here?”

“In his room.”

“Right.”

She knocks on his office door. Mr. Kirk opens the door and isn’t wearing his glasses, which boggles her mind.

“Where are your glasses?”

“I don’t want to use it anymore. So I’m wearing contact lenses now. But why are you wearing glasses? Are you copying me?”

“I have bad eyesight. Why did you switch to contact lenses?”

“Glasses are not comfortable. But I only know one thing, I’m still beautiful even without glasses... do you agree, Mon?”

Kirk asks me. I nod as Khun Sam looks at me.

“So, with or without glasses? Which one do you like best? I do not know what to do now.”

“Sam with glasses...it’s ok.” Mr. Kirk responds.

“Okay, no big deal. I look great in glasses.”

“If you think it looks great, keep using it.”

“I want to hear the truth. I would like to know your opinion. Tell me the truth.”

“You don’t look pretty anyway. But when you use it, it seems...”

“Look...?”

“It looks old, reminds me of my mother.”

And Khun Sam never wore the glasses again...

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"Don't talk to Kirk anymore. Because..." She looks weird. "Just don't talk to him and keep your distance."

"Are you mad at Mr. Kirk because he said you looked like his mother, right?"

Khun Sam gets weird again and doesn't answer anything. Mr. Kirk, who notices the change in her behavior, becomes concerned and tries to find a way to talk to her again.

"Sam. Don't be silly. It was just my opinion that the glasses didn't suit you."

"Hm, hmm" Khun Sam pretends not to hear what he said. It looks like she wants to make it clear that she doesn't want to talk to him anymore.

Everyone in the office talks about the two of them. If I wasn't her girlfriend, I'd be gossiping with them too.

"You're not a kid anymore, Sam. Talk to me."

"Hm, hmm." (Whispers)

"I'm trying to reconcile why I love you, Sam." Her voice is filled with care and concern. But Khun Sam walks away in disgust.

"Ew, don't talk to me like that. Stay away from me."

"I'm sorry I said you look like my mother."

"Heavens. I don't want to hear. Mon, take half the day off to hang out with me." She said not caring. "The rest of you, stay focused on the job. I only asked Mon to go out with me because..."

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"She is my girlfriend."

Is not fair. I will be talked about among co-workers. They must hate me for having privileges.

"They are going to hate me with this ad of yours."

“Unacceptable... that you resign. I mean, your colleagues, not you. You need to stay here. I can not live without you.”

I don't feel tenderness in her voice. It seems that she confessed that she loves me without loving.

“Love you too, Khun Sam.” I'm the one who is always full of words of love. “If you can't live without me, we shouldn't keep secrets between us, right?”

“I don't have secrets. I said I didn't want to talk to Kirk... That creep.”

“He just said you look like his mom, why is he disgusting? Does your ten-year friendship mean nothing?”

“He told me I look like his mother!”

“It wasn't that, he said you look like his mother when you wear glasses.”

“Not. There's something more...”

“More?”

I'm taken aback and try to ask her.

“You know Kirk has been in love with me for a long time, right? He was an obstacle between us.”

“Yes.”

“Telling me I look like his mother means...”

That wearing glasses makes her look older... I was going to say that, but...

“Just that...”

“Kirk fell in love with his mother.”

“Ah!”

“I look like his mother. Kirk sees his mother in me. Insane. Who would fall in love with their mother? Should I stay close to such a guy? Disgusting!”

I am shocked to hear this. How does she manage to go this far? But Khun Sam is Khun Sam. I see so many weird sides of her.

“Hahahaha”

I laugh while she is upset. The situation only gets worse. How far was she thinking? I thought she was upset because she didn't look good in glasses or that she looked older.

"Be going? What's funny?"

"Why are you like this? Hahahaha."

"It's not a joke."

"It's a joke..."

Says Mr. Kirk when I tell him what happened. Then he laughs insanely non-stop. Now Khun Sam is upset because we are both laughing at her.

"If Mon hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known what she was thinking. Why is she angry?"

"Because you told me I look like your mother. And you were always in love with me. Everyone would understand the same."

Mr. Kirk and I both shook our heads because no one would think like she did.

"Oh. Nobody thinks so? Did I think little?"

"No, you thought too much. It's complicated. If Mr. Kirk says you look like a dog, does that mean you're in love with a dog?"

"That would be it."

"Heavens. I'm going to go crazy. I knew you were innocent, but I didn't know you were stupid."

"What are you saying?" Khun Sam gets up and knocks on the table. "I got a master's degree, I speak English, I have my own business and I'm rich. Who is more perfect than me?"

"You are unique in this world." Mr. Kirk says. "I said I looked like my mother, because I thought you were old and ugly with glasses... like that."

"Mon, come here." Khun Sam calls me and whispers. "Don't go near guys like him. He said his mother is old and ugly."

"I spoke of you!"

“You mentioned your mother!”

“Why would I say that about my mother? She is a former Miss Universe. I just said you’re not pretty, you look like an idiot wearing glasses. You do silly things to look cute.”

“I don’t do cute things.”

“Does silly and cute things.”

“I said that because I am cute by nature.”

“Ew. Stupid and narcissistic. Unacceptable.”

Khun Sam opens his hand with nothing in it, says something and pretends to throw something at him.

“Playing shit, playing shit, playing shit.”

“Detour, detour, and detour.”

Mr. Kirk, who fell into Khun Sam’s imagination, is playing with her. My God, my two bosses are crazy.

I better get out of here...

I slowly leave the room as they continue to have an imaginary fight.

If I weren’t here, the two would be a perfect match.

So... nice to see them like this.

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Chapter 63 – Special 02 – Part 4

Khun Sam and Mr. Kirk, their relationship isn't going to end over imaginary shit hurling and detours. After fighting for five days, Mr. Kirk can't take it anymore. He invites Khun Sam to dinner and talk.

"Fine by me."

I laugh because Mr. Kirk thought I would be mad at him for asking her.

"Why do you have to make this more complicated? Irritating."

Even she thought so, but she got in the car to meet him.

"I will not be long. Wait for me to see that series together."

"Do not hurry. Talk as long as necessary."

"I'll just listen to him whine. Why do we need to talk so much? I want to spend more time with you."

So she leaves with the car. I'm alone in your house. I decide to start cleaning and discover that her house is huge. Or maybe it's because she's not present here right now.

Since we became a couple, we never let go of each other, only when we need to be with our families. Our families ignore our relationship and don't care about us. I found out that my parents want me to have children, Khun Sam's grandmother also wants her to have them.

But we can't have our own... we need to adapt.

Having a child is a huge responsibility. Khun Sam's grandmother won't allow us to adopt a child, but... does she want us to have children?

After being alone for three hours, I hear the gate and the car rattling. I am so happy that I smile from ear to ear.

Just spending a day alone made me think of so many crazy things. I made so many mistakes this time.

I'm still sitting on the couch waiting for her to walk through the door. After smiling for two minutes... no one enters. So I go out and see Khun Sam touching her chin and staring at the door lock for a while.

"What are you doing? I heard you turn off the car a while ago. Why didn't you come in?"

"Oh. You noticed that I arrived. I'm thinking of something."

"Oh, you look serious."

"I do not understand very well." She takes off her coat and rubs the lock until it shines.

"What's it?"

"Why did you lick the keyhole?"

"Licked?"

I'm curious what she's talking about. Khun Sam bends down and licks the keyhole before getting up.

"It doesn't taste like anything."

"Can you tell me what happened? Why did it?"

She shrugs and walks into the house. I'm still curious...

"It's Kirk. He told me that we've been friends for a long time and that we almost got married, so why should we complicate silly things like that?"

“Yup.”

“Kirk said he still loves me.”

Palpitation... Palpitation...

My heart is falling to the floor. When she notices my silence, she keeps talking.

“But I said this is impossible. And I also showed him my tongue.”

“Did you stick out your tongue?” When I imagine the scene, I laugh for a while.

“What should I tell him? I don’t love him. I don’t feel that way with him... I never have. But if I have to marry a man, it makes sense to be him. Because he is my friend and he understands me.”

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“But I had to apologize, because that’s not going to happen. I already have a girlfriend. Kirk laughed like you did when I stuck my tongue out at him. If I refused him with a ‘No, sir,’ he would be sad and cry.”

“He would weep at your words ‘No, sir.’”

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“You didn’t answer me about the lock.”

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“...would lick the keyhole of the front door... Why do we have to lick the lock? It doesn’t taste like anything.”

I finally understood why she licked the lock. Sometimes I think she’s too innocent for this world. She didn’t understand the meaning of that ‘lick the keyhole’... She didn’t understand the ulterior motives of what he said. What a lovely woman.

“Mr. Kirk maybe meant that...” I whisper into his ear. It’s unpleasant to say it out loud, even if it’s just the two of us here.

“When you start licking the ‘keyhole’, there are more and more places on your body...”

“Disgusting!”

Khun Sam might be disgusted to hear that. I smile at her and feel sympathy for him. But what I thought is wrong.

“It’s dirty. We never know who played before. In addition, he goes ‘licking the floor and going up to the bedroom’. EW! Lots of bacteria and disease. It might not be his first time. Maybe he did with others. He has to brush his teeth first. Did he go to the dentist? Yuck! It has no hygiene. It’s not right. I have to call and scold him.”

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After being alone for three hours, I hear the gate and the car rattling. I am so happy that I smile from ear to ear.

Just spending a day alone made me think of so many crazy things. I made so many mistakes this time.

I'm still sitting on the couch waiting for her to walk through the door. After smiling for two minutes... no one enters. So I go out and see Khun Sam touching her chin and staring at the door lock for a while.

"What are you doing? I heard you turn off the car a while ago. Why didn't you come in?"

"Oh. You noticed that I arrived. I'm thinking of something."

"Oh, you look serious."

"I do not understand very well." She takes off her coat and rubs the lock until it shines.

"What's it?"

"Why did you lick the keyhole?"

"Licked?"

I'm curious what she's talking about. Khun Sam bends down and licks the keyhole before getting up.

"It doesn't taste like anything."

"Can you tell me what happened? Why did it?"

She shrugs and walks into the house. I'm still curious...

"It's Kirk. He told me that we've been friends for a long time and that we almost got married, so why should we complicate silly things like that?"

"Yup."

"Kirk said he still loves me."

Palpitation... Palpitation...

My heart is falling to the floor. When she notices my silence, she keeps talking.

"But I said this is impossible. And I also showed him my tongue."

"Did you stick out your tongue?" When I imagine the scene, I laugh for a while.

“What should I tell him? I don’t love him. I don’t feel that way with him... I never have. But if I have to marry a man, it makes sense to be him. Because he is my friend and he understands me.”

“Yup.”

“But I had to apologize, because that’s not going to happen. I already have a girlfriend. Kirk laughed like you did when I stuck my tongue out at him. If I refused him with a ‘No, sir,’ he would be sad and cry.”

“He would weep at your words ‘No, sir.’”

I’m tired of her...

“You didn’t answer me about the lock.”

“Oh.” Khun Sam says, unexpectedly. “After laughing, he nodded to accept what I said. He understood me. And he assumed that if we got married, he would be a slave... a love slave.”

“...”

“...would lick the keyhole of the front door... Why do we have to lick the lock? It doesn’t taste like anything.”

I finally understood why she licked the lock. Sometimes I think she’s too innocent for this world. She didn’t understand the meaning of that ‘lick the keyhole’... She didn’t understand the ulterior motives of what he said. What a lovely woman.

“Mr. Kirk maybe meant that...” I whisper into his ear. It’s unpleasant to say it out loud, even if it’s just the two of us here.

“When you start licking the ‘keyhole’, there are more and more places on your body...”

“Disgusting!”

Khun Sam might be disgusted to hear that. I smile at her and feel sympathy for him. But what I thought is wrong.

“It’s dirty. We never know who played before. In addition, he goes ‘licking the floor and going up to the bedroom’. EW! Lots of bacteria and disease. It might not be his first time. Maybe he did with others. He has to brush his teeth first. Did he go to the dentist? Yuck! It has no hygiene. It’s not right. I have to call and scold him.”

“Khun Sam!!!”

She's thinking too much... Really, really too much.

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