

## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 7

How can I just go out for red noodles with Khun Sam?

Since we were scheduled for the night, I first pretended to have forgotten and started to get ready to go home, but it was as if she knew what I was going to do. Then she texted me.

[See you in my car.]

I'm finally in her luxurious car, the same one Nop and I were talking to that day on the bus. We didn't exchange a word until the food arrived. Why is it so difficult to understand her?

"Khun Sam."

Khun Sam puts his red noodles aside and looks at me with his beautiful brown eyes.

"Hmm?"

"You look hungry."

She said she wanted company for dinner, so she should at least talk to me.

"And you are not eating anything."

Because it's too spicy. I'm just looking at it with a lot of hunger. On the other hand, Khun Sam puts on more and more chili sauce, as if he can't live without chili. From what I've seen in the magazines, she can't eat spicy food.

Why are we so different?

"It is too spicy."

"It is weak."

"Do you come here often?"

"Not. Only when I feel like eating." She puts in more pepper as she answers. She is scaring me.

"It's not a type of food you eat very often."

"What you mean?"

"I assume you always go to luxurious and renowned restaurants or eat some kind of special royal food."

"I am a Mhom Luang. But that doesn't mean I eat royal food. Mhom Luang is just a regular person like everyone else."

She takes a few more bites and then puts the chopsticks and spoon aside.

"Please don't tell anyone I ate here."

"I am not going. Even if I told it, no one would believe it. Why did you invite me instead of Mr. Kirk?"

"He doesn't like street food. And I don't eat that often either. It had been a long time since the last time. You like to ask questions, huh?"

"I just want to talk."

Am I being nosy again? When she sees me looking down, she hooks my leg with hers under the table.

"I'm not blaming you for anything. I just answered. Right... Go ahead, talk to me."

Khun Sam straightens up in his chair and stretches his spine. She's so determined it makes me feel uncomfortable.

"You are so determined to talk. I don't know what else to say."

"Anything. Talk to me whatever you want."

"Anything?" I smile. "Do you know the Suthat Temple?"

"I know. It's not far from here."

"Do you know? It has a famous restaurant as popular as Red Tee Noodles. They make the delicious Pad Thai Pratu Pi."

"I know. I've tasted it. Do you want to go there to eat? We can go, but we will probably have to wait a long time, as many people go to Pratu Pi every day."

"No, I do not want. I was just asking." I move to make myself more comfortable. "And... do you know why they call it Pad Thai Pratu Pi?"

"I don't know."

“Because in the past, they called that area Pratu Pi (Ghost Gate). In the Reign of King Rama II, there was a pandemic. By the rules, you couldn’t burn the bodies inside the city. Then they took all the bodies to the Suthat Temple. The door they used to transport the bodies was called Pratu Pi. There were many vultures all over the city. Why? Because they came for the food. I mean... by the bodies.”

I told a long story about Pratu Pi and she listened carefully so I realized how adorable she is. Before our date, I googled where Red Tee Noodles was located and accidentally read an article about Pratu Pi. I tried to remember everything just to tell her like a horror story.

“And there’s another story about the hungry ghosts of Suthat Temple. They are very tall, skinny and their mouths are so small, like a pinhole. They come out at night and make noise. Their noise sounds like whistles.” I’m whistling to show her. “Also, they like humans who live in huge houses. Why? Because they are perfect for hungry ghosts to be able to look out of windows because of their height...”

“You know it well, do you have a ghost friend?”

oops...

“No, I don’t. I’m just telling you a story.”

“I do not want to know.”

“Then how about Mar Nak? [A famous Thai story about ghosts.]

“I’m going to hit you.”

Khun Sam looks at me with a face that makes me burst out laughing. It was beautiful to see her saying ‘I’m going to hit you.’

“All right. I won’t tell any more horror stories. You’re scared like a little girl. So cute.” I keep talking to her while sipping water through a straw. She pops her cheeks and says.

“Don’t call me cute.”

“Then what shall I call it?”

“Beautiful.”

Suffocating!

I choke on the water. Some of the water ends up splashing her face. Then she takes a tissue to wipe her face and doesn’t forget to give me one too.

“It’s not nice to spit in people’s faces like that.”

“I’m sorry (Cough Cough).” I’m still coughing. She frowns as she looks at me with her brown eyes. She gets up and walks towards me and pats my back lightly.

“You are too old to choke.”

“I was just surprised you said it was beautiful.”

“Everyone calls me that.” She looks incomprehensibly. “You think I’m kidding? My friends always said I suck at jokes.”

“No need to play. You are a joker by nature. Deep down... deep down really.”

I get better from my gagging at the same time that I make eye contact with Khun Sam, who continues to pat me lightly on the back. We stare at each other for like two seconds, then Miss Cute stretches her back and says:

“We better get back. I am satisfied.”

“Okay, it’s late. If we stay longer, we might see a real hungry ghost.”

“...”

Khun Sam doesn’t say anything before leaving to pay the bill. It’s almost 9 pm. When we’re in the car, she’s still silent. So I’m the first to start the conversation.

“You don’t have to take me home. Is very far. Just drop me off at a bus stop. Is better.”

“I have a headache.”

“Serious?” I’m surprised as I look at her.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m not.”

“You can leave me here. So you can go straight to your house.”

She doesn’t answer me and continues driving.

“My head is hurting a lot.”

“Are you going to the hospital?”

“I should get better after I take some medicine.”

“Yeah, that’s why I told you to leave me here, then I’ll take a taxi. It’s going to be expensive, but that way you’ll get home earlier to rest.”

“Taking a taxi is very dangerous. It’s too late.”

“But my home is too far away. It won’t do you any good to take me there.”

“I’m in a lot of pain... it must be a migraine.”

Why is our conversation in a loop? She looks like she wants to say something, but she refuses to say it.

“What should I do?”

“I can’t take you home. It’s too far and too dangerous for me to go back alone.”

“Then, you can leave me here...”

“It is very late now.”

“I’ll take a taxi.”

“It’s very dangerous.”

“Okay, just leave me here...”

“I have a headache.”

My God in heaven” Am I talking to a robot? I don’t know how to deal with her.

“So what should I do?”

“I have a headache.”

Heavens! I will cry with rage. What does she want from me? I must do something to break out of this cycle.

“I will stay at your house.”

“You are so kind.”

On the way to her house, we didn’t say anything else. When she parks the car, I glance at my watch before stepping outside. It’s 10 pm now.

My phone is ringing. It’s Nop. He must have expected me.

[Mon, where are you? This afternoon.]

“I’m at Khun Sam’s house. We went out to dinner and she had a bad headache.”

[Are you still there? When are you going to be back? Is very far. Mon?]

“It is not much. I’ll take a taxi back...”

“Headache.” She interrupts me. “I will die tonight.”

“Is it really that bad?”

“Horrible, I might even throw up. It happens when it gets worse.” She’s been telling me about her symptoms and I’m worried, while Nop is still on the line. “But you told me that even if I died, you wouldn’t be interested. Why am I so miserable living here alone.”

What a sad story...

“But everything will be fine. Tomorrow is day off. I’ll stay here alone if it doesn’t get better. I will take care of myself. I can.”

“Hold on, Nop.” I look with empathy at Khun Sam. “Are you alone here?”

“Ahem, look at the lights. They’re all off. There is nobody here.”

“You have a headache and you’re going to be here alone, poor thing.”

“Nobody takes care of me.” She touches her head.

“Poor me, but I need to stay strong, even if I fall down the stairs, I’ll drag myself back up.”

“If you don’t mind, can I stay here tonight to keep you company?”

“I do not care.”

She interrupts me while I’m talking, as if she’s been waiting for this. I’m confused now because it seems like her pain is gone.

“I’ll let my dad know first. My dad never lets me stay out overnight. Because he believes that if a daughter sleeps away from home, it means she is with a man.”

“I speak to your father for you.”

She asks for my phone number. So, then I ask Nop to enter my house and pass the cell phone to my father. So Khun Sam speaks politely to my father. Finally, she hands my phone back.

“Your father agrees. Then you come back tomorrow.”

“He agreed?”

“Yes.”

She walks into her house like she’s never had a headache. Then she turns towards me.

“Mon.”

“Yes?”

“Do You like me?”

I take a step back involuntarily. She looks at me and shrugs.

“Your father told me. It’s kind of weird that I have a fan.”

She walks into the house and leaves me dying of embarrassment outside. I knew my parents would if they had the opportunity to talk to her. Khun Sam acts like she got me.

I enter your house. A white light is suddenly lit by her. The house decoration was all designed by a professional interior designer, filled with few furniture. Less is more.

Looks like her style...

“Hmm. I’m going to sleep downstairs.”

“Not.” She is walking up the stairs while looking at me. “If you steal something, how will I know?”

“I am no thief.”

“I do not trust you. Come here. Stay upstairs with me. There’s room for one more in my bed.”

I don’t know why I feel so embarrassed when I hear her invitation. Khun Sam, who saw that I didn’t move, teases me without cracking a smile.

“What is it, my fan? Why don’t you follow me?”

“You are teasing me.”

“I am surprised to learn that you came to work for the company because you love me.” She is rising as she speaks. I’m looking at the sick woman in front of me and I take a deep breath.

“I heard people with migraines couldn’t talk much because of the severe pain, but you.... looks different.”

“Serious?”

“You’re not in any pain, are you?”

“I’m not? Then why would I call you here?”

It’s my turn. I smile and cross my arms as I continue to stand still.

“You are afraid of ghosts.”

“Not even.”

She answers me briefly. Makes me sure of the real reason I’m here...

“Then, I’m going to sleep here. On this floor.”

“Not. You can not.”

“So...” I smile. “Beg.”

“What?”

“Beg me to go upstairs with you. Then I go.”

We lock eyes for a moment, but I can’t resist her powerful eyes, so I look away. Why? I’m the one who always challenges her but always ends up losing.

“Please.”

What?

I look up. And she’s staring at me seriously.

“I beg you to stay with me tonight, upstairs... Please.”

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## [Gap Pink Theory Novel](#) Chapter 8 – A Mother Of Crabs

It was already beyond my expectations to be able to work in the same place as Khun Sam, but sleep in the same bed as my education and lifestyle reference? I'll tell you the truth, Khun Sam's house was not what I expected.

Because the style and tonality are so different from what I read in her interviews: they said that her style is contemporary and colorful.

This house is contemporary in style, but the color is filled with an earthy tone. Most things here are gray. The only colorful thing I see in this house is red lipstick. Even her pajamas I'm wearing are earthy in color.

"Do you like pink?"

"What?"

"Your underwear says yes."

She lifts her panties with two fingers. I forgot in the bathroom. I rush to take it from her hand. How embarrassing.

"Sorry, I left it in the bathroom."

“I just wanted to know, so I asked. I wonder why girls like pink so much.”

“I didn’t mean to say I like it.”

“Not? Her purse is pink, her compact powder case is pink, her pen is pink, everything is pink.”

“You know me well.”

She stops for a moment and smirks.

“I’m being your fan, maybe.”

How long will she tease me?

“I am tired.”

I put an end to the conversation, fold my panties, and tuck them under my work dress to hide them.

“You go to bed early. Usually you answer my messages at 1am.”

“You texted me first, so I replied. That’s it. Which side can I sleep on?”

“On that side.” She points to the side of the bed next to the window. I look at her and I know what she’s thinking.

“Afraid the hungry ghosts are watching you through the window, huh?”

“I’m going to hit you.”

I am shot by her gaze. It doesn’t scare me, but I start to laugh as I lie under the white blanket, which makes it feel like I’m sleeping in a hotel. Her light, unique scent makes my heart race.

Her scent is so good.

While I’m lying in bed, she paces around looking for something to do. I ask her:

“Are not you sleepy?”

“It’s not my bedtime.”

“You sleep too late. It must be the effect of your headache.”

“I can’t sleep without medicine.”

“This is not good for you. Come, lie down. If I sleep first, you’ll have to deal with the hungry ghosts alone.”

She mumbles something and lies down on the bed. She turns off the main light and leaves the bedside lamp on. I think this light will disturb us to sleep. So I dare to reach across her to turn off the lamp.

“I am going to read a book. Why did it go out?”

“Will sleep. You need to sleep now.” I take the book out of her hands and place it on the nightstand. Then I pull her body down for her to sleep.

“You have courage. Is this how you want us to be friends, my fan?”

When she catches my eye, I’m stunned and flinch as if I’ve been electrocuted.

“Sorry.”

“Why were you shocked like that?” She reaches out and pulls me down. “You told me to sleep, you should sleep too.”

“Y... Yes.”

Finally, Khun Sam and I are lying confused in bed together at 11 pm on a Friday night. It should be a thrill because I’m getting closer to the idol I love so much, but I’m in a strange place. Normally, I tend to fall asleep quickly, but the restlessness has me tossing and turning. I keep tossing and turning until I’m stunned by her face in front of me.

Even though we’re in the dark, my pupils are already adjusted and I can see his beautiful face clearly... And yes... Khun Sam still hasn’t slept.

Palpitation, palpitation...

My heart races and I worry that she might hear.

“I better sleep on the floor.”

“It is not better.”

“But I’m going to keep you from sleeping because I keep tossing and turning.”

Khun Sam puts his arm across my body to hold me. I cringe.

“If I leave my arm here, you’ll be considerate of me and you won’t even dare go to the bathroom. So you won’t be able to turn around anymore.”

“You are cheating.”

“It’s so nice to be smaller. Convenient.”

“Hmm... you are so tall... as tall as the hungry ghosts of Suthat Temple.”

She suddenly pulls me closer. We are close, so close that our noses touched. “Oh...”

“If you mention hungry ghosts again, I will bite you.”

“The... Okay.”

I use both hands to gently pull away. But she tries to hug me tighter.

“If you move, I will reduce your salary.”

“Aren’t we too close? Is weird.” I try to say it calmly.

“Strange how?”

“The truth is, I am ashamed. We’re very close. I will speak no more of the hungry ghosts.”

My face is getting hot. Good thing the light is off, otherwise she could see my face as red as a tomato. My shaky voice makes her let go of me, but she doesn’t pull away.

“Are you excited? It’s okay for a girl to hug another.”

“It’s not weird in a friendship relationship. But we... we’re not friends. I don’t want you to think I’m trying to get close to you.”

“You are thinking about that word a lot.” She said, “It’s just a word.”

“Your words are mean to me. I don’t want it to be like this. It’s late now. We better go to sleep.”

After finishing the conversation, I try to turn the other way, but I can’t. She holds me with her arm and it’s not easy to get out of her grip.

“I can not sleep.”

“Ah... So?”

“Tell me one of two stories.”

“There is?”

“...Tell me a bedtime story. It will help me fall asleep faster or do something to make me forget about the hungry ghosts at the window. It’s your fault.”

Right. If I hadn’t brought up the hungry ghosts, it wouldn’t have ended like this and I would have been home safe and sound. How much responsibility... Ok, I’ll try.

“It’s a story about a family of crabs, an Aesop’s Fable.”

“Go ahead.”

“A long time ago...”

“Why do stories always start with ‘A long, long time ago’? Why don’t we talk about the present? How obsolete.”

“Okay, I will. In the present... not so long ago, is that good?... It’s about the story of a crab.” I get a sigh of dissatisfaction. “There was the mother of a hermit crab...”

Aesop’s Fable is simple. As far as I know, the story was about the mother of a hermit crab who wanted to teach her son to walk forward, not sideways. But the crab’s mother couldn’t walk forward either. The moral of the story is ‘Don’t tell others what to be unless you are a good role model’.

And when the story is near the end.

“The moral of the story is...”

“Keep walking forward, even if you can’t, or your mother will hit you.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

What she said makes me laugh out loud wildly. What I’ve seen of her so far, I couldn’t find in the magazines.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“Ahh...” I can’t stop laughing. “That is not the moral of the story.”

“You are a terrible storyteller!”

She turns away when she sees I was laughing. I want to apologize but I can’t stop laughing at her. I found out that she’s really cute when she’s mad. I need to apologize.

“Khun Sam, I didn’t mean to laugh at you. I’m sorry, but you’re so cute.”

“What you did is what my friends do. They say I’m hard to understand.”

“It’s not like that... Oh...” She pushes me with her back. So I hold her tight. If I fall out of bed, she will fall with me.

“Will you stop laughing?”

“I will, I will... I will fall... If I fall, you will fall with me and you will get hurt.” I hold on tight to her, I want to win this battle, but so does she. And finally...

Bang!!!

We both fall out of bed. My head hits the ground, Khun Sam runs to see me after turning on the light.

“Are you okay? I heard his head hit the floor.”

D... It hurts.”

“And the floor?”

“Khun Sam!”

“I’m just kidding.” She said while holding my head with both hands. “Is it better for me to blow your head like that?”

I am stunned by her care. Now she is taking care of me like she is taking care of a child. She blows my head. Then she looks me in the eyes and the world seems to stop for a few minutes.

Palpitation...

Palpitation...

My heart...

“... when I look into your eyes...”

“Yes.”

“My heart races.”

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