

## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 8

### 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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