

## Gap Pink Theory Novel Chapter 4

### Chapter 4 – Be Your Friend

Silence hangs between us. I'm stuck and confused. Should I tell her or not that we've known each other for a long time? Khun Sam may remember my mother, but not me, a fourth grade girl.

As?...

Tiger, you need to help me! Please help me again. Should I tell her or not?

Say it...

Do not say...

While I'm still deciding to tell her about Tiger to remember the past, she says something before answering.

"Forgets. It's not important."

The pitch of his nasal voice is loud, but I remain silent. Isn't it really important?

Why did she ask for my history and call me?

"I didn't like the way you got to me."

"Pardon?"

"I don't know why you have to be nice to me. I feel uncomfortable." She crosses her arms and looks at me seriously. "Bought me medicine, took me home, it doesn't mean we're close. Please understand this."

"Clear."

"Don't tell anyone about my migraine. That is all."

I am so sad and disappointed. It seems I did something that wasn't enough. But as I turn to leave the room...

"Hang on."

"..."

"Last night, I told you to let me know when you got home. Why did not you call me?"

"I didn't dare call."

I answered truthfully. She looks at me blankly.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid you're going to blame me for trying to be your friend."

"..."

"Can I leave, Boss?"

I'm grumpy all day. Work that was always full of joy has been replaced by sadness. Today, I don't even dare look at the freezing room anymore. When the end of the day comes, I hurry to leave and I don't care if anyone in that room is sick or not.

And there's another surprise today.

"Hey!"

"Nop."

Nop is waiting for me in front of the office. He waves to greet me. I look at my childhood friend in amazement. His smile lights up my gray day.

"What is wrong with you? Why are you so sad?"

"I'm just bored."

"Did something happen at work?"

"Perhaps yes." I look at the smiling young man in front of me and ask a strange question. "Why are you here? Did you leave work early?"

"I had to meet some clients around here. My boss released me after I finished. Since it's close to your office, I decided to visit you. First time I see this building. It's huge and beautiful."

"There are so many offices for rent in there. My office is not the whole building."

"It's still luxurious."

"Yes definitely. The most luxurious thing is my office, not me. I need to take the bus and pay rent from home as usual."

"But today will not be the same. Because you'll have a friend riding the bus home with you. Me, anyway!"

It wasn't a bad day at all. At least I won't have to listen to music on my phone and go home alone. Today Nop talks to me on the way, to ease my loneliness. On the bus, during rush hour, it's so hard to keep calm. Horns everywhere show that people are full of anger and stressed about being trapped in their cars on the road.

"Yesterday you were so happy. Why is it different today? Want to eat Chinese cake? That famous one, I bought it for you."

He's still kind to me, as always. He hands me a box of Chinese cake and opens it for me. He's so hot.

"It is delicious."

"I know you look better when you eat something yummy. So I bought it for you."

"How do you know I'm in a bad mood?"

"I think it's because of the traffic."

"You are so careful."

Nop is still the same since when we were students, he always took care of me. He knows what I like and what I don't. He is like rain in summer.

"She blamed me a little today."

"Whereby?"

"Ah..." How should I tell him? It was for a shameful reason. If I tell him, he might not like Khun Sam. "I made a mistake at work."

"You deserved it, it's not strange for her to blame you. It is her duty to do so."

"Hmm."

I nod in agreement with what he said. I look out of the bus to rest my eyes. The dark sky contrasts with the car headlights, like disco lights.

"That yellow car is so cool. A Ford Mustang, it's my dream car. It looks like Bumblebee."

"Hm?" I look for the car across the lane. "It stands out so much. Does he transform?"

"I wish. So cool and expensive. If I had more money, I would take you on a trip."

"You are so kind."

I continue to look interestedly at the car. A short time later, the car slows down and the window slowly rolls down, revealing that the driver is looking at me.

Of course, I remember her well.

"The steering wheel is imported."

Nop, who doesn't know anything, continues to admire and talk about the car, while I look away before she can accuse me of being nosy, even though we are in different vehicles.

"Stop looking at the car, she won't like it."

"She should be proud. If I could drive that car, I would brag too... I can see her beauty from here."

Yes, she is beautiful, not just beautiful, but much more than that. Heavens! There are so many cars on this road, why did I stare at that car? And then hers?

We just had a skirmish this morning and now my friend and I are staring and talking from her car. She won't like this at all.

Touch...

My phone rings, it's a message. I shudder and strain my eyes to read.

Boss: Are you talking about me?

Boss: Are you a nosy girl?

Boss: Look over here now.

When she orders me to text, I look toward the driver of the yellow car, nod, and give her a fake smile. Nop, who saw what I did, asks me in surprise:

"Who did you wave to?"

"Khun Sam"

"Where? Where is she?" Nop looks for her. "Where is she? In the bus?"

"It's in that car. In the car we were talking about."

"Serious?"

Nop looks at the car and waves his hand in greeting. Khun Sam doesn't answer, she just looks at us as she closes the window, at the same moment the red traffic light changes to green.

She's gone...

"So cool. Her idol runs Bumblebee, is beautiful, rich and smart. How dare men flirt with a perfect girl like that?"

"She has a boyfriend."

"Then he must be perfect too."

"Hmm."

That's right! A perfect woman like Khun Sam must date a perfect guy. In my case, I'm just a mere intern. Even if I tried to treat her well, she'll blame me for trying to befriend her...

Let her just be your idol and an outsider. It will be better that way.

But...

It won't be like I imagine. In the middle of the night, my phone vibrates and I get a message. I turn to adjust the pillow and the light from the cell phone hits my eyes.

Boss: Sticker

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I, who am half asleep and half awake, pick up my cell phone to read. Am I dreaming now? I see the message was sent by Khun Sam.

Boss: Sticker

When I see it clearly, I sit down to read it properly. Why is it full of stickers? I read it without understanding anything, because I don't know how to answer it...

Weird...

What should I do?

Doraemon: Khun Sam

Yes, were the only words I managed to send and I was waiting for her to visualize. I don't know what she's going to do.

Boss: Sticker

What? I don't know what she wants!

Did she have a migraine again? She can't write and so she's sending stickers? I get worried and I decide to call her at 1 am, she answers my call.

[What's it? It's so late now.]

"Ah..." I'm stunned for a moment. "I saw you sent me stickers, so I was worried you might need some help."

[Why would I need your help?]

"But you sent me a bunch of stickers."

I said quietly. I'm disappointed I called. Help, what should I do? Why am I so worried about her?

[Then you should have sent me stickers back. Why did you call me? See, you saved my number without my permission. Are you trying to be my friend?]

I immediately hang up the call and almost throw my phone at the wall. Soon after, the cell phone is ringing. It's Khun Sam.

What should I do?

"Hello?"

[Why did you hang up on me?]

"I was afraid I was bothering you."

[Yes, you bothered me at this early hour... Please remember that.]

"I will remember."

[Why do you accept your flaws so easily?]

"What can I do? What I did wasn't right... Even though I was worried, I was wrong."

I said without thinking. Now I'm going to cry and she'll hear it from my voice.

[Why are you crying? I still haven't blamed you.]

“Khun Sam, you’re trying to blame me for trying to be your friend, right? I thought you had such a headache that you chose to send stickers instead of typing a message. I’m not trying to be your friend.”

[...]

“I saw you have a bad headache and what I get in return is guilt instead of thanks. Why are you like this?”

I start to cry. So much pressure today, I can’t handle it anymore. I don’t know what she wants. She is silent for a moment before answering curtly, which makes me chuckle in confusion.

[Good night.]

And she hangs up the call...

I need to wake up early, but I stay up until 3 am confused about the woman who sent me stickers, made me cry, and said goodbye saying “Good night”.

Is it serious that there are women like that?

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