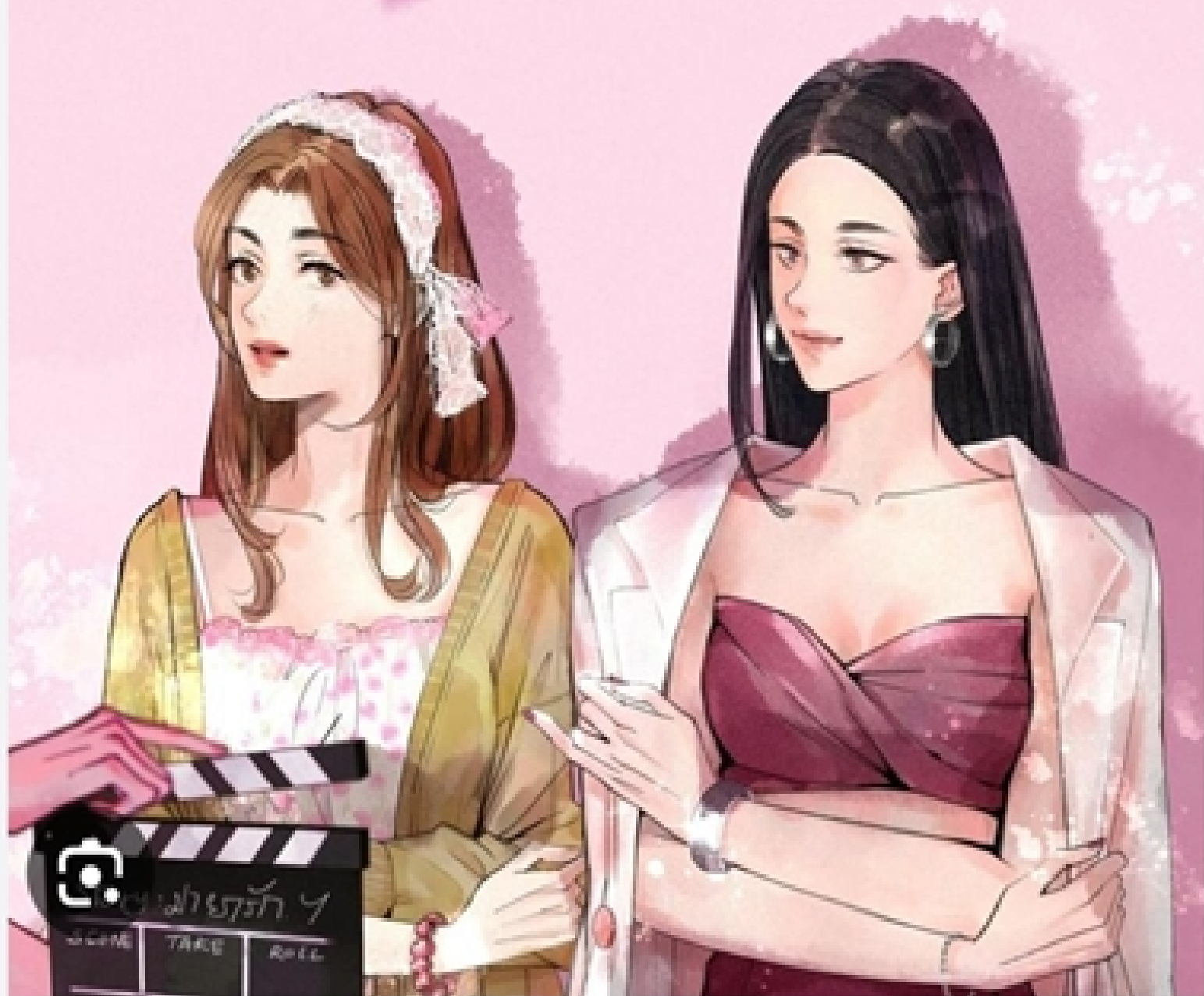


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My pink love



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MY Pink Love

Author : Buarawong

"Since the first time she met Prawfha Naphanet, she's always told herself that this woman is meant to be the woman of Ninlada Burimnat and no one else."

To the one she loves from the bottom of her heart.

Ninlada, the villainess, fell in love with Prawfha, the leading lady, at first sight. She had to do everything to keep others away from winning Prawfha's heart so that she could keep her to herself...

But her actions ended up making all their friends and others think that she was jealous of the leading lady and tried to snatch away every one of her men. Prawfha even publicly said that she hated Ninlada and that they'd never be on friendly terms with each other.

How will Ninlada win Prawfha's heart now... remains to be seen in MY Pink Love.

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História My Pink Love - 01.

Introduction

Notas do Autor

please never share this account to anyone...to avoid claim then ban by Thai Author...

Capítulo 1 - 01. Introduction

"What should I do about this news, Praw? I'm so tired of these headlines: 'Shocked,' 'Jaws Dropped,' and 'Heartbroken.' How uncreative."

Complained the man with a feminine demeanor after hearing about the latest scandal involving the number-one leading lady he managed.

Meanwhile, the leading lady herself sat sulking on the brown leather sofa in her VIP condo.

'Jaws dropped! No.1 Leading Lady vs. No. 1 Villainess at a national awards ceremony. The reason? The handsome actor Pheera, who accompanied

Prawfha, the leading lady, to the event, couldn't take his eyes off the villainess, Ninlada. The consequence? The leading lady lost her temper and threw a glass of wine at the villainess, causing a scene that left everyone in shock. Who's now the villainess in real life?

"P' Don, you know this isn't the first time. That woman deliberately tries to steal every man who comes into my life."

Prawfha said, looking at the headline and details on the thin laptop on the glass table in front of her. She sighed dismissively at the ridiculous news before turning to respond to her manager, who stood with a disapproving look, waiting for her answer.

"I told you to call me 'Deal,' girl. But Praw, you shouldn't have done that. Now everyone sees you as the villainess, and that villainess has become the victim."

Nadon said. He'd been managing everything in her life since she entered the entertainment industry nearly seven years ago.

"I don't get it. Since university, whenever I dated someone or did anything, she always came picking a fight."

Prawfha said, standing up in frustration. She hated the villainess who had been disrupting her life since they were in university. Even after graduation, the villainess continued to appear and steal the men she dated. Whenever the men met her, they'd turn their heads to her.

In the end, Prawfha had to dump those men because she had a rule: the father of her children mustn't be a womanizer and must only have eyes for her.

"She must be jealous of you, girl. In university, you were the queen bee of the faculty, the cheerleader, excelling in both academics and activities.

Now, you're the number-one leading lady. I think she's trying to take your top spot in the industry."

Nadon analyzed, tapping his finger on his lips. In the entertainment world, anything could happen, especially when it comes to benefits, reputation, and fame.

"How evil. No way will I let her destroy everything I've built with my own hands. I'll get you... Ninlada!"

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"Nin, I think Praw went too far this time."

Said Aungkana. It was well-known that Ninlada and Prawfha had been rivals since their university days. Even after graduating and working, now at twenty-eight years old, the two still couldn't get along, perhaps even more so than before.

"It's okay, Aung. I like it this way."

Said the gorgeous, fair-skinned woman, sitting cross-legged and smirking in a corner of the coffee shop. She looked at the news on her phone, showing the leading lady throwing red wine at her face, leaving everyone at the event stunned.

"You masochist."

Aungkana said after seeing her friend unfazed by the news and not embarrassed by what had happened. She couldn't understand where it all started. Since they became classmates, she had to take sides. It seemed impossible for them to ever reconcile.

"Mind your own business! Go do your job, customers are coming in."

Ninlada dismissed, nodding toward the front of the coffee shop where a young couple was entering.

"Yes, yes, Ms. Ninlada."

Aungkana, a woman with fair skin and a small frame, replied sarcastically before walking away to greet the customers, leaving her friend alone with her thoughts.

"You must be really mad, Ms. Leading Lady."

Ninlada smiled, looking again at the picture of herself and the other woman in her phone. This was the woman she wanted to dominate in everything: academics, looks, career, and most importantly, her heart.

"Heh."

Ninlada laughed at her own thoughts.

If her friends knew what she was thinking, they'd probably gang up on her. This is a secret-even Aungkana didn't know about it. No matter how many times people asked about the reason for her hatred toward Prawfha, she never revealed it.

Actually, some things just don't have a reason. If asked, she wouldn't know how to answer. By the time she realized it, she was already caught in the rivalry declared by the other woman.

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"No way, P' Wan. I won't work with her."

Said the stubborn Prawfha as soon as her agency called her in to discuss a drama project planned for the end of the year. There was no way that she, Prawfha Naphanet, would let herself get close to that shameless woman. What kind of a person do you have to be to like to steal other people's men?

"But the ratings will skyrocket if you and Nin take these roles. You'll be the leading lady, and Nin will be the villainess who likes the same man as you."

Wansetthi said calmly to the leading lady. She knew it wouldn't be hard to convince the villainess to take the role, and she'd already agreed to it. The challenge was the woman in front of her, who was rejecting the project without even considering it.

"P' Wan, you know very well that Ninlada and I don't get along, and we just had a fight."

Prawfha said, frowning. The more she hated her, the more she encountered her. What did she do in her past life to be tormented by this woman?

"Praw, you need to separate work from personal issues. You're like a little sister to me, someone I care about. You've never turned down a job before. Please, do this for me."

Wansetthi said, trying to persuade her without giving in easily.

"But..."

Knock, knock, knock

Before Prawfha could continue, she turned to the sound of knocking and the door being pushed open. Without waiting for permission, the person outside entered with a wide smile.

"Oh, Nin."

Wansetthi smiled broadly upon seeing who it was. She didn't hide her feelings for the newcomer, though it seemed the other person never noticed.

"P' Wan, I'm here to discuss the role."

Ninlada said, walking over to hug and kiss her boss on both cheeks. She pretended not to see the other person in the room, even though she knew who was there from the secretary.

"Nin! Show some respect for others!"

Wansetthi lightly slapped Ninlada's arm, embarrassed by the sudden affection in front of someone else. Because they were close, she'd allowed such a display of affection, and that unknowingly made her heart race.

"Shameless."

Prawfha muttered, wanting to say more but holding back because Wansetthi was still her boss. She couldn't hide her shock at Ninlada's actions.

Why did I feel embarrassed by what I saw? Why did P' Wan blush like a girl being teased by her boyfriend? Can it be that Ninlada is a...? No way. She's just someone who likes to steal other people's men. Or can she be interested in both genders? The thought was terrifying.

"Oh, Praw, I didn't see you there. Are you here to discuss work too?"

Ninlada said with a cheerful face, as if nothing had happened, but her tone and expression were infuriating.

"I'm here to reject it."

Prawfha replied with confidence without even looking at the annoying person.

"Oh, really? Praw, you're grown up now. Work is work you know? Or are you afraid to work with me?"

Ninlada taunted, knowing full well that Prawfha was there to reject the project. She'd planned this encounter, seizing the opportunity to provoke her rival. Though she was bold in other matters, facing her true feelings was something she'd never been strong enough to do.

"Are you challenging me, Nin? Fine. P' Wan, please count me in. Then we'll see who comes out on top."

Prawfha snapped, glaring at the person standing defiantly next to the female executive. Wansetthi, caught in the middle, could only look back and forth

between the two, hoping this drama wouldn't get canceled halfway through.

"Yes, I hope you'll see my good side, too."

Nin replied with a gentle voice and a sly smile.

This made Prawfha stand up and point her finger at Ninlada. But if she'd paid attention to the look in Ninlada's eyes, she would've realized that Ninlada had never looked at anyone like this before and certainly never saw Prawfha Naphanet as a rival.

"Let's settle this and call a truce, okay?"

Wansetthi intervened, standing up and spreading her arms to keep the two women apart. She had to admit, she'd spent almost an hour trying to persuade Prawfha, who had stubbornly refused to be part of the project, but just a few minutes of provocation from her adversary had completely changed her stance. If she'd let Ninlada provoke the leading lady from the start, she mightn't have had to spend so much time.

"Fine, I'll do it for you, P' Wan."

Prawfha grumbled, crossing her arms and plopping back down into her chair, trying to cool her anger. Especially since her manager wasn't available today, she had to deal with this villainess alone. The thought made her even more irritated.

"Nin, why don't you sit next to Praw? I'll call the team to discuss the project."

Wansetthi suggested, seeing that the two seemed ready to call a truce. She wanted to get down to business before another conflict erupted. She had to admit it was challenging to manage, with one constantly provoking and the other always letting emotions take over.

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Once everything was settled, the female executive called the team involved in the project for a meeting. Both women had to attend, listen, and sign the contract. Pheera, the leading man, also joined, glancing at the leading lady, who still seemed upset with him over the incident at the awards night that had made headlines.

It was nothing, really, just a typical guy thing to look at other women. He'd drunk quite a bit that night, making him lose control of himself and sparking the leading lady's jealous rage. Looking at the sharp-featured villainess, Ninlada, he had to admit she was alluring and was desired by many.

Both women in front of him had their own unique charms, making him daydream about them...

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História My Pink Love - 02. It Suits You

Capítulo 2 - 02. It Suits You

After a long day of meetings to finalize the plans, the team and the main actors were left with headaches from the constant bickering between the leading lady and the villainess. The situation only worsened when the male lead showed up, causing the leading lady to escalate her antics.

It was hard to tell if this was real life or just scene from the drama. It seemed like they didn't need to act out the drama; just filming their real-life interactions would suffice.

"P' Deal, you don't have to come back and pick me up. Go take care of your mom. I'll get home on my own. Yes, I understand. Don't worry. Bye."

Prawfha, who had just walked out of the agency building, reported to her manager before expressing her intention to return to her condo alone. She didn't want to inconvenience Nadon, who was visiting his mother at a hospital, by making him come back to pick her up.

"Praw!! Wait!" A young man following the leading lady called out, rushing to grab her arm to discuss their unresolved issues.

"Let go of me!!" Prawfha instinctively shook off his hand. She didn't want to see this man who had been bothering her. She'd once opened her heart to

him and felt good about him, but it hadn't reached the point of love. Now that she saw his true colors, she decided to cut ties early. That was her strict rule about relationships.

"Praw, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to look at Nin like that." Pheera pleaded.

"It's in the past. You've used up all the chances I gave you. Let's just be good friends," Prawfha replied calmly, showing no signs of distress. To her, he was just another flirtatious man.

"Am I so unforgivable, Praw? I just looked at a woman. It's natural for men, isn't it? Don't be ridiculous. Come on, we need to talk," Pheera's frustration grew. He'd just only looked at a beautiful woman, nothing more.

"Let go of me, Phee! Where are you taking me? It hurts! Let go!!"

Prawfha struggled against his grip, which left red marks on her wrist.

"Let's talk this out, Praw. This isn't over. I won't let it," Pheera insisted, trying to pull her away from the growing crowd of onlookers.

"Praw, Phee, where are you two going?"

Ninlada suddenly appeared, eyeing Pheera's grip on the leading lady with displeasure.

"I have some things to clear up with her," Pheera replied, not even glancing at Ninlada this time. His focus was solely on the leading lady, who was still angry with him.

"Let go. We've already talked. Here she is! You can go with her. That night, you looked at each other like you wanted to make out at that spot. Ninlada, you can have him," Prawfha taunted, trying to free her wrist, but Pheera held on tight.

"No! Praw, you have to listen to me," Pheera persisted, ignoring the growing crowd. Ninlada decided to intervene to separate him from the leading lady.

"Then, let me clear things up with you, too," Ninlada said, placing her hand on Pheera's, which was gripping Prawfha's arm. She gently caressed his hand, making him momentarily forget his anger. A man like this doesn't deserve Prawfha.

"Disgusting!"

Prawfha exclaimed as Pheera's grip loosened. She pulled her hand away, disgusted by both of them, especially Ninlada. She couldn't understand why Ninlada always went after the men she was with.

"No, Praw, listen to me," Pheera tried to shake off Ninlada's hand and called after the leading lady, who was already walking away without looking back.

"This one's mine, Phee. You're not the right one for her," Ninlada said, her tone turning cold as she let go of his hand. She then followed the leading lady closely.

"Damn it! What's the hell?"

Pheera was frustrated by the behavior of the women around him.

"Wait, Praw! Wait for me," Ninlada called out, worried about the leading lady. She'd been watching her since she talked to her manager and knew she planned to go home alone. She intended to drive her home, but Pheera had interrupted and caused a scene.

"Why are you following me? I've already given you all the men. What more do you want?"

Prawfha snapped, trying to hail a taxi.

"I'll take you home," Ninlada said nonchalantly. This was the first time they were alone together. Usually, they were surrounded by friends, managers, or crew members, preventing Ninlada from making any progress with her.

"You high or something? What's wrong with you? Who in the hell would go home with you? Just sharing the same planet with you is already too

suffocating," Prawfha retorted, spotting a taxi in the distance and preparing to flag it down.

"I'm not high. Let me take you home," Ninlada insisted, wrapping her arm around Prawfha to drag her to her car.

"Are you crazy? Let go of me!!"

Prawfha struggled, but her skirt and high heels made it difficult to fight off the villainess, who was dressed in tight jeans and more agile. Despite being only a few centimeters taller, Ninlada was clearly stronger.

"Stop struggling, Praw. You're heavy," Ninlada said, though she didn't ease up on her grip. If she could, she would've carried the leading lady to her car.

"If I'm heavy, then let go! Let go!!" Prawfha continued to resist, wondering what had gotten into Ninlada. She couldn't just drag her into her car like this.

"What perfume are you wearing? It smells nice."

Ninlada ignored Prawfha's protests, stopping to look at her under the parking lot lights. She smiled mischievously, making Prawfha's blood boil. If she'd worn lighter lipstick, her smile might've seemed playful, but her face and red lips made her look more like a demoness than an angel, making Prawfha want to strangle her.

"What do you really want? I've been asking myself this. Do you want to beat me that badly? Are you jealous of me? Why do you always follow me around?" Prawfha demanded, trying to understand. She stared into Ninlada's eyes, unable to read her. To be honest, Ninlada had never been rude to her. She only bugged her. Is she really jealous of me? The more she thought about it, the more confused she became.

"One day, you'll understand what I want, Praw. For now, I just want to take you home. Please, get in the car."

Ninlada smiled sweetly. She spoke gently, knowing this rare opportunity to be alone with Prawfha might never come again. She'd never been jealous or wanted to beat her at anything; all she wanted was just to win her heart. Every man Prawfha dated was driven away by her, whether directly or indirectly, leading their friends to misunderstand her intentions. They thought she was jealous, but she just wanted to keep the leading lady to herself.

"..."

Prawfha didn't respond, letting Ninlada guide her into the luxurious red European car. She was lost in thought, wondering if her eyes were deceiving her. Ninlada's gentle, sincere gaze made her world feel like it'd stopped spinning. What is this gentleness, sweetness, honesty, charm? What is all of this?

"Let's get something to eat before heading home. It's late," Ninlada suggested, smiling as she drove. Prawfha remained silent, lost in thought. Ninlada adjusted the air conditioning and played soft, classic 90s music to create the atmosphere she'd long dreamed of.

"Am I crazy? How on earth did I end up letting you take me home?"

Prawfha muttered to herself as she regained her composure. Ninlada was truly a terrifying woman. At this moment, it was no surprise to her that the men she chose to date would easily turn their attention to the villainess. Even as a woman herself, just a few seconds of Ninlada's sweet voice and dreamy eyes swooned her and made her agree to sit in the car with her without Ninlada even having to try hard. You're clearly a witch, Ninlada.

"Oh, so you're crazy, too, huh? You always say I'm crazy."

Ninlada burst out laughing when the other woman complained about herself.

"Stop laughing! Hey!! I said stop laughing, you crazy!"

Prawfha's face was a mix of embarrassment and anger as she tried to order the other woman to stop, but there was no way the mischievous Ninlada would listen.

"Ouch!! Praw, it hurts, you know. Ouch!! Don't... I'm driving."

The laughter turned into cries of pain, but Ninlada couldn't stop smiling. This was the life she'd chosen. She'd been single and alone just to wait for this very woman to come and erase the loneliness in her heart.

"Ugh, what kind of person are you?"

Prawfha asked, adjusting her seat after pinching Ninlada's arm a few times with annoyance. She was genuinely curious. Ninlada spoke sweetly and acted coy, but her past actions were often contradictory, leaving Prawfha confused about what Ninlada's true intentions were. In reality, they barely knew each other, as their interactions were mostly filled with Ninlada provoking her and making her angry.

"Spend more time with me, and you'll find out what kind of person I am," Ninlada replied cheerfully. She kept her eyes on the road. Afraid Prawfha might see the true meaning of her words in her gaze, she focused on the congested city streets during rush hour.

"Spend time with someone like you? No way. Just sitting in the car with you is suffocating enough. Pull over. I'm getting out," Prawfha said in a flat tone, ordering the driver, who kept her eyes on the road, not even glancing at her. Did Prawfha realize she was acting spoiled with Ninlada, even though she usually kept her distance from others?

"Just relax for a bit. Let's have dinner together first. With this traffic, it'll be around eight by the time we get to your condo," Ninlada, determined not to let her prey escape easily, ignored Prawfha's request as if she hadn't heard it.

"No, I want to get out," Prawfha remained stubborn, not wanting to get involved with Ninlada in any way. Just agreeing to ride back together was already a miracle in her life. What would her friends think if they found out about this?

"Can't we have a proper conversation for once? We've never talked nicely. Let's have a meal together. Don't worry about being seen; I know a private place," Ninlada coaxed sweetly, turning to look at Prawfha. Usually, she'd tease her, but now she spoke gently, trying to persuade her.

"You're not planning to trick me and kill me, are you?"

Prawfha eyed Ninlada suspiciously, but there was nothing deceitful in her gaze. She was torn between going and not going. If she went, it'd be a good chance to clear up some unresolved issues, but what would she do if Ninlada had something up her sleeves? Could she really trust her?

"Well, you never know," Ninlada said as the traffic remained at a standstill. She licked her red lips and gave Prawfha a mischievous look, making her even more wary.

"Stop messing around. I'm a reasonable person. Fine, I'll go. Let's see what kind of person you really are, Ninlada."

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História My Pink Love - 03. What Kind of Person Are you?

Capítulo 3 - 03. What Kind of Person Are you?

"Set up a private dining room for me, our most private one. Prepare all the signature dishes and the finest wine we have. I'll be there in half an hour."

After getting a positive response from the person next to her about having dinner together, Ninlada eagerly called the staff to arrange the most private setting possible. Since the stubborn one agreed to go with her, every one of their first experiences had to be perfect. In reality, she wasn't someone who was into luxury; she just wanted to impress the person next to her.

Besides, eating at a roadside stall was something they absolutely shouldn't do. If news got out, the one who would be in trouble was the leading lady, and she might end up disliking her even more. If the other person became even more difficult to approach, Ninlada would suffer more than she already was.

"You don't have to go that far."

Prawfha said, observing Ninlada's demeanor. Ninlada seemed overly excited just because she agreed to have dinner with her. If it weren't for her sharp, beautiful face, typical of a villainess, this woman would seem sweet and warm. Hold on. I'm starting to admire her too much.

"No, I have to since you agreed to have dinner with me. I'll take you to my family's hotel. I guarantee it'll be private. The press won't know about this."

Seeing the distrust in Prawfha's eyes, Ninlada spoke understandingly. She wanted to do many things for this woman. It'd been her dream for a long time. Since the first time she met Prawfha Naphanet, she'd always told herself that this woman was meant to be the woman of Ninlada Burimnat and no one else.

"Can I really trust you?"

Prawfha agreed to go because she wanted to get to know this woman, understand and clear up their issues, and genuinely learn Ninlada's intentions.

"You decided to have dinner with me because you want to get to know me, right? So, I'll let you know everything. Ask me anything, and if I can answer, I will."

Ninlada opened up her life to the curious one. If Prawfha looked deeper, she'd see that Ninlada's past approaches weren't to interfere with her love life but to show that none of the men who came into her life were ever sincere or loyal. If one day, someone truly good came along, Ninlada would step back and compete fairly for her heart.

But so far, she hadn't met any worthy competitors. Now, it was time for her to reveal her true self and shamelessly win Prawfha's heart. Since there were no competitors, she'd compete with Prawfha herself to see if she'd open her heart to her. Even if they couldn't be lovers, being friends would be good enough.

"Don't act like a know-it-all."

Prawfha scolded Ninlada before turning to look out the car window. There was no further conversation until the driver spoke up upon seeing their destination.

"We're almost there. Burimnat Hotel. It's over there."

Ninlada pointed out, prompting Prawfha to glance at the grand hotel. It was evident how luxurious it was. She didn't think the person next to her was a direct descendant of the Burimnat family, just a distant relative. Ninlada never bragged or told anyone where she came from.

"What are you to the hotel owner?"

Prawfha asked, intrigued.

"If it's the previous owner, I'm his daughter. Currently, I'm a co-owner because my father has retired and handed the business over to me and my brothers."

Ninlada explained. She rarely told anyone about this because most people knew her as an actress. She didn't want her family matters to be publicized. She managed the business behind the curtain, letting her brothers take the public role in the business world.

If she stepped into the public eye more, it'd complicate her personal life, which she tried to keep separate from the entertainment industry.

"I can't believe it."

Prawfha murmured. She couldn't believe that this woman was an heir to the Burimnat family. Although she wasn't poor, she certainly wasn't as rich as this family. Knowing this, Ninlada was no longer an ordinary person in her eyes.

It made her question why, if Ninlada had everything, people said she was jealous of her. The belief that many had fed her began to waver just by deciding to have dinner with her.

"Please believe me. You have a lot to learn and know about me."

Ninlada said slyly. She knew that if she could win Prawfha's heart, Prawfha would have to learn about her family's business world, which involved many problems. Once everything was settled, she planned to retire from the entertainment industry and fully embrace her role as a businesswoman.

She wondered how their friends, who had seen them as rivals since university, would react if they decided to be together. She was thinking far ahead, even though it was just starting, and she didn't know if Prawfha

would play along. The hope seemed faint since Prawfha had never shown any interest in women.

"Then why did you become an actress?"

Prawfha asked, puzzled. If Ninlada had everything, why take on an acting career? Wouldn't it be better to manage the business?

"I'm not telling you. We're here."

As she parked the car in front of the hotel, Ninlada quickly got out and stopped a male staff member from opening the door for Prawfha. She wanted to serve her herself.

"You said you'd tell me everything."

Prawfha muttered, annoyed at the unanswered question. She watched Ninlada smile broadly as she stood by her door.

"Please, Ms. Leading Lady."

Ninlada said with a teasing tone and opened the door for her. Prawfha rolled her eyes but couldn't help feeling a bit flustered by the beautiful but annoying woman serving her.

"You're really doing unnecessary things."

Prawfha grumbled as she stepped out, following Ninlada's gesture.

"Let's go. Everything is ready for you."

Ninlada said, delighted to do even the smallest things for the woman she'd longed for.

"Why make everything so grand? Are you trying to show off?"

Prawfha couldn't help but jab at her as they walked into the luxurious hotel. "I just want to please you because I usually upset you. Isn't it good?"

Ninlada smiled at her, trying to ease the tension, but Prawfha seemed worried about being seen with her.

"Seriously, what do you want?"

Prawfha couldn't hold back her curiosity. Ninlada's behavior seemed as if they'd never had any issues.

"If I tell you now, you won't give it to me. Let's eat first; I'm starving"

Ninlada said, leading the way, leaving Prawfha frustrated but following her nonetheless.

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"Is Sam here for dinner? Why didn't anyone inform me?"

A young man in a luxurious office put down his pen immediately upon hearing that someone had come for dinner.

"Ms. Nin just arrived, Mr. Nik. She brought Ms. Prawfha, the leading lady, with her."

The secretary reported. Everyone in the hotel knew how close the three siblings were, especially how the older brothers doted on their youngest sister, Sam. They always had updates on her daily.

"Wow! Really? How did she manage to bring the leading lady for dinner? She usually didn't have the guts. Well, then, let's call it a day, Ms. Thip. I'm going to see Sam's woman."

With that, Nirut, or Nik, closed his file, smiling broadly, ready to meet the woman his sister often talked about.

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"Please, have a seat, Praw."

Ninlada said as they entered the room that had been meticulously prepared. It featured a round table with only two chairs, elegantly arranged in the center of the room. The food looked incredibly appetizing, having been set out just minutes before the host arrived.

Ninlada eagerly pulled out a chair for the leading lady before quickly moving to the opposite side of the table so she could see and converse with her dinner companion. She'd consider this their first dinner and date together.

"Would you like anything else, Praw?"

Ninlada asked the silent woman, who looked displeased and stared at her without blinking.

"I want to change the wine to orange juice."

Prawfha said amid the tense atmosphere. Ninlada was treating her like a princess, offering all sorts of services. Weren't they supposed to hate each other's guts?

"Oh, sure, just a moment... P' Song!!"

Ninlada turned to call for a staff member to bring more orange juice but was startled to see her second older brother already standing there, watching.

She quickly got up to approach him.

"Is this her, Sam? She's really beautiful in person. No wonder you... Oops!!"

Ninlada quickly covered her brother's mouth, aware that Prawfha was watching them with interest.

"P' Song, please leave. You'll ruin my plan. And don't tell P' Nueng."

The villainess whispered to her brother, trying to usher him out of the dining room as quickly as possible before things got out of hand.

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Praw. Enjoy your meal. I'm Nirut, Sam's older brother."

Nirut introduced himself to the confused woman before leaving with a cheerful laugh. Ninlada sighed at her brother's behavior. She was relieved that her other brother was out of town on business; otherwise, she wouldn't be able to handle him.

"Is that your brother?"

Prawfha couldn't help but ask. The siblings in this family were all equally mischievous, and Nirut's suspicious comments only added to her curiosity. It seemed like they all had secrets, and those secrets involved her.

"Yes, that's P' Song. I have another older brother, P' Nueng, who's currently working at a branch out of town. Please bring the orange juice and then leave us alone. I need some privacy."

Ninlada answered with a smile before instructing the waiting staff.

"Yes, Ms. Nin."

"Let's eat. Everything is ready. I hope you like these dishes, Praw. They're the restaurant's specialties."

Ninlada said, inviting Prawfha to start eating. Honestly, she wanted to feed her. The menu had been specially curated with Prawfha's preferences in mind. Ninlada knew everything about her—her favorite foods, colors, tastes, and even her fashion sense.

"Mm..."

Prawfha looked at the food in surprise. It was too much of a coincidence that these were her favorite dishes, especially the shrimp. She loved

anything with shrimp. Despite her bias about Ninlada, her hunger from skipping lunch made her want to try the food.

"Is it good?"

Ninlada asked eagerly, watching as Prawfha took a bite of the baked shrimp with glass noodles. She made a mental note of it.

"Eat. Why are you just staring?"

Prawfha snapped. If Ninlada weren't a woman, she'd think she was being flirted with. Flirting! Ninlada? Flirting? With me? No way. But how do women flirt with other women? Prawfha pondered this while maintaining her composure, eating normally despite her racing thoughts.

"I'm happy to see you eating it, Praw,"

Ninlada said dreamily. She was even jealous of the utensils Prawfha used. Her pink lips delicately touched the fork and spoon as she ate. Her long, wavy brown hair, sweet face, fair skin, and heart-shaped silver earrings with tiny diamonds made her look so perfect and precious.

"Let's get to the point. What do you really want, Nin? Why do you keep disrupting my life?"

Prawfha put down her utensils and took a sip of orange juice, staring directly at Ninlada.

"Okay, no need to be so serious. Praw, you're the one I've chosen. And don't think about asking me to leave your life because I won't. I can't explain now, but one day you'll understand. Just give me a chance to show you who I am."

Ninlada said with a gentle smile, looking at Prawfha, who seemed shocked by her answer. She'd laid it all out there. If someone as smart as Prawfha couldn't figure it out, she didn't know what else to say.

"Don't tell me you... No way!!"

Prawfha replayed Ninlada's words in her head, but all she could focus on was that she was the one Ninlada had chosen and was asking for a chance.

"Praw, wait. Where are you going?"

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História My Pink Love - 04.

Impossible

Capítulo 4 - 04. Impossible

"Praw, wait!"

Ninlada ran after her, barely catching the other woman's arm in time. The slender leading lady had suddenly stood up and stormed out of the dining room.

"Let go! Don't touch me. I'm leaving."

Prawfha snapped back. It was impossible. She couldn't accept it. How could someone who disliked her feel this way about her? Even ghosts were less frightening than Ninlada confessing something like this to her.

"Fine, but I'll take you home."

Ninlada observed the other woman's face, which showed clear displeasure. Maybe she'd pushed the beautiful woman too far.

"No need. I'll go by myself."

Prawfha insisted, shaking off Ninlada's hand dismissively before hurrying out of the Burimnat Hotel grounds to hail a taxi.

"You don't have to go with me. I'll have someone take you. Please, I really don't feel safe letting you go alone."

Ninlada pleaded, causing the confused woman to stop and sigh. It seemed she agreed to let the hotel staff take her home. Ninlada regretted being so straightforward; she'd scared her off. Now, she felt frustrated with herself.

For now, she had to retreat and give Prawfha more time. This path seemed incredibly difficult for someone like her, but she wouldn't back out. She'd waited for years. She'd keep trying to win her heart.

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"It's not true. It can't be."

Prawfha muttered, throwing her bag onto the table and collapsing onto the sofa as soon as she reached her condo, having been dropped off by Ninlada's staff.

"Choosing, asking for a chance-those are things guys say when they want to date a girl. What is she thinking?"

As she sat and pondered, her mind kept conjuring up Ninlada's sharp face, red lips, and sleek black hair, making her thoughts whirl endlessly.

"She didn't intentionally steal my boyfriends but tried to separate them from me? Oh my god. No! No!"

Prawfha nearly lost her mind as she pieced it together. Why didn't she know this? Since when?

"What the hell are you thinking? No way. I can't handle this."

Prawfha held her head in her hands, overwhelmed. She wasn't stupid; she could see what was happening. Just agreeing to have dinner together was enough. Ninlada had clearly planned everything in advance and cornered her.

Was I angry? Prawfha paused to think. She wasn't angry about Ninlada's intentions but was annoyed. Why didn't she approach her straightforwardly? Why did she have to make her piece together? She didn't mind any form of love. She just had never dated a woman before.

"Ugh! What should I do now? Can we still face each other? How should I act around her? Should I keep disliking or ignore her? But we just agreed to work together. Now I know why she did all of that, even if she hasn't said it outright. Oh, what do I do?"

Prawfha slapped her forehead with frustration and leaned back on the sofa, closing her eyes. This had to remain a secret. She couldn't let her friends and family know about this. She wouldn't know how to face them if Ninlada pulled this on her.

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"Ms. Praw left, huh? That's why you're sitting here with a long face."

Nirut said, having been informed that his sister was resting in her private room. He came to check on her immediately.

"She did. Is it really this hard to make a girl fall in love, P' Song?"

Ninlada looked dejected, her eyebrows furrowed as if she might cry, prompting her protective brother to hug her.

"Sam, don't be weak. Don't give up. This is just the beginning. Give her some time. Don't be impatient. If you're like this by just her walking away, how will you handle harder challenges? And if she agrees to date you one day, can you take care of her if you're weak and whiny like this?"

Nirut comforted and advised his sister. Only the family knew how needy and spoiled the youngest Burimnat could be, a stark contrast to her tough exterior. But she wasn't like this with everyone; only her family saw this side of her.

"I just wanted you to pamper me. I know that, and I have prepared myself."

Ninlada mumbled into her brother's embrace with a small smile. Even if she was a villainess, she sometimes needed to show some vulnerability. Matters of love require time and effort. She knew from the start that winning Prawfha's heart wouldn't be easy. Valuable things are hard to get, and

Prawfha had shown her worth. Anyone who dated her had to be loyal and devoted only to her. If not, they'd be discarded like the many men before.

"Come on now. You're grown up now. If P' Nueng were here, he'd tease you for sneaking a girl out to dinner without telling us."

Nirut teased, ruffling her shiny black hair.

"Just this once, let me handle it privately, P' Song. Just having a dinner with her, and she's that ready to flee from me. Please don't tell P' Nueng or do anything weird. I want to handle this myself."

Ninlada insisted, hugging her brother tighter for support in her quest to win the leading lady's heart.

"I'm rooting for you. Get some rest. I just came to check on you. You seem fine."

Nirut said, stepping back and smiling warmly before leaving. Ninlada was a grown-up and didn't need her brothers' constant protection anymore. They could only watch and worry from a distance.

"Thanks for always being here, P' Song. I'm going to shower. Goodnight."

Ninlada smiled, walking her brother to the door. He shook his head, smiling as he left.

"Get ready, Praw. Our story is just beginning."

Ninlada smirked once alone. She'd prepared for years, studying her target. She couldn't afford to fail because her heart was on the line.

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Nearly half a month passed without Prawfha seeing Ninlada. It was more accurate to say she avoided her. She didn't know how to face her, as her dislike and hatred had vanished when Ninlada revealed her feelings through her gaze. But today, she couldn't avoid her. It was the first day of shooting, and she had to attend the pre-shooting ceremony. Everything was set. It was too late to back out. She couldn't escape Ninlada now.

"Fix your face, Praw."

Nadon, her manager, couldn't help but scold her. She looked lifeless and unenthusiastic.

"Can't I quit, P' Deal? I don't want to see her face. It'll be months before we're done with the shooting."

Prawfha complained, knowing they'd be working together for a long time, promoting the show and appearing on various programs. They'd be stuck together for nearly a year.

"I don't think that's a good idea. The offerings for the ceremony and the crew are ready. Backing out now would ruin everything. You agreed to this. You can't back out now. Just endure it. Let her do whatever she wants. Even if she wants to snatch your man or something else, just ignore her."

Nadon said, thinking Prawfha hated the villainess for past conflicts over men. Now that they had to work together, this would be entertaining.

"P' Deal, you don't understand."

Prawfha sighed, leaning back in her chair in the actors' lounge. It was early, and only a few crew members were around. She couldn't tell anyone what Ninlada felt about her. If she did, they'd be shocked.

"I understand everything, girl."

Nadon insisted, holding her hand.

"Oh, P' Deal, Praw. Hello!"

The voice of the person who was the topic of the leading lady's troubled conversation suddenly appeared, catching Prawfha off guard.

"Hello."

Nadon returned the greeting, avoiding eye contact and immediately showing a displeased expression as the villainess greeted them with a dramatic tone, pretending to be surprised.

"Ms. Pim, please place my things over there."

Ninlada instructed her secretary, who was carrying some stuff and following her. She'd already done her makeup and hair, only needing to change her clothes, which wasn't a big deal. She hadn't expected that the person she was eager to meet would arrive before her.

Recently, she'd been holding back, not approaching the leading lady too much. If she pushed too hard, it wasn't likely the other person would open up easily, especially with her personal manager sitting so close. She didn't expect to get any closer.

"Yes, Ms. Nin."

The secretary responded to the expected order. She was responsible for only administrative tasks, ensuring everything was in order and managing the villainess's schedule. Once her duties here were done, her boss would send her back to handle other tasks at the hotel, keeping her away from the acting work as much as possible.

"One foot in the set, and she's already annoying."

Nadon glanced at the target and whispered to the leading lady, who looked annoyed.

"Never mind, let her be."

Prawfha tried to ignore it, deciding to focus on her own makeup. She could've hired a personal stylist, but it was her face and body, so no one else had the right to touch them. She was more protective of herself than anything, and no one could take care of her body better than she could.

The person being gossiped about just smiled cheerfully. No matter what expression she made, just seeing Prawfha's face made her happy all day.

Even though they hadn't seen each other for days, her previously indifferent mood became lively again. She glanced at the clock, realizing she had about an hour to rest.

She decided to find a corner to nap. Scanning the room, she saw a long sofa suitable for a nap while waiting for the other actors and crew to arrive.

Normally, she wouldn't nap, but she hadn't slept all night because of a drunken brawl at her hotel bar. She had to come down from her room to settle things, which took until four in the morning.

She decided not to go back to sleep, as she'd get up late if she did. So, she showered, got dressed, and came straight to the set.

"Ugh, look at her. What did she do with all those hours in the night? She just got here and is already napping."

Nadon couldn't resist making a snide comment, annoyed by the trouble the sharp-faced villainess often caused for the actress under his care.

"Enough, P' Deal. It's not our business."

Prawfha would usually snap back, but now she knew that the animosity she once felt toward the villainess wasn't the same. She could only focus on her own duties and stay in her own space as much as possible. What worried her was that the other person seemed to know exactly how to approach her without making her uncomfortable.

She had to handle this because she'd never considered this before. She thought Ninlada knew more about her than she let on. Another frightening

thing was her own heart, which might fall for this cunning person. Just thinking about it gave her a headache...

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História My Pink Love - 05. First Day of the Shoot

Capítulo 5 - 05. First Day of the Shoot

"Is everyone ready?"

Wansetthi, the ceremony organizer, walked into the lounge to check on the crew and actors.

"I'm ready."

Pheera, the leading man who had just finished getting dressed in a navy suit and styled his hair, stood up from the other corner of the lounge to respond immediately.

"Okay, everyone, please wait outside. Once the pre-shooting ceremony is done and everything is set, we'll start shooting the first scene this afternoon."

Wansetthi said, scanning the room for someone. She couldn't help but smile when she saw that person still leaning back on the sofa, eyes closed, undisturbed by the chatter around.

"Has she been asleep for long?"

She asked, not directing the question to anyone in particular. "Since she got here, Ms. Wan."

Nadon, who was sitting nearby, answered.

"That's fine. Everyone, please head outside; the ceremony is about to start."

Wansetthi instructed, partly because she wanted to wake the sleepyhead and find some alone time with her secret crush.

Once everyone had left, the sweet-faced executive walked over and sat next to the still-sleeping person. She couldn't resist brushing aside a stray lock of hair from the beautifully made-up face and gently caressing it.

"Why are you this sleepy, hmm?"

She asked softly, causing the person to slowly open their eyes at the familiar voice.

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"Wait, P' Deal, I forgot my phone. I'll go get it and catch up with you."

Prawfha suddenly remembered what she'd forgotten and told her manager.

"Okay, hurry up and come back."

The manager waved her off without much concern.

If he'd been a bit more perceptive, he might've realized that Prawfha wasn't the type to forget things, especially her own belongings.

The leading lady, who intentionally left her phone behind, quickly turned back because of the look Wansetthi gave Ninlada. It was more than just an employer-employee gaze; it seemed off to her. Knowing how Ninlada felt about her only fueled her curiosity. She had to see for herself, and what she saw made her legs weak-the two women were about to kiss.

"No way!"

Prawfha exclaimed, turning away and leaning against the wall, unable to watch the intimate scene.

Thud

"Ah!"

But before she could leave, she tripped over a fallen plant pot, making a loud noise, just like in a drama.

"Don't... P' Wan."

Ninlada quickly pushed the executive away as she woke up from the noise. She was confused by the executive's actions, waking up to find someone so close to her face. She wasn't a naive child not to know what the other person intended.

"Who is that?"

Wansetthi tried to maintain her composure as she turned toward the source of the noise, worried about being caught in an easy-to-be-miunderstood situation.

"It's me, Praw. I forgot my phone."

Prawfha revealed herself, though she could've just walked away. But why did she want Ninlada to know she'd seen their secret interaction?

"Oh, it's you."

Wansetthi was relieved but also embarrassed. But at least she could be sure Prawfha wouldn't spread what she'd seen, as it could lead to misunderstandings and jeopardize her chances with Ninlada.

"Yes, excuse me."

Prawfha said curtly, grabbing her phone from the table and pretending not to notice the earlier interaction.

"P' Wan, aren't you going outside? I need to change. Sorry, I took too long a nap."

Ninlada said, feeling awkward, especially with Prawfha there, fearing she might misunderstand.

"It's okay. I'll wait outside. Hurry up."

Wansetthi smiled weakly at Ninlada, regretting her earlier actions. "Sure, go ahead."

Ninlada subtly urged her to leave, needing to explain things to Prawfha quickly.

"Praw, wait."

Ninlada called out as soon as Wansetthi left, stopping Prawfha from following her out.

"Let go."

Prawfha said sternly when Ninlada grabbed her arm.

"I won't. Listen, it's not what you think. You saw I was napping, and P' Wan came over. Don't be mad or misunderstand me."

Ninlada explained hurriedly, knowing Prawfha's dislike for certain behaviors.

"If you didn't do anything, why are you explaining? Do what you want; it's none of my business. We're not anything to each other, so I don't care. Now let go."

Prawfha said coldly, looking at Ninlada, who seemed pitiful after her words.

"Whether we are or aren't, I just want to clear things up to avoid future misunderstandings. I've waited too long for my chance; I can't lose it now."

Ninlada said seriously, though her eyes showed worry. "You're talking nonsense. Go change; people are waiting."

Prawfha said, feeling awkward with Ninlada's pleading eyes, which made her heart race. She wanted to scold her to stay away as she was dangerous to her feelings.

"Okay, I'll go now. Wait for me outside; I'll be quick."

Ninlada said, acting as if Prawfha was waiting for her.

"I'm not waiting for you. I came for my phone."

Prawfha retorted, shaking off Ninlada's hand and quickly leaving.

"You never forget things."

Ninlada called after her, making Prawfha turn and point at her before she hurried to change.

"You...Don't you act like a know-it-all." Prawfha muttered.

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After the ceremony, everyone went to do their respective tasks. The executives, actors, and directing crews had to give interviews about the drama, especially the leading man and lady and the villainess, who were the focus of the media. The rivalry between Ninlada and Prawfha, both on and off-screen, was a hot topic.

"How did you and Nin agree to work together on this project?"

A reporter asked, making Prawfha and Ninlada exchange glances, with Pheera between them.

"I'll answer this. It's a long-standing misunderstanding. Praw and I have avoided talking about it, but this will be the first and last time. I want to

clarify that Praw and I have no issues that prevent us from working together. I apologize for any past conflicts, intentional or not. I hope everyone can work together comfortably."

Ninlada explained, taking the opportunity to apologize.

"And what about you, Praw?"

The reporter was still skeptical about it, so she turned to the leading lady.

"I agreed to this project after careful consideration. I can separate personal and professional matters, and I'm confident we can work together."

Prawfha said clearly, not directing her words at anyone in particular.

"And Phee, how do you feel about working with these two?"

The media asked, focusing on the love triangle in the story.

"As soon as I found out I got to be in this show and pair up with Praw, I agreed immediately. Plus, with Nin joining us, I guarantee that Pink Envy will be a lot of fun to watch."

Pheera responded with a cheerful face. This project seemed like a win-win for him. Not only would he have time to try to make up with the leading lady, but the villainess also seemed interested in him. They'd have several intimate scenes together, which made the playboy's blood pumping with excitement.

He kept glancing at the leading lady without realizing he was making her quite uncomfortable.

"Please look forward to our work. I promise it'll be a spicy one."

Ninlada quickly interjected, noticing that the young man next to her wasn't stopping at just flirting. She spoke up out of annoyance, cutting him off abruptly.

"And what about the love lives of the three of you?"

"Yes, what's the current status?"

This question caused a buzz among the surrounding reporters, eager to hear the trio's answers.

"I'm trying to make up with a certain someone around here who's a bit sulky."

Pheera said, turning to look at the leading lady with sweet eyes. Prawfha almost didn't know how to make her face. She might've smiled, but her eyes were filled with discomfort and worry.

"And what do you think about this, Praw?"

It was well known that the media had a special interest in this pair, as they were a popular on-screen couple.

"If you want to make up, go ahead. But what's changed will never be the same, no matter how hard you try."

Prawfha responded straightforwardly, holding her head high. She was always straightforward. Without having to look at the actor next to her, she knew he probably had a crestfallen face after her blunt response.

"And what about you, Nin? What's your love status?"

After the leading lady's sharp retort, the reporters fell silent for a moment before turning to the third person, who was also giving an interview.

Ninlada, the villainess with an intriguing history, had already caused several outbursts from Prawfha for flirting with the men she was dating. Yet, it seemed Ninlada never took anyone seriously.

"Love? I have someone in mind, but not right now. My priority is on work."

Ninlada replied playfully, laughing to lighten the mood.

It took quite an effort to get out of the interview circle, especially for Ninlada, who struggled to keep her emotions in check. Seeing the person she liked posing intimately with the leading man for photos made her walk away to calm herself down alone.

"Nin, here you are. I've been looking everywhere for you."

Wansetthi said, finally finding the villainess sitting alone in a pavilion.

"Do you need something, P' Wan?"

Ninlada asked, turning to Wansetthi, who interrupted her thoughts as she tried to understand her feelings.

"I just came to get you for lunch. You have a shoot this afternoon, don't you?"

The executive woman said, sitting next to Ninlada without waiting for permission.

"Yes. You can go ahead without me. I'm not very hungry."

Ninlada smiled slightly, expressing her wish. She felt uneasy around Wansetthi after the morning incident, making her uncomfortable. Usually, she was very close and intimate with Wansetthi-maybe it was because she never had a sister-so much so that she forgot to consider the other's feelings that might've gone beyond the friendly boundaries.

"Are you still mad about this morning? I'm sorry for what I did."

Wansetthi apologized, sensing the distance growing between them.

"It's okay. I'm not mad, just a bit surprised."

Ninlada tried to reassure her, even though she was thinking about how to maintain a proper distance from Wansetthi to avoid future issues, especially if she ended up dating Prawfha, which was still just her imagination.

"I'm relieved. So, do you know how I feel about you?"

Wansetthi asked, seizing the opportunity to talk.

"I have an idea,"

Ninlada replied with a faint smile, showing no emotion.

"Do I have a chance?"

Wansetthi asked hopefully.

"Let's not, P' Wan. I think being friends is the most comfortable for us."

Ninlada immediately rejected the idea. She couldn't change her mind; she'd rather stay single if it weren't Prawfha. Her goal was clear, and no one else could replace Prawfha.

"Saying that, you must have someone in mind."

Wansetthi smiled weakly after being painfully rejected, wondering if Ninlada had someone else or if she wasn't interested in women.

"Yes, something like that. Let's go eat, P' Wan. Don't overthink it."

Ninlada tried to lighten the mood.

'You're always cutting me off'

Wansetthi thought, slightly hurt, as Ninlada pulled her up to join the team and cast. Should I give up? That was the question she pondered. But how would she know she had a chance if she didn't try?

She decided to give it a shot, as Ninlada didn't seem to have anyone special yet ever since they became close...

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História My Pink Love - 06. Heart Racing

Capítulo 6 - 06. Heart Racing

"Praw, please listen to me. I promise I won't look at any other woman again."

Pheera pleaded with a pitiful expression as he followed the leading lady during their break to clear up personal matters.

"I already told you, Phee, things won't be the same. Let's just go back to where we were. We can only be friends and colleagues."

Prawfha said, turning to the man with an exasperated look. He'd been persistently calling and messaging her, and she was tired of it.

"But..."

"No buts, babe. I think you should keep your distance now. Praw has made herself clear."

Nadon, who was standing close by the leading lady, reiterated firmly to the young actor.

"I just..."

"No buts, no justs. Move, move, move."

Nadon said, pushing the young actor away from the leading lady's vicinity, causing Pheera to retreat in frustration.

"Praw, I don't think he'll stop here. Anyway, I have something else to discuss. It's Ninlada's initial interview. I think she's trying to save face. She spoke nicely and smiled sweetly, saying there was no issue. It's clearly an excuse."

Nadon whispered to the leading lady, who could only sigh. She was trying to set things straight in Phee, and now she had to deal with Ninlada scheming to win her heart. The life of Prawfha, the charming leading lady, was indeed chaotic.

"Enough, P' Deal. I don't have the mood to care about anyone. I need to focus on my lines. Can you get me some food? I'm hungry. I need to prepare for the first scene."

Prawfha said, sitting down in front of the dressing room mirror, picking up her script and ignoring her manager's gossip.

"How unusual of you."

Nadon muttered, scratching his head in confusion at her indifferent attitude before deciding to get her some food. Usually, Prawfha would join in the gossip about the villainess, but today she was different. She didn't even complain about Ninlada.

"P' Deal, I'm trying to read my script."

Prawfha said, trying to focus on her lines and not her surroundings. She sighed and scolded her manager for not preparing her things and instead sitting next to her.

"P' Deal? I saw him getting food outside."

Ninlada, who had been watching for a while, seized the opportunity to approach her target.

"Ninlada! What are you doing here? Someone might see us."

Prawfha exclaimed, worried someone might see them talking. She didn't know why she was scared herself, but she felt like she wasn't ready for this. They'd been at each other's throats for so long, and now they were sitting and talking closely. What would people think about this?

"No one will see us. I checked. Everyone is outside eating. Let's meet tonight. I miss you."

Ninlada said with a teasing smile and meaningful eyes, making the leading lady quickly look away.

"No, go do whatever you want. Stop staring at me. If P' Deal sees you, you'll get badly scolded."

Prawfha threatened, knowing her manager disliked Ninlada for causing trouble that he had to clean up. This made him so frustrated that he once said he'd curse her if he had the time.

"Are you really not going to see me? It's okay, I have a way."

Ninlada said. She'd expected that the other would refuse, so she'd already planned her next move and now had her target in hand.

"What are you doing?"

Prawfha asked, annoyed, checking herself and getting more irritated when the troublemaker walked to the door, ready to escape.

"If you want your phone back, meet me at the alley next to the set after we wrap up. Bye for now. I'm hungry."

Ninlada said, leaving quickly.

"Ninlada, give me my phone... Ugh!"

Prawfha shouted, pointing after her, but the thief had already escaped. She couldn't chase after her because there were people outside.

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"Cut! We're done!"

The director announced. It was almost seven in the evening. The actors were exhausted, especially Prawfha, who had to be in the first and last scenes of the day. Even though she didn't have scenes with the villainess today, she had no chance to retrieve her phone. The thief had likely left before she finished filming.

"Praw, do you want me to take you home?"

Pheera offered as he saw the leading lady packing up in the dressing room. "She can go back with me. You don't need to worry about it, babe."

Nadon said, ensuring the leading lady wasn't left alone with Pheera.

"Thank you, P' Deal. Wait for me a moment."

Prawfha smiled at her manager. Then she grabbed her essentials and went to get changed, her mind preoccupied with how to get her phone back without anyone knowing. She sighed, thinking about Ninlada.

"Ugh, this is driving me crazy."

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"P' Deal, you can go ahead. My friends will pick me up. We're going to have dinner."

Prawfha said after changing, informing her manager of her plan.

"Who? You didn't mention this earlier."

Nadon asked, puzzled, as Prawfha usually informed him in advance.

"Min and Eve. We haven't met in a while. They just called, so I didn't tell you earlier. Please take my stuff to my condo. Sorry for the short notice."

Prawfha apologized, bowing to her manager, who was like a brother to her.

"Okay, okay. Next time, let me know. Take care of yourself."

Nadon said with concern before taking her things to her car.

"Thank you. I'll help you."

Prawfha said, helping her manager carry her things to her white European car.

"Is your friend coming soon? Should I wait with you?"

Nadon asked, still worried.

"No need, P' Deal. They should be here in ten minutes."

Prawfha reassured him, and her manager reluctantly left.

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"Now give me my phone back."

Prawfha demanded as she got into the red sports car parked by the road, seeing Ninlada smiling.

"Let's have dinner first. We've been working all day."

Ninlada said, starting the car.

"I'm not going with you. Give me my phone."

Prawfha glared at her, but Ninlada was unfazed.

"Wait, it's not safe."

Ninlada said, smiling, leaning toward her.

"What are you doing?"

Prawfha asked, leaning back, almost stopping her breath as Ninlada's lips with red lipstick came close. The expensive perfume made her feel uneasy, the way she'd never felt before. Is my heart racing because of this?

"Done."

Ninlada said, pulling back after fastening Prawfha's seatbelt. She wanted to kiss her cheek but held back, knowing their relationship needed time.

"You crazy. I almost had a heart attack."

Prawfha muttered, her heart racing, realizing Ninlada was just fastening her seatbelt.

"Let's have dinner."

Ninlada said cheerfully, starting the car and playing her favorite music to lighten the mood. Everything Prawfha did seemed so adorable to her.

"I'm not going to a regular restaurant. Someone might see us."

Prawfha quickly interjected, knowing full well that no matter how much she protested, the stubborn Ninlada would still take her out. She'd already figured out that Ninlada was the type who always got her way. Even if she didn't throw tantrums like a child wanting a toy, Ninlada had her own methods of getting others to indulge her.

"If not a restaurant, then where? Ah, I know a place."

Ninlada said, pretending to think before breaking into a smile as an idea struck her.

"Where are we going?"

Prawfha asked flatly, turning to the other woman. She didn't trust her one bit.

"I'm not telling you."

Ninlada replied cheerfully, focusing on the road ahead instead of Prawfha, who was now pouting after being teased.

"Then I don't want to go."

Prawfha said, her face already souring further into a full-on sulk.

"I'm not taking you somewhere dangerous or to do anything bad. You can take a nap if you want; it'll be a while before we get through this traffic."

Ninlada said gently, noticing the congested road ahead. She adjusted the air conditioning to a comfortable level, so it wasn't too cold.

Prawfha could only turn her face away in frustration. She knew she had to go along with this stubborn woman. What is wrong with me? How do I end up in this situation? She couldn't talk to anyone about it because she'd badmouthed Ninlada to her friends and declared she'd never get along with her. The thought gave her a headache.

"We're here."

Ninlada said and woke Prawfha, who had dozed off. She wanted to let her sleep longer but decided it was time to wake her.

"Mm."

Prawfha mumbled, opening her eyes to see that Ninlada had brought her to her hotel, as usual.

"Haven't you brought me here before?"

Prawfha asked groggily, still not fully awake, making Ninlada smile.

"Come on, even if it's the same place, we can change the atmosphere. Let's go."

Ninlada said, opening the car door and rushing to open the door for the leading lady, as always.

As they walked into the luxurious hotel, Prawfha couldn't help but take in her surroundings. Most of the guests seemed to be either prosperous or foreigners, which made her feel somewhat assured in the privacy. The security checks at every point also reassured her. She didn't even want to

think about the cost of staying here; it'd surely make you bankrupt if you didn't have deep pockets.

"Come on."

Ninlada said, nudging Prawfha, who was looking around with interest.

"Where are we going?"

Prawfha stopped walking and asked when she saw Ninlada pressing the elevator button to go up.

"Come on, I won't do anything to you. I promise. We're both women."

Ninlada said with a gentle smile, trying to reassure the wary Prawfha, who looked like a scared child.

"But you're not just a woman."

Prawfha said flatly, knowing that Ninlada wouldn't dare do anything to her. She'd noticed that Ninlada kept a respectful distance, which made her feel somewhat safe. Otherwise, she wouldn't have agreed to come along.

"Oh, come on, Praw. Had I had the guts, I would've done it already. But I'm trying not to touch you because I'm afraid you won't give me a chance."

Ninlada said in a pitiful tone.

"Hmph."

Prawfha crossed her arms and looked away, still waiting for the elevator.

"Come."

Ninlada said as the elevator doors opened. She took the opportunity to grab Prawfha's soft hand, something she'd always dreamed of doing, and pulled her inside, pressing a button near the top floor.

"Why are you holding my hand? Let go."

Prawfha tried to pull away from Ninlada's grip, but it didn't hurt like the man's rough hand. It felt warm and gentle, making her turn away and smile at the unexpected sweetness.

"Nope. There's a condition. From now on, you have to call me 'Sam.' No more 'Nin.' It sounds too formal. And I'd really appreciate it if you spoke to me nicely."

Ninlada said, negotiating while moving closer so they could smell each other's soft perfume.

"You said you wouldn't do anything. And I won't call you that or speak nicely to you."

Prawfha said, her voice trembling as Ninlada got too close.

"It's because you're always stubborn like this; I have to make a negotiation with you. So, if you want me to let go, you have to call me 'Sam' and speak nicely to me. There are security cameras here. What if pictures of us being so close leaked to the reporters?"

Ninlada teased, looking around even though this was a private elevator. Even if there were cameras, no one could do anything with the footage because this was her territory.

"Fine... Sam, let go."

Prawfha gritted her teeth. She'd fallen into Ninlada's trap.

"Come on. That's not polite enough."

Ninlada said, not letting go and moving even closer until Prawfha was pressed against the elevator wall.

"Okay! Okay! Sam, please let go of me. I'm feeling suffocated."

Prawfha said sweetly, making Ninlada swoon and look at her with even more adoration. Prawfha couldn't help but loojk into Ninlada's sharp eyes. What is happening to me? Where is this feeling coming from? What right does this woman have to shake my heart so much?

Ding

The elevator chimed, signaling they'd arrived. The doors opened, and both women quickly regained their composure, stepping apart to hide their embarrassment. Prawfha turned away while Ninlada scratched her cheek, feeling the heat spread to her ears, unsure where to put her hands.

"Let's go."

Ninlada said, taking Prawfha's soft hand again despite her own nervousness. She led her out of the elevator, determined not to lose her composure.

"Why did you bring me to your room?"

Prawfha asked, looking around and realizing this was a private suite rather than a dining area. Would I make it out of here safely?

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História My Pink Love - 07. Eggs

Capítulo 7 - 07. Eggs

Going to a restaurant is out of the question for you since you're afraid someone might see us. If I took you to the dining room like last time, it'd be boring. Then, let's just eat in my room. I'll make omelets for us," Ninlada said as she keyed in the room code and scanned her fingerprint for extra security.

"Omelets?"

Prawfha exclaimed. Wouldn't it be better to eat downstairs like last time? Looking at the cook, she didn't feel confident entrusting her meal to Ninlada.

"Yes, omelets. I can make every egg dish because I can't cook anything else."

Ninlada said shamelessly, holding Prawfha's hand firmly as she pushed open the door and led the still- confused woman into the luxurious room decorated in a light green European style.

"You're so stubborn."

Prawfha said, shaking off Ninlada's hand before throwing herself onto the plush sofa in the middle of the room. She secretly admired the decor, as she loved the soothing light green color that made her feel close to nature. It

contrasted with the room's owner's fashion sense, which has bold and plain colors; the room was sweet, neat, and luxurious, adorned with expensive furniture.

"You can watch TV, listen to music, play games, or take a shower, Praw. I'll be in the kitchen. Later, I'll arrange for you to have fingerprint access and the room code so you can come up anytime without having to wait for me."

Ninlada said, ignoring Prawfha's complaints. She wanted to give the leading lady every privilege because she couldn't be the man of Prawfha's dreams.

What she could do as an ordinary woman was to 'give love' and take good care of the one she loved, ensuring she wasn't inferior to anyone else. That was her goal.

"Why would I need that? I have my own house and condo. You're delusional."

Prawfha retorted. This girl was dreaming too far. She hadn't agreed to anything yet, nor had she given any permission.

"I've never had a girlfriend before. If I do, I want to do it right. You get it?"

Ninlada said, her tone turning pleading. She didn't wait for an answer, disappearing into another room, presumably the kitchen.

Prawfha questioned herself. Can I really like women? It was still a lingering issue in her heart. Was her relationship with Ninlada really going to be like this? It felt strange. But Ninlada's actions, her attentiveness, and her understanding of Prawfha's needs made her reconsider. Ninlada respected her space and privacy.

Prawfha thought for a while before following Ninlada into the kitchen, where she stood with arms crossed, watching Ninlada fry eggs with great concentration. The basket on the kitchen counter was filled with fresh eggs, ready to be used.

"You can help if you want."

Ninlada said, smiling when she noticed Prawfha watching her from the doorway. She was glad that at least Prawfha was interested in what she was doing.

"Uh, no thanks. I'll just watch. I can't cook."

Prawfha replied, feeling embarrassed. She was worse than Ninlada; she couldn't even cook simple dishes like eggs. If she tried, the kitchen would be a mess.

"If we move in together, we'd probably turn into eggs."

Ninlada joked while beating eggs in a bowl, adding chopped green onions, tomatoes, carrots, and diced sausages for color.

"You're being delusional again. Just because I agreed to have a meal with you doesn't mean anything. After we eat, give me back my phone and take me back to my condo."

Prawfha said, trying to hide her embarrassment. Ninlada's imagination made her picture things she didn't want to.

"Understood, my lady. I'll make sure to get you home before eleven."

Ninlada replied playfully, turning on the gas stove and showing off her cooking skills.

"By the way, Praw, could you warm up the rice in the fridge? Sorry, I didn't prepare in advance. I didn't think I'd bring you here."

Ninlada asked naturally, making Prawfha sigh in annoyance but still walk to the large fridge. She found containers of pre-cut vegetables and prepared food, along with two bottles of branded alcohol. She grabbed four containers of rice and warmed them up as instructed.

"Did you cook enough rice for the whole week?"

Prawfha asked while setting the microwave.

"Well, I'm busy, so I have to do it this way. Besides, eggs are easy and quick to make."

Ninlada explained, sensing Prawfha's curiosity about her life. Everyone has goals and dreams, and Prawfha was hers. Getting this far was already a blessing.

"Why do you want me to call you 'Sam?'"

Prawfha asked, arms crossed, curious about Ninlada's many names. Everyone called her 'Nin' except her brother, who called her 'Sam.'

"Because I want you to call me that. It's reserved for special people."

Ninlada said, trying to convey her feelings. She wanted Prawfha to get used to calling her by the name her family used.

"Ugh, how cheesy. Is this how you flirt with girls?"

Prawfha couldn't help but feel embarrassed by Ninlada's sweet words. They were both 28, past the age for teenage flirting. It was time for straightforward conversations, especially during their first meal together.

"How should I flirt with you, then? Is the rice ready? The eggs are done."

Ninlada asked with a smile. She turned down the stove's heat and waited for Prawfha to check the rice. Prawfha quickly plated the hot rice and set it on the table. Ninlada had never thought she'd see this happening before her eyes.

"All set. Quick. I'm hungry."

Prawfha said, not realizing she was acting naturally around someone she'd vowed never to get along with.

"Yes, ma'am. You can start eating."

Ninlada said half-playfully before placing the golden omelet over the rice and turning to continue to cook another one for herself.

"Can't we be just friends?"

Prawfha asked. She hadn't replied to Ninlada's words but changed the topic.

"No can do. I can't think of us like that. I didn't plan to be friends with you. Moreover, I thought you already had a lot of friends. Do you want more?"

Ninlada replied without turning to her, having to fry the egg in the pan.

"And what if I ended up not falling for you?"

Prawfha argued. She should make an agreement with the other now.

"Then, I'll be the one who walks away from your life. I assure you, I won't be around you to make you feel uncomfortable with me."

Ninlada turned to Prawfha with a plate of a beautifully cooked omelet before placing it on another plate.

"Let's eat. I'm hungry."

After hearing the words of Ninlada, who seemed to have prepared for every scenario, she couldn't help but get a little shocked. She'd planned it all out. But her- she'd never prepared herself for any of this.

"Here are the fork and spoon. Let's eat in the kitchen, okay? I'll get some cold orange juice for you."

Ninlada said, handing Prawfha utensils before turning to the fridge. She poured orange juice for Prawfha and grabbed a can of beer for herself.

"Do you like drinking?"

Prawfha asked as Ninlada set the drinks on the table and started eating her egg and rice. Beer and fried eggs seemed like an odd combination.

"A little. I drink just enough to make me sleep well. You should know more about me, and I want to know more about you- more than what you let others know."

Ninlada said honestly.

"Even though I haven't given you a chance?"

Prawfha asked, eating the surprisingly good fried eggs.

"Then, will you give me a chance? We're adults now. Just answer honestly. Soon, we'll be thirty."

Ninlada said, making Prawfha nearly choke on her food. She quickly drank her orange juice.

"I'm not ready. I'm still confused. Last month, we were fighting for the same man, and now you're asking for a chance. I'm confused. That's my honest answer."

Prawfha said seriously.

"Then, can you give me three months? Let me prove myself. Don't shut me out just yet. If it doesn't work out for you, you can cut me off anytime, and I promise I won't bother you again. Is that okay?"

Ninlada proposed, taking a big risk on herself. If you don't try, you'll never know, right?

"Fine, just three months, and we'll see."

Prawfha said. If Ninlada dared to propose such a thing, she dared to accept it. She was curious, too. If she didn't fall for her, would Ninlada persist?

"Then, please talk to me nicely and call me 'Sam,' okay? That's all I ask. Whatever else you want me to do, I'll do it."

Ninlada smiled widely upon receiving permission. That was more than enough for her. But would the other person realize that after one month, they'd still have to work together on the drama for several more months? So, behind her smile, there was a hint of cunning.

"Don't push your luck. I'll try, but for this month, don't let anyone know, and don't get too close to me."

Prawfha laid down her conditions again, making sure the other person agreed to her terms.

"Okay. If you don't allow it, I won't do it."

"Don't you get all smiley. Eat your food, and don't drink too much. You still have to take me home."

Prawfha said, stopping the other person. She had to ensure her own safety first.

"Should I get drunk so I don't have to take you home?"

Ninlada teased while chewing her food.

"Sam!! Don't try to be clever. I don't like it."

Cough, cough!

"Can you please say that again?"

Ninlada couldn't believe her ears. Suddenly, the other person called her the way she wanted, causing her to choke on her food and quickly gulp down some beer.

"I told you not to drink too much."

Prawfha frowned as Ninlada gulped down a large drink, but she couldn't help but smile at making the other person choke and turn red.

"W... Well, you called me that way, so I was surprised. I thought you'd take some time to get used to it."

Ninlada said, grabbing a tissue to wipe her mouth.

"How easily surprised. Hurry up and eat. It's getting late, and I want to go home and rest."

Prawfha said with a straight face, trying to hold back her smile. She didn't want Ninlada to get too confident.

"Yes, yes, I'll hurry."

Ninlada eagerly complied. Just having the leading lady give her a chance for three months made her extremely happy. And with this playful name-calling, Ninlada would love her for life without a doubt.

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"How did you find out where I live?"

After eating, washing dishes, and dealing with the cunning person's delays, it was almost 10 PM by the time they arrived.

"There's nothing we can't find out about someone we're interested in."

Ninlada said, smiling at the question as she turned the car into the condo's parking lot. It was easier to get past security with the leading lady, the condo owner, in the car. She'd have to find a way to come and go here more easily since she'd likely be visiting frequently from now on.

"Now, give me my phone back and go home, Sam."

Prawfha turned to the person who offered to drive her home, holding out her hand for her phone.

"Can I have your number? Just in case I need to call you for work."

Ninlada teased, handing the phone back to its rightful owner. She respected the other person's boundaries.

"No."

Prawfha said without hesitation. If she gave in too much, Ninlada would never stop following her.

"That's okay. I already know your address. Getting your number won't be hard."

Ninlada said confidently, and it was true.

"Sam!! Fine, I'll give it to you. What's your number? I'll call you."

Prawfha accepted it reluctantly. She'd have to give it anyway, so it was better to do it willingly. This way, she'd know the other person wouldn't use another number to prank her.

"That's more like it. So cute."

Ninlada smiled widely. She loved this tough but soft-hearted person. Tonight, she'd surely have sweet dreams...

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História My Pink Love - 08. Flirt

Capítulo 8 - 08. Flirt

"Praw, I won't be able to wait for you until the end of work today. I have to go take care of my mom at the hospital. My sister is busy today."

Nadon said as he dropped off the leading lady at the set. He didn't want to leave her alone, but he was also worried about his ailing mother, who was hospitalized with an age-related illness.

"P' Deal, go take care of your mom. I can take care of myself. I'll have a friend pick me up. Don't worry."

Prawfha replied understandingly. She knew the concern one would have for their parent. Nadon was always a good brother to her, and their working relationship was built on mutual respect and care.

"Okay, if anything comes up, call me right away."

Nadon emphasized before saying a few more words of farewell. As he walked away, Prawfha's phone buzzed with a message.

SamZa: Where's P' Deal? Isn't he with you?

Prawfha: Mind your own business.

SamZa: C'mon, tell me, pls! ^^!

Prawfha: He went to take care of his mom. She's sick.

SamZa: In that case, I'll take you home after the shoot today.

Prawfha didn't reply but smiled at her phone. She looked around to find the person who sent the message and saw Ninlada grinning at her from the actors' tent.

"Praw, you can go get ready. Once Nin and Phee are done, it's your turn."

A crew member informed the leading lady as soon as she arrived on set. Prawfha quickly composed herself and got ready.

Since exchanging numbers, Ninlada had been messaging her on LINE whenever she had free time. Prawfha couldn't resist replying, and it'd become a habit. Even though it hadn't been a week, the persistent messages had disrupted her previously simple life. She had to keep her phone on silent to avoid suspicion and prevent herself from lying or hiding things from those around her.

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"For the next scene, Nin, you need to confront Praw for getting involved with the guy you like. Praw, you have to provoke her. Nin, you then push Praw against the wall, preparing to slap her. Phee, you come in and stop them."

The passionate director rehearsed the scene with the actors. Despite concerns about potential conflicts between the leading lady and the villainess, both had been professional and kept to themselves, which reassured the director.

With the crew and actors ready, the director called for action.

"Don't you play innocent, Sita. You say there's nothing between you and Phak, but what about that day I saw you with him? Huh?!"

Ninlada, in her role as the villainess, delivered her lines with intensity, though it conflicted with her real feelings.

"I never said I'm innocent. Your guy came to me. Maybe you should spend your time looking after him instead of picking fights with me, Rati."

Prawfha, the defiant leading lady, retorted. Yet, her heart fluttered at the sharp eyes of the villainess. Despite knowing it was just acting, she couldn't help but feel uneasy about the intense scene. Even though they looked as if they were going to throw hands at each other, who knew what they were feeling inside?

"You..."

Ninlada pushed Prawfha against the wall as directed.

"Ouch..."

Prawfha pretended to cry out in pain, though Ninlada hadn't pushed her hard.

"Did I hurt you, Praw?"

Ninlada broke character, concerned about Prawfha's pained expression.

"Cut! Nin, what's wrong?"

The director shouted, unsure of what happened. It was going well, and yet...

"Sorry, P' Aek, I forgot my lines."

Ninlada lied, turning back to Prawfha.

"Then, let's take a break. We'll resume in fifteen minutes."

Prawfha sighed and walked away, noticing Ninlada following her. She headed to the bathroom to talk privately.

"Why did you break character, Sam?"

Prawfha scolded Ninlada once they were alone.

"I was worried I pushed you too hard."

Ninlada replied, looking guilty.

"Whether you did or not, you can't do that. What if others get suspicious? Or do you want me to end..."

Prawfha said, frustrated that Ninlada was reckless. But if she had to end it here, she wouldn't be able to because her heart was gradually open for Ninlada-so much so that she was angry with herself that she started to accept her so easily. She realized just now that the reason she'd never get serious with any man might be because she liked women.

"I'm sorry. Please give me another chance. Don't reject me just yet."

The villainess could only apologize gloomily. Seeing that, Prawfha became less angry.

"It's fine. I wasn't hurt. But work is work, Sam. You can't let our personal feelings interfere with it."

Prawfha tried to make Ninlada understand. Prawfha couldn't get so angry with Ninlada because she was so gentle, and Prawfha liked being cared for. Having been cared for so much had made her heart soft. Ugh, how annoying.

"Okay, I get it."

Ninlada said softly. She'd get this done in one take if it was with anyone else, but Prawfha wasn't just anyone else. She was the one she cared about. If she were to get hurt because of her, she wouldn't be able to stand it.

"Good. Now go get ready. We can't afford any more suspicion, okay?"

Prawfha said flatly, but not too coldly, before leaving the bathroom. She ignored the gloomy one. Even though Ninlada looked so pitiful, it wouldn't be possible if she had to spoil her in everything. Even though she gave her a three-month chance, she didn't want to get any closer and care about her more than this because three months weren't enough for her to trust Ninlada.

What if she betrays her after this? Ninlada felt hurt. Though she agreed to keep all of this a secret, she didn't expect Prawfha to be so strict about it. Now, it wasn't just winning Prawfha's heart that was hard; it was also keeping her emotions in control.

She'd been self-centered and demanding things from her. She had to get herself together because, if not, she might get heartbroken, and she wasn't ready to go through that now.

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The shoot wrapped up around 10 PM, leaving everyone exhausted. Prawfha, without her manager, had to fend off the lead actor's persistent advances. She noticed Ninlada keeping her distance since their bathroom conversation, which only added to her frustration.

SamZa: I'm at the parking lot. Prawfha saw the LINE message as she finished changing and packing up. She didn't reply, testing Ninlada's patience.

"Let's see if you can wait without knowing when I'll come. Thought you were going to let me go home by myself."

Prawfha muttered to herself as she hurried to the parking lot. "Praw, let me take you home. I didn't see P' Deal with you today." Pheera offered as Prawfha exited the dressing room.

"No need, Phee. My friend is waiting in the parking lot."

Prawfha replied curtly before leaving.

"Why are you playing this hard to get? Let's see how long you can keep this up."

The leading man could only get frustrated at Prawfha, who'd walked out of his sight.

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"Are you hungry?"

Ninlada asked as soon as Prawfha got into the car with a frown.

"Of course I am. We've been shooting all day, and I only had one meal," Prawfha snapped, her frustration spilling over onto Ninlada.

"How about we grab some shrimp noodles with gravy and eat at my place?"

Ninlada quickly suggested, knowing exactly what her beautiful friend liked to eat. Ninlada didn't take offense at Prawfha's tone, understanding that she was probably both hungry and annoyed by the persistent guy who had been bothering her all day.

She figured it was better to let Prawfha handle the situation herself rather than stepping in and becoming a topic of gossip. Plus, seeing Prawfha irritated made Ninlada smile unknowingly, as it showed that Prawfha wasn't interested in that persistent actor anymore.

"Let's eat at my place. I need to rest."

Prawfha replied wearily. Realizing she'd spoken harshly and was genuinely tired, she leaned back in the luxurious car seat, closed her eyes, and shut out the world.

"Rest for now. I'll wake you when we get to the condo."

Ninlada said sympathetically. Prawfha lady must've been truly exhausted, as she didn't respond after that.

Ninlada let Prawfha sleep the entire way. Even when she parked and ran to buy food, Prawfha didn't even move. Even with the door locked, Ninlada was still worried about her. She quickly ran back to the car before driving off to the condo.

"Praw, we're here."

Ninlada said as they arrived at the luxurious condo's parking lot. She turned to wake Prawfha. By now, she could come and go from the condo without security checks, thanks to her connections in the business world, acquaintance with the condo's executive, and a few minor business deals that made things easier. It wasn't a problem for Ninlada to pay for such conveniences.

"Already?"

Prawfha mumbled groggily. How had she become such a heavy sleeper? She must trust Ninlada a lot. What kind of magic did Ninlada have to make someone as guarded as her feel so at ease?

"Are you sure you want me to come up to your room?"

Ninlada asked again, not expecting Prawfha to invite her into her personal space.

"Scared?" Prawfha teased with a mischievous smile.

"Just making sure. Why would I be scared? I'm actually happy. I was thinking of asking to stay over for the night. Not sure if the room owner would agree, though,"

Ninlada replied, making Prawfha glare at her. She wasn't scared; if anything, she was afraid she wouldn't be allowed up.

"Then don't come up. You're playing hard to get,"

Prawfha said, pouting before quickly getting out of the car.

"How can you say that, Praw? I bought shrimp noodles and steamed bread with custard for you."

Ninlada quickly followed Prawfha, not forgetting to grab the large bag of Prawfha's favorite foods.

"When did you buy those?"

Prawfha couldn't help but swallow hard as she saw the food. This girl knew her too well.

"While you were sleeping."

Ninlada smiled, seeing that Prawfha was softening at the sight of her favorite treats.

"You left me alone in the car?"

Prawfha crossed her arms, looking at Ninlada with a serious face. She couldn't believe Ninlada had left her alone like that.

"I locked the car, and there weren't many people at the shop. I ordered and waited near the car the whole time. Don't be mad, okay? I wouldn't let anything happen to you. Let's go. I'm hungry."

Ninlada said, standing close to the pouting Prawfha and trying to link pinkies to make up with her. Prawfha walked ahead, leaving Ninlada smiling. It meant she was allowed to follow her up to the room...

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História My Pink Love - 09. Excuse

Capítulo 9 - 09. Excuse

"What a nice room."

Ninlada said as she stepped into the expensive suite. It might be a bit smaller than her own room, but that didn't make it feel any less grand. Who would've thought she'd have this day, the day she set foot in the room of the person she had a crush on?

Look at this: the table, the sofa, the stereo system, the bookshelf, every nook and cranny. She really wanted to use every part of the leading lady's private space.

"Go get the bowls. The kitchen is over there. I'll go get changed and remove my makeup first."

Prawfha said, turning to the person surveying her room with a beaming smile. She felt a bit embarrassed, worried she might've left something out of place or something that could make the other person laugh at her.

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"Why don't you remove your makeup first? You always look so stern in it. Use the other bathroom. Here are the makeup removal supplies."

Prawfha said, holding a small basket for the person in the kitchen. The person was currently setting the table to make the food look appetizing, but Prawfha couldn't help but be annoyed by the heavy villainess-like makeup. It was sharp and beautiful, fitting the villainess role in the drama, but sometimes it looked unnatural. Ninlada also had to endure it almost all day.

"Sure, sure. You can go ahead and eat first. I've set everything up."

Ninlada said with a wide smile, appreciating the care. Even though it seemed unintentional, someone who liked to fantasize like her couldn't help but feel happy. The clear face without makeup, the white tank top, the shorts, the hair tied up with a clip, letting some strands fall by the cheeks-all of it made her even more enchanted.

"Alright, go on then. Stop staring at me."

Prawfha said, scratching her cheek. Why does she have to keep staring at me? Not to mention those eyes. How annoying.

Ninlada, upon being scolded, quickly grabbed her things and left, afraid Prawfha might get upset again. Prawfha always left her in awe. No matter what outfit or style this beautiful woman wore, it drove her crazy.

As for the leading lady, once Ninlada was out of sight, she allowed herself a small smile at her own feelings, which seemed to grow every time she did something with the villainess. The appetizing food on the table made her rest her hand on the table and look at the dishes.

Ninlada knew how to please her and knew what she liked and didn't like. On the surface, it seemed like she was forcing things on her, but looking closely, it wasn't. The other person wasn't forcing anything but simply offering what she liked, making it hard to refuse.

"Standing there staring won't make you less hungry, you know? Let's eat."

Ninlada said as she returned to the kitchen after quickly removing her makeup, afraid Prawfha would wait too long. The beautiful room owner

was just standing there smiling at the food on the table, so she couldn't help but speak loudly, startling the daydreamer and earning a big glare.

"Is this your bare face?"

Prawfha couldn't help but ask. It wasn't that she wasn't beautiful; she was very beautiful. Her face was clear, her eyebrows thick and dark, her lips red and pink, her eyes big and sharp. Even Prawfha felt embarrassed when comparing her bare face.

"Not beautiful? Aw, I'm losing confidence here."

Ninlada said, pulling out a chair to sit and eat. She didn't take offense. She knew she was beautiful, both with and without makeup. She was very confident in her looks.

"Is this what losing confidence looks like?"

Prawfha rolled her eyes before sitting across from Ninlada, ready to eat.

"Can I stay over tonight?"

After a few bites, the previously silent person spoke up, causing the other to put down her spoon and look up.

"You're pushing it. You have your own room."

Prawfha said flatly. She'd been kind, and now the other person was asking for more. Sometimes, she spoke kindly, sometimes curtly. She was still confused about how to act around her.

"It's late tonight. We have to wake up early to shoot tomorrow. Let me stay, and we can go to the set together."

Ninlada said, trying to reason with an innocent face.

"That's an excuse. No way. What if you do something inappropriate? It's not worth it."

Prawfha said, not caring, and continued eating. Usually, she didn't mind friends staying over, but this person wasn't here as a friend. She wouldn't give in easily.

"Oh, Praw, what kind of person do you think I am? I wouldn't dare do anything. Let me stay in exchange for this meal."

Ninlada negotiated, not giving up.

"Are you holding this over me? I'll give you money, then you can leave." Prawfha said, frowning.

"No money. Just let me stay. Please, Praw. Driving back will take a while."

Ninlada said, putting on a pitiful face and using all her charm. When it came to pleading, she was second to none.

"If you want to sleep, then do it on the sofa outside my room."

Prawfha said, giving in. She could tell if she didn't, they'd argue all night. This stubborn person wouldn't leave her room easily. She was already exhausted from work, and she didn't have the energy to deal with this.

"Anywhere is fine. As long as I'm close to you, I'll take anything."

Ninlada said happily. The more she got to know Prawfha, the more she realized how soft-hearted she was. She might refuse once or twice, but with a bit more persistence, she'd give in. Ninlada feared the beautiful woman might get bored, but she'd come this far and had to keep going.

"Some people sure don't like sleeping in their own good beds and fancy rooms."

Prawfha muttered a couple more sentences, feeling tired of the persistent person. Honestly, this was the first time she let someone she was considering into her private space and allowed them to stay. But since the other person was a woman, she felt more at ease.

Even though Ninlada wasn't here as a friend, she saw her more as a female friend for now. It mightn't be more than that yet, but she couldn't predict the future. She'd let her feelings follow their natural course.

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"P' Deal, you don't have to pick me up tomorrow. I'll go by myself. You should stay with your mom or rest. You've had a long day."

Prawfha said after finishing dinner, sending Ninlada to shower first. She picked up her phone to tell her manager she wanted him to rest tomorrow. The reason was none other than the person in the bathroom, who had been in there for almost thirty minutes.

"Are you sure, Praw? I'm free tomorrow."

Nadon felt something was off. Lately, the leading lady seemed to have secrets. Her phone was often on silent, and sometimes she didn't answer his calls. She also told him not to pick her up or follow her to work. It seemed like she wasn't as concerned as before.

"It's really fine, P' Deal. I'll go by myself. Consider it a day off for you. You've been working with me for so long without a break."

Prawfha said softly.

"P... Praw..."

The person who had just come out of the bathroom, wearing only a towel, tried to speak but quickly shut up when the other person signaled that it now wasn't the best time. She pointed to the clothes laid out on the sofa.

"Are you sure?"

Nadon asked again. It was really strange. He had to find out what the leading lady was hiding.

"I'm sure. I have to go now, P' Deal. I'm going to shower and sleep. I'm very tired today."

The leading lady said, sensing trouble, and quickly ended the call. The person on the other end was left puzzled, as they hadn't even discussed work yet.

"Are these the clothes for me?"

Ninlada asked when she saw the other person had finished her call.

"Yes. I don't know if they'll fit. I only have new underwear. For the top, you'll have to wear your own. I don't have any spares."

Prawfha replied, quickly heading to her bedroom. Her eyes kept wandering to the villainess's body, which was only covered by a small towel, showing off her shoulders and long legs, making her heart race. Am I really attracted to women now?

"Did you choose this outfit for me to seduce you? You're quite something, Ms. Leading Lady."

Ninlada smirked as she examined the clothes. It was a white tank top, quite thin, and light blue pants. She knew she wouldn't wear her bra tonight, yet the leading lady chose this top. Don't think she'd be embarrassed. Ninlada was more than willing to show off.

"I don't understand why you don't sleep in your own nice room. Here's a blanket and pillow."

Prawfha said after showering and calming herself. She had to gather her thoughts after seeing the beautiful body earlier. She took a while to decide to bring out the spare blanket and pillow for the person waiting outside, who she assumed was no longer just in a small towel.

"Thank you."

Ninlada said, crossing her arms as she sat on the couch watching TV, waiting for the room's owner. She quickly reached out to catch the item

Prawfha tossed to her with a pout. What had she done to upset the beautiful woman this time?

"I'm going to bed now. You should go to sleep too."

Prawfha told her beautiful guest, who was still hugging a pillow and blanket, smiling at her incessantly. Those mischievous smiley cheeks were really tempting to pinch.

"Wait a minute, let's have a little chat first."

Ninlada quickly grabbed Prawfha's soft hand. Prawfha looked so cute, especially with her bare face, hair tied up revealing her white neck, and pajamas similar to hers. The only difference was that Prawfha wore long pink pants.

"What is it now?"

Prawfha pretended to be annoyed, trying to pull her hand away, but Ninlada held on tightly.

"Come sit here. I want to talk to you and do many things with you. I don't want to waste the time you gave me without making the most of it."

Ninlada said sweetly, smiling in satisfaction as Prawfha allowed herself to be led to sit beside her easily.

"If you're going to say that, why don't you just move in together?"

Prawfha said with a sarcastic smile. This person was so persistent, but why didn't she find it annoying like those men she'd dated before? Ninlada didn't seem to have anything special, just persistence and stubbornness. Yet, why did she give in?

"Can I?"

Ninlada's eyes sparkled immediately upon hearing that.

"I was being sarcastic!"

Prawfha said, rolling her eyes. Ninlada held her hand without her realizing it. She wouldn't let go unless Prawfha reminded her, but then again, she also let her hold it. It felt good, in a way, to have someone to keep her company for a night. It turned an ordinary, lonely night into something colorful.

Maybe that's why everyone tries to find a partner or a one-night stand to ease the loneliness each night.

"If you allow me, I'll pack tonight and move in. Or maybe I should keep a bag in the car just in case."

Ninlada said cheerfully while making a thinking gesture.

"You crazy! You own hundreds of hotel rooms, yet you want to stay with someone else."

Prawfha retorted.

"I like it this way. It feels good to be like this. Even if there are hundreds or thousands of luxurious hotel rooms, I'd still choose to stay close to you."

Ninlada said, tightening her grip.

"Do you really like me? What do you like about me? Why don't you ever tell me?"

Prawfha looked at the person smiling gently at her. The sharp eyes, now without makeup, didn't diminish the other person's charm.

"I like everything about you. I wanted to tell you that, and I tried to approach you, but our timing was never right. You always pushed me away and accused me of stealing your men."

Ninlada said, pouting as she recalled those moments in past years.

"Who would've done that if you'd told me from the start? Your face makes it look like you're trying to steal my men. I even thought you were a psycho who did nothing but envy others."

Prawfha couldn't help but retort.

"That bad?"

Ninlada said in a playful tone, leaning closer and locking eyes with Prawfha, whose big, round eyes trembled as she leaned in.

"What are you doing, Sam? You're crossing the line."

Prawfha said, her voice shaking, trying to push the advancing person away.

"If I ask to do it with you tonight, will you let me?"

Ninlada asked with a wide smile. The atmosphere was really suggestive.

"You know the answer, don't you? I know you're just teasing me."

Prawfha pouted, using both hands to push her away, even though there was a pillow and blanket between them. Ninlada still held her hand tightly. This relationship felt too dangerous for her now. She couldn't deny it felt good to have someone, but it was too soon for sex. She didn't know Ninlada well enough.

If anyone asked if she cared about sex, she'd say it didn't matter to her. She had a modern mindset; it was just a part of love. If she didn't love or like someone enough, she wouldn't do it with them.

But if she did, having sex was her choice for the one she deemed worthy. And since she grew up, no one had made her love them enough to want to have sex with.

"It's good to be a little scared, you know? Part of me wants to pin you down and make you mine, honestly. But I think it wouldn't be worth it."

Ninlada said truthfully. Prawfha probably understood what she was thinking.

"It's too soon, Sam. Get through these three months first. And I don't even know what to do about us after that. Honestly, I'm not ready to commit to

anyone. But if the right person comes along, I want that person to be the last one in my life. I don't want to play around anymore," Prawfha said seriously, looking into those sharp eyes that listened intently to every word.

Prawfha found it impressive to have someone willing to listen and someone flexible when it comes to feelings. Maybe it was because she saw these qualities in Ninlada, that's why she couldn't refuse her. She overlooked past conflicts, people around her, and gender, daring to give the other person a chance, knowing how risky this path was for both of them.

"Just having you let me stand in this part of your life makes me the happiest. You should go to bed; I won't bother you anymore. We have an early shoot tomorrow."

Ninlada said, having heard Prawfha's heartfelt words. She knew she should be patient. It wasn't that Prawfha wasn't opening up; she was trying to understand and accept. That alone made her grateful.

"Ugh, you pervert!"

From a romantic mood, Prawfha suddenly shouted at Ninlada. When Ninlada let her go, she removed the pillow and blanket, revealing two round mounds with visible nipples through the thin, tight fabric. Prawfha was shocked, her eyes wide, turning away in embarrassment, her face heating up.

"Oops, I forgot."

Ninlada said innocently, smiling at the person who turned away. "Cover up. How indecent."

Prawfha felt her face flush with blood. She'd never been embarrassed by another woman's body. In the entertainment industry, seeing others' bodies was normal. But with Ninlada, she couldn't really look. Maybe because she knew how she felt about her, and it made her excited, too.

"One day, you'll say they're cute. Wait, where are you going? You haven't said goodnight to me yet."

Ninlada, who had told Prawfha to go to bed, now pulled the embarrassed person closer.

"Eeek! What are you doing, Sam?"

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História My Pink Love - 10. Scent

Capítulo 10 - 10. Scent

Prawfha jolted when Ninlada pulled her down, making her lie on top. Now, they were both lying on the sofa.

"Say goodnight to me first."

Ninlada whispered to the person on top of her. Their eyes met, filled with a mix of emotions. She wrapped her arms tightly around the other body, refusing to let go.

"No, Sam, let go. It's uncomfortable. You promised not to do anything unless I allowed it."

Prawfha used her trump card to negotiate with the clingy person who wouldn't let her go. Her embrace was warm, so warm that it made her face and body heat up. Prawfha's arm was pressed against a soft chest, separated only by a thin tank top.

"Come on, just a little bit. I'm at a disadvantage here. Praw, you are the one who gave me this shirt. Besides, I'm underneath you, not on top."

Ninlada said with a straight face, refusing to let go. The soft scent of the person above made her lose her composure. Even though she tried to restrain herself, the closeness made it hard not to think about it.

"Are you saying I did this on purpose? Well, no, I did not."

Prawfha's face turned even redder. She forgot that Ninlada mightn't be wearing a bra, but she didn't expect Ninlada to be so bold.

"I haven't said anything."

Ninlada smiled affectionately at the embarrassed person, who was trying to avoid eye contact. She slowly loosened her embrace, tucking a strand of hair behind the other's ear, revealing a blushing face that made her even more captivated.

"D...Don't, Sam. I'm not ready."

Prawfha looked into the eyes of the person beneath her, who gazed back with a sweet look. Her soft voice tried to refuse, but the beautiful eyes seemed to cast a spell, draining her strength as she understood the meaning behind them.

"I won't do anything, my dear."

Ninlada whispered, her warm hand caressing the sweet face above her. Even though she wanted to, she knew the person she cared for wasn't ready. Her thin lips pressed into a straight line, trying to control her emotions.

"You can do it. Hold it in, good girl."

Prawfha said, trying to comfort the other person who was struggling to control her emotions. She'd never felt this way before. What was Ninlada doing to her body and feelings?

"Yes, I can do it. I'll be your good girl."

Ninlada said, but her hand on the other's back betrayed her words. If Prawfha gave permission, she knew they wouldn't be able to stop what would happen next.

"Good girl."

Prawfha smiled softly at the person trying to be patient. She kissed her forehead, pressed her cheek against the other's, and gently kissed her soft

cheek as a reward, making the other woman dig her nails into her back.

"Goodnight."

Prawfha withdrew from the body that lay still for her to tease. She never thought she could do something like this. It was like playing the role of a seductive villainess. But considering that Ninlada teased her first, a little payback wouldn't hurt. She tried to control her own emotions, managing to keep them in check to some extent.

"Praw."

Ninlada murmured, calling after the slender figure who had disappeared into her bedroom. Was Prawfha trying to drive her crazy? Her strength seemed to vanish. The sweet kiss, the warm breath, and the lingering scent made her heart flutter. She didn't just fall for her; she plunged head-first into the chasm of love.

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"Have breakfast before you go to the set. I made some steamed eggs."

Ninlada, still in her pajamas but now wearing a bra, told the woman in a light blue, above-the-knee dress. She must've showered and dressed already, standing there watching her prepare food in the kitchen, holding a tablet likely showing entertainment news.

"Hm."

Prawfha responded with a hum and walked to the dining table, where a heart-shaped steamed egg was placed on a plate with hot rice. She tried not to look at the person who made it, using her tablet to distract herself. The closeness and feelings from last night still lingered, making her feel embarrassed. The heart-shaped steamed egg made her blush even more.

"Praw, you can eat first. I'll go get my clothes from the car. Can you please wait to open the door for me?"

Ninlada asked softly, understanding the other's actions. Even she felt embarrassed. Seeing the beautiful woman staring at her in the kitchen made her want to smile to her ears. The other's blushing ears when looking at the steamed egg were just too cute.

"You made it so pretty, I don't dare eat it."

Prawfha said as the taller person left the room. She looked at the heart-shaped steamed egg, not wanting to destroy it. Is my eyes in the lovey-dovey mode? Why does everything look so sweet? Is this what it's like for women to flirt with each other? It's so gentle, warm, and cute. It seems like she wants to feed me eggs all the time.

Prawfha stared at the steamed egg for a long time, smiling to herself. If anyone saw this, they'd think the leading lady was head over heels with Ninlada. The doorbell rang twice before she snapped out of it and went to open the door for the other person.

"I thought you'd be so mean and wouldn't open the door for me."

Ninlada said with a worried look, but she smiled when she saw Prawfha's embarrassed face.

"N...No. Are you going to shower and change?"

Prawfha asked, turning her back to Ninlada.

"I already showered before you woke up. Let's eat first, then I'll get dressed."

Ninlada said, placing her clothes on the sofa before heading to the kitchen. She wanted to hold hands, but after last night, she didn't want to seem too forward and risk losing points.

"Can I have that plate instead?"

Prawfha asked when they sat at the table together, wanting the other woman's plate with a regular round steamed egg.

"Why? Don't you like it?"

Ninlada asked sadly. It felt like a rejection.

"N... No, it's not that. Just switch."

Prawfha didn't dare explain. She didn't want to destroy it, but how could she tell her that? It'd be embarrassing.

"I really put my effort into making it for you, you know?"

Ninlada said quietly, looking at the switched plate.

"Well, I don't want to cut into it. You eat it."

Prawfha shouted. She was embarrassed, but if she didn't tell her why, Ninlada would be all gloomy and misunderstand things. She couldn't destroy the heart-shaped steamed egg, let alone the Ninlada's heart. How could she reject her when the time came?

"Then, you can have this."

Ninlada smiled, understanding the reason. She switched plates willingly, watching the other person blush and look embarrassed. It was such a cute sight.

The quiet atmosphere at the dining table wasn't awkward for them. They kept smiling, feeling embarrassed, and sneaking glances at each other, filling the kitchen with a pink aura.

For Prawfha, it wasn't love yet, but it felt good. She'd never felt this way with any man before. Was Ninlada casting a spell on her? How could she have such a strong feeling for her?

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Everything was going well. After breakfast, Ninlada drove with the beautiful leading lady as her passenger. Their relationship had to remain

hidden, which Ninlada understood and didn't push, avoiding making the leading lady uncomfortable.

SamZa: I'll have someone drive you home after the shoot. I have work at the hotel.

Prawfha: If you're busy, I'll have P' Deal pick me up.

SamZa: You sure? I'm sorry, it's urgent. ==!

Prawfha: It's fine. I'm gonna go reading the script.

SamZa: OKKKK.

Even though they were on the same set, the two girls still had to sit in separate corners and messaged each other, sneaking glances at each other every now and then. Every time they looked, they smiled. Everything seemed so nice these days.

Even when Prawfha was being persistently pursued by the leading man all day, she just avoided him without throwing a fit like she used to. She felt a bit regretful, though, because today, the villainess wouldn't be available to take her home. She'd grown fond of the other person's service.

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"I thought you were going to fire me."

Nadon said as he saw Prawfha waiting for him in front of the set.

"P' Deal, don't be silly. I won't fire you. Sometimes, I can just go by myself so you can have time to take care of your mom."

Prawfha said, hugging her manager's arm affectionately. Today, she finished early, so she called her manager to pick her up instead of the other person who said she was busy. As for Ninlada, she'd just seen her rush into the dressing room to pack up, probably because she really had work.

"Are you sure? Don't let me find out you're hiding something from me."

Nadon looked at the leading lady, trying to catch her in a lie, but all he got was a sweet smile and a pair of innocent eyes.

"Come on. There's nothing I'm hiding from you, P' Deal."

She tried to smile to cover it up, but it didn't work with her personal manager.

"There's definitely something. Your face is so red."

Nadon caught her out from her blushing face. Prawfha had never been like this before. There had to be something going on. The question was, who?

"Really?"

Prawfha's eyes widened as she quickly covered her face with both hands in shock.

"Who?"

Nadon pressed because he needed to know everything about her so he could manage and be prepared for any problems.

"Uh, well..."

Prawfha stammered. No one should know about this. How am I going to answer him?

"Praw, I'm leaving now."

Someone shouted from a distance, making Nadon turn to look at the person waving and smiling brightly. Prawfha could only glare back, still holding

her cheeks. It was such a cute sight for anyone watching.

"What game is she playing now? Oh-"

Nadon quickly turned back to talk to the leading lady, who was still glaring at someone with wide eyes.

"Just let her be. Let's go, P' Deal. I want to get some rest."

Prawfha said, pulling her manager toward the car. She didn't want to answer any more questions right now because she wasn't ready to tell anyone about her budding feelings.

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'Whose future girlfriend is this? How adorable.'

Ninlada thought to herself, smiling at the person who had glared at her. She couldn't help but laugh at the leading lady's reaction, probably afraid her manager would get suspicious. She was just teasing her a little.

"Ms. Nin, here are the documents pending since yesterday. Everything is waiting for you to finish up."

Her secretary said as her boss sat down at her desk.

"In such a hurry, aren't we?"

Ninlada smiled at her excellent secretary. She had to hire her outside of regular hours because her acting career didn't align with typical office hours.

"How could I not be? You disappeared all day and night, and I couldn't reach you."

Pimprapha said with a pout. There was a lot of work, and her boss's brother, the chairman, kept calling to ask about it all day.

"Once my love mission is accomplished, I'll let you take a month-long vacation as compensation."

Ninlada quickly offered a reward to her beautiful secretary. Pimprapha was quite pretty, always dressed neatly and orderly, which Ninlada found charming in its own way. But she wasn't her type.

"Promise, Ms. Nin?"

Pimprapha's eyes widened. Was her boss in love? And she was even offering a big reward of a long vacation.

"Promise. You can go rest in your room now. I'll stay and get the work done."

Ninlada said, ending the conversation before opening the files her secretary had organized on her desk.

"Okay. Do you want any snacks or drinks before I go? I'll get them for you."

Pimprapha offered, seeing it was late and her boss probably hadn't eaten anything. It'd be good to have something to snack on.

"Sure, some orange juice and any snack will do."

Ninlada replied, looking up. Her secretary nodded and left the office to prepare the snacks.

"I just can't help but miss you."

Ninlada muttered to herself once she was alone. Would I get my work done today? She couldn't stop smiling, thinking of someone's face. She quickly put down her pen and grabbed her phone, dialing the number she longed to call.

"Praw, are you home yet?"

She asked sweetly when someone answered.

"Hello, who is this? Praw is in the bathroom."

Nadon answered, seeing the name 'Sam' on the screen. "Uh..."

Ninlada faltered before quickly hanging up. Hearing his voice made her heart sink. She clutched her chest, exhaling deeply. That was close. She wondered how things were on the other end.

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"Who called just now, P' Deal?"

Prawfha asked as she walked out of the bathroom, wiping her face. She'd heard her manager talking to someone.

"Someone named 'Sam' called. She hung up. She didn't say anything. Who is it, Praw? I don't recognize the name."

Nadon asked, turning to Prawfha. If it'd been a man's voice, he would've thought it was a new guy, but it was a woman's voice.

"U... Uh, a friend, P' Deal. A close friend from elementary school. We met when I was shopping at the mall, so we exchanged numbers."

Prawfha stammered, quickly grabbing her phone, looking suspicious.

"Is that so? You seem suspicious. I'll ask again: Is there something you want to tell me?"

Nadon pressed, walking closer to her, hoping to pressure her, causing the leading lady to back away.

"Y... Yes, I'm hungry. Can you go cooking something for me?"

Prawfha snapped out of it and quickly pushed her manager toward the kitchen to change the subject. It wasn't unusual for her manager to take care of everything, including her meals. Her place had a full kitchen set, fruits,

and vegetables for her manager to prepare meals when she got back from work.

"One more time, Praw, if there's something, tell me. Otherwise, if something happens, it might be too late to fix it."

Nadon said with a serious tone. He was genuinely just worried about her, absolutely not trying to pry about her private life.

"I'm sorry, P' Deal. Give me some time, and I'll tell you."

Prawfha said sadly to the person she respected like family. She wanted to tell him, but she wasn't ready because her relationship with Ninlada wasn't clear enough to share with anyone.

"Okay, then. How about fruit salad tonight?"

Nadon suggested, seeing her sad face and not pressing further. When she was ready, she'd tell him.

"Sure. P' Deal, You're the best."

Prawfha smiled at her manager before jumping to hug his big arm, showing her joy that he understood her.

Today, her relationship with Ninlada remained a secret, but she didn't know how long it'd stay that way. Honestly, she wasn't sure if her heart would say yes or no. She'd just have to let life and her heart take their course...

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História My Pink Love - 11.

Consult

Capítulo 11 - 11. Consult

"You never come meeting with us lately, Ms. Leading Lady."

A cheerful voice from a friend greeted the slender figure walking into their usual cake shop from their university days. As she reached the table inside the sweet shop, her friend spoke up immediately.

"Min, you know I'm hardly ever free. I've been busy filming almost every day lately."

She replied in a tired voice, pulling out a perfectly sized pink square chair and sitting down with the friends who were already waiting.

"If you're working this hard, when will you get to settle down?"

A tall girl walked over with vanilla and orange cakes, which she'd volunteered to get for the two ladies, before placing them on the table and sitting down opposite Mintra.

"How can you rush something like that? You know I'm picky."

Prawfha answered truthfully. Even though her ideal partner's image was becoming clearer, many things still made her unsure. There were only three

days left until the deadline she and someone had agreed upon. Three months had flown by for her.

If asked whether Ninlada was good, she'd say she was almost perfect in every way. She'd been more considerate and warm-hearted than anyone else Prawfha had met. But she felt it wasn't enough for such a short time.

Could the deadline be extended? The past three months hadn't been bad at all for their relationship.

"You should hurry up and lower your standards a bit. In two years, you'll be thirty. In your entire life, I've never seen you seriously date anyone."

Mintra said, taking a bite of her favorite vanilla cake.

"But I think in our whole class, it's just you and Nin who still don't seem to commit to anyone. You two just keep stealing guys from each other."

Arisa chimed in.

Cough! Cough!

Prawfha swallowed her orange cake the wrong way and quickly grabbed the water on the table to drink.

"Just mentioning it makes you choke, huh? Oh, right, Praw, aren't you acting in a drama with her? How's it going? You haven't told us what she's done to you."

Mintra laughed as her friend choked on the dessert, then remembered that her friend was currently working on a drama with her rival.

"T...There's nothing. Why do you ask?"

Avoidance was her strategy for this topic. But she did want to consult her friends about her love life. Even though the drama crew had given her a day off, she dragged her exhausted body out of her room, hoping for this conversation.

"Look at you. Aren't you uncomfortable with her? And what about the ex-boyfriend actor? I'm waiting to see if there will be any news about you two again."

Arisa said, worried about her close friend, fearing she might have issues with Ninlada again.

"There's nothing, really. We both do our jobs. I'm resigned to it. I'm just tired of that actor you mentioned. He keeps pestering me. It's hard to work like that. Sometimes, he even takes advantage of scenes with me. If he gets any more handsy, I'll introduce my knee to his face."

Prawfha vented, frowning as she thought of Pheera, who kept bothering her. She couldn't ask Ninlada to intervene because they'd agreed to pretend they weren't close in front of the media.

"That's strange. Usually, even if she just breathes, you find a reason to complain."

Mintra observed her friend with interest.

"Enough about me. What about you two? How are things going?"

Prawfha changed the subject, knowing well how the couple in front of her loved each other. She still asked anyway.

"How are things? We're good and still in love. Do you have something to tell or ask us?"

Mintra answered and asked back, sensing her friend's unusual behavior. "N...NOTHING, but actually, I do have a little thing to ask."

Prawfha smiled weakly at her two close friends, unsure how to start.

"What kind of 'little' are we talking about?"

Arisa looked at her friend, wanting an answer.

"It's about love. I want to know what love like yours is like. How do you know you like women? And how do you act in front of others? I'm just asking out of curiosity, REALLY! Nothing more."

Prawfha decided to ask, emphasizing the last part that she was just curious.

"Doubt it. Are you changing your type? No longer into big muscles and broad chests like the ones you've dated?"

Mintra smiled, teasing her friend, whose face was starting to blush. Her friend must have a crush on a woman. This thing happened.

"It's not like that. I'm just asking, understand, Min? Just! asking!"

Prawfha insisted, repeating herself to make her friends shake their heads.

"You've never been curious about this before. Fine, I'll answer. This is basically it. We just love each other. We say we love each other, date, live together like normal people, and continue our lives as usual, just with someone to share our stories with."

Mintra answered concisely.

"I don't get it at all. Well, never mind." Prawfha sighed.

Couldn't her friends give her a clearer answer? She was already confused about her feelings.

"Are you having a feeling for someone, Praw? Do you feel confused? If it's like what I'm saying, look past their gender. See them as a person you feel good about or who feels good about you. Ignore people's opinions. Don't listen to the countless reasons your mind keeps thinking of. Love isn't as complicated as you think."

Arisa advised, having been through that confusion herself. It took her a long time to decide to date Mintra. Once she decided they loved each other, everything became easy, even with many obstacles ahead. She was ready to face them with her partner.

"Well said, darling."

Mintra praised her lover, hugging her before smiling at their friend, who was now frowning, thinking about Arisa's words.

"If it's as easy as Eve says, I'll give it a try. And don't ask who it is. I'll tell you when the time comes."

Prawfha preempted her friends, who were about to ask more questions.

"You're so perceptive. So it's a woman, right?"

Mintra didn't give up, still trying to get more information.

"Enough, no more talking. No more questions. I won't answer anything."

Prawfha smiled, feeling satisfied with the answer, and continued eating her orange cake to relieve her stress.

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"P' Deal."

When her friend excused herself to rest, the couple decided to call their friend's personal manager to find out more because Prawfha never kept secrets like this from her friends.

"What's up, babygirl?"

The handsome manager asked with a flamboyant demeanor while a younger man fed him fruit. Even on his day off, someone still called to bother him.

"P' Deal, do you know who Praw is dating these days?"

Mintra asked, making the leading lady's manager sit up, swallow his orange slice, and walk out to the balcony to talk.

"Dating? No idea. Min, you got the tea? Spill it."

Nadon started to feel uneasy because the leading lady's behavior had been strange lately.

"You don't know? Min and Eve thought you knew. Praw just consulted us about dating."

Mintra clarified, realizing that Prawfha was keeping this a top secret, meaning the person must be special.

"Why would she consult you? Is it... a woman? Oh my Good Lord in Heaven."

Nadon thought aloud, not answering the question, before gasping and clutching his chest.

"P' Deal, P' Deal. Hello?"

Mintra looked at her lover and then at her phone as the manager gasped and then went silent.

"I think I need to investigate this. Thanks for letting me know."

Nadon said, ending the call and looking serious, trying to piece things together.

"Sam,' it must be that girl 'Sam'."

Nadon stood, analyzing the things he'd seen and heard, like the LINE messages from SamZa and the call from a woman named Sam. Even though he'd told Prawfha to inform him when she was ready, his curiosity was now taking over. Nadon had to investigate this.

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"I just got to my room."

Prawfha told the caller as she sat on the sofa to talk.

"Can I come over for dinner after work? I want to have dinner with you. I've seen you every day but haven't been able to get close to you."

The voice on the other end pleaded, tapping a pen on the desk, waiting for an answer.

"Sure, bring some food too. I don't want eggs today."

Prawfha said, smiling. If the other person came over and cooked, the table would be full of egg dishes as usual. Neither of them was good in the kitchen.

"Then I'll have the hotel kitchen make your favorite dishes and bring them to the condo."

Ninlada replied cheerfully. She thought she should ask P' Nueng and P' Song to teach her how to cook so she could make meals for her potential girlfriend. Her imagination was running wild again.

"Alright. You can just come up when you get here. I'll let the condo staff know."

Prawfha replied.

"Thanks, Praw. I'll get back to work now. I'll hurry over in the evening."

Ninlada's cheerful voice came through, making the person sitting on the sofa blush at the enthusiasm.

"Go on, get to work. I'm going to take a nap."

Prawfha responded, ending the call with a smile on her face. It was becoming clear that she couldn't bring herself to reject Ninlada. However, she thought it was too soon to rush into a relationship. She needed more time to get to know the villainess better, to be sure and see a clearer picture of their future together.

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"Nin!!"

A petite woman in a white shirt, brown pants, and white sneakers burst through the door, immediately calling out to the room's owner.

"What is it, Aung? You scared me. Why didn't you knock first?"

Ninlada, who had been smiling in her daydreams, was interrupted by her friend.

"I never knock, and you've never complained before. What's gotten into you lately? So jumpy."

Aungkana teased her best friend, placing a caffeinated drink in front of her.

"Thanks. At least you brought something with you."

Ninlada said with a smile, taking a big sip of the refreshing iced coffee. "You'll pay me later. If the cafe wasn't nearby, I wouldn't have bothered."

Aungkana raised an eyebrow at her friend, who could only roll her eyes in response.

"So, what's up? You came all the way here." Ninlada asked.

"You've been keeping a low profile lately. No news at all. I've been following entertainment news, and everyone's waiting to see when you and Praw will have a fight, but nothing's happened."

Aungkana explained.

"Well, sorry to disappoint you, but that's not going to happen anymore."

Ninlada smirked, making her friend curious.

"Is there something going on?"

Aungkana moved her chair closer to the table, looking excited. Whenever Ninlada smirked like that, there was always something juicy to share. She was worried Ninlada mightn't be able to handle Prawfha.

"I'm...not telling you."

Ninlada laughed as her friend glared at her.

"Alright then. Keep your secrets. But if something happens, don't come crying for help."

Aungkana pouted, knowing how private Ninlada could be. If she said she wasn't telling her something, there was no point in pushing for answers.

"I'll tell you when the time is right. Let's go have lunch. My treat."

Ninlada knew her friend was probably a bit upset, so she offered to make it up by treating her to lunch.

"You're always like this. Whenever I get mad, you bribe me with food." Aungkana pretended to be annoyed.

"And you don't like it?"

Ninlada replied with a cheerful smile.

"I do. Let's go. I'm going to make you bankrupt this time."

Aungkana stood up, smiling at her friend. She was just pretending to be mad. Ninlada was genuinely sweet and caring, which was her charm.

Anyone who met her would easily fall for her, even Aungkana had once.

But now, she preferred being friends, as it seemed Ninlada didn't have romantic feelings for her. Sometimes, being just friends was a more lasting relationship.

"Go ahead. Eat until your stomach bursts; I don't mind."

Ninlada closed her work file, grabbed her bag, and walked over to her friend. They walked out together, laughing and chatting about various topics. If her secrets were ever revealed, the next person to know would be her best friend standing beside her.

Ninlada didn't easily get close to people, and Aungkana was the only one who truly understood her, never leaving her side, no matter how others thought of her.

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História My Pink Love - 12. The Shoes

Capítulo 12 - 12. The Shoes

"Why are you bringing so much stuff?"

Prawfha looked at the person in a black work suit, a short A-line skirt just above the knee. She'd just walked over to open the door for the other person to enter the room. In her right hand, she held a complete set of clothes and shoes, while her left hand carried four to five large boxes of well-packaged food.

"Tonight, I'd like to use the Sofa-in-front-of-the-TV Hotel service again," Ninlada smiled at the room's owner.

"You're staying over almost every week, Sam,"

Prawfha complained as she took the food bags from Ninlada. Every time Ninlada came here, she refused to go back to her own room. Ninlada had practically claimed her sofa as her own. Still, it was endearing, really.

Ninlada never demanded to sleep together, which made it even harder for Prawfha to reject her. Come to think of it, she'd never even let Ninlada step into her bedroom.

"We can go to the set together tomorrow," Ninlada offered the same reason as always.

"No, I just agreed on the schedule with P' Deal. I've been making so many excuses it's going to look suspicious, Sam. Anyway, you should wake up at five and leave before six in the morning. Otherwise, you'll run into P' Deal for sure,"

Prawfha said with a frown. The other woman hadn't told her beforehand that she'd be staying over tonight. There was no helping it now; they'd have to wake up early because Nadon said he'd come by at seven to make something to eat before heading to the set.

"Alright,"

Ninlada said gloomily. How much longer would she have to endure this? Sometimes, it was hard not to feel a bit hurt.

"Come on. Don't make that face. We've agreed on this, Sam. Now, let's set the table for dinner,"

Prawfha sighed when she saw the sulky expression on the other person's face. She quickly changed the subject, taking Ninlada's hand to help set the table for dinner, hoping to make her forget her sulkiness.

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"What should we watch tonight?"

After dinner and a shower, Prawfha walked out and asked the person who was already sitting and watching TV, waiting for her.

"Let's watch Finding Dory. I have everything ready,"

Ninlada said enthusiastically, quickly navigating to the movie on a popular streaming app.

"I shouldn't have asked."

Prawfha smiled, looking at the person in short cartoon-themed pajamas featuring the forgetful fish from the movie they were about to watch. Ever since Ninlada asked for a chance to get to know her better, their nights together often ended with watching cartoons or movies Ninlada liked, always in matching pajamas. It was quite a contrast to her sharp, serious look as a hotel executive. If anyone saw her like this, they'd be surprised.

"Next time, I probably have to buy matching pajamas for you too, so we can get into the mood while watching cartoons together,"

Ninlada suggested, sitting cross-legged on the long sofa next to the leading lady, who was wearing a pink silk robe and smiling at her.

"No need. I'm too old for that. But you can wear them. I'll watch both the movie and you, my forgetful Dory,"

Prawfha immediately stopped the idea. It wasn't her thing at all. She preferred being the viewer; it was much more fun that way, watching both on and off the screen.

"I think that's a good idea, too,"

Ninlada mimicked the forgetful fish's voice, nudging Prawfha lightly, making her laugh.

"Sam, the cartoon is starting."

Prawfha quickly turned Ninlada's face toward the big TV screen. Ever since Ninlada came into her life, why did Prawfha's once boring world seem so bright? Or was this just a honeymoon phase? Would these sweet moments fade away like other couples?

This was another reason she feared relationships, always worrying about this and that, even though things mightn't always turn out as she imagined.

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30 minutes later

"Falling asleep so fast, huh?"

Ninlada looked at the person next to her, who had fallen asleep with her head resting on the soft sofa, even though the cartoon was only halfway through. It was an opportunity for Ninlada, who wanted to be close. She gently pulled the other person to rest on her shoulder, then carefully adjusted herself to lie back on the sofa, allowing the sleepyhead to snuggle comfortably.

Prawfha seemed to comply, snuggling in easily. This was all Ninlada wanted: someone by her side, warmth, and someone to watch cartoons with. That was all she needed in life.

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Beep Beep Beep

"Ugh, P' Deal, what's up?"

Prawfha groggily woke up to the sound of her phone vibrating on the table. She picked it up and answered, still half-asleep.

"Are you awake, girl? It's six in the morning. I'll be there at seven to make breakfast. Make sure you're ready,"

Said Nadon, making Prawfha immediately open her eyes and look around.

"Okay, see you soon, P' Deal,"

Prawfha quickly hung up and looked around the room. When did she fall asleep on the sofa with Ninlada?

"Sam, wake up,"

Prawfha shook the person who was slumped on the sofa. The TV was still on; this silly girl didn't even turn it off.

"Ugh, what is it, Praw? Let me sleep a bit more," Ninlada groggily replied, trying to lie down again.

"It's morning, Sam. P' Deal will be here soon. Get up and get ready now," Prawfha said, pulling-dragging, even- the sleepy person off the sofa.

"Okay, okay, I'm up,"

Ninlada scratched her head and got up, heading to the bathroom. How much longer would I have to hide like this? She sighed, regretting the promise to keep their relationship a secret.

"Sam, are you done yet? It's almost seven,"

Prawfha, who had quickly gotten ready, called out to the person still in the bathroom worriedly.

"Done, but I haven't packed my stuff yet,"

Ninlada said as she walked out, still adjusting her diamond earrings. Her villainess outfit looked perfect on her model- like figure.

"Leave it for now. Just take your bag and what you need. I'll take care of the rest," Prawfha said.

"Are you that afraid of people finding out?" Ninlada stopped and looked at her with sad eyes.

"Sam!!"

Prawfha looked back with a stern expression. They'd agreed on this, hadn't they?

"Okay, I was just asking. Don't worry, Praw. See you on set,"

Ninlada finally gave in, swallowing her hurt and forcing a sweet smile.

"Here's your bag."

Prawfha handed over a black designer bag. Seeing the smile, she could tell Ninlada was holding back her feelings.

"Thanks. I'm leaving now."

Ninlada smiled and slung the bag over her shoulder, ready to leave.

"Sam, wait."

Prawfha held her hand, stopping her.

"Yes?"

O_O!! Ninlada froze as Prawfha's soft lips landed on her cheek.

"Don't be mad, okay? I'm really not ready yet,"

Prawfha said, blushing a bit. She was trying to cheer Ninlada up, afraid she'd lose interest in pursuing her.

"I understand,"

Ninlada said, touching her cheek and smiling widely. Just that small gesture made her heart feel rejuvenated.

"Go now. See you later,"

Prawfha said, pushing Ninlada out of the room, feeling embarrassed by her own actions.

"Okay, okay,"

Ninlada replied cheerfully, walking out as Prawfha pushed her.

"That girl looks familiar,"

Nadon said, just stepping out of the elevator. He saw a model-looking woman in a white shirt and black skirt walking away. Her style looked a lot like the villainess.

"Eh, can't be. What would she be doing here? Never mind,"

Nadon shook his head and walked to the familiar room.

Inside, Prawfha was hurriedly cleaning up, throwing Ninlada's work clothes and pajamas into the laundry basket and stashing makeup and personal items into her vanity drawer.

Why is it so messy?

"That should do it,"

Prawfha sighed, scanning the room to make sure nothing suspicious was left behind.

Ding Dong Ding Dong

The familiar double ring at the door made Prawfha take a deep breath and prepare herself before opening the door for her visitor.

"Are you ready, girl?"

Nadon looked over the person under his care from head to toe to check her outfit. Her makeup was done, her hair was curled and styled perfectly, and she wore a short cream-colored dress that fell just above her knees. A small pendant necklace and tiny diamond earrings completed the look.

"Yes, P' Deal. You can go make food for me now,"

Prawfha smiled before inviting the tall man inside and closing the door behind him.

"Sure, Young Mistress,"

Nadon replied with a bit of sarcasm before walking to the shoe rack in the corner of the room. He swapped his shoes for slippers meant for indoor use.

"Whose shoes are these, Praw?"

His curiosity was piqued immediately upon seeing a pair of black high heels among the other shoes. They definitely weren't Prawfha's, as they were a size larger. Given the insider information from the close friends of the leading lady, Nadon had to keep a close eye on the person under his care.

"Uh, they're Min's."

Prawfha broke into a sweat.

Didn't I clear everything? Sam, Why do you have to wear so many pairs of shoes? Gosh, I want to pinch her.

"Really? Min is about the same size as you, Praw. Strange... I don't think her feet would be a size larger than yours,"

Nadon mused, still eyeing the suspicious shoes.

"P' Deal, anything can happen in this world. Come on, I'm hungry. Hurry up, or we'll be late to the set,"

Prawfha deflected, quickly changing the subject. She grabbed the manager's hand and led him to the kitchen, casting a frustrated glance at the troublesome shoes that nearly got her caught.

The leading lady's personal manager let it slide without further questioning. However, his mind was processing and storing details to investigate further. If the other person had been straightforward, he wouldn't have had to do this. Finding out later would make the ensuing problems much harder to solve.

Prawfha: Sam, that was close.

SamZa: What happened?

Prawfha: Your shoes. Why do you use so many pairs? P' Deal almost caught on.

SamZa: Those are for work.

Prawfha: Ugh, how annoying ==!!

SamZa: Don't be annoyed at me, baby. I'm sorry TT-TT

Prawfha, who had stepped out to secretly text the shoe owner, could only pout at her phone screen. She couldn't stay mad.

"Praw!"

Nadon called loudly next to her ear.

"Y... Yes, P' Deal?"

Prawfha almost dropped her phone in surprise.

"The food is ready,"

Nadon said, watching the leading lady nod quickly and head to the kitchen. He'd called her twice, and she hadn't responded. Something was definitely up. Why was Prawfha being so secretive? She usually reported everything to him. This time, it smelled fishy.

"I need to investigate this..."

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História My Pink Love - 14. The Ring

Capítulo 13 - 14. The Ring

"See you at my hotel tonight, okay?"

Ninlada said as she walked out of a large jewelry store in the city center. In her hand was a small ring box she'd ordered, engraved with the names of her and the name of the person she invited to meet tonight.

"Are you taking me to dinner? Alright, tonight, then. I have two more scenes to shoot."

Prawfha asked knowingly. It'd been three months since they secretly agreed to a trial date, and every week, if they were both free, Ninlada would arrange a dinner on the hotel rooftop. These wonderful gestures from the villainess were memorable and impressed her.

"Yes, Praw, don't get tired of me yet. I'll be waiting on the hotel rooftop tonight."

Ninlada said with a smile. Today was a good day; she had free time to prepare something for Prawfha. Prawfha, on the other hand, still had a filming schedule and was probably sitting with a pout on set.

"You're lucky to have a break today, but I still have to shoot."

Prawfha whined, her jealousy kicking in. She envied the person who got to relax while waiting for her.

"The leading lady has more scenes, which is only fair. But remember, don't let the leading man take advantage of you. I won't allow it."

Ninlada said with a smile, thinking about the possibility.

"Yes, yes, Ms. Villainess. I have to go now. I've been out for a while; the crew and P' Deal might get suspicious."

Prawfha sent an annoyed look through her phone before looking around to make sure no one saw her sneaking out to make a call.

"Okay, I'll be waiting."

Ninlada said, ending the call with a smile. She felt grateful for the good things that had happened in her life lately.

The tall, slender villainess walked to the parking lot but noticed an elderly woman with white hair, dressed shabbily, trembling in fear of the passing vehicles. She seemed to be trying to cross the street but couldn't find the right moment due to the fast-moving cars, even though it was a pedestrian crossing.

"Why don't they slow down?"

Ninlada muttered, putting the ring box in her left chest pocket and walking over to help the elderly woman cross the street. But as she approached, the elderly woman decided to step onto the road.

Beep Beep Beep

The sound of a car horn blared loudly, making the world seem to stop for a moment. Everything happened so quickly, faster than anyone could've imagined. The slender figure pulled the trembling elderly woman out of harm's way.

SCREECH CRASH

The sound of brakes and a collision echoed. Although not a direct hit, it was enough to send both women flying in different directions. Onlookers were left wide-eyed at the scene. The elderly woman lay unconscious by the curb, while the young woman lay in the middle of the road, her fate uncertain.

Despite the harsh crash, her vision blurring and her body aching all over, she couldn't pinpoint where it hurt the most. Her consciousness began to fade, but her mind still worried about someone she was waiting for.

The small ring that fell out of her pocket caught her eye, reflecting light as it rolled nearby. Her trembling, blood-stained hand reached out to grasp the ring with the little strength and consciousness she had left.

"P...Praw... w...wait for me..."

I don't want to die yet. I'm not ready. Please, heavens, have mercy on me. The person I loved was still waiting for me.

Her body felt like it was spinning, the pain overwhelming, making her want to close her eyes. And then everything went blank.

"Miss, can you hear me?!!"

A man's voice called out, bringing her back to consciousness, but her vision was too blurry to see. Her mouth tried to move, but it was too heavy to speak.

She didn't know how long she stayed in that state. The sounds of cars, people talking, medical treatment, and being moved were all a blur. It was confusing, and she couldn't make sense of it. Eventually, everything went dark, despite her heart fighting to stay conscious.

Please, heavens, don't take me away from this world yet.

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"Cut! Okay, that's a wrap."

The director's voice signaled the end of the shoot for the day, bringing smiles to all actors, especially the leading lady, who seemed eager to finish work.

"Praw, would you like to have dinner with me?" The persistent leading man tried to hold her arm.

"I've already had plans, Phee."

Prawfha declined without hesitation. If not for their work, she wouldn't have been so polite to Pheera.

"Are you still mad at me?"

Pheera asked the same old question,

"I've made it clear, Phee. Let's keep it professional. I don't want to think beyond that."

Prawfha replied calmly, eager to meet someone rather than waste time with this man.

"Let's go, P' Deal."

Nadon, who was about to help, saw it wasn't necessary as the leading lady handled it herself and walked over to him.

"Girl, so decisive. I like that. There are plenty of good men out there. Don't worry."

Nadon said, following the leading lady, not bothering to look at the displeased leading man.

"Playing hard to get, huh? We'll see, Praw."

The young man muttered in frustration.

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After changing clothes and packing up, the leading lady and her manager walked to the car to head home.

"Not stopping for dinner first, Praw?"

Nadon asked while putting things in the trunk.

"No, P' Deal. Just drop me off, and you can go rest." Prawfha smiled at her caring manager.

"Ms. Praw."

A tall, handsome man in a suit called out from behind. "You."

Prawfha turned, surprised to see him. "Who is he, Praw?"

The manager whispered, eyeing the handsome man.

"Uh, this is Mr. Nirut, a senior of mine."

Prawfha quickly introduced, fearing he might reveal her secret relationship with his sister. She didn't know if this encounter was merely a coincidence.

"Ms. Praw, can you come with me? I have something really urgent to tell you."

The anxious man nodded and invited her. He was tasked with taking Prawfha to the hospital to see his sister, whose condition was uncertain.

"What's going on?"

Prawfha asked, sensing something was wrong.

"Something happened to Sam. Please come with me, and I'll explain."

He said, not wanting to reveal too much, respecting their secret.

"Wait, what's going on, Praw? You can't just take her like this."

Nadon intervened, not trusting the man. No matter how handsome he was, if the guy had a bad intention, he had to protect Prawfha.

"It's okay, P' Deal. I know him well. You can go home."

Prawfha reassured her manager, touching the man's arm to show familiarity, even though she'd only met him twice at the Burimnat hotel.

"Are you sure?"

Nadon asked again, still uneasy about the situation. This is getting increasingly fishy.

"Let's go, Ms. Praw."

The man urged, knowing time was of the essence and that his sister was waiting for this woman in a time like this.

"Yes, don't worry, P' Deal. I'll call you when I get home."

Prawfha reassured her manager before being led to a black European car with a driver waiting. Nadon could only scratch his head, confused by the situation.

"What happened to Sam, Mr. Song? Did she send you to get me?"

Prawfha asked anxiously.

"No, Ms. Praw. Listen, Sam is... in the hospital."

He said, his voice trembling as if he was about to cry.

"What happened to her? What are you talking about? What kind of game are you guys playing? She was just on the phone with me."

Prawfha could barely string her sentences together. She was starting to feel anxious and restless. How could this be possible? Ninlada had said she'd wait for her at the hotel. Prawfha could only hope that Nirut was playing a prank on her because Ninlada often mentioned that she and her two brothers loved to play pranks on each other.

"I'm not joking, Ms. Praw. Sam was hit by a car. I don't even know how she's doing right now. P' Nueng is waiting at the hospital to see how she is, and he sent me to pick you up. Our parents are in Europe. I really don't know what to do."

Nirut said with a tense voice. He then bowed his head and covered his face with both hands. The love he had for his sister was immense, and he couldn't bear to see her in such a painful and unconscious state.

"Sam? No, it can't be true."

Prawfha was in shock, leaning back against the car seat, feeling suddenly weak. She couldn't believe what Nirut was saying. How could this be true when Ninlada had promised to wait for her?

"You're lying, right? Sam said she'd wait for me. She promised me... S...She said she would w...wait for me."

Prawfha's voice trembled uncontrollably, and tears started to fall without her even realizing it. Her body felt numb and weak.

"I know. She's been waiting for you for a long time."

The young man said, equally heartbroken.

"She has to be okay. I knew it. She'll be okay. I won't let anything happen to her."

Prawfha wiped her tears, trying to regain her composure, though it was futile. As soon as she wiped one tear away, another would fall, exposing the harsh reality she had to accept.

"Yes, she'll be okay,"

The young man tried to hold back his own tears, trying to stay hopeful. Ninlada was still breathing; he had to have hope. His sister was just injured and asleep, waiting to wake up.

After that, there was only silence as both of them were lost in their thoughts, trying to gather their courage and composure. The luxury car continued to drive, making the hearts of those inside restless, eager to reach their destination quickly.

Things are supposed to get better, aren't they? How did it come to this?

"P" Nueng."

As soon as they arrived at the hospital, Nirut quickly led the young woman to the front of the operating room.

"Song,"

Niti called out when he saw his younger brother walking briskly with a slender woman and hurried over to them.

"How is Sam?"

Prawfha didn't even introduce herself to the young man she was meeting for the first time. Her heart was racing, desperate to know the condition of the person inside.

"The doctor hasn't come out yet. I've been waiting for hours. Let's sit down first. You must be Ms. Prawfha, right? I'm Nueng. I'm Song's and Sam's big brother,"

The young man, who seemed more composed than his brother, probably because he was the eldest, said, showing a more mature demeanor.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Nueng,"

Prawfha replied with a faint smile before following the two young men to the chairs arranged for patients' families outside the room.

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"Ms. Praw, where are you going?"

Nirut quickly asked and stood up to follow the leading lady when, after sitting in silence for a while, she got up and walked toward the operating room door, tears streaming down her face. Her condition seemed quite concerning.

"I want to see her. I want to be close to her. When I sit here doing nothing, my mind can't stop thinking. I'm so scared,"

Prawfha said, her voice trembling, trying to peer through the small glass window of the door into the room where someone she cared about was lying. Her heart wasn't at ease; she couldn't stay still without doing something.

"Please come sit down. It'll be a while before the doctor comes out,"

Niti said, watching the young woman cry at the door. He was just as worried but had to keep it together because he was the eldest. He couldn't show weakness in front of his brother. At least he was glad that the woman Ninlada had been patiently waiting had shown her concern so openly, caring for his sister like a family member.

'Sam, get well soon. I want you to see how much Ms. Praw cares about you,'

Niti thought to himself, capturing the moment in his mind to tell his sister when she woke up.

"Mr. Song, you can sit down. Let me stand here. Let me be close to her. I can't just sit still,"

Prawfha turned to Nirut, who was looking at her with teary eyes.

Ninlada was a lovely person, warm and caring to those around her. It was no surprise that her brothers loved and worried about her so much that they

couldn't hold back their tears.

"Okay,"

Nirut replied, trying to hold back his tears. He was saddened by his sister's condition but also touched by Prawfha's genuine concern for Ninlada. He looked at the young woman crying at the door once more before deciding to sit next to his brother.

They hadn't dared to call their parents, who were vacationing in Europe, knowing they wouldn't be able to handle the news. If they were struggling this much, how would their parents feel knowing their only daughter was in such pain from an accident?

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The clock continued to tick. Niti had used his financial power to block the media and acquaintances of Ninlada from entering, ensuring that only he, his brother, Prawfha, and his people could access the area. He was told that news of Ninlada's accident was spreading rapidly online, causing the media, fans, and her agency to seek updates through every possible channel.

But he knew they weren't ready for that yet, especially considering Prawfha's status, which they all knew Ninlada wanted to keep private. He had to make sure this matter remained within the family.

"Doctor!!"

They exclaimed in unison as the doctor emerged from behind the door, ending their anxious wait.

"Please stay calm. We still need to monitor the patient's condition. I can't give you any answers yet because the patient's head was severely impacted, and her body is in bad shape. She is still unconscious. We'll keep her in the ICU for observation. You should go home and rest. I can't allow visitors yet,"

The middle-aged doctor explained as the patient's relatives rushed to inquire about her condition.

"Will she be okay, Doctor?" Prawfha asked, her voice shaking.

"Yes, please don't worry too much just yet. By the way, the patient was holding onto this tightly and wouldn't let go. It must be very important to her. The nurses and I had to work together to get it out of her hand,"

The doctor said, handing Niti a small silver ring with a tiny diamond in the center, enclosed in a clear bag.

"..."

Niti took it, and no one said anything as the doctor excused himself.

"This belongs to you. It has your name and my sister's name engraved on it. It must be very important to Sam. She probably wanted to give it to you," Niti said, handing the small ring to Prawfha with trembling hands. He hadn't realized how deep Ninlada's love was.

Despite her pain, she hadn't let go of the token of her affection for the woman standing before them. He wanted Ninlada to wake up soon. He believed that Prawfha, the woman before him, would never reject his sister's love.

Prawfha took the ring, tears streaming down her face again. She looked at the small ring with their names engraved inside. She would've been overjoyed if Ninlada had given it to her herself. But why did she have to receive it under such painful circumstances? Her heart felt like it was going to shatter.

"Sam, you have to wake up and put this ring on my finger yourself. Please. I'm begging you. You said you would wait for me, didn't you? I'm here now.

Don't be cruel to me like this,"

Prawfha said, clutching the door, tears streaming down her face, hoping that the person lying inside could feel her emotions.

"Song, take Ms. Praw to rest,"

Niti said, turning away from the sight of the young woman crying uncontrollably. The slender figure collapsed, crying without regard for her surroundings. It was a night of torment for him as well. Everyone was waiting for Ninlada, but the doctor couldn't yet provide any updates on her condition.

"Okay,"

Nirut replied, wiping his tears. He walked over to the young woman. How many times had he cried today? The pain was unbearable.

"Ms. Praw, let's go rest. We'll figure things out tomorrow. You need to take care of yourself,"

Nirut said, helping the slender figure to her feet.

"I...I want to stay here, Mr. Song. I don't want to go. I can't stand being alone,"

The young woman cried, hugging the young man standing there. She needed someone to share her pain with. The news had hit her too hard and too suddenly.

"How about you stay in Sam's room? That way, you can be close to her, eat, shower, and rest to regain your strength. I believe she'd want to see you in a better state,"

Nirut said, gently stroking the other person's hair with sympathy. No one knew about the relationship between his sister and the leading lady. He understood that Prawiha needed someone to share her pain with, and it seemed like it had to be his duty, along with his older brother, to take care of his sister's loved ones when she wasn't ready for it.

"I..."

Prawfha wanted to interrupt but then pulled herself away from Ninlada's brother, realizing it was inappropriate.

"Please get some rest, Ms. Praw. I'll have someone drive you there. Don't worry about things here. If there's any update, I'll have someone inform you. Remember, you're still a public figure, and neither you nor my sister want anyone to know about this relationship, right? The hospital is a public place and could attract attention. You should act as normal as possible,"

Niti joined in, reminding the leading lady with reason. Whatever his sister needed, he'd help and provide to the best of his ability.

"Alright, Mr. Nueng. Please don't forget to contact me if there's any news about her condition,"

Prawfha said, wiping her tears and trying to steady her voice. She tried to pull herself together because forgetting her responsibilities could affect many people.

"Okay, Song, take Ms. Praw to rest,"

Niti instructed his younger brother again. The two of them decided to leave, their hearts still worried about the person lying injured inside...

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História My Pink Love - 14. Do You Know I Miss You?

Capítulo 14 - 14. Do You Know I Miss You?

"Make yourself at home. I'm sure Sam would want you to stay here. Has she already set up the room code and fingerprint for you?"

The young man escorted the tearful woman, whose eyes were red from sorrow, to the front of the room before opening the door for her.

"Yes, thank you."

Prawfha replied before excusing herself into the luxurious room. She'd been here quite often; there were only a few places where they could share private moments together. One of those places was Ninlada's room. She could come and go as she pleased because the room's owner had already arranged everything for her.

Everything in the room remained the same: the table where they used to place their things, the sofa where they used to sit and chat, the TV where the other person would find movies for them to watch together during their free time, and the balcony where they used to sit and gaze at the city view. Almost every part of the space still held memories of the other person walking around in her mind.

Ring, Ring, Ring

The sound of her phone ringing snapped Prawfha out of her thoughts about the person who was still unconscious.

"Yes, P' Deal."

Prawfha answered, her voice filling the line.

"Praw, something has happened. Where are you right now? I went to your condo but couldn't find you."

Nadon said urgently from the leading lady's condo, eager to discuss some urgent news.

"I-I'm at a friend's place, P' Deal. What's going on?"

Prawfha asked, her voice weary as she sank into the soft sofa.

"It's Ninlada, Praw. She got hit by a car. I heard she was trying to help an elderly person cross the street but got hit herself. The witnesses said it was so hard their bodies were thrown in the air. The elderly woman has passed away, but I don't know how Ninlada is doing. The inside scoop says it's 50-50. I think it's time to let bygones be bygones."

Nadon said, his voice filled with concern. Despite any past issues, seeing someone from the same industry in such a state was deeply saddening.

"O...Okay, P' Deal."

Prawfha said, ending the call. Her voice was choked with emotion. Just hearing her manager's account made her chest tighten and tears stream down her face. Let bygones be bygones? She couldn't do that. Ninlada had to come back to her and stay with her in both good and bad times.

"Sam, you have to come back. You can't just leave me like this. You promised to wait for me, didn't you?"

Prawfha murmured, looking at the object in her other hand, which she'd been gripping tightly since leaving the hospital. She loosened her grip and looked at it with trembling hands, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She sat there, lost in her thoughts. Her feelings for Ninlada were overwhelming, too much to explain to anyone. The more she hurt, the clearer her feelings became until she could see them in concrete terms.

"It's late. I... If you knew, you'd scold me for not eating, w... wouldn't you?"

Prawfha said, glancing at the clock next to the TV, which showed it was already 9 PM. She remembered Ninlada always scolded her for not eating on time.

"I'll listen to you. I'll eat, be strong, and wait for you to wake up."

Prawfha decided, slipping a small diamond ring onto her right ring finger.

She wiped her tears and dragged her weary body to the kitchen. The basket of eggs, a staple in the room's owner's diet, was still on the table. Looking at it brought more tears to her eyes. She reached out to touch each egg with longing.

"I want to eat steamed eggs tonight, but I have to make them myself. I don't know if they'll be as good as yours."

Prawfha said to herself, her voice trembling. She slowly prepared the ingredients, feeling weaker than ever. Even while cooking, she had to wipe away her tears. She couldn't imagine how she'd feel if she had a deeper relationship with Ninlada. She wouldn't know how to continue living.

She'd never felt this way about anyone. She'd never regretted the time spent with anyone, never worried, never cried as if her life depended on it because someone was in pain. But with Ninlada, it was different. She felt connected, cherished the time they'd spent together, and thought about all the moments they hadn't shared.

She now understood what pain felt like, how sad it was to think that the other person mightn't be there. She wondered what she could do to bring Ninlada back, to see her smile, to hear her laugh, to do all the things she used to do for her.

Prawfha felt sadder as she thought about it. If what happened today hadn't happened, they would've been enjoying a rooftop dinner. She would've been talking, laughing, and waiting for the romantic gestures Ninlada always had in store for her. The love Ninlada showed her was always tangible.

Her body moved automatically as she cooked, but her mind was elsewhere. Even while cooking, she thought about the times Ninlada had cooked and shared recipes with her.

"I don't know if it'll taste like what you taught me."

Prawfha said, looking at the smooth steamed eggs in front of her and then at the small ring representing Ninlada.

"If it was going to be like this, I would've spent more time with you, done things for you, talked, given you chances, and spoiled you. But. "

Prawfha said. With her voice breaking and tears streaming, she cried again, her face down on the dining table. Her mind was in turmoil.

In the end, she couldn't eat; it was too hard to swallow anything down. She didn't want to do anything. She just wanted time to pass quickly, hoping that some divine power would protect Ninlada from this ordeal.

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Prawfha decided to leave the kitchen and walked into Ninlada's bedroom. She'd never thought of entering here, even though Ninlada always invited her in. The room was elegantly decorated, with a bookshelf full of books on one wall, indicating Ninlada's interest in reading.

The vanity was filled with various branded cosmetics like that in her own room due to their similar professions. But what stood out was the work desk in another corner of the room, with a filing cabinet full of folders. She never knew that the villainess had so much work that she needed a workspace in her bedroom.

The soft bed in the middle of the room became her target as she explored every corner of the large bedroom. It felt strange to sit in the middle of the room and look around. It made her feel like the center of everything. The scent of the bed and the pillow she hugged and smelled reminded her of Ninlada. She missed her so much it hurt.

Love was like this: when happy, it was like the world was all in pink; when sad, it was as if the world was ending. She was exhausted. The soft bed remained empty without its owner tonight. Prawfha lay down, hugging the pillow, letting her tears flow. Memories of their time together played in her mind, making her smile through her tears. She cried herself to sleep, exhausted from the emotional turmoil.

Creak

The sound of the bedroom door opening in the morning startled her awake. How could she have fallen asleep in this state? She hadn't had a shower or even washed her face. Ninlada had made her this way.

And who could that be?

"Sam!!"

"Ms. Praw!"

OoO!

The woman who had just entered the bedroom was shocked. The person on the bed was none other than the leading lady, Prawfha Naphanet, Ninlada's rival. It was impossible for someone like Prawfha to be in Ninlada's bed in the morning. She thought it was Ninlada's friend staying over, but that couldn't be either, as Ninlada was in the hospital.

"You..."

Prawfha said, still confused but recognizing the woman who often accompanied Ninlada to the set.

How can this woman enter this room?

Ninlada had said only important people could enter her room. Was this woman someone Ninlada had hidden away? Prawfha's face hardened at the thought.

"How did you get into Ms. Nin's room?"

The beautiful secretary asked with suspicion.

"I should be asking you the same thing. How did you get in here?"

Prawfha replied, standing up to confront her. She was getting upset with the person who was lying injured in the hospital. When Ninlada woke up, they'd have a serious talk.

"I come here on a regular basis. Ms. Nin is well aware of it."

Pimprapha replied in a calm voice. Why did she have to explain herself like this? She was a secretary, and her boss often chose to work in the bedroom because there wasn't much time to rest. Whenever documents needed to be prepared or signed, she could easily come and go from this room.

"Oh, really? Then why are you here now?"

Prawfha asked suspiciously. Even though she was worried about Ninlada, she wouldn't accept it if the person she chose to be with had more than one partner.

"I should be the one asking you that. How did you get in here? What do you want from my boss? I'll call security to drag you away."

Pimprapha asked seriously.

"What! Didn't your boss ever tell you what I am to her? And how dare you try to kick me out of this room?"

Prawfha wasn't backing down. No one could take Ninlada away from her, not even the heavens. She wouldn't allow it. Ninlada had to wake up and clear things up with her.

"No. So, are you going to leave willingly, or should I call someone to escort you out?"

Pimprapha gave an ultimatum, preparing to call security on her phone, still confused about how the leading lady got into this room.

"What's going on here?"

Nirut, who had just entered, interrupted. He was about to inform the leading lady about his sister's condition.

"Mr. Nik, it's good that you're here. I don't know how Ms. Prawfha got into Ms. Nin's room. Should I have someone escort her out, or what should I do?"

Pimprapha asked for his opinion as soon as she saw her boss's brother. "No need. From now on, Ms. Praw can come and go here like one of

Burimnat's executives. If you want to know why, pray that your boss wakes up and ask her yourself. If there's any work, please take over it from Sam.

This might be a bit of a hard time. Please take care of it, Ms. Pim."

Nirut told his sister's secretary with a smile. Pimprapha was a beautiful woman desired by many, including him. However, due to his work responsibilities, he had to maintain a professional demeanor and never pursued her. To be honest, he was a reserved man, especially when it came to love.

"Is that so? Understood."

Pimprapha, though still confused, didn't argue since the executive had spoken. She shouldn't overstep her bounds. Even though she had many questions, since it seemed personal, she reluctantly stepped back, grabbed the work files she came for from her boss's desk, and excused herself. Her boss was very secretive. At least some employees here might know something about this.

"This is Sam's secretary. Don't worry, Ms. Praw. She's trustworthy."

Nirut quickly reassured the woman who was looking at him expectantly.

Prawfha seemed quite possessive. Judging by her demeanor, his sister, who was clueless about love, would likely have frequent headaches if someone else fell for her charm.

"Have you heard anything from the hospital?"

Prawfha asked, her concern

now solely focused on the condition of the person in the hospital.

"I called P' Nueng. He said they haven't received the brain scan results yet, but the doctor mentioned that other conditions aren't worrisome. Now, we just have to wait for Sam to wake up and for the detailed test results. By morning, the doctor should allow us to visit her."

Nirut reported what his older brother had informed him. "Okay."

Prawfha felt somewhat relieved about Ninlada's condition but was still anxious about the unknown results. It was torturous to wait minute by minute for the safety of someone she cared about.

"Would you like to go with me? But we'll have to avoid reporters and Sam's fans. The hospital has even closed off the area."

Nirut said, his face serious with the additional report he received. Judging by the woman's swollen red eyes and disheveled appearance, he thought she wasn't in the right state to handle any more problems.

"I'll go back to the condo first. I need to take care of myself. I don't want Sam to wake up and see me like this."

Prawfha's voice trembled even as she mentioned the other person's name. Ninlada had such a profound effect on her feelings.

"Alright, I'll have someone take you there. Contact me if you want to visit my sister. I'll arrange for someone to pick you up and assist you. Here's my contact card."

Nirut didn't argue with her request, feeling deeply sympathetic. Even though she had strong feelings for his sister, she had to be cautious about their relationship, which couldn't be openly displayed.

"Thank you very much."

Prawfha expressed her gratitude with a wai. She was touched by how this family understood and cared for her feelings, never leaving her alone and always assisting her needs without her asking.

"My sister has chosen you, and we're ready to accept and support both of you in every way. Not just me, but P' Nueng, our father, and mother are also ready to accept you in every matter," Nirut said with a kind smile to the woman in front of him, who looked at him with tearful eyes of gratitude.

"Let's go."

He invited the tearful beauty to follow him out.

"Okay."

Prawfha didn't argue and followed him obediently. This was their first test in their relationship, and it'd come so unexpectedly. Everything was happening so fast, faster than she could've imagined. What touched her deeply was the sibling love that showed care and concern during times of illness, making her feel the warmth of this family's actions.

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"Praw!"

Nadon exclaimed as soon as he saw who entered the room. He rushed over with concern. Last night, after Prawfha abruptly hung up, he couldn't reach her. Worried, he woke up early to wait for her at the condo, but the staff said she hadn't returned since yesterday.

"P' Deal."

Prawfha looked at her manager, whose face was filled with worry, probably because of her current state. She hadn't returned all night, and she didn't know how long he'd been waiting.

"Where have you been? I couldn't reach you. Why are you a mess like this? Who did this to you?"

Nadon asked worriedly, seeing the leading lady in the same clothes as yesterday, with swollen red eyes. Prawfha had never been like this before.

"No one did anything to me. I just had some family issues. P' Deal, please don't ask me now. Do we have a shoot this afternoon?"

Despite her emotional exhaustion, her sense of responsibility remained strong.

"Sigh, okay. Ms. Wan has postponed the shoot for a week. We need to reschedule scenes and scripts because we're waiting to see how Ninlada is doing."

Nadon sighed as he sat on the sofa, frustrated by his charge's secrecy.

"That's good. I don't have the energy to do anything. Don't worry about me, P' Deal. I'm okay now. I'm sorry for making you worry. I just want to be alone now. Please give me some time. I'll tell you everything when I'm ready."

Prawfha felt sorry for her manager, who was worried about her without knowing anything.

"Are you sure you want to be alone? Have you eaten?"

Nadon looked at the woman whose enthusiasm for life seemed to have vanished. She must be facing a significant problem to return in this state.

"I've eaten a bit. Don't worry, P' Deal."

Prawfha smiled weakly before sitting next to her manager.

"Alright, call me if you need anything. Rest well. I'll let you be alone now."

Nadon patted her head affectionately.

"P'Deal, if one day you feel deeply for someone but haven't fully opened your heart to them, and something bad happens to them, what would you do?"

Prawfha asked sadly, needing to vent her confused feelings.

"I don't know what you've been through, but if I had another chance, I'd do my best. I'd make up for the time I didn't do anything for them. I'd make the most of the opportunity."

Nadon shared his thoughts. He didn't know what Prawfha was facing, but as her manager, he could only offer advice.

"Thank you, P' Deal. Please give me a little more time to sort out my feelings, and then I'll tell you who that person is."

Prawfha said as she threw herself into her manager's waiting arms. At least for now, she needed support from someone who wouldn't ask anything of her but was ready to stand by her with understanding. Her manager was the person she chose to lean on while a certain someone was still lying unconscious.

"Can you tell me if the person you mentioned is the reason you're like this?"

Nadon asked gently, not wanting to be too direct. He knew the leading lady wouldn't reveal much more to him anyway.

"They didn't do anything to me. They're just asleep. They're somewhere out there, just waiting for the day to come back to me."

Prawfha replied through her tears, nestled in the embrace of the person she leaned on.

Sigh

Nadon could only let out a deep breath at the cryptic response. Not only did it not clarify anything, but it also added to the confusion.

Well, that's the end of that for now...

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História My Pink Love - 15. Please Wake Up. Everyone's Waiting for You.

Capítulo 15 - 15. Please Wake Up. Everyone's Waiting for You.

"How is Sam doing, Mr. Nueng?"

Prawfha, who had just arrived at the patient's room, asked anxiously. After venting to her manager, she'd practically forced him out of the room. She quickly composed herself and called the injured person's brother to come pick her up. Getting to the patient's room was no easy task; she had to dodge reporters and fans who were there to support Ninlada.

"There's good news, Ms. Praw. Sam is safe now. The brain scan results say she's all right. You can go in and see her,"

Niti said, his voice brighter than it'd been the night before.

"I'm....scared... I don't want to see her in pain. I don't want to cry in front of her."

Prawfha stood frozen, afraid that seeing the other person's condition would be too much for her to handle. She stood there, tears welling up, separated only by a wall.

"Go on, there's nothing to be afraid of. Sam is probably waiting to see you first,"

Niti smiled gently at the beautiful woman in front of him. He was certain that if the woman before him could take his sister's pain, she would've done so already.

"Okay,"

Prawfha took a deep breath, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. She decided to push the door open and walked toward the unconscious body that had been moved to a special VIP room in the hospital.

As she got closer, the sight was just as she'd feared. Sam's face was pale, with a white bandage wrapped around her head. One arm was in a cast, and the other was hooked up to IVs and medications. Scratches and wounds were visible on her fair skin that wasn't covered by her hospital gown.

"She's really safe now, right?"

Prawfha asked the two men with a trembling voice before turning back to look at the unconscious person on the bed. Her shaky hand reached out to touch Ninlada's casted arm, barely making contact, afraid that any pressure might cause pain.

"Sam, does it hurt a lot? It hurts just to see you like this. Please wake up. Everyone is waiting for you. I have so much to tell you. I'm sad and angry that you broke your promise. You said you'd wait for me, didn't you? We had plans last night. Here I am, standing right here. Wake up and talk to me. Don't leave me in pain like this."

Prawfha tried to hold back her tears, but seeing Ninlada so pale and still, covered in wounds, made her chest ache even more.

"Ms. Praw, don't worry. I believe my sister will wake up. Sam is a good person; everything will get better. Today, I've kept the media and fans at bay and haven't given any interviews about her condition. You can stay here

until tomorrow. After that, I'll send you home to rest because the relationship between you two is still a secret. I don't want any problems for you or Sam when you're not ready to face new challenges. I hope you understand."

Niti explained his responsibilities and how he was helping both of them.

"Yes, I understand. But is there no way for me to stay with her all the time?"

Prawfha asked sadly. The secrecy of their relationship was becoming an issue. At this point, she didn't care who knew; she was more worried about the person on the bed.

"It'd be difficult during the day because many people will come to visit her. But you can come at night. I ask you to be patient."

Niti offered a solution, encouraging the leading lady.

"Okay, I'll be patient. I know she's been patient, too, even now. Right, Sam? Wake up soon, my good girl."

Prawfha said, looking at the unconscious person on the bed. Her hand moved to caress Ninlada's pale face with sadness. From now on, Ninlada wouldn't have to endure this alone. Prawfha would share the burden, care for her, and do good things in return.

This incident made her understand her feelings better. She couldn't talk to anyone about it; it was frustrating, and she wanted to vent. All she could do now was wait for Ninlada to wake up and listen to everything she had to say.

There was no response from the person on the bed or the people around her. The two brothers exchanged glances and quietly left the room, leaving Prawfha alone with their sister.

Love is always beautiful, whether it happens to humans or any living beings. Love is a language that expresses good feelings. It's something

special that one person feels and gives to another, whether it's love between parents, siblings, or someone we choose to be our partner in life.

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"Yes, Ms. Wan."

The eldest brother of the Burimnat family answered the call from the female executive of Ninlada's agency.

"How is Nin doing, Mr. Nit?"

Wansetthi asked anxiously, having finally reached someone in the family of the leading lady.

"The doctor said she's safe now. You don't have to be worried anymore. She'll need some time to recover. I'm sorry for any inconvenience this causes with her work,"

Niti replied softly, explaining Ninlada's condition and apologizing for the impact on her work.

"It's okay, Mr. Nit. Don't worry about that. I just needed information because there are rumors that, well, Nin is no longer with us. But knowing from you that she's safe is a relief. The agency can help clear up the rumors,"

Wansetthi said with concern. She'd tried to visit Ninlada but was denied access due to the family's privacy restrictions, which she understood.

"Thank you, Ms. Wan."

"Will I have a chance to visit her?"

The executive asked, her voice filled with concern. Niti smiled at the question, sensing that the executive was very worried about his sister.

"Yes, if her condition improves tomorrow and the doctor reports no concerns, I'll allow visits at certain times. We'll also have the doctor hold a press conference to update everyone on her condition."

Niti explained the plan.

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Nit. If there's anything we can do to help, please let us know," Wansethi replied, relieved that Ninlada was safe. She understood that the family preferred to handle things themselves rather than involving the agency.

"Thank you, Ms. Wan. Goodbye."

Niti said before ending the call and turning to his younger brother with a smile.

"What's up, P' Nueng?"

Nirut asked, curious about his brother's smile, knowing it usually meant something interesting.

"It seems Ms. Prawfha will have a rival,"

Niti replied, raising an eyebrow at

his brother. It was rare for the eldest to smile like this.

"Our little sister sure has a lot of admirers. Sometimes I envy her, always having people interested in her."

Nirut said, half-joking.

"Well, enough about that for now, Song. We need to call Mom and Dad. I'm worried they might be upset if they find out later."

Niti said, shifting the conversation to their parents, who were traveling abroad.

"They probably don't know yet, or they would've called."

Nirut replied, his face showing concern. He knew that their youngest sibling was the apple of the family's eye.

"Then you handle it for me. I need to rest; I haven't slept all night."

Niti said, walking past his brother without waiting for a response, leaving Nirut with his mouth open in surprise.

"P' Nueng, wait! You're leaving the hardest part to me again."

Nirut complained. It wasn't the call that was difficult, but the potential scolding from their parents for not taking better care of their sister.

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Meanwhile, the patient had a slender figure sitting by her side, holding her hand and refusing to leave. The food brought by the patient's brother was barely touched. Prawfha didn't want to take her eyes off Ninlada, afraid that she'd wake up and find no one there.

"Please wake up, Sam. It hurts."

Prawfha whispered to the unconscious person. She'd never waited for something so agonizingly before. She waited without knowing anything-whether she'd live or die or when she'd wake up.

"Please wake up, Sam... I...It hurts."

The familiar, sweet voice in the depths of her consciousness called out to Ninlada. It wasn't clear, but she could sense, hear, and understand the emotion behind it. She tried to open her eyes from the darkness several times, but it was futile; her body was so heavy. The touch on her hand was warm, but the sweet voice speaking to her was so sorrowful that it made her want to break free from this state and comfort the person calling her.

"S...Sam."

Prawfha immediately wiped away her tears when the hand she was holding twitched in response. The closed eyes had tears streaming from the corners, indicating her awareness.

"Sam, can you hear me? Keep trying, Sam. You have to wake up. I'm waiting for you, my dear."

Prawfha said with joy, though the tears she tried to wipe away kept flowing, this time out of happiness.

"..."

She had to do it. She saw it now, the faint light that she sensed. Just a little more, and the small point of light expanded, blurring her eyes, which were trying to wake up. The world spun for a moment.

"Sam, Sam."

Prawfha quickly stood up, wiping her tears before calling out to the person blinking to adjust to the light.

"Doctor."

Prawfha looked around, unsure of what to do first, before regaining her composure and pressing the call button for the nurse at the head of the patient's bed.

"P..Praw."

A hoarse voice looked at the first person she saw after being in the dark for so long.

"Yes, it's me. I was so scared that you wouldn't wake up, that you'd wake up and not remember me, that you'd leave me. Don't speak yet. Wait for the doctor first. I've called him."

Prawfha spoke rapidly, almost incoherently, pouring out her feelings to the newly awakened person.

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"She's safe now. There's nothing to worry about. The only issues are a broken arm, a sprained ankle, and some bruises, but nothing serious. With some time, everything should heal, and her body will return to normal. It's a good thing that she wasn't hit too hard; otherwise, her condition would've been more concerning."

The middle-aged doctor, who seemed kind, said to the patient and her relatives, who looked relieved.

"Thank you very much, Doctor."

Niti thanked the doctor who had taken care of his sister until she was out of danger.

"It's my duty as a doctor. Get well soon. You know, my wife is a fan of yours and insisted I take good care of you."

The doctor chuckled about his wife, who was a fan of the actress he was treating.

"Feel free to bring her for a visit."

Nirut chimed in, looking at the person on the bed, who seemed half-asleep due to exhaustion from the injuries, while a slender woman sat by her side, not leaving.

"I wouldn't want to impose. I'll take my leave now and check on her again in the evening."

The middle-aged man smiled warmly at the woman by the bed, who smiled back. He didn't know who the beautiful woman was, as he didn't follow entertainment news, but he believed the two women had a special bond, whether familial or otherwise. Still, it wasn't his business to pry into.

"Doctor, I have one more request. I'd like to ask for privacy for my family and those taking care of my sister," Niti requested the doctor again.

"Of course, I'll instruct the nurses and staff to ensure privacy," the doctor agreed, understanding that patients, especially public figures, often needed privacy.

"Thank you very much, Doctor."

Prawfha sat up to thank the doctor herself, knowing that Niti's request was partly to protect her privacy.

"It's no problem. It's part of my duty. Please get some rest."

The doctor smiled warmly before excusing himself, leaving the room in silence once more.

"Get well soon. P' Nueng, Ms. Praw, and I were so worried."

Nirut stood by the bed, talking to his sister, who seemed disoriented and nodded in response.

"Rest now. P' Nueng and I will go get some rest, too. Ms. Praw, please take care of my sister for a day."

Nirut smiled, giving the couple some space. It was fortunate that their parents didn't panic too much.

Though they were worried when he called, they were relieved to hear she'd woken up, so he told them to continue their trip, as he and his brother could handle things.

"With my pleasure. You two, please go rest. Don't worry. I'll take care of her."

Prawfha smiled, her sadness easing now that Ninlada was conscious, bringing her some relief.

"Thank you. Let's go, Song. Sam probably wants to be with Ms. Praw more."

The eldest brother joked, feeling better now that his sister was awake before leaving with his brother.

"Rest if you're tired, but you have to wake up, okay? If you don't, I won't forgive you this time."

Prawfha said softly, holding the delicate hand gently, afraid of causing more pain.

"I...I promise."

Ninlada replied weakly. Her hand responded to the touch, and her fingers brushed the ring on Prawfha's right ring finger, recognizing it. She was glad Prawfha wore it and accepted it.

"Get well soon. I have so much to talk about, but you have to rest first. I'll be here. I promise you'll see me when you wake up."

Prawfha looked into the teary eyes, feeling the same fear of not being able to spend their lives together again. She wanted Ninlada to rest first before discussing their matters.

"Okay."

Ninlada wanted to confess her love for Prawfha, but her body was still exhausted and in pain, making her dizzy and sleepy. Though she wanted to stay awake and talk, she couldn't fight her body's need for rest.

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"Yes, P' Deal."

Prawfha answered the call, trying to keep her voice low, not wanting to wake the person she was watching over.

"Where are you? Is everything okay?"

The concerned voice on the other end asked.

"Much better now, P' Deal. Don't worry about me. I'm visiting my mother's friend at the hospital. I'll stay at home for a night."

Prawfha lied smoothly, having gotten used to lying to those around her over the past months of her relationship with Ninlada. She always had to think of excuses to cover up, and now she had a repertoire of lies ready to use.

"Okay. I was worried. Oh, tomorrow at 9:30, I want to take you to visit Ninlada. Her family has informed the media that she's safe, and visitors will be allowed tomorrow. We should go to maintain your image, showing that you're kind and care about her."

Nadon suggested, knowing the importance of maintaining a positive public image.

"Sure, P' Deal. I'll be waiting at the condo."

Prawfha agreed, glancing at the sleeping patient. If her manager knew she wasn't just visiting but was deeply concerned and staying by the bedside, he might faint. The thought made her smile.

"Okay, girl. Take care. See you tomorrow," Nadon said goodbye before the call ended, still worried about the leading lady's various issues, unsure which to address first.

"Sam, it looks like we probably won't be able to make our relationship public soon... "

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História My Pink Love - 16.

Everyone Was Worried about You

Capítulo 16 - 16. Everyone Was Worried about You

"Sam, I have to go back to meet P' Deal at the condo. I'll come back to visit with him. Don't forget, Sam, that I'll be here as the leading lady in the drama we're acting in together,"

Prawfha told the person lying on the bed, whose face had started to regain some color after being cared for by her since yesterday.

"I really don't want you to go."

Being sick made Ninlada want to be pampered even more. The hand that held hers all day and night, feeding her, wiping her down-she was sure the hospital personnel were gossiping about them. She was also worried that this news might leak out during this time.

"I have to, you know that,"

Prawfha said, looking into the eyes of the sulking person. She didn't want to go either, especially since Ninlada's brothers had arranged for her to recover in a special room with a family suite. Comfort wasn't an issue; anything she needed, the Burimnat family would provide without her having to leave the room or take her eyes off the patient.

"When is it?"

Ninlada asked sadly. She awaited permission from Prawfha. Being sick made her emotionally fragile, and she tended to demand more.

"Be patient. Once you're better, we'll figure this out together. You know we can't rush things right now. Besides, our relationship is still unclear,"

Prawfha said, stroking Ninlada's face. She understood the sadness in those sharp eyes, but the road ahead was tough. If problems arose while Ninlada was still unwell, they mightn't be able to handle it.

"I know. I'm just so sensitive at the moment,"

Ninlada smiled faintly. She was still sad inside but as long as Prawfha was there, she should be content. Yet, she always wanted more, a common trait for someone in love. She was sure she wasn't the only one who felt this way; everyone wanted to take their relationship to the next level.

"Okay, I'll go now. See you later, my good girl,"

Prawfha smiled, leaning down to gently kiss Ninlada's lips, followed by a sweet smile.

"Thank you. If you do this every day, I'll probably recover in no time."

Ninlada smiled widely. If sulking often led to such rewards, she might have to do it more frequently.

"Don't be cheeky. I'll go now and come back tonight to keep you company,"

Prawfha smiled, pinching Ninlada's cheek playfully before finally leaving to take care of herself. She'd said she'd leave several times but kept staying because they didn't want to be apart.

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After the leading lady left, the sick person didn't know what to do. Watching TV, playing on her phone, or reading a book couldn't hold her attention. All she could do was think about the other person, which kept her occupied the longest.

"Nin, how are you?"

A cheerful voice greeted her as soon as she entered the room.

"Aung, you made it in?"

Ninlada looked at her friend who had just walked in. It seemed it was time to face all her close relatives and friends.

"Yes, I was so worried about you, Nin. The news was all over the place. The hospital was tightly secured, and I had to contact your brother before they let me in. How are you?"

Aungkana asked, looking concerned.

"I'm better now, probably because of the good medicine,"

Ninlada smiled weakly at her friend. Her 'good medicine' was none other than the leading lady.

"Good to hear. Next time when I'm sick, I'll come to this hospital. Seeing you talk like this makes me feel better, but you still look pretty banged up,"

Aungkana said, looking at her friend who had bandages on her head and feet and a cast on her arm, with bruises and scrapes all over.

"Yeah, did you hear about the old lady who had the accident with me?" Ninlada asked softly. She didn't know what happened to the old lady after she helped her.

"You don't know? Well, she passed away, Nin. She was old and severely injured,"

Aungkana replied sadly.

"I should've gotten there sooner," Ninlada said, her voice trembling.

"You did your best, Nin. No one has a purer heart than you,"

Aungkana said, holding her friend's hand, which had an IV drip. Her friend was a rare gem in this twisted society. Despite playing the role of a villainess in dramas, she was a true angel in real life.

"I'll cover the cost of her funeral, though I won't be able to attend. Can you contact her relatives for me?"

Ninlada said, nodding and asking her friend to handle it.

"Sure, don't worry. You get some rest. I'll go get something to eat and then come back to stay with you. Your brothers are downstairs having coffee,"

Aungkana said before leaving to take care of herself.

"You don't have to stay. I'm happy just you visiting me. And you have work to do. There will be plenty of people here today,"

Ninlada said honestly, knowing more people would come soon.

"Okay, then, I'll be back next time,"

Aungkana said, and as she was about to leave, someone else walked in.

"Oh, P' Wan, hello. Nin just woke up. I'll go find something to eat and leave Nin with you,"

Aungkana greeted the executive from her friend's agency.

"Hello, Aung. Don't worry, I'll take good care of her."

Wansetthi smiled as Aungkana left. Knowing she could visit Ninlada, Wansetthi didn't hesitate to bring something for her. Despite not making much progress since asking for a chance, this was an opportunity to care for her and strengthen their relationship.

"P' Wan, hello,"

Ninlada greeted the newcomer after her friend left.

"How are you? I was so worried. Have you eaten? I brought chicken soup. Can you eat it? I'll prepare it for you. Or has the doctor not allowed it yet?"

Wansetthi asked, showing the food she brought.

"I'm better. I can eat soft foods. Thank you, P' Wan. You didn't have to go through the trouble," Ninlada said,

"For you, it's no trouble at all. I'll do anything for you. Just tell me what you need,"

Wansetthi said sweetly, holding Ninlada's hand.

"Uh, P' Wan,"

Ninlada said, feeling awkward. She didn't know how to tell her she already had the special someone, fearing Wansetthi might investigate it. Both she and Prawfha weren't ready to deal with that.

"Hello, Ms. Wan. You're here early, I see,"

Niti said, breaking the silence as he walked back into the room.

"Hello, Mr. Nit, Mr. Nik. Yes, I have to take special care of this one. I'll go prepare the food now,"

Wansetthi said, smiling before leaving to prepare the food.

"Looks like Ms. Praw's steamed egg won't be needed,"

Nirut whispered to his sister, making Ninlada's heart swell. He believed Prawfha cared deeply for his sister, as she'd asked his men to bring the food she made for her.

"No way, P' Song. Bring it here. I want to eat the steamed egg."

Ninlada protested, fearing her brother might tease her.

"You like steamed eggs? Tell me what you want next time, and I'll make it for you,"

Wansetthi said sweetly, setting up the food tray.

"My sister loves the egg dishes from home, Ms. Wan," Niti added after he'd stayed quiet for a while.

"Really? Next time, I probably have to ask for the recipes from your family so I can make it for you often,"

The female executive said, looking for a way to get closer and win over Ninlada without noticing that the two brothers were exchanging amused glances. Meanwhile, the youngest, Ninlada, could only manage an awkward smile.

"Of course, Ms. Wan. The Burimnat family would be happy to welcome you. It'd be fun with more people around, right, my dear little sister?"

Nirut, always playful, quickly responded, giving his sister more trouble.

"U... Uh, yes,"

Ninlada replied with a forced smile, not knowing what else to do. She wasn't enjoying this situation because she took things in her life seriously, especially when it involved love. She believed that people's feelings were delicate and always took great care in managing her relationships with those around her.

"I think we don't need to worry about Sam today. Sam, don't forget to call Mom and Dad so they won't worry. We need to get back to work since we left the hotel to check on you for days,"

Niti added, planning to leave his sister behind. He was curious to see how she'd handle being pursued so aggressively, especially by her own boss.

"Are you leaving already?"

Ninlada asked, looking downcast, knowing they intended to leave her alone with the female executive. It was clear they were teasing her.

"We're leaving. You seem fine now. I'll have the hospital put up a 'No Visitors' sign and only allow close friends. Don't worry. Call us if you need anything. Let's go, Song,"

Niti said, dragging his brother out. Before leaving, Nirut placed the special steamed egg dish on the table next to the soup the executive had prepared, leaving the two women to look at each other.

"Let's eat, Nin. Here, let me feed you some steamed egg," Wansetthi said, smiling sweetly now that she was alone with the person she fancied. She adjusted the bed and prepared the food for the patient.

"Oh, I'll eat by myself, P' Wan. I don't want to trouble you,"

Ninlada replied, trying to avoid deepening their relationship. She respected Wansetthi as an older sister and nothing more.

"Don't worry. Let me feed you. One of your arms is injured, and the other has an IV. It's better if I feed you,"

Wansetthi said, showing affection for Ninlada. "Uh, okay,"

Ninlada agreed reluctantly, feeling quite uncomfortable. The difference was stark between being with someone she loved and someone she only respected. Yesterday, she spent almost the entire day and night with the leading lady, reluctant to part. Even when they were silent, it wasn't awkward like it was now.

"Which one would you like to eat first?"

Wansetthi asked, sitting on the bed facing the patient. The patient's elegant figure, neatly tied hair, and refined face matched her gray skirt suit, making her look quite appealing.

"I'll have the steamed egg first,"

Ninlada said, looking at the clean white heart-shaped ceramic bowl with soft yellow egg inside. Just this sight made her smile happily.

"Here you go, egg lover. Let me taste it to see why you like it so much,"

Wansetthi said, feeding Ninlada a bite before taking a small bite herself, not noticing the patient's displeasure at someone else eating the food made by the person she loved.

"Ahem, excuse me,"

A deep voice interrupted, startling everyone in the room.

"P' Deal, Praw, are you here to visit Nin?"

Wansetthi asked, smiling at the newcomers, reluctantly getting off the bed, missing the rare one-on-one time.

"Yes, we are. Nin must be recovering quickly with you taking care of her so closely,"

Nadon teased. Though he had a better opinion of the villainess after hearing about her heroic act, he couldn't resist a little jab.

"Praw,"

Ninlada said softly, looking sad as she saw Prawfha standing with a stern face. Prawfha was clearly upset, and Ninlada couldn't explain or do anything openly, so she could only whisper her name.

"P' Wan, have you been here long?"

Prawfha greeted the executive instead of paying attention to the patient, making the atmosphere tense. Anyone unaware of the situation might think she still had issues with Ninlada, but only they knew the depth of their relationship. Prawfha had hurried to prepare food for Ninlada, only to find someone else feeding her and tasting the food she made. It was disheartening.

"For a while now. I was just feeding the patient," Wansetthi replied cheerfully, unaware of the tension.

"Oh, I see. Here! I brought this for you,"

Prawfha said, handing over a basket of swallow's nest soup. Her face still showed displeasure. Her manager nudged her to give it to the patient.

"Th... Thank you, Praw,"

Ninlada said awkwardly, smiling as Prawfha placed the basket on the bedside table with a thud, making everyone jump.

"Uh, let's continue eating, shall we?"

Wansetthi suggested, trying to ease the tension.

"Uh, I'll eat by myself. I don't want to trouble you, P' Wan, especially with P' Deal and Praw visiting,"

Ninlada said, feeling even more awkward, knowing how upset her leading lady was.

"How will you eat? One of your arms is broken, and the other has an IV. Besides, the food is already prepared. It won't taste good if it gets cold. We're all friends here. No need to be shy, right, P' Deal, Praw?"

The executive said, smiling at everyone.

"Just eat it. Don't be so extra. Come on, P' Deal, let's sit here,"

Prawfha said, for dragging her manager to the guest sofa, watching the two women. She felt sorry the patient, who had to see her being clearly upset.

Initially, she was genuinely angry, but thinking it over, she realized Ninlada wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone. The executive's reasons for feeding her made sense. But she wasn't leaving the room. She'd stay and watch, not out of jealousy but concern-the AC was cool in here.

"Have some soup first,"

Wansetthi said, turning back to the patient.

"Can I finish the steamed egg first? I like to eat one thing at a time,"

Ninlada said, smiling at the feeder, hoping her words would reach the person playing with her phone. She wanted to show that anything related to Prawfha was her priority.

"Maybe we should leave. It feels like we're intruding,"

Nadon whispered to Prawfha, sensing something between the executive and the villainess. His gaydar was going off, making him suspicious.

"Stay here, P' Deal. No need to rush,"

Prawfha replied softly, hiding a satisfied smile. Ninlada's words had eased her anger. She wanted to resolve their status soon because the current situation was uncomfortable. Yesterday, she was the one feeding Ninlada, but today, someone else had taken her place. It wasn't that Ninlada was pushing her away; it was her own hesitation that kept her on the sidelines.

"Are you sure?"

Nadon asked, still whispering, not understanding his charge. Staying seemed pointless unless they were there to disrupt the villainess's happiness now that he thought about this, it seemed reasonable. Satisfied with his reasoning, he relaxed, opening his iPad to catch up on the news, happy to join in teasing the villainess.

As for Ninlada, she was quite pleased that Prawfha chose to observe her from a distance like this. At least she didn't turn her back and walk away because she wouldn't have the energy to run after and explain to her.

Meanwhile, the one serving the food did so with joy, even though she

secretly felt annoyed by the two people sitting on the sofa. Still, it didn't matter.

She continued to show care and attention to the patient without any hesitation, as she was ready to be open about her feelings.

She was just waiting for Ninlada to open her heart.

Once that happened, she wouldn't worry about anything else...

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História My Pink Love - 17. At Night, I'm Yours

Capítulo 17 - 17. At Night, I'm Yours

After the meal was over and the nurse gave the patient the medication, the room was silent again. The atmosphere in the patient room was truly eerie. Even after Aungkana returned, she was quite surprised to find Prawfha, her friend's rival, sitting there.

"Shall we take a picture together? So, the media will see that you two have no hard feelings,"

Wansetthi broke the silence again, trying to lighten the mood. She looked at the villainess and the leading lady under her management, seeking their cooperation.

"Sure,"

Ninlada responded with a wide smile.

"Fine,"

Prawfha agreed, though she kept a straight face. She couldn't help but feel annoyed by that smile. She was also a bit irritated because Ninlada had so many people doting on her, and all of them were women, even though

Aungkana was a classmate. Ninlada had chosen her, but now people were showing love and concern for her right in front of Prawfha.

Naturally, she'd feel possessive. On the other hand, she had to keep their relationship secret and couldn't express her ownership openly. The more she thought about it, the more frustrated she became.

"Come on, I'll take the picture for you guys. Nin, you probably just have to accept how you look right now,"

Aungkana volunteered, teasing her friend, who was without makeup, with a bandage around her head and covered in wounds. The villainess could only glare at her in displeasure.

"Yeah, yeah. Just take the picture,"

Ninlada scolded her close friend. Being an actress, her looks were a top priority. Thankfully, her face wasn't scarred, which was a relief,

"Get closer. Praw, I think you can move closer to Nin,"

Aungkana instructed the leading lady, who was standing a bit away from the bed. Although she wasn't close to Prawfha, she didn't hate her either. Sometimes, she was just annoyed by Prawfha's constant clashes with her friend.

"Praw, move closer,"

Nadon encouraged the leading lady to approach the bed.

The leading lady remained silent, unsure how to act in front of others. Meanwhile, the villainess on the bed felt a pang of sadness, wondering if the other was trying to hide their relationship. Was she that afraid of people finding out about them?

"Alright, everyone. Say cheese. One more time, give a thumbs up."

Aungkana, acting as the photographer, did her best to ensure the picture turned out well.

"Praw, I think you should take a picture with Nin,"

The female executive suggested to the two actresses, hoping to improve their public image.

"Uh, well..."

Prawfha hesitated, looking at her manager, who nodded in agreement.

"Never mind, P' Wan. If she isn't comfortable, don't force her,"

Ninlada said with a sad face. Yet, she thought that it'd be good to show that they'd reconciled and gradually improved their relationship.

"What are you talking about? Come, let's take the picture."

Prawfha rolled her eyes at the sad face before sitting next to the injured person on the bed. Just seeing that sad face made her heart soften. She was thinking about how to act appropriately without making the other person feel sad. So, she sat close.

"Nin, I think you should be mindful of your head wound when you smile so broadly. Look at the camera,"

Aungkana shook her head at her friend. Whenever Ninlada teased Prawfha, she'd smile widely. She didn't understand why her friend enjoyed teasing Prawfha so much.

"Okay, I'll send the picture to you. Praw, you should post it on social media. The media will be very interested,"

Wansetthi smiled, hoping that the two would soon reconcile over past issues. Since they started acting together, they'd been doing their jobs without causing any trouble.

"I think Praw should also interview about my condition with the reporters, P' Wan,"

Ninlada suggested with a mischievous look, seeing Prawfha glaring at her as if to say,

'That's too much, Sam.'

"That's a good idea,"

Nadon supported, thinking it might boost the leading lady's popularity and erase the negative image from past incidents with the villainess.

"I agree. Let's go out together. I'll update the media and fans about Nin's condition,"

Wansetthi invited the leading lady.

"Doesn't anyone think of asking me?"

Prawfha pouted before standing up, crossing her arms in frustration. The entertainment industry was like this; one day, there were rumors of hatred, and the next, they were seen arm in arm, telling the media they were fine. Was anything real? Life in the industry wasn't much different from the dramas they acted in.

"Let's go. We are leaving now, Nin. I'll visit again tomorrow. Get well soon, eat, and take your medicine. Don't be stubborn, good girl,"

Wansetthi said goodbye to the patient, gently stroking the villainess's face, making her freeze and blush.

"Uh, okay,"

Ninlada replied, unable to avoid the touch. She looked at the leading lady, who raised her head almost parallel to the ceiling. She was more worried about her than anyone else.

"Goodbye,"

Prawfha said curtly, crossing her arms and walking out of the room in frustration, seeing Ninlada letting Wansetthi touch and pamper her like that.

She'd punish her tonight.

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"This is such a phenomenal event. Are you visiting Nin, Praw?"

As soon as they left the patient room, they were surrounded by reporters eager to know about Ninlada's condition.

"We've been friends since university and work in the same entertainment industry. Since we have to work together, it's natural for me to visit her,"

Prawfha explained to the reporters.

"So, have you and Nin cleared up your past issues?"

Another reporter asked.

"I think it's all in the past. I admit I was emotional in my decisions. I and ... uh... Nin have talked about these things, and we understand each other better now,"

Prawfha answered with a slight smile, almost calling the other by a different name.

"So, does that mean you two might be friends in the future?"

Another question came.

"Anything can happen. I can't predict our relationship,"

Prawfha answered diplomatically, hinting at a deeper connection that intrigued the reporters.

"And how is Nin's condition from what you've seen?"

A male reporter asked.

"She's improving. She can eat and talk normally. The head injury needs further examination, but the doctor might soon allow her to recover at home. So, no need to worry,"

Prawfha answered truthfully, having observed Ninlada's condition over the past two days.

"You know quite a lot about her condition,"

The same female reporter remarked, surprising the leading lady.

"Uh, I overheard the doctor during the check-up. Anyway, if you have more questions, please ask P' Wan. I have urgent business. Thank you,"

Prawfha quickly excused herself, realizing she'd said too much, making others suspicious. Not just the reporters but the executive and her manager also looked at her curiously. She quickly ended the conversation and dragged her manager away.

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"Praw, I'm starting to get suspicious. How do you know so much about Ninlada's condition?"

Nadon asked as soon as they were in the elevator.

"I just guessed. P' Deal, please take me home. I want to rest,"

Prawfha replied, trying to cover up with an irritated expression. She was frustrated with herself for almost revealing their secret.

"But..."

Nadon was still doubtful. When they visited Ninlada, Prawfha didn't seem interested. How did she know so much about Ninlada's condition? And why didn't he know about their conversation clearing up past issues?

"No buts,"

Prawfha insisted, stepping out of the elevator. She was thankful that fans recognized her and asked for photos, allowing her to avoid further questions from her manager. She was just trying to get through each day without their secret being exposed.

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"Nin, can you at least try to look like you're in pain? Why do you keep smiling?"

Aungkana complained to her friend, who was still in a good mood and couldn't stop grinning, completely ignoring the wound on her head. Every time her friend got to tease the leading lady, she'd make this kind of face. It was really hard to understand.

"Isn't it good? At least in our lives, there's someone who can make us smile. For me and Praw, it's been a joke from the start. It was funny from the first time we met, funny because of the impression I tried to make on Praw, but it turned out she wasn't impressed,"

Ninlada said with a smile, reminiscing about the past. She wasn't sad; it was just funny how things never went her way.

Instead of trying to flirt with Prawfha, she ended up warding off other guys, which made the girl misunderstand and think she was jealous and trying to steal them from her. But in reality, she was trying to keep her away from those guys. Sometimes, the line between good intentions and bad intentions is very thin.

"I feel sorry for that girl having to be teased by you. Those insults and the wine splashed on your face were too little. If it were me, I'd have elbowed and kneed you,"

Aungkana said, making gestures to show her annoyance at her friend. Honestly, she could see that Ninlada probably had her reasons for what she did to Prawfha. If you think about it, Ninlada never had bad intentions or thought negatively of Prawfha. She seemed to care and even smiled fondly at her. Thinking about this made Aungkana stop and wonder...

"Why are you looking at me like that, Aung?"

Ninlada felt a sudden chill.

"Honestly, I feel something strange between you and Praw," Aungkana said, trying to read the flicker in those sharp eyes.

"What nonsense are you talking about? I'm going to sleep. You're staying to watch over me, right? Then, adjust the bed for me, and if anyone comes, greet them for me. I'm tired and want to get some rest,"

Ninlada quickly changed the subject, pulling the blanket over herself and closing her eyes.

"Nin, hey Nin, don't pretend to sleep,"

Aungkana called out to her friend, who was fleeing the conversation by pretending to sleep. It was this kind of behavior that made her once fall for Ninlada-serious, playful, warm, and caring about everyone's feelings.

Maybe she was still in love and didn't realize it. But because Ninlada offered her the friend status, she was okay with it because it was more stable than any other status.

'Friend'...

This word couldn't take Ninlada away from her. But what really worried her was the new thought that had just popped into her head. She didn't want to think too deeply about it, maybe because she was afraid of her own feelings or because she was afraid of revealing a deep-seated jealousy toward that woman. She just hoped that the relationship between Ninlada and Prawfha wasn't what she feared.

Meanwhile, the one pretending to sleep didn't want to acknowledge or answer any questions. It wasn't that she wasn't ready to answer everything, but because Aungkana was a good friend and was always kind to her. She knew what Aungkana was thinking and constantly reminded her of their status. If she hadn't met Prawfha first before meeting Aungkana, her decision might've been easier.

But she was more committed and determined with Prawfha than anything else. She was willing to become an actress, even though she had a family business to manage. There was no reason other than wanting the heart of Prawfha Naphanet, and she was ready to offer all of her love to her.

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"Have you eaten yet?"

A soft voice asked the person who entered the room with a sullen face, not saying a word, at around ten o'clock.

The visitor sighed, throwing her glasses and pulling off her short wig, revealing her hair tied in a bun. She tossed her small black leather bag onto the sofa before pulling up a chair and sighing again, staring at the person looking at her with wide eyes from the hospital bed.

"What's wrong? Someone did something to you, Praw?"

Ninlada asked innocently, even though she knew what the other person was thinking. She was just waiting for the grumpy one to vent. Prawfha was like a little child, and she had to play the role of a guardian, ready to give advice.

Prawfha sighed again. She was just tired from everything she'd faced all day, tired of her own thoughts about what to do with the complicated relationship between her and Ninlada. It was suffocating and uncomfortable.

"What's bothering you?"

Ninlada asked, testing the waters.

"You know that. Look at today; look at when we had to be together in front of others. I've never felt this uncomfortable before. I'm a straightforward person, you know that. And during the interview with the reporters, I accidentally talked too much about your condition. P' Wan, P' Deal, and everyone looked at me so suspiciously. And tonight, I had to disguise myself as some old lady to get in here. And those women, no, P' Wan and Aung, they were all over you. I didn't like it at all. You let them get close, and I'm your... your... well, you know,"

Prawfha vented her feelings that had been bottled up since the morning, but she stumbled over her words in the last sentence. What exactly was she to the injured person on the bed? Calling her a girlfriend, lover, nor significant other didn't feel right.

"You're my girlfriend, sweetheart,"

Ninlada took the opportunity to respond slyly.

"Huh? Aren't you too presumptuous? I haven't even agreed to anything yet. Don't look at me like that, Sam. It feels like I'm being visually harassed,"

Prawfha complained, but her face turned red from the intense gaze Ninlada was giving her. No man had ever made her blush like this sharp-featured villainess did. Ninlada looked at her with a certain feeling, as if she wanted to devour her whole.

"Heh heh, then I can be your girlfriend. I've been waiting for so long for this,"

Ninlada teased.

Oh my gosh, why is she so adorable?

"You crazy. What are you talking about?"

Prawfha looked down, embarrassed, staring at the slender hand with the IV needle, which was now holding her hand, making her feel a strange warmth.

"I'm serious. I'm willing to be yours and yours only. Let's be together. I want to take our relationship to the next level,"

Ninlada said in a sweet, husky voice. What started as teasing had turned into something more serious.

"Can we be together but do nothing more than we're doing? Is that okay? I... I'm not ready,"

Prawfha said embarrassedly, looking down and pulling her hand away from Ninlada's touch.

"You know that for me, anything is fine. We can do it whenever you're ready. Just assure me that you're still here with me, that you chose me. Whether I have to go against the world, wait for decades, or reveal our relationship or not, just tell me, and I'll do it for you. Praw, please don't be upset or jealous if others come into my life to seek my love. Just know that I'm committed to you. You'll always be the only one that I choose. Everything that I did, I did for you. My heart was meant to be yours from the start, so don't worry that I'll be like the fickle people in your past. I love you. Would you be my girlfriend?"

Ninlada said, holding Prawfha's blushing face with her IV hand, not caring if the blood would flow back into the line. Her desire to have a girlfriend was stronger.

"With you saying all this, if I don't agree to it, you'd probably cry yourself to sleep. Okay, but you have to love me a lot. I've never been this serious about anything before. If you love me, then do it. No take-backs. I'm giving you my whole heart this time,"

Prawfha replied with a trembling voice. She couldn't help but worry about the future, but what could she do? She'd fallen for this sharp-featured villainess with all her heart. She'd already decided to do this, and refusing her now wouldn't feel the same as back then anymore.

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História My Pink Love - 18. Couple

Capítulo 18 - 18. Couple

"Really? We're officially a couple now, right? I'll love you as much as one person can love another. You don't have to worry, Praw. My heart has been set on you since the moment we met,"

Ninlada said joyfully. She'd never felt this happy in her entire life.

"You sweet talker. And why are you crying? I didn't reject you, you know?"

Prawfha noticed the tears of joy streaming down Ninlada's face and couldn't help but reach out to wipe them away. She looked at Ninlada's sharp, beautiful face, smiling through the tears with a sense of endearment.

"I'm just so happy. Can you kiss me, please? Just a kiss to confirm that I'm not dreaming,"

Ninlada pleaded. Now that they were officially a couple, she was pushing her luck a bit.

"You're really pushing it. Isn't the wound on your head enough? Do you want another one, Sam?"

Prawfha pretended to scold her. Though she secretly wanted to show her affection, her embarrassment was a barrier.

"If I wasn't hurt, I wouldn't ask you to do it because I'll be the one who kisses you,"

Ninlada teased with a toothy grin.

"We've only been a couple for less than five minutes, and you're already asking for this much. What will it be like in the long run?"

Prawfha felt a mix of annoyance and amusement at the boldness of Ninlada, whose body was covered in wounds.

"We'll have to wait and see. Can you lie next to me? I promise I won't do anything unless you start,"

Ninlada tried to make space on the bed for her new girlfriend. Now that they were a couple, everything seemed easier for her. She felt bolder in asking for things.

"So cunning. I'm afraid of lying on your wounds. It could be dangerous,"

Prawfha explained, though she also wanted to snuggle close. But given the place and Ninlada's condition, it didn't seem appropriate.

"It's okay. We're not that big. Come on, don't worry about hurting me. Even if it does hurt, I don't mind as long as I have you close,"

Ninlada pleaded, pulling Prawfha's hand to join her.

"You're so insistent. Fine, but don't complain if you get hurt."

Prawfha finally gave in, lying on her side and hugging Ninlada gently, keeping a slight distance to avoid pressing on her wounds.

"I just want to be close to you. When can I get out of the hospital?" Ninlada complained.

"Rest now. Stop complaining. The doctor will tell you when,"

Prawfha gently pushed herself up to look at the grumbling Ninlada, speaking with affection.

"Praw."

Ninlada saw her chance as Prawfha looked at her. She used her hand with the IV to cradle Prawfha's face close to hers. Prawfha cooperated willingly.

The lips she'd dreamed of kissing one day were now touching hers. Her heart pounded wildly. They shared their first kiss, a gentle touch that wasn't deep but was soft and warm, making her forget her pain. The touch of someone you love can be such a powerful remedy. Love was so miraculous that it left her speechless.

"I always give in when I see your eyes,"

Prawfha pulled back, her face flushed. She was so captivated by Ninlada's eyes. Her usually pale lips were now a surprising shade of pink. The once sickly face of our villainess now had a healthy glow, making Prawfha smile. Despite her bold requests, Ninlada lay still, letting Prawfha kiss her.

"... "

Ninlada didn't respond. She gazed lovingly at Prawfha. Her heart pounded so hard it felt like it'd burst. This moment was more than she'd ever dreamed of.

Seeing Ninlada's silence, Prawfha couldn't resist leaning in for another kiss. She gently kissed Ninlada's forehead, then down her nose, with Ninlada closing her eyes to savor the touch. They ended with another kiss on the lips. Prawfha wasn't skilled at kissing; her acting roles only required light touches for the camera. This awkward, clumsy kiss was embarrassing for her. She tried to pull away, but Ninlada held her close.

Ninlada moved her lips, biting Prawfha's lower lip, making her gasp and open her mouth. This allowed Ninlada to deepen the kiss, their tongues exploring each other clumsily but sweetly. The new, exciting sensation was indescribable.

"S..Sam, stop. I can't breathe,"

Prawfha said with a bright red face. She'd never experienced such a deep kiss. Even in acting, it was never this intense. She was both excited and felt weak, but she used her last bit of strength to stop their passionate moment, thinking it wasn't appropriate given the circumstances.

"I'm sorry, but you're so delicious. How would I resist?" Ninlada teased.

"You sure seem quite experienced,"

Prawfha retorted with annoyance.

Ninlada seemed to know exactly how to kiss.

"Actresses have to know these kinds of things, especially villainesses. You know that sometimes it's not just the hero we have to seduce,"

Ninlada explained. Playing a villainess often required more intense scenes than a leading lady, including seduction and physical confrontations.

Knowing the audience's hatred or support for the villainess's fall, Ninlada felt that the role was quite pitiful. A woman being condemned and hated-it was a depressing thought.

"Now, I don't want you to play the villainess anymore. It's too much. I already have to fend off many people from you in real life. And then there's the acting,"

Prawfha said with a frown. The villainess role was indeed more demanding, with many emotional and physical scenes. How had Ninlada endured it for so many years?

"I can quit if you want me to. It doesn't bother me at all. Ouch!" Ninlada winced in pain from her bruised body.

"Sam!! I'm so sorry,"

Prawfha jumped off the bed to check on Ninlada. She must've accidentally pressed on her wounds. The IV seemed to have some blood backflow, making Prawfha worried. She quickly called for the doctor and nurses in the middle of the night.

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"Go to sleep now. No more requests, okay? It's been chaotic enough. And you're still smiling,"

Prawfha scolded Ninlada, who kept smiling at her. She'd been so worried about hurting Ninlada, but the injured girl didn't seem to care about her condition at all.

"Okay. You can go rest in the family room. If I need anything, I'll call you."

Ninlada smiled widely at the worried Prawfha, suggesting she rest in the hospital's family room.

"You sure?"

Prawfha still wasn't convinced about Ninlada's condition.

"Go on. I'll feel better if you have some rest. If you sit here watching, I'll be too worried to sleep,"

Ninlada reasoned with her girlfriend.

"Alright. But if you feel any pain or anything unusual, call me or the nurse immediately."

Prawfha decided to get up, tucking Ninlada in and reminding her to call if anything happened.

"Okay. Don't worry. Can you give me a goodnight kiss?"

Ninlada agreed and asked for a goodnight kiss. Prawfha complied, leaning down to kiss Ninlada's forehead and lips gently. That was enough to make Ninlada sleep well.

"Sweet dreams,"

Prawfha said, looking at Ninlada's content face before heading to the family room to rest.

From now on, they'd have to be careful and support each other through any obstacles. But Prawfha wasn't worried. As long as they held hands, she wasn't afraid of anything. Nothing was scarier than the thought of losing Ninlada, a fear she'd just faced. That was what would truly break her heart.

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"So, Ms. Praw and Ms. Nin are..."

The person who came to the hospital room to bring the urgent report for her boss to sign had to step back, clutching the file tightly to her chest with a racing heart. She sat down on a bench in the hospital, trying to gather her thoughts.

Her mind was filled with the image she'd just seen when she accidentally glanced through the glass door of the room where the lights were still on. The leading lady, whom everyone thought hated her boss and was infamous about men, was seen in a completely different light.

How could two people who supposedly disliked each other be lying together, passionately kissing without a care in the world? If it'd been just a few seconds, she might've thought it was an accident, but it lasted long enough to make her face blush and her heart race.

She could only watch as the two performed a love scene until they pulled away because her boss seemed to be in pain, causing the nurses and doctors to rush in. She quickly hid and sat down to steady her nerves.

"What am I going to do now? How will I face Ms. Nin? And what about Ms. Praw? Ugh, my head hurts. This is so confusing,"

She muttered to herself. Love and hate are literally polar opposites. Could they really be like this? It's as difficult as the sun rising from the west tomorrow.

The secretary sighed, confused between the world of acting and reality. What was real and what was fake? If she hadn't seen it herself, she wouldn't have believed it. So this was the woman whom hotel staff gossiped about, saying Ms. Nin often brought her to dine on the rooftop? But when she asked, the staff would say they couldn't talk about it for fear of getting into trouble.

Considering the past stories about the two, her boss was quite cunning. Pretending to create a plan to make the leading lady hate her, only to keep others away while she aimed to have her herself. This was a classic villainous move. Thinking about this, she believed the obstacles between them mightn't be as hard as she thought. She was sure Ninlada had already planned her love game meticulously.

"Well, I guess I'll go home and sleep. I'll come back early tomorrow to get the signature before work."

Pimprapha decided, standing up and holding the file close to her chest. She'd avoided coming during the day, fearing her boss would have visitors, but she hadn't expected to encounter a VIP visitor at night. Tonight, she'd prepare for tomorrow. If she saw another love scene like this, she'd know how to react.

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"I can't get in touch with Praw at all, Eve,"

Mintra said while watching the morning entertainment news. She wondered when her friend had made peace with the villainess. They'd hated each

other's guts since university. Why did she give such an interview? Was it a publicity stunt by their agency?

But as close friends, they knew Prawiha always answered interview questions truthfully, never lying to herself or the media. If she hated someone or liked someone, she'd say so. If she had to avoid the truth, she'd use vague words. But this seemed different.

"This smells fishy,"

Arisa said, deep in thought, before sitting on her lover's lap, who was equally puzzled.

"Should we contact P' Deal to see if she's working somewhere today? Or should we just go to her condo?"

Mintra pondered, hugging her lover and resting her face on her back, separated only by the thin nightgown she'd removed the night before.

"Do you want to do it again? Aren't you tired?"

Arisa's voice trembled. She didn't comment on their friend's issue. Her and Mintra's passion was like oil and fire, easily ignited upon contact.

"How about one more round before we go see Praw?"

Mintra suggested. The familiar scent of her lover made her forget their worries.

"Sounds good. I'm not satisfied yet,"

Arisa agreed. They never refused each other. Sometimes, they were late for work because of this. Their love never seemed to fade, and she believed sex played a significant role in their relationship. Before they went to question their friend, they'd have to give each other some love.

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Meanwhile, the person being gossiped about had to wake up early to avoid the media waiting to get a report on her girlfriend. It took her a while to get ready, to wear a wig and do everything. Ninlada even asked her to stay, but their relationship couldn't be revealed yet.

Ninlada was indeed a strategist, having her start rumors that they were getting closer. This would take time, so they had to endure the discomfort for a while.

"I just got to my room,"

Prawfha said into the phone, removing her wig and tossing it on the table before collapsing on the sofa. With the shoot canceled, her schedule was suddenly free.

"Okay, I was worried you'd have a hard time,"

Ninlada replied, her voice full of concern for her girlfriend. Now that they were officially together, she worried about her constantly.

"Don't say that, Sam. I wasn't having a hard time. From now on, let me take care of you too, not just the other way around,"

Prawfha said, preempting her overly attentive partner. Honestly, she felt she was receiving too much care from the other.

"I just wanted to care for you,"

Ninlada said gloomily. She realized she might have been overbearing, making Prawfha uncomfortable.

"I know, but you need to understand me, too," Prawfha continued.

"Okay, it's good you told me. I wouldn't know otherwise. If there's anything that bothers you, tell me so I can improve,"

Ninlada said understandingly.

"You too, Sam. If there's anything, let me know. Our love isn't easy. I'm just afraid because love is fragile. We have to hold on to each other tight,"

Prawfha smiled at the phone. If she could stop time, she'd want to freeze these happy moments with her loved one. They'd learn and grow together. She didn't expect much from her lover, just honesty and a willingness to adjust to each other.

"I'm glad you gave me a chance to be your girlfriend," Ninlada replied cheerfully.

"And I'm glad you woke up and asked me to be your girlfriend. Rest well, my dear. There's nothing to worry about anymore. We'll see each other tonight,"

Prawfha smiled at her lover's happy words, comforting her and reminding her to rest. Nothing was impossible if they wanted it to happen. Their relationship still had many challenges to overcome...

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História My Pink Love - 19. Can I?

Capítulo 19 - 19. Can I?

Almost a week had passed since Ninlada had been lying injured in the hospital. People flocked to hear the news, forcing her to solve the problem by having her brothers and her agency's female executive arrange a press conference room.

She wheeled herself out, with her arms and legs still in casts, to meet the media. She was worried about causing trouble for the hospital, which was already busy with patients, and now had to accommodate the media and her fans as well.

"How long will it be before you can return to filming?"

A male reporter asked after the press conference had been going on for a while. The attending doctor and Wansetthi had explained the villainess's condition and her expected return to work. The doctor sat on her right, and the female executive who came to take care of her personally sat on her left.

"It'll take some time to recover before I can get back to work. I feel bad for the crew, they're affected because of me,"

Ninlada replied with a gentle smile. Even though she was sick, she didn't forget to put on light makeup, accompanied by a bandage wrapped around her head. In reality, she could've just covered the small wound, but it

seemed the doctor was in a good mood for a prank and wrapped it like a crown around her head.

"What were you thinking, Ms. Nin, when you decided to help the elderly lady at that moment?"

A female reporter asked.

"I don't know. I just saw the elderly lady standing trembling by the roadside, and a car was speeding by. My legs just moved on their own. But in the end... I couldn't save her,"

Ninlada's eyes reflected sadness as she spoke, making everyone feel the sorrow.

"Did you know that everyone was waiting for you while you were unconscious?"

The same female reporter asked again.

"I have to thank everyone for your love and worry. When I was unconscious, I didn't know who was waiting for me. But I just knew, I knew I didn't want to die, that I didn't want to leave the people I love and who love me. I woke up to fulfill my promise,"

Ninlada said with a smile, which made everyone endear her even more, but her answer wasn't just for everyone waiting for her; she woke up to fulfill a promise to a very special person in her life. She woke up for that woman she loved with all her heart, Prawfha.

"Last week, Ms. Prawfha visited you with her manager, and there were rumors that she was trying to make herself viral. Is that true?"

Another reporter asked.

"She wasn't trying to make herself viral. I can confirm that. If anyone has any doubts, they can ask me directly. When we started working together, we began to talk more about unresolved issues. If one day I take Praw shopping or out to eat, don't be surprised by what happens,"

Ninlada replied with a smile, though she was secretly annoyed that people thought her lover was trying to create a buzz. How infuriating.

"So, you two aren't holding any grudges about the past, especially regarding the men who came into your lives?"

"Of course not,"

Ninlada answered briefly.

"And who initiated the conversation first?"

The reporters kept pressing on this topic.

"I did. I started everything. I wanted her to understand everything that happened. Time will prove our relationship," Ninlada said. It seemed their relationship was under close scrutiny. Some said they were creating a good image for themselves, while others said working together allowed them to open up more. But the issue was that there were men involved in their past clashes.

"And what about the person you mentioned during the earlier interview? The one whom you're interested in. Did he visit you?" Another female reporter asked, curious because since the villainess mentioned it, many had been waiting to see who that person was.

"Do you still remember that? I won't answer about my love life right now. Let's just say I have a lot of support during my recovery. Everyone loves and cares for me. That's enough to make me happy and motivated to work."

Ninlada laughed, making the reporters smile. Despite her injuries, she could still be cheerful. No wonder why Ninlada was as popular as leading ladies. Her friendliness and acting skills conveyed emotions perfectly, but it wasn't just that; she was so charming that she didn't realize how many hearts she'd made race, including the female executive and her close friend who couldn't help but feel something for her.

"Okay, everyone. Fans who are worried about me can rest assured. Once I'm better and have recovered a bit, I'll be back in action. I've received all the gifts. Let's meet outside later. I asked you not to obstruct the hospital's space. Thank you, everyone,"

Ninlada quickly found a moment to excuse herself when the reporters stopped asking questions. Her mind was already with her lover, wondering how she was doing while waiting for the news at the condo. She must've been anxious about the interview because the leading lady had complained that it was too quick to have a press conference as she hadn't yet fully recovered.

But Ninlada was more anxious, fearing that people would think poorly of her lover, accusing her of creating a buzz because of her, which wasn't true, and she couldn't let it slide.

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"Are we really going to make peace with her?"

Nadon, who was watching the villainess's press conference on the sofa in the leading lady's condo, asked. On either side of him were Prawfha's close friends, scrutinizing every detail.

"What's the harm? Isn't it good? We won't have to worry about any more conflicts. And why are you all staring at me?"

Prawfha felt uneasy under the six scrutinizing eyes.

"I don't trust her. Do you understand us? If one day you have a serious relationship, and she meddles in it, can you accept it? You gave a chance to someone who didn't deserve it,"

Arisa said, worried about her friend's situation. Hadn't what she had been through enough? The men that she'd snatched away. Not to mention the constant rivalry from her.

"I'm confident it won't be as you worry. I think Nin isn't really that bad. Trust me this time, okay? P' Deal too,"

Prawfha turned to her two friends before looking at her manager. After the three had come to get answers from her, she said she'd try to make peace with Ninlada. If they knew she and the villainess had crossed the line into a romantic relationship, they'd surely be outraged.

"Ugh, whatever you say, girl. We're telling you she's a wolf in sheep's clothing, but you won't listen. I'm out of words. It's good, though. Your bad news will be overshadowed. Enemies to friends, huh?"

Nadon said sarcastically. He was also out of ideas. When Prawfha was stubborn, no one could stop her.

"Consider yourselves warned. Be careful. We don't know what tricks she might pull,"

Mintra added after letting her lover and the manager try to reason with Prawfha. Prawfha was grown up and probably had her reasons. She noticed that there might be more to it because Prawfha had never seen Ninlada as a good person. She always insisted they could never be friends. Just seeing her face made her curse inside.

"Thanks, everyone. Shall we go out for lunch? It's almost noon,"

Prawfha said, seeing her friends and manager resigned to her decision. She sighed lightly before quickly changing the subject. Ninlada had disappeared from the TV screen, indicating she'd gone to rest, reassuring her that she was okay.

Now, their story unfolded step by step without anyone suspecting their relationship. If everything went according to their plan, everyone around them would gradually accept their friendship and slowly understand their closeness.

Ninlada's side mightn't be much of a problem, but on her side, Ninlada would have to prove many things to her friends and even her family, who

mightn't accept their love. Everything was still uncertain.

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By the time she was discharged from the hospital, Ninlada was already bored and grumbling. She'd asked the doctor and nurses for permission to go home ten times a day. The hospital wasn't as private a place as she wanted. During the day, she had to receive visitors, relatives, and close friends from both inside and outside the industry.

At night, her lover had to disguise herself to stay with her. Now, Prawfha had to go back to filming because she'd been on break for a long time. The team had adjusted the filming schedule, waiting for Ninlada's scenes, which would be a lot of work once she returned.

"I'm so happy. Finally, I get to be at home."

As she leaned back against her bed in her own room, Ninlada spoke to Prawfha, who was busy organizing things from her bag. Ninlada's two brothers had picked her up from the hospital in the middle of the night because she didn't want to make headlines.

Her face lit up even more when she realized that Prawfha had come to take over her care from her brothers and was already waiting in her room. Her brothers read the situation well and left the two of them to have some private time. She'd have to reward them big time later.

"I'm even happier. Now your best friend and the female executive won't be clinging to you day and night,"

Prawfha said with a pout. She felt like her girlfriend had quite a charm. In the past, if she dated someone and others started getting close to them, she wouldn't have tolerated it. She would've cut ties long ago for giving false hope to others and not being absolutely faithful to her.

"You know that P' Wan and Aung mean well. If I rejected them outright, it'd hurt their feelings. They haven't crossed any lines with me. I want you to understand me. Aung is my best friend, and P' Wan is someone both of us respect,"

Ninlada said, noticing the other person's tense face. She quickly got up and took the hand of the sulky one, leading her to sit on the bed together.

Luckily, her arm was only broken on one side. In a couple of weeks, she'd be able to take off the cast.

"And do you understand me? You know that I need clarity. Haven't you noticed that every time I date someone, I need them to set a clear boundary with others? Yet, you can't do that for me,"

Prawfha said, having waited for this moment for a long time. Fortunately, she finished work early today and came to wait in the room. It was time to have a discussion with the villainess about her best friend and her boss, who seemed overly intimidated with her.

"But my heart has set on you, for a long time even. Please don't break up with me. Okay, I'll try to set a clear boundary and not do anything that seems like giving them hope. Now, can you please turn around and smile at me,"

Ninlada said, feeling restless. She knew how her lover would react when someone she dated wasn't faithful or didn't set a clear boundary with others. She tried hard not to be like those men.

"That's a promise, okay? You know that I've invested a lot in this relationship. Please don't hurt me. I can't handle it if you betray my love,"

Prawfha said, looking at the sharp face that smiled softly at her. She'd chosen this person and was ready to face obstacles together. If Ninlada wasn't faithful, it'd be too hard for her to bear.

"I promise. I love you,"

Ninlada said, raising her uninjured hand to caress Prawfha's soft face before leaning in to taste the lips that were eagerly waiting for her touch. Their love was now both tender and passionate. Their kisses alternated between sweet and fervent, with no one willing to slow down.

The villainess didn't leave much space between them. Even when she pulled away from the reddened lips, she still nuzzled and inhaled the scent of her lover's neck, who willingly allowed her to invade. They'd been waiting for private moments like this for many days. This was another reason why the injured one kept insisting on returning to her private room at the hotel.

"W...Wait, Sam,"

Prawfha said as Ninlada laid her down on the soft bed, with the slender body pressing against hers. She pushed the other person away to stop the action.

"Please, Praw. You know how long I've been waiting to show my love to you."

Ninlada's voice was still filled with passion. She pleaded, making the listener blush.

"You asked me so directly. Now I don't know what to do," Prawfha said, trying to hide her embarrassment.

"So, can I?"

Ninlada asked again. They were already on the bed; she wasn't going to let Prawfha get away easily.

"You crazy. No one else asks about this kind of thing so directly. But you've just recovered, and your arm isn't fully healed. I don't want you to exert yourself,"

Prawfha said, avoiding the sweet gaze. This was too embarrassing for her. She never thought about such indecent things.

"If you don't want me to exert myself, then help me. I'm waiting to give myself to you alone,"

Ninlada teased the embarrassed one before lying down next to her and hugging her. Her other arm could still support her weight, but her face didn't stay still. She nuzzled against the now tomato-red cheek, unable to resist the touch.

"Come on. What are you saying? I don't know how to do it."

Prawfha tried to wriggle out of the increasingly uncontrollable situation before quickly sitting up and glaring at the smiling person.

"How can you not know? We're almost in our thirties. It's normal for people in love to be intimate."

Ninlada pressed on, but now it was more about teasing Prawfha than anything else.

"Sam! That's it. I'm leaving,"

Prawfha said, glaring at the persistent teaser. She was starting to get genuinely upset.

Does she want to be with me just to sleep with me?

"Are you mad at me again? You're so good at getting mad today. Okay, no means no, but stay with me tonight. I need someone to take care of me,"

Ninlada said, not just with words but also hooking her pinky finger, which was in a cast, with the other person's pinky, hoping to make up.

"I was planning to stay anyway. Do you want to take a bath? I'll help you,"

Prawfha said, holding back a smile. She wasn't really that upset, just putting on a show.

"Will you bathe me?"

Ninlada's eyes widened immediately when the other person offered to help her bathe.

"You haven't bathed in days, right? I'm not sleeping with someone who hasn't bathed. You stink,"

The leading lady said, giving a mischievous look at the model-like body.

Let's see how this bold girl reacts when I take the lead.

"I'm so happy. I've wanted you to bathe me for a long time. I didn't think my dream would come true. Come. Have a bath with me,"

Ninlada said eagerly, sitting up. She knew the other person thought she wouldn't dare. But, she had prepared to be Prawfha's for years. Why would she be shy about an opportunity she'd dreamed of?

"No way. I was just kidding. Aren't you embarrassed one bit?"

Prawfha pouted, realizing the other person didn't get as embarrassed as she thought and was even trying to drag her into the bath. She realized who would be more vulnerable in the future. Ninlada's sharp eyes always looked ready to devour her whenever there was a chance.

"Why would I be? I'm sexy, you know? Where will you start undressing me?"

Ninlada teased before standing up, ready for her lover to take care of her.

"Undress yourself. I'll prepare the bath,"

Prawfha said, blushing with embarrassment before ordering the shameless one to handle her own clothes. She quickly rushed into the bathroom, but mostly to hide her embarrassment.

"Praw, what's with the rush? My arm hurts. Come help me undress, please,"

Ninlada laughed at the vividly blushing one before following her into the bathroom. She called Prawfha to help with her clothes because it was

difficult to undress herself.

"No more teasing,"

Prawfha said, walking over to the smiling one who had followed her into the bathroom.

"If I don't tease you, can I have you tonight?" Ninlada still had conditions.

"Sam! Stop saying that..."

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História My Pink Love - 20. Agree

Capítulo 20 - 20. Agree

"Raise your arm, please," Prawfha said, feeling a bit flustered from the figure that Ninlada claimed was sexy. But now, she had no choice but to help bathe the other person, who was sitting in the tub like a child, covered in bubbles. She had to complain about the injured arm, even though she'd wrapped it in clear plastic. She still didn't trust it, so she told Ninlada to keep it raised.

"But it's heavyyy," the person being bathed grumbled. From being flustered, Ninlada started complaining. So this is what having a partner is like. It meant never feeling lonely and always having someone to take care of you.

"Just bear with it a little, okay? Um, you can wash the lower part yourself. When you're done, stand up so I can wash your body," Prawfha said, feeling quite embarrassed herself. Although she'd bathed her nieces and nephews before, she didn't know what to do when dealing with an adult like this.

"Help me up, please," Ninlada smiled before taking care of herself as instructed. She planned to let her partner handle everything, but it seemed like Prawfha didn't really know how to. This kind of thing would probably need to be adjusted to each other.

"Step out carefully," Prawfha extended her hand to help the person in the tub stand up. She turned her face away, not wanting to see the model-like figure that made her own slender body feel inadequate. The flawless, fair

skin with a pinkish hue was tempting her to touch and love. Wait, when did I start thinking like this? Gosh, Prawfha, you're a lost cause.

"Turn around. How are you supposed to wash me if you don't? Aren't you worried about getting this arm wet?"

Ninlada found an excuse. She could probably wash herself, but she wanted to tease the slender woman into giving in to her desires. She was clearly a master planner.

"Look, I'm human, too, you know? Having my girlfriend undress like this in front of me makes my hands weak and my heart race," Prawfha pouted. It was too much to bear, but she didn't know how to start. She knew what it felt like to have a desire to do that thing because she often felt it when something triggered her.

Now, she felt like someone who had a can of fish but didn't know how to open it. Ninlada kept teasing her, making her want to touch. Just scrubbing the smooth skin earlier had already drained her strength. She wondered if she could feel the same way with another woman.

"Praw, you can go get ready to bathe. I'll wash myself. Don't worry," Ninlada felt sorry for Prawfha, seeing her sulking face. She thought their first time should be on the bed. They needed to gradually build up the intensity. It wasn't that she didn't feel anything when the other person scrubbed her body.

The way Prawfha looked at her while undressing, even though she was embarrassed, Ninlada knew that Prawfha wanted to do it with her just as much as she wanted to. But the leading lady didn't have enough courage. So, she'd take the lead tonight.

"Heh."

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"Are you asleep, Praw?"

Ninlada spoke through the darkness. She was the kind of person who had to have whatever she wanted.

"What is it? Are you still going to ask me to do it with you?" Prawfha waited quietly, her heart pounding, and she couldn't help but hug the person next to her.

"Well, can I?"

Even though Ninlada had planned to do it with Prawfha tonight, she still cared deeply about her feelings and respectfully asked for permission.

"If I agree, you won't leave me, right? Will you promise me that everything will stay the same, no less than what we're having?"

Prawfha tightened her hug around her warm partner. She was afraid it'd turn out like many couples she'd seen and even her own family. When one gave everything to another, they ended up heartbroken and betrayed by the one they loved.

"Who would leave whom first? I'm committed to you alone. It's not just me getting you; you can make me yours, too. I want to tell you the same thing. Don't leave me after this, or I'll probably die heartbroken."

Ninlada hugged the slender body closer, smiling at her own words.

"Th... Then, yeah, we can do it," Prawfha finally easily agreed. To be fair, she didn't agree to this easily. Though Ninlada was a master planner, she didn't want to spoil her partner. Being her partner meant she had to be able to wait. Giving in easily would ruin her image as the leading lady.

"Really?" Ninlada, caught off guard by the yes, smiled broadly.

"Promise you'll be gentle. If you feel pain, you have to stop. Remember, you're still injured."

Prawfha changed her position to straddle the eager person.

"I'll give you anything you ask for." Ninlada, blinded by love, was willing to give everything, even her life, if the person in front of her asked. She knew she was deeply infatuated with Prawfha but chose to ignore it. She'd fight for her love, no matter what.

"Consider it a reward for waiting for my love." Prawfha smiled gently in the dark before leaning down to kiss her partner, thanking her for everything she'd done. For Ninlada, it might've been love at first sight, but for Prawfha, it was true love. She wasn't impressed by the first role Ninlada played but loved her for who she was.

Ninlada almost melted from the reward given by the person on top of her. Their kiss was gentle, making her feel like she was floating in the air. It was as if she was sparkling in the wide sky, just like the name [*] of the person giving her this sweet kiss. Prawfha didn't rush but instead waited for her to take the lead in their passionate game. Even though Prawfha was on top, she allowed Ninlada to guide their sweet love scene.

She wanted to remove the silky pink nightgown to savor the scent of the smooth cheeks and the fragrant neck. She was frustrated with her left arm, which wasn't as agile, as she wanted to hug Prawfha tightly. So, she used her other arm to pull the person on top closer, ensuring no part of their bodies was apart. Their chests pressed together, making their breaths quicken.

"Could you please take my clothes off for me," Ninlada pleaded while propping herself up after her lover pulled away, blushing.

"..."

Prawfha didn't respond, only following her lover's request. Her hands trembled uncontrollably. The sharp eyes clearly showed what they wanted, sparkling. She felt the blood rushing just from Ninlada's gaze. The smooth skin she'd seen while bathing was now revealed again as she removed the thin black nightdress and tossed it aside.

"The underwear, too, both of them. Yours, too. I want to see," Ninlada swallowed and spoke, continuously asking because of her rising desire.

Even though Ninlada's body wasn't at its best, Prawfha followed her every command.

"Like this?"

Prawfha's sweet voice responded as she removed the coverings from both their bodies. Then, she shivered, covering her chest with her arms as Ninlada reached to turn on the bedside lamp.

"You're beautiful, darling. Lie down for me, please," Ninlada, like a hungry tiger, looked at the embarrassed, trembling person in front of her. She ordered her to lie down, but when Prawfha hesitated, she approached and gently laid her down. Her slender hand caressed from the face down the neck, removing the arms covering the beautiful chest, and began to fondle, making Prawfha shiver.

Her sharp eyes examined the figure that moaned, responding to her touch. She didn't want their first time to be unimpressive. She wanted to admire this woman's body before claiming it and tasting its purity.

"S...Sam, it's embarrassing."

Prawfha closed her eyes, not daring to look at the lewd actions. She felt too embarrassed, her body trembling as Ninlada's fingers glided over her skin. It was relaxing yet made her feel feverish. She knew Ninlada's eyes were admiring her body, and just thinking about it made her want to moan, but she tried to hold back.

She only knew she liked being told what to do by Ninlada, She didn't want to control the game; she wanted her lover to tell her what to do. It was exciting, like waiting for an exam result.

"Shh! Open your eyes and look at me. Why be embarrassed, my dear? You're so beautiful I want to kiss and touch every part of you before making you mine and mine only," Ninlada whispered in Prawfha's ear as she pressed her hot body against the slender one.

"Do me. Order me. Do whatever you want with me."

Prawfha didn't know how other couples' sex lives were, but theirs seemed to be heading in this direction. She had no idea how much more intense it could get.

Ninlada looked into Prawfha's half-closed, pleading eyes with satisfaction. Now that Prawfha was caught in her love trap, she slowly leaned down to taste those slightly red lips again. This time, she savored much more passionately than before because they were both naked. Their bodies rubbed against each other almost as if they were melting into one.

Skin-to-skin, their bodies were hot, and they yearned for each other. They exchanged kisses and tasted each other without anyone giving in. Prawfha clung tightly to her body, making her arm hurt again, so she reluctantly pulled away from those lips.

But the pain wasn't enough to destroy the desire to experience her first time with her lover. Ninlada shifted her focus to Prawfha's neck and chest, savoring each side. She couldn't resist sucking on the flat stomach until it was marked with red bruises.

So, this is what sex is like.

The more intense she got, the more Prawfha moaned. Her body reacted to her actions non-stop. The sweet voice begged her to take her to heaven. She kissed her way down to where she'd always desired. Prawfha was about to be hers. The beautiful, untouched flower she'd dreamed of was now glistening with droplets she'd stirred up, ready for her to taste.

"Baby. Hmmmmmm," Prawfha's mind went blank as she moaned. Ninlada's wicked tongue licked her flower, making her body shiver and twitch. It was a mix of pleasure and torment, and she might die if the other stopped touching her. She couldn't describe the feeling; it was beyond words.

The one doing the act couldn't describe it either. What was sweet wasn't the taste but the feeling. The more her lover wanted her, the more aroused she became.

It made her forget everything-her injuries, the people around her, all her responsibilities vanished. She was only aware of Prawfha, her sweet moans, and her pleas to take her to heaven's gate. Unable to resist, she slowly inserted her finger into Prawfha's beautiful body to fully claim her.

"Hgn, Sam, I feel like my body is going to burst," Prawfha said, feeling strange pressure from the unfamiliar intrusion.

"Just a little more, darling," Ninlada comforted Prawfha and pushed herself up to kiss Prawfha's lips to soothe her. Her hand inside Prawfha's body began to move to her satisfaction as the leading lady started to relax.

It was a natural human instinct to release their pleasure. Prawfha's slender hands gripped her back tightly, her moans increasing as Ninlada quickened the pace. Sweat formed on both their bodies, their breaths mingling with moans, making their love song filled with satisfaction.

"Ah, hghnnnnn. I can't take it anymore, ahh!"

Their first love battle left them both exhausted, but it seemed the leading lady knew her lover hadn't reached complete satisfaction like her. She turned to embrace the sweaty body again.

"Tell me to do you," Ninlada smiled at the one who ordered her to order herself. She wondered who was really in the lead.

"Do it. Do me like I did you. Kiss me," Ninlada ordered, looking at her lover with half-closed eyes before Prawfha leaned down to taste her sweetness from her lips again.

"Kiss here... ah. Kiss my chest too... harder... good girl," Ninlada ordered again, using her free hand to guide her lover. It was so arousing she could barely speak.

"Taste me more. Savor me there, ah."

"Use your fingers too, darling. Put it inside me. Hghnnnnn," Ninlada moaned, guiding her lover step by step, just as she'd done before. After that,

she had no strength to speak, her voice turning into moans of desire.

The feelings were a mix of pain and pleasure; it confused her. Prawfha obediently followed every instruction, even more passionately than she'd done to her.

Their heavy breaths slowed as they lay exhausted. Prawfha collapsed into Ninlada's arms after bringing her to climax.

"Are you okay, Sam? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Prawfha's sweet, breathless voice asked, remembering her lover had just left the hospital.

"J... Just a moment. I feel a bit of pain in the arm, but it's probably nothing serious. I was careful earlier," Ninlada replied honestly. She felt more tired than usual because she hadn't exercised in a while.

"If it hurts a lot, tell me, okay?"

Prawfha said with concern.

"Thank you, Praw. I'm so happy with what I've got. I never thought this dream would come true," Ninlada replied, trying to steady her breath.

"I feel the same. Don't do this with anyone else, okay? If you do, believe me, it won't end well," Prawfha said, her recent taste of love making her even more possessive of the villainess. Ninlada, despite being the schemer, was too kind and considerate, making Prawfha worry about those who might try to take her lover away. She'd have to keep a close watch and constantly remind Ninlada of her words.

"I've never felt this way with any other woman. It'd be uncomfortable if anyone else tried to approach me that way," Ninlada said truthfully.

Whether it was Aungkana or Wansethi, she always felt uneasy when they tried to get too close. But with Prawfha, it was different. She could give her everything, body and soul.

"Let's sleep. We've had a long day. I have a shoot in the morning. If you hurt anywhere, wake me up, okay?" Prawfha said, adjusting the blanket over their bare bodies before turning off the light and cuddling Ninlada through the sweet night.

She never knew she'd end up with this person or where their love would lead. But right now, this love was so fulfilling that she couldn't express it all. She loved and cherished Ninlada so much...

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História My Pink Love - 21. The Shoot

Capítulo 21 - 21. The Shoot

After a considerable period of recovery, Ninlada's body finally returned to normal, and her work as the villainess in the drama had to continue.

Fortunately, she had a loving partner who always helped her rehearse lines whenever they were together. Now, she felt an even deeper love for Prawfha, so much so that she couldn't find the words to fully describe her feelings. Their relationship had grown so intimate, binding them closer together with each passing day.

Prawfha was an ideal partner. She never made Ninlada feel neglected. The leading lady took care of her diligently, even though it meant going back and forth between their places. Sometimes, when Prawfha had late-night shoots, her manager would drop her off at her own place first before she hurriedly drove over to take care of her partner to make sure that no one suspected anything. This routine went on for several days, making Ninlada feel guilty and determined to recover quickly so her partner wouldn't have to worry so much.

"Praw, are you heading out yet? I'm going to the set now," Ninlada asked over the phone, as they were currently staying at their place.

"I'm almost ready. See you at the set," Prawfha replied while getting dressed in front of the mirror in her condo.

"Okay, love you, Praw."

"Love you, too, Sam."

Ninlada looked at her phone with a contented smile after the call ended. Just hearing the sweet voice say, 'Love you, too,' made her heart race.

Honestly, she was head over heels in love, and everything she saw was so sweet and rosy.

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"A woman like you is always pushing herself to men, isn't that right, Sita?"

The sharp-eyed woman with bright red lipstick sneered at the person in front of her, looking her up and down with disdain.

"You don't know anything, so don't act and speak so lowly to me, Rati," the sweet-faced woman retorted immediately, clearly displeased with the other woman.

"Are you sure I don't know anything, Sita? You know the truth. If Phak knew you were frequenting hotels with men, would he still fancy you? Hmph."

The tall, slender woman didn't just say that; she pulled an envelope from her designer bag, opened it, and showed the photos inside to the person in front of her.

"You know that's Pon, our school friend. I've never thought of him that way. We just had dinner together. Why are you doing this, Rati?" The sweet-faced woman asked, clearly upset with the arrogant woman.

"Don't you already know that? Phak was mine first. If it weren't for you, he wouldn't be so cruel to me."

The sharp-faced woman glared at the slender figure in front of her, raising the photos in her hand with hatred before throwing them at her opponent's face and pushing her down in anger.

"Rati!! Stop right now! What the hell are you doing?" A handsome man ran in, shouting loudly before pushing the tall woman away from his beloved, who had fallen to the ground.

"Ouch!!" The sharp-eyed woman fell, watching the man she loved so much not even glance at her. Tears began to flow down her face.

"Sita, are you okay?" The man helped the slender woman up, asking with deep concern, his strong arms holding her close.

"Phak, how could you do this to me? Do you love her that much? You can't do this to me," the sharp-faced woman cried, her face stained with tears, as she tried to hit the man who no longer cared for her. Well, actually, she was hitting him with all her might because he dared to hold her love so tightly.

"Stop!! Rati, enough. No matter what evidence or ways you find to disrupt our lives, I still love Sita. Our relationship ended a long time ago. Let's go, Sita."

The man shouted in anger before helping the slender woman in his arms walk away, not looking back at the heartbroken woman.

"Phak, don't do this. Phak, come back!!"

The sharp voice cried out, but no matter how much she called, he didn't turn back. The tall woman collapsed, sobbing over her shattered love.

"Cut!! Okay. Great job, everyone. Prepare for the next scene. Phee, Nin, Praw, you can take a break," The director quickly moved to the next scene. Now that the villainess was back to work, the pending scenes were being shot rapidly, leaving no time for rest for both the crew and the actors.

"Are you okay, Ms. Nin?"

The crew quickly attended to Ninlada, as instructed by the executives, fearing that her recently recovered body mightn't be able to handle it.

"I'm okay. I just need to use the restroom," Ninlada quickly composed herself, wiping away her tears after the intense scene. She noticed the leading lady heading to the restroom and excused herself to follow her.

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"Praw," Ninlada called out as she entered the restroom. She found the person she was looking for, washing her hands.

"Sam, are you okay?"

Prawfha turned and quickly locked the door to prevent anyone from coming in, asking her partner with concern, as all of Ninlada's scenes today were quite intense.

"I'm not okay. It's just that my body isn't that ready. I haven't been able to exercise much, so I get tired easily. Don't worry, Praw. If I can't handle it, I'll tell the crew. But I saw that actor holding you so tightly," Ninlada said with a smile and a slightly jealous remark, pulling the other's hands to hold and caress.

"I didn't like it either, but it couldn't be helped. I had to get through it quickly so we wouldn't have to reshoot and you wouldn't get tired," Prawfha said with a frown before hugging her partner for comfort. Pheera was really persistent.

"Aw, Praw, if you can't stand him, don't. And I'm not tired. By the way, why is that guy still pestering you?" Ninlada couldn't help but complain about the actor's harassment. Was she now the villainess who stole the leading lady from the leading man?

"I'm sick of him, too. I've blocked his number and everything. I thought I made it clear, but he doesn't seem to get it. I always have to have P' Deal around when I'm on set," Prawfha said with a stressed voice. She hadn't talked about this with her partner since she'd just recovered, and she didn't want to complicate their lives with these issues.

"Just be careful, Praw. If it gets too much, I'll handle him myself. Let's go back out before P' Deal gets suspicious," Ninlada reluctantly pushed her partner away before giving her a light kiss on the lips.

"Hurry and follow," Prawfha responded quickly before leaving the restroom. The villainess waited a moment before following, hoping it wouldn't seem too suspicious. But she accidentally met the eyes of the leading lady's manager, who saw her coming out after his charge.

"Praw," Nadon whispered to his charge immediately.

"Yes, P' Deal, what's up?"

Prawfha turned to her manager with a soft smile.

"I saw Ninlada go to the restroom with you. Did you talk, or did she do anything to you?"

Nadon asked with concern, glancing at the subject of their conversation with displeasure.

"Nothing, P' Deal. Don't worry. Everything's fine. We just greeted each other as usual," Prawiha said with a smile. She needed to start becoming more friendly with Ninlada now.

"Let me know if anything happens. You never know when she might turn on you," Nadon said with distrust, glaring at the person who smiled at him. But he'd never smile back at her. His sharp eyes noticed a pair of black high heels he recognized well, placed next to the chair where the villainess sat.

He knew this brand and model were produced in limited quantities, and it seemed too coincidental to be the same pair he saw in the leading lady's

room.

"Too similar. How could it be?"

Nadon mumbled about the shoes.

"What looks similar, P' Deal?"

Prawfha asked, puzzled.

"Those high heels of Ninlada look just like the pair in your room. I remember the brand," Nadon asked his charge with curiosity.

"Uh, well, there are many pairs like that. Anyone could buy them. P' Deal, are you overthinking too much? I told you that pair belonged to my friend," Prawfha lied to avoid suspicion. She needed to tell Ninlada to pack those shoes away for good. This was becoming an issue.

"Really?"

Nadon still wasn't convinced but decided not to press further, knowing he wouldn't get any answers.

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"Ms. Pim, I should be done with the shoot around ten tonight. Can you please take the documents to my room?"

Ninlada called her secretary to handle some pending work after the shoot. Her schedule was packed lately, leaving her barely any time to take a break.

Fortunately, she'd started clearing her administrative tasks three days prior to the filming. She glanced at her lover and her lover's personal manager, who looked back at her with a fierce expression.

Ninlada could only smile awkwardly; it'd been a while since her lover showed such a stern face.

"Sure, Ms. Nin. Once you're done with the shoot, just contact me. I'll have the documents ready for you," Pimprapha replied to her boss. She truly admired Ninlada. This woman had so many responsibilities in her life but never once complained about being tired. She managed her work and personal life so seamlessly.

"Thank you, Ms. Pim. That's all for now," Ninlada said, ending the call. She then turned to smile at the newcomer who had been talking to her lover and was now walking over to greet her.

"Let's go out for lunch, Nin. I see the crew is setting up equipment. It's almost noon, so they'll probably take a long break," the executive woman, who had come to visit the set herself, invited the sharp-featured villainess as part of her plan. In reality, she was more interested in seeing Ninlada.

She needed to score some points to win her heart. She'd been single for too long. Now, she had everything in life except a partner. She wondered when Ninlada would give her a chance.

"Um, I think I'll eat on set, P' Wan," Ninlada replied hesitantly, glancing at the leading lady who had already turned her back to them.

"It won't take long. The noodle shop is just across the street. I invited Praw and P' Deal, but they didn't want to go. Are you going to be heartless and reject me too, Nin?"

Wansetthi used her usual tactic to get Ninlada to come along. She knew how soft-hearted Ninlada was, and this method always worked with the sharp-featured villainess.

"Alright, just a moment," Ninlada reluctantly agreed. She turned to grab her phone and texted someone, who read the message but didn't reply. She knew immediately that her lover was upset. There wasn't much she could do except clear things up later.

"Are we going now, P' Wan?"

Ninlada packed her things and asked the person who was already smiling at her. She was starting to feel uncomfortable with the executive's persistent advances, and she was also worried about Prawfha, which made it even harder to bear.

"Yes, let's go," Wansetthi said, linking arms with Ninlada. They walked past the leading lady and her manager, stopping to greet them before heading out together.

"I think Ms. Wan definitely has something going on with Ninlada. My gaydar is going OFF," Nadon said, ready to gossip about the two women who had just left.

"... "

Prawfha sat silently, her face showing her displeasure. She watched her lover being escorted by another woman right in front of her. She was starting to feel fed up. Was she just a secret lover now? It was getting out of hand.

She used to respect Wansetthi like an older sister, but now she saw her as her number one rival. She wouldn't stand this. Her innocent lover was always too soft-hearted, which was infuriating. It wasn't that she didn't trust her lover, but it felt like she owned her, yet she couldn't show it.

"Why do you look so stressed, girl?"

Nadon, who had been talking to himself, turned to look at his charge, who seemed to be in a foul mood.

"Nothing, P' Deal. I need to rehearse my lines," Prawfha said, cutting off the conversation by burying herself in her script. In reality, her mind was far from the lines; it was with the two people who had just walked out of her sight.

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On the other side, the soft-hearted person who had agreed to have lunch with the executive was feeling troubled. Her lover was probably very upset about her leaving like this. The thought made her lose her appetite.

"Is the food not good, Nin?"

Wansetthi noticed that Ninlada was eating her noodles without much enthusiasm and couldn't help but ask.

"No, it's just that I took too much medicine, so everything tastes bitter," Ninlada lied with a weak smile. The bitterness in her mouth was nothing compared to the bitterness in her heart. Love made her emotions unstable, swinging between happiness and sorrow.

"I see. But you should try to eat a bit more to get better quickly," Wansetthi said with concern, adding some meat and meatballs to Ninlada's bowl.

"Thank you, but you should eat, too," Ninlada replied softly, feeling both grateful and uncomfortable.

"I care about you, Nin. I want to take care of you," Wansetthi expressed her clear intentions, making Ninlada put down her chopsticks and look at her.

"But I..."

"Is it because I'm a woman?"

Wansetthi asked directly, cutting Ninlada off.

"No, P' Wan," Ninlada sighed. She was about to reject her, but Wansetthi interrupted.

"Then I still have hope. Besides, you don't have anyone yet. Please don't reject me. If you're not ready to give anyone a chance, I can wait," Wansetthi smiled warmly. She didn't want to hear a rejection from the villainess. Knowing that Ninlada was still single was enough to give her hope.

"Let's continue eating, P' Wan," Ninlada said, not knowing what else to do. If she revealed her relationship with the leading lady, it might cause problems. Everything was getting out of hand, but nothing worried her more than her lover's feelings. She'd have to start refusing to go out with the executive to avoid future issues....

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História My Pink Love - 22. I'm Not Okay

Capítulo 22 - 22. I'm Not Okay

"I'm not okay with this, Sam," Prawfha said to her lover as soon as she arrived at Ninlada's hotel after her personal manager dropped her off at her condo. She was ready to confront her partner, ignoring anyone else who might be present in the room.

"What's wrong?"

Ninlada tried to stay calm, knowing what might've triggered Prawfha's anger. If it was about Pimprapha, she'd be relieved because Prawfha had been getting along well with her secretary lately.

"Don't act innocent. It's about what happened this afternoon," Prawfha raised her voice again.

"Ms. Pim, I'll let you know once I've reviewed these documents. Thank you," Ninlada turned to her secretary, who was trying to hide a smile. Her secretary had probably never seen someone throw a tantrum at her like this before. Usually, it was Ninlada who was the one being demanding, always needing her parents and brother to take care of her.

"Sure, Ms. Nin. Praw, I'll be going now," Pimprapha smiled at the two women. One was frowning, and the other was using smiles to handle the

situation. Pimprapha could only smile at the scene.

Initially, when she saw them together, she couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. If someone hadn't seen the intense love scenes she'd witnessed, they wouldn't understand how heart-racing it was.

"P' Pim, please keep an eye on her for me. She tends to be too soft-hearted with others. If this keeps happening, I won't be able to stand it. We can't even reveal our relationship, and now I have to worry about her being too nice to others," Prawfha vented to her lover's secretary.

"Sure, I'll keep an eye on her for you. But you have to calm down and talk to Ms. Nin first. My boss has never been unfaithful to you. I can guarantee that. I'll take my leave now."

Pimprapha quickly defended her boss before leaving the room, letting the two women sort things out. Prawfha was straightforward with her feelings, even with her boss present. It was no wonder her boss was so smitten with this sweet-faced girl.

"Talking behind my back right in front of me, huh? I'll avoid P' Wan from now on. Don't worry. She's been invading my personal space too much. I felt really uncomfortable today," Ninlada sighed and led her sulking partner to the bedroom, to their soft bed.

"Are you really that easily bored?"

Prawfha looked at her lover, who seemed genuinely uncomfortable with the female executive. She'd never seen this side of her partner before.

"Honestly, Praw, besides you and my family, I don't let anyone get too close unless necessary. Ms. Pim, for example, has to take care of work-related matters, so she can enter my personal space, but only with my or my family's permission."

Ninlada explained, lying down on her lover's soft thighs. Prawfha was wearing a short, light pink dress that barely reached her knees, which

Ninlada found particularly appealing. She couldn't resist snuggling and caressing her lover's smooth legs, causing Prawfha to get goosebumps.

"Don't be naughty. Go shower first, then I'll shower after you. I'm exhausted."

Prawfha quickly grabbed Ninlada's face and hands, which were starting to wander. Ninlada couldn't help herself, but since their last intimate encounter, Prawfha had insisted on abstaining until the villainess had fully recovered. They hadn't done it again since then.

"You smell so good, I can't resist," Ninlada said, her hands massaging Prawfha's smooth legs, her nose nuzzling, and her lips kissing, making

Prawfha's body tense up.

"Stop it, Sam. I said stop," Prawfha ordered, her voice trembling, trying to push Ninlada away. She wasn't confident, having worked all day and feeling sweaty.

"It's been so long, Praw. I can't hold back anymore," Ninlada pleaded. She'd waited for herself to be fully recovered. Now, she wanted to be intimate with her again.

"No, I have to wake up early and go back to the condo. We have to shoot a scene together early tomorrow. It's not the right time, darling. Go shower. NOW."

Prawfha got up automatically, forgetting about the issue with Wansethi.

"Next time, I should stay at your place. Maybe then you'd agree to it."

Ninlada resigned herself to her lover's decision.

"Stop talking and go shower," Prawfha didn't respond to the request. She was just scared. Their intimacy was intense and passionate, leaving her sore and even causing Ninlada to fall ill. She didn't know if it was normal for other couples, but their inexperience made it overwhelming.

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"See you on set, Sam," Prawfha said, waking up before dawn and telling her lover, who had come to see her off at the parking lot.

"Okay, drive safely. I love you, Praw." Ninlada held her lover's soft hand, Last night was the same; she had fallen asleep waiting for Prawfha to shower, only to wake up and find her preparing to leave.

"Same here."

Prawfha smiled at her lover before starting her car and driving off. She wanted to be with her villainess every day and night, not wanting to feel lonely in her big bed anymore.

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"Praw," a deep voice called out as soon as Prawfha exited the bathroom.

"Phee, what are you doing here?"

Prawfha was startled. Everyone was on a break, and she'd excused herself to use the bathroom. She saw P' Deal chatting with the makeup team and Ninlada talking with her secretary. She felt uneasy because Pheera had been persistently pursuing her, and she tried to avoid him as much as possible.

However, their work required them to be together often, including romantic scenes, which she had to endure.

"I came to see you, Praw. Can't you give me another chance? It's all in the past. Nin and I have proven there's nothing between us. Besides, I didn't do anything wrong. You even said you cleared things up with Nin. What about me?"

Pheera tried to reason with her. He was serious about Prawfha, who was his dream woman.

"Phee, I've told you many times. I can only be your friend. It's not about the past; it's about my feelings. I never felt that way about you. I'm sorry for giving you false hope, but it wasn't love for me," Prawfha tried to explain one last time.

"P...Praw, how can you say that? There has to be some mutual interest and feelings to be in a relationship, right? I'm serious about you," Pheera's voice trembled, and he couldn't believe what he was hearing. He grabbed her hand.

"Let go, Phee. I've made myself clear," Prawfha tried to pull her hand away.

"No, Praw. You're being so unreasonable. We need to talk this out," Pheera held her wrist tightly, dragging her to a secluded area to clear things up.

"Are you crazy, Phee? It hurts. Where are you taking me?"

Prawfha resisted as he pulled her behind the set where no one was around. The once-polite man was now disrespecting her.

"Praw, I love you so much. I've never been this serious about anyone before. Please give me another chance."

Pheera stopped and pulled her into a hug, pleading for another chance.

"Phee, let go. Let! Go! Now, who's unreasonable? Look at what you're doing. Do you think this is what you should do?"

Prawfha struggled, disgusted by his actions. Many women might desire him, but she wasn't one of them.

"But I love you so so so much, Praw," Pheera said, leaning in to kiss her lips.

"Ugh!"

Prawfha struggled, refusing lips. let the young man invade her any further, but he only tightened his grip around her waist, pulling her closer. Her lips burned from being crushed against his mouth and the rough stubble on his face. She hated it. She was so disgusted that tears streamed down her face. This was nothing like the gentle touch of her lover.

There was no tenderness, no gentleness-only a rough, dominating touch. She desperately hoped someone would come to her rescue and free her from this man.

"You bastard!"

A voice filled with intense anger shouted as someone rushed in and kicked the young man away from the slender body he was tormenting.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

Before the young man could react, a tall, slender figure stormed in and slapped him a few times across the face, venting her fury for violating her lover.

"Sam!!"

Prawfha cried, unable to hold back her emotions. The person who had come to her rescue was the one she loved with all her heart. She quickly pulled her away, fearing that Pheera might retaliate. After all, Ninlada's body was much more delicate than his.

"Let go of me, Praw! How dare he do this to you? How dare he!!"

Ninlada tried to go in for another round, but Prawfha clung to her, trembling. She'd cherished this woman so much, and now this despicable leading man had dared to violate the person she loved. If she hadn't thought to follow the other who had been gone for a while, who knows what more this madman would've done?

"Are you crazy? What the hell are you doing, Ms. Nin?"

Pheera quickly got up, still dazed from the slaps. His lips stung, and he tasted blood. It was clear how hard the other had slapped him.

"Who's crazy one here? How could you do this to a woman? I saw it with my own eyes-you were harassing her. Or is that not true?"

Ninlada shouted, causing the entire crew to rush over and see what was happening.

"Oh. My. Gosh. What's going on here?"

Nadon and the directing crews hurried over when they saw the commotion.

"I didn't do anything. I was just asking Praw to talk and clear up some personal matters. But Nin came in and attacked me," the leading man quickly defended himself, unfazed.

"If you were talking nicely, would she be like this?"

Ninlada looked down at the person she was holding close, worried. She tried to calm herself, but this was too much.

"Praw, come to me. And you, let her go now," Nadon said, seeing Prawfha in the arms of someone just as untrustworthy as the leading man who caused the trouble. He quickly pulled the slender figure toward him, and Ninlada let her go easily.

"Praw, what really happened?"

The director asked. No one knew better than the leading lady what had occurred. Filming was already delayed, and the air date was approaching. And now, they had to deal with problems on set, which was making him even more stressed.

"I...I didn't want to do this. I've made everything clear, but Phee wouldn't accept it. P' Deal, let's go. I don't want to see his face."

Prawfha tried to wipe her tears as she answered, her body still trembling with fear. She glared at the man with intense disgust.

"Sigh, after we wrap up today, I'll have Phee and Nin talk to Ms. Wan. Please, don't create any more problems. The work is already slow. Nin was just recovered, and Phee, don't do this on my set. Can't you clear things up after work? Mui, take him to get his wounds treated and his makeup redone. What a day. Break it up!"

The head director said before ruffling his hair and walking away in frustration, leaving everyone else startled.

"Prawfha is not anyone's toy. I want you to remember that. You have no right to mess with someone else's girlfriend."

Ninlada said, her protective instincts flaring like a cobra guarding its eggs. The surrounding crew saw the icy aura that made the leading man pale as he faced her and her threatening words. Her sharp makeup, fierce eyes, and bold red lips from her role only emphasized that she was a villainess both on and off-screen.

"Phee, I'm asking you, please, don't get involved with Praw anymore. I hope this incident makes you realize your mistake. Let's go, Praw. And you, thank you for helping her."

Nadon, equally angry, gave the leading man an ultimatum and didn't forget to thank the villainess who had come to help Prawfha before leading the trembling girl away.

The villainess shot a sharp glance at the surrounding crew, who quickly dispersed to continue their work. One of them took the leading man to another corner.

"Don't do this again, or you'll have a serious problem."

Ninlada muttered, still fuming. If there was a next time, she wouldn't stop at just this. She'd ruin the leading man's career and reputation, leaving him no place in the industry. She couldn't help but worry about her lover, unsure if she could continue working.

Her hands still stung from the force of the slaps, enhanced by the diamond ring she wore, which explained the visible marks and blood on the man's lips. Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm her anger, preparing to deal with the aftermath. She knew news of this would spread, and they'd have to handle it together...

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História My Pink Love - 23. I Won't Stand This!

Capítulo 23 - 23. I Won't Stand This!

"I feel better now."

Prawfha said, comforting the person lying with their head on her lap as they watched a movie together on her condo's sofa. After the problem caused by the leading man, she realized she'd lost her composure quite a bit and almost didn't want to film any more scenes with him.

Ninlada also seemed quite stressed, having to bottle up her emotions. Once work was done, she followed Prawfha to her condo, saying she didn't want her to be alone.

"If Pheera hasn't learned his lesson, just watch me. I won't let him get away with it. Come here. I need to erase that guy's kiss mark from you so you can forget about this."

Ninlada said, getting up from Prawfha's lap. She then leaned over the slender body and kissed her to offer comfort, erasing the bad memory and soothing her. Her slender hand slowly caressed Prawfha's chest through her silky nightgown, seeking a deeper connection.

"W...Wait, stop. I'm scared. You know how our first time was. I'm afraid it'll get even more intense," Prawfha quickly used her hands to push Ninlada's

chest, halting her actions. She still felt quite embarrassed and wasn't used to it.

"What are you scared of? It's a natural human thing. Back then, I wasn't feeling well, and it was our first time," Ninlada tried to persuade the person beneath her.

"But... where are you going?"

Prawfha sighed, trying to find words to argue with her lover. She watched as Ninlada got up and walked into the bedroom, returning with a sly smile, holding a thin red scarf and a thick roll of tape wide enough to cover her mouth. If Ninlada was going to go this far, it'd make her feel a bit scared.

"Don't be scared, Praw. I promise not to do what you don't allow me to. I just want you to release some stress. I won't be rough, okay, my love?"

Ninlada knelt before her lover and held both of Prawfha's hands. If she didn't do this, she wouldn't get another chance tonight. Prawfha was just anxious because, despite how happy their first time was, waking up had left her physically sore.

"No, Sam. What are you doing? Let go of me."

Prawfha, who had been soothed by sweet words, snapped back to reality when her lover grabbed her hands and tied her wrists with the thin scarf.

"Don't be loud. Just go along with me, my dear. Consider it my reward for helping you earlier today," Ninlada pushed the startled Prawfha onto the luxurious sofa. She didn't use much force; it was clear Prawfha was just playing along. Ninlada noticed the sparkle in Prawfha's eyes despite her shocked expression. Deep down, Prawfha probably wanted to play the role of the submissive. Honestly, Ninlada admitted that their sex life involved some unusual preferences.

"Are you going to hold this over my head? No, Sam, let go of me."

Prawfha glared back and didn't forget to voice her protest, even though inside, she couldn't help but feel excited by Ninlada's actions. She knew deep down that she wanted this. The more Ninlada teased her, the more she was willing to comply. If anyone knew that the leading lady of the industry was having an affair with her rival villainess and enjoyed thrilling bedroom activities, it'd be hard to believe.

"Nope. Tonight, you have to spoil me. You have to follow whatever I order you. Understood, my dear?"

Ninlada replied in a husky voice, straddling Prawfha and pressing her body down. She leaned in to nibble and suck on Prawfha's trembling lips, causing a mix of pain and pleasure to set the stage for their love scene.

"No, I can't be the only one on the receiving end. No way," Prawfha protested as Ninlada pulled away and picked up the roll of tape.

"Shh! Don't make a sound. Let's try something more exciting," Ninlada smiled triumphantly, pulling out a length of tape.

"No, Sam. HMM..."

Prawfha's protest was cut short as her mouth was sealed with the thick tape. She could only use her bound hands to pound Ninlada's chest in frustration. If she could break free from this bondage, she'd make sure to make Ninlada not being able to get up. But for now, she could only think about it because the villainess had tied her hands and sealed her mouth tightly.

"Easy, don't call out. I'll give you a reward, my good girl," Ninlada teased in a husky voice, stroking Prawfha's face. Her large eyes now looked at her with a mix of love and anger. The love was there, but so was the desire to tease. She wasn't being too rough, just adding a bit of excitement to their love scene.

"Mmm, et ee oo."

Prawfha pretended to resist, squirming more as Ninlada's hand slipped under her thin nightgown, trying to remove her small panties.

"I love you so much, my dear. You're so beautiful, so fragrant, and so soft."

Ninlada's eyes were filled with sweetness as she kissed Prawfha's smooth, white legs. Despite Prawfha's attempts to squirm away, Ninlada managed to remove her lacy panties and tossed them aside. Her hands began to caress Prawfha's smooth legs, massaging them to help her relax, which seemed to work as Prawfha stopped resisting and allowed Ninlada to touch her.

"Good girl."

Ninlada looked up at Prawfha, whose face was now flushed with either the heat of passion or anger-she couldn't tell.

"Please be mine, my dear, and I'll help you relax."

The villainess didn't just say that; she also massaged Prawfha's thighs. Prawfha could only writhe and moan in response to the arousal Ninlada had ignited. Ninlada was pleased with Prawfha's response and rewarded her with kisses on her inner thighs before moving her face closer to find the sweetness that would make Prawfha tremble and reach heaven's gate.

"Mmmmm."

Prawfha's body writhed. Ninlada's actions were too much for her. Without any foreplay, Ninlada's lips and tongue went straight to her flower, making Prawfha's resistance vanish instantly. She could only moan, digging her toes into the sofa and arching her body, giving Ninlada full access.

But it still wasn't enough to satisfy her overflowing desire, so she used her bound hands to grab Ninlada's hair, pressing her lover's head closer to her core to release her tension.

Their fire of love was ignited. The villainess lavished love on the leading lady without pause, licking, tasting, and inserting her long fingers deeply inside, increasing the pace until she brought Prawfha to climax. Only then did she untie Prawfha and give her freedom. And that was when the love scene, which had just calmed down, was reignited by Prawfha, who wanted to return the favor.

Night gowns, clothes, and items in the luxurious condo were scattered everywhere as their passionate love scene continued until it ended on the bed, which was left in disarray. Both of them were equally exhausted, collapsing into each other's arms and falling asleep on the soft bed.

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"Mmm."

The slender body beneath felt uncomfortable due to the change in sleeping position. Slowly opening her eyes, she saw Ninlada sleeping peacefully on her chest. Looking at the clock on the bedside table, she saw it was six o'clock, still early.

Her personal manager had arranged to pick her up at nine, so there was no need to worry much. But she should get up and tidy herself and the room before waking Ninlada, who was still sleeping soundly, to do the same before Nadon arrived.

With that thought, Prawfha carefully untangled herself from Ninlada's naked body. Ninlada groaned in protest at the disturbance, making Prawfha smile. Her body was sore from their lovemaking, as they hadn't held back at all. She believed Ninlada was just as sore as she'd done her several times.

Seeing Ninlada's peaceful face, she couldn't resist kissing her cheek out of affection.

"Mmm, Praw, I'm still tired," Ninlada groaned in surrender. Last night, after freeing Prawfha, she'd become the prey, being ravished by the leading lady until she could barely make a sound.

"I'll let you sleep a bit more. I'll come back to wake you up, my love," Prawfha said, stroking Ninlada's hair before getting up, grabbing a towel and robe, and heading to the bathroom to freshen up, leaving the messy room and the sleepy Ninlada alone on the bed.

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"She's probably not awake yet," thought Nadon, who ended up arriving at the wrong time. He'd gone to bed early the previous night, waking up early and deciding to prepare breakfast for the leading lady before the scheduled time.

"Oh, my gracious god! W...What happened to the room? Praw!"

Nadon's heart sank as he saw the leading lady's room in disarray, with clothes scattered everywhere.

"Definitely a thief! Who? Who did this to my lovely Praw?"

Nadon tried to keep his composure, quickly looking around for something to defend himself with. He grabbed a long pink umbrella and hurried to the bedroom, which was slightly ajar. He was worried about the leading lady, but the room was eerily quiet for a break-in. Inside, there were only remnants of superhero pajamas from a famous movie scattered around.

Valuables were still in place, albeit disorganized. He sighed in relief, thinking Prawfha must've made the mess herself, as he saw another figure lying under the covers on the bed.

"Geez, you changed your pajama style, or what? Or did you go out drinking with Min and Eve last night?"

The manager stood pondering the scene. He concluded that Prawfha must've gone out drinking with friends, which she did occasionally. With that thought, he decided to check on her to see if she could get up for filming.

"Girl, wake up. How are you?"

Nadon sat on the edge of the rumpled bed and gently nudged the person lying on their side, covered up to only show half their head.

"Ugh, Praw, P' Deal, wha-hey!"

The person, who was lying exhausted, immediately sprang up upon hearing the manager's voice.

"Eeeeeek! What are you doing here?"

Nadon screamed in shock when he saw that the person on the bed wasn't Prawfha but someone who should never be in the leading lady's private space.

And why is she in this state? Where is Prawfha?

"P...P' Deal, listen to me," Ninlada quickly pulled the blanket to cover her naked body, standing trembling on the other side of the bed.

"You drugged Praw and did something bad to her, didn't you?! I won't stand this! You're dead!"

Nadon screamed again, raising the umbrella to deal with the person in front of him.

"Wait! Listen to me first! Hey! Ouch!"

The person wrapped in the blanket tried to run away from the enraged manager.

Meanwhile, the person in the bathroom was oblivious to the chaos outside. The bathroom was soundproof, so Prawfha, who was soaking in the luxurious tub and humming a tune, had no idea a murder scene was unfolding outside. She was just relaxing, thinking she had a bit more time to unwind.

BANG BANG BANG

"Praw, help me! Praw, come out quickly! Don't, P'Deal, don't!"

The desperate banging on the bathroom door startled Prawfha. Realizing something was wrong with the person she left outside, she heard a thud following the cries.

THUD

"Sam!"

The leading lady quickly got out of the tub, not even rinsing off the soap, threw on a white robe, and rushed to open the door.

"What did you do to her? You're done for! Ahhh!"

Nadon, red with anger, chased after the slender figure who tripped and fell in front of the bathroom. He closed in, ready to strike.

"P' Deal, stop!"

Prawfha's eyes widened in shock. She rushed to protect her lover, who was lying with eyes shut, bracing for the blow.

"Praw, this woman has done so much to us. Move aside, let me handle this. Don't protect her. Did she threaten you?"

Nadon, angry and exhausted, asked Prawfha.

"N...No, P' Deal, calm down. It was consensual," Prawfha said, blushing, trying to calm her manager down. This left the burly manager speechless in disbelief.

"I can't take this... I'm going to faint..."

Nadon, feeling weak and dizzy, almost collapsed when Prawfha sided with the intruder.

"P' Deal! Go rest outside. Sam, are you okay? Get dressed and come out," Prawfha said, helping her manager out of the room. She then turned to her lover, who was still wrapped in a blanket, looking equally shocked.

"Okay, okay."

Ninlada replied, watching her lover help the manager out. She was still in shock, thinking how lucky she was that Prawfha came out in time.

Otherwise, she might've been a victim of violence, leading to a headline like,

'Manager of a Leading Lady Commits Murder with Umbrella in Actress's Condo as a Villainess Had Sneaked into Her Bedroom'.

The sheer thought of being in such a headline was more depressing than anything.

It took a while for everyone to calm down. Prawtha was taking care of her manager, giving him water and a menthol inhaler to prevent him from fainting. She then excused herself to tidy up. When she returned to the bedroom, she saw her lover sitting worriedly on the bed, having only put on pajamas and waiting for her. She walked over to comfort her.

"Is P' Deal okay? I was so scared when he suddenly woke me up on the bed. I thought I was dreaming," Ninlada said, her voice muffled as she buried her face in Prawfha's flat stomach.

"He should be better now. I just asked him to calm down and then came to take care of myself. Can you check on him for me? I need to rinse off. I didn't finish my bath," Prawfha said, trying to ease the tension. She wanted Ninlada to talk to Nadon, hoping things would improve. She loved both of them and wanted them to get along.

"Are you sure? You sure I won't get hit again?"

Ninlada said, still scared from what happened. She was worried that the manager might hate her even more.

"I want you to try talking to him. Come on, my love. I promise I'll be quick."

Prawfha said, gently pushing her lover out of the bedroom before closing the door with a smile. Sometimes, things weren't as bad as they seemed. If Nadon opened his heart a little, he'd see how lovely Ninlada truly was.

"Let's hope we get through this..."

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História My Pink Love - 24. Secret

Capítulo 24 - 24. Secret

"Uh, y...you're feeling better now, right?"

Ninlada, left to face the situation alone, stood there trying to gather her courage for a long time before deciding to approach her target. She saw the tall man still sitting there with a stern face, sniffing a menthol inhaler. When he glanced at her from head to toe, she flinched.

"Can't you see with your own eyes whether I'm okay or not?"

Nadon lifted his chin, looking at her with sharp eyes that seemed to plead for sympathy. He couldn't help but soften his response. And seeing her in that superhero-themed pajamas, he couldn't help but think how much it clashed with the villainess image she portrayed in the drama.

"Uh, can I sit with you?"

Ninlada tested the waters, unsure of the mood of her lover's manager. If he was still in the same mood as earlier when he chased her with an umbrella, she wanted to be prepared.

"Ekkkkk! And what is this?"

Nadon turned away in annoyance, but when he turned in another direction, he saw evidence of what had happened last night. The sexy pajamas were scattered, and the underwear was thrown on the floor. The sight made

Ninlada even more mortified. She quickly ran to hide the evidence behind her, her face burning with embarrassment.

"I...I'm sorry, P' Deal."

Ninlada didn't know what to do. She quickly gathered everything and threw it into her lover's laundry basket in the corner of the room. She felt both embarrassed and scared about what she and the leading lady had done, especially after having a confrontation with the leading lady's manager.

"I feel like I'm going to faint again. How did it end up like this?"

The deep relationship between the leading lady and the villainess was too much for Nadon to handle. They were giving him a headache so early in the morning.

"Sam, what are you doing standing there? Come sit."

Prawfha walked out in a comfortable t-shirt and shorts. Seeing her lover standing awkwardly in the corner, she walked over and took her hand, leading her to sit on the sofa next to her. Then she turned to her personal manager, who was sniffing the inhaler and glaring at them like a hawk ready to pounce.

"So this is the person whom you kept secret, the one who made you act so weird."

Nadon started the conversation, sitting up straight and asking questions. "Yes, P' Deal. I'm sorry, but it was really necessary."

Prawfha replied softly, while the person next to her could only bow her head in guilt.

"Are you not ashamed to let everyone know? You declared your hatred for each other publicly, but behind the scene, you were screwing each other."

The manager said, sighing at the problems that would follow.

"P' Deal!"

Prawfha called out her manager's name, not knowing what to say. If she'd been able to control her feelings, it wouldn't have come to this.

"And you, you hid it so well that no one knew. If I hadn't found you naked on Praw's bed."

Nadon said to the villainess, who remained silent.

"I'm sorry, P' Deal. It was really out of our control. Besides, I've liked her for a long time. I'm ready to take responsibility for everything if it becomes an issue. We've planned everything out."

Ninlada looked up and answered, holding her lover's soft hand to build confidence. She'd been silent, fearing her answers mightn't please him and she'd be chased away again.

"Of course, you have to take responsibility. I won't let you leave Praw to face this alone. Honestly, Praw, I'm really worried. Being in the news with anyone else wouldn't bother me as much as with her. How long have you been secretly dating? And how long have you been sleeping together?"

Nadon sighed, feeling both tired and sympathetic toward the couple. He never thought the girl he saw as a sister would change her preferences so drastically and let things go to this point. The scattered clothes were evidence enough of what had happened.

"Uh, we've been seeing each other for several months. We officially started dating about a month ago. That was also the time we started...doing it."

Prawfha answered shyly about her relationship. Ninlada could only smile at her, making her want to pinch her in frustration.

"Ouch! Praw, why did you pinch me?"

Ninlada yelped when her lover pinched her hand.

"Enough! Don't be lovey-dovey in front of me. I'm really getting a headache with you two. We'll talk later about what to do if problems arise, but don't expect me to be friendly with you now. It's getting late, so go get dressed."

Especially you, Ninlada, take off that superhero pajama. It doesn't suit you at all. Praw, go get dressed too. I'll prepare breakfast."

Nadon decided to let them off for now due to time constraints and responsibilities.

The situation was getting out of hand, and he still hadn't thought about the leading lady's parents, whom he had to report to regularly. He didn't want to think about what would happen if they found out. He wondered how long they could keep their relationship a secret from the media and society.

With so many eyes and ears around, he couldn't understand how the villainess managed to sneak into Prawfha's room without any news leaking. He sighed, thinking about the causes and potential problems.

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When the leading lady's manager found out, Ninlada felt relieved. At least Nadon could help solve the problem when the time came. But now, besides going to the set, she had to talk to the executives and the leading man, who had a visible bruise on his lip, and the leading lady, who had to listen to what happened yesterday.

"I won't say much about what happened yesterday because P' Aek already reported everything to me. Phee, I want you to separate personal matters from work. Yesterday was during work hours, and our work requires teamwork. I never thought I'd have to solve these problems from you. Gossip is already starting to spread."

Wansetthi tried to control her emotions with the actor under her management.

"I'm sorry, P' Wan."

Pheera was still angry at Ninlada for getting him in trouble with the higher-ups. He was hurt by her rejection and angry at Ninlada for embarrassing

him. He never thought of blaming himself for his actions.

"Nin, I ask you not to let your emotions dictate your actions in the future. It causes more harm than good. I'm worried about your image."

The executive turned to the person she had feelings for, trying to be as gentle as possible. She didn't want to hurt her feelings because she was trying to win her heart, but as an executive, she had to give some warnings.

"I understand, P' Wan. I'm sorry for causing trouble again. If it wasn't unbearable, I wouldn't have gone this far."

Ninlada apologized, glaring at the leading man who pretended to be sad. She knew he wouldn't stop there.

"Praw, are you alright now?"

The executive turned to the leading lady, who sat with a frown next to her manager. Prawfha was like a sister to her, and she couldn't help but worry. Prawfha must be very stressed about what happened.

"Yes, P' Wan. I'm fine, just a little shocked. I didn't expect to encounter such a man. It'd be better if we didn't work together in the future. If it happens again, I might have to report it to the police."

Prawfha answered honestly, according to her straightforward nature. It was no surprise that she'd cut ties with men who came into her life, making headlines. Ninlada'd also experienced her temper, which often made the news.

But what annoyed her more was the concerned look the executive gave her lover. She couldn't express her possessiveness, so she could only glare at her lover when she smiled back. She wanted her to stop smiling so charmingly, or she'd get angry.

"Praw, I'm really sorry. I...I just couldn't control my emotions."

Pheera continued to apologize, even in front of others.

"Forget it, Phee. I consider us even now. Thank you, P' Wan, for your concern, and I'm sorry for causing trouble."

Prawfha spoke calmly, raising her hands to apologize to Wansetthi. Despite her anger toward the person in front of her, she never forgot to show respect.

"Alright, let's get back to the set. Despite the issues you have, let's finish this drama first. Consider it a favor for me. Please, everyone."

Wansetthi concluded the conversation, allowing everyone to return to their respective duties.

"Praw, Nin, wait a moment,"

The female executive called out to the leading lady and the villainess before they left, noticing that the male lead had already exited the room.

"Yes, P' Wan?"

Ninlada turned back to ask.

"I'm glad that you and Praw have something good going on. I hope there won't be any more conflicts between you two. Praw, do you have anything to thank or say to Nin?"

Wansetthi, seeing that things were improving between the two women, hoped they'd get to know each other better and become friends. This would make future collaborations more comfortable.

"Uh, well, thanks for yesterday. Let's have dinner together if you're free tonight after we wrap up. I'll treat you as a thank you."

Prawfha said, feeling a bit awkward. Others might think she was embarrassed because she had to thank Ninlada, but she found it odd to pretend to do that to her own lover. Besides, she'd already rewarded her almost all night.

"Sure."

Ninlada smiled broadly. Prawfha was quite cunning, inviting her to make news like this. Once it became a topic, the other would probably give an interview saying she treated her to dinner as a thank you. This was good; with this setup, their desire to be close in public wouldn't be complicated anymore.

"Aren't you going to invite anyone else, Praw?"

Wansetthi teased. She actually wanted to find an excuse to follow the villainess, using Prawfha as a bridge to spend time together. She happily thought it might be good if the leading lady could get close to Ninlada, possibly gaining an ally in matters of love.

"Sure, let's all go."

Prawfha's eyebrow twitched. Wansetthi was definitely trying to use her as a bridge to get to Ninlada. She won't let her. If she let her do it, her girlfriend would surely be targeted.

Ugh, you annoyingly charming girl. I need to cut this off early.

"Ugh."

Nadon could only roll his eyes, muttering under his breath. The villainess had such strong charm. Even the person under her care wasn't far behind, creating situations to get close without anyone noticing. This was clearly the villainess and the leading lady teaming up to deceive the public.

And the executive was completely unaware that her subordinates were involved in such a deep relationship. He could only think and feel sorry for her because, in the end, the executive would be heartbroken for sure.

"What's wrong with your eyes, P' Deal? Anyway, see you later, P' Wan. I'll let you know which restaurant we'll go to."

Prawfha excused herself, giving her manager a side glance. Look at you making such a face; just wait until it's my turn.

"I'll excuse myself now, P' Wan. See you."

Ninlada didn't know what else to say. Seeing her lover and her manager leave, she excused herself too.

"Nin, I miss you. Work hard," Wansetthi held the other's soft hand before leaning in to whisper in her ear, causing Ninlada to get goosebumps.

"U... Uh, yes, e. excuse me."

Ninlada stiffened, barely able to speak, her body covered in goosebumps. She quickly looked toward the door. The stiffness and goosebumps weren't from the executive but from the stern gaze that turned to her at that moment.

Being attacked from both sides, she lost her composure. Wansetthi might be very beautiful, but she didn't feel that way about her.

"So cute. That's why I like you."

Wansetthi smiled at the person she thought was embarrassed by her and quickly left the room. Ninlada was always this adorable. Despite her sharp beauty, her innocent, kind nature was very endearing. Anyone who got to know Ninlada like she did would likely fall for her charm, too.

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"Your 'Sam' has quite the charm, don't you think?"

Nadon said to the leading lady as they walked out together.

"There's nothing to worry about, P' Deal. I believe she isn't like that."

Prawfha smiled at her manager. No matter what anyone said, it didn't affect her. She was confident enough to handle the villainess. The other was so charmed by her that she could make her do anything. Her only concern was the people trying to get close to her lover, which was annoying.

"Yeah, yeah, you didn't say this when your exes do the same thing. But, yeah, I get it since you've already let her do everything to you. What can I say?"

Nadon pretended to be upset. He'd taken care of Prawfha like family, entrusted by her parents, but she ended up sneaking into the villainess's condo.

"P' Deal, come on. Don't say such things."

Prawfha blushed, clinging to her manager's arm, trying to be endearing. Nadon must've been quite upset with what he'd just learned.

"Praw, I'm worried about you. Even though you're both women, you've never been in this kind of relationship. I'm worried because you lack experience. If she's just using you, how heartbroken will you be? And what about your parents? They trusted me to take care of you. I wouldn't know how to face them."

Nadon said, his voice a mix of sadness and concern.

"P' Deal, don't worry. Your person also did me. And I don't have much experience either. See you on set."

Ninlada, who had followed them out, couldn't help but interject. She smiled at the leading lady, who was blushing, and walked away.

"Ahhhhh, Ninlada!!"...

"Sam, you crazy. What are you talking about?"

"Gosh, I feel like fainting again."...

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História My Pink Love - 25. Are You Satisfied Now?

Capítulo 25 - 25. Are You Satisfied Now?

'Shocking!! A leading lady and her rival villainess were spotted having dinner together with their personal manager and the female executive of their agency last night. Insider sources say the two ladies are now on good terms. We'll have to wait and see what they say about this surprising turn of events.'

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

Nadon asked, looking at the couple cuddling and smiling on the sofa in the leading lady's condo with a hint of annoyance. Truth be told, he wasn't too bothered by Ninlada anymore; he was getting used to it. Especially now that he knew the truth, the villainess practically stayed over with the leading lady every night.

"I'll release a statement about how she's been helping me," Prawfha said, giving her partner a sweet look as they planned their next move.

"Thank you so much, Praw, for doing this for our love. It's me who hasn't done anything for us," Ninlada replied with a soft smile, pulling her partner into a hug and kissing her cheek as a reward.

"Oh, come on! Too much love in the air. Why do I have to sit here and watch you two being all lovey-dovey? Have some decency. You have your own homes; go sleep there. Your bed must be gathering dust by now," Nadon said sarcastically, though he wasn't really upset.

"Couples spend time together, right? Isn't that true, Praw?"

Ninlada shot back at her partner's personal manager. Although they didn't have serious fights, they often found ways to tease each other daily. The leading lady often had to play the mediator.

"Are you saying I don't have a partner?"

Nadon pointed a finger, his head practically steaming. He admitted that Ninlada was a good person who took great care of Prawfha, but her constant teasing and banter with him were a bit much.

"Enough, P' Deal. Sam, stop picking fights. We're all adults here. And tonight, you should go back to your own room because we have a shoot in another province tomorrow. You need to pack and prepare," Prawfha gently scolded her partner, who pouted in response.

"Fine. But before I go, P' Deal, could you make that fruit salad for me like last time?"

Ninlada rarely asked for favors, but she trusted Nadon, who had always taken care of Prawfha. It wasn't surprising that she wanted him to treat her like a younger sister, too. And there she was, daydreaming again.

"I'm not anyone's servant. If you want it, make it yourself," Nadon turned away, lifting his chin. He was the personal manager of the leading lady, not her partner's caretaker.

"But P' Deal, it was really delicious. Even the one that my hotel chefs make can't compare. Why not be my manager, too? You'll earn more. You don't need to do much. Just take care of Praw and make delicious food for me," Ninlada pleaded, clinging to his knee, trying to win him over. Prawfha smiled, approving of her partner's actions.

"What are you doing? Let go. Just so you know, my wage is expensive," Nadon pushed her hand away, though he was secretly flattered by her compliment. No wonder Prawfha was so smitten; Ninlada's sweet talk and affection could melt anyone's heart.

"That's a 'yes' then. Thank you, P' Deal. You're the best!"

Ninlada exclaimed, hugging the muscular manager, who yelped in surprise.

"Eeeeeek! Let go of me! I'm gay. No women are allowed to cling to me," Nadon protested, though he was just embarrassed.

"Wait for me, P' Deal. Where are you going?"

Ninlada called after him as he hurried to the kitchen, pretending to be grossed out. She followed him, glancing back at her partner, who was laughing at the scene.

"Thank you, Sam, for loving everyone I care about," Prawfha said, watching her partner disappear into the kitchen. The sounds of their bickering echoed, making her wonder if her kitchen would survive before they got to eat the fruit salad. She decided to join them, not wanting to miss the fun.

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The story unfolded just as the leading lady's manager had predicted. The entertainment media began focusing on the two women, and Prawfha skillfully spun the narrative, explaining how Ninlada had helped her in many ways during their collaboration.

They frequently posted pictures together on social media, garnering mixed reactions. Some accused them of seeking attention, while others praised their reconciliation. The agency executives were relieved, hoping they wouldn't have to deal with any more conflicts between the two.

But only their manager and secretary knew the deeper truth. They often felt like third wheels when the couple was together. Nadon, in particular, had to occasionally intervene to tone down their public displays of affection. Now that they could go out together more freely, he often saw them enjoying their time off.

He found himself commiserating with Ninlada's secretary by the hotel pool, where they were staying for a week-long shoot in Phuket.

"P' Deal, have some coconut water."

Pimprapha handed him a coconut while sipping her orange juice and lying down on the lounge by the pool.

"Your boss has taken my charge away again," Nadon grumbled, sipping his coconut water and glancing at the muscular men in the pool through his dark sunglasses.

"Don't worry, P' Deal. They can take care of each other. You probably don't know, but when Ms. Nin was in the hospital, Ms. Praw snuck in every night to watch over her. They've been through a lot together," Pimprapha explained, recalling the times she'd seen Prawfha's dedication.

"You know a lot, don't you, Ms. Secretary? I'm just worried they'll do something inappropriate in public. If any compromising photos leak, it could ruin their careers, considering how they're so smitten with each other now," Nadon sighed, concerned.

"We'll have to prepare for that, P' Deal," Pimprapha agreed. Love was unpredictable, and while it wasn't wrong, it often came at inconvenient times.

Sigh

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Meanwhile, the two women being discussed were unfazed, walking along the beach, laughing, and playing in the waves. They took photos, splashed each other, and enjoyed the attention of tourists. Thai fans who recognized them asked for pictures, and they happily obliged, enjoying the interaction.

"If I'd known this plan would work so well, I would've done it sooner," Prawfha whispered to her partner as they entered a beachfront seafood restaurant for lunch.

"We couldn't rush it. People would've been suspicious. Take off your hat and sunglasses," Ninlada replied softly, removing their hats as they stepped into the shade. They'd dressed casually in matching outfits, one in white and the other in black, with shorts, sandals, recently bought hats, and branded sunglasses, looking like a chessboard pattern.

"I'm starving. Let's order some food. We finally get a break today, and tomorrow is the last day of filming," Prawfha said, her face flushed from the hot sun as she slid into the chair she'd chosen for its perfect view of the midday sea.

"Your scenes are all sweet and romantic, but I have to cry and be heartbroken in almost every scene. I always lose to the leading lady,"

Ninlada grumbled. From what she'd read in the script, tomorrow was filled with emotional scenes. Being the villainess was truly a painful and loveless role.

This affected her quite a bit when she got deeply into character, often bringing the role into her real life. When that happened, she'd get quite stressed. However, it didn't happen as often anymore because she'd become quite skilled at acting with plenty of experience.

"What would you like to order?"

Before the leading lady could say anything more, a waitress approached to greet and serve them. She recognized both of them immediately, being a huge fan of the leading lady. She was quite flustered but didn't expect the

news about the leading lady making peace and becoming good friends with the villainess to be true. And now, they were having a private meal together.

The two women paused their conversation and turned to the menu. Being by the sea, they had to order seafood, and they ended up ordering quite a lot. The waitress could barely keep up with writing down their orders.

"Are you sure we'll finish all this, Sam?"

Prawfha asked her lover after the waitress had left.

"We're here, so let's eat until we're stuffed. I know we'll finish it all," Ninlada said confidently with a wide smile.

"After we wrap up this drama, I'll take you to meet my parents. Are you ready with that, Sam?"

Prawfha asked, having thought about it for a while. She wasn't worried when it came to her mother, but her father was a different story. She couldn't predict how her stern father would react.

"If you're ready, I am. Remember, I'm always ready to wait for you, no matter what it is about," Ninlada replied with a gentle smile, showing no fear about their love. She'd been ready for this moment with the person in front of her for a long time.

"Our relationship will go well, right, Sam?"

Prawfha looked at her lover with eyes full of love, glad she'd chosen this person who accepted her completely.

"Yes, it'll go well. As long as we stay together, I promise to do everything to make our love the best it can be," Ninlada reassured with a sweet, soothing voice.

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After finishing their meal, they took a leisurely walk back to their accommodation. Since they weren't being overly watched, they felt much more at ease. They just had to be careful not to appear too close in public.

They were still a bit worried because even before leaving the restaurant, the waitress had looked at them with suspicion due to their affectionate behavior, which seemed too sweet for just newly reconciled friends.

"Nin! Praw!"

A sweet voice called out from not far away as the two women laughed while walking along the beach.

"P' Wan."

Ninlada smiled at the person calling them. She glanced at Prawfha and saw her sigh. She didn't really know what to do about this situation. Whenever she tried to refuse,

Wansetthi would interrupt or speak over her, making her feel quite uncomfortable. Now, Prawfha was starting to show clear signs of displeasure toward the female executive who kept bothering her.

"Where have you two been? I asked P' Deal and Pim, and they said you snuck off to have fun together."

Wansetthi smiled, feeling a bit jealous of the leading lady who seemed to be getting closer to Ninlada after they'd resolved their issues.

"P' Deal is exaggerating it. We were just walking around and stopped for lunch. Did you just arrive?"

Prawfha, not one to back down, answered instead of Ninlada, even though the executive's question was directed at her. Inside, she felt her temper rising, disliking the sweet looks Wansetthi gave her lover.

"Yes, I just got here. In two days, I'm planning a wrap party before we head back, so I came today to check on the set," the executive explained her

reason for visiting. She could've sent someone else, but with the villainess here, she didn't want to miss the chance to score some points.

"Let's head back to our rooms. It's getting hot," Ninlada suggested, trying to defuse the situation and hoping to avoid a confrontation between Prawfha and the executive.

"That's a good idea," Wansetthi agreed, linking arms with the sharp-featured actress right in front of Prawfha.

"You go ahead. I need to see P' Deal at the pool. He just texted saying he has something to discuss," Prawfha said with a flat tone, trying to suppress her anger. That was her girlfriend, and seeing someone else link arms with her right in front of her was infuriating. If she stayed any longer, she might cause a scene.

"Praw, aren't you coming to rest?"

Ninlada asked, feeling awkward, wanting her lover to come along. It'd be better than this. She didn't want to push Wansetthi away too, obviously, as she used to cling to her like this before.

"Go ahead. I need to drink something to cool off a bit," Prawfha replied, staring back before walking away, ignoring her lover's longing gaze.

"She's acting like a child again. Are you free this evening, Nin? I'd like to take you to dinner," Wansetthi took the opportunity to invite the villainess as soon as they were alone.

"Uh, I'm not, P' Wan. I have urgent documents to take care of. I'm sorry. I should go now," Ninlada quickly replied, gently pulling away from the executive and walking off as soon as she could.

"Wait, Nin," Wansetthi called out, frustrated as Ninlada walked away, leaving her standing there with her mouth open. This was going to be harder than she thought.

"Or could it be that Nin doesn't like women?"

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"Praw," Ninlada, who had hurried to apologize to her sulking lover, sat down next to her. But Prawfha seemed uninterested, focusing on her phone while lounging on a lounge next to her manager.

"What are you two arguing about now?"

The manager asked, amused by the villainess's dejected look as Prawfha ignored her.

"She didn't set a clear boundary with her. It's not my fault, P' Deal,"

Prawfha replied, seemingly to Ninlada but actually addressing the manager.

"I tried, but P' Wan kept interrupting me. Look, P' Deal, She's mad at me. What should I do?"

Ninlada sought support.

"That's your problem. If you can't handle a trivial thing like this, how can Praw trust you as a partner?"

Nadon said, understanding Ninlada's dilemma but unable to help much. The villainess was attractive, with a beautiful face, talent, wealth, and a great profile. It wasn't surprising that both men and women were vying for her attention, but she was naive and clueless about handling love issues.

"Let's go, P' Deal. I can't stand looking at a certain someone. If they don't sort things out, no way I'll let them into my bed tonight."

Prawfha said, pulling her manager away, frustrated that her lover hadn't resolved the issue. She was genuinely upset because it'd happened many times, and despite promises to handle it, nothing seemed to change. It was infuriating to see someone else link arms with her lover right in front of her, and she had to pretend not to care when she wanted to lash out.

"I'm tired of being pretty, Ms. Pim. It's such a hassle," Ninlada lamented, frustrated with her attractiveness and charm.

"Are you really stressed, Ms. Nin?"

Pimprapha, who had been quietly observing, asked, unsure if Ninlada was joking or genuinely upset.

"I am," Ninlada replied, glaring at her secretary, who laughed at her. If only things were as easy as she wished, it'd be really great.

"I know it's tough, Ms. Nin. Ms. Wan is a good person, and she always helped you out, but sometimes, when it comes to love, we have to give up something to gain something else. No one succeeds in life without losing something because humans are never perfect in everything."

Pimprapha shared her favorite life philosophy, giving her boss a chance to hear her perspective.

"I didn't realize you understood life better than I do, Ms. Pim," Ninlada turned to her secretary with interest. No wonder P' Song has his eye on her.

"Well, I do read a lot of books about these things. Besides, I believe I've had more love experiences than you, Ms. Nin," Pimprapha teased her boss.

Ninlada and she were quite close, so outside of work, they were more relaxed with each other. But it wasn't often they got to talk about personal matters like this.

"Alright, Ms. Pim. Thank you for always being by my side. You won't fall for me too, will you?"

Ninlada smiled, looking at her secretary, who burst out laughing at her words. Everyone around her seemed to want to get closer to her, making her paranoid about people's intentions.

"Oh, Ms. Nin, no way. I see you as a little sister. If I really thought about it, you'd have been mine long ago, considering how often I come in and out of your room," Pimprapha said with a good-natured smile.

"Speaking of which, why don't you consider my brother?"

Ninlada smiled, changing the subject to play matchmaker for her brother.

"Let's deal with Ms. Wan's issue first. Be careful tonight; Ms. Praw might lock her room to keep you from sneaking in," Pimprapha smiled, not answering her boss's question, and instead teased her about the current issue. For Pimprapha, love hadn't been a priority for a long time.

"Well, I'm going," Ninlada smiled back, understanding that her secretary didn't want anyone meddling in her personal life. She decided to leave and thought she should accept Wansetthi's invitation tonight to clear things up.

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"I didn't think you'd agree to have dinner with me."

Wansetthi smiled happily as the villainess replied that she'd join her for dinner. Now, she'd brought her to a seaside restaurant-bar, perfect for a romantic dinner. She'd arranged a private spot on the white sandy beach with candlelight on the table, hoping to win her over.

"I have something to discuss with you, P' Wan."

Ninlada tried to smile, not wanting to make the atmosphere awkward, even though she felt uneasy. She'd rushed to clear things up with the executive

because her lover had refused to sleep with her, making her restless all day.

Now seemed the perfect time to talk since they'd finished their meal and were sipping red wine, listening to the waves and the sea breeze.

"What is it? What do you want to talk about?"

Wansetthi looked at her with sweet eyes, perhaps influenced by the wine and her feelings for the sharp-featured woman in front of her.

"Thing is...I don't want you to have hopes for me, P' Wan."

Ninlada said, gulping down her wine before speaking carefully to hurt her as little as possible. She wasn't very drunk, but that wasn't the case with the older woman who had been downing her glass more frequently than her, making her face flushed.

"But you don't have anyone, right? Don't cut my hope like this."

Wansetthi put down her empty wine glass, looking seriously at the villainess. She still had hope, or so she thought.

"I...I can't love anyone else, P' Wan. My heart has never been empty for a long time. Even when it was, I was always ready for that person. I've always been meant for that one person."

Ninlada quickly downed another glass of wine, speaking rapidly to make her point clear. She wasn't used to hurting anyone's feelings, understanding deeply how it felt to know the one you wanted didn't choose you and loved someone else.

It hurt and made you want to be selfish, to do anything to make them yours. But as her secretary said, sometimes you have to give up something to get what you want.

"So, that means I'm getting my heart broken, right? Well, thanks for at least telling me. I understand you wanted to be considerate, but this hurts more, Nin."

The executive said, looking up at her and closing her eyes, her voice trembling. If Ninlada had been clear from the start, it would've been better. She wouldn't have wasted time hoping for something that wasn't there.

"I'm sorry, P' Wan. I tried to tell you..."

Ninlada felt a lump in her throat. She'd been too cowardly and worried about everything. Prawfha had told her to handle it long ago, but she hadn't been decisive. This was entirely her fault.

"Never mind. It's love. No one is ever wrong because of love. Don't worry, Nin. I'm mature enough. Have a drink with me tonight. Keep me company."

Wansetthi forced a smile, using her executive demeanor to face the problem, smiling even though she was hurting inside.

"Okay."

Ninlada understood that the woman in front of her was hurting but had to maintain her composure. She knew well how to manage her feelings in such situations.

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It took quite an effort for the villainess to carry the drunk woman up to her hotel room. She didn't know where else to take her, so she brought her to her own room.

"Nin, stay with me."

The slurred voice indicated she wasn't asleep yet.

"Here is the bed, P' Wan."

Ninlada helped the drunk woman to the bed, trying to lay her down gently.

"Nin, stay with me. Love me, please."

Wansetthi continued to plead, wrapping her arms around Ninlada's neck and pulling her down onto the bed.

"What are you doing, P' Wan?"

Ninlada was startled, almost sobering up, trying to push her off, but to no avail. The other woman kissed her, and despite Wansetthi's beauty and her own drunken state, she knew it was wrong and that she belonged to someone else.

"It feels so good, Nin. I love you. Be mine, please."

The sweet, hoarse voice said as she pulled away from the kiss.

"No, P' Wan, no..."

Ninlada tried to push her off, but the drunk woman's strength was surprising. She shivered as Wansetthi nuzzled her neck, holding her shoulders tightly, her leg locking between hers, preventing her from escaping. Prawfha was the only one she thought of now. How could she stop this from happening...?

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História My Pink Love - 26. There Are No Secrets in the World

Capítulo 26 - 26. There Are No Secrets in the World

The drunk person continued to nuzzle Ninlada's neck until the latter felt pain. Her hands roamed her body incessantly, forcing Ninlada to gather her wits and use the last bit of strength she had to push her off. She quickly got up and looked at the figure lying there, still mumbling her name and trying to grab her again.

"Nin, where are you going? Come here."

Ninlada hurriedly left the room without looking back at the drunken woman calling out for her. She left her there, her mind in a panic. It wasn't sweet like Prawfha's touch; it was too rough to bear. She didn't want this. She didn't consent to it.

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"Praw, Praw, open the door for me, please! Praw!!"

Her knocking and frantic shouting was so loud it could have broken the door. Right now, she didn't care about anything. She needed the embrace of the one she loved to erase the unwanted touch.

BANG BANG BANG

Her slender hand knocked again before she thought to grab her phone and call the person inside, her hands still trembling. But the call went unanswered, making her want to cry.

"P...Praw, please," she pleaded, her voice shaking with fear and panic. Her emotions were unstable, and her lover's coldness only made her feel worse.

She decided to keep knocking.

"Sam! Stop it already. It's late. Why are you making so much noise? This is..."

Prawfha, unable to bear it any longer, opened the door to see who was causing the commotion. Seeing Ninlada's disheveled hair and lost composure, Prawfha quickly looked around to make sure no one else was watching before turning back to the panicked woman in front of her. She frowned, wondering if Ninlada was just trying to get her attention.

"P...Praw, can I sleep with you tonight? I really need you."

Ninlada smiled with relief when Prawfha opened the door, quickly pulling her lover, who was in a thin pink nightgown, into a tight embrace.

"Sam, let go. What's going on? Why are you shaking like this? Did you drink?"

Prawfha tried to push away the trembling figure clinging to her. The unusual scent mixed with that of the villainess made her frown, and the hot breath on her neck reeked of alcohol.

"Let's talk inside," Ninlada suggested, pulling away slightly, her eyes pleading.

"No," Prawfha said firmly, resisting Ninlada's attempts to pull her into the room.

"But we need to talk," Ninlada said, trying to stay calm despite her frayed nerves.

"No. Hmph-"

Before Prawfha could refuse again, Ninlada silenced her with a kiss, and by the time Prawfha regained her senses, she found herself inside the room with the door closed behind them.

But little did they know, their actions were being watched. Eyes filled with curiosity observed them, capturing still and moving images to use as evidence for leverage.

"You guys act like you're fighting, but now I know you're screwing each other," a voice muttered from the shadows, frustrated at being outsmarted by the two women. A malicious smile spread as they looked at the phone used to record the scene.

"It'll be fun to see what happens if this gets out," they thought, planning to release the evidence to the public for maximum scandal before disappearing without a trace.

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"Sam, let go," Prawfha said, pulling away from Ninlada with a look of displeasure.

"Praw, I've already cleared things up with P' Wan," Ninlada tried to stay calm, exhausted by the day's events and the recent encounter that felt almost like an assault. If Wansethi had been a man, she mightn't have escaped.

"Cleared things up? It's almost eleven, and you reek of wine and P' Wan's perfume."

Prawfha said, her eyes filled with suspicion. She noticed the red marks on Ninlada's neck, knowing exactly what caused them because she'd left

similar marks herself before. The thought made her breath catch, and tears she didn't want to shed began to fall.

"Listen, Praw. I'm exhausted and almost lost it," Ninlada said, trying to approach her lover calmly.

"Who should be losing it? Seeing my girlfriend come back smelling like another woman and with marks on her neck. I hate you, Sam. I hate you for doing this. You, crazy woman. Why do I love someone like you?"

Prawfha cried, hitting and slapping Ninlada until she was pulled into a tight embrace, ultimately succumbing to the warmth she claimed to hate.

"Calm down, my love. Listen to me. Nothing happened with P' Wan. Believe me, she tried to take advantage of me, but I didn't let her. She was very drunk, so I took her to my room to rest. I was going to come to you, but she kept trying to hold me back. I was terrified when she pinned me to the bed..."

Ninlada explained, stroking Prawfha's hair to soothe her. As she spoke, Prawfha cried harder, clinging to her.

"No, I can't listen anymore. I hate this perfume. Come here," Prawfha said, wiping her tears and dragging Ninlada to the bathroom.

"Take a shower now. Scrub everything. Wash your hair, brush your teeth. I can't stand it. I hate anyone touching what's mine. Take off those clothes, now!"

Prawfha demanded, trying to strip Ninlada of her clothes.

"Praw, calm down. I escaped before anything happened," Ninlada said, holding Prawfha's hands to stop her from unzipping her shorts.

"I'll wait outside."

Prawfha said, trying to compose herself. She admitted she was very possessive. All her past relationships ended because she couldn't stand her

exes' infidelity. She couldn't bear seeing them look at others. With Ninlada, she'd given her body and soul, and her possessiveness was even stronger.

Though she respected Wansetthi as a sister, she was furious about what happened. But for now, she could only sit on the bed, waiting for Ninlada to wash away the scents. Her mind wandered, imagining scenarios where Ninlada had lied or been unfaithful, making her want to scream.

"Praw, Praw," Ninlada called softly, wearing a bathrobe, worried about Prawfha's clenched fists and tear-streaked face.

"Is it true? You're not lying, right? Nothing happened with P' Wan, right?" Prawfha asked, crying uncontrollably, the past wounds resurfacing.

"Believe me, Praw. You can check on P' Wan in my room if you want. You know how much I love you," Ninlada said, sitting beside her, pulling her into a loving embrace.

"I'm scared. I don't want to be hurt like my mom. My dad cheated on her, and she cried herself to sleep but stayed with him because she loved him. I can't do that. I can't stand it if the person I love is like my dad. Please, Sam. I love you so much. I've given you everything."

Prawfha sobbed, clinging to Ninlada, finally understanding her mother's pain.

"If one day you grow up and love someone with all your heart, you'll be able to give that person everything. Even if they make you cry and hurt, you'll stand by their side and always be ready to forgive them when they make mistakes."

Her mother told her this while hugging her tightly and crying after discovering that her father had someone else. She was just a high school girl, constantly questioning why her mother didn't make a fuss and why she kept forgiving her father time and again. Although those days had passed and her father had ended things with those women, the memories remained as wounds and scars, haunting her like a nightmare.

"Yes, I promise. Let's sleep now, my good girl. We've had a long day, and we have to shoot the drama early tomorrow. There's nothing to worry about. Wipe your tears first. Your eyes are all swollen."

Ninlada finally understood her lover truly today. Prawfha was very fragile when it came to love. She no longer wondered why she chose to end relationships with people who came into her life so easily, even for their smallest mistakes.

"Hug me, please. Don't go anywhere. I need to see your face when I wake up."

When she was weak, she was so fragile that she could cry easily just by someone touching her emotional trigger.

"Yes, I'll hug you until you get hot, okay?"

Ninlada gently guided the slender body to lie down together on the soft bed, letting the other rest her head on her shoulder instead of a pillow. This was all she needed. It was a complete turnaround from needing Prawfha to comfort her. Instead, she had to console and listen to the other.

"And are you okay now, Sam?"

Prawfha, who just realized that the other had also gone through something bad, quickly asked. From her lover's reaction when she opened the door, she seemed quite panicked.

"Just hugging you makes me not worry about anything anymore. But I didn't expect P' Wan to do that. Even though I told her that I had someone I love, P' Wan still insisted on drinking with me and then tried to do that to me. It's a good thing P Wan is a woman. If it were a man, I would've been even more panicked."

Ninlada took the opportunity to vent, hugging the slender body tightly. Thinking about the incident she just went through, it was the worst time for her.

"That's enough. Don't think about it anymore. Sleep, my dear. I'll hug you like this all night. No one can hurt or take you away from me." If they could merge into one body, they would've done it by now because they were hugging each other so tightly, leaving no space between them.

"Yes, you sleep too. Don't overthink. I won't lie or disappoint you."

Ninlada stroked the hair of the person resting on her shoulder in her arms, then kissed her forehead and closed her eyes, shutting out everything and drifting into sleep together.

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"Phak, don't leave me. I'm begging you!!"

The young woman with sharp eyes clung to the back of the tall man, sobbing, making everyone watching feel sad. But who would know that she didn't really want to hold onto this man at all?

"Rati, let go. What you did was too terrible for me to love you again. I love Sita, not you."

The young man looked visibly troubled before slowly prying her slender hands off him and walking away, leaving her alone on the beach.

"Phak, don't leave me. Waah! How will I live from now on? Phak, please!!"

The young woman collapsed onto the sand, the waves crashing against her crying, soaked body, but she didn't care. It was too painful knowing that the person she loved turned his back and left her like this.

"Cut!! Excellent, Nin!"

The director's loud voice commanded, and everyone behind the camera was moved to tears by this scene. From hating the villainess throughout the story, this scene seemed to unravel the character's arc, making the villainess appear pitiful and heartbroken, leaving everyone feeling sad.

"Please understand me. Don't leave me. Ahhhhhhh!!! I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Waah."

Ninlada knew she was losing control of her emotions, so she screamed to let it out. She was too immersed in the role, combined with the emotions from last night- rejecting someone's love, being physically threatened, fearing her lover would leave her, and the intense scenes she had to shoot all day. It all mixed together, making it hard for her to keep herself together.

"Phee, come take a break. Yam, go check on Nin."

The director ordered sternly. This often happened with actors; some even needed to consult a psychiatrist because they couldn't detach from their characters.

"Ms. Nin!! Calm down, please."

The crew who ran to the beach tried to call the distressed villainess back to reality, but she lashed out at them.

"Get out! Go away from me!"

"P' Deal, let me go. I'm worried about Sam."

Prawfha, seeing her lover scream like that, almost ran to her out of concern but was held back by Ninlada's secretary and her personal manager.

"Praw, calm down. The crew is taking care of it. If you go in now, Her emotions might get even more chaotic."

Nadon tried to comfort the leading lady, who stood with tears in her eyes, worried about her lover.

"Ms. Nin often loses control of herself. She'll be better once she regains her composure." Pimprapha, who had worked with Ninlada for a long time, explained. Sometimes, her boss acted like she wasn't herself. Ninlada often scheduled consultations with a psychiatrist to train her emotions and regain her composure whenever she felt she was losing control.

".... "

Prawfha didn't respond, just watching her lover, who seemed calmer now, as the crew covered her wet body with a large white towel and helped her walk back to the tent set up for the shoot.

"Sometimes, secrets don't stay hidden forever, don't you think, Praw?"

The young man spoke softly, walking over to talk to the leading lady with a sly smile.

"What are you talking about, Phee?"

Prawfha turned to look at the young man who had been watching her. She couldn't guess what he was talking about or what he wanted from her.

"The truth. Heh, I better go now."

The young man smiled broadly, but his gaze was far from trustworthy.

"Praw, I think something's up. Did you do anything out in the open?"

Nadon quickly asked Prawfha, her voice tense. The only secret the leading lady had was about Ninlada.

"I can't think of anything, P' Deal. I need to check on Sam first."

Her mind was now solely focused on her concern for her lover.

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"Sam," Prawfha called softly to the person with her head down, trembling. Ninlada was still crying.

"P...Praw. Waaaah."

Ninlada looked up at the person in front of her. Just when she was about to calm down, she started crying again.

"Praw, I think..."

The crew, who had been watching the distressed villainess from a distance, approached to stop the leading lady from disturbing her, as she'd asked to meditate and regain her composure alone.

"D...Don't go. Please. Stay with me. I'm in the wrong. That's why everyone left me."

Ninlada quickly grabbed her lover's soft hand. She was too tormented to be alone. She couldn't separate the emotions of Rati, the character she played, from her real self. It was chaotic, like having two people in one body.

The more she tried to shake off the other persona, the more it took over her feelings. Rati's role was too painful, and Ninlada herself was confused, feeling guilty about many things. She felt like she was lost. She was aware of everything but unable to manage her feelings.

"Sam, look at me. You aren't anyone else. You did nothing wrong. No one left you. I'm still here, right here with you."

Prawfha knelt in front of her, whispering softly, looking at her with concern. She gently wiped her tears and held her trembling hand, helping her calm down, which seemed to work.

These scenes made everyone on set watch in unison. They truly believed the two were close. It was more than just being close; it looked like they were intimately connected. The crew quickly took secret photos to use for behind-the-scenes promotions. It was adorable and ship-able.

"P' Toy, why do I feel like shipping them? My himejoshi instincts are kicking in."

One of the female crew members clung to another, speaking with excitement. Being a fan of Yuri stuff, she felt thrilled, her heart racing.

"Even though I never shipped anyone, seeing this pair makes me feel like they are so affectionate. It's cute and fluffy. Is this the era where the villainess and the leading lady end up together?"

Another chubby female crew member responded, clinging to her colleague and getting excited over the scene.

"This is literally an enemies-to-lovers plot. Oh, I'm getting delusional."

The female staff member continued to daydream, quickly grabbing her camera to snap dozens of pictures to fuel her fantasies.

"I think my boss isn't as worrisome as your charge, P' Deal. Doing this in public, there's bound to be leaked photos."

Pimprapha said with a smile, hearing the staff giggling and whispering excitedly about the leading lady and villainess.

"Ugh, this is giving me a headache."

Nadon said, rubbing his temples over the situation. Prawfha was becoming more expressive about her feelings by the day, even more so than Ninlada. If he encouraged them to confess the truth to the media, he was sure Prawfha would do it without hesitation.

All those scenes were observed by another woman who was watching from a distance. She didn't dare approach Ninlada. She knew full well what she'd done the previous night. Even though she was drunk, she was aware of her intentions. She just wanted Ninlada to be hers and to use it as leverage.

But she was wrong because the other woman didn't even play along. Instead, she left her alone in the room. When she woke up, Ninlada still hadn't returned. So, she decided to go back to her own room, and when she came down, the person she was avoiding was already on set.

"I'm sorry, Nin, but I'm hurt by what you did to me, too."

The woman whispered to herself, wiping away her tears before turning and walking away. She wasn't strong enough yet. She still needed time to heal.

She didn't even know what to do next with her broken heart.

She couldn't control love, which always came with both joy and sorrow. Now, all she could do was take time to move on and help her get through this...

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História My Pink Love - 27. We're All Friends Here

Capítulo 27 - 27. We're All Friends Here

"If this keeps making headlines every day, I'm going to have a heart attack, Praw."

Nadon grumbled as he sat on the sofa in the leading lady's condo. It'd become a familiar sight whenever there was news or something to discuss; they'd gather in this corner.

Since wrapping up filming and returning from Phuket, the image of Prawfha comforting the villainess had spread both on and off-screen, making waves in entertainment news behind the scenes. The drama had started airing, receiving overwhelming responses. Fans began shipping the leading lady with the villainess, digging up old news and photos from their early careers to analyze and critique.

"Isn't it good? If fans are happy pairing us up, it makes it easier for us to show ourselves in the media."

Prawfha said nonchalantly, as the agency hadn't called her in for any reprimands.

"Let's see how things go, P' Deal. I don't think this is bad. The pictures make us look like close friends."

Ninlada wasn't too worried, though she feared that someday more scandalous news might surface, which would be inappropriate.

"But this morning, Praw's mom called me, asking me to take better care of her. She doesn't want any more news because there have been too many negative reports this year."

Nadon still frowned with concern. If the leading lady's family had warned him like this, if something really happened, Prawfha's father might've personally come to deal with his daughter's issues.

"I talked to Mom this morning, and she didn't say anything."

Prawfha smiled broadly, knowing that Nadon was often intimidated by her father.

"Alright, in two days, we need to start preparing to promote the drama. Make sure to please the fans and boost the ratings, but don't be over the top. The leading man seems to have become a supporting character now."

Nadon addressed the two sitting close together.

So much love in the air. Ugh, I'm so jealous.

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"Shall we go to Aung's coffee shop?"

Prawfha asked the person driving her after a day of shopping at the mall. It was a day off, and her manager allowed them to spend private time together.

"Are you sure?"

Ninlada glanced over, assessing the situation, unsure of what the sweet-faced woman had planned.

"I've arranged to meet Min and Eve there. I'm ready to tell those around us. I don't want to see my girlfriend being courted by others right in front of me again."

Prawfha said with a pout, thinking of Wansetthi and Aungkana, who always tried to win over her partner.

"With Aung, there's nothing to worry about. I've talked to her about this a long time ago. Aung is my only friend who has always been by my side."

Ninlada smiled, praising her friend for her partner to hear.

"Well. Better safe than sorry. At least Aung will know that you belong to someone and won't overstep."

Prawfha, being herself, was more possessive than most women.

"I like it when you show how jealous you are."

Ninlada smiled widely. She didn't feel uncomfortable or displeased with her partner's jealousy, believing that such emotions were natural in a loving relationship.

"Huh, who's jealous? You're just imagining things. I think you should lower your self-praise and stop flattering yourself so much."

Prawfha shook her head, smiling at her self-absorbed partner. Since wrapping up filming, Wansetthi had been avoiding her partner. She believed that Wansetthi wasn't just drunk that night. This led her to think about dealing with anyone who might try to get close to her partner.

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"Aung."

Ninlada greeted her friend as they entered the familiar café, filled with the inviting aroma of coffee and pastries.

"Oh, Nin... Praw."

Aungkana looked up from preparing a menu for a customer, greeting them but pausing when she saw the leading lady clinging to her friend's arm. The closeness seemed excessive for people who had just resolved their issues.

She'd been following her friend's gossiping news for a while; she thought all of it was the agency's doings to promote the drama.

"Hello, Aung. I asked Sam to bring me here to try your pastries," Prawfha immediately spoke, clearly showing how important Ninlada was to her.

"Sure, welcome, Praw."

Aungkana responded to the leading lady. The nickname for her friend made it clear that Ninlada was very close to her. She didn't even call Ninlada by that name. She turned to her friend, wondering if there was something she didn't know, as her suspicions became more apparent. Though she'd prepared herself for this, it still stung.

"Praw, you can order whatever you'd like to have. Just let her know."

Ninlada smiled at her partner, who was excitedly eyeing the pastry display.

"I'll have the orange cake and iced cocoa, Aung. Sam, I'll head to the table first."

Prawfha smiled, giving Ninlada and her friend a chance to talk privately.

"Sure, pick a table. That corner looks private."

Ninlada suggested before turning to her friend, who was watching.

Fortunately, Aungkana's café only had one other table occupied, making it convenient for their group to meet.

"Are you two this close now?"

Aungkana asked while preparing coffee.

"Y...Yeah. I'll have the usual. Eve and Min will join us later."

Ninlada smiled shyly, unsure how to respond.

"Alright, go sit down. I'll finish up here and join you."

Aungkana, seeing her friend's hesitation, understood that Ninlada wanted privacy in their conversation, considering there were a couple of her staff behind the counter.

"Okay," Ninlada smiled, grateful for her friend's understanding. She joined her partner at the table, waiting for their friends.

"Aren't you going to talk to your friend first?"

Prawfha smiled at Ninlada, who chose to sit beside her, leaving space around the table for their friends.

"Aung will join us soon," Ninlada replied, relaxed.

"Look, Eve and Min are here."

Prawfha waved to her friends entering the café, who nodded back before greeting the owner with smiles. If she and Ninlada had no issues, their friends wouldn't either. They still greeted each other normally, something Prawfha noticed for the first time.

"Your close friends won't kill me, will they?" Ninlada felt a bit nervous, remembering how Eve and Min used to protect Prawfha.

"It's good to be cautious. I don't know how they'll react either."

Prawfha teased, though she was genuinely unsure of her friends' feelings toward Ninlada.

Ninlada sighed, giving her partner a playful glare as they watched the three women chat joyfully, not coming over to their table yet.

"Hey, fictional couple of the year."

Arisa greeted, ready to pick a fight with the villainess, annoyed by her smug smile.

"Real couple!"

Prawfha declared clearly, leaving Arisa speechless. The other two were equally stunned, leaving only the sound of the air conditioner and distant chatter from the other table. The café owner nearly dropped her tray, placing it on an empty chair for support.

"U... Uh, everyone, sit down. We're all friends here."

Ninlada quickly broke the silence. Prawfha, however, became the stunned one now, realizing she'd spoken without thinking.

"Here, have some pastries and cake. The drinks will be served shortly."

Aungkana said, regaining her composure. She placed the treats on the table and invited the others to sit. Though she felt a pang of sadness, she knew Ninlada would eventually find someone. She just hadn't expected it to be this woman.

"Is this true, Praw?"

Mintra, pulling out a chair, stared at her friend, barely blinking.

"We're all friends."

Prawfha retorted, echoing Ninlada's earlier words, feeling like pinching her partner for her careless comment.

"So, what's the deal?"

Arisa asked with impatience.

"We're not just friends. We love each other. Okay?"

Ninlada, sweating, decided to clarify, seeing the leading lady smile contentedly. Sometimes, she felt a bit annoyed with her partner, too.

".... "

Silence fell over the group once more. Although the villainess had just rescued Prawfha from the troubling situation, she'd just now grabbed her and dove head-first back in.

"Nin, did you cast a spell on my friend or something? You wicked woman. What do you really want from her?"

Mintra rubbed her face, trying to gather her thoughts, and asked in disbelief. It was hard to believe that someone like Ninlada, who had caused so much trouble for her friend, would end up in this situation. If she were to list all the misdeeds, it'd take forever.

"Praw, how did this happen? When did it start? How far have you two gone?"

Arisa bombarded them with questions, not caring if they were willing to answer or not.

"Calm down, it happened. Sorry for keeping it a secret. We've been seeing each other since we started filming the new drama together. Today, we decided to let you all know because everything is starting to fall into place."

Prawfha said with a smile. It wasn't surprising that her friends were still confused.

"Can't you break up with her? Are you just infatuated with her? If you really want to change your taste, we can find someone ten times better than her. I can't figure out what she's up to."

Arisa said, looking at Ninlada, who was wide-eyed with shock, while she told her friend to break it off.

"Are you crazy, Eve? I... I've given everything to her."

Prawfha said, blushing and speaking softly. She'd given her body and soul to Ninlada, and there was no turning back now.

"... "

"Silence again. More than that, the sight of the villainess and leading lady avoiding each other's eyes left the rest of them stunned by how quickly things had progressed.

"Prawfha!! You've already slept with her? Am I going crazy?"

Mintra said, slapping her forehead in frustration.

"The world is surely ending now. Don't you remember how many guys she's stolen from you? How did it end up like this?"

Arisa shook her head in disbelief. Prawfha was always so reserved. How could she give in to Ninlada so easily?

"Uh, well..."

Ninlada could only listen as the girls talked about her right in front of her. It was worse than being scolded. Her only close friend was silent, looking around nervously, not saying a word. She didn't know where to find support.

"Shut up, Nin. You sly woman. You definitely did something to our friend."

Arisa glared at Ninlada. The troubles Ninlada had caused were enough to give them all headaches, especially Prawfha. Back in university, there were always problems whenever these two met.

"Eve, Min, please calm down. I believe Nin isn't that bad. She hasn't been a flirt or a homewrecker like you think. I'm her close friend, and I can guarantee it."

Aungkana, who had been listening for a while, finally spoke up, smiling at her friend with understanding and ready to explain to the others sincerely. If her friend had a problem, she was always ready to help.

"Can you listen to what she has to say first?"

Prawfha felt grateful for her lover's close friend. Aungkana was a very good friend. She could trust that this woman wouldn't overstep her bounds like Wansetthi.

"Okay, then tell us. But I warn you, you can't just take advantage of our friend," Mintra pointed a finger at Ninlada.

With the three friends ready to give Ninlada, who had caused so much trouble since university days, a chance to explain, she began to share the details, hoping they'd understand her reasons.

"That's how it is. Please stop looking like you're about to hit me."

Ninlada pleaded with the two lovers who had been scrutinizing her the whole time she was explaining.

"Well, if you'd come clean from the start, we wouldn't have misunderstood you like this."

Arisa said, sighing. This was like a literal drama.

"Hearing you explaining to us like that, we're ready to understand. We're all friends here," Mintra added.

"But I'm not her friend," Prawfha said flatly, making the whole table laugh at her straightforwardness.

What's so funny about that?

"Congratulations, Nin, for being able to be with someone you chose," Aungkana said with a smile.

Sometimes, people aren't meant to be ours. We can't cling to them. No matter how much we try to hold on, we can't keep them if they don't choose us.

"Let's toast. Hopefully, we won't have to deal with your problems anymore."

Arisa said, raising her glass of pink nom yen, making everyone laugh before they all raised their drinks for a toast.

The conversation among the five girls continued, as there were many things to explain and understand.

Friends are friends, but sometimes, someone doesn't want to be just a friend. They do everything to be more than that. Ninlada was one of those people.

She believed that if we had hope and knew the right timing, our wishes would come true, just like her love life now...

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História My Pink Love - 28. Leaker

Capítulo 28 - 28. Leaker

"Sam, that's enough. I'm exhausted."

Prawfha said, her voice tinged with fatigue. What started as a plan to cook breakfast together before heading out to promote their drama had turned into a different kind of morning activity. Instead of making food, they ended up savoring each other on the dining table in the villainess's apartment.

"Well, we missed out last night, so this is how it has to be," Ninlada replied, lifting her face from the soft chest she'd been nuzzling. After sharing their love on the dining table, Ninlada's long white shirt was unbuttoned, and her underwear was pulled down to her left ankle. Her hair was spread out across the table, and she looked just as disheveled as her partner.

"Sam, you're so stubborn. Get up, or we'll be late," Prawfha glanced at the clock on the wall. It was already seven in the morning, and she reminded her stubborn lover that they had spent nearly an hour indulging in each other.

"Alright, Praw, go take a shower first. I'll make some fried eggs and microwave some smoked sausages," Ninlada said, getting off the table and buttoning her shirt. She picked up the underwear that the leading lady had discarded in their passionate moment and put it back on.

"Okay," Prawfha said, getting off the table. She couldn't resist giving Ninlada's hip a playful slap as she bent down to put on her underwear.

"Praw!!"

Ninlada yelped, both startled and embarrassed by her lover's bold action. Prawfha had become even more mischievous than she was.

"You naughty."

Ninlada shook her head at Prawfha, who laughed and walked out of the kitchen. They were starting to push the boundaries more and more. Their intimate moments were no longer confined to the bedroom. As long as they were in a private space, they could express their love anytime they wanted.

Thinking about it made Ninlada smile with happiness. She'd just made Prawfha moan her name in ecstasy, and the memory still sent shivers down her spine. Even though she'd just climaxed, her desire was easily reignited.

"What? P' Deal, how did it get leaked?"

Prawfha's voice, filled with concern, came from the other room. She walked back into the kitchen, looking worried as she spoke to her manager on the phone.

"What's wrong, Praw?"

Ninlada asked, concerned when she saw her lover's troubled expression.

"P' Deal wants to talk to you."

Prawfha handed the phone to Ninlada without answering her question.

"What's going on, P' Deal?"

Ninlada asked, her voice steady.

"A video of you and Praw got leaked, and it's very explicit. What are we going to do? I'm really stressed about this. Are you staying at the Burimnat

Hotel? I'll come over," Nadon said with a tense voice.

"Yes, P' Deal," Ninlada replied, still trying to process the situation. Nadon's tone indicated that this was serious, as he didn't use the feminine voice that he usually used to scold her.

"What video, Sam? I'm so confused."

Prawfha said, now standing there, worried and confused. Despite being cautious in public, they'd shown their affection in several private places over the past two months. They had no idea where or when the video had been taken.

"Let's check the news."

Ninlada suggested, using Prawfha's phone to search for entertainment news online. It didn't take long to find it, as it was the top headline.

"Unbelievable! Leaked video of a villainess and leading lady who recently made up. Turns out they were getting TOO intimate behind the scenes."

Ninlada quickly played the leaked video. It showed her leaving her room and going to Prawfha's room at the Phuket hotel. The footage clearly showed her, even though the woman in the nightgown had her face partially obscured by her hair.

The voice calling out was unmistakably hers. The video showed her pulling Prawfha into a hug, kissing her, and then both disappearing into the room together. The evidence was undeniable, and Ninlada was stressed about how to handle the situation.

"How did it get leaked?"

Prawfha held her head in her hands. While their on- screen chemistry had garnered a lot of attention, most people saw it as cute rather than real. This was too much. Thai society wasn't entirely accepting of this, and her family would definitely react strongly, especially her father.

"Praw, calm down. Go take a shower, get dressed, and act as normal as possible. We'll wait for P' Deal to come. Everything will be okay. Trust me."

Ninlada tried to reassure her. They were in for a tough day, and she was determined to find out who was responsible.

"Okay, if you're not panicked, I won't."

Prawfha hugged Ninlada tightly, drawing strength from her. Then she went to get ready as her lover had suggested. She believed that Ninlada's managerial skills might help them navigate this crisis.

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Their promotional activities for the day had to be canceled. The company called an urgent meeting and decided that Ninlada and Prawfha would give an interview on a live show at 6 PM to clarify that it was a misunderstanding and that they were just close friends. Now, they were sitting in the office of the female executive, who was looking at them with an unreadable expression.

"Is it true?"

Wansetthi asked, not just as their employer but also out of personal concern. The old wound hadn't healed, and now she had to deal with the leaked video of Ninlada and Prawfha.

"Yes," Ninlada admitted, bowing her head.

"How could you let this happen, Nin? How are you going to fix this?" Wansetthi stood up, her voice shaking with anger.

"I'm sorry, P' Wan. I'll take full responsibility."

Ninlada said, still not ready to face the woman in front of her. She had to deal with her situation with Prawfha first, which was the most important

thing.

"Sam, you don't need to apologize. P' Wan, don't blame my girlfriend. I know what you're trying to do to her. If you hadn't gotten drunk and done something crazy that night, she wouldn't have knocked on my door loudly, and we wouldn't have done anything so obvious for anyone to catch."

Prawfha stood up, facing the executive without backing down. Despite her respect for Wansetthi, she saw her as an enemy when it came to matters of the heart. It was good to clear things up once and for all. She knew Wansetthi well enough to know that despite her kindness, she had a strong desire to get what she wanted.

"Praw, calm down."

Ninlada quickly stood up and hugged her lover, trying to get her to sit down.

"Praw, I didn't know Nin already had someone. And your girlfriend didn't make it clear to me."

Wansetthi retorted, shifting the blame to Ninlada. Seeing someone she loved like a sister stand up to her like this made her lose her temper.

"But now you know. This is my girlfriend. We love each other. I hope that's clear," Prawfha declared, looking Wansetthi in the eye without blinking.

"Let's stop fighting for now. Let's focus on the interview this evening," Ninlada sighed, trying to mediate the situation.

"Alright. I'm sorry, Praw, okay? For the interview, the higher-ups have decided that we should tell the media that it was a misunderstanding. I'll have the team give you the details so you can prepare."

Wansetthi said, suppressing her emotions. She knew Prawfha well enough to know that she was straightforward and liked to clear things up immediately. She hadn't expected Prawfha to be so assertive about her relationship with Ninlada.

"Fine," Ninlada agreed, sighing and looking at Prawfha, who still seemed worried and agitated.

"Nin, take Praw to rest. I've arranged a room for you. Don't go outside; the reporters are everywhere," Wansetthi said, sighing. Despite her personal feelings, she had to handle the situation professionally.

"Okay. Praw, let's go," Ninlada said, gently pulling her lover, who was pouting. Under normal circumstances, she would've laughed at Prawfha's adorable expression.

"P' Wan, I'm sorry for raising my voice earlier," Prawfha apologized, bowing to the older woman. She was worried about many things, and her emotions had gotten the better of her.

"Alright, I understand. You go relax," Wansetthi smiled softly at the leading lady. She liked Prawfha for this reason; she knew when she was wrong and would apologize without being told.

"Okay," Prawfha replied shortly, holding Ninlada's hand as they left the executive's office.

"My girlfriend,' huh? Quite possessive, aren't you?"

Wansetthi shook her head at Prawfha's possessiveness. She was probably officially heartbroken, given that Prawfha had made such a clear declaration. Trying to steal someone from her would be quite immature. Right now, more than the heartache, it was her duty as an employer to solve the problems between the two girls, which was quite a headache.

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"Praw, the colonel, your father, called. He said to bring your girlfriend to dinner at home after the interview this evening."

Nadon said with a shaky voice. Even though he'd been ignoring calls from everyone today, he had to take this one from the leading lady's family. The

high-ranking police officer, Prawfha's father, had even used a stern tone, almost commanding his daughter to bring her girlfriend to dinner. The one Nadon was most worried about was Ninlada.

"That's great, isn't it? I'll get to meet Praw's family," Ninlada, unaware of the situation, responded cheerfully.

"If you meet him in person, you won't be saying that. I swear on my life," Nadon said, shivering and turning pale.

"P' Deal, you're just trying to scare her. My dad won't mind. Let's all go inside."

Prawfha shot Nadon a warning look. Truthfully, she was quite nervous herself, but she didn't want Ninlada to be scared and stressed out even more. They were already in a tough spot.

She could swear that today was the most chaotic day of her life, with work, love, and family issues crashing in like a tsunami. But the best part of her life was that Ninlada was still by her side, which gave her the strength to endure until now.

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"Welcome back to 'The Evening Interview with Sutkhet and the Superstars.'"

Today, we have two actresses who are currently the hot topic. They've agreed to answer all the questions about their leaked video, which has the whole country wondering if it's real or just a publicity stunt. And what is their current status?

Without further ado, please welcome the beautiful leading lady, Prawfha Naphanet, and our gorgeous villainess, Ninlada Burimnat," the host began the live show as soon as the broadcast signal was given.

The audience included both home and studio viewers, with half of the latter being news teams from other outlets waiting to interview them after the show.

The atmosphere of the show made the two girls sitting on the central sofa smile gently, even though they were feeling quite dizzy inside. A glance at each other revealed that they were both quite stressed. They hadn't expected their story to become such a sensational topic. It seemed their relationship would be chaotic for a while.

They barely touched their phones because their personal managers and agency staff wouldn't let them know whether the current reaction was positive or negative. The entertainment industry can be exhausting, sometimes to the point of making them feel discouraged.

But they'd known and prepared from the start that being in this position meant sacrificing privacy and playing roles to survive.

Everything they gained and needed to maintain was their reputation, appearance, investment, and always profit...

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História My Pink Love - 29.The Evening Interview with Sutkhet and the Superstars

Capítulo 29 - 29.The Evening Interview with Sutkhet and the Superstars

"I have to admit, I'm pretty excited that you two have honored us by coming to give an interview on the show today. I'm sure everyone watching across Thailand is probably jealous of me right now,"

The handsome and talented young host said cheerfully, trying to keep the atmosphere light. In truth, he wasn't particularly fond of women and he knew the two ladies in front of him well.

"P' Khet, you're exaggerating it," Ninlada replied with a smile after they had exchanged some greetings.

"You both don't seem too stressed about the news that's been circulating."

The young man laughed, opening with an easy question to make the conversation feel more like a friendly chat. He wanted the show to appear natural so the guests and viewers at home wouldn't feel too pressured or anxious about the answers.

"Yes, because there's nothing to be stressed about, P' Khet."

Prawfha responded with a smile, secretly pleased that today's show was hosted by Sutkhet as she was familiar with him from previous work together.

"Can you share how you both met or when things started between you two?"

Sutkhet asked with a smile, sensing that these two were more than just friends. The way they looked at each other made his gaydar go off strongly.

"Sure, if anyone really knew us, we've known each other since university. We studied the same major but always had disagreements."

Ninlada said, glancing at the person beside her who was giving her a playful glare. She wanted to tease more but feared it might cause trouble. They'd agreed to tell the truth but keep their more-than-friends relationship ambiguous for everyone to figure out on their own. They weren't sure if their agency would be pleased, but they didn't want to lie too much.

"Can you share some specific moments?"

The young man asked with interest.

"Well, this one was always a troublemaker. Back in university, whenever someone tried to flirt with me, she'd chase them away. I'd get angry, and every time something happened, she was always the one causing it. Even after graduating and working, she still keeps following me."

Prawfha gossiped about the other with a relaxed demeanor. She preferred speaking the truth, which had led to an argument with Ninlada before the show about whether to follow the agency's script or speak freely. In the end, Ninlada gave in because Prawfha threatened to not allow her to sleep in her room for a week.

Sometimes, matters of the heart outweighed everything else, especially for her lover, who valued this more than anything. Whenever she used this as leverage, Ninlada would easily comply without much argument.

"Let's ask the one being gossiped about. Nin, why did you do that?"

The host laughed at the leading lady's story. If you looked closely, these two mightn't have gotten along before, but now they seemed endearing with their actions. If he had to guess, the villainess in front of him was probably warding off those guys to keep the leading lady for herself.

"She seemed too much like a leading lady, and I was afraid she'd be easily fooled by men. I didn't dare to say that to her directly, P' Khet. If I went up and said, *'Hey, the guy you're seeing is a player, don't trust him, break up with him,'* I'd either get scolded or slapped."

Ninlada said with a smile, which lightened the atmosphere in the studio as everyone smiled along with the story of their past antics.

"See, P' Khet, if this one hadn't come to explain and clear things up, would've thought she had bad intentions toward me."

Prawfha answered sweetly, referring to the other as 'this one' while holding the other's knee. She didn't like calling her by 'Nin' like others did; she wasn't used to it. Besides, she always called her 'Sam.'

"So why did you decide to talk to her?" Sutkhet asked Ninlada with a gentle smile.

"It'd been too long, P' Khet. Plus, the timing was right. We were working on our first drama together, which made me want to clear things up with her."

Ninlada answered honestly.

"Let's get to the next topic. The current news-you both are aware of it. What happened in the video? Was it really you two?"

The young man asked directly.

"Yes, it was us. I apologize to everyone, including the agency, Praw's family, and Praw, for the trouble caused. The video might set a bad example for the youth. It was during a drama shoot before wrapping up in Phuket."

That night, I drank a lot and was stressed. I wanted to see Praw, so I knocked on her door. At that moment, I just wanted to see someone I could trust and have them hug me for comfort."

Ninlada smiled sadly, feeling remorseful for causing Prawfha stress and being the source of all the trouble.

"But in the video, it seemed like you two were doing more than just hugging."

The young man was also stressed about being the media representative asking these questions.

"Yes, but that night, nothing happened beyond hugging. It was more about the camera angle. She likes to be touchy when drunk. When she was stressed, I just listened and comforted her. I wasn't angry about anyone, maybe except the person who released it. Sometimes, it's too much to invade our privacy like that."

Prawfha tried to find the most reasonable answer. True, that night, they just hugged, but on other nights, it was more than just hugging.

"But there's news that you two are trying to create a buzz, that the leaked video was staged because of the current trend of shipping you two."

Sutkhet read the question prepared by the team.

"We're definitely not trying to create a buzz. I've had people investigate and will take legal action against the person who released the video. Soon, we'll know who it is. This issue is quite stressful for me because it concerns our safety, considering they sneaked in to film us in our private space."

Ninlada said seriously, looking at the camera. Although she had to deal with the news first, her two older brothers were probably already tracking down the person who released the video. She wouldn't let them off easily.

"We've asked you many questions, but the one everyone really wants to know now is, what is the status between you two?"

The young man asked directly, shifting from the serious topic to matters of love.

"That's up to everyone's interpretation. We can be anything."

Prawfha answered as agreed with the villainess. They'd prepared for this question, so there was no need to think before answering.

"And Nin? Is that your answer, too?"

The young man smiled mischievously.

"Yes, the same with Praw."

Ninlada said, looking at Prawfha with a shy smile.

"Let's leave it up to everyone's interpretation then."

The young man replied, unable to hide his smile. These two were definitely more than friends, and their answers confirmed it.

The following questions were general ones about their work and family backgrounds, which were equally interesting.

Despite answering smoothly and naturally, the real test would be the public's reaction and how they'd judge them.

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A young man watched the TV with a tense face, squeezing the glass in his hand tightly before throwing it against the wall, shattering it with a loud crash.

"Dammit! I'm screwed."

The young man pulled at his hair in frustration. The threatening look on the screen told him that Ninlada would pursue the person who released the

video to the end. He was sure she would.

The Burimnatfamily had considerable influence, and the leading lady's father was a high-ranking police officer who wouldn't let him off easily. Besides the legal trouble, his future in the industry would be over.

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Meanwhile, the agency's female executive rubbed her face, looking at the two girls being attended to by the staff after the show and giving interviews to the media. She hadn't expected them to go off-script from what the agency had prepared.

The senior partners would surely be displeased with her for letting this happen. She'd have to brace herself for the backlash.

"These kids, if they're not causing trouble for themselves, they're causing trouble for others."

Wansetthi laughed dryly, feeling the headache from managing the villainess and leading lady troubles. Not only did she have to deal with heartbreak, but she also had to clean up their mess.

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"Should I prepare a bulletproof vest for you?"

Nadon, the driver for the two girls who were now cuddling in the back seat, asked after the live show. He was driving them to Prawfha's house for dinner with her parents.

"Do we need a bulletproof vest to have dinner with Praw's parents?" Ninlada asked, confused.

"You're so naive. Praw, where did you find someone like this?"

Nadon asked, glancing through the rearview mirror at the leading lady who was leaning against her lover's chest, scribbling away. The villainess smiled. It was almost unbelievable that both of them were dealing with some serious issues right now. Even though it wasn't his problem, he felt more stressed out than they did.

"Being naive is good. I won't have to worry about her being flirty with someone else. But I still have to deal with people trying to get close to her. Sam, don't worry. If my dad tries to shoot you, I'll take the bullet for you."

Prawfha replied, explaining why Nadon had asked about getting a bulletproof vest for the sharp-eyed girl.

"Actually, I'm not that scared, but when you say it like that, it makes me a bit nervous."

Ninlada swallowed hard. Was she going to lose her life before she could be with Prawfha?

"Oh, have some sympathy for those of us who are single. You should be stressed out a bit, you know. I was about to faint when you gave the interview."

Nadon teased the sweet couple, who were hugging and comforting each other without a care in the world.

"Whatever happens, happens, P' Deal. If we lie, someone will dig up the truth anyway. Sam and I aren't just dating for a day or two. We plan to take care of each other until we're old and gray. One day, people will have to know."

Ninlada explained calmly. If you don't understand life's problems, you'll suffer. But if you find the cause of the suffering, you'll know how to deal with it. She and Prawfha had always consulted each other about this. When the issue came to light, they were ready to face it with peace of mind.

"Sam, P' Nueng is calling."

Prawfha said, pulling out the other person's phone from her own handbag and handing it to her lover when she saw the incoming call.

"Yes, P' Nueng," Ninlada answered the call.

"How are things, Sam? Song and I are quite worried," The man asked his sister with concern in his soft voice.

"I can handle it, P' Nueng. Don't worry."

The sister replied, her voice not showing much stress about the situation.

"We've identified the person who leaked the video. It's Pheera, the actor who used to be linked with Praw. How do you want us to handle it?"

Niti informed her of what she'd asked them to investigate. It wasn't hard to find the culprit.

"File a lawsuit and then settle it. I just want this guy to be publicly shamed. I want people to know that the man everyone adores did this to a woman. I gave him a chance once; there won't be a second time. Thank you, P' Nueng, for taking care of this."

Ninlada said calmly before ending the call. The car fell silent for a moment.

"Now that's more like it. Praw's dad wouldn't do less than that. What do you think, Praw?"

Nadon broke the silence with a smirk. They already had a good idea who was behind it; they were just waiting for confirmation. But when the villainess got serious, it wasn't just her voice; her piercing gaze could freeze those around her.

"I was so scared, worried that Sam would order Phee to be dealt with some other ways."

Prawfha said, pulling away from her lover's embrace after regaining her composure. She looked at her partner with mixed feelings, as she'd never seen her speak so sternly before.

"I did want him to be dealt with, or maybe I should order someone to cut his thing and feed it to the ducks."

Ninlada said, turning to look at Prawfha with a stern and serious gaze.

"...."

"Just kidding. Why are your reactions like that? I'm actually very kind."

Ninlada laughed when her lover and manager fell silent. "What a lame joke."

"Are you teasing me? You crazy..."

"Ouch, Praw, it hurts."

OwO!!...

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História My Pink Love - 30.

Colonel Phisan

Capítulo 30 - 30. Colonel Phisan

BANG

"Eeeeeeeek!!!"

The thunderous sound of a gunshot echoed through the sky.

The three people who had just stepped out of the sleek car were startled. The most affected was the burly man who let out a scream and crouched beside the car, trembling. The other two clung to each other tightly.

"Prawfha, come here!!"

Smoke still lingered in the air when a commanding voice ordered his daughter, who was in the embrace of a woman he'd never seen before, to come to him immediately.

"Dad!!"

The slender figure shouted at the audacious man, quickly turning to comfort her visibly trembling lover. She then pulled away from the warm embrace. At this moment, the well-built man, dressed in dark khaki pants and a tight white t-shirt, holding a pistol, was staring intensely at them with a killing expression.

"Praw, my dear."

A beautiful, middle-aged woman rushed out to see what the commotion was about. She looked relieved to see her daughter, who had been in the news, as she'd been extremely worried about her.

"Mom, Dad fired the gun to scare us."

Prawfha quickly hugged her mother and complained about her father's intimidating actions. The person her father would listen to was likely the woman she was hugging.

"I was just welcoming my daughter's special guest."

Her father replied calmly, still staring at his daughter's special guest, who was looking back at him. He'd been waiting at the front of the house for hours. At first glance, he could tell the woman was very beautiful, so much so that he felt sorry for any man who fell for her.

"Hello, sir, ma'am."

Ninlada smiled bravely before raising her hands in a wai to the elders in front of her. She could barely move her legs. She now understood why Nadon had suggested she wear a bulletproof vest; it wasn't an exaggeration. Looking at the man standing in front of the large, modern white house, she wondered if she'd leave there alive.

"And how long are you going to hide beside the car?"

The police colonel's loud voice addressed the person still crouching beside the car.

"S...Sir."

Nadon, trembling, slowly stood up to face the middle-aged man in front of him, clearly terrified. One thing he'd never interfere with was when the leading lady returned home, as he'd sworn never to set foot in this large house unless absolutely necessary.

"I told you to take care of my daughter. How did this happen?"

The stern voice grew louder, making Nadon wish he could disappear into the ground. He silently blamed Ninlada for causing this situation.

"Well, um..."

Nadon was at a loss for words, feeling so stressed he might actually faint.

"It's my fault, Dad. I'm so sorry."

Ninlada quickly intervened to defuse the situation, feeling quite sorry for Nadon, who seemed to have faced the wrath of the leading lady's father many times.

"Who gave you permission to call me 'Dad' [*]? I haven't even asked you anything yet, Ms. Ninlada. Where is your manner?"

The long reprimand made the villainess bow her head in shame.

"Dad, please don't scold Sam and P' Deal. I consented to everything."

Prawfha pleaded, sounding like a daughter begging for her lover's life from her father. Despite her family allowing her to live freely, she had to adhere to proper conduct because her father was strict about rules and regulations. Her mother was a perfect lady, so it was no surprise her father was furious.

"You're siding with the wrong person, Praw. What's so special about this woman that you'd let her ruin your reputation or even let her... Ugh, I don't want to think about it."

He said, frustrated. He loved his daughter and had always protected her, but this woman had the audacity to steal his daughter away, and his daughter was acting like a tame cat. Just seeing the leaked video made him almost lose his temper.

"I'm sorry, Dad, but you can't control love. Even if you separate us, if my heart chooses to love her, I'm willing to give up everything."

Prawfha held back her tears, trying to explain to her father. She walked away from her mother's embrace and clung to her father's strong arm. He turned away, looking up at the sky, not even glancing at her.

"But how stable will your love be, Praw? Tell me. This woman is beautiful, rich, and talented. What's to stop her from abandoning you?"

Though he'd never met her, he'd used his power to investigate her thoroughly.

"Sir, please let us be together. I don't know what the future holds or what our love will be like, but I can promise you one thing: I'll be faithful to your daughter. I won't cheat because I know it'd hurt her deeply. I apologize for causing her to lose her reputation by being with me. I'm sorry."

Ninlada, looking at her lover, pleaded with her father. She had no guarantees, only her words and sincerity.

"You!!"

Colonel Phisan was shocked when the woman knelt down before him to ask for his daughter's hand.

"Sam!! Please let us be together, Dad. Even though she's a woman, I'm confident she'll be faithful to me. She won't hurt me like you hurt Mom. I've been waiting for someone who will be loyal to me, who won't deceive me, and who will face every problem with me. This woman made me realize that the person I've been searching for truly exists."

Prawfha poured out her heart, kneeling beside her lover, who embraced her.

They'd cry together, hold each other, and never let go. This was what they always promised each other when facing problems, and today, they proved their love and loyalty.

"Let them be together, dear. Praw has suffered enough from what we've done. If this woman is who she chooses, I won't stop her. Praw, listen to me. I understand you."

Aimon, crying, held her husband's arm, trying to persuade him. She'd suffered from his infidelity, and Prawfha had seen it all. Prawfha always said she couldn't stand being with someone unfaithful. She'd been looking for someone who would have only her.

"Get up. Let's go inside and eat. Praw, I'm sorry for disappointing you."

Colonel Phisan, with teary eyes, didn't answer what he'd do about his daughter and the woman in front of him. He knew he'd been a bad husband and father, but he'd been trying to change for years to make his family a loving one again.

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"Dad, why are you coming home so late?"

"Dad, why don't you have time for Mom and me?"

"Dad, who is this woman?"

"Dad, when will you stop making Mom cry? When will you stop seeing other women?"

"I hate you, Dad! I hate men like you who hurt Mom over and over. I hate you!!"

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Prawfha's voice from childhood to adulthood, from innocent questions to painful ones, made her father feel deeply hurt. She hadn't spoken to him since declaring her hatred for his infidelity, which caused her mother and her to suffer. She isolated herself for months until he promised to change.

He realized he'd neglected the two women who loved him. His wife was a good mother, and Prawfha was a lovely child. Despite his misbehavior, his

wife never left him, making him feel guilty to this day.

"What a touching scene. I'm going to cry."

Nadon, still trembling, was impressed by the villainess's pleading to her lover's father. The couple's heartfelt words softened the colonel's heart. He now believed Ninlada could deal with the leading lady's father.

BANG

"Eeeeeek!!"

Another scream echoed as the colonel fired another shot into the sky. Fortunately, Prawfha's house was far from others, except for the dark, seemingly unoccupied house next door. Otherwise, the neighbors would've gathered to see what was happening.

"Manager, are you coming in for dinner or not?"

The shout made Nadon snap out of his daze and quickly run after everyone who had already started disappearing into the house. Only the colonel was left, still standing and pretending to stare at the young man. In truth, he had nothing against his daughter's personal manager; it was just that it was fun to prank him.

"Y... Yes, sir, I'm coming."

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"Eat up. Or are you planning to drink your tears first?"

As the man of the house, the middle-aged man sitting at the head of the table spoke up after he saw everyone around the table wiping their tears. If he were a woman, he'd probably be crying just the same.

"Dad, I'm sorry for everything I said to you."

Prawfha said, raising her hands

in a respectful wai to her father before wiping her tears.

"It's okay, Praw. It's all in the past. It was my fault. Look ahead. And you, Sam, if I see you crying again, I'll deduct points from your behavior. You can't be this weak. How can I trust you to take care of my daughter?"

Colonel Phisan said in a calm voice, looking at the girl sitting next to his daughter with red eyes.

"Yes, sir. From now on, I won't cry anymore,"

Ninlada smiled through her tears, seeing that the colonel had given her permission to date his daughter. Prawfha also smiled happily.

"I told you not to cry, and you're still crying. Enough, eat your meal. From now on, call me 'Dad' like Praw does."

The colonel said with a small smile. He'd been impressed with this girl since she had the courage to kneel in front of him to ask for his daughter, even though it was their first meeting. It left a lasting impression.

Personally, he liked straightforward people like this, so Ninlada passed the test easily.

Besides, he believed his daughter had already chosen someone suitable for herself, and this girl seemed to meet all of his daughter's needs. It was no surprise that Ninlada had found a place in Prawfha's heart without causing any suspicion, unlike others before her.

"I love both of you so much."

Prawfha said, getting up to hug her father and then kissing her mother on the cheek. This was all she wanted: a warm family and a loving partner. No matter how chaotic the outside world was with their relationship, the ones who were truly troubled were others.

They made it a big deal and thus were unhappy about it, but she and her partner didn't think much of it, so they were happy despite the many troubles in their lives.

"Eat your meal, dear."

Aimon said with a smile of joy. Anything that made her daughter happy, she was okay with it.

"You got some guts, girl."

Nadon mouthed to Ninlada, who was smiling widely. Usually, he was the one to start conversations, but whenever he met the father of the leading lady, he became unusually quiet and reserved.

"Also, Praw, I think you should come back and stay at home for a while. You shouldn't come home later than nine each night."

The colonel said casually while eating, but he couldn't help but observe his daughter and the other girl. Let's see how they'd solve this problem.

"Um, Dad, won't it be inconvenient for P' Deal?"

Prawfha tried to find a reason to support her case. She'd miss Ninlada terribly because they barely spent ten days apart each month.

"You think, Manager?"

The stern voice was directed at the leading lady's personal manager immediately.

"N...No, sir. I'm alright with that."

Nadon stammered, barely swallowing the spicy fish he had just chewed. Prawfha had really thrown him under the bus.

"Come back and stay at home, Praw. I know why you don't want to. I've seen the news. I don't like it when you do things behind the elders' backs.

Isn't that right, Sam?"

The middle-aged man finished his sentence and turned to Ninlada for an answer.

"Yes, Dad. Praw, please come back and stay at home for now. I'm sorry to both you and Mom for overstepping. In three months, my parents will return from their European tour. I'll make sure they come to discuss things officially."

Ninlada smiled at Prawfha's father. Even though she wanted to please her lover, propriety had to be maintained. Their love now involved more than just the two of them; they had to build good relationships with each other's families.

Moreover, she was worried about Prawfha due to the circulating news. A temporary separation might be a good idea.

"Alright, Dad."

Prawfha smiled in agreement. Just having his permission to date was already a big deal. What he wanted now was probably out of concern for her, so she didn't argue further.

"Let's continue eating. Sam, dear, I want to know more about you. Tell us something about yourself. I've only seen you on screen in dramas."

Aimon said with a warm smile, hoping to lighten the atmosphere at the dining table.

And so began the process of creating a pleasant atmosphere or, rather, interviewing for their daughter's special girl's life. The lady of the house and the colonel took turns asking questions. which were more intense than a job interview. But this was an application to be the girlfriend of the homeowner's daughter.

The applicant tried her best to smile and answer the questions impressively. Those cheering her on were equally anxious, fearing her answers mightn't

please the judges.

As they say, fortune favors the bold. Hang in there, Ninlada...

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História My Pink Love - 31. Miss you

Capítulo 31 - 31. Miss you

"I miss you again. Do you miss me, too, Sam?"

Ever since she returned home, this same sentence was repeated every night, waiting for the person on the other end to answer the same question multiple times a day.

"Of course I do. Hang in there. When my parents come back, I'll take them to meet your parents, Praw."

Ninlada smiled as she lay back on the balcony of her room.

"I really want to hug you, Sam. It's been almost two weeks."

Prawfha continued to whine. Even though they met during the day or had to attend events together, they weren't fully satisfied, leading to this constant yearning. Wherever they went, they were under public scrutiny. Although the attention wasn't as bad as they feared, they still had to set a good example for society.

"We just met this morning. Oh, and I forgot to tell you, I have a photoshoot in Japan next week for a week."

Ninlada mentioned, remembering her work schedule. She knew the person on the other end would complain even more.

"Now you're making me want to cry. Don't look at anyone else, okay? Don't try going there and coming back with someone else, or I'll fly to Japan and tear you apart."

Prawfha said in a firm tone, with a hint of jealousy.

"Who else would I look at, my love? I only love you."

Ninlada laughed at her jealous partner.

"I'll believe you. Today, I saw news about Pheera. My dad said he didn't want us to make a settlement. He must be really angry. But I told him we don't want to create more bad karma."

Prawfha mentioned the news about the actor, which had overshadowed their own news. The actor would probably regret his actions for a long time, as his reputation was heavily attacked. It was likely he wouldn't have a place in the entertainment industry anymore.

"I think he barely has a place to stand just as is. I don't want to do anything more. Consider it payback for what he did to us first, Praw."

Ninlada commented on the matter.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to the agency. Did P' Wan call you in, too?"

Prawfha brought up a new topic, as Nadon had just called to inform her of her schedule. She thought she had a free day tomorrow but was called in for a meeting at ten in the morning.

"Same here. See you tomorrow. Or should I pick you up?"

Ninlada said. They'd been talking for almost two hours. Looking at the clock on the wall, it was midnight. A new day had arrived.

"Yes, come pick me up. You can have breakfast at my house, too."

Prawfha suggested.

"Okay, Boss. Now go to sleep. It's late. Should I come to your house early tomorrow?"

Ninlada asked to wrap up the conversation.

"You really would? Then I'll go to bed now. Love you, Sam. Dream of me."

Prawfha, who had been sitting on the bed, lay down.

"Love you too, Praw. Sweet dreams, my love."

Ninlada replied before hanging up. She was just as tormented as the other person, wanting to hug and touch each other. But time and place weren't on their side. She had to endure, waiting for the right moment when they could live together without any obstacles.

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"Have a seat, both of you."

Wansetthi looked up from her computer screen at the two girls who came in matching black jeans and t-shirts-one white and the other black. They'd been coming together a lot lately, and it pained her to see them.

"Thank you, P' Wan."

Ninlada said politely, pulling out a chair for her partner and sitting down on the other one.

"I've been calling you in a lot lately. If you were students, it'd be like being called to the discipline room. The management had some concerns about the interview the other day, but luckily, the news about Pheera overshadowed it."

Wansetthi got straight to the point.

"Yes."

Prawfha responded, waiting to hear why they were called in. Despite being under public scrutiny, they hadn't done anything wrong. They tried to live as normally as possible.

"I just wanted to talk about what happened. I'm sorry, Nin, for being persistent that night. Praw, too. I'm sorry. I didn't know she was yours."

Wansetthi apologized, trying to smile gently at the two girls. Now that Ninlada had made it clear who she was with, Wansetthi, being mature, wanted to clear the air.

"We aren't holding any grudges, P' Wan. I have to apologize, too, for causing trouble and raising my voice that day."

Prawfha said sincerely.

"As long as you understand, I'm happy. I'm sorry for keeping it a secret."

Ninlada smiled, feeling that things were starting to fall into place.

"Alright, let's consider everything settled. How about we have lunch together? My treat as an apology."

The executive suggested, changing the topic to a lunch invitation.

"Sure. Today, I'll eat until your wallet is empty, P' Wan."

Prawfha joked, smiling at her partner, who smiled back.

The executive could only smile faintly at the couple. She had to accept the truth. What's not hers will never be hers, no matter what tricks or efforts she used. She'd probably find someone meant for her someday, and then she'd be theirs truly.

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"Are you at the airport yet?"

Prawfha stood in front of her house early in the morning, talking to her lover, who was preparing to board a flight for a week-long photoshoot abroad. She couldn't see her off because she had an event at a mall later in the morning.

"I am. Don't look at anyone while I'm away, okay?"

Ninlada replied, watching her secretary organize their belongings.

"Tell that to yourself. Don't fall for any fair-skinned, cute Japanese girls."

Prawfha teased.

"You know what I'm like, Praw."

Ninlada replied sweetly, loving how her partner got jealous.

"P' Tent! Long time no see!"

Prawfha saw a handsome neighbor walking out for a morning jog in a well-fitted workout outfit and shouted a greeting.

"Oh, Praw! I thought you moved to a condo."

The man smiled, happy to see his childhood friend, now a famous leading lady.

"Hold on a sec, P' Tent. Sam, have a safe trip. I ran into someone I know."

Prawfha told her partner before ending the call.

"Praw! Wait!"

Ninlada's face scrunched up. She heard a man's voice talking to her lover. She felt uneasy, wishing she could teleport and pull her lover to Japan with her.

"Ms. Nin, it's time."

Pimprapha, who was accompanying her boss, reminded her.

"Okay, Ms. Pim."

Ninlada tried to push her worries aside, focusing on the task at hand. She needed to finish her work quickly and return to clear things up with her lover. She was hoping the proverb 'out of sight, out of mind' wouldn't apply to them.

"P' Deal, what are you doing?"

Prawfha, sitting and chatting with a man in the garden pavilion, asked her manager, who was smiling at his phone.

"Nothing, Praw. I'm just happy (at someone's misery). Excuse me, I need to use the restroom."

Nadon thought to himself before excusing himself and leaving them to chat. Today, the leading lady had no work, so she invited him and the handsome neighbor for snacks and a chat at her house. He couldn't resist capturing the sweet moments and sharing them with someone far away.

The villainess must be writhing in jealousy by now, seeing her lover smiling and chatting with another man. It was a sweet revenge.

"Mr. Deal is cute, isn't he?"

The man smiled.

"Interested?"

Prawfha smiled, trying to gauge his reaction.

"Haha, I didn't mean it that way. I still like women, especially women like you."

The young man said, looking at the woman with dreamy eyes. In truth, he'd secretly liked Prawfha for a long time but never had the chance to talk to her seriously about it. When he returned from studying abroad, he heard that the girl next door had become a famous leading lady and moved to a condo.

As for him, after graduating, he focused on work and didn't pay much attention to women until he met the woman in front of him again, making him start thinking about the future.

"Uh... I."

Prawfha could only give a forced smile in response. Didn't this guy watch the news? Didn't he know she was already seeing someone?

"I'm not in a hurry, Praw. Just wanted to let you know."

The young man scratched the back of his head with embarrassment.

"But I'm already taken, P' Tent."

Prawfha said directly, being the straightforward person she was.

"Uh... r...really?"

The young man was left speechless. His dreams were shattered before they even began.

".... "

Prawfha gave a faint smile. The lively atmosphere turned awkwardly silent.

"U. Uh, I think I should head home now."

The young man stammered, feeling lost. Matters of the love were still new to him. His life had been all about studying and working. Being rejected like this was a blow to his confidence.

"Uh, okay, P' Tent. I'm sorry."

Prawfha looked at him sympathetically. The truth was, the man in front of her was a good and perfect person. If Ninlada hadn't come into her life, she might've given him a chance. But now, her heart belonged entirely to the number one villainess in the entertainment industry.

"It's okay, Praw. It's good you told me directly. Now won't have to keep hoping,"

The young man smiled, excusing himself to go back and gather himself.

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Meanwhile, far away, during a break from a photoshoot, Ninlada checked her phone to see messages or send a loving greeting to her partner. It'd been five days since she started working abroad, and she wanted to return to Thailand as soon as possible.

"Ms. Pim, I want to go back to Thailand ASAP!"

Ninlada's demanding voice rang out as soon as Prawfha's manager sent a photo through the popular chat app, making her almost lose her composure.

"What? But you still have two more shoots, Ms. Nin."

Pimprapha said, worried as her boss started to throw a tantrum.

"I'll handle it. The shoot must be done by today, and I need a plane ticket back to Thailand tonight. Ms. Pim, please arrange everything for me."

Ninlada said decisively. Who was that guy? Was he the one Prawfha was talking to? Even though they video-called every night, for the past two days, her lover had been quick to end the calls, telling her to rest. It was suspicious, and she couldn't focus on work. But work was work, and she had to do her best.

"Yes, Ms. Nin."

Pimprapha responded. Her boss's stern tone was rare, indicating that what she saw on her phone was significant. It was likely about the leading lady she said she missed every hour.

'Praw is mine. No one else should even think about touching her.'

Ninlada thought. She couldn't wait to get back to Thailand. Prawfha needed to be punished for making her so restless. Her manager was supposed to look after Prawfha and report important matters, but it seemed like they were just trying to provoke her, and it worked. She had to do something.

"Dad, Mom, when are you coming back?"

Ninlada decided to call her parents. She'd been pestering them to come home almost every day.

"We're on our way back, Sam. We're at the airport now. You've been rushing us," her father replied.

"Really? Well, I want you to talk to Praw's family."

Ninlada said sweetly. She'd initially told them to talk to Prawfha's family in a month, but she couldn't wait and had been urging them every day for almost a month. They finally decided to come back early, cutting their 1-year world tour short.

"You're so persistent about this, Sam. Can't you wait a bit longer? She isn't going anywhere. You've waited this long."

Her mother chimed in, taking the phone from her husband and putting it on speaker.

"Because I've waited so long, Mom. You'll be here by tomorrow evening, right? Let's go then, please."

Ninlada said, smiling widely, barely able to wait for tomorrow.

"This kid... not giving us a break," her father grumbled.

"Please, Dad. We're talking about a leading lady here. You're a fan of her, aren't you? I can't wait any longer. I'm afraid someone might snatch her away," Ninlada pleaded.

"Alright, alright. We'll go if nothing goes wrong. You're so demanding."

Her father smiled. They all knew how much she'd loved Prawfha since they were in university together. He and his wife had no problem with it.

Whoever their daughter loved, they'd be ready to accept them as long as that person was a good person and truly loved her.

"I love you both so much. Safe travels. I'll be waiting,"

Ninlada said, beaming with joy. She was lucky to have such understanding parents and a supportive brother.

"Okay, we love you, too."

They said before hanging up and preparing to fly back to Thailand.

"Don't say I'm tying you down, my love..."

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História My Pink Love - 32. Love Scene

Capítulo 32 - 32. Love Scene

Ninlada landed in Thailand and quickly took her luggage to her room, showered, dressed up, and drove straight to the person she loved. It was already one in the morning, but she didn't care if she was disturbing her lover's rest. Her heart was too restless and filled with longing to wait until morning.

"Hello, Ms. Ni."

Greeted a man in his thirties, still stunned by the beauty of the woman in a short black dress who had just stepped out of a fiery red European car.

Realizing she was someone important to the young lady of the house, he quickly greeted her, though he was quite puzzled by her late-night visit.

"Hello, sorry for disturbing you so late."

She greeted the security guard at the gate of Prawfha's house while dialing the number of the person inside with a heart full of longing.

DZZZ DZZZ DZZZ

The phone on the bedside table vibrated, waking its owner from her deep sleep in the spacious bedroom. She fumbled to answer it without even

looking at who was calling, feeling quite annoyed at being disturbed.

"Yes?"

Prawfha managed to croak out, still groggy and 90 percent asleep.

"Praw, I'm back. I'm at your gate. Please come out."

The sweet voice on the other end made Prawfha sit up abruptly, turn on the bedside lamp, and glance at the clock. It was already past one.

"Sam! It's past one in the morning. Why didn't you get some rest? Wait there, I'll come down."

Prawfha quickly got out of bed, grabbed a robe, and rushed out of the house to the gate.

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"Sam!!"

Prawfha hurried toward her tall, slender lover standing with the security guard at the gate.

"Praw."

Ninlada smiled with joy as the person she missed so much was now standing in front of her.

"It's okay here. You can go back to your post."

Prawfha told the security guard, who nodded and returned to his post, seeing that the young lady of the house had come out to meet her guest herself.

"You said you'd be back in two days. Why didn't you get some rest?"

Prawfha asked with concern, slightly annoyed that her lover had come at such an odd hour. If her father found out, there would surely be trouble.

"I was anxious and missed you terribly. Let's find a place to talk."

Ninlada said, taking her lover's hand and leading her to the car. After getting her inside, she quickly ran back to the guard.

"Let me borrow her for a few minutes. Please don't report this to the colonel. Here, take this as a token of appreciation."

Ninlada handed two thousand-baht bills to the still-dazed guard before driving off with Prawfha.

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"Sam, stop the car now, or I'll be really mad. Why couldn't we wait until morning?"

Prawfha demanded, and Ninlada complied, pulling over at the community sports ground. It wasn't too deserted, with streetlights providing some illumination, but at this hour, no one was around.

"Do you know how worried I was? Look at this picture. The day I left, there was a male voice on the phone. I've been overthinking, you know?"

Ninlada expressed her pent-up feelings.

"It was nothing, Sam. P' Tent is just a neighbor. I told him I was taken. Did you leave work for this?"

Prawfha scolded, knowing Ninlada could be unreasonable when upset. She always tried to reason with her.

"No, work is done. I couldn't bear staying away, so I quickly finished my work and came straight to Praw."

Ninlada admitted, feeling guilty.

"Look at me, darling. Don't you trust me? We've been through so much. Lovers should trust each other, shouldn't they?"

Prawfha cupped Ninlada's face, her words always bringing Ninlada back to her senses.

"I'm sorry, but I missed you so much."

Ninlada looked into Prawfha's eyes,

unable to resist kissing her to show her love and longing.

"Mm."

Prawfha reciprocated, missing Ninlada just as much. The car seat was reclined as they kissed passionately. Ninlada moved to straddle Prawfha, her short black dress riding up, revealing her matching underwear.

"Sam, isn't this inappropriate?" Prawfha looked around nervously.

"Please, I can't wait anymore. It's been so long."

Ninlada whispered, making Prawfha blush.

"O...Okay, but hurry. I'm scared someone will see us."

Prawfha agreed, her voice trembling.

"Yes, my love."

Ninlada smiled mischievously, kissing Prawfha to silence her. The car was safe enough, and the community was well-guarded. If anyone was a threat, it was Ninlada herself, luring the colonel's daughter out for a midnight rendezvous.

She wasn't even sure that if the colonel knew about this, she'd pay it with her life. But how could she restrain herself when his daughter was so

sweet? She'd be willing to die for her.

"Mm, Sam."

Prawfha moaned as Ninlada kissed her neck. Her robe was untied, revealing a thin pink nightgown with no bra. Ninlada knew she wouldn't wear one.

Prawfha rarely wore it ever since she let Ninlada stay over at her condo. Ninlada's hands roamed, lifting the gown to expose Prawfha's chest.

"Take this off for me. Hmmmm."

Ninlada whispered, guiding Prawfha's hands to her hips. Despite the cramped car, their passion couldn't be contained.

Ninlada pushed Prawfha's legs apart, her fingers finding their way to the wetness between them. She still wore the panties today, so Ninlada slowly parted the fabric to reach the sweet flower. Her finger circled around the wet, sensitive part while her other hand caressed with the soft mound. She kissed Prawfha deeply.

The latter could only let out her desire through her breath. Ninlada felt that her lower part was now uncovered as the other had taken her panties off for her as requested. Prawfha's hands were busy, too, pulling down Ninlada's dress to reveal her chest. It made her body's hair stand on its end.

"P...Praw. Hgnnnnn."

Ninlada moaned, feeling Prawfha's touch. She was both excited and surprised by the action. But as she, too, wanted to show her love to the other woman, she slipped her hand in and touched Prawfha's most intimate part, quickening her movements. Then, she slid the finger further, making Prawfha cling to her, moaning loudly.

"M... Move, darling. I can't take it anymore. A...Ah!"

A husky, sweet voice whispered into her lover's ear, her whole body trembling. The young villainess began to move rhythmically.

The start was gentle to let her lover's body adjust; Ninlada didn't want Prawfha to feel even the slightest pain. She wanted Prawfha to experience only happiness from the love she was giving.

"Love me too... mm."

Ninlada demanded, as she was also on the brink of climax. The more Prawfha enjoyed her touch, the more the liquid of love flowed from her body, making her feel the need to ask for pleasure.

"Mm, darling, lift yourself a bit."

Prawfha, still being driven by the rhythm of love, said with a shaky voice. She adjusted her position, using her slender hand to caress the wet part of her lover's body. She felt the response as she stimulated Ninlada, causing her body to twitch. Then, she slowly inserted her fingers deep inside her lover's body.

"Ah, P... Praw."

Ninlada moaned, lifting her head. She probably didn't realize that her exposed chest would make the leading lady forget her embarrassment and eagerly lean in to savor it, driving her wild with even more passion.

"Ah! / Ah!"

The rhythm of love continued without pause. The moans of pleasure echoed through the car. The one who seemed to be struggling more was the young villainess, allowing Prawfha to attack her from both above and below. But she wasn't one to be outdone, moving her hips up and down in response to the movement Prawfha set, creating a seamless rhythm.

Her slender hand moved rapidly in and out of her lover's wet flower as Prawfha kept releasing her love fluid. This love scene was both emotionally intense and thrilling, spicy and satisfying.

"S...Sam, faster. I...I can't take it anymore. Hgnnnn. Ah!" Prawfha urged.

"Hhnnn, wait for me. I'm almost there. A...Ah!"

Ninlada responded quickly to her lover's voice. Prawfha's body began to tremble and tighten around her fingers. Ninlada increased the pace, moving her hips in sync with her lover until they both reached their climax. As their passion subsided, she collapsed onto the body beneath her, panting heavily.

"S...Sam," Prawfha whispered.

"Hgnnn, P...Praw."

Ninlada could only moan in response as her lover continued to nuzzle and kiss her neck, their fingers still within each other's bodies.

"Get dressed. Let's go home. If my father wakes up and finds out, you'll be in trouble."

Prawfha said after they'd cuddled enough. She used her free hand to push Ninlada away gently, unable to resist giving her a quick kiss on her red lips. Then, she slowly withdrew her fingers, causing Ninlada to twitch, feeling the same as when her lover's touch left her.

"It's all messy."

Ninlada muttered softly as she moved back to the driver's seat. She grabbed some tissues from the side and handed them to Prawfha to clean their hands and the evidence of their love-making. After seeing her lover clean herself up, she adjusted her own clothes.

"Sam, you were really intense today."

Prawfha said, her face flushed, looking at her lover who was fixing her clothes. Ninlada was truly a fiery villainess, both in looks and in bed. Even though they were intimate often, she never got used to the ever-changing scene of passion, especially when they did it outside their private space.

"But you like it, right?"

Ninlada smiled mischievously, looking at her lover, who was now blushing. Just moments ago, she'd been passionately expressing her love, leaving

Ninlada almost speechless. Prawfha wasn't usually like this; it was mostly Ninlada who took the lead.

"Stop talking nonsense. Here, put this on. Aren't you uncomfortable? Hurry, it's almost 3 AM."

Prawfha said, handing over the black lace underwear to her mischievous lover. She never thought her love life would involve such a beautiful, sharp-featured woman who sometimes dressed cool, sometimes sexy.

"That's right. If nothing goes wrong, I'll have my parents come over to talk to your family tomorrow evening."

Ninlada said, putting on the piece of clothing and turning to inform her lover of her plans.

"What? Why are you just telling me now? I thought it was supposed to be in three months."

Prawfha said, looking at Ninlada, who was starting the car, confused but also excited by the news.

"They came back earlier than expected. My parents just told me before I came back. I'm not rushing, Praw, but I really want to live with you."

Ninlada explained.

"Be a bit more serious. This isn't something to rush, Sam."

Prawfha scolded her lover. She couldn't help but be concerned about how her father would react if he found out they were out so late.

"Don't you want to be with me?"

Ninlada asked sadly, starting to drive back to her lover's house.

"It's not that, Sam. We should discuss things first. Well, okay, just let me know the exact time tomorrow so my family can prepare."

Prawfha said, looking at her stubborn lover. She sighed, thinking this must be because of the picture P' Deal sent. Ninlada was rushing things because of it.

She knew her manager was always updating Ninlada while she was working abroad. She didn't mind; it was fun to tease her lover. But the result was unexpected, with her possessive lover unable to control her emotions.

But wasn't it good? She missed and wanted to be with her lover just as much. Thinking this, Prawfha smiled. She didn't have to do anything; Ninlada was already demanding and possessive.

"Okay, I'll call you tomorrow. I'm sorry for not trusting you and not discussing things with you first," Ninlada said, feeling guilty.

"It's okay, Sam. No one is perfect. I was just telling you. Do you want to stay over tonight? It's late."

Prawfha said, caressing her lover's cheek with a smile, offering to stay together.

"It's okay. I have to pick up my parents from the airport tomorrow morning."

Ninlada said, stopping the car in front of her lover's house.

"Then hurry back. It's almost morning."

Prawfha said, and her lover nodded, leaning in for a big kiss on her cheek. "Goodbye."

Ninlada said, smiling widely at her lover outside the car, who smiled back. She slowly drove away, feeling incredibly happy despite her exhausted body from their love and the journey.

Prawfha, who had snuck out at night, smiled at the guard at the gate, reminding him to keep quiet about her and the villainess meeting at night. She walked back into the house, feeling overwhelmingly happy and smiling as she thought about what they'd done.

Her face flushed again, thinking she needed to shower and wash away the love and sweat from their passionate hour before going back to bed.

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História My Pink Love - 33. The End

Capítulo 33 - 33. The End

"Praw, did Sam come over last night?"

Aimon immediately brought up the

topic as they all sat in the living room, preparing to welcome their guests. Her daughter's special someone had called earlier to inform them that she'd be bringing her parents over at 6 PM.

"U... Uh... yes,"

Prawfha replied hesitantly. The way her parents were asking made it clear they already knew. She could tell from the way her father, who was sitting on the central sofa, was looking at her, waiting for an answer.

"Why didn't she come during the day? Why did she come so late at night?"

Her over-protective father spoke in a flat but interrogating tone.

"Dad, I'm not a criminal. Sam just got back from Japan and stopped by to see me, that's all,"

Prawfha explained to her father. She felt like he was conducting a criminal investigation.

"I told you not to meet at the condo, but you still found a way to see each other,"

The colonel grumbled, clearly upset. If he hadn't woken up in the middle of the night, he wouldn't have known his daughter had gone outside.

"Come on, Dad,"

Prawfha said, unsure how to explain. They'd spent months together, taking care of each other. It was natural to want to see each other and spend some private time together.

"She's grown up now, dear,"

Aimon tried to explain to her husband. This was typical of a once-flirtatious man who, now having a daughter, was overly protective, fearing someone would take her away.

"Even if she's grown up, she shouldn't be doing this-going out late at night. We don't know what they're up to. Our daughter is a woman; don't be too lenient,"

The middle-aged man said, his face stern, feeling that no one appreciated his concern for his daughter.

"Sam is also a woman, Dad," Prawfha retorted.

"W...Well, that's true, but whether she's a woman or a man, it's still inappropriate,"

Colonel Phisan insisted, though he was a bit at a loss for words. He realized that the other person was also a woman and his daughter might also do bad things to the other party. The thought gave him a headache.

"Sir, Madam, Miss Nin and her family have arrived,"

A plump maid in her thirties ran in to report to the homeowners as soon as the awaited guests arrived.

"Waew, invite the guests to this room and prepare some refreshments," Aimon instructed the maid, who then left to carry out her duties.

"Hello, Uncle, Auntie,"

Prawfha greeted and respectfully gave her lover's parents a wai. They smiled warmly at her, showing no signs of disapproval. Seeing this, Prawiha couldn't help but feel happy. It was clear that Ninlada had inherited her mother's striking beauty.

"You can call us 'Mom' and 'Dad' like Sam does, Praw. You're even prettier in person than on TV, don't you think, dear?"

The middle-aged woman, who still looked strikingly beautiful, said to her husband, who was smiling broadly, clearly pleased with their daughter's choice.

"Thank you, Mom. Then, please come inside. Sam told me you just got off the plane,"

Prawfha said, leading them to her parents, who were waiting.

"Yes, our daughter called us every morning and evening, begging us to come home,"

Khun Ying Phimphon replied affectionately, her demeanor reflecting her aristocratic standing. She then looked at her daughter, who couldn't stop smiling.

"Hello, Mom, Dad,"

Ninlada greeted Prawfha's parents as soon as she and her parents entered the living room.

"Hello, Sam. Please have your parents sit down,"

Aimon responded with a smile. Only her husband stared sternly at the young actress, likely still upset about the previous night's events.

"Hello,"

The middle-aged man, a guest in the house, greeted the couple with a smile, much like his daughter, Ninlada had clearly inherited her cheerful and easygoing nature from her father.

"Hello, Mr. Nithi, Khun Ying Phimphon,"

Colonel Phisan greeted, inviting the guests to sit. There was no question about how he knew them; he'd thoroughly investigated Ninlada's background. If she weren't good enough, he wouldn't have allowed her to date his daughter so easily.

"You must already know about my family's background," Nithi said with a smile, as he had also done his research.

"Yes, your daughter told me you wouldn't be back from your vacation for several months. Why did you return so soon?"

The colonel began the conversation. Meanwhile, the two young women sat on the floor beside their parents. The plump maid came in to serve drinks and snacks before excusing herself.

"My daughter was eager for me to come and formally ask for Praw to join our family. Actually, Sam told us to rest today, but I wanted to meet Praw, so I took this opportunity to discuss things. I hope you don't mind,"

The well-dressed middle-aged man said with a smile, gently patting his daughter's head.

"I can't interfere with matters of love, but your daughter took mine out late at night without permission. It was disrespectful. I only have one daughter, Mr. Nithi. I'm sure you understand how parents feel,"

Colonel Phisan said sternly, looking at the young actress, who turned pale.

"I'm sorry, Dad and Mom. It was because of my impatience,"

Ninlada apologized, giving Prawfha's parents a respectful wai. She realized she'd acted rashly and without reason.

"If we've done something wrong, please tell us how we can make amends. We're willing to do whatever it takes,"

Khun Ying Phimphon said, giving her daughter a stern look. She couldn't believe her daughter had the audacity to take the police colonel's daughter out at night.

"Well, I'm a reasonable man. My daughter isn't innocent, either. If she wasn't willing, she wouldn't have gone out with your daughter. We don't need money or anything. If they want to live together, that's fine. But as they get older, I'd like them to live here. You wouldn't mind, would you? You have two sons, and I only have one daughter. I can't give her away, but I hope you'll let her stay with us,"

The protective father said, using his reasoning to ensure his daughter would stay close.

"No problem. I'll even give shares in our provincial hotel chain as a welcome gift. If my daughter misbehaves, feel free to discipline her,"

Nithi said with a laugh, patting his daughter's head. Ninlada would benefit from Colonel Phisan's strictness, which might curb her impulsive nature.

"I'll take good care of her. Praw, I want you to stay home for now. We can discuss it later if you want to move in with Sam. You two are public figures; making a big deal out of this wouldn't be appropriate. Or do you two want to have a wedding?"

The colonel asked his daughter, who was already smiling.

"This is enough for me, Dad. We're happy as long as our families accept and support our love,"

Prawfha said, tears of joy in her eyes, grateful for her father's understanding and concern.

"Sam, go pay your respects to Praw's parents and ask for their forgiveness," Khun Ying Phimphon instructed her daughter.

"Please forgive me, Dad, Mom, for my disrespectful actions. I promise to be

more considerate from now on,"

Ninlada said, bowing with a tray of offerings. Prawfha held her hand, and they bowed together. Ninlada was willing to live anywhere as long as she was with Prawfha.

"Welcome to our family, Sam. Praw, go pay your respects to Sam's parents,"

Aimon said, smiling. The two young women then crawled over to Ninlada's parents to pay their respects and receive blessings.

"Please stay for dinner, Mr. Nithi, Khun Ying,"

Aimon invited the guests once the conversation ended. "Gladly," Khun Ying Phimphon replied with a smile.

"Feel free to stay over anytime, but don't go out late like last night. I don't like it,"

Colonel Phisan warned Ninlada and his daughter again.

"Yes, Dad,"

Ninlada replied. She knew she had to change her ways, considering the feelings of those around her, especially the one holding her hand.

"Alright, let's have dinner. Please, Mr. Nithi, Khun Ying,"

Colonel Phisan said, inviting the guests to the dining room for further conversation and a meal.

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"Sam, are you sure you don't have any problems with moving in with my parents in the future?"

Prawfha asked her lover as she sat on her lap. They'd come out to talk in the garden pavilion next to the house after dinner, leaving the adults to chat among themselves.

"I'd be happy to. Both of them won't feel lonely as they're getting older. We need to take care of them. At my house, P' Nueng and P' Song are already looking after my parents. There's nothing to worry about. Besides, my brothers will have their own families and kids soon. My parents won't have time to feel lonely,"

Ninlada reassured, hugging the slender body closer to herself.

"Sam, you're the sweetest. But as Dad said, it might take a while before we can move in together. The news about us isn't exactly quiet yet,"

Prawfha sighed, leaning back against the slender body holding her. Sometimes, being a public figure means having to endure a lot regarding behavior and privacy.

"We've been through so much together. I was on the brink of death and waited for you for so many years. Just a little more patience, okay? Let everything fall into place. Your dad has already allowed me to stay over at your house,"

Ninlada said, gently tracing her finger over her lover's soft palm.

"I want to move the ring you gave me to my left hand,"

Prawfha said, looking at the hand her lover was playing with, feeling ticklish. She glanced at the ring Ninlada had bought for her. She always wore it but had to wear it on her right ring finger because their jobs didn't allow them to show their relationship openly. Wearing it on the right hand avoided media questions and potential news stories.

"I believe everything will get better. It's all about timing. Hang in there, my good girl,"

Ninlada looked at the small ring her lover wore as a symbol of their love, feeling happy that her beautiful partner never forgot or left behind what she'd given.

"I love you, love you so so so much. Even though it's not been long since we fell in love, remember this: I love you. I love you more than anyone in the world,"

Prawfha turned to hold her lover's face, conveying through her eyes how deeply she loved her.

"I love you, too, from the first day we met until now. I love and cherish you so much. I'm so happy that you agreed to be my girlfriend,"

Ninlada replied sweetly.

"Saying sweet things like this, you deserve a reward."

Prawfha smiled widely before leaning in to give her sweet-talking lover a reward under the witness of the stars and moonlight, promising to stand by each other and overcome life's obstacles together.

When people love, it'll stay with them forever; it doesn't depend on just one person. The love between Ninlada and Prawfha is the same. They never use emotions to solve problems they face. They always try to understand each other, support each other when doing the right thing, and warn each other when one might be wrong.

Even if they sometimes make mistakes, they apologize and forgive each other. They reward each other when they are pleased with what the other offers. But the most evident thing is they never leave each other to face problems alone. Since falling in love, they've been honest with each other all along.

So, don't let love be just about benefits or possessions. Love is about giving, trusting to live with the person you choose, and caring for each other so neither feels lonely. These elements of understanding are what make love complete and truly happy.

...The end.....

