THE VILLAIN WON'T LET ME GO

(หุ่นเชิดในมือตัวร้าย)

by Samha (สามห้า)

English Sample – Chapters 1–2

Amarin Coporations PCL.

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CHAPTER 1

"Khun Plaew, if there's nothing else, I'll head back to the staff quarters now."

Plaewlin glanced at the clock, then gave the head housekeeper a small nod. The woman was preparing to return to the servants' residence, built some distance from the main house.

"All right."

That was all Plaewlin said before turning her gaze back to the glass wall.

Night had already fallen outside, though it could hardly be called pitch-black. Both the house and the opposite riverbank glowed beneath soft orange light from electric lamps.

From where she sat, the lights across the river were separated from her by the broad span of the Chao Phraya. The water below was dark now. Earlier in the evening, boats had still passed by in trails of light, changing the view enough to break its monotony. But now there was nothing. Only emptiness, black water, and a chill that seemed to reach straight into her heart.

The head housekeeper bowed to the new mistress of the house and quietly backed out of the room.

Plaewlin had been married to the owner of this house for only three days. Three days was not enough for the household staff to figure out what kind of woman their new mistress was.

All they knew was that she was quiet, composed, elegant-and that she could spend hours staring at the river from morning until night.

The sight of her sitting in the long teak chair, lost in thought with the sunset reflecting over the water behind her, was enough to make other people pause and stare as well. Everyone agreed on one thing: their new mistress was exceptionally beautiful.

It was a pity she had married a man like Lee Thakoon.

Everyone knew the marriage had been arranged for appearances. She was little more than an ornament meant to strengthen his prestige.

The master of the house disliked having servants around once his working day was over. After the staff had finished tidying the riverside residence each evening, they returned to the separate quarters farther back on the property.

So after the head housekeeper left, the enormous house belonged to Plaewlin alone.

She released a long breath, as if she could finally fill her lungs properly again. Rising from the rocking chair, she pushed open the door beside the glass wall and stepped out onto the riverside terrace.

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The graceful posture she maintained all day loosened at last. She rested both hands on the railing and looked out over the night view.

Such a beautiful place, wasted on someone who doesn't even know how to appreciate it.

Plaewlin sighed again.

She stayed there for a long while before returning inside and going upstairs to the bedroom wing. By the time she had showered, the owner of the house was arriving home.

Another sigh escaped her.

She forced herself downstairs to greet her husband at the front door.

There was no smile of greeting between them. He simply tossed the suit jacket draped over his arm for her to catch.

Thakoon's eyes moved over her sleepwear. Plaewlin, meanwhile, quietly tried to assess his mood.

Thakoon Nithithara was half Thai, half Spanish, though his features leaned more Asian. Tall and lean, with fair, immaculate skin, he had a sharply defined face, dark brows, deep-set stern eyes, a prominent nose, and a mouth that naturally settled into a straight line.

And then there was the rest of his resume.

He was an heir to Niti Group and one of the leading contenders for the chairmanship of an empire spanning department stores, retail, and e-commerce.

All of that made him the sort of handsome man people remembered after meeting only once.

That was about the extent of his charm.

Everyone knew Lee Thakoon had a temper. Calling him merely irritable was the polite version. A more accurate description placed him somewhere between unhinged and catastrophically low in emotional intelligence. He had very little control over his moods.

Unfortunately, his intelligence and business instincts were exceptional.

If they were not, he would have been pushed out of the Nithithara inheritance years ago. He certainly would never have had the chance to enter a legal marriage tying the Nithitharas to the Chaowakornkuls as he had now.

Plaewlin knew perfectly well what kind of man he was, and she had married him anyway.

This marriage benefited her too.

All she had to do was endure it until his grandfather, Pong, formally announced the next chairman. Once that happened, the chain around her neck would come off and she would finally be free.

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Plaewlin stood looking down at her husband's socked feet, so she failed to notice the way he was watching her.

Thakoon curled his mouth into a displeased smile. His beautiful new wife was proving less satisfying than he had expected, so his first words to her arrived with a sting.

"You're the kind of woman who's only suitable for falling in love with. All that beauty, and you're completely bland. Don't know how to coax a man or sweet-talk him at all."

Plaewlin lifted her head.

A meltingly sweet smile bloomed across her face. Sweet as the smile was, her voice was sweeter still.

"You're home already? Are you tired?"

"Hah."

Thakoon scoffed.

He had already walked into the house and thrown his jacket at her, and only now his wife was asking if he was home.

What a remarkable wife he had married.

He could not be bothered with her. He walked deeper into the house, Plaewlin following quietly behind.

It was late, and he had no intention of having dinner.

She followed him all the way to the bedroom they were now expected to share.

They had slept in the same room for two nights since the wedding, but had yet to consummate the marriage. Plaewlin trembled whenever things moved in that direction, and Thakoon became irritated before he could bring himself to finish the matter.

Sleeping with him was part of their agreement.

Before Pong announced his successor, every Nithithara heir with a realistic chance of taking control of the vast family empire would be watched closely. Thakoon's grandfather expected his descendants to conduct themselves properly. No one expected sainthood, but drunken scandals and sleeping around were best avoided.

And once a man was married, they were especially unacceptable.

Pong hated family scandals. To him, every disgrace reflected on the way he had raised his descendants and therefore damaged the family as a whole.

So Thakoon had to be careful.

Other women were off-limits.

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If he wanted sexual release, the only person permitted to provide it was his legal wife, Plaewlin.

If she were not so frightened and he were not so easily annoyed, they probably would have consummated the marriage on the first night.

No sighted man could deny Plaewlin's beauty. She was stunning and socially appropriate. She did not wield absolute power within the Chaowakornkul family the way her elder sister Nopkao did, but Thakoon was still satisfied with the match.

He liked Plaewlin's appearance.

He also liked the fact that Nopkao had promised not to marry while the Nithitharas still had no confirmed successor.

The Chaowakornkuls controlled businesses from upstream to downstream and held enormous influence over advertising media as well. If that family's power fell into someone else's hands, things could become complicated.

Thakoon stripped off his shirt and threw it into the laundry basket, leaving his upper body bare and revealing well-defined muscle.

Plaewlin remained nearby, but this time she stared down at her own feet instead of at his naked chest.

"I'm going to the prayer room. Come light the incense for me."

His voice made it clear that he was not pleased about having to go there.

"Of course."

Plaewlin answered sweetly.

She knew why he was unhappy.

Thakoon was accustomed to the scent of a particular medicinal incense, but after bringing her into the house, he had been forced to move the incense burner out of the bedroom because the smell made her nauseous.

According to the servants, the formula had once been reserved for the upper classes during an old Chinese dynasty. It was not harsh or suffocating. The fragrance was light, cool, and faintly soothing.

Yet it gave Plaewlin headaches, kept her awake, and made her unusually restless.

At first she had assumed the problem came from sleeping in an unfamiliar room beside an unfamiliar man. But the symptoms eased whenever she left the bedroom, then returned when she came back. On the second night, after Thakoon lit the incense again, she had nearly vomited in front of him.

Fortunately, he had moved the burner to the prayer room.

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That gave Plaewlin at least one reason to believe the year she had agreed to spend as his wife might not be completely unbearable.

At least she would not die of dizziness from his precious incense.

She followed his tall figure to the prayer room and lit the incense while he sat down shirtless to meditate.

She had no intention of lingering.

He knew she reacted badly to the smell, so once the incense was burning, Plaewlin quietly slipped toward the door.

Before closing it, she looked back once.

Her husband reclined slightly against the chair, eyes closed, chest and abdomen rising and falling with each measured breath.

Plaewlin's expression remained perfectly neutral as she shut the door with barely a sound.

Marriage to Thakoon had already taught her several things.

For example, meditation did not make everyone calm.

Her husband was living proof.

Thakoon returned to the bedroom half an hour later carrying the incense fragrance on his skin. Fortunately, he showered and washed his hair afterward, so when he finally lay down, none of the cool scent remained to keep his newlywed wife awake.

"Tomorrow night there's an event launching an official brand that's joining our platform. Be ready."

It was not an invitation. He was informing her that she would attend.

"All right."

Plaewlin lay on her side with her back to him and pulled her own blanket up to her chin. They used separate blankets despite sharing the bed.

She listened to him shift two or three times before his side finally went still.

Only then did Plaewlin release a quiet breath and close her eyes.

* * *

As Thakoon's wife, Plaewlin could hardly refuse to eat breakfast with him.

She stole a glance toward the head of the long dining table where her husband sat, while she occupied the seat to his left.

It was not even eight in the morning and somehow he was already frowning.

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What in the world had irritated him this early?

Plaewlin returned her attention to her food.

She had married into the Nithithara family only because her sister had chosen to support Thakoon. The moment Pong named the next chairman, this marriage would end.

She and Thakoon did not need to become emotionally involved with each other.

Whether Khun Lee stayed in a foul mood twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, had nothing to do with her.

"Would you like some guava juice, Khun Lee? I made it this morning."

She asked with a sweet smile because she was doing her duty.

Nopkao had repeatedly reminded her that if she was going to play the role of a wife, she had to play it properly-especially in front of third, fourth, or fifth parties. Everyone had to see what a devoted wife she was.

"Mm."

Thakoon watched the beautiful woman finish her breakfast and rise from her seat.

She walked toward the kitchen at an unhurried pace. The hem of her long black skirt moved around her legs, while the loose black ruched camisole she wore above it contrasted sharply with her pale skin.

Plaewlin was almost absurdly beautiful.

But they had been married for four days and she was dressed entirely in black.

Who exactly was she mourning?

Thakoon sighed.

He looked irritated.

Then again, he looked irritated by practically everything.

The household staff waiting discreetly in the dining room could only admire Khun Plaew's courage when she returned carrying a pitcher of guava juice-and still managed to smile at the perpetually bad-tempered man at the head of the table.

Their new mistress was not only beautiful.

She was brave.

* * *

After her irritable husband left for work, Plaewlin usually killed time by staring through the glass wall at the river.

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There was little for her to do and very little she was actually allowed to do. Spending the day watching the view while the servants completed their routine cleaning was not the worst way to pass the hours.

She had not forgotten what Thakoon had told her the night before about the event.

So from morning onward she had already resigned herself to losing the entire afternoon to the makeup artists and hairstylists he would send to transform her.

Her peaceful afternoon disappeared exactly as expected.

The process dragged on into evening, and eventually she was sent ahead to the venue to wait for her husband in the car.

She waited for quite some time before he finally arrived.

Plaewlin did not complain.

Ironically, the person who had kept her waiting was the one radiating irritation in waves.

She could practically feel Thakoon's bad mood from the moment she saw him approaching the vehicle.

What could one man possibly find to be this annoyed about all the time?

She drew a deep breath and stepped out of the car.

Thakoon, already waiting beside it, turned toward her-and paused.

For a brief instant, satisfaction flashed through the eyes that so often carried irritation.

Apparently even a man like him could have his mood improved by something beautiful.

Plaewlin walked over and slipped her arm through his.

She had to force the smile onto her face, but eventually it became the same soft, sweet smile everyone expected from her.

Thakoon looked at her.

Nopkao had told him Plaewlin was not as fragile as she appeared.

He was not sure he believed it.

Just look at her.

She had the delicate figure of a model, elegant curves forming a soft S-shape. She stood 168 centimeters tall, but even so, beside him she looked almost breakable.

Then there was that gentle face and her quiet, unassertive manner.

One look at her and the word weak practically attached itself to her forehead.

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Plaewlin had never been skilled at society events. For most of her life she had been nearly invisible.

That changed only when Thakoon proposed a marriage alliance to her elder sister.

But once Nopkao took his temper into account, she promptly handed the marriage over to Plaewlin instead.

The hand hooked around his arm trembled faintly.

Social functions made Plaewlin nervous, and the wedding only days earlier had been worse because of how drastically her life had changed. She had trembled then too.

She remembered Thakoon sighing at her during the ceremony, then holding her sweat-dampened hand until the entire thing was over.

Now he pulled her hand away from his arm and clasped it in his instead, squeezing firmly.

"You're shaking."

He spoke under his breath.

He did not want anyone to notice-especially his relatives. They could not be allowed to think his wife did not know how to handle herself.

Plaewlin seemed on the verge of saying something, but stopped herself.

Better not argue with him.

The more unstable-the more irritable-he was, the more likely he was to lose control.

So she kept quiet and maintained her sweet smile.

Unfortunately, her silence proved useless almost as soon as they entered the event.

Even if she did not provoke her husband's temper, his relatives were perfectly willing to do it for her.

"So now that you're married, you have to bring your wife out for her official debut, huh?"

The greeting came from Prin, Thakoon's older cousin.

Plaewlin looked toward him and politely raised her hands in a wai.

Nopkao had warned her about this man.

Prin had as much right to compete for the next Nithithara chairmanship as Thakoon did.

Plaewlin had met him once at her wedding. She had not paid close attention then, but even from that brief encounter she had noticed that his outward personality was far easier to like than her husband's.

Prin was handsome, smiling, and apparently friendly.

Unfortunately for him, Nopkao believed his management style was neither as decisive nor as brilliant as Thakoon's.

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That was why, when her sister chose a side, she backed Thakoon and gambled on him becoming the next head of Nithithara.

Of course, even if Thakoon failed, Nopkao herself would lose very little.

The one who had been forced to marry the bad-tempered man was Plaewlin Chaowakornkul-an illegitimate daughter of their father, a daughter who had never held real power in the family's vast business interests.

Illegitimate or not, a marriage linking the Nithitharas and the Chaowakornkuls still sent shock waves through the business world.

Those who stood to lose from it were practically dancing with frustration.

"With a wife that beautiful, I suppose it won't be long before Grandfather gets good news about a great-grandchild," Prin continued.

His tone and expression were congratulatory, but Thakoon knew him too well.

This was not congratulations.

It was a dig at the political nature of his marriage to Plaewlin.

They could package the wedding with whatever romantic story they liked, but men like Thakoon and Prin knew perfectly well that the marriage had happened because both sides stood to profit.

Thakoon's grip around Plaewlin's hand tightened.

His temper was climbing by the second.

"Or maybe you'll use contraception for a while," Prin went on. "You married the younger sister, not the elder one. That's something to think about, isn't it?"

He nodded as though arriving at some thoughtful conclusion.

"Right. I should congratulate the two of you again. You make such a suitable pair. Beautiful wife, handsome husband...one an illegitimate child, the other the family outcast."

"Prin!"

"P'Lee."

Plaewlin called her husband in a voice as sweet as syrup.

This time she turned her own hand and gripped his tightly.

She was fairly certain that even with hundreds of people watching, if someone irritated Thakoon enough, he would punch them without caring about the consequences.

Aside from marrying him in her sister's place, Nopkao had assigned Plaewlin one other job.

Keep Thakoon's temper under control.

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Public outbursts and physical fights would do nothing to help him win the position he wanted.

Her hand was still trembling faintly when she lifted it to caress her husband's cheek with exaggerated affection.

Fortunately, she was tall enough that she only had to reach slightly upward.

Her pale, tender eyes met his darker ones.

It seemed to stop his anger.

Though perhaps only because he was too confused by what she was doing to stay furious.

"Thank you for your congratulations, Khun Prin," Plaewlin said, smiling at her husband's older cousin with unbearable sweetness.

Her face and voice remained perfectly gentle.

"As for whether Khun Lee married the younger sister or the elder one, I'm sure you already know that our family has been very clear about its position. The Chaowakornkuls have chosen a side. On that matter, both P'Kao and I agree completely on who we should support."

Thakoon stared at his beautiful wife.

His foul mood was abruptly replaced by surprise.

She was smiling as she firmly declared that the Chaowakornkuls had chosen him, even though in truth it would hardly affect Plaewlin personally if someone else became chairman-or if Nopkao later suffered consequences for making their family's position so public.

Plaewlin's role had an expiration date.

Once this was over, they would divorce, and she would walk away from all of it.

So Thakoon had no idea whether she was being reckless, intentionally planting a land mine for her sister to deal with later, or simply enjoying the chance to irritate Prin.

One thing was certain.

Prin was still smiling, but Thakoon could practically see the sting land across his face.

Damn, that felt good.

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CHAPTER 2

Plaewlin was relieved that she had managed to keep her husband's temper from exploding.

Though perhaps saying she had kept it under control was an exaggeration.

Thakoon was irritated by everything-big things, tiny things normal people would simply ignore. If he was frowning, anyone could tell he was annoyed.

Plaewlin often wondered what he could possibly find to be angry about all day long.

Still, as long as he did not look ready to start a fight, she was content to let him remain irritated. She did not have the energy to care.

The evening event continued smoothly.

The only mildly strange thing was how often Thakoon glanced at her.

He repeatedly looked as though he wanted to say something, only to straighten his back again and frown.

Plaewlin had stopped caring by then, so she never asked what he wanted.

Thakoon did not stay for the party after the official launch. He excused himself, and naturally his beautiful wife was expected to leave with him.

Plaewlin had no desire to remain anyway.

As she had made clear from the beginning, she was not interested in management or in building connections. Even though Nopkao had forced an entire crash course on wealthy families she ought to befriend and those she ought to avoid, Plaewlin did not actually want to know any of them.

She was delighted to go home and rest.

By the time they returned, the riverside house was completely quiet.

The staff had already gone back to their quarters, though the hall lights remained on to welcome the master home.

Perhaps because it was already late, Thakoon did not go to smoke himself in incense in the prayer room.

He entered the bedroom first.

Plaewlin followed later. Seeing him prepare for a shower, she gave him a small smile, removed her jewelry, and was about to step outside to wait.

"Bathe me."

His tone was flat.

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"...Excuse me?"

She understood the words perfectly. It was the order itself she had trouble with.

"Give me a bath," he repeated, sounding tired of having to say it twice.

"Um...you only mean bathing you, right?"

When they were alone, her language became more distant, her choice of pronouns more formal.

Thakoon swept his gaze over her from head to toe.

"Before the wedding, we agreed you would sleep with me."

Plaewlin lowered her eyes.

Of course she understood what he meant.

"But I...you'll get irritated."

She was trembling.

Of course she was.

This would be her first time. How could she possibly not shake when she was expected to sleep with him?

She knew it was part of their agreement.

She knew.

That did not mean she wanted to have sex with him.

Thakoon sighed.

Then he held up a small white tablet for her to see.

He set it on the table and crushed it beneath his thumb until it became a fine powder. He kept his powder-dusted hand in front of his chest while meeting the wide brown eyes that watched him cautiously.

"An aphrodisiac."

He answered before she had to ask.

Plaewlin swallowed.

So this was how he intended to solve the problem of her trembling with fear?

She wanted to tell herself that at least he was letting her know he planned to drug her rather than secretly slipping something into her drink.

But could the phrase at least even be used in a situation like this?

What if she refused to take it?

There was no point.

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Sooner or later, she would have to sleep with him anyway.

Plaewlin argued with herself in silence until she finally decided this might actually be easier for her.

At least taking the pill would be a choice, even if sleeping with him was not one she wanted to make.

Thakoon continued watching her.

Her beautiful face hid panic poorly, her full lips trembling.

What was so frightening about sex?

In his opinion, he had already chosen the best solution for her.

It also had the advantage of sparing him the annoyance of a partner who had no desire and therefore ruined his own mood.

Plaewlin swallowed again, then stepped a little closer.

She took hold of the wrist he still held near his chest.

Thakoon raised an eyebrow, not understanding why.

Then a cold laugh sounded in his throat when Plaewlin stuck out her tongue and licked the residue of powder from the tip of his thumb.

He pulled his wrist free and looked at his thumb.

Then he licked the same place she had touched.

With the moistened thumb, he swept up more of the crushed powder.

His other hand closed around both of Plaewlin's cheeks, forcing her mouth open, and he wiped the drug directly onto her tongue.

Plaewlin swallowed it.

She looked on the verge of tears.

Thakoon chose to ignore that expression before it could irritate him.

Once the drug took effect, she would feel better.

"Go shower. Hurry up."

* * *

"Take off your clothes."

The order came from the tall man in front of her.

Plaewlin did not know what to do, so she fixed a stiff smile on her face while watching Thakoon remove his own clothes.

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She had seen his chest, arms, and abdomen before. He rarely bothered to cover himself around her now that she was his wife.

But when he removed his trousers and underwear and stood completely naked, Plaewlin found it impossible to look directly at him.

She squeezed her eyes shut.

When she heard his footsteps approaching, she opened them only a sliver, wary.

Thakoon turned her sideways and began lowering the side zipper of her short dress.

He had not even pulled it halfway down when Plaewlin instinctively raised a hand to stop him.

She gripped his hand tightly.

That was when he realized how badly she was shaking.

Thakoon shook his head and pulled her with him into the wet area of the bathroom while Plaewlin was still fully dressed.

"Khun Lee!"

Her voice jumped high when he grabbed the shower head and sprayed water over her until her dress was soaked through.

"Too cold?"

He pulled the stream toward himself and tested the temperature with his palm.

Plaewlin followed the movement with her eyes.

Unfortunately, her gaze stopped on his body instead.

She had never seen a naked man before.

She could not help examining the physical differences between them.

His upper body was nothing new. He took off his shirt often enough.

The lower half, however...

"Well? Want to try touching it yet?"

He caught her looking and openly invited her.

Plaewlin shook her head so fast it was almost violent, then looked up at him in alarm.

Maybe it was the Spanish blood.

That was enormous.

This was not the time to analyze him.

If something that large was supposed to go inside her, she was going to die.

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She expected him to become irritated by her refusal.

Instead, the perpetually irritable man laughed-and it might have been the most genuine laugh she had heard from him since they met.

"Don't be afraid."

He took her hand himself and guided it to the hardening length between his thighs.

Plaewlin resisted, but what chance did she have against his strength once he chose to make her touch him?

In the end, her hand closed around him with obvious reluctance.

For one instant, when she looked up at him, displeasure flashed through her sweet eyes.

It vanished almost immediately beneath alarm.

The thing she had already thought enormous seemed to grow even larger in her hand.

"It likes your touch," he whispered beside her ear.

Taking advantage of her distraction, he caught her earlobe between his lips and sucked gently at the soft flesh.

Plaewlin flinched.

But this time, the touch sent heat racing over her entire body.

The drug, she thought.

It had to be the drug.

"Ah."

When his warm, damp lips and breath moved down her neck, a soft moan escaped her.

"Pretty sound."

When he first heard her speak, Thakoon had already noticed the sweetness of her voice. Hearing her moan made it even more pleasing.

He should make her do it more.

"I wonder if you'll sound even better when I put myself inside you."

Plaewlin felt harassed, but he was unfair enough to whisper the words directly against her ear while still making her stroke him.

He seemed to be growing larger still, and she no longer knew where the expansion would end.

So big.

And his body, pressing closer, was pleasantly warm.

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His hand returned to the zipper at the side of her dress.

This time his fingertips seemed to brush the side of her breast before he pulled the zipper all the way down.

Plaewlin did not resist.

She was too busy discovering the strange heat blooming over her skin wherever his fingers passed.

Strange.

But not unpleasant.

She looked up as he let her dress fall to the bathroom floor.

Thakoon met her gaze, then let the shower head fall beside the discarded dress.

Both hands framed her face before he bent to kiss her.

Her eyes flew open.

She parted her lips without thinking, allowing his tongue inside.

At first her own tongue pushed back, instinctively resisting the foreign intrusion, but he drew it into the kiss until her eyelids lowered.

Her hands rose to his wrists as if to pull his hands away from her cheeks.

This is bad.

She seemed to have no strength to resist him.

Worse, she found herself yielding to the practiced kiss, following his rhythm, their tongues tangling as they exchanged breath and saliva.

His arm tightened around her narrow waist and dragged her against him until she arched.

Her breasts pressed into his chest.

Her nipples, hardened with arousal, rubbed painfully against the fabric of her bra and drew another breathless moan from her.

Thakoon intensified the sensation by unclasping the bra, throwing it aside, then pulling her against him again with nothing between her breasts and his chest.

Plaewlin moaned more shamelessly now.

Without fabric separating them, every sensitive point on her body felt sharper. Her stomach twisted. Between her thighs, her body tightened and released involuntarily.

Thakoon cupped the fullness of one breast and pushed her back until her delicate spine met the cold bathroom tile.

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She jolted-not from the chill, but because he had pinched one hard nipple between his fingers, pulling and teasing until she curled inward.

"You're aroused now, aren't you?"

As soon as he said it, he lowered his mouth to her breasts, catching each stiff peak between his lips.

She trembled against his mouth, and he soothed the quivering flesh with his tongue.

His sharp gaze traveled over her body while his mouth kept driving her desire higher.

Plaewlin was beautiful everywhere.

Her proportions seemed made to fit together-full breasts, a narrow waist, firm hips, gracefully broad shoulders and prominent collarbones. She usually carried herself with such straight-backed elegance.

He liked her much better like this-curled around the pleasure he was giving her, pale skin flushed red, breath breaking into soft cries.

His own body throbbed with the urge to enter her.

Still, he had not forgotten the aphrodisiac.

He needed to make her want more before penetration so that they could both enjoy it properly.

It was too early to enter her yet.

Once he had played with her breasts to his satisfaction, he lowered himself to his knees, kissing repeatedly along her flat stomach while his hands pulled down the final piece of underwear covering her.

"Wow."

The sound made Plaewlin burn with embarrassment.

Clear wetness stretched from her body to the damp fabric between her thighs.

She bit down on one finger in mortification, her face turning even redder than the rest of her skin.

It had to be the drug.

But still...

When was she going to become dazed?

When was she supposed to stop being aware of what was happening?

This was unbearably embarrassing.

"Lewd little thing."

He made her lift one leg so he could remove the underwear more easily.

In the movement, however, her hand struck the mixer control and switched the water from the handheld shower to the rain shower overhead.

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Plaewlin stood close to the wall.

The person who received the full downpour was Thakoon, still kneeling on the floor.

Water drenched him.

He was certain she had done it on purpose.

"Plaew."

His voice turned dark.

He raised one of her legs higher, then spread it until her thigh pressed against the wall.

The position exposed her completely.

He could probably see the intimate parts of her body more clearly than she herself ever had.

Thakoon touched the soft folds opened by the position of her legs.

She was slick with desire, pale pink flesh shining with arousal, the sensitive bud and tight entrance still looking unmistakably untouched.

Both Plaewlin and her sister had told him she had never slept with anyone.

A beautiful woman in her early twenties who was still a virgin.

Almost unbelievable.

His finger rubbed her for a while. Water from the overhead shower ran down his body and over his hand, washing away some of her natural lubrication.

Before too much disappeared, Thakoon slid one finger inside her.

Her entire body jerked from that alone.

"Unbelievable...now I'm actually getting excited."

Something about the resistance of her body convinced him she truly had never done this before.

The thought that he would be her first stirred him even more.

He added another finger and worked them inside her, coaxing her body wider in preparation for something much larger.

He was not imagining the way her hips began moving on their own, seeking relief from the need building inside her.

Thakoon increased the number to three, listening to her increasingly heated cries.

She was ready.

So he withdrew his hand at once.

"Khun Lee..."

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Her voice was rough with desire. Her eyes were wet and heavy-lidded as she watched him stand and switch the water back from the rain shower to the handheld spray.

"You want it now, don't you?"

He asked despite already knowing the answer, spraying water over her until it ran down her body.

"What do you want? My fingers, or something bigger?"

Her hazy eyes flickered.

The question seemed to wake her slightly.

She looked between the two options he was offering, then touched his fingers.

The other possibility was huge and ridged with veins.

Far too frightening.

His fingers would do. What he had done with them had felt good.

"Idiot."

He cursed under his breath, annoyed that she had failed to choose the better option.

Then he reconsidered.

She had never tried it before.

"I'll ask you again another day."

He began bathing her properly.

His hands traveled over every curve and every part of her body, and he forced her to soap him in return.

His own desire climbed until he turned her around, bent her forward, and rubbed himself along the slick line between her thighs.

The broad head pushed only slightly inside her, no more than a shallow tease.

By the time they finally finished showering, Plaewlin was aching with need.

She was the one reaching for him now, allowing him to lift her out of the bathroom and carry her to the bed.

She lay spread across the mattress, looking at him through wet, dazed eyes.

Her lips parted in a silent request for another kiss.

She knew she wanted him.

She also knew exactly who she was clinging to.

Lee Thakoon Nithithara.

Amarin Coporations PCL.

The mad, hot-tempered tyrant. The controlling bastard. The villainous monster. Nopkao's ally. A thoroughly awful man.

At that moment, none of those descriptions mattered as much as the fact that he was her husband.

"Put it in already."

She pulled his neck down for a kiss while her long legs tangled restlessly around him.

Need made her ache from the inside out. Her body tightened and relaxed in waves, producing enough slickness to dampen both herself and the sheets.

"Are you ordering me?"

His fingers toyed with the swollen sensitive point between her thighs until it was firm enough to pinch lightly.

"Ah-ah-ah..."

Her cries filled the room.

Her body jerked, but he kept her hovering just short of release. Every touch made her want more.

Thakoon adjusted himself over her.

The broad tip of him brushed against the small, trembling center between her folds.

Plaewlin convulsed with each contact, almost climaxing from the teasing alone.

When he began entering only halfway, stopping and withdrawing, her body tightened harder. Her legs hooked around his narrow waist as if trying to force him deeper.

But Thakoon continued to tease.

He pushed in partway, withdrew, then pressed in again.

At first tormenting her was entertaining.

It did not take long before he was the one losing patience.

She was hot, tight, soft around him-enough to draw a hiss from between his teeth more than once.

He exhaled heavily and watched Plaewlin's face twist with need before bending to kiss her.

Her moans disappeared into his mouth while her body clenched greedily around him.

Thakoon withdrew until he was almost completely outside her.

Then he drove back in with one decisive thrust.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah!"

Plaewlin's eyes flew wide as she took him fully.

A series of rapid cries followed.

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Her entire body convulsed. The muscles inside her pulsed around him, and her hips lifted instinctively to meet his.

"You..."

Thakoon sucked in a breath.

He had apparently made her climax already.

Plaewlin cried out loudly while her body kept clenching around him.

He eased himself back a little.

"Don't...don't pull out."

The plea earned her another hard kiss.

"I know."

He pushed back into her.

One hand lifted her hips while his own began to move, thrusting until Plaewlin's cries lost all shape and became nothing but sound.

He too sank into the sweetness of her voice and the soft, heated body surrounding him.

She was not bad at all.

In fact, she was very good.

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