EXQUISITELY THAI

English Sample — Chapters 1–2

by Samha

Amarin Coporations PCL.

Chapter 1

Eight months later

Wasutham stood with both hands braced against the desk in his office at the Suwankul factory.

After months of psychological warfare with his aunts and uncles, today was the first time he had truly tasted defeat.

After Pa Tong died, Wasutham had taken over the production division of Suwankul Co., Ltd., which his father had managed before him. He was thirty and had already worked alongside Pa Tong for some time, so assuming responsibility for the factory had posed no difficulty. He knew the system. He knew the production floor. He knew the materials, the suppliers, the customers, and where every finished product was supposed to go.

He knew all of that.

What he had not known was that his grandparents had left no will.

Nothing had ever truly belonged to his father except Thai Wijit, the shop on Phahurat Road that Pa Tong and Ma Lim had opened together. Everything else under the Suwankul name belonged to the kongsi—the family's jointly held property.

And now that Pa Tong was gone, his scheming relatives intended to push Wasutham's branch of the family out altogether.

They could rob them openly, and there was very little he could do about it.

His mother, Lim, was merely a daughter-in-law without a powerful family behind her. Without Pa Tong, she and her three children were practically outsiders to the Suwankul clan.

Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng wanted control of the factory back. Fortunately, Pa Tong had managed production for so many years that certain trade secrets were known only to his wife and children. That gave Wasutham at least a little leverage.

Even so, he had needed to work himself half to death proving that the family-owned factory could become more profitable under his management. When Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng realized it would not be easy to force him out—and saw their dividends increasing besides—they reluctantly backed off.

Then they found another way to strike.

They demanded the land in Phahurat on which Thai Wijit stood.

That was when Wasutham learned that even the shophouse his parents had used to establish Thai Wijit belonged to the Suwankul family, not to Pa Tong.

He could not smile about that.

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And when he saw how distressed his mother was, he could not simply let it go.

To him, the storefront itself was not a serious problem. They could rent another building somewhere else on Phahurat Road and reopen.

But to Ma Lim, both the shop and the place itself carried a value no money could replace.

His parents had met there.

Thai Wijit held countless memories of the life they had built together—not only as husband and wife who had created the shop side by side, but as parents who had raised all three of their children within those walls.

So Wasutham decided he had to do something before his family lost both the factory and Thai Wijit.

That "something" had first meant seeking help from Uncle Thong, Pa Tong's eldest brother.

Wasutham knew that Pa Tong, Uncle Thong, and Aunt Nee had once been on the same side, while Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng had formed the opposing pair. But calling them allies was perhaps too generous. The siblings were always ready to betray one another when the opportunity arose.

Just look at Aunt Nee and Uncle Thong.

It was almost laughable.

When bids had once opened for retail space at the airport, Aunt Nee had won. But she did not have enough money to finance the venture herself and had eventually been forced to swallow her pride and ask Uncle Thong and Pa Tong for help.

That was how Pa Tong had ended up with a stake in the airport retail business.

It sounded promising—until Uncle Thong and Aunt Nee, terrified that the others might gain the upper hand, brought their own friends into the company as shareholders.

The result was a disaster waiting to happen.

Every shareholder wanted control. Everyone fought everyone else. Uncle Thong, who held the largest share, eventually ran into financial trouble, opening the door for Aunt Siu to interfere.

By now, the airport shares had already been transferred to her.

So when Wasutham went to Uncle Thong for help, he was turned away.

He understood. Uncle Thong could barely save himself. He had transferred his shares to Aunt Siu in the hope that he would at least be allowed to continue operating the airport shops.

And now?

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As far as Wasutham could see, Aunt Siu had swallowed the whole business.

At present, she seemed to possess the greatest bargaining power in the Suwankul family.

Once Wasutham realized there was no point relying on his relatives, he understood that he would have to make his own move.

He needed time.

More importantly, he needed someone powerful enough to stand behind him.

He could not lose the factory. And Thai Wijit had to remain in the old shophouse on Phahurat Road.

If influence within the family was useless, then he would have to seek influence outside it.

The Rattanabodin family was not a bad choice.

As for Lek, he did not yet care for her enough to say he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. But at the moment, she was the best and most appropriate choice available.

If marriage could keep his family afloat, then perhaps he should bring the matter forward.

Love could come later.

Two people as well matched as they were ought to manage perfectly well together.

Before he could make a move, however, news of the Suwankul family conflict reached the head of the Rattanabodin family.

Wasutham was on the verge of becoming an outsider within his own clan. What father would happily marry his daughter to a man in such a position?

Worse, allowing the marriage might offend Siu and Teng, who now controlled most of the Suwankul family's power.

What could Wasutham possibly do against them?

Father and daughter alike suddenly went quiet.

No objections.

No agreement.

No conversation at all.

That was when Wasutham began to feel truly cornered.

He could probably hold on to the factory for only so much longer. The thought of seeing it placed under someone else's management was hard enough to stomach.

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As for Thai Wijit, Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng had already pressured Ma Lim into returning the property. The shop was now slowly being packed up.

His mother refused his suggestion that they rent another building.

If it was not the same old shophouse, she would rather close Thai Wijit altogether.

And so Wasutham had ended up here, leaning against his desk in total defeat.

Uncle Teng had just come to see him with an offer.

Wasutham's family would retain legitimate control of the Suwankul factory.

The property in Phahurat would be leased to them for another twenty years.

On one condition.

Wasutham was to have nothing whatsoever to do with the airport retail operation.

His only role would be to manufacture whatever goods were ordered and send them to be sold there.

In other words, he was being cut off from the largest source of profit connected to the airport investment.

Thai Wijit would be allowed to remain open, mostly so the family would not appear too cruel toward Ma Lim, their widowed sister-in-law.

As for the factory, his aunts and uncles probably realized that nobody could manage it better than he could—at least not yet. Pa Tong had run the operation for years, and now that it had passed to the next generation, mutual suspicion and the secrets surrounding production made Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng wary of removing Wasutham too quickly.

But even if they allowed him to keep managing the factory, they were still afraid he might marry the daughter of a powerful family.

And perhaps they had reason to be.

The airport retail spaces were a gold mine, coveted by everyone. Insiders were already whispering that duty-free shops and even airport parking facilities might soon be opened to private bidding.

The Suwankul family had connections with people in powerful positions. They were close enough to these opportunities that one more step might put them directly within reach.

No one wanted an outsider swooping in to claim a share.

Keeping an eye on Wasutham was not enough.

They also had to prevent some ambitious family from marrying into the Suwankuls for the sake of profit.

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So Aunt Siu and Uncle Teng agreed on one thing.

Wasutham should marry a woman they chose for him.

No one objected.

Naturally, the only person disadvantaged by this marriage was Wasutham himself.

Worse, Ma Lim seemed delighted by the idea. Perhaps because her eldest son, after postponing marriage countless times, would finally have a wife.

And she would get to keep Thai Wijit.

But did his mother feel nothing at all about the fact that her eldest son's prospective bride was Jan—the employee from Thai Wijit whom she dragged everywhere as her assistant?

In what possible way was that girl suitable for him?

Exactly.

She was not.

That was precisely why his relatives had chosen her.

As far as Wasutham could remember, there was nothing particularly admirable about the girl.

Her face was reasonably pretty, he supposed.

But good God, she talked.

And she had that shamelessly sparkling look in her eyes, always teasing, always flirting.

Even remembering the way Jan called him Young Boss and praised him to the heavens for being handsome was enough to send a shiver down his spine.

Wasu, you are doomed.

And did Jan not have a mouth of her own?

Why had she not simply refused?

Or did she think she had landed herself in a barrel of rice—married into a wealthy family?

Sorry to disappoint her, but there was not a single grain of rice left in that barrel.

The truth was, Wasutham had only agreed because he himself had run out of options.

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Apparently everyone wanted the marriage between Sriyaphai and Wasutham to happen.

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Wasutham did not even learn his wife's real name until he saw it displayed on the backdrop at their wedding.

After he agreed to the marriage, he encountered Jan several times.

He deliberately avoided Thai Wijit because he did not want to see her, but Jan still found reasons to appear at his office whenever she came to the factory with a production order from the shop.

Every time that bright, grinning face appeared, every word out of her mouth destroyed his concentration.

"Young Boss, you're as handsome as ever today. I just stopped by to say hello. We'll be husband and wife soon, so we should get used to each other."

Wasutham had stared at her with his mouth hanging open before waving her out of his office.

At least she was obedient.

One wave and she disappeared.

The next time she came to deliver an order, however, she left him even more speechless.

Was she afraid somebody might not know she was about to get him for a husband?

She had actually carried her wedding dress all the way to the factory just to show him.

I'm going to lose my mind.

Wasutham spent sleepless nights worrying, but what had been agreed upon went ahead anyway.

The wedding preparations continued exactly as planned, with the names Sriyaphai and Wasutham proudly displayed alongside the place and date of the ceremony.

Jan was from Ang Thong, so the wedding was held there.

That meant the groom had to make the journey.

Everything felt chaotic.

He could barely tell who was who. He did not even properly identify his father-in-law and mother-in-law until the day of the ceremony.

The wedding rituals were exhausting.

Wasutham kept his expression carefully controlled because he refused to give his father's relatives the satisfaction of seeing him miserable. Inside, however, he prayed for this personal ordeal to end as quickly as possible.

Jan, meanwhile, looked delighted.

She looped her arm through her husband's and smiled sweetly as she chatted with the guests.

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Fine. Fine.

He understood.

She was thrilled to have him as her husband.

A man like Wasutham was obviously a husband worth bragging about.

But perhaps she might spare a thought for whether he was happy to be marrying Sriyaphai—a woman who looked increasingly likely to become the greatest disaster of his life.

There was something she ought to know.

The reason he had reached thirty without marrying was that he had never been ready to let any woman claim ownership over him.

Even now, on his wedding day, with his bride clinging to his arm, he still disliked the feeling.

Did she not understand that this marriage existed only because it had to?

There was no love.

No affection.

Not even the slightest romantic feeling.

He was marrying her because his family needed to survive.

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The wedding festivities ended late that night.

Unfortunately, when it was time for the newlyweds to be escorted to the bridal chamber, the groom was nowhere to be found.

Ma Lim sent someone to look for her eldest son.

The answer came back shortly afterward.

Wasu had driven home.

Her son had humiliated her completely.

He had behaved as though he had attended someone else's wedding—finished dinner, then simply climbed into his car and left.

Ma Lim, or "Auntie Lim" as Jan called her, could only swallow her anger and offer the bride's family an embarrassed smile.

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No one took offense.

After all, this wedding felt like something nobody had truly wanted in the first place. They had gone through with it largely to save face.

Even Jan, the bride herself, appeared entirely untroubled. She went around assuring everyone else not to worry.

“It’s probably better that Young Boss went home, Auntie Lim,” she said.

Jan was not actually related to Lim in any way. Everyone simply called the proprietress of Thai Wijit “Auntie Lim,” so Jan had always done the same.

“Are you going home now? I’ll walk you to the car.”

Auntie Lim nodded.

After saying goodbye to the bride’s family, she made her way outside with her middle daughter and Jan, still dressed in her wedding gown, accompanying her.

“From now on, you should call me Ma,” Lim told her new daughter-in-law. “Call me what your sisters do.”

Jan was very young, only twenty-two—even younger than Lim’s youngest daughter.

“I think I’ll keep calling you Auntie Lim. I’m used to it.”

Lim nodded. She did not want to pressure the girl into changing.

“You’ve packed your things already, haven’t you? Tomorrow I’ll send someone to help move everything to the house.”

Now that Jan was married, naturally she ought to move in.

“You know Wasu lives in a separate house, don’t you? It’s still inside the same compound. If you feel uncomfortable, you can stay in the main house with me first.”

Jan thought for a moment.

Then she broke into a broad smile.

“No need. Now that I’m married, I should sleep with my husband. I’ll go stay with Young Boss. That way he can start getting used to me.”

Auntie Lim could barely smile.

But in the end, she forced one out.

She raised a hand and gently patted the shoulder of the young woman who had just completed her wedding ceremony with her son.

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“I’m sorry, Jan. Please look after him for me.”

“Don’t worry, Auntie. I’ll take very good care of Young Boss. I promise I won’t neglect a single one of my duties as his wife. You can leave him to me.”

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Chapter 2

Nothing changed in the first two or three days of Wasutham's married life.

He still went to sleep alone and woke up alone.

In the morning, he walked over to the main house for breakfast before leaving for work. In the evening, he returned there for dinner before walking back to his own house to rest.

The arrangement of two houses within the same compound had been Pa Tong's idea.

His father had always assumed that Wasutham, being the only son, would eventually marry and bring a daughter-in-law into the family. There was more than enough space inside the property to build another house.

So when Wasutham returned from Austria after finishing his studies, he moved into the newly built house.

The daughter-in-law, however, had yet to appear.

Well...

Saying that was no longer entirely accurate.

He had, after all, married a wife a few days ago.

Still, he had never imagined Jan would actually move into his house. Even if she came to live on the property, surely she would stay in the main house with his mother and sister.

On the third evening after the wedding, Wasutham came home from work and found his young wife sitting conspicuously in the main house.

He glanced at her but thought nothing of it.

"You're back! Was work tiring? Give me your bag. I'll put it away for you."

Wasutham stopped short when his newly minted wife came toward him, reaching as though to take the briefcase from his hand.

He immediately pulled it closer to himself and regarded her with suspicion.

"Wasu," said Tharada, his middle sister, who was helping the housekeeper set the dining table. "That's your wife."

Looking after the house and Ma Lim had fallen largely to Tharada. Her elder brother handled the family business outside the home, while their youngest sister, Pranee, had already married and moved away.

Tharada knew Jan well and was quite fond of her. Seeing her brother eye his own wife as though she might be planning a robbery, she could not resist reminding him who the woman was.

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“I know. I’ll take care of the bag myself.”

Wasutham put his briefcase down somewhere nearby.

He would have to carry it back to the other house later anyway, so he might as well keep control of it from beginning to end.

Jan was staying in the main house.

He did not want her interfering with the other one.

Restricted territory.

Private property.

“Then have some water.”

Jan poured cold water from a pitcher into a glass and held it out to him.

Before Wasutham could even take it, several more sentences came tumbling from her mouth.

“Are you hungry yet? I didn’t go to work today because I was moving my things in, so I helped P’Thara and Noi cook dinner. I’m a very good cook, you know. I made my family’s fried pork patties today. They’re delicious. You have to try them, Young Boss.”

“...”

Wasutham could think of nothing to say.

So he said nothing.

He took the glass from her and went to sit at the dining table.

“Your wife brings you water and you don’t even say thank you, Young Boss? At least give Jan a smile.”

She hovered beside her seated husband.

“Jan.”

He used her name as a warning, then added, “Don’t get impertinent.”

The woman being scolded merely beamed at him without the slightest hint of remorse.

“You really are handsome, Young Boss. Go ahead, scold me some more. Ah... being scolded by a handsome man is so refreshing to the heart.”

“Jan!”

This time Wasutham raised his voice.

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He disliked women who spoke like this.

And as far as he could remember, Jan had always been this way—praising this man for being handsome and that man for being handsome, smiling sweetly and throwing flirtatious looks around without the least shame.

He had said it before.

Wasu was doomed.

“Why are you scolding her?”

Ma Lim came downstairs just in time to hear her son snapping at his daughter-in-law.

“And don’t call your wife ai.”

“Why can’t I?”

Before this, he had always called her Jan or ai Jan whenever he pleased.

They had only married because they were forced into it. Jan knew that perfectly well.

He was not in love with her. He felt no urge to cherish or pamper her.

Why should anything change?

It was only a form of address.

So what if he called her ai Jan?

“She’s your wife.”

Wasutham had no desire to argue with his mother.

He gave a perfunctory nod and waited as Noi, the housekeeper, brought the rice pot to the table.

He reached for it to serve himself, but the small hand of his wife moved faster.

That same ai Jan smiled brightly as she opened the pot and spooned steaming rice onto his plate.

Not only his.

She served Ma Lim and Tharada as well.

When she finished, she took the seat beside Wasutham, her eyes briefly wandering to the empty chair at the head of the table.

There was little doubt that it had once belonged to Pa Tong.

“I made these fried pork patties myself,” Jan announced. “A husband should taste his wife’s cooking first.”

And with that, one of the patties landed on Wasutham’s plate.

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He sighed.

Using his spoon and fork, he cut off a small piece and ate it simply to get the matter over with.

Once the flavor reached his tongue, however, he had to admit it was quite good.

So perhaps she had not been boasting when she claimed she could cook.

Then again, one good dish proved nothing.

Maybe this was the only thing she knew how to make.

Jan saw him cut himself a second piece without complaint and smiled.

She served some of her cooking to her mother-in-law and sister-in-law as well, then seemed to return immediately to pestering Wasutham.

Food piled onto plates while her mouth kept moving.

She chatted with Wasu.

She chatted with Auntie Lim.

She ka and kha-ed sweetly at Tharada.

Even when Noi the housekeeper walked past, Jan found something to say to her.

Good God, she talks.

After dinner, the ever-dutiful daughter-in-law went into the kitchen to help Tharada and Noi wash the dishes and put everything away.

Ma Lim followed them in to ask for hot water to sip after her meal.

Wasutham took advantage of the commotion to slip away to his own house without saying a word.

After Pa died, he had become the only man left in the household.

Perhaps it was just as well that his house was separate.

Women had so many concerns he could not begin to understand.

And now that Jan had moved under the same roof, even the short time they had spent together at dinner had given Wasutham a new definition of the word chaos.

Still, he could not stop himself from thinking of his father.

Pa had adored his daughters.

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Whenever one of them coaxed him for something, he smiled. The more they fussed around him, the happier his eyes became.

And when Pa visited the shop, he had enjoyed sitting there listening to Jan spout nonsense and laughing at whatever ridiculous thing she said.

He supposed Jan could be funny.

If she had remained nothing more than an employee, it would not have mattered if she flirted with customers or made eyes at handsome men.

The problem was that he had now married her and brought her into the family.

Suddenly it was not funny at all.

He disliked bold women who spoke without restraint.

Wasutham's ideal woman should come from a respectable family.

She should be beautiful—or at the very least not lacking in looks.

Her manner should be gentle and sweet, with all the refinement expected of a proper lady.

She should respect boundaries.

She should not nag.

She should be obedient...

No wonder Wasu had reached thirty without getting married.

How many women like that could possibly exist even if he searched the whole country?

Whether his ideal woman existed or not, Wasutham could not say.

What he did know was that Jan possessed none of those qualities.

Well...

None at all might be a little unfair.

Sriyaphai was not ugly.

Her flaw was that she seemed to enjoy flirting with every good-looking man she encountered.

Did she not know how improper that was?

Wasutham entered his house.

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He rarely locked the door because Tharada and the housekeeper took turns coming over during the day to clean.

Everything looked as neat and normal as ever.

He set his briefcase down on a table and climbed the stairs, removing his work shirt as he went.

A lifelong bachelor was not the tidiest of men.

Once the shirt came off, he casually draped it over the banister.

That was perfectly normal.

He could pick it up and put it in the laundry basket near the washing area before he showered.

He walked into the dressing room to fetch a towel.

The instant he stepped into the familiar space, however, he stopped dead.

A suitcase.

A wicker basket.

And what was all that?

Bags.

Hats.

Jewelry.

Piles of fabric scattered around, not yet properly put away...

Wasutham had a very bad feeling.

He left the dressing room and went straight into the bedroom.

There were extra pillows on his bed.

A wedding portrait hung on the wall.

Another framed wedding photograph stood beside the bed.

The sound of the front door opening came from downstairs.

Wasutham stood perfectly still.

The house was otherwise silent, quiet enough for him to hear movement below.

And Jan had never been particularly light on her feet.

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“JAN!”

“Yeees?”

Wasutham’s shout was furious.

Sriyaphai’s answer, by contrast, floated back sweet as syrup.

Her footsteps coming up the stairs did not sound hurried in the slightest.

And apparently she truly was in no hurry, because when she noticed his shirt carelessly draped across the banister instead of inside the laundry basket, she even stopped to pick it up.

“Who gave you permission to move in here?”

The moment the source of his problem came into view, Wasutham demanded an explanation for both her belongings and her presence in his house.

Jan raised an eyebrow.

She looked at her husband’s face.

Then his neck.

Then his chest.

Then his stomach.

After a long moment, she pressed her lips together to suppress a smile.

Her eyes gleamed with unmistakable mischief.

“Hey!”

Wasutham barked a warning and folded his arms across his chest to shield his nipples from her stare.

A strange shiver ran through him.

But he was a man.

And several years older than her besides.

Do not look embarrassed.

You’ll lose all dignity.

“Oh... does Jan need someone’s permission to live here?”

She answered him while looking at his face for approximately one second before her gaze slid downward again.

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Straight to her husband's chest and abdominal muscles.

Young Boss really does have a nice body.

Almost as muscular as the market porters.

Except much fairer.

And much more delicious-looking.

"This is someone else's house," Wasutham said, finally succeeding in dragging her gaze back up to his face. "A person with manners asks the owner before moving in."

"Someone else's house? Aren't I your wife, Young Boss? Husbands and wives live in the same house. You should already know that. Why would I need to ask permission for something you already know? That would just be doing the same job twice. Waste of time."

"Jan..."

That was as far as he got.

He could not find a reply.

He wanted to ask what she meant by husband and wife, but the words would hardly come out when she kept repeating wife every other sentence.

Why was she so proud of it?

Then again, marrying him was naturally something to be proud of.

And he could not exactly deny that she really was his wife.

There was a wedding portrait on the wall.

Another one beside the bed.

Excellent evidence.

"So that's settled."

Jan smiled sweetly, confirming that she intended to live there.

A wife sharing a home with her husband.

What could possibly be more normal?

"Were you about to take a shower? Want Jan to help? I can scrub you all over. Every little corner. I guarantee Young Boss will come out shining like glazed porcelain—"

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“Stop sexually harassing me this instant.”

Wasutham did not want to admit that despite being several years older, he had goose bumps.

Jan was not merely talking either.

One hand mimed scrubbing, rubbing, even massaging, while her sweet, round face looked positively lecherous.

Shameless woman.

No modesty.

Far too experienced.

Worldly.

You really are doomed, Wasutham.

“Sexually harassing you? Serving one’s husband is simply the proper duty of a good wife.”

“I never wanted to marry you.”

“Same here.”

Wasutham froze.

She had answered instantly.

Jan watched his stunned expression, then broke into a bright grin and continued.

“But we’re married now anyway. We might as well live together peacefully as husband and wife.”

“Hah. Live as husband and wife. And yet you claim you didn’t want to marry me. You’re actually delighted, aren’t you? You made quite a profit from this marriage.”

Jan seemed to widen her eyes ever so slightly.

The smile disappeared.

Instead, she lifted a hand and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

“You made a profit too, Young Boss. Do you know how many men in Phahurat had their hearts broken when Jan got married? I’m reasonably pretty, I’m number one when it comes to sweet-talking, and I guarantee I’ll never neglect the housework. Young Boss made a much bigger profit getting Jan for a wife than Jan did getting Young Boss for a husband. Marrying Jan is one investment you definitely won’t lose money on.”

Wasutham felt like a fish thrown onto dry land.

His mouth opened and closed, but he had no idea how to argue.

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When the ridiculous girl blew the strand of hair away from her face, hooked it behind her ear again, and smiled at him, he became even more speechless.

“Weren’t you going to shower? Go on. You’ve been working all day. Hurry up, take your shower, and get into bed. If you’re sore, Jan also offers massage services—”

“Enough. If you insist on living in this house, then live here. Quietly. Without saying another word. I would be deeply grateful.”

Wasutham pointed at her.

Jan merely sucked in her cheeks and puckered her lips as she watched the tall man stomp into the dressing room to grab his towel.

Before he left, he threw one more order over his shoulder.

“And take your pillows off my bed. You’re sleeping in the guest room.”

The young woman secretly pulled a face.

Then she answered aloud.

“Why should a wife like Jan sleep in the guest room?”

“You’re only a fake wife.”

“Fake to whom? When did we fake anything?”

“Argh!”

Wasutham had no desire to continue arguing.

He grabbed his towel and headed toward the bathroom outside the bedroom.

“If you want help showering, just call me anytime.”

Jan bit her lip and winked.

“Oh, and this shirt—next time put it in the laundry basket instead of leaving it on the stairs.”

Wasutham turned and glared at her, then at his shirt in her hand.

“If you’re my wife, then pick up after your husband.”

Now he wanted to invoke the husband-and-wife arrangement?

Was he planning to bully his poor little fake wife by piling housework onto her?

Jan lifted Wasutham’s shirt toward her face.

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She opened her mouth, flared her nostrils theatrically, pressed the used shirt against her nose, and inhaled deeply.

Fortunately, Wasutham was an exceptionally clean man.

The shirt did not smell bad at all. It still carried traces of laundry detergent and fabric softener.

“Jan!”

“Mmm. Refreshing. Leave anything you take off wherever you like, Young Boss. Jan will follow behind, pick it up, and smell it for you. And if anything ever goes missing, don’t be suspicious. Jan took it.”

The owner of the shirt snatched it from her hands, his face full of disgust.

“Pervert.”

“Leave your clothes lying around again and next time I’ll lick them too.”

“For God’s sake!”

With his shirt reclaimed, Wasutham turned and fled.

A chill ran down his spine as he imagined her indecent gaze following his bare back.

From now on, he was wearing a shirt inside the house.

And he was hiding the laundry basket.

“If you put your clothes properly in the basket,” Jan called after him, “I promise I won’t touch a single thing belonging to you.”

Wasutham closed his eyes for a moment and exhaled heavily.

“Fine!”

He snapped the word back.

She had tricked him.

But she was too much of a pervert to tolerate.

The woman gave him chills.

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