

CHAPTER ONE

("Well you never have been the sharpest tool in the shed.")

"

Oh, oh, oh oppareul saranghae~!"

The sound of his mobile's ringtone made Yunho jump in surprise, and he sprinted to the kitchen counter.

Get it before she does, get it before

she does, get

it

-

He watched on, distraught, as long, manicured nails closed around his phone and flipped it open. "Hello?" his wife said, like it was

her

phone she was

answering.

Yunho waited in tense silence, wondering who was on the other

end of the line

and whether or not he was going to be killed for it. His wife's lips pursed, but

then she said, "Right," and passed the phone to him.

Yunho took his phone with a smile and a "Thank you, babe." He turned away from her, breathing a

sigh of relief as he held his phone to his ear.

"Hello?"

"God damn, Yunho, does

Soyeon ever let up?"

"No, no, haha!" Yunho laughed, highly aware of

Soyeon standing literally two

steps behind him, hands on hips, not even trying to hide

the fact that she was

listening to his conversation.

"I swear, Yunnie, I don't know why you don't just tell her to get the fuck out of your house, and

-

"

"Oh, so you finished the presentation already? That's good, Yoochun

-

ah."

Yoochun

roared in frustration. "She's there, isn't she?"

Eaves

-

dropping

on you.

Far out..."

"Well, you know how these things are," Yunho said, forcing laughter again.

"C'mon, Yunho. Me and Min and a few other guys from the office are going out tonight.

Come with us."

“The meeting’s been moved to an earlier time?” Yunho asked, feigning surprise. “Well, sorry, but I won’t be able to make that. You should go ahead without me.” Yoochun growled. “Why are you letting her rule your life, huh? You’re

young
and
hot

, Yunho. Divorce her before it’s too late!”

“Yes, you’ve mentioned that before,” Yunho said. “But as I said, with current circumstances with those particular clients, that course of action is...not optional.”

Yoochun sighed. “Whatever, man. I’m going to go.”

“Yes, see you tomorrow Yoochun

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ah!”

Yunho hung up, turning around to place his phone down on the counter again.

“So what did Yoochun want?” his wife asked, scrutinizing him.

“Just work stuff. Trouble with a client,” Yunho lied easily.

Soyeon sniffed, not being able to complain about work

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related calls. So she

chose her next target for attack. “And what’s with your ringtone?”

“It’s

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it’s SNSD’s new song,” Yunho answered, already knowing what the

problem was

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SNSD, nine beautiful young girls.

“Really? So you like hearing them telling you,

oh, oppa, I love you! We’re all

little sluts, come take us in your manly arms~

”

“What the hell? Honey, it’s just a song!”

His wife

scowled. “Well it’s a stupid song.” She snatched his phone up once

more. “Whose your favourite, huh? Jessica? You like blondes? Or is that that Yoonas, hm? You have pictures of them on here, don’t you?”

“What? No, of course I don’t!” Yunho exclaimed,

trying to grab his phone back

from her and failing.

“We’ll see if you’re lying,”

Soyeon said amusedly, flipping through his photos.

She paused at one, her eyes nearly popping out of her head. She shoved the phone under his nose. “

Who’s this, huh

?”

Yunho paled as he saw the picture. It was him and his secretary posing for a picture

—

in a totally innocent way, mind you

—

and he knew

Soyeon would kill

him for it. “It’s...she’s my secretary.”

“So this is what you’re doing with your secretary when I think you’re working?

Flirting and messing around and god knows what else?”

“Soyeon! Calm down, it’s not like that! I’ve worked with her for years, we’re friends.”

“What do you need friends for?” his wife demanded. “You have me, that’s enough.”

Yunho groaned, holding a hand to his temples. “You never listen...”

“And neither do you,”

she scowled. She turned and marched towards the stairs,

but paused and turned back to Yunho. “By the way,” she said, “I expect you to fire

your secretary tomorrow. I’ll make sure you have a replacement one by the day after that. That is all.”

Yunho slammed his head down on the counter.

God I hate my life.

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Luckily for Yunho, it happened to be that Yoochun was looking for a new

secretary as his current one had quit. Yunho was relieved; he couldn’t just kick his secretary out of the company for no good reason after all her hard work. So he told her she was being transferred to Yoochun’s department. She was confused, but

he told her to take it as a promotion of sorts.

He took his lunch break and met up with Yoochun outside their usual café.

“Seriously, Yunho,” Yoochun said, “I don’t understand you at all

.”

“Well you never have been the sharpest tool in the shed.”

“No, really. Why do you stay with her? A divorce would be quick and easy. She signed the pre

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nup too, it’s not like you’d lose anything.”

“My parents would kill me,” Yunho replied with a sigh.

“But Yunho! Arranged marriages are so archaic, no one I know has had an arranged marriage except you. Surely your parents would understand.” “If I was going to marry another woman after divorcing her, they might understand,” Yunho said. “But quite frankly, Yoochun, no woman is going to make me happy so I’m better sticking with the devil I know.” Yoochun slammed his fist down on the table. “Stop caring what your parents think! You need to divorce your wife and go find some hot little boytoy.” Yunho laughed. “Honestly, even if I divorced her, I think I’d have my work cut out for me finding a boyfriend. It’s not like the perfect guy is just going to walk into my life...”
(Little did he know...)

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Soyeon scowled as the fourth blonde bimbo of the day left the interview room. She sighed, glancing down at the resumes splayed across the table in front of her. “Next,” she called. The door opened and her eyes lit up. The boy had plump lips, pretty doe eyes and gorgeous hair. He was prettier than most girls who’d walked in so far, yes

—

but he was a boy

.

He’s perfect! Yunho wouldn’t even have the option to start something with him because it’s a

him

!

“So

-

Kim Jaejoong?”

“That’s me,” the boy smiled.

“Your resumes

says you’ve had four years work as a secretary in a legal firm, yes?”

Jaejoong nodded. “Yes, that’s right.”

“Why were you fired?” she asked, not really caring if she came across as blunt or rude.

“Oh

-

no, I wasn't fired! I quit because
commute to work was too far for me."

"Right. Excellent. You're hired."

Jaejoong's eyes widened. "What?"

"You're hired. You'll start work tomorrow." She passed him a slip of paper with
the address. "You start at nine, don't be late."

"I

-

yes, okay," Jaejoong agreed, shocked at the ease of it all. "Thank you." He
bowed and left the office, and

Soyeon leant back in her chair, smiling contentedly.

My plan has gone perfectly,
she thought to herself smugly.

He's the perfect

choi

ce.

(Little did she know..