

CHOSEN 1891

Chapter 1891

After dinner, Yasmine and Serana tidied up the dining area.

“Cleaning up” was a generous term, considering Serana was doing most of the work.

Yasmine, who had grown up in an orphanage, may not have had the easiest childhood, but she was never required to do chores like cooking, laundering, or chopping wood. Once she left the orphanage, such tasks were even further from her reality. Her hands were soft and beautiful, with slender, pale fingers.

Standing beside Serana at the sink, the most Yasmine would do was to wipe down the already clean dishes. And she had this air about her, as if she had done some monumental task that deserved high praise.

Enter title...

Serana wasn’t much of a talker. It seemed ever since Yasmine started dating

Boyd, Serana had become even quieter. The time they spent washing dishes

was particularly tough for her. The moment the last plate was dried, she let out a

sigh of relief and quickly said, "There's nothing left to do now, Yasmine. You should get on with your evening."

Yasmine rinsed her hands under the faucet and watched Serana put away the dishes. "I've always meant to say, you have a real knack for cooking and cleaning," she said.^{d2}

Serana paused for a moment, then smiled at her. "I'm just curious about these things, so I tend to pay more attention. Boyd isn't too keen on eating out. If you have the time, I could teach you a few of his favorite dishes."

Yasmine chuckled and shook her head. "No time for that."

After putting away the utensils, Serana turned and gave her a strained smile.

"They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I'm sure Boyd would be delighted if you cooked for him."

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach?" Yasmine smirked, looking at her. "Is that what you thought back then?"

Serana's smile froze instantly. Her eyes locked with Yasmine's for a few

seconds before she forced herself to look away, her grip tightening on the edge

of the countertop. "It seems like you've misunderstood something about us,"

Serana said softly.

Yasmine observed her for a moment, then suddenly burst into laughter. "Why so

tense? Who did I misunderstand you with?" she teased.

Serana bit her lip, replying quietly, "Nothing..."

Noticing Serana's trembling hand on the counter, Yasmine's eyes sharpened.

"Thank you for the meal," she said.

Serana didn't reply, only managing a stiff smile.

Yasmine left the kitchen, thinking Serana's smile was more unsettling than

comforting.

Boyd was lounging on the sofa, perusing the stack of books she'd brought over,

exuding a mature, reserved charm that struck a chord with her. She approached

and held out her hand. Puzzled, he took her hand and kissed it lightly.

Yasmine looked at him with faint disgust. "I wanted you to smell it, not kiss it."

"It smells nice," he said.

"I just washed dishes. So you like the scent of dish soap?"

Boyd pulled her down beside him, his brow furrowing with suspicion. "You?

Washing dishes?"

Yasmine pressed her lips together tighter, withdrawing her hand. "I did half the work."

Boyd chuckled and reached into the drawer under the coffee table, pulling out a tube of hand cream. He squeezed a generous amount onto Yasmine's hands and began to massage it in.

The faint scent of flowers filled the air. Once her hands were soft and moisturized, Boyd kissed them again, content.

"Don't do that again," he said.

Yasmine arched an eyebrow, admiring her well-cared-for hands. "Fine, since

you asked so nicely, I won't make it difficult for you."

Boyd laughed, shaking his head as he gently tugged at her ear. "Staying over tonight?"

Yasmine gave him a languid look. "Not going back until you finish my paper."

"Really?" Boyd paused, hand still on her ear.

Yasmine smirked and pushed his hand away. "Of course. But until it's done, all those things you're thinking about are off the table."

Boyd's frown deepened at her words.

Yasmine patted his shoulder. "No room for negotiation."

Boyd glanced at the books on the coffee table. "What about starting next week?"

"No," Yasmine cut him off lightly.

"Five days from now."

"No."

"Three days."

"No."

In frustration, Boyd swept the books off the table, scooped Yasmine into his arms, and headed for the bedroom.

“Starting tomorrow night, no objections!”

As he laid her down on the bed and leaned over her, Yasmine put her hand over his mouth. “Serana’s still here. Have you no shame?”

Boyd removed her hand. “She’ll leave soon.”

Yasmine squirmed out of his embrace. “Then we’ll talk after she leaves. I’m not used to doing it under the watchful eyes of a third person.”

Sensing she wasn’t joking, Boyd sat up reluctantly.

Yasmine got out of bed. “I’m going to shower.”

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After her shower, Yasmine found that Boyd wasn’t in the bedroom. She dried her hair and stepped out, intending to get a drink.

Serana hadn’t left yet, and Boyd was speaking with a detached tone on the sofa.

“You still have two years before graduation. You’re thinking about this too early,”

he said.

Serana sounded anxious. “I think my major is totally applicable.”

Boyd was silent for a moment before conceding, “If you’ve really decided, then

it’s up to you.”

Serana breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay.”

Yasmine hadn’t caught the beginning of their conversation, but she had a guess

about what it entailed.

As Yasmine emerged from the bedroom, Serana stood up from the sofa, her

eyes lingering on her for a moment. “I’ve got homework. I should head back.”

Boyd stood and handed Yasmine a glass of water. “It’s at the perfect

temperature.”

Yasmine accepted the glass, watching Serana pick up an orange peel from the

coffee table and toss it in the trash. She took a sip of water.

It reminded her of the way Bryson’s wife, Aliza, would play the part of the gentle

and capable wife at home. She would cook a table of dishes that her husband and son liked, tidy the house until it was spotless, and always speak softly as she prepared the meal.

The water glass, half-drunk, was handed to Boyd.

Serana grabbed a couple of trash bags and stepped out the door.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say Serana was the maid around here.”

Boyd’s brow twitched as he finished the water and set the glass on the coffee table. “Good thing you do know she’s not.”

Yasmine narrowed her eyes at the doorway, her gaze briefly intense before it faded away. She looked at Boyd with a half-smile that wasn’t quite a smile.

“If she’s not, so be it. What’s there to be glad about?”

Boyd sighed and scooped her up, placing her back on the bed in the bedroom.

“Being mistaken for a maid after an afternoon’s hard work—I doubt she’d find that amusing.”

Yasmine's smile was shallow, "So are you relieved she wasn't upset, or that I didn't make her upset?"

Boyd pondered for a moment. "Is there a difference?"

"No difference? Then why did you feel relieved?"

Boyd shook his head, "Since you've pointed out the difference, if I were to speak now, the consequences would probably be severe."

"So your answer is definitely one I don't want to hear," Yasmine said with a smile, but pushed him away and dived under the covers. "As you say, the consequences are indeed severe."

Boyd watched her for a while, a small smile curling his lips. "Is this... jealousy?"

Yasmine, who was just scrolling on her phone, looked up at him. "If you don't shower, go sleep in another room, or shall I go?" With that, she lifted the edge of the blanket.

Boyd pinned it back down and covered her again, his tone tinged with resignation, "I'll take a shower."

Yasmine didn't reply, diving back into her mobile game.

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After his shower, Boyd found Yasmine already nestled under the blankets, her

phone set aside, her back to him, still as stone.

He frowned slightly, slipped under the covers, and was greeted by her light,

fragrant scent.

Drawing her into his arms, he gazed into her still-lucid eyes and smiled lightly,

kissing her forehead, "I didn't think you'd fall asleep so fast."

As his kiss deepened, Yasmine dodged him. "Do you think I was joking about

severe consequences?"

Boyd paused, "So..."

Yasmine offered a faint smile, "So let's start with that paper tonight—no

arguments."

Boyd, left with no choice but to compromise with regret, still pulled her firmly into

his embrace. Yasmine stared at the well-defined muscles on his chest for a few seconds, motionless, letting him hold her as she drifted off.

When Yasmine woke up the next morning, Boyd was gone. She got out of bed, washed up, opened the closet, and chose an outfit.

Though it was Boyd's apartment, her clothes had pushed his to a corner—a pitiful sight to see. She pushed her clothes aside, making space.