

Chapter 5 Antidote

“Even if you do, it’ll be my honor.”

The man paused, taken aback by her boldness.

Then a low chuckle resounded in the space.

“What a sweet mouth,” he said in amusement. “Is your mouth really that sweet, or…”

“Why don’t you find out?” Elena interrupted him.

“I want to, but I’m afraid.”

“Afraid?”

The man’s expression remained impassive, but there was a flicker in his eyes. “I’m afraid that once I taste it, I’ll become addicted,” he confessed.

Straightening her body, Elena took a step closer and pressed her soft lips against the corners of his mouth. “For a drug, there’s always an antidote.”

The man did not allow her to pull away.

Without a word, his lips crashed down on hers in a fierce and hungry kiss.

Holding the back of her head, the man couldn’t help but suck on her tongue greedily, savoring the taste of lingering alcohol on her breath.

It was a feeling he had never experienced before, one that ignited a fire within him.

Elena melted into the kiss, her body responding to his touch with a hunger she hadn’t known existed.

In that moment, everything else faded away.

The lights in the bedroom were turned off, enveloping them in darkness.

Their lips remained locked as they made their way toward the bathroom.

The man tossed his jacket on the floor and lifted her hips.

Elena hooked her arms around his neck as he pinned her against the bathroom tiles.

Her fingers threaded through his hair, her touch filled with a growing urgency.

But before she could fully savor the moment, cold water started pouring from above her head, shocking her out of her reverie.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, shivering as the icy water drenched her.

Instinctively, she reached out to turn off the showerhead, but the man pinned her hands to the side.

Elena gasped as the water cascaded over her, jolting her senses.

She tried to wriggle free from his grasp, but he held her firmly in place, not relenting even as she squirmed beneath him.

After what felt like an eternity, but in reality only five minutes, he finally spoke. “Are you awake?”

Elena’s mind was now clearer than before, and she nodded in response.

With an affirmative answer, the man turned off the showerhead, the sound of the water fading into silence.

He took a step back, his gaze lingering on Elena’s body as he sized her up.

Her dress clung tightly to her skin, accentuating her curves in all the right places.

His throat rolled as he licked his lips, his eyes never leaving her. “Do you still want to continue?” he asked, his voice low and husky with desire.

He might not be a good person, but he certainly wasn’t one to take advantage of the fairer sex.

Elena met his gaze, her eyes dark and filled with anticipation.

She knew that whatever happened next would change everything for her and that there would be no going back.

But at that moment, she didn’t care.

All she wanted was to lose herself in the passion and desire, to surrender to the fire that burned within her.

“Yes,” she admitted. “I want to continue.”

With that, the man closed the distance between them in a single stride, his lips crashing down on hers once again.

The night was filled with a longing desire.

The morning rays flitted through the curtains.

Elena stirred in her sleep, and a hiss instinctively escaped her lips.

She felt as though a truck had run over her body, leaving every inch of her fiber screaming in protest.

Groaning softly, Elena slowly opened her eyes, blinking against the brightness of the morning light.

Seeing the unfamiliar room, memories of the previous night flooded back to her.

She tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through her spine, forcing her back down onto the bed with a whimper.

The sheets were cold against Elena’s skin, devoid of any human warmth.

She glanced around the room, but the man was nowhere to be seen.

If not for the lingering ache in a certain part, she might have dismissed last night’s rendezvous as nothing more than a dream.

Yet, she did not feel a pang of disappointment.

After leaving the hotel, Elena hailed a taxi and went straight to Elliot’s mansion.

The grandeur of the mansion loomed as she stepped through the front door.

Entering the spacious living room, Elena noticed a middle-aged woman, seated on an elegant couch.

It was evident at first glance that she was the matriarch of an influential family.

She was none other than Samantha Elliott, Andrew’s mother and her mother-in-law.

Samantha looked at her, her eyes narrowing with suspicion as though she could see right through her.

“Where were you all night?” she demanded.

“Your son also stayed out all night,” Elena countered. “Why don’t I ever see you questioning him?”

If it had been before, Elena would never have dared to talk back to Samantha.

But after learning about Andrew’s betrayal, she refused to be silenced or humiliated.

Samantha’s expression faltered for a moment, surprised by Elena’s unexpected defiance.

She had not expected her daughter-in-law to rebuke her.

“Who do you think you are to compare yourself to my son?” Samantha rose from her seat angrily. “He works day and night for this billion-dollar business empire. Unlike you, who could not even contribute a dime to ease his workload? What a disgrace!”

Hearing her righteous words, Elena flared up. “You want to talk about disgrace? Do you know that your son is fooling around with another woman while his wife is working like a maid for his family? Is this how he’s contributing to the business?”

Samantha’s eyes were filled with disdain. “So what? It’s normal for men to have mistresses outside. Do you want him to eat the same food every day? As a woman, you failed to keep your man, so what gives you the right to question him?”

Elena was so angry that she was at a loss for words.

The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.

Why was she wasting her breath on a woman who herself had been a home wrecker?

With a wordless snarl, Elena turned on her heel and stormed away, leaving Samantha standing alone in the living room.

“You…” Samantha was furious upon being ignored.

Good.

Just wait till Andrew returns, and see how she asks him to teach that wench a lesson!

Once inside her bedroom, the dam holding back Elena’s emotions finally burst.

She collapsed on her bed, her body shaking with sobs that seemed to come from the depths of her soul.

Through tear-blurred eyes, she glanced around the room.

Memories of happier times mocked her from every corner.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine her husband and her best friend entangled with each other right on their wedding anniversary.

With a gut-wrenching cry, Elena grabbed the nearest object and hurled it across the room.

“Ah!!!!” she screamed in anguish. “Andrew Elliot… How could you?”

“How dare you betray my love and everything I did for you?”

The object shattered against the wall, leaving debris scattered everywhere.