

## 11. "You're trespassing!"

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"People are weird. When we find someone with weirdness that is compatible with ours, we team up and call it love." - Dr. Seuss

### Chapter Eleven

#### Adonis' POV

I had been awake for the past two hours trying to figure out if I should wake Elena up and put her back at her side of the bed. She was sleeping peacefully like a baby, and I felt guilty disrupting her sleep. We would have a long day today crossing the globe, and I could not stand her being grumpier than she already was.

Besides, she looked like an angel, her head buried on my chest. Her arm was around my waist, holding me tight like she was afraid of letting me go. One of her legs was between my long limbs. It was uncomfortable that everytime she moved her leg, her thigh brushed against my dick.

Dammit. It was very early in the morning and I was hard as a rock. My dick was so evident under my boxer shorts. I wished I could reach the comforter that was lying at the foot of the bed, so I could cover myself.

She felt so good in my arms, so and smelled so feminine. I could feel her breasts pressed against my side, luring me to touch them.

Her hand moved again, caressing my skin. When it moved down, I stopped her, before it would come into contact with my cock. Chaos would happen if I exploded in front of her.

I could not deny the physical attraction I had for her. Sex would play a part of this marriage, but not love.

Love is disruptive to people. You meet, fall in love, break up, and get hurt. Then you meet another person, and the same process goes again, like a cycle.

She stirred, and I had a feeling what was coming already.

"You!" her eyes grew big like those of a hawk, gave me an accusing look, then scrambled away from me like I had a virus.

"I've done nothing," my forehead furrowed, "you're the one trespassing."

"Oh!" her face turned so red when she realized her mistake.

I wanted to burst into laughter, but still I kept a straight face,

"Why are the pillows on the floor?" She stood up and picked the pillows.

"Don't ask me. They fell at your side, so you were the one who kicked them off the bed."

Her lips twisted, then faced me with her hands on her waist, "why are you irritable? I just ask you a question."

"I'm not irritable. It's just silly to ask something that's obvious."

"Oh sorry, mister high almighty, if you think that's a silly question," she scooped, "do you always have a bad temper in the morning?"

"Why do you insist that I have a bad temper? I'm a very placid person."

"Placid?" her one eyebrow rose, "you've got to be kidding me."

I exhaled heavily, "well, you're probably right. I'm not in my best mood this morning, because I was not able to sleep well last night."

I saw her stiffened.

I pressed my lips, controlling a smile. I found it amusing to see her varied change of facial expressions. I continued, "if only I knew that you'd take advantage of me, I would just sleep on the floor."

Before I could finish my sentence, a pillow was thrown on my face. She attacked me with pillows, until I retaliated and we had a pillow fight.

"This is not funny anymore," I shouted when she hit my face with a pillow.

"Who said this is supposed to be funny?"

"Why are you always aiming at my face, huh?" I grabbed the pillow she was holding, stopping her from hitting me again.

"Because you always do this... this evil smirk at me. See? You're doing it now!"

"What are you talking about? I'm not even smiling. Give me that pillow. You're a dangerous woman. You're so strong, you can kill anyone with this."

"Glad that you know!"

The pillowcase got ripped and feathers were flying everywhere. We continued fighting until we heard the doorbell.

"They're unlocking the door," I said, and together we went to the living room.

It was the room service, bringing us breakfast.

"Aren't you going to ask where we're going for our honeymoon?" I asked her after she finished eating.

Her lips twisted, "I'm not going on a honeymoon with you. Over my dead body! You have to drag me first if you want me to go with you."

"Noted," I said smiling, then sipped my coffee.

"You're really going to do that? How could you stoop so low! That's kidnapping," she looked so mad again, "you can't force me, Adonis. I swear, I'm going to hate you!"

But two hours later, she was walking beside me as we entered my private jet. I did not force her to come, it was her own free will.

"I thought you're not going on a honeymoon with me?"

"How can I stay here when the paparazzi are hunting me? Marrying a billionaire disrupts my privacy," she flipped her long hair, getting them away from her face.

"Aren't you used to it? You're a billionaire's granddaughter and a social media sensation."

She just looked at me, and did not answer. I found it strange that she always acted like she did not come from a wealthy family.

We settled inside the plane, sitting beside each other as we took off. When the plane settled, the steward served us champagne.

"Aren't you going to ask where we're going?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You don't even care where I'm going to take you?" I asked again.

"Nope, I don't care and I don't wanna know. I won't be having a good time anyway," she leaned back and closed her eyes.

Ten hours later, she was very restless, asking me where we were going.

"I'm not telling you. You said you're not interested."

"It's taking us too long to arrive! Where are you taking me? To Mars?"

I laughed so hard, "it's going to be a surprise."

"I hate surprises. Tell me now," she pleaded like a child, "I asked everyone here, and they're not telling me. Not even a clue. Are we almost there?"

"Nope, we're still halfway."

"Are you serious? Are we going to Asia?"

"Yeah, you're right. I want you to be happy, Elena, so I'm taking you to Singapore, to where you lived for the past four years. Of course, it's an opportunity for me to meet your mom too."

She suddenly looked very unhappy. I wondered if I said something wrong.

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**AN:** Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

Please bear with me, I don't have a fixed schedule now in updating. I'll just update as often as I can. Though I'm loaded with work, I still prioritize writing this story, because it's my happiness and yours too.

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