

12. "It's my business. I'm your husband."

"The most exciting attractions are between two opposites that never meet." Andy Warhol

Chapter Twelve

Elena's POV

I did not know if I would feel ecstatic or sad. For one, I knew nothing of Singapore, I did not even bother to research about the place. I thought Adonis would forget about grandpa's lies that I studied business administration in a prestigious university in Singapore for four years. To add up to the lie, that mom was spending more time in Singapore shopping.

"Are you okay? You suddenly look pale," Adonis asked, with a note of concern in his voice.

"I'm okay," I breathed deeply, taking time to relax, "I'm afraid we won't be seeing mom. She's probably on her way back to New York now."

"Too bad, I'm looking forward to meeting my mother in law," he pressed his lips together, looking disappointed.

I knew he was only pretending. There was no way that he anticipated meeting mom. He was trapped in this marriage as I am.

I forced a smile, then turned my face away, rolling my eyes.

"We can do a lot of things in Singapore, explore the city. First, you can show me your alma mater. Then where you lived, where you always dined, shopped and hung out. We can also meet your friends."

I faced him again, shocked at his suggestions.

"Is that necessary?"

"Of course. It's a good start for us to get to know each other better," his eyebrows rose.

When I did not answer and just stared at him, he leaned closer to me and continued, "unless..." his eyes raked my face then settled on my lips, "you just want to stay in bed," his voice became husky, "we can do a more exciting exploring."

My forehead furrowed angrily. This guy really knew how to push my hot buttons! He really knew what to say, what to do or how to look at me to make my temper rise.

"You wish. I won't ever sleep with you, so stop suggesting anything stupid."

"It will eventually happen, so why not give in and make the most of our marriage?"

"If you're desperate for sex, go and do it with other women. I don't give a damn if you have mistresses all over the world."

"Wow! Should I say thank you?" he laughed sarcastically, "my married friends would think I'm a very lucky guy that my new wife is giving me an unlimited hall pass."

"This is a loveless marriage, so it's going to be sexless too," I said firmly, "I don't want you to use me, Adonis, for sex or anything. Last night, you said you don't want me anymore... so I'm confident you keep your word and leave me alone."

His lips pressed together, "that's the problem, Elena. I can't decide anymore if I want you or not. You're giving me ambivalent feelings," he sighed heavily, pausing for a while, "okay, if that's what you want. I'll leave you alone. As long as you stop battering your lashes at me and looking at me like you were begging to be kissed."

"Excuse me. I did no such thing!"

"You can deny as long as you want, but your eyes won't lie."

Deep Breath, Elena.

I lifted my chin up at him, "you're crazy if you think I'm lusting over you. You read it wrong, Mister. I'm disgusted by you, playing at me like I'm an innocent, naïve girl!"

"Ah, so you have plenty of experience," he chuckled, "so, how many?"

"How many?"

"The men you slept with."

"What?" I stared at him in shock. I froze on my seat, trying to process his question. I had never been with a man physically, only in my dreams. I had never been in love either. I am a virgin, so does my heart.

"I'm asking how many lovers you had, Elena."

I flipped my hair, lifting my chin, "it's none of your business."

"Sweetheart, it's my business. I'm your husband."

Deep Breath, Elena. Three... two... one.

"In name only," I hissed at him, my teeth clenching together as I glared at him with eyes like bullets, "I don't give a damn how many lovers you had, so I'm expecting you to do the same to me."

He laughed aloud, like a devil.

"You're really enjoying every minute of this, huh? You're making me your amusement," I tossed my head, sending him a hostile look, "if you're so bored, then go and watch cartoons. You're such a little boy," I stood up and walked out on him.

"Watch your tongue, Elena," I heard him say, between chuckles, "you don't know what this lad is capable of."

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I went to a cabin at the back of the plane. I removed my jacket, my bra, and kicked my shoes, then settled on the bed. I was breathing so hard, until my anger subsided. Adonis had a habit of making me so angry. It was our second day of marriage only, I wondered how I could survive in a month, a year or many years.

I turned on my left side, my breathing was more even, I relaxed. I melted into the mattress. I closed my eyes and let out an exhausted sigh.

Half awake, I heard someone open the door.

"Elena," Adonis said gently. I felt him get on the bed beside me. I was too sleepy to protest or ask him to leave.

"Hmm..?" I stirred and rolled towards him.

"Aren't you hungry?" he asked, and I moaned. If you ask me why I moaned? I could not even answer. Maybe his voice was so sexy?

I heard him chuckle softly, then felt his hand on my stomach.

I moaned again, when his hand caressed my stomach, very gently. I stretched my arms above my head, an invitation for him to continue what he was doing. I'm dreaming. I can do anything with Adonis! My subconscious told me.

I heard him exhale heavily, then said, "wake up, Elena. You haven't eaten yet. I don't want you to get sick."

My eyes snapped open, and there I saw Adonis, standing in front of me.

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AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

This 2nd week of August, I have a VERY EXCITING NEWS for you all. Follow me on Instagram: [sweetdreamer33_xoxo](#) to get the latest!

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