

23. "Two can play the game."

"If saying the truth won't work, then express it in action." -
sweetdreamer33

Chapter Twenty Three

Adonis' POV

"Take your clothes off and get in the bed," I ordered, and she turned to me, her face pale in shock, "why are you not moving? You want to sleep on the couch?"

I reached for her, but she stepped back, looking so scared, and walked towards the bed.

I followed and watched her reaching for the zipper at the back of her dress. A very conservative dress that I found very sexy, stirring my imagination all throughout dinner, because I knew that beneath that turtleneck, long sleeves and shapeless dress was a beautiful alluring body that I came to familiarize... explored... and craved.

I opened a drawer and tossed a shirt at the bed, "wear that," I said and went to the bathroom. I removed my clothes and had a shower.

For a month, I tried to erase the memory of that wonderful night that happened between us. I told myself that it was only a dream that turned into a nightmare the following day. But I could not fool myself.

What we shared was so good. A sweet ecstasy overwhelmed with euphoric feeling. The connection we had involved not just our body, but also our mind, heart and soul. I admit, it was the best sex that I ever had in my entire life. I craved her so badly, like an addiction that has no cure.

I remember being overjoyed that our arranged marriage would lead to something special. She made me believe that we were on the same page of trying to make our marriage work. But what the hell!

Her declaration upset me to the core, 'I seduced you intentionally and succeeded.' 'I want you to finance my fashion company, in return for my services last night.'

I would give her everything. All she had to do was tell me, because money is not an issue. She's my wife!

I was so hurt and furious. I felt used and rejected. I had to stay away to keep me sane. No one ever had sex with me for money or anything, and my very own wife did that to me.

I just came out from a terrible breakup because Trisha cheated on me, flirting on some random guys on a dating app, and now, Elena used sex for money.

She was no better than my ex! They both have the ability to inflict pain. Because of them, I'm losing my trust in women."

After our confrontation in Singapore, I stayed in Malaysia for three days, trying to weigh things between me and Elena. I tried to see things from her point of view, but still it came out so wrong.

She's a billionaire heiress. She can ask her grandfather to fund it. Why did she have to endure having sex with me for money?

The thought of it made my heart sink. Did she really endure? Didn't she feel anything while we were making love? Not even a little?

In Singapore, I confirmed that she never attended any university there. It was also her first time in Singapore. I doubt she graduated with a business degree since she doesn't know what a Balance Sheet is.

She was probably so rebellious growing up and skipped university to enjoy the glamorous life.

Soon, I would confirm my suspicions in my own way. When that time comes, I will surely put her in her place.

I buried myself in work. I focused on building my dream project - developing the land that Constantine Pallis returned to our family on the day Elena and I wed. I stayed at my penthouse, focusing on myself and my work. I could not stay dysfunctional any longer.

From time to time, I analyzed Elena. She was a virgin when I had her. She's never been with any man before. She's innocent and naive when it comes to sleeping with a man. No wonder when I asked her about her body count, she refused to answer and diverted the topic.

Who cares if she did sell her body for money. She only sold it to me. I'm her first and I'll make sure that I'm her last.

She made me laugh sometimes. I would smile whenever I think of her, then my expression easily shifted to anger when I remembered what she said in Singapore.

She doesn't care about me. She's a selfish spoiled brat!

My goodness. That woman surely drives me crazy. One minute I'm furious. The next, I'm smiling, and then she shifts to anger again. Dammit!

For a month of not seeing her was a torture. And now, seeing her again intensified the feeling.

I told myself that I feel better now, I could handle seeing her again. But I was wrong. Nothing changes, she affected me, more than she did before.

Elena's POV

I wore Adonis' shirt, as he instructed. I stayed at the right side of the king-sized bed, under the sheets, not moving.

Fifty million advance payment. Does that mean I'm going to make love with him five times tonight?

I felt terrible, like a cheap shameless woman who sells her body. I made him think so low of me.

I should rectify the situation and talk to him, tell him the truth that I lied because I wanted to hide my feelings for him.

I waited, rehearsing what I would say to him.

He came out from the bathroom, shirtless and wearing gray pajamas. I got tongue-tied, struck at how beautiful he was. His arms and body were carved and chiseled like those of a Roman statue, with very sexy mouthwatering abdominal V lines.

He never looked at me, but went directly to the other side of the bed and under the sheets. With just two claps, the lights went off.

I was confused. He rolled to his side and ignored me.

"Adonis?" when he did not reply, I continued, "aren't we going to have... sex? You said it's payment time."

He stirred, and turned to me, "you don't know me so well, Elena, so stop jumping to conclusions. I'm not that kind of person who take advantage on women by using sex as a payment. I demand, from now on until the 50th night, we share a bed. You have no fear, I won't touch or kiss you. After that, you're fully paid."

Fifty nights? Only fifty nights?

My heart sank. I did not want fifty nights, or 365. I wanted an unlimited number of nights with him. I love him so much, I would like to spend the rest of my life with him.

He said he wouldn't touch or kiss me? But does it mean I can touch and kiss him?

"You must really hate me, Adonis," I paused waiting for his answer, but it did not arrive, "you have the right to be. I was acting like a dirty slut. That was so wrong of me. I only did it to hide my feelings for you."

"You don't need to tell me about your feelings. You hate me and you expressed it too well... too many times," he chuckled nastily, "I don't hate you, Elena. There's a difference between hate and disgust. I feel disgusted at how you took advantage of my feelings. I stopped believing in love, and that night, I broke down my walls and learned to trust again."

"Adonis, I'm so sorry..." I felt so saddened and overwhelmed with regret, knowing that he was falling for me, "I shouldn't have said that. The truth is... I love you."

"Shut up, Elena!" He bursted in anger, "don't you ever toy with my heart again. Do you understand me?"

"I'm telling you the truth. I love--"

"I said stop it!" he snapped again, "you can't sweet talk me anymore. I won't believe a single thing. You're going to pay, Elena, and learn to endure the torture of sleeping in my bed."

It was not the torture that he was thinking, but the torment of sleeping with him but not able to show my love for him.

In the middle of the night, I woke up hugging him. But then, he unclasped my arms and put me back on my side. He also put two pillows between us, making sure that I would not trespass again.

One week had passed, and the same thing happened. We slept on the same bed like two strangers. He continued to ignore me - not looking and talking to me.

One morning, I was in my office, trying to draw a new design for our lingerie wear. I could not concentrate because my mind was full of Adonis. I was desperate for him to listen to my explanation but his ears were closed. I did not know what to do with him anymore.

Then an idea suddenly popped out.

Two can play the game...

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