

24. "I know. You're my ex."

"Truth is, I'm crazy for you. And everyone can see that, but you." - quotesgram.com

Chapter Twenty Four

Adonis' POV

I checked the time at the wall clock, half past eleven, and she was not in my bedroom yet.

What the fuck took her too long? She usually knocks at my door within twenty to thirty minutes a er dinner, and now it's been three hours. This can't go on. I'll go crazy staring at the clock tick every second, waiting for her.

I kept on pacing in the area between my bed and the door, very impatient.

Dammit! I don't care if she comes or not. I should stop waiting and go to bed. I have a very early meeting tomorrow morning with the engineers at the project site. I can't go there, roaming around until the heat of the sun, and tired due to lack of sleep.

I decided to go to bed, slipping under the sheets then clapping twice to turn o the lights. I closed my eyes, trying to sleep, but the images of Elena lingered in my head.

What if something happened to her?

Disturbing pictures of her drowned in the bathtub, trapped inside the bathroom, or slipped on the floor while taking a shower appeared in my mind.

Fuck! I can't fool myself anymore.

I got out of bed abruptly and stormed out of the room, heading to the East side of the mansion.

My knock became louder and louder since she did not open the door.

What happened to her?

Alarmed, I pressed the passcode of the digital lock on her door. The first three numbers match mine, the last lower by one number.

The door opened immediately, and I saw Elena on bed in a shrimp position, sleeping peacefully, with the TV still turned on.

Damn. What the hell is she wearing?

A sexy satin black lingerie, with spaghetti straps and very low neckline, showing too much of her cleavage. The hem pulled up to her thighs, giving a glimpse of her black satin underwear.

I hissed, fighting the heat that started building inside me. The anger I felt earlier was gone, and transferred to my manhood that turned so hard.

I clenched my hands so tight, controlling the urge to caress the silky length of her legs up to her thighs. I pressed my lips together, to stop my mouth from watering, as it was dying to kiss her luscious plump lips, suckle her perky breasts and lick her feminine core. Every inch of her is sweeter than honey and way addictive than co ee. I craved her and I'm dying to be inside her now.

Before I gave in to my desire, I shi ed my attention to the Netflix movie she was watching and read the description. A love story of a former drug addict turned soldier and a diabetic musician, engaged in an arranged marriage to avail money from the government.

My lips twisted as the story was similar to ours only having an arranged marriage, but the rest is di erent.

I turned o the TV and pulled the blanket on Elena, covering her body before I slipped on the bed beside her.

I heaved a sigh, loving the feel of her bed and the smell of her that I got used to in the past days. It gave me tranquility just being with her, it made me sleep well at night. Something that I never had in the past.

Suddenly, the urge to protect her and be with her was always so strong again. I wanted to have adventures with her and show her to many places - dine in my favorite restaurant in Paris, eat sticky rice in Thailand, walk at Shibuya Crossing in Japan, drink strong Barako co ee in the Philippines, climb to the Great Wall of China and many more.

She stirred and turned to the other side, depriving me of the view of her beautiful face.

Even in her sleep, she turned away from me.

I heaved a deep sigh, disappointment overwhelmed me, vanishing all my recent thoughts about us together, living happily.

I let out a short chuckle, that would never be possible.

She's still Elena, my rebellious bride.

Elena's POV

I woke up to the glaring sunlight blinding my eyes. Damn it. I forgot to pull the curtains in last night.

Then I felt the delicious warm heat of a man's body, and a hand on my chest. Adonis' hand, kneading gently my breast as he stirred.

I watched him open his eyes slowly, then frowned at me.

"What are you doing?"

My eyes squinted at him. He's crazy if he thinks I took advantage of him last night by being in his arms.

"What do you mean? It's your hand that's touching my breast."

He snatched his hand immediately and moved as far as he could from me, like I had a contagious disease. Then I realized, we both slept in my room last night.

"What are you doing here in my bed?" I asked in an accusing tone, but got super distracted when he sat down and combed his messy hair with his fingers, showing his sexy triceps.

"You did not come in my bedroom last night, so I came here," he said in a defensive way, "we agreed to share a bed for fi y nights, and yet a er ten nights, you broke our deal."

I sat down, leaning my back against the headboard, "I'm sorry, I just watched a Netflix movie that everyone's talking about, and I fell asleep. It won't happen again."

I got so tired working my ass yesterday from the production team running to the marketing team, and skipping lunch just to talk to a stubborn supplier of garments at the outskirts of the city. I was planning to seduce Adonis by wearing seductive lingerie last night, intending to go to his room at ten. Taking my time a er I showered, I checked what's new on Netflix and encountered the movie that had been a talk in the social media the past few days. I turned the play button, then I did not have any recollection on what happened next. I passed out just when it started.

My whole plan for Adonis failed.

"It shouldn't be, or I'll demand actual money from you," he warned me, then stood up and stormed out of my room.

During lunch, I went to see my mom at the Cancer Rehabilitation Center. It was a private center managed by religious sectors. Grandpa was one of their contributors, giving donations to keep it operational.

"I wonder, when can I meet Adonis," mom asked. Every time I visited her, which was every Wednesday and Sunday, she would ask the same question. Even though she knew the answer already. Grandpa would not allow her to meet Adonis or any of the Stavrakos.

"Soon, mom, when you're fully recovered."

She nodded, then touched her head, which was covered with a scarf, "or maybe when my hair grows, your grandpa will allow me then."

"Most probably," I touched her hand, caressing it gently.

"So, how's your relationship with Adonis? It must surely improve now that you're sleeping with him."

I smiled, and nodded, "we're getting there," I assured her, to give her peace of mind.

"That's good. I was very worried at first, but I'm glad now that your arranged marriage is turning out right," she looked very happy, and that's the second thing that mattered to me, aside from her health, "I'm sure there will be little Elena and Adonis very soon."

"No, mom. I just started my business. I have to focus on it," I did not want to keep her hopes up. There was no certainty if my marriage with Adonis would last.

"Of course," she smiled, then talked about her new friends in the center.

That evening, a helicopter fetched me at the mansion, and took me to the penthouse of Adonis, located at the top of the Stavrakos building.

So I guessed it was where Adonis stayed when he did not come home to the mansion. A beautiful elegant penthouse, with a breathtaking view of the city lights and skyscrapers of New York.

We had dinner there, then shared the same bed. But the same thing happened. He ignored me like I did not exist. Eating without talking, not even looking at each other. Then sleeping at each other's side, with pillows between us.

What's the use of being together, when there was no interaction done. Not even a 'hi, hello,' 'how's your day' or 'goodbye.'

As that passed by, it just made me feel so frustrated. He's so near, yet, so far away.

The following day, I woke up alone in bed. Adonis was gone early, as always. I had my breakfast at the penthouse, then a helicopter took me back to the mansion.

At nine o'clock I was in my o ice already. I was busy answering my emails, when my new secretary, Macy, entered my o ice.

"William called," she said, referring to Adonis' executive secretary, "to inform you that today is your mother in law's birthday."

"Oh!" I was surprised that Adonis did not even bother to tell me this morning.

I felt terrible, because it was my agenda to take note of the birthdays and anniversaries of my in-laws, and before I could do it, it's already Pia's birthday.

"You're going to attend her celebration party at Stavrakos hotel at seven thirty," she continued.

"Is that a air?"

"He did not mention, but it's better to be overdressed, so you won't go wrong."

"Of course," I nodded. I hadn't seen my new in-laws since the wedding. I knew that normally, newly wed couples would see their parents a er the honeymoon, and spend more time with them. But then, my marriage with Adonis was not normal. Knowing our situation, they probably would not expect us to behave like a normal couple too.

"So, what about Adonis? Did William mention if I'll go with him to the party?" I asked.

"He said that Mr. Stavrakos will meet you at the event."

"I see," I heaved a long sigh, feeling disappointed, "can I ask you a favor, Macy?"

"Yeah, of course, Elena. That's why I'm here. I'm at your service."

"Can you ask my mother-in-law a box of flowers and a birthday cake?" I asked, "Please put, from, Adonis and me."

"Of course. I'll do it now."

At seven thirty, I arrived at the hotel. I took extra care of my appearance, wearing a white holster long dress, backless down to the waist. I put my hair up, to give emphasis to my bare back. My makeup was flawless, with smokey eyes, highlights and luscious lips.

I entered alone in an empty elevator. I pressed GB, the grand ballroom of the hotel. Just when the doors closed, a hand stopped them from closing.

A gorgeous tall, blond and handsome man entered. We stared for barely three seconds before the doors snapped shut behind him.

"Hi," he greeted me with an infectious smile.

"Hi," I greeted back, still starstruck at seeing him in person. My goodness, I've only seen him in the movies, magazines, billboards and internet.

"I'm Christian Firth," he extended his hand, and I took it in a handshake.

"I'm Elena."

He chuckled, giving me a teasing wink, "I know. You're my ex."

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