

27. "You're stuck with me."

Chapter Twenty Seven

Elena's POV

Madness.

That's what I felt at that moment.

I was out of my mind. I should have shoved him away and slapped him harder. But I welcomed the cruel ravishment of his mouth, loving the electrifying feeling of his hard rock body against mine.

I did not want him to stop, I was willing to take anything from him because I knew he would be gentler, caring... and loving. I love him so much and I could never just give up on him.

His lips le mine, and looked at me with hostile eyes.

"Do that again and I'll have you down on your knees for mercy," his voice was hard as stone.

Before I could reply, he turned his back away from me and stormed out of my o ice.

I felt my energy drained from the intense tension. I settled on the chair behind my desk and stared at the door, zoned out.

I could still feel Adonis' presence, his wonderful male scent lingered in my nostrils. My lips tingle from his assault, and I could still taste him in my mouth.

Now that I felt him again, my longing for him intensified. Every night, I laid down beside him on his bed, waiting for him to touch me, kiss me, make love with me... that it became agony.

I wished I could tell him the truth about Christian Firth and everything. But I could never do that. Grandpa would ruin me, not just my reputation but my whole being. He would also cancel Mom's treatment and the care of the world's finest specialists who handled her.

I jolted at the sudden roar of thunder and stroke of lightning. The sky turned black and heavy rain started pouring in outside the glass windows.

I hate rain!It reminded me of some bad instances that happened in my life.

Many times, I walked home from school, all wet from the heavy rain. Cars passed-by and splashed mud water at me. My backpack got all soaked, including my books and notebooks inside. I had to let them dry on a fan before I could do my homework. My school shoes were already worn out, so many times, I had to walk barefoot on the street, to save the soles.

The last experience I had was at Grandpa's mansion, where I waited long hours under the heavy rain, for him to come out. That was not a happy memory either.

I went to the glass window, and stared at the heavy rainfall. My eyes diverted to a car that drove out of the building below, a white Lamborghini.

My heart pounded instantly. That must be Adonis, since nobody drove such a car in the building. I stared at the car until it was out of sight.

The door opened, it was my best friend and partner, Camella.

"Whoa! What was that all about?" Her eyes looked so curious as she strode inside my o ice and sat on a chair in front of my desk, "he's like a mad man, storming inside the building looking at you. He almost gave Macy a mild heart attack, because she was hesitant to tell him where your o ice is."

My lips twisted in one corner, "he thought I was dating Christian Firth."

"Are you?"

"Of course not. I forgot to tell you that I bumped at him earlier at Sweet Dreamer Cafe. Adonis' security obviously saw us and reported to him."

"Oh my, you are stalked by two gorgeous, devastatingly handsome men. I don't know if I should envy you or feel pity for losing your privacy."

"Christian was there first, and Adonis... he's a billionaire. As his wife, he needs to protect me."

"My ass. Will you stop defending your husband? You used to hate him, remember?" She clicked her tongue, "listen... he doesn't trust you, not even a single bit. He thinks you would cheat on him in every possible way. He had you followed everywhere, and all your actions are reported to him by his security."

Camella was an anti-fan of Adonis. It was my fault though, because I fed her too much information about why I disliked him before. I made her see Adonis as the younger version of Grandpa.

"He's concerned about the family's reputation," I shrugged, "he's right though, I should be very careful not to be seen with Christian, who everyone thought is my ex."

"He came all the way here just to tell you that?" she chuckled, "he's a very busy man running a multi-billion dollar group of companies, every second is precious to him," she shook her head, "he's jealous, girl, ha-ha. He's so jealous!"

"Yeah, I told him but he wouldn't admit."

"Of course he wouldn't. He had too much pride on his shoulders. Oh my, I'm loving where your love story is going," she looked at me wickedly, "let's torture him a little."

"What do you mean?"

"I have an idea. But I won't tell you now," she stood up and le my room singing.

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At six in the a ernoon, I arrived home. I was thankful that the rain finally stopped when I parked my car at the Stavrakos mansion driveway.

I took a shower and wore a comfortable cotton white dress. My face was bare of makeup and I just brushed my hair until it was silky, letting it fall on my back.

I stared at my reflection in the mirror. I looked like an eighteen year old.

That's fine, Elenal muttered to myself. Adonis would not even care, because he usually never looked my way. Even in his bedroom, I felt like I was just one of the ornaments.

At seventy thirty, I went to the dining room, anticipating seeing Adonis. Since I developed feelings for him, I looked forward to being with him every night.

I missed him terribly, that it felt like there was a disease eating my gut slowly.

Having dinner together and sharing the same bed every night, was not enough to appease my longing for him. He was so near, and yet so far like a thousand miles away.

Mrs. Jones entered followed by the Italian chef and his two assistants, each holding a tray of food.

They served my dinner, and I began to wonder, why was I eating alone?

I asked Mrs. Jones, the moment the others le .

"You're eating alone tonight, Mrs. Stavrakos."

I felt the sudden disappointment, "I see. Do you know where he is?"

"In his room. He arrived home early, soaked from the rain. He said he'd skip dinner and not to disturb him. He also instructed, to inform you that you won't be sleeping with him tonight."

My disappointment heightened, making my heart sank, "is he sick?"

"Most probably," she said, while watching the chef serve my main course, plant based meatballs with mashed potatoes and vegetables, "he was pale and shivering when he arrived. Hugo told me that the master drove to the outskirts of the city without his security. Unfortunately, his Lamborghini got a flat tire, and he changed it himself under the pouring rain."

I felt this strong concern for his well-being, making me so worried.

"Will you ask the chef to prepare a soup for my husband, Mrs. Jones?"

She looked at me with a hesitant expression, but then, she agreed, "Of course, Mrs. Stavrakos."

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A er I had dinner, I went to Adonis' room. The door was locked, but I knew the digital passcode already by heart.

Adonis was on bed covered with a comforter. His face was flushing red, his eyes looked weary.

"Why are you here? I instructed Mrs. Jones that I don't want to be disturbed," his voice sounded very tired and dragging.

"I brought you chicken soup."

"I'm not hungry. Just leave me alone," he drawled, hugging the comforter further to his chin.

I put the bowl of soup at the bedside table, then touched his forehead.

"My goodness, you're so hot!"

"Glad you finally admit your attraction to me," he said lazily.

I rolled my eyes, "what I mean is, your temperature is so hot! Have you taken some medicine already?"

"I will, later. When you leave."

I heaved a sigh, not believing him capable of drinking acetaminol on his own. I went to the bathroom to find the bottle of paracetamol in the medicine cabinet, and got a bottle of water at the minibar, then I returned to Adonis' bedside.

"I'll leave once you finish this soup and drink medicine."

"Elena please," his voice tender, almost begging, making my heart melt, "I told you I'm not hungry," he rolled to the other side, away from me.

"Then my dearest husband, you're stuck with me."

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AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

Sorry for taking too long to update this story, I got busy with the promo of The Girl He Never Noticed.

If you don't know yet, The Girl He Never Noticed is coming out as a TV/Digital SERIES tomorrow on MeWatch. Yay!

Check out my **writer room** where I would share some exclusive sneak peeks and Behind-the-scene content while we were shooting in Singapore. Don't forget to add it to your library!

Don't forget to Vote and share this story to your friends too.