

## 32. "Ask me anything."

### Chapter Thirty Two

#### Adonis' POV

"What the fuck?" I stared at the cup filled with black liquid. "Is this you called the world's most delicious co ee? When was the last time you tried Starbucks?"

Eros' jaws and lips suddenly turned tense. "You know nothing about co ee, man. You can't differentiate because you're used to three in one co ee."

"Because we made it. I patronized our product. Don't think little of it, it's still the leading instant co ee brand in the country."

"Of course. But it doesn't taste first class. Unlike Jade's co ee, that you can really taste the sweet bitterness and smell the fresh aromatic flavor."

My forehead frowned. "Sweet bitterness? I haven't heard of such a thing. You're becoming poetic, my friend. I wonder."

"Drinking delicious co ee every day made me," he chuckled, "oops, I need another cup."

He called his assistant and asked for another cup of co ee. In less than five minutes, his assistant entered and served his co ee. She was a nerdy woman wearing black-rimmed eyeglasses and unfashionable clothes.

"I can see your taste in women change," I told Eros when his assistant left.

"What are you talking about?" his eyebrows rose slightly.

"Are you tired of having sexy women around you? You got a nerdy type like her? I know you so well. You always like challenges, and this girl seems difficult to handle."

"Fuck man, that will not happen. I just love her co ee." He reasoned out.

"Are you sure it's the co ee and not her?"

"You're crazy. I don't believe in love, it's just another four-letter word of lust," he chuckled, "you've been there, and look where it got you. Heartbroken."

"Yeah, and don't forget. Married."

"Well, you keep it a loveless marriage, so, you're doing just fine, my friend," he nodded in approval, then pushed a folder at me, bringing us to the reason why I was at his office.

The property that I got back from Constantine Pallis was beside the Petrakis property. We merged our projects to build the biggest business center in the world. The layout of the projects was done, the construction already started.

"We have a problem. At the north side of our entire estate is owned by the government. We need to ask Mayor Cunning if we could use a little on this public property, as a road for our back entrance," he leaned back in his high chair, one hand on his desk, drumming his fingers.

I sighed deeply, at the mention of Mayor Roman Cunning, Trisha's father.

Eros brought up a problem that we expected already. The entire estate was massive. We needed entrance and exit in every corner.

"We'll write a letter to the mayor."

Eros shook his head. "That's not effective. You should ask him personally."

"Why me? We should set a meeting with him together."

He shook his head vigorously. "I can't. The man hates me."

"What did you do?"

"His new wife was my ex-lover. I'm sure he hates my guts."

"That makes two of us. I broke up with his daughter and got married immediately."

"At least your breakup was not your fault. His daughter cheated. That makes you an honest man to him, whereas me... his new wife still hates me. She was too clingy and a lunatic, that I needed to take serious action."

"How?"

"I requested a restraining order from the police," he said, making my brows raised. "So, talk to Mayor Cunning yourself."

"Do you think he will listen to me? Trisha is his only daughter, and she influences his decisions."

"Then...", he shrugged, "you have no choice but to be nice on Trisha. She owed you by hurting you. I'm sure she'll make up by helping you convinced his father to give you the road."

I wished it would be that simple.

#### Elena's POV

He was in Malaysia?

It just occurred to me I never knew where he went after our argument in Singapore. He left me with a chopper, and the next time we saw each other was a year a month.

My chest felt so heavy instantly, my temper escalated.

"He was with me all the time. Whatever you saw or hear, they were all rumors," I tried to compose myself, showing to Rita that I was not affected, "we're happily married, and you can't ruin that by feeding me with gossips."

"Of course not. Believe me, that's not my intention," she pouted, "to make up with you. I have two tickets here for our upcoming high school reunion. Anyway, I'm an organizer," she lifted her chin a little, looking proud, "I can get tickets for free easily."

"No thanks," I shook my head, not picking the tickets she put on the table beside my bag, "I'm not interested."

"You haven't attended reunion. Many of our classmates miss you. Bring your hubby, okay?" She picked the tickets and dropped them at the side opening of my bag.

After the unfortunate event of meeting Rita in the nail salon, I became very paranoid. I was in my office staring outside my window, looking at the passing cars down below. My mind was on Adonis.

Is he still in love with Trisha? What is he feeling towards me?

It had been three months since we got married, and bad things happened in our relationship since then. It was only recently that we started talking - as in really talking.

In a short period, he could not be in love with me. It was too early, he just broke up with his girlfriend... for four years.

For four years. Damn... that was long. How could someone get over in that kind of relationship easily? It was very solid. A great deal of foundation must already be invested by both of them already.

My heart sank. How can I compete with that?

I love Adonis. After one month of being married to him, I knew I was in love with him. Very early, right?

My chest became heavier. Is Camella right? I'm so weak because I easily fell in love with him?

Is feeling in love makes you weak? I don't think so. Falling in love is beautiful. It makes me feel more human.

But the question is... will Adonis learn to love me? If yes, when? Will I wait for months? Years or decades?

I was so distracted that when I met Adonis that evening, he noticed. We were inside the limousine, on our way to an entrepreneur event of prestigious companies all over the world.

"Something's bothering you?" His hand reached for my hand, drawing me closer to him.

"Um... no," I was so still like a log. He kissed me, but I could never respond to him. The heaviness in my heart overwhelmed me.

Too many questions I wanted to ask him.

Are you still in love with Trisha?

Were you in Malaysia after our argument in Singapore?

When was the last time you saw her?

I remembered seeing Trisha's text message in his phone while we were in Singapore.

'Let's hook up when you come back.'

Wasn't it the reason I chickened out and told a lie to him, to save my humiliation and sanity? I fell in love with him so easily, when I shouldn't be.

I knew what I got into and I let myself get drowned in him.

"Hey, baby. What's wrong?" his arms went around my waist, pulling me closer to him. His lips raining kisses on my neck.

"Nothing. I'm just... tired."

"Ah—do you want to stay home? We can go back," his breath so warm and sweet against my neck, "but I really have to attend the event. I'm among the speakers."

"I'm okay. I want to go with you." I pressed a kiss on his lips.

He smiled and held my nape. He opened my lips with a gentle thrust of his tongue, and kissed me deeply.

There were plenty of people who attended the event. All wealthy people in the world. There was grandpa, who ignored me when we passed by in front of him. He only shook hands with Adonis, smiling and exchanging pleasantries, then back to talking to the Sheiks.

Though I complied with his wishes, he still treated me like dirt. But I did not actually mind, because it was better that way. I wanted him out of my skin.

"Did you notice?" I asked Adonis, "my grandfather just ignored me."

"Yeah, I did. Do you want to talk to him? I can ask him to come over and join our table."

"Nope," I smiled lightly, "I don't feel like talking to him either."

He nodded, respecting my wishes. We joined his parents at the table for dinner, together with the older couple, Markos and Nina Petrakis, and their son, Eros, a good friend of Adonis.

After dinner, speeches given. Adonis was beside me, while waiting for his turn to talk.

"Aren't you scared of talking in front of everyone?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I'm used to speaking in public. It's part of my training as the successor of our family business."

"Great. I always have cold feet," I said, laughing when I told him about my experience in grade school, singing Twinkle, Twinkle Little Stars in front of the class, and I was so nervous that I peed.

Adonis burst out laughing and her mother shssd him.

The next speaker was called. The Ambassador of Goodwill. My laughter immediately died. It was Trisha Cunning, walking towards the stage with grace, and looking so beautiful, like a sun in a shimmering yellow satin dress.

On stage, she flashed a smile, and it mesmerized everyone. When she talked, it captivated all with his so, eloquent, and fluent words. Her voice was so soothing in the ears, like music.

Beautiful. Brilliant. Graceful. Professional. Sophisticated, and confident. How can I compete with that?

I turned to Adonis, who was staring at Trisha, not even blinking. Listening to her attentively.

Jealousy overwhelmed me, eating my gut like a disease. My heart ached seeing him just looking at her.

I had to ask him. I had to know.

I took a deep breath and asked.

"Adonis."

He turned to me, "yes?"

"Um... I want to..."

"What is it? Is your headache getting worse?"

I shook my head. "I just want to ask you something. I know it's not an appropriate time..."

"Go ahead, ask me anything," he faced me and held my hand.

I held his eyes and asked, "where did you go after we had a fight in Singapore?"

Someone called his name to go to the stage to speak next.

I did not know if he heard me, so I said, "never mind. Forget about it," I forced a smile, giving him encouragement, "go now, it's your turn."

He smiled, and let go of my hand, "yeah, I have to go." Before he stood up, he leaned closer to me and said, "I went to Malaysia."

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**Watch the SET TOUR with me, Marco, Tess and our director, Beatrice, of The Girl He Never Noticed, location at Petrakis Shipping Company.**

**Guys, Nicole was the one behind the camera, shooting us for the Wattpad Promo.**

**If you were in her shoes? How would you feel being near Marco all the time?**

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