

### 33. "Finally."

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#### Chapter Thirty Three

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#### Elena's POV

My mind was far away from the venue, travelling to nowhere. Everyone vanished and all I could hear was Adonis' voice talking about something that would not register in my brain.

He was in Malaysia? So he was with Trisha.

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Did he call her right away when things did not work for us?

I had ambivalent feelings about the whole situation. I was at fault too; I drove him away by saying those mean things to him.

But it hurt so much to know that he turned to Trisha when we did not work out and spent time with her in Malaysia.

Adonis' speech ended, and he stepped down onto the stage. I saw him stopped at a table and a woman in a shimmering yellow dress gave him a hug and planted a kiss on his cheek.

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What the hell is going on?

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Jealousy overwhelmed me. I stood up to go to them, but Adonis already advanced and heading towards me.

All speeches ended, and everyone mingled. Adonis talked to some older men at another table. The rest went to the stage dancing, and they left me alone at the table with Eros Petrakis.

Eros Petrakis, another Greek young billionaire. Yeah, very handsome and gorgeous, just like Adonis, but too arrogant.

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"Are you sure you don't have a sister?" he asked me again. It was the third time that night.

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"Nope, I'm an only child."

"Maybe you have a cousin... or a lost sister, with the same hair as yours."

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"Are you looking for someone?"

"Yeah, a redhead I met in a bar four years ago," he shrugged. "I've been searching for her since then."

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My eyebrows rose. "wow, that's a long search. She's doing very well in hiding from you."

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His forehead immediately furrowed.

Oh-oh, I hit a spot. I obviously annoyed him because he stopped talking to me that evening.

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Adonis returned to my side, and he introduced me to different people who owned vast businesses all over the world. There were oil tycoons, shipping magnates, hoteliers, airline moguls, and many VIPs.

"Are you ready to leave?" Adonis asked me.

"Sure," I agreed, clasping his arm for support. "I'm tired now."

He gave me a wicked grin. "I hope not too tired for later."

Despite that Malaysia issue about Adonis and Trisha still bothered me, I could not help feeling giddy about him.

"Hi," a soft feminine voice said behind us, and we both turned.

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It was Trisha Cunning. Standing in front of us.

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"I believe we haven't met yet," she said to me with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

"Yeah, we haven't," I forced a smile at her. My eyes shifted from Adonis to her, to get their reactions.

Adonis' face remained placid. His arm went around my hips as he introduced us.

"Elena, this is Trisha Cunning. Trisha, my wife, Elena."

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"Hello dear," instead of taking the hand I offered for a handshake, she hugged me and gave me a kiss on both cheeks, "nice meeting you. Finally."

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"Finally," I mimicked her for no reason.

My teeth clenched at the thought of them together in Malaysia. Anger overwhelmed me. At Adonis - how could he turn to her instantly after our fight? But easily shifted my rage to myself, because it pushed him away.

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"You look so pretty in that dress. Is that one of your designs?"

I looked down at my blue satin dress. "yeah, it's one of our latest gown collections," I said, taking pride in my design.

"She's very talented." Adonis took pride of me.

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"I agree," she nodded at Adonis, then turned her attention back at me, "I'm impressed with your talent. I heard too many excellent reviews about your brand, and I'd like to add it to my collection."

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"Sure, that would be an honor," I replied.

She was killing me with kindness and a warm attitude. Still, I could not forget that she was Adonis' ex. Every time she looked at Adonis, her eyes seemed communicating with him.

What the heck! My suspicion that they were really hiding their relationship increased.

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I wrapped my arms around Adonis, clinging to him. The warmth in Trisha's eyes was gone and replaced with venomous glare. She rolled her eyes and looked away.

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That night, Adonis and I made love again. He was so hot and aggressive than the previous nights. I wondered what made him act that way. Was that an act of frustration? Did he think of Trisha while making love with me?

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My insecurities overwhelmed me. How could I bear being in this situation for the rest of our lives?

I knew I should open up with him, but it felt too soon. I was afraid that too much pressure would drive him away.

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The following morning, I arrived late in the office.

"What's going on?" I asked when I saw a group of female employees giggling outside the Studio room.

"Good morning, Elena," one girl greeted. We made a habit in the office to call each other by our first names, regardless of the position in the company, "Christian Firth is here, having a photoshoot."

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Now I remember should have told Adonis about Christian as our top model, and I totally forgot.

"I see," I replied, and went directly to my office. The moment I entered, it surprised me to see a bouquet and a box of French macaroons on my desk.

I read the card. They were from Christian, telling me he was happy to be working with us.

My heart sank. How can I explain to Adonis that I have nothing to do with hiring Christian?

The thought of Adonis and Trisha spending together in Malaysia still bothered me.

I spent time last night googling about Adonis and Trisha. The more I checked their photos and videos together, the more I got hurt. I was only tormenting myself. So I stopped, have to deal with it personally soon. All I needed was to find the right timing.

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Inside my office, I answered my emails and worked on our new designs, when there was a knock on my door.

It was Christian, wearing a bright smile.

I had nothing against Christian. He was very nice and friendly, made talking easy and fun. I just avoided him because of Adonis jealousy, when in fact, there was no need to, because Christian was not really my ex. Grandpa only made it all up.

I should tell Adonis the truth instead.

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