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Chapter Thirty Six
Adonis' POV
*Two months later
Everyone fell silent when I entered the Stavrakos building. One could
hear a pin drops on the floor at its solemnity. The front guards looked
shock when I strode through the main door. The receptionists and
sta in the lobby stared at me with questioning eyes, doubting if I was
really their boss.
I was gone and came back hardly unrecognizable.
I looked out of place when I stepped inside the building, with my
overlong hair and beard, worn out cargo khaki pants, gray shirt that
used to be white, and a climbing boots with traces of mud around the
soles edges.
I had my black backpack with me I carried everywhere. Inside were
the essential things I needed to survive in the past two months.
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I climbed Mount Everest. I joined the expedition with a sole purpose
in mind. To get over Elena when I reached the peak of the mountain. 38
Yeah, I reached the peak of the mountain a er eight weeks. And if I
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moved on?
I shook my head and chuckled bitterly at myself.
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The struggle to move on was di icult. I felt like I was carrying a ton of
weight in my heart. There was this hollow feeling of being thrown
inside a pit of darkness, and there was no way out.
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It was hard. Much harder than my first heartbreak. But I had to come
back and act strong on this.
I entered my private elevator and headed to the penthouse. A er two
hours, I was back at my old self again. Wearing my usual
businessman attire with a clean cut hairstyle and well-shaven face.
I had a meeting with the department heads, o icers, company
lawyers and managers, and they gave me feedback regarding the
status of the Stavrakos holdings while I was away. Everything was
doing well, Dad and our trusted team managed the company well in
my absence.
"We have a scheduled board meeting at the end of this month, sir.
Constantine Pallis could not attend anymore. He had a heart attack
two months ago," one manager reported, and that surprised me. The
old man looked healthy as a cow the last time I saw him.
Another manager continued, "His granddaughter properly
represented Pallis' investments in our group of companies. I mean,
your wife..."
My temper escalated abruptly that I raised a hand to stop him.
"I don't want to hear anything about her. One mention of her name,
and you're all fired!"
All was suddenly silent. A mask of terror showed on their faces.
From then on, no one dared to mention Elena in front of me.
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The past two weeks in the o ice, I was very busy. I drown myself at
work, closing business deals and monitoring the construction of my
ongoing business center project.
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I stayed in the Penthouse. Going home at the Stavrakos Mansion just
reminded me of Elena and everything we did together.
This ambivalent feelings I had for her was destructive. So as much as
possible, I avoided anything that would remind me of her.
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Friday night, I had dinner with my parents in their mansion, the place
where I grew up.
"I'm glad you came," Mom said, a er the chef presented the main
dish, "I heard you're always working until midnight, and that's not
healthy anymore."
"You should be happy that I'm working, and not getting drunk in the
bar."
Dad coughed, then said, "he enjoys working, hon. Let him be."
"If that's your coping mechanism so be it," Mom shrugged her
shoulders, "it's over two months already, and you still haven't..."
"Mom," I gave her a warning look.
I learned from her that one would recover from grief, loss or
heartbreak in three weeks. It applied when I broke up with Trisha, but
with Elena now, it did not work at all.
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As days went by, my life became emptier. Living was not meaningful
anymore. Everything I see turned black and white. No happiness... no
laughter... no hope... darkness overwhelmed me. The feeling of being
dead inside.
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All the food on the table were my favorites. Wagyu steak, Garlic
Lobster, Tru le Mushroom Pasta and others... but they all tasted so
bland.
"I'm just concern about you, Adonis," Mom continued despite my
warning, "you're putting too much pressure on yourself. Get out and
meet your friends, have fun! You're always in the o ice working too
hard."
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"It's the only thing that keeps me going every day," I pushed my plate,
done a er forcing myself to eat.
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"I know life's been hard for you nowadays. But have pity on yourself
and your employees. They feared you. You became so hot-tempered,
that you barked at everyone. How many employees did you fire in the
last two weeks? Five? Six? My goodness, Adonis, get a grip of
yourself."
I shook my head, heaving a long sigh, "I don't fire employees without
a reason. They acted against the company's policy, that's why they're
fired."
"Son, at least be considerate..."
Dad coughed again, making Mom's attention shi ed to him. Thank
goodness. He saved me from an awkward topic.
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"Are you okay?" Mom asked Dad, her hand rubbing his back.
"Yeah, I'm okay. I think we need the dessert now."
Our topic shi ed on business, about our current dealing and plans for
next year. The topic about me and my struggle stopped.
"I have a favor to ask from you," Dad said.
"What is it?"
"You know we want to go to Maldives for our wedding anniversary,
right?" Dad continued.
"Of course," I turned to mom, who was enjoying her avocado sorbet,
"you can't stop talking about it these past few days."
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"That's right," Mom agreed, "we can't leave because your dad has a
speaking engagement this coming Thursday."
"That's too bad."
"Yeah, it is," Dad's lips twisted, "I wonder if you can talk on my
behalf."
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That made my forehead furrowed, "what's the topic?"
"Living Life to the fullest," Dad answered, and it made me chuckle
bitterly.
                                                                     đ
Strange. When I was not myself and trapped in a room of darkness.
"I don't think I'm equipped to talk about that at the moment," I shook
my head.
"I'll have my secretary make the speech for you. All you have to do is
read it."
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"Are you sure?" I asked, and he nodded, "this Thursday, right?" I
checked my schedule on my phone, "I have a business meeting, but I
can move it the following day. Okay, I'll do it, I'll attend the event."
"That's great! So, that's all settled then," Mom smiled brightly, her
hand reaching to Dad's, "we can book our tickets tomorrow."
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"Of course, honey," Dad took her hand and kissed her knuckles, "we'll
do it first thing tomorrow."
My parents looked very excited. Every wedding anniversary is very
meaningful to them to celebrate their undying love for each other. I
could never say no and deprive them of their happiness to have an
adventure together.
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Yeah, my parents' love story made me idealistic. That one day, I
would find a woman who would fill my life with love and happiness.
Unfortunately, I was not lucky in finding true love.
                                                                     a<sup>5</sup>
Thursday came, my parents le for Maldives while I went to attend
the event as a speaker.
The venue was on the outskirt of New York City.
New York Cancer Society Rehabilitation Center.
It was the new center that Dad supported this year. Obviously the
reason he got invited as the principal speaker.
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It was a close event, attended by health professionals, sta and their
in-house cancer patients.
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The cancer patients moved me when I met them. They were smiling
brightly, showing their happiness and warm welcome upon seeing
me. They shook my hand, and some even hugged me.
Hope. That's what I saw in their eyes. How they value their lives,
every day, every minute, and every second. They had the will to beat
the disease in order to live longer.
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Now, I grasped the importance of my speech. How every word I
would utter bring meaning to them. Living Life to the Fullest. Because
one would never know when his heart stops beating.
                                                                     đ
I stood in front of the stage, holding the paper that contained my
speech. I folded it and put it inside my pocket.
My heart turned liquid upon seeing the patients.
I neglected my life lately, not living my life to the fullest because of
extreme sadness. These patients le their loved ones, their jobs, their
homes, and their activities in the city, to fight and survive the disease.
The sacrifice they made was di icult.
Hope and will to survive my battle suddenly hit me.
I made the speech, speaking from my heart. Talking about my travel
to Mount Everest and other adventures. I narrated a bit of my
heartache, my recent struggles, but I refrained from getting too
emotional, so as not to bring negativity to the patients. All they
needed was positivity on how to live life to the fullest.
A er my speech, I sat the front row of the audience. Beside me where
the heads and board members of the institution.
The program was about to end, and the host gave tribute to those
who beat cancer and were leaving the institution. They were called
one by one onstage to receive some goodies.
I was half listening.
I felt like I was in my lowest point. I had never felt so empty as that
moment. Seeing all the patients hanging on with their lives, opened
my eyes to give importance to mine.
My thoughts dri ed to what happened in my life the past months, but
more on Elena.
Elena.
I'm done torturing myself too much, I could not deny it anymore. I
miss her so badly. The pain of not being with her got unbearable
every day.
I went back from Paris with a purpose to surprise her. I was missing
her terribly that I could not concentrate on my business dealings. Not
being with her in less than a day felt so heavy in the heart. Breathing
was di icult, everything so dull, and the day was not complete
without her.
I realized I love her.
I love her so much that I could not wait to tell her. I cut my business
trip and went back to New York to surprise her.
I lost my trust in women, and in love, because of what Trisha did. But
Elena opened my eyes. I learned to trust that she would be sincere,
loyal and honest to me.
She made me believe in love again.
Then I saw her with Christian Firth. He was sitting too close to her,
touching her face.
                                                                     ã
No man has a right to touch her. She's my wife!
The demon inside me unleashed. All I saw was darkness. It was
happening again, the betrayal.
Pride forbid me from listening to her explanation. It made me so
violent and irrational, making harsh decisions. Dammit, I even kicked
her out of my house.
                                                                     a
The thought of it made me feel ashamed of myself. Now I was full of
regret for acting so explosive. Because of my pride, I lost her.
                                                                     a<sup>2</sup>
"Congratulations to our last graduate," everyone clapped with
laughter, "Miss Celine Pallis!"
Celine Pallis? That's Elena's mom.
My attention brought back to the present.
I was stunned as I looked at the woman smiling brightly, as she went
onstage, waving at everyone. She wore a scarf over her head. Her face
was pale, and she had no makeup on.
What the hell. She's indeed Elena's mother! Their resemblance is
striking.
She gave a brief speech thanking everyone for taking care of her in six
months' time she was in the institution.
Isn't she supposed to be in England... Singapore... Dubai... wherever
in the world to spend the Pallis fortune in shopping?
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She bade goodbye, and the host repeated her name. Celine Pallis.
Constantine and Elena hid Celine's illness to everyone. I wonder why?
It made sense, why Elena was hesitant to talk about her mother. She
evaded answering questions about her. She also did not want us to
meet.
The event ended, and I was desperately looking for Celine. She was
nowhere to be found. Every person I met, I asked, but they did not
know where she was.
I went to the garden, waiting for nothing.
I suddenly felt frustrated about everything that happened in my life. I
sat on a bench, when suddenly, someone sat beside me.
"Were you looking for me?" A feminine voice asked.
                                                                     đ
I turned and saw her, "Celine."
"Finally, we met, Adonis."
                                                                     đ
*One hour later
I was inside my car. I felt numb and stun a er talking to Celine. With
trembling fingers, I took my phone and pressed my executive
secretary's number.
                                                                     a<sup>8</sup>
"William. Did you process the divorce papers?"
"Yes, I did. Congratulations, sir. The judge approved your filed
divorce."
                                                                     ā<sup>3</sup>
SHOCK. My phone fell on my lap.
"NOOOO!!!!" I shouted.
AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.
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Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT
This story is unedited, as well as my other free stories.
Yeah, there are some mistakes. I mess up with my grammar, I
interchange he and she, his and her, wrong spelling and others. It's
because, I write fast, and my fingers can't keep up with my brain, lol. 43
If you see any grammar mistakes, please understand, just leave a
comment nicely at the side and I'll fix it as soon as I see it. Thank you
                                                                     đ
:)
This is a FICTION story, for our entertainment. Please don't base it on
actual facts or events.
Please make me happy by leaving some comments. It inspires me to
write faster updates.
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Watch the shooting of my Wattpad Reacts with Marco and Tess on
YouTube.
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