Chapter Thirty Seven	
Elena's POV	a
'Good morning, Miss Pallis," everyone greeted me with smiling faces, the moment I stepped out of my limousine and entered the main door of the Pallis Center Building–a 100 stories, and one of the tallest o ice buildings in Manhattan.	ď
/es. I owned the building, I inherited it from my grandpa, as well as all he buildings inside the Pallis Business Center.	å
walked confidently in a red business suit, tailored to perfection, as I walked at the lobby. My executive secretary, personal assistant, and adviser, trailing behind me, informing me about my itinerary of the day.	å
'You have a board meeting at ten a.m., a lunch meeting with Senator Johnson at 12 noon," my personal assistant enumerated, "a dentist's appointment at 2, meeting with the department heads at 3:30 pm, suppliers' meeting at 5, then dinner with Mr. Firth at 7:30 pm."	ă
'The contracts to expand steel warehouses in the Philippines and ndia, are already on your table, maám. They are ready for your signatures," my executive secretary said, "an international TV network would like to interview you"	
waved my hand, "I don't have time for that. I'm very busy right now."	
'Good morning, Miss Pallis," the receptionists greeted me with bright smiling faces.	
Everyone was smiling, from the guards, janitors, rank and files to the o icers, managers and heads. I assumed they were all happy to see me taking over the Pallis group of companies. Gone was the iron- nanded management of Constantine Pallis.	
Talking of Grandpa, he was still in the rehabilitation center, recovering. His heart attack that happened two months ago, made half of his body paralyzed. He could not talk, as well as managed his own self-care–eating, pooping, bathing, etc. It confined him in his bec and under care of the caregivers.	a
'E ye ya am ack" he tried to talk to me, but I could not understand him. Yeah, I visited him, as o en as I could.	a
He was like a child, his eyes lit up whenever he saw me. I admit, I like him better now. Gone was the aristocratic ruthless Constantine Pallis that I hated and became a so meek and kind grandpa. He had the patience to listen to me, to everything I said to him. From my anger about Adonis to him, for allowing the arranged marriage, telling him the latest about Mom's illness, the business deals that I closed, and other random stu .	å
He had no choice but to listen. But I also told him I forgive him for everything. I wished he would recover sooner because I needed him to help run the company.	
'Good morning, Miss Pallis," another employee greeted, bringing my nind back to the present. I nodded, to greet.	
We entered my private elevator and headed up to my o ice. It was the biggest o ice and at the 100th floor. It was Grandpa's previous to ice, but I had it renovated. Changing the paint colors from dull and gloomy to bright. The furniture and ornaments, from vintage to modern designs. Everything became pleasing in the eye.	4
Do the same floor, were o ices of my very trusted employees who nelped me run the Pallis Group of Companies. They were my lawyers, advisers, consultants, executive secretary and personal assistant.	a

The last two months happened too fast. When Grandpa's health deteriorated, it executed the terms of his will immediately–to transfer all his assets, properties and businesses to me, as his sole heiress.

I set aside my pain from a terrible heartbreak. I stopped crying and allowed myself to be numbed from that situation. Instead, I focused on my extra responsibility - running a vast group of companies.

I had to assume the duty, for the sake of thousands of employees who relied on our company to support themselves and their families

I could not just abandon them, I had to take care of them. Whenever I thought of Adonis, my heart turned cold. I realized what a bastard he was. He never gave me a chance to explain, and just kicked me out of his house. How dare he treating me like a doll that he could easily discard a er tired of being using? I groaned. My hate and anger for him overpowered. I could not love	a' a'
him anymore a er what he did to me. "Good morning, Miss Pallis. Mr. Yamamoto is waiting for you in the conference room," my finance o icer informed me the moment I stepped out of the elevator.	a a
"Thanks, Bella," I answered. My day was very busy, but enjoyable. Every day, I learn a lot in the company. My advisers, lawyers and consultants oriented, guided and	
mentored me in running a massive company. On weekends, I studied Business Administration online. I need to learn more about managing people, planning, and financial statements. Yeah, it was tiring. I would love to stay on bed too on weekends, but I had to prioritize my work because of my said responsibility.	മീ
- Another day was over, and I expected seeing Christian.	a
We had dinner in a very fancy restaurant in the center of New York. "My treat this time," I said when we ordered the meal. "Nope. I told you, I'll pay all our meals and whenever we go out," he said, smiling brightly, "I know you can a ord all the things in life now, but, spending money on you makes me happy."	
"You don't have to do that." "Well, I insist," his eyes returned at the menu again, then called the waiter to order.	
Christian had been a good friend. He was always available when I needed him, ready to run to my side to give me advice and comfort.	മീ
He always accompanied me in special events. Because I was awkward in socializing extremely rich and classy people, I still had a lot to learn. He made me feel at ease because he was at my side.	đ
The food arrived, and we started eating. We were talking about what was happening. Then he blurted. "I heard your ex-husband is back," his eyebrows rose, watching my reaction, "I'd like to talk to him, to clear the issue." I put down my fork, and took a little sip of my wine, taking my time to compose myself. Adonis surely ruined my night.	
"Don't you ever do that," I said firmly. "Let him think whatever he wants. He never listened to my explanation, what's the use of	
explaining to him now." "I'm sure he's ready to listen now." "Listen for what? We're already divorce! That bastard kicked me out	
of his house," my temper rose. "Okay, chill. I won't talk to him, if that's what you want." "That's what I want. Please don't bring it up again. You're ruining our	
"That's what I want. Please don't bring it up again. You're ruining our dinner." He chuckled, his food came out of his mouth.	đ
"Ew! You're so disgusting." "No one's watching." "Are you sure? There are paparazzi everywhere "	
"Are you sure? There are paparazzi everywhere." "Not here," he said, looking around. A woman asked to take a photo with him. I tried to control my laugh	
as they posed for a selfie. People wanted a photo with him. Of course, he's a famous actor and half of the ladies in the world love him.	
"She's beautiful. You should have asked for her number." "You're right. There are plenty of women in the world, but I go for	
personality," he winked at me, then took a sip of his wine. "Don't wink at me. People would assume that we have something." "Let them think whatever they want. I'm single and everyone knows	
that you're divorced. I don't see a problem with it." "Aren't you concern that hanging out with me would ruin your image? I'm labeled as the Stavrakos rebellious bride."	a
"That's the least of my concern," his forehead furrowed, "I know the real you, Elena, and I like it." We had fun that night. We watch his new movie a er dinner, then	
we had fun that hight. We watch his new movie a er dinner, then strolled in a park. Our friendship was platonic. Nothing more, nothing less. We just enjoyed each other's company.	
The following day, Mom got discharged at the rehabilitation center. As per her advice, I went there late a ernoon to fetch her home. "What's in the paper bag?" I asked when the driver put her stu in the trunk. "Just some food from the event earlier. Battered chicken, carbonara,	
beef steak" "You never told me that there's an event. I should have come earlier." She waved her hand, a gesture of dismissal, "it's an in-house thing. The institution invited the principal sponsor of this year."	a
"Really? Who?" I was curious. The Principal Sponsor was always a big time billionaire.	
"Um you don't know him," she answered, sounding bored. "Maybe I know him. I know people in the business world. Tell me, who's the guy? A Petrakis? Monteiro Valiente Latsis" "Nope," she shook her head, and dismissed the topic, "can we get	ය් අ
inside the car now?" "Of course," I nodded.	
In the car, she seemed nervous and kept looking outside the window. I noticed, she avoided looking at me. "Mom, you're so quiet. Is everything okay?"	
"Um, yeah. I'm fine. Everything's okay," she smiled, a forced smile that did not reach her eyes, "I'm just enjoying the view." "Are you sure? You seemed bothered about something." "No-no. I'm-I'm okay," she stammered.	
"Did something happen? Or did you meet someone that upsets you?" She shook her head, and let out a nervous laugh, "no. I-I don't worry my dear, I'm perfectly fine," she answered and looked back at the window.	
She looked nervous, her hands were trembling. I wondered what bothered her? She was very sad about grandpa. But she already overcome her worries and accepted it. I think she's hiding something from me. But I'll figure it out soon.	
We arrived in our new home, at the Pallis Mansion. Finally, I saw Mom smiled. A genuine smile. She was so happy settled again in her old home - where she grew up and had happy memories with her parents.	đ
Tears of joy rolled down on her cheeks when she entered her room. It filled her with joy to settle back in her old childhood room. — The following morning. I went downstairs and immediately noticed a	a්
The following morning, I went downstairs and immediately noticed a bunch of stunning flowers that filled the foyer. They all looked really expensive and imported. I never ordered these flowers. I wondered where they came from? "Good morning, Miss Pallis," the butler, Mr. Chen greeted, "these	đ
lovely flowers here are for you." "Wow, they're gorgeous," I touched the flowers, one by one, and smelled a peach rose. "Where are they come from?" "There's a note over there, ma'am," he pointed a vase.	đ
Curious, I went took the note and read it. Elena, We need to talk.	đ²
<b>A.</b> Instantly, I froze. My eyes grew enormous as I stared at his handwriting.	
How dare he! Intense anger overwhelmed me, unleashing the devil inside me. I clenched my fist so tight, crumpled the note, and threw it away from	đ
me like it was poison. My chest was heaving with rage, when I heard Mom behind me. "Elena."	a a
I turned and saw Mom, looking apologetic. "I saw Adonis yesterday, he-he represented his father, who is the principal sponsor."	a
"Did you talk to him?" I asked, stating the obvious.She nodded and	

My heart sank abruptly, and I passed out.	a
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I woke up with our family doctor and Mom at the bedside.	ื่ส
"Elena, how are you feeling?"	
"I'm okay, Mom. I feel better. What happened?" I asked her, and she looked at the doctor.	
The doctor hesitated at first, then said, "Elena, you're pregnant."	255 d
<b>AN:</b> Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.	
Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT	
Please make me happy by leaving some comments. It inspires me to	

"I-I told him," she answered with a guilty expression, "everything."

paused. When I had no reaction, she continued.

write faster updates.

Watch the shooting of my Cameo of The Girl He Never Noticed. đ

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Let's connect: Instagram: sweetdreamer33\_xoxo

Leave a STAR here, if you love the story. as Leave a YELLOW heart here - for Team Christian. a 204 0 Leave a BLUE heart here - for Team Adonis

\*Please don't forget to vote, comment and share to your friends. Thank you. I love you all!\* đ

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