

42. "I've been waiting for this to happen."

Chapter 42

Adonis' POV

"I'm meeting someone for coffee. I'll be back in two hours," I advised my executive secretary, William.

"Yes, sir. You have a meeting with the CNN executives by that time."

Another meeting with the media regarding our latest robotic invention. It kept on coming as the world got curious about our futuristic project.

I nodded, "make them wait in the conference room."

"Noted, sir," William retorted.

I left the office immediately and dropped by at the florist to pick up the bouquet I ordered online.

"This is so beautiful. Your girlfriend is so lucky, getting lovely flowers from you, aren't you?" the middle-aged florist said, then nudged me, "you must love her so much."

"Of course," I grinned and waved at her goodbye.

I arrived at the Sweetdreamer café and met the owner, putting some fresh Danish Cinnamon in a box.

"Hi, Neilani, how's your day?"

"Wonderful, Adonis. You want a box of this for your lady love later?"

"Of course. And her favorite muffins and doughnuts, please," I responded, and went directly to the café's balcony, where I usually met the wonderful woman I was meeting.

I was five minutes early, so I settled on a padded chair and looked at the beautiful orchids that surrounded the balcony.

Every month I see Celine Pallis. Yes, Elena's mother.

She updated me on Elena's pregnancy. I also sent flowers and some goodies for Elena.

My connection with Celine started when I was so down, trying to recover after my last confrontation with Elena.

I suffered a lot more than I ever imagined. Getting so drunk and wasted. I was so sick from hunger, dehydration and insomnia that I ended up in the emergency room. They confined me in bed for a week, in my parents' home, with a private doctor and nurses.

The blow of breaking up with Elena was overwhelming. I never wanted to live anymore when she said we were done.

I love Elena so much. I was obsessed with her.

I did what she wanted, and so much more. The merger was over, and I returned the shares of stocks to their company at fair value. I went to see her at the Pallis Mansion several times, begging at the gate guards to see her. I sent her flowers every day, but the florist returned to me, because she would not accept them. It was impossible to go near Elena. She got surrounded by bodyguards every time she went out.

But things changed when I heard from Celine. She called me one evening, saying she wanted to meet me for coffee in the morning.

I haven't recovered yet from illness, but I went to see her here in Sweetdreamer café. At that moment, I felt hope.

"Elena is four months pregnant," she told me.

I sat stunned as I stared at her.

My eyes grew so big, my jaw drop, and all of me turned cold. There was a sudden rush of energy within me. I got overwhelmed with mixed emotions. I wanted to shout with joy and cry of despair.

But I ended up crying, pouring all my emotions at Celine. I might look like crazy. Laughing of happiness and then shifted to crying of frustrations.

"Elena doesn't know I'm here seeing you. She's too stubborn to tell you about the baby."

"She hates me too much that she wants to deprive me of our child?"

"No. She's been hurting too much. She just needs time to heal," she assured me. "Just like you, she's not in her state of mind. She could not decide what's right or wrong for her and the baby. That's why I'm here, doing what is right for both of you."

"Thank you, Celine, for telling me. I hope Elena won't get mad at you once she learns the truth that you told me."

"She'll get mad for sure, but she'll understand that as a mother, I'm doing what's best for her, for you and the baby," she said, rubbing her hands together, "I just have one request, Adonis. Please don't take it against her, by not telling you the truth herself. You know how she is, very stubborn."

"I won't," I beamed at her, "yeah, she can be stubborn when upset. I understand her better now."

We talked, catching up about what was happening in our lives. She told me that Elena passed out at the time she found out about her pregnancy.

I became so worried about Elena, especially when I learned she was picky about food and not eating well. She also worked long hours for the Pallis Corporation and sleeping late at nights.

"I would like to talk to her. I miss her so badly. Can you help me?" I asked, but she shook her head.

"I know how much you want to take care of her," she shook her head, "but no. The more you pressure her, the more she would run away from you. Give her time."

"We'll just talk."

"You need to be patient, Adonis, and have faith to win Elena's heart again," she touched my arm, "don't worry. I'm taking care of her. I'll update you on her progress and the baby."

I also informed Celine that I got rushed to the hospital and I was still recovering.

"Stop being miserable and get a grip on yourself," she said. "So when the time comes that Elena is ready to talk to you, you're hundred percent ready to face her."

What Celine said gave me hope and courage to continue living and expect the future of being with Elena and our baby. She was right. Forcing myself on Elena would not end well. We would hate each other.

Elena and I needed space to reflect and figure things where we did wrong, better ourselves, and prepare for our next meeting.

My mind returned to the present when Neilani served my coffee.

"Here's your coffee, Adonis. Your usual double shot espresso."

"Thanks Neilani," I said. "That smells really delicious."

"Of course. Fresh from Bangkok. Are you meeting Celine?"

"Yeah."

"She usually comes early. Maybe she's caught in a traffic," she said, then left to attend a customer.

I took a sip of the hot liquid, enjoying its delicious fresh taste, when I noticed someone standing in front of me.

I looked up, and our eyes met.

I gasped, stunned at the force of my reaction at seeing her again. My hand shook, spilling a few liquids on the table as my eyes held hers. I could not believe that she was in front of me. I thought I was dreaming.

Six months. Two weeks. Four days. The last time we came face to face with each other.

I put the cup down and stood up.

"Elena."

"Adonis," she beamed, and my heart instantly bubbled. It was the loveliest smile that I had ever seen in the entire world.

I was expecting Celine. And seeing Elena instead caught me off guard.

She looked so incredible. Glowing. Her skin was more rosy and shiny. Her body was fuller with pregnancy. She was absolutely beautiful, differently beautiful as to the slim Elena.

"Have a seat."

She nodded, and I went to her side immediately and pulled the padded armchair for her.

"Thank you," she acknowledged and settled down. A waitress served Elena's coffee, then left abruptly.

When she noticed I was staring, I smiled. I got mesmerized seeing her again. The joy was unexplainable. I could not take my eyes off her.

"You're so beautiful. A million times more beautiful than these orchids," I said, referring to the orchids that surrounded us on the balcony.

She snorted, her eyebrows raising, "you don't think I look like a panda?"

"Nope," I snickered, "but I find pandas so cute."

She giggled aloud, and I joined her.

It felt great to laugh again with her. We could not help but kept a smile on our faces.

"I know you're expecting Mom. I told her it's time for us to have a talk."

I nodded. "I've been waiting for this to happen."

She beamed again, making my heart melt.

She took a sip of her coffee, then started talking.

"We started so wrong, Adonis. From our first meeting, we clashed."

"I agree. The arranged marriage thing made it rough." I took a sip of my coffee, then leaned back.

"I'm sorry for lying. I lied about a lot of things, making things difficult for our marriage to work. You found it hard to trust me."

I nodded, "but I had my share of faults, too. I had mistrust issues because of my unpleasant experience. It was really bullshit. I've seen enough, and I said, I learned my lessons, I wouldn't make the same mistake again. I lost my trust in women."

"I realized that too."

"Then, there was you. When you came, you turned my life upside down. I wanted to trust you again, but you were not opening up to me. Until it leads to frustrations, because I had a strong feeling for you, and yet, I couldn't grasp you. I became so crazy jealous, and possessive... I could not understand myself anymore."

"I wanted to tell you the truth. But the fear of Grandpa ruining my reputation, stopping Mom's medical support, and finding me the most."

"Yeah, I understood your situation when Celine told me," I responded, "I was so mad at Constantine, and still am, every time I think of it. He's savage. How could he do that to his own family? What would he gain by doing that?"

"I don't understand him either. He's driven with too much hate. Probably because of abandonment from his parents when he was a child."

I nodded, "because of the lies he told, we had inhibitions to open up, to communicate..."

"It leads us to misunderstanding and having a toxic relationship," she went on.

"Exactly." I let out an exasperated sigh.

I stared at her, and the heaviness in my chest immediately lifted with her smile. She looked so radiant sitting there, like a radiant sun.

"Despite everything, good thing happened," I looked at her tummy, "our baby."

She grinned, rubbing her tummy, "I agree," and she gasped, "oh, he kicked me so hard!"

"He? You mean, our baby is a boy?" my eyes grew enormous, and she nodded.

"I'm thinking of naming him Sebastian, from a martyred Christian Saint," she shrugged, "what do you think?"

"I like Sebastian. That suits better with Stavrakos. Or would you rather he uses your surname?"

"No. Stavrakos it is," she leaned back in her chair, beaming.

"Sebastian Stavrakos. Wow," I said in utter disbelief. My heart got filled with joy.

"Ouch!" she yelped.

"Are you okay?"

"He just kicked me again so hard." Joy bubbled in her laugh and shone in her eyes.

"Oh. Is it very painful every time he kicks you?"

"A bit," she wrinkled her nose, "but I don't mind. I'm happy that he's alive and kicking."

"Of course," I leaned closer to her. I was amazed watching her tummy in waves as our baby moved.

"Do you want to feel him?" she asked, and my heart sang with delight.

"May I?"

"Of course." I knelt in front of her. Then she took my hand and put it on her tummy.

I could not understand the feeling of extreme happiness when the baby kicked my hand. Tears of joy fell down on my cheeks. I hugged Elena and kissed her tummy.

We may not be together now as a couple, but at least, this is a start of a new us.

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AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT

Please make me happy by leaving some comments. It inspires me to write faster updates.

What's New!

This may not happen too soon, because I still have about ten chapters more of TBRB, but please give me an idea on what you want for the next story.

Pick your choice:

THE HEIRS SERIES:

Zeus Petrakis story --

Lorenzo Russo Story --

Magnus Allen Story --

OR, ANOTHER STAVRAKOS SERIES:

Sebastian Stavrakos story --

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lovelots,

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