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Chapter 43
Elena's POV
My heart fluttered wildly the moment I saw Adonis at Sweetdreamer
café, sitting on a padded chair, sipping his cup of co ee.
I stopped and observed him for a moment.
Stay calm, Elenal told myself. But I could not help but check his
handsome chiseled face and gorgeous body.
Oh, my God. Just seeing him made me feel so hot all over. He always
had this e ect on me. How I miss him so damn much.
I had known that Adonis knew about my pregnancy, since he saw
Mom for the first time. She could not keep a secret from me, I easily
caught her.
I asked her who she met at Sweetdreamer café, since she brought
boxes of doughnuts from the café.
"You don't drink co ee, or eat too much sweets. They're
contraindicated to you. So, what are you doing in the café?"
"I know the owner. She showed me her collection of orchids."
"Really? What's her name?"
"Um... I... actually," her eyes looked heavenward, "I just dropped
by..."
"See? You're not a good liar, Mom. You can't just lie. I know the owner,
her name is Neilani. And, the orchids are her daughter's collection,
not hers."
"Um, that's what I'm trying to say, you did not let me finish... he, I
mean she..." She stammered. Her answer ran in circles.
"Stop it, Mom. Tell me who you're meeting with? I would know
anyway, the driver will tell me," I retorted impatiently, giving her no
option to lie anymore.
"Okay. I saw Adonis," she answered anxiously, rubbing her hands, "I
told him about your pregnancy."
"Oh mom," my heart dropped to the floor, "Why did you do that?"
"Why not? He should know, Elena. He's the father of your child. It's
selfish of you to deprive him."
"I'm planning to tell him soon," I rubbed my forehead in agitation.
"When is soon for you? When the baby is due?" her voice raised in an
octave, "a new life is precious, Elena. It's a gi from God. We should
value and appreciate your child's life."
What came next was a lecture of Life 101. Giving example of the scare
she had of having cancer. She fought every day for her life.
How can I get mad of Mom a er she related her painful experience
again? With tears rolling on her cheeks, her chest heaving heavily and
hands trembling. Instead, I was the one comforting her on not to be
upset.
"You're not in your right mind now, because of anger. I'm helping you
do the right thing," Mom uttered seriously, "you should not take for
granted the blessings that God gave you."
"Of course not."
She looked heavenwards, clasping her hands together in a prayer.
"Okay, you win, Mom," I assured her, "but I'm not ready to face Adonis
yet."
Mom agreed and continued to see Adonis. But every time she came
back from meeting him, she would tell me all the things that they
talked. Knowing about Adonis and what he was up to, made me
curious.
I also developed cravings for the delicious doughnuts that he sent for
me. I expected every time Mom would come home a er their meet up
and brought boxes of varied pastries. But it was the doughnuts that I
got so excited about.
Now that I was almost due to give birth, I came and see Adonis
himself. It was time to confront each other and have a talk.
It was true then. Time heals all wounds. A er over six months, my
negative feeling for Adonis slowly fading away. I could not even
imagine, why I was so scornful of him that long. I should have
accepted our fate and moved on sooner.
Now, all I want is peace in my heart, as I enter a new chapter of my
life. Motherhood.
I'll attain this by forgiving Adonis, and bury the unpleasant
experiences we had in the past.
I want our baby to grow up having a happy life. I would not deprive
him of his needs of having a father around him. Something that I had
not experienced, because my father died before I was born. And I
could see how, having no father figure, a ected me as a person. I had
too many hang-ups, bitterness, confusion, unsatisfied needs,
emptiness, unexpressed emotions and other things in life, that
sometimes, I could not understand myself.
A child needs a father growing up, as much as a mother, as pillars in
the development of emotional-well being. Fathers also provide a
feeling of security, both physical and emotional.
Adonis could provide all that to our child, and other things that I
could not as a mother.
"Elena."
Adonis saw me, and my heart instantly leaped with nervousness.
"Adonis." I answered with a pleasant smile.
"Come, have a seat."
"Thank you," I settled on the couch, and the waitress arrived holding
my non-ca einated Brown Rice co ee.
"Your co ee, Miss Pallis."
"Thank you," I responded, and the waitress le, leaving me alone
with Adonis.
We talked without inhibitions and just let our conversation flow
smoothly like butter. Sliding to topics that we both hesitated to
discuss before. We were open and honest with each other, telling the
truth of our past mistakes.
I understood him better now. He explained his shortcomings and
asked for forgiveness. I did the same, admitting my sins too. Both of
us were at the wrong side, because of pride, stubbornness and
jealousy.
Adonis was kneeling in front of me, feeling our baby as it continued to
kick.
"He's very energetic," he chuckled.
"He is. Especially at nights. He could not wait to get out."
I was so touched when Adonis cried. I could see the happiness shone
in his eyes.
"Thank you," he said faintly, then he hugged me, putting his head on
my stomach and kissed it. His gesture genuinely touched me. I felt
loved and protected.
I touched his head, loving the texture of his silky dark brown hair, as I
caressed them gently.
"We're on this together, Adonis. You'll be with Sebastian as he grows
up," I said with a promise and he took it earnestly.
We were not getting back together as a couple, but we bonded.
Friendship? Maybe. But we were together now for Sebastian. We
could talk anything under the heat of the sun, we walked in the park
together every morning; we had dinner in fancy restaurants, watched
Netflix movies together or videos about babies, and shopped things
for our baby.
Yes. We were happy together and so excited to see our baby boy
soon.
One day, Adonis and I were shopping for baby clothes, when I saw
someone familiar. A woman arranging baby clothes in the counter.
She could not see me, her back was against me.
"Wait for me. I'm going to talk to someone," I said to Adonis, my head
pointed at the woman.
Adonis nodded, "I'll stay here and watch you."
"Thanks," I answered and le him right away to confront the woman.
The woman was so engrossed with her work; she was singing our
favorite song, Count on Meby Bruno Mars.
"Camella," I said.
She turned abruptly at me, her face in shocked.
"Elena."
She looked around, about to escape, but I cornered her.
"Why are you working her as a saleslady, when you got tons of money
to last you a lifetime in luxury?"
She refused to answer me and le, but I grabbed her hand.
"Answer me, damn you!" I almost shouted, that we got the attention
of customers standing near us.
"Leave me alone, Elena."
I chuckled coldly, "you're lucky I did not file a case against you for
stealing. But don't provoke me, Camella. Because I won't hesitate to
put you behind bars if you won't tell me now. Where did you spend
the money?!"
"Please," she looked around, embarrassed, but when I spoke again,
she interrupted me, "okay, fine. I'll tell you. Just don't make a scene
here," she said firmly.
My lips thinned with anger, "where did you use the money."
She hesitated at first, then finally answered, "Pedro has it."
"Pedro? Your father?"
She nodded.
Pedro Ventura, Camella's adoptive father who le her and her
adoptive mother when their family business went bankrupt.
"Why? I thought you haven't seen him anymore."
"He appeared when he heard I was doing well in business. He started
asking me a few grand, until he resorted to blackmail, asking more,
when he found out that we were business partners, and you were
married to a billionaire."
"What kind of blackmail?"
"I don't know, but it would be evil. He's involved with a drug
syndicate, smuggling and kidnapping. I had no choice but to give
what he wanted," tears polled in her eyes.
"You should have told me."
She shook her head, "you had too much problem already. I did not
want you to worry more with my problems."
"But ten million dollars! That's too much!"
She nodded, "he could have demanded more if I did not leave Anele's
Fashion. He only stopped and disappeared in my life again when he
found out that I work here."
"My God. So, you prefer working back here because of fear?"
"Not for my safety also, but yours," she looked at my tummy, "and the
baby, and Adonis... and your mom. I have to cut my connection with
you."
"I don't understand. Why do you allow yourself to live in fear with this
guy? How could he demand money from you?"
She heaved a long sigh, "it was my fault. I'm responsible for his
misfortune, and made him what he is now."
"What do you mean?"
"You know I was delinquent as a kid, right? I-I intentionally burned his
warehouse."
"Oh my God."
She nodded, "I caught him having an a air with the maid, and I told
my mother about it. He was so mad that he beat me. To retaliate, I set
his warehouse on fire."
"Camella... that's terrible."
She looked down, looking so embarrassed, "I'll pay you back. I
promise. Not the total amount right away, but little by little. Just give
me time."
I shook my head, "you can come back and work for me."
"No. I would rather work here and not see Pedro again. I'm happier
without him, and knowing that we're all safe."
I wanted to talk to her more, but a customer asked for her help.
"I'll come back," I told her, and she wished me good luck with the
baby and Adonis.
Two days later, I was back at the store, but Camella already le her
job.
Adonis and I were at my home, watching a movie on Netflix. He gave
me a foot massage a er our short walk.
"Thanks, Adonis, for being here."
"Don't keep on thanking me. You know I'd do anything for you." He
answered readily, his hands concentrating on rubbing my ankle.
"You only say that because I'm pregnant now."
"Of course not," his forehead furrowed, "you and Sebastian are my
priority. Just tell me whatever you want, and I'll come running."
"You're so sweet," I held our eyes, smiling at each other, then
suddenly I remembered something, "what about Bridget Stone? Did
she send you some goodies again?"
"Yeah," he looked at my foot and pressed some points, "why did you
ask? Are you jealous of her?"
"Of course not!" I denied, "I don't have a hold on you. It's your life,
you can date whoever you want."
He raised his eyebrows, "my parents think we're dating."
His parents had been so nice. Kristov and Pia visited me at home,
twice already. They brought things for the nursery room, and Pia gave
me techniques on painless delivery and other stu.
"Oh, really," I replied to Adonis.
"Yeah. I told them we're just friends, and they're very disappointed."
We chuckled together.
We did not talk about 'us' yet. Not because we did not want to, but
we both knew that it was not the right time. We had to start in
friendship, by getting to know each other better, create a solid
connection, understand each other and have tons of meaningful
conversations, before committing to a serious relationship.
We've been there. We failed, and we did not want to make the same
mistake again of rushing into something that lead to a toxic
relationship. Besides, it was not merely about us anymore. We also
had to think of our child.
He rubbed his thumb on the middle of my foot.
"That feels so nice. Oh... um... harder Adonis, Ahh..." I moaned with
pleasure.
He stopped and stared at me. I could see his eyes turned so dark with
passion.
"You're turning me on," his lips twisted in disappointment.
"Are you?" I gave him a confused expression.
"Don't play innocent, Elena. Stop provoking me."
"I swear, I'm not doing anything," I snatched my foot from him, "are
you accusing me of seducing you, Adonis. We were done with that."
He tsked and laughed, then he grab my foot again, "that's the
problem. You're not aware you're doing it."
"Ah—ah... um..." I moaned aloud, biting my lower lip.
"Elena, stop it," he scolded me.
"Adonis... ah-ah..." I was crying with pain now, "I think the baby's
coming."
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.
Let's connect:
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