

45. "Adonis met Christian."

Chapter 45

Elena's POV

"I love you so much, you know that, right?" Adonis pulled me in his arms, and kissed me passionately, the moment our parents left us in the hospital.

"Yeah, you told me. And I love you too."

He kissed me again, his hands clasping my cheekbones.

"I want to take care of you and Sebastian. We're family now, and you know... family should be together."

"Of course," my arms went around his neck, "you can visit us in the house anytime, if you like."

"I love that, thank you," he pulled me closer, his forehead touching mine, "but don't you want to go back to our house? At the Stavrakos mansion?"

I heaved a sigh, pulling away from him. I shook my head, "no. Pallis Mansion is my home now. It's also Sebastian's."

He suddenly looked gloomy, then he exhaled heavily, "how can I take care of you and Sebastian when we're living separately? I want us to be together, in a home. I love you, Elena, so damn much, and I want to be with you all the time."

"I feel the same way, but I can't leave mom. She'll be lonely living alone."

"Then let's take her with us. I don't see any problem with that."

"No, Adonis. I would rather stay where I am now," I said firmly, and dismissed the topic. I went to Sebastian and changed his nappy.

Adonis hugged me from the back, his face buried on my neck, "does that mean that I can live with you at the Pallis mansion?"

I smiled, and I turned to face him, "of course."

"And share your bedroom?"

I giggled and nodded.

"Thank God," he chuckled happily, "I don't want to pressure you, Elena. I can live wherever I want, as long as I'm with you and Sebastian."

That evening we laid down together on the hospital bed, kissing, touching, and caressing each other, while we talked about our childhood, experiences in school, people we met, and other random stuff.

"I have some fear, Elena."

"Tell me about it." I asked, raking his silky, dark hair.

"I did terrible things to you, and I'm afraid you won't ever forget them."

My lips twisted. "I'm sure I'll forget them soon."

"So, I'm right then," his finger traced my jawline, "you won't go back to the Stavrakos mansion, because you're afraid I'd kick you out of the house again."

"Oh, that," I chuckled, then stopped, and pressed my lips tight, "um... that really is a trauma in me," I admitted.

He nodded, looking miserable. "I know that you feel the same thing in marrying me again."

I heaved a long sigh, and looked at him sadly, "just as I've said. I'll get over them someday."

He held my face, locked my eyes with his, and whispered, "I'm so sorry, Elena, for hurting you. I'll wait, no matter how long, for you to trust me fully, that I won't ever do that again."

"Thank you, Adonis, for understanding me."

The following day, I have a visitor.

Adonis went to his office to sign an important contract when Christian arrived. He brought a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a basket of berries.

I showed him Sebastian, and he cuddled him. Sebastian fell asleep in his arms, and we put him back in his crib.

"Sorry for not being here with you right away. The director did not allow me to leave the shoot," Christian said, looking very apologetic. He just arrived from Florida, where he shoot another season of his TV series.

"That's okay. Everything turned out well. Adonis was with me."

He nodded, and smiled at me dryly, "so, you're back together, now?"

"Yeah. I can't help myself, Christian. I still love him."

He held my hand and caressed my knuckles with his thumb.

"What can I say? But I'm happy for you both."

"Really?" I asked him curiously, because he suddenly looked like he heard some sad news, "you expression showed differently."

"I am truly," he smirked, but I saw tears welled in his eyes, "it's just that, I-I remember the story of the guy I talked in the bar last night. It suddenly makes me sad right now."

"What happened?"

"He-he loves this girl, for a long time already. Ever since she was in high school. He saw her picture, and he said, 'wow, she's really beautiful. I want to meet her in person.' Yeah, he wanted to meet her and rescue her from the gutter. But then, he was a coward. He kept on saying, later... later... until the girl got married."

"Oh, that's terrible," I said, listening to his story.

"He had the guts to make friends with the woman, and they became really close. The woman got separated from her husband, and he thought... now is my chance. But he was a coward. He kept on saying, later... later... until she's back in her ex-husband's arms again."

I clasped his hand, gripping it. I was not blind, nor had a heart made of stone. He was talking about himself and his love for me. I could see it in his eyes, shining brightly every time our eyes locked.

Maybe, if I was in an arranged marriage with Christian, as what grandpa planned in the first place, it could have worked.

But I met Adonis, and he was like fire, igniting all my nerve endings, making me burn for him only.

"If you meet him again, tell him he's not a coward. He's just being human," I tapped his arm gently, "he doesn't have to be sad. He'll meet the right woman for him, who is his soulmate. She'll come at a right time. And when they're together, she will cherish and love him equally."

He smiled, "yeah, I'll tell him," he stood up, and checked the time on his wristwatch, "I have to go now. I'm meeting a producer for my next project."

"Thank you for the flowers and berries," I said.

"You're always welcome," he answered, and he dipped his head and kissed my cheek.

Just in time, the door opened, and Adonis arrived, holding a bouquet.

It seemed like history repeated itself.

Adonis dropped the bouquet on the floor, his expression looked murderous as he ran towards Christian and grabbed his shirt's collar, "you're a motherfucking bastard!," he shouted, and blood splattered on the floor, as he punched Christian's face so hard. Too many times, until Christian passed out.

Dead silence.

No-no. That's not what happened. This happened.

Adonis was not angry at all, but he had a confused expression. His eyebrows rose in a question.

"Hello," he greeted Christian, too. He's really improving and I'm so proud of him.

"Hi," Christian replied, and offered his hand to Adonis for a handshake. "I don't think someone properly introduced before us. Christian Firth."

Adonis pressed his lips and nodded in agreement. The two men shook hands in a friendly manner.

"Congratulations on your new baby. He looks so adorable."

"He really is. Not showing any sign of tantrums yet." Adonis chuckled and sat beside me, his arm went around my shoulders drawing me closer to him.

Hmm. Still very possessive.

"Just wait when he's a toddler. He'll control your world," Christian countered with a laugh.

Good things happened after the two men started talking. They talked about trading, particularly Cryptocurrency. Something that I did not understand so well, yet.

"The market is currently volatile, hoping it will become a bull market soon," Adonis said.

"I know, right, so all my coins will skyrocket to the moon," Christian responded.

Adonis proved that he really changed. From a very possessive, jealous handsome, to a very understanding, kind, and loving one. When I talked about Christian, he listened eagerly and did not show any kind of jealousy.

Until we went to bed that night.

"Are you going to take a shower?"

"Yeah, why?" I asked him.

He shrugged, "nothing. Just don't forget to scrub your leech."

I was taking a shower, when suddenly it occurred to me. Christian kissed me on my leech.

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Two days later, we arrived home, at the Pallis mansion. True to his words, Adonis lived with us. He helped me take care of Sebastian and mostly attended my needs.

Massage. I got too many massage from him, every night, that turned me on. We always ended, making out, touching and caressing each other. We refrained from having sex until six weeks. Doctor's order.

We did many activities together, mostly involving Sebastian. We also made sure that every day, we would go to our private gym, where he helped me stay fit and returned to my old shape.

One month after my delivery, we visited grandpa, whose health was getting better. He looked thrilled when he saw Adonis and Sebastian. His eyes filled with joyful tears when he hugged the baby.

"Thank you... Adonis... please... take care... of my a-mi-lee..." grandpa tried to say.

"I will, Constantine. I promise," Adonis answered, and gave grandpa a hug.

It was a tearful and happy moment spending time with grandpa. As usual, he kept on holding Mom's hand. His eyes were bright despite their cloudy appearance. One side of his face, not affected by his stroke, kept on smiling.

"Goodbye, grandpa. I love you," I whispered in his ear, and kissed him goodbye that day, "I'll see you soon."

It was the first time that I said that I love him. Even the first time that I kissed him. Yeah. I learned to forgive him wholeheartedly. And I love him, despite everything he had done to me and Mom. He changed, and that's what mattered most to me.

That evening, we were getting ready to go to bed when we received a call from the rehabilitation center.

"Your grandfather had another stroke, Miss Pallis," Doctor Garcia said.

"Oh my God! Where is he? Is he okay?" I answered in a panic.

"I'm sorry, Miss Pallis. He did not make it this time."

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Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT

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lovelots,

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