

5. "First meeting"

"There is never a time or place for true love. It happens accidentally, in a heartbeat, in a single flashing, throbbing moment." – Sarah Dessen

Chapter Five

Elena's POV

My goodness... It's him!

The same guy I saw last night in the bar who caused commotion to all the ladies.

Who would ever miss seeing him? He was tall, lean and sinfully attractive, with a face of a Greek god. He had silky dark brown hair, thick eyebrows, perfect jawline and had a panty-dropping smile.

He was quite popular inside the bar, many people greeted him, particularly the famous ones. Men shook his hand and tapped his back, while the ladies were openly flirting with him - hugging him, caressing his arm, kissing his cheek and whispering in his ear, making him laugh aloud and showing his white even teeth.

The way he talked and moved, so smooth, captivating and hypnotizing. I could not help but stare at him for too long.

Probably a model, or a famous athlete - basing on his lean muscled body.

I admit, I was mesmerized. When he raked his hair with his fingers, I imagined myself feeling its silkiness. When he rubbed his lower lip with his forefinger, I wished I was the one touching it. And everytime he smiled, I wanted to kiss him...

Crazy. I felt a sudden intense attraction, when I shouldn't be. But I was glad, it instantly died, when I saw him on my way to the bathroom kissing a smokin' hot blond girl.

What a playboy! Flirting and kissing girls in the bar.

I shrugged my shoulders and forgot about him.

And now, he's standing in front of me as my soon to be husband. I'm shocked and totally disappointed. The last thing that I wanted in life was to marry a Casanova.

When Grandpa mentioned the arranged marriage, I never bothered to search for the Stavrakos, particularly Adonis. I was not interested to know him, because I was still hoping that I could change Grandpa's mind. But it seemed like he was determined and would never let me back out of my promise.

"Adonis!" Pia Stavrakos stood up and gave his son a brief hug, "what took you so long. You kept us waiting."

"I'm sorry Mom, I had an important call to make," Adonis apologized then turned his attention to me.

"Hi Elena. I'm Adonis. It's a pleasure to meet you," he held my hand in a firm grip, while his eyes captured mine.

Much as I tried to ignore it, I felt a sudden electricity running through me. Eyes to eyes. Palm to palm.

Beware Elena. I reminded myself to keep my wall up.

"Nice meeting you too," I managed to reply.

Silence. Like a legion of angels passed through between us.

"Come on, you two. You're going to get married soon. You can do better than a handshake," Grandpa's words made me snatch my hand back from Adonis' grasp.

I grimaced in distaste. Grandpa's boorish attitude really disgusted me.

What does he want? A make-out session on the first meeting?

"That will come later when we're well acquainted," Adonis replied confidently.

"Of course! I just can't wait for the two of you to get married and unite our families," Grandpa chuckled.

I was relieved that Adonis did not succumb to grandfather's wish. That would only embarrass both of us. He was very confident and never allowed himself to be intimidated by Grandpa's aristocratic behavior. In fact, he overpowered it.

"How's life going for you?" Adonis asked me when we walked towards the dining room.

"A bit better now," it was true though, with Mom's illness taken care of, life became a bit easier.

"Good for you," he answered, then not pursuing any topic anymore.

Dinner was in a beautiful huge dining room. Different kinds of French cuisine were served, and each dish was presented by the French chef. All the dishes were not familiar, and I could not even remember their names - but they were all delicious, I was so full.

I was seated beside Adonis. I was very conscious because three pairs of eyes kept observing the two of us. While Adonis seemed not to mind at all.

During dinner, I learned that Adonis graduated engineering at Harvard University. He was helping his father run their family business for four years already. Summing up the years mentioned, I assumed that he was twenty seven years old.

"What keeps you busy nowadays?" Adonis asked me, making me drop my fork on the floor.

"Sorry about that," I said apologetically, and picked the fork before the maid did.

"The usual stuff that girls do," Grandpa was the one who answered for me, "shopping," then he laughed aloud.

"I disagree. Not all women enjoy shopping," Pia's forehead furrowed, "we read books, do research, run a business and many more."

"Count Elena and her mother out. They just love to shop all day, and spend my money," Grandpa turned to me, seeking confirmation, "right, Elena?"

A total liar. I didn't even receive a single cent from him. He just saved his reputation, proving to them that he was not a selfish monster.

"Right, Elena?" Grandpa asked again.

"Right," I answered and saw the sudden change in the Stavrakos family's expressions. They seemed not happy knowing that I was a shopaholic.

A wicked idea suddenly occurred to me. Maybe they would not let their son marry me if I turned out to be a very high maintenance daughter in law.

For the past five minutes, I was talking about luxury brands. I had a vast knowledge about fashion, because of my previous employer. But there was no effect at Mr. and Mrs. Stavrakos. They looked very fascinated, as they listened to me.

Mission failed.

After dinner, Adonis invited me to the garden, where we were able to talk by ourselves.

"You shouldn't have agreed to marry me," I told him right away.

"Why not? You seemed like a decent girl."

"HAI!" I laughed, "that's what you think. You can't handle me, Adonis. I'm a girl with so many needs and wants."

"Yeah, I know. Your grandfather told me already. You love shopping. Well, you can go shopping everyday, I don't have any problem with that."

"I'm not talking about that. I mean, I can't stay in the house. I always hang out with my friends."

"Well, do your thing. It's not an issue when we get married."

"Seriously, you don't care?"

"No," he answered firmly, "we're going to get married, Elena. In name only. Do whatever you want and I'll do mine. As long as you don't bring the Stavrakos name into shame."

The nerve of the guy. He wanted this marriage so badly for selfish motives, to be wealthier and powerful. He did not care that it was a dysfunctional union.

"What if I do? Does that mean you're going to divorce me?"

He frowned, "I know you hate this arranged marriage, and you're doing everything that you can to stop it," he moved closer to me, his fingers touching my chin, "but I tell you this. Our marriage will push through no matter what. Divorce is not an option. We're bonded for life."

"You're a selfish bastard. I can't be tied to you forever. You just want more money and power," I snapped at him angrily.

"Same goes to you and your grandfather. You both want the Stavrakos fortune," he smirked, "we're the same Elena, so stop complaining."

"Damn you!" I bursted.

"It was nice talking to you too," he answered, "see you at our wedding, and wear the whitest wedding dress you'll ever find."

AN: Hey Dreamers! How's everyone? I miss you all.

I've been busy lately, preparing for our travel. Nicole and I are leaving the country for vacation next week. It will be a very exciting trip.

I will continue posting the chapters, same schedule. Tues - Thurs- Sat.

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