

## 6. "The old devil!"

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"To a father growing old, nothing is dearer than a daughter." –  
Euripides

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### Chapter 6

#### Adonis' POV

"Damn that woman!"

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I stood up abruptly, tossing the cloth napkin on the elegant dinner table for two. The orchestra immediately stopped playing romantic music and seven pairs of eyes looked straight at me in shock.

I pressed my lips tightly, preventing myself from bursting out in anger. Nobody stood me up before and made me wait for two hours! This witch, Elena Pallis, was really testing my patience.

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I should have known that this woman could not be charmed and would not give a damn about anything else but herself.

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I thought I was being too cold and harsh to her during our first meeting, the reason I wanted to make up with her, to let her know that she would not be marrying a monster but a good natured guy. She had nothing to worry about because I would treat her well, as my wife, and give her my utmost respect and loyalty.

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But now.... Where the hell is she?

I called Constantine, and as usual, he answered on the tenth ring.

"You said she would come," I asked with gritted teeth.

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A loud roar of laughter was the answer, followed by hard coughs.

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"I'm not surprised anymore. My granddaughter always forgets her appointments when she's out shopping. You have to get used to it, Adonis. You're marrying a spoiled heiress."

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Damnit! cursed under my breath and hung up the phone. This arranged marriage is proving to be more difficult than I imagined.

I googled Elena's name, suddenly curious about her. The first that appeared was her Instagram account, with a million followers. Several pictures of her on a lavish shopping spree of luxury clothes, bags, accessories, cosmetics, and so much more.

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I admit, she is a very attractive woman, exactly my type in physical sense. I could feel my heart flutter instantly the moment I saw her, the reason I had to pause and remind myself that I had been there, I experienced the same feeling before, and yet, it did not end well.

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#### Elena's POV

"My goodness, whose original account is this?" My eyes grew big when I saw that there was an Instagram account bearing my name with a million followers.

"From a famous influencer that your grandpa bought for one hundred thousand dollars," Sheila informed, standing behind me as I scrolled the Instagram app on her tablet. We were in the garden, drinking coffee.

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"All her pictures look like me!"

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"Because they edited them, changing her face to yours."

"They?" my eyebrows furrowed.

"Your grandpa hired professional editors and experts in hacking the internet, to make you a social media sensation overnight. You should check the other social media apps made for you."

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I did and I was horrified.

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"That old ogre really wanted to ruin me, telling the world that I'm throwing away his money in shopping. My goodness, I could not even afford a new pair of slippers. I'm broke!"

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"You're right. I don't even know how I was able to stand working for him until now. He shouts at me every morning."

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"Because you're as broke as I am," I said, then gave her back her tablet.

"Right," she twisted her lips, acknowledging my statement, then scrolled her tablet, "you should hear this. This is interesting," she continued as she read an article in Eekipedia about me, made by grandpa's hired internet hackers, "you dated Christian Firth."

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"Christian Firth!" my eyebrows rose at the mention of the famous and gorgeous award winning British actor, "I haven't even met him in person."

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"Well, brace yourself. You have several photos with him," she showed me the images, "and you both look gorgeous together."

"As if he would ever notice me."

"Who knows? Don't underestimate yourself, Miss Elena. Any man would easily fall in love with you. You're very pretty with an amazing personality."

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"Which my ogre grandpa tainted!" My clenched my fists in anger, "where is that old devil? I want to talk to him... or better yet, murder him!"

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"For sure, he's in the study room, playing chess alone."

I arrived in the study room, and there I found grandpa on his desk, having a video call on his laptop. His voice was so calm as he talked to someone.

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I wanted to shout at him, wring his rooster neck or stab his back... but he suddenly looked so old sitting on his high back chair, his voice soothing as he continued asking the woman how she'd been.

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The woman's voice was so , matching his. She was telling him about the pain she went through.

My heart squeezed a little, as I moved closer to look at the woman on the screen. My suspicion was right, it was Mom. She was smiling, a very wide smile that reached her eyes. I had never seen her looking so happy ever before.

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I looked at grandpa, and my anger suddenly evaporated. I wanted to hate him so badly... but now, I don't know what I feel towards him anymore.

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**AN:** Hey Dreamers! How's everyone? Hope you enjoyed reading the update. Sorry to keep you waiting for the past few days. After our vacation in Singapore, I got so sick. Right now, I'm feeling better and in the road to recovery.

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Something's very exciting will happen in a few weeks from now, I'm pretty sure you'll all freak out with excitement. We really work hard for this to make it happen, and I can't wait to share to you all about it. So, just hang on guys :)

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I'll be posting anytime, any day... so I won't follow any schedule anymore. Don't worry, I'll be updating regularly. I'm not going anywhere for now, I'm here residing in BGC, Taguig in Manila, and yeah, you can see me around if you're in the area.

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Thank you so much guys for waiting for me, it really means a lot to me that you're still here with me. I love you all!

Lovelots,

Neilani

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