

## 9. "Why are you taking your clothes off?"

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"Husband and wife relationships are like the relationship of Tom and Jerry. Though they are teasing and fighting, they can't live without each other."

### Chapter Nine

#### Adonis' POV

This marriage is going to take a u-turn.

Three months ago, I agreed to this arranged marriage with the sole purpose of getting back the land that we lost in a bet, so I could develop it making it the world's most innovative business center. I did not give much thought about the woman that I was going to marry, in fact I did not care at all if she was promiscuous, or had ten kids!

I had been in a terrible breakup. I feel disgusted whenever I think of it. A wasted four year relationship - full of empty promises on my ex's end. My trust in women immediately vanished, including my belief in true love.

Meeting Elena for the first time, she was a red flag. I could feel an instant attraction the moment our eyes met. It suddenly made me more defensive, raising my walls up to shield from that invisible magnetic force.

I vividly remembered, making a harsh statement. I made our situation clear that we were married in name only. She would do anything she wanted, as long as she would not bring shame to the Stavrakos name.

But today just proved that she is rebellious!

She did the exact opposite. I told her to wear the whitest wedding gown she could find, and yet she wore black.

She also had no regard to other people's time. She stood me up on our first dinner date, and made me wait for two hours. And today, on our wedding day, she made me wait in front of everyone for an hour.

She meant to humiliate me and my family. She would drag the Stavrakos name swimming in the mud!

I never anticipated that she was a handful. So, this marriage situation had to change. I had to deal with her personally. I did not know what was running inside her head, she could be vicious. She must behave and act as a proper wife before she would ruin me and my family.

She had no reason to rebel or be hostile. She signed the agreement of this arranged marriage, therefore she knew what she was getting at. Why the hell she's acting like this is a forced marriage!

She ignored me, like I was invisible. I hated being ignored, I felt not important, like a piece of shit.

Everytime our arms brushed, she jolted, and made it obvious to everyone. She treated me like I had a contagious disease. She dropped my ring when she put it on my finger, because she would not hold my hand properly. Good thing I caught it, before someone would yell, bad luck.

She's a goddess in beauty, but her personality needs to be overhauled and reconstructed, in order to make our marriage work.

"You may kiss the bride," the old minister said.

The more she resisted the kiss, the more I wanted to. Her plump luscious lips were so inviting, like a forbidden fruit, waiting to be devoured.

The kiss blew my mind away, it left me breathless. It was supposed to be just a peck, but the moment our lips touched, I wanted more of her.

#### Elena's POV

"I forgive you for coming late and wearing that morbid wedding gown. But for Christ's sake! Arguing with Adonis in front of everyone at the bridal table, I could not tolerate that. You humiliated me!" grandpa hissed so loudly, when we were alone, after the dinner and the speeches. His jaw was trembling with anger.

Oh, how my blood boiled immediately.

So, he had been observing me all along at the bridal table. I thought he was enjoying himself, talking, laughing, and drinking with his friends.

"Why do you think it's all about you? Stop treating me like an imbecile kid, I know what I'm doing. Besides, I did my part of the bargain, I married the guy. So please, just leave me alone."

I still could not forgive him for everything he did. Recently, by hiring people to make me a fake social media account, and when I thought about forgiving him because he was super nice to mom... I found out the next day that he was back verbally and emotionally abusing her!

He chuckled nastily, "you think I'll leave you alone now that you married Adonis? My child, I'll be watching your every movement more. You'll be my eyes and ears in the Stavrakos company."

"Whatever wicked plan you have, count me out. You're a devil old man. I hope you'll rot in hell one day."

Oops! I must have said my thoughts aloud. I saw his eyes hardened, and his lips getting thinner.

"Watch your mouth, Elena. I'm your grandfather! If you're not careful, I will disinherit you."

"As if I received a penny. You can give it away to a dog's home, for all I care," I said, smiling sweetly at him, then turned to Pia Stavrakos who was walking towards us.

"Hello again, Elena. I still can't get over having a beautiful daughter in law," Pia said, holding my arm.

"Not to mention, an heiress," grandpa was the one who answered again. I cringed at every word he uttered.

"By the way, where's your mom? I'd like to meet her."

"Mom can't make it," I answered, "she's in the--"

"She's in Singapore," grandpa butted in, "unfortunately, my private jet could not fly her in time for the wedding, the weather is really bad in Singapore right now."

He lied again. In fact, mom wanted to come, but he just prevented her. He said to her, "you don't need to come. It's not special, it's an arranged marriage," grandpa said to mom, "people will ask too many questions, and I'm sure you won't be able to handle that."

"I see. Well, I hope I'll be able to meet her one of these days," Pia smiled, looking hopeful.

"I'll make sure of that," I smiled back, and excused myself when I was summoned by the wedding coordinator to have photos with my new husband.

"Did I tell you how beautiful you looked, Elena?" Adonis said when I was forced to dance with him.

I rolled my eyes, "you don't have to compliment me, no one will hear you."

"I only mean for you to hear," he chuckled, "smile, my lovely wife. Everyone is watching us."

I smiled through clenched teeth, then asked sarcastically, "there. Happy now?"

"Very," he smiled, a tantalizing smile that made my knees weak. Then he turned and swung me into his arms, then gave me a dip.

At eleven o'clock, I was shocked when the guests sent me and Adonis to our suite. About twenty guests accompanied us to our room, laughing and teasing us to start making babies.

"Seriously?" I bursted the moment Adonis and I were alone inside the honeymoon suite. My eyes caught the rose petals on the king-size bed, the electric candles at the bedside table, with a bottle of wine.

"That is not my idea, okay? Blame the wedding coordinator for allowing that," Adonis seemed not to mind that we were dragged to this room. Then he started taking off his jacket and his tie. I panicked when he unbuttoned his shirt.

"Why are you taking your clothes off?"

His eyebrows rose, "it's almost midnight, we're going to bed."

"We?!" my hands went on my hips, "I'm not sharing a bed with you, over my dead body," I went to the door, rattling the knob too hard to open it, but it was locked.

"They locked it from the outside."

"What?!" I groaned aloud, holding my forehead in frustration.

"We're trapped inside until tomorrow morning when they bring us breakfast."

My lips thinned with anger. I was about to speak, when he raised his hand to stop me

"I know because the same thing happened to my friend on his wedding night."

I raised my hands heavenwards, "I can't stay here. You have to call the reception... the hotel manager, to get us out of here. You own this hotel, they'll do whatever you say."

"Do you think the manager will listen to me? He's included in planning this."

I sighed heavily, determined to get out of the room, "I need to take this clothes off. I feel so sticky already."

His eyes gleamed, giving me a sinful smile.

"I mean, I need to change my clothes!" I snapped at him.

"Why do you easily get mad? I did not say anything," his forehead furrowed, then went to the walk-in closet, "there are women's clothes here, I'm sure they're your size."

I was relieved, at least I could change clothes.

Adonis took a shower first. Later he came out wearing a white robe. Good. At least he had the decency to cover his body.

"It seems like we can't get out of here. I don't mind spending the night here, we don't have a choice."

He agreed with me, "It's been a long day. We're both tired."

"Right. So, if you don't mind, I'm taking the bed."

"Of course! By all means," the corner of his lips twisted in a smile.

"Good," I gave him a satisfactory nod then went to the bathroom to take a shower.

I was glad that he was taking my request like a gentleman. There was only a tiny couch in a mini living room, and two armchairs. I did not know how he would fit lying in there, when he was a bit more than six feet tall, but I was certain he would find a way.

I showered and changed into silk peach pajamas. I suddenly became so sleepy. I went to bed immediately and there I found Adonis, already lying on the bed, half naked.

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**AN:** Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

An exciting news coming up for you this August. Follow me on Instagram: [sweeddreamer33\\_xoxo](#) for updates.

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