

49. "I don't need the tea."

Chapter 49

Adonis' POV

"Where's Elena?" I asked my father, Kristov Stavrakos, who was sitting near to where I was standing, beside the red and gold floral wedding arch.

He lifted his eyebrows, then checked the time on his wristwatch.

"Probably on her way here. It's still ten minutes early, son. Don't worry, she'll come," he said, then gave me an okay sign.

"Yeah, she will," I murmured to myself. My hands were trembling. I could not keep them still. I loosened my bowtie a little. It was constricting my breathing.

I got so nervous, thrilled and overwhelmed with happiness. Marrying Elena was all I ever wanted at the moment. She is the love of my life, my everything, my entire world.

We held our wedding ceremony in the church, in the center of New York. It had been our wish to be married in the church this time, to celebrate a solemn sacrament. They filled the church with decorations, mostly red roses, tiny white flowers, lace trimmings, and gold ribbons.

My eyes focused at the entrance of the church where the bride would come in. I kept on glancing at it, waiting for Elena to appear.

I remembered our first wedding. She looked so beautiful as she walked down the aisle, despite her cold behavior and deadpan expression. I was so mesmerized by her beauty that I could not take my eyes off her. At that moment, I knew I was in deep trouble.

I smiled, remembering that day, and what happened after the wedding.

I wondered. Would she wear black today?

Whatever she'll wear, it doesn't matter. She looks great in any color. What's important is, she loves me, and I love her. Our love for each other is getting stronger every day. Nothing can break us anymore.

"Congratulations, man," my best man, Eros Petrakis, tapped my back, "I'm happy for you. I was wrong to say that an arranged marriage is full of bullshit. It worked on you."

"Yeah. After many hurdles that Elena and I went through, we finally made it this far."

"I'm glad you did not listen to me."

"Me too," we laughed together, "thanks for being my best man, my friend."

"It sucks, man. I'm everyone's best man," he threw his hand in the air.

"Ah, you'll find the love of your life soon and get married. Or you already found her?" I looked at his personal secretary, Jade, who came into the church with him.

His face turned scarlet red. "Come on. We're going to a project site later."

"On Sunday? That's weird, man," I chuckled, "you're not letting her out of your sight. I won't be surprised if you'll marry her soon."

He left with a smug smile.

Music played, and the wedding ceremony started. The entire entourage walked down the aisle and took their places at the front.

Camella, Elena's best friend, waved a hand at me. She was her maid of honor. Her personal assistant, Sheila, partnered with my executive secretary, William, to light the candles. It was crazy to know that those two were sleeping together secretly for too long already.

Sebby was the last one in the group, holding a small white pillow. He looked so adorable, wondering what was going on with so many people. When he saw me, he shouted, 'Papa' and ran towards me.

Everyone laughed. I carried him, kissed his head, and put him on Mom's lap.

The bridal march song started playing, Here Comes The Bride. All heads turned to the huge twin doors of the church, keen to see the bride.

My heart pounded so hard, anticipating the moment of seeing Elena.

The doors opened so wide, revealing the bride.

Everyone was so shocked!

Elena wore the whitest white wedding gown. She looked like a snow princess in her gown, its long trail and her veil flowing behind her.

I was speechless. My jaw dropped to the floor. She looked so beautiful, and a million times more when her eyes held mine and her smile broadened at me.

Her father, Gareth, appeared beside her, and together they walked down the aisle.

Tears flowed down my cheeks. What the hell. I did not care anymore. I was so happy, seeing Elena, walking towards me, to fulfill our promise to love and cherish each other till death do us part.

Everyone and everything seemed to vanish. My mind drifted to another universe. There were only me and Elena, staring at each other's eyes as we came closer to each other.

When she stopped in front of me, I hugged her and was about to kiss her when the priest shouted, "Stop! That will come later."

And everyone laughed.

Warning: Mature Content

Elena's POV

"I love you so much," I caressed his jaw, loving the feel of his one day stubble. My head on his shoulder as we laid down on a hammock on the beach, both tired after a night of lovemaking marathon.

"I love you more, babe." He kissed my lips, the tip of his tongue, seeking entry, and licked mine.

He's a damn good kisser and he turns me on easily, like a light switch.

"This is not good." I looked around the white sand beach. Though it was a private beach we rented, I could not help but check if there was anyone watching us. "You made mine tingle again," I chuckled.

"Oh, I like that," his hand went to my stomach, caressing my bare skin gently. His fingers creeping under my shorts.

"You're crazy if you're going to touch me here."

"But I'm already crazy for you," his mouth suckled the sensitive area behind my ear.

"Oh God, Adonis..." I bit my lower lip, preventing myself from moaning aloud.

His hand snapped open my denim shorts button, his fingers teasing my skin above the hem of my underwear.

I shifted position and his mouth captured mine, kissing me hungrily. He shoved his delicious tongue inside my mouth, exploring, licking, and tasting.

I gasped when his fingers seeking entrance on my underwear.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Darn it. His phone rang so loud.

It was the Changley's inviting us for dinner.

Yes, we were in Singapore again for our honeymoon. After the wedding, we flew to Singapore right away together with Peter and Kimberly, who attended our wedding.

Mom and Dad took care of Sebby. In case you'd wonder, Dad was Gareth. I learned to forgive him totally and accepted him as my father.

He showed his genuine love for Mom, the same for me and my family.

"Where are we going for dinner?" I asked Adonis, who just hung up the phone after talking to Peter.

"He suggested the same place in the area," he caressed my thigh.

"You mean the local restaurant with the tea lady?"

"Exactly," he smiled wickedly.

"Oh no..."

"Oh, yes..." his chuckle was so sexy, "I can't wait to meet the wilder side of you again."

"Honey, I don't need a tea. I'm always wild for you," I teased him.

"Then, show me how wild you can get." His eyes turned darker as we stared at each other.

I got out of the hammock, moving towards the beach house.

Thrilled, nervous, and so aroused.

I ran for my sanity and he was chasing after me. It was a few minutes, when he caught me. I was panting so hard, breathless, when he grabbed my waist and threw me up against the wall.

He kissed me so deeply, and I responded with carnal craving, giving my all to him. I was hungry for him, as he was for me.

I knelt down, tasted and savored him. I suckled him until he squirmed and growled aloud like a wounded animal.

Our bodies joined together in interlocking rhythm. Passionately, I arched to meet him. Every deep thrust made me tremble.

"That's it, Elena," he whispered against my neck, "that's it."

I rode him, faster and harder, until he let out a feverish groan and jerked inside me. Both of us trembled together from the world of wondrous sensations.

Sigh of satisfaction shook through my body as I snuggled into his arms.

"Oh God, Elena... you don't need that tea at all," he said, breathless.

"I told you, my love," I giggled.

"Now, what am I gonna do. I'm more addicted to you," he tucked my hair behind my ear.

"Good. Because, I feel the same for you."

We both chuckled and kissed each other again.

Continue to next part