

1 - "Begging for his mercy."

"You will face many defeats in life, but never let yourself be defeated."
- Maya Angelou

Chapter 1

****Three months ago****

Elena's POV

"Go home miss, Mr. Pallis won't see you," the intimidating bulky looking gate guard, wearing a dark uniform and peaked cap, said to me again. There was no sympathy in his expression as he looked down at me.

Almost everyday, for the last five days, I had been waiting for long hours, standing outside the huge iron gate of the Pallis mansion, regardless of the weather. I was hungry, thirsty, shivering from the cold, but I bear them all. My fighting spirit was so strong that I overpowered the fatigue that overwhelmed me.

"Please, I need to see my grandfather. This is a matter between life and death," I was like a broken record, pleading to him the same thing everyday.

He sighed looking irritated, "the master said he doesn't know you."

"How can he not? I'm his granddaughter," I insisted, though I said it too many times to him already, "my mother is his only child."

"Which he doesn't acknowledge," he stepped forward, trying to intimidate me, "go home now. He ordered us to get rid of you. We have no choice but to use force, if you won't leave."

My lips tightened in anger.

My grandfather, the aristocratic wealthy Constantine Pallis, callously disowned my mother, Celine, because she fell in love with Dad, who happened to be her driver/bodyguard. He cut all his connection with her when she eloped with Dad.

Unfortunately, Dad died before he could marry mom. He had a car accident on the eve of their wedding and died on the spot.

Mom was le pregnant. Being young, at nineteen, she did not know where to go. She was used to a sheltered life, pampered like a princess and protected like a precious gem. She had no choice but to reach out to Grandpa and begged for his forgiveness. But she failed. He refused to accept her as his daughter again.

For the past twenty three years, she kept on sending him a greeting card on his birthday, to let him know that he was always in her thoughts. But still, he never forgave her.

Despite everything, Mom never wanted me to hate him. I grew up hopeful that someday our family would reunite again, until the time I turned eighteen.

He went to our school as an invited guest, to give an inspirational speech to the incoming high school graduates. I was ecstatic, and proudly told my classmates that he was my grandfather.

"Wow, so you're his heiress!"

Some believed me and were quite impressed. But there were others who raised their eyebrows thinking that I was delusional.

"I don't believe you're related to him. You can't even buy a new pair of shoes," Rita, the meanest girl in high school looked down at my feet, "you've been wearing those since when, three years ago?"

She and her two besties laughed at me, including some students who heard us.

My face flushed so red, but I told myself 'I'm a strong girl, I lied my chin up, "believe what you like. We have the same surname, Pallis, right? That's enough proof."

"My dear, I have the same surname as the queen of England," Rita said loudly, and everyone laughed.

I intended to prove to everyone that I was telling the truth.

When grandpa finished his speech, I went to him, and with a bright happy smile, I introduced myself to him as his granddaughter.

I remembered vividly how his smile dissolved and looked at me oddly. I only realized later on that it was hate and anger that I saw on his face.

"I don't know what you're talking about, kid. I don't have a granddaughter," his chin lied arrogantly as he denied me savagely in front of everyone, and that hurt so bad.

I realized later on that he did it on purpose - to humiliate me. To punish me for the sins of my mother. He made me the laughing stock in front of everyone, and that surely left a mark in me.

HE DENIED ME.

All my hopes of reconciliation died. I swore never to go near him again.

But now, I have broken my word. I'm begging for his mercy, though it makes me feel sick. If only I have someone to turn to...

I sucked in a deep breath. It was so frustrating that we were left with no choice. He was our last resort.

Rain started pouring in, and I was still waiting outside the iron gate. "Go home!" the guard shouted at me, but I shook my head.

"Please, let me in. I need to talk to my grandfather!"

"That won't be possible, miss," he answered, and a car pulled at the gate, coming from the inside.

My heart lied up when I saw the white haired older man in the passenger seat of the moving car.

"Grandpa!" I yelled and ran towards the car when the gate opened, "Grandpa!"

He refused to hear me. His aristocratic face directed straight at the front, intentionally ignoring me.

"Grandpa please! Mom is terminally ill, she needs your help so badly!" my trembling hands on the car's glass window, "please help mom... she's going to die..."

I was soaking from the pouring rain, crying and begging for his mercy. But it seemed like he never heard me. The car continued to move through the gates, and I was running along with it.

"We need your help Grandpa... please I beg you. I'll do anything for you, grandpa. Whatever you want... I promise! Just help mom survive... she's dying..."

The car moved faster, speeding up, and I was left there standing, staring at it until it was gone.

The rain poured heavily, same with my tears. I knelt down on the ground, feeling so helpless.

Later, I arrived home. I thanked our neighbor, for taking care of Mom while I was gone.

Mom was getting weaker everyday. She was skin and bones already. Her cancer in her liver started to metastasize, she needed intensive treatment immediately.

My heart felt so heavy looking at her. For years, she had worked hard for the two of us to survive. She bore every manual job available, because she was not qualified for any office job. I grew up seeing her always exhausted, not eating well, or eating unhealthy. Her bad eating habits made her sick.

When I graduated high school, I worked as an all-around assistant in a fashion design and manufacturing company. I was able to help mom pay the house rent, and our daily expenses from my earnings. Our way of living improved, it became easy for both of us.

Sadly, the company went bankrupt. Instead of looking for another job, me and my two best friends decided to put up our own online shopping business. We were just starting it a few months ago, when we found out that Mom's health condition got worse.

"Did you see him?"

My mind shifted back to the present and paid attention to Mom.

"Yeah, I did."

Her eyes instantly lit up, "what did he say?"

"I told him that you're sick, but he just ignored me," I heaved a long sigh, "I'll think of other ways, Mom."

"No," she shook her head weakly, "I believe he heard you. Please go back tomorrow, Elena."

She was right. The gate guard of the Pallis mansion was extra friendly when I arrived, as well as the other guards. If they could lay down a red carpet on the floor, they would, to make me feel welcome.

"Mr. Pallis wants to see you. A caddie car will take you inside the mansion."

An old butler opened the door for me at the Pallis mansion. He welcomed me with a bright smile and ushered me inside the huge luxurious living room. Everything screamed richest, class and elegance. From the spotless black tiled floor, the chandeliers hanging in every corner of the room, the expensive ornaments of the room, the gold moldings on the ceiling...

My lips twisted with distaste. I was not impressed.

I winced imagining Mom imprisoned in this world of wealth and privilege, but with a strict father who ran her life, depriving her of her freedom. She was unlucky, she lost her mom that same year, and made the mistake of falling in love with a redhead Englishman.

I settled in the center of the huge Victorian couch, and was suddenly surprised to see two maids enter the living room, each pushing a cart - one cart full of colorful desserts, and another with different kinds of drinks.

"What do you like to eat, madam?" one maid asked with a smiling face.

"No thanks. I'm not hungry or thirsty," I answered and saw the disappointment on the maids' faces.

The two maids left and I was left alone again. My eyes wandered around the room again, studying the furnitures and ornaments.

There were several paintings on the walls, various ceramic vases and figurines in the shelves that looked rare and priceless. A single vase or painting could last a lifetime of our food supply or enough for Mom's medical treatment. The thought made me wince with disgust.

"Elena."

My heart suddenly stopped when I heard my name. Not moving an inch to where I was sitting, I took a deep breath and looked at the tall white-haired older man walking towards me.

"Grandpa."

AN: Hey Dreamers! How's everyone? Hope you enjoyed reading the update. Sorry for posting this late, I was out the whole day, window shopping :D

I'll have the same update schedule, Tues-Thurs-Sat, with no definite time.

Are you excited to meet Adonis? I'm sure you are. Another hottie, just like his dad.

Of course, you'll be reading more of Kristov and Pia, and some of the characters from The Billionaire's Maid in Disguise. More guestings from Eros, Inigo, probably Chloe also. So watch out for them in the coming chapters.

I would like to remind you all that this story is fiction. They are all imaginary events and people.

See you on Thursday!

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