

10. "Did she call me a devil?"

"Happily ever after, is not a fairy tale. It's a choice." – Fawn Weaver

Chapter Ten

Adonis' POV

"Why are you here? I told you, I'm taking the bed," the grumpy Elena was back, standing there like a mother superior. I wonder if she won't choke with her peach pyjama all buttoned up to her neck. ↵

"Well, I'm taking this too. This is a king-size bed, we can share. You stay on your side, and I'll stay on mine."

"I don't trust you. So get out of bed." ↵

"Ah—you don't trust me. For your information, sweetheart. I don't force myself on women. In fact, I don't need to. They're the ones throwing themselves at me." ↵

"Wow!" her temper escalated, "you're an egoistic devil. Who do you think you are, God's gift to women?" ↵

Did she just call me a devil? ↵

"I'm not bragging, I just stated a fact. Women are dying for my attention, and you're not an exemption," I smirked, not shocked anymore when her eyes popped out. ↵

"Excuse me?! You're only imagining things. May I ask, when did I seek your attention?" ↵

"Of course at the wedding. You wore a very seductive black wedding dress, with a slit so high that let nothing to a man's imagination." ↵

Her eyes turned red, flashing in anger like headlights, "you're crazy if you think I wore that gown to seduce you. You're not even my type! I wouldn't have married you if not for the deal. You're the last man on earth that I wanted to marry!" ↵

I clapped my hands, making her angrier, "bravo. Nice speech. You should have said it in front of everyone at the reception." ↵

"And let my grandpa murder me? No way."

I twisted my lips, not liking what she said earlier, "so now we already established that you don't like me, and I'm not your type. Therefore, a bed won't be a problem."

"No way! I won't sleep with you."

"Then don't. You can sleep on the floor," I rolled on my side, closing my eyes, "I'm tired, I had a long flight last night, I was not able to sleep well. So let's stop making this a big deal and have a rest."

Later, I heard her settle on the bed beside me. I stirred and she asked, "Adonis, are you awake?"

"Hmm?"

"I wonder... you said at the reception that you want me," she paused, "that scares the hell out of me." ↵

I chuckled, my back still at her.

"Do you really want me?" she asked.

"No," I lied.

"No?"

"Not anymore," I murmured, "go to sleep, Elena. Tomorrow will be another long day for us." ↵

Elena's POV

Not anymore.

Adonis' words kept on playing in my head. Maybe his attraction to me vanished when I said that he is not my type. His pride got hurt. ↵

Good. That is what I wanted. But why was it that I could feel a little dismay and disappointment? ↵

The bed was huge, but I had to put a boundary between us. I piled many pillows as a barrier, to make sure that he would not trespass to my side of the bed while sleeping. ↵

I found it hard to sleep in a new environment. My mind kept playing back on what happened at the wedding, and all thoughts involved the man sleeping beside me.

He's really gorgeous, in every way. His tantalizing brown eyes, his thick dark eyebrows, his beautiful chiseled face like those of the Greek Gods, perfect jawline, and jet black straight hair. ↵

Yeah, he is sinfully handsome, but I'm controlling myself, putting up my walls as high as Mount Everest, stopping any attraction for him. ↵

Tomorrow will be another long day for us. That's what Adonis said. I wondered where we were going? To a honeymoon? No way. He would have to drag me if that would happen. ↵

Yes, I was expected to live with Adonis. Sheila helped me pack my things before I left for the wedding. I had to leave grandpa's mansion, before he would throw me out. It did not make any difference anyway, leaving the old beast and living with the younger beast. ↵

It was past midnight that I fell asleep. Surprisingly, I slept so well. I had a wonderful dream, I was on a beach with this wonderful gorgeous guy. We were so happy and in love. We were kissing in my dream, touching and feeling each other's skin, and hugging each other. ↵

I woke up feeling so rested. I snuggled closer to the delicious warm feeling of something beside me. I reached out, running my hand on that something, until I realized I was touching a man's chest.

My eyes opened instantly. My face turned so red, when Adonis' eyes met mine. ↵

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

Sorry for the short update, I got so busy lately, doing stuff for all of you guys. You'll find out very soon. It's very exciting!

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