

14. "Are you jealous?"

"You might not have been my first love, but you were the love that made all the other loves irrelevant." - Rupi Kaur

Chapter Fourteen

Elena's POV

"Not again..." I uttered with dismay, "I don't want to share a room with you, especially a bed."

"Believe me, I feel the same. You deprived me of my sleep the last time, by rolling to my side. I also need my privacy, I brought some work to do," he frowned, looking upset at the idea of us being forced into an undesirable situation, "but we have no choice. The Changlis are our close family friends, especially Kimberly. She's my mom's best friend."

"So, aside from sharing a room, what are you suggesting... act like we're super in love with each other?"

"Exactly. We're honeymooners, so we'll act like one."

"Hmm... I don't feel like doing this," I gave him a hostile look, "I know you'll take advantage of the situation."

"Me?" he laughed aloud, a sarcastic one, "seriously? You were the one who took advantage of me the last time we were in bed together."

"I did not! I was asleep," I grabbed a throw pillow and aimed at him, "I don't like you, Mr. Adonis Stavrakos, so stop imagining things."

"Well, the feeling is mutual," he picked the pillow on the floor and put it back on the couch, "let's get this thing done with the Changlis, a erwards, get out of each other's hair. Deal?" he extended his hand.

Seemed like I had no choice but to comply. I shook his hand, "deal."

"I'll take you shopping now. I know that's your most favorite thing to do," he said insultingly.

I can't blame him for thinking that I'm a spoiled brat who only thinks of shopping, because that's the only thing he knew about me. In the plane, he kept on asking personal things, but I refused to answer.

Getting close and personal is something I avoided. It will only ruin my plan. I'm trapped into this marriage, and my mission is to get out of it, as soon as I can.

But for now, I'll play along with him.

"Sure! Shopping is life."

We went to The Shoppes of Marina Bay Sands, which was just inside the hotel we were staying.

First stop. We went to Tiffany and Co.

"What are we doing here?" I whispered to Adonis. I felt intimidated by the man in black suit, who greeted us.

"You don't have an engagement ring, so I'm buying you one."

"Do I need to?"

"Of course. You're my wife. The Changlis will wonder why you're not wearing one," he said, then we followed the salesperson to a counter full of engagement rings.

Adonis picked a 14-carat princess cut diamond ring. It looked so beautiful on my finger beside the wedding band.

"I can't take this," I complained, and made Adonis wonder.

"Okay, we'll take the bigger one," he signaled to the salesperson briefly, "but I assure you this one looks good on your hand."

My lips twisted nastily, so he thought I was a materialistic airhead, who only thought of getting the most expensive ones.

"I can't wear this, it's too expensive. I might lose it."

"You won't lose it if you're careful," he turned to the salesperson and gave his credit card.

The rest of the afternoon, he took me shopping to my favorite stores.

"Are you sure you want to shop here?" he asked when we went inside Zara, "Louis Vuitton is just around the corner."

"Nope. I prefer shopping here."

He looked confused, "okay, wherever you want. But don't forget to buy swimwears for our Sentosa trip."

I just bought a few clothes needed for our remaining days in Singapore. Also a pair of beach slippers and some swimming attire.

"Is that all?" Adonis was surprised when he saw the clothes and items that I brought for him to pay.

"Yeah," I answered.

"Are you sure? We can go to high-end stores after that."

I shook my head, "No, I'm good. I got all I need."

Later we had dinner at Lei Garden restaurant, a Michelin restaurant at Chijmes.

"Good evening, Mr. Stavrakos. It's been awhile since you visited us, sir," an older restaurant manager greeted.

"Good evening, Chen. Yeah, for almost a year already."

Chen nodded with a smile, then turned his attention to me.

"Hello, Miss Trisha. Nice to see you again. We prepared your favorite dessert, red bean buns and egg tarts."

Trisha?

Before I could speak, Adonis corrected Chen.

"No Chen, this is Elena, my wife. We just got married four days ago, and we're on our honeymoon."

"Oh, I'm sorry madam," Chen's face turned so red, "I thought..."

"It's okay, Chen," I assured him, "I would love to try the red bean buns and egg tarts."

We ordered many dishes, since they were in small servings. Most were very unfamiliar to me – shark cartilage soup, braised abalone head in oyster sauce, deep fried cuttlefish with garlic, pan-fried wagyu beef and so much more.

We were having our dessert, almond jelly for Adonis, red bean bun and egg tart for me.

"Who is Trisha?" I asked him, making him choke. He coughed and sipped his glass of water.

"I knew you're going to ask," he wiped his lips and leaned his back against the chair.

"Well? Who is she? An ex-girlfriend?"

"It's none of your business," he answered, looking so bored all of a sudden.

"It's my business. I'm your wife," I said, mimicking him when he asked about how many lovers I had.

"Ah—so you finally embraced your status of being my wife now."

"HAHA, you wish," my lips twisted nastily, "you're very good at evading personal questions."

"You started it, sweetheart, so I'm also setting boundaries. No personal questions, unless... you start to open up."

"Okay, fine. What do you want to know? My body count?"

He chuckled, "yeah, I would like to know. I'm curious."

"Well, Mister Stavrakos, I won't answer your question. I don't give a damn who Trisha is, pretty sure she's one of your mistresses," I put down my fork, then sipped my wine.

"She's not," he answered.

"Oh. So, she must be very special that you brought her here. I wonder if Singapore is your favorite honeymoon place."

"Stop it, Elena. You sounded like a jealous wife already."

"Me? Jealous?" I laughed sarcastically, "never. I'll never be a real wife to you, Adonis. Bear that in mind."

"I'm well aware of that already," his forehead frowned, "but I'm warning you... if you're planning something to jeopardize our marriage, then think again. I won't allow you to create a scandal and ruin the Stavrakos name."

"You're being so dramatic, Adonis. I won't let that happen."

"I hope you have a word of honor," he sipped his wine, then continued, "I heard you have an on-again relationship with that British actor, Christian Firth."

"Huh?" If only you knew that it was all grandpa's doing, hiring hackers/experts to spread false write ups on the internet, "how did you know? Are you stalking me?"

He ignored my question, and gave me a warning, "stop your connection with him, IMMEDIATELY, or I'll deal with him myself."

"Oh stop, Adonis," I gave him a fake smile, "you're sounding like a jealous husband already."

AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

The exciting news I told you about, is postponed. I'll tell you about it once I'm allowed to announce.

Follow me on Instagram: [sweetdreamer33_xoxo](#) to get the latest update.

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