

16. "Kiss me."

"Maybe it won't work out. But maybe seeing if it does will be the best adventure ever."

Chapter Sixteen

Elena's POV

"So, I fell in love with you at first sight?" Adonis asked the moment we were out of earshot from the Changlis.

I rolled my eyes, then faced him squarely.

"What do you want me to say? We never rehearsed how we met or how our 'love story' started," I quoted with my fingers.

"Therefore, I was chasing you non-stop until you agreed to date me, is that it?"

"I have to make up a story," I hissed in a whisper, "it's not a big thing anymore who's chasing who. The fact that we fell in love and got married... ends the story."

He chuckled, "I'm a go-getter, but I don't chase girls. In fact, it's the other way around."

"Oh wow... so, this is what it's all about," I hugged my arms together, "your enormous ego."

He laughed and pulled me closer to him, as we walked to catch up with the Changlis, "so you're used to guys chasing you, huh?"

"No comment." I answered, ignoring him. Wishing he would change the topic. Because the truth? No guy ever chased me.

I was a late bloomer, and not considered pretty as I grew up. I was one of the boys in our neighborhood, who swam in the lake, played sports like baseball and soccer, and worked in a gasoline station on weekends. I just started to fix myself, and learned to act like a real woman when I worked as an all-around assistant in a fashion design and manufacturing company.

"Ah- I'm sure there were plenty of them. But sorry babe, you won't expect that from me."

"HA! That never even crosses my mind."

"You never told me that you've been to The Elite."

The topic that I dreaded was out in the open. I thought he would let it pass.

"Um, just once with my friends."

"That was the night before we met, huh?"

I sighed, feeling uncomfortable, "I did not know who you were. I noticed you because you seemed popular..."

"I was not with someone that night," he cut my statement, making me turn to him.

"Probably," my lips twisted nastily "but I saw you making out with a blond girl."

His forehead furrowed, "so, I created a bad impression on you before we were formally introduced. Is that why you're so spiteful of me?"

"It didn't make any difference. I still wouldn't like you."

"Okay, fine. We already established that, and the feeling's mutual," he shrugged his shoulders, "but you should know that I don't have a habit of making out with any women. And I've never been with anyone since we met."

I rolled my eyes, then stopped walking and faced him squarely, "you don't have to explain, it's none of my business. I don't give a damn what your habits are, or what you do with your life. You can make out or sleep with a thousand girls, I don't care."

He chuckled in a sarcastic tone, "wow, such a very understanding wife. Peter would surely envy me."

Our room was stunning, all in white, with huge glass windows overlooking the view of the pool and the beach. There was a king-sized bed at the center and a big comfortable sofa bed.

"You can have the bed," Adonis said and settled on the couch. He gave me a silent treatment as he opened his laptop and started working.

I decided to take a swim and changed into a two piece black bikini. The crystal blue water of the pool was so tempting, I could not wait to jump in and enjoy the cool water since I saw it.

Wearing a white shirt over my bikini, I went out using the balcony door, leaving Adonis still engrossed with his work.

I took my time putting on sunscreen while sitting on a sun lounger. I could not help but look at Adonis through the balcony sliding doors. He was gorgeous in every angle, even in his back profile. I tried to fight it, but everyday, I could feel that my attraction for him was intensifying.

Whenever he was near me, my insides turned upside down. I turned to liquid every time he touched me, making me forget how to breathe well.

Come on, Elena. Don't make a fool of yourself. Falling for your new husband is not part of the plan.

I stood up and stretched. I took a dive and swam from one end of the pool to another. I was enjoying myself, feeling the blanket of cold water under my skin when I heard a big splash behind me.

It was Adonis, swimming towards me.

"I thought you're working?"

"How can I concentrate? You were distracting me," he said, advancing towards me with a tantalizing smile on his face that made me weak.

Am I did not want to put meaning to his words, that obviously did not mean anything.

"Yeah, the water is so tempting," I moved backward as he came nearer, and leaned my back against the wall before I'd fall on my knees.

I jerked when he tucked strands of my hair behind my ear.

"Relax. Peter and Kimberly are watching us from their balcony."

"I see," to reciprocate, I reached out and fixed the messy locks on his forehead.

"Come here," my body tingled as I allowed him to draw me closer to him. His arms encircled me, one hand in the small of my back.

Oh God, help me. Being this close to him was unbearable.

We stood there, staring at each other.

"What?" I asked when he suddenly smiled, shaking his head.

His hands slipped up my arms, bringing me closer.

"You're very beautiful. I'm sure you already know that."

The butterflies in my tummy were replaced with the whole zoo. I was not ready for this other side of Adonis, who compliments me.

"Do we really have to do this?" I asked, easing the tension between us.

"We have to. Kimberly has a bad habit of telling everyone what she sees and hears."

"Really?"

"Trust me. She's faster than a news flash report. Gossiping is her favorite hobby."

"That's very concerning. What are we gonna do?"

"Let's give her a show," I gasped when he clasped my body tightly to his, my so curves molding to the contour of his lean body.

I put my arms around his neck as his face buried against my throat. I felt electrified like I was struck with lightning. My heart was beating so fast and breathing became so hard to do.

We continued to hug until I felt his lips raining so kisses on my neck.

"What are you doing?"

"Doing what I should be doing," he whispered, his breath hot against my ear. His lips were slow and thoughtful as he continued to kiss the hollow of my throat, playfully biting and suckling. I stifled a moan when he licked the sensitive area behind my ear.

I flushed with embarrassment upon hearing myself.

"This is so wrong."

"I disagree," he led his head, his big hand wrapped snugly around my neck, "the only thing I find wrong here is you, acting like a frigid virgin."

It was the truth, but I refused to admit it.

"I'm not."

"Then do what you must, and kiss me."

"Kiss you?" I hissed, "I thought you don't have a habit of kissing any woman."

"You're not just any woman. You're my wife, Elena."

"Okay, fine," I said, holding his face with cold hands, then gave him a smack on his lips, "done."

"What the hell is that?"

"You asked for a kiss, and I gave you one."

"That's what graders do in their first kiss. For heaven's sake, we're supposed to act like a newlywed couple."

"Seriously?"

He nodded with an impatient sigh, "do it right, wifey."

"Okay, fine," my lips pressed on his cheek, raining kisses on his sharp jawline. I just copied what he did to me earlier, finding the rhythm, in kissing, playfully biting and suckling his neck.

This is revenge time! would make him feel so weak, like he did to me earlier.

I heard him groan as his hand tightened around me. I smiled, feeling victorious.

He smelled and tasted so good. I was enjoying myself kissing him and it was hard to stop. I also like the power I had on him, for making him feel vulnerable.

I licked the area behind his ear, teasing him until he groaned aloud.

"Oh shit, Elena."

Before I knew what was happening, he grabbed my hair, and captured my lips with his. He kissed me hungrily, eating my mouth like it was the most delicious food he'd ever tasted. His tongue explored the recesses of my mouth - tasting, teasing, and searching... making me gasp with delight.

He grabbed my legs and straddled them around his hips. I gasped when I felt his manhood rubbed against my center, as he continued to kiss me with carnal craving.

"Stop," I pushed him, "they're... they're not watching us anymore."

He instantly let me go. His face was a mask of shock.

"I'm cold. I'll- I'll go ahead," I said and left without waiting for him to reply.

AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

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