

## 17. "What just happened?"

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"If a man expects his woman to be an angel in his life, then he should first create a heaven for her." - TheDailyQuotes.com

### Chapter 17

#### Adonis' POV

That explosive kiss blew my mind away. I was so focused on Elena, embracing that wonderful reaction of my body every time she was near me, that I lost my mind. My walls just crumbled on the ground.

What have I done?

My heart sank as I watched Elena getting out of the pool.

Now, our situation is going to be awkward.

I shouldn't have let my guard down.

**Earlier**, I was busy answering some emails, when I couldn't help but be tempted to watch Elena as she walked to the pool area, wearing an oversized white shirt.

I was so fascinated, by just observing her actions, as she stood in front of the sun lounger and removed that oversized shirt that revealed her skimpy black bikini that emphasized every curve of her beautiful body. She was a temptation in every way.

I was distracted. All my concentration on work flew away.

Damn. She's beyond gorgeous.

I could not deny anymore this potent attraction that I had for her that kept on getting stronger every day.

I groaned, raking my hair in frustration.

Why do I have to torture myself working when I wanted to be with her?

The more I avoid her, the more I would seek for her - and that is going to the danger zone, which is falling in love.

Yes, attraction is welcome, but not falling in love. It would only mess up everything in this arranged marriage. I've been there, and I did not want to go through it again.

So, I closed my laptop, hurriedly changed to my swim trunks, and joined her. It was our honeymoon, and we ought to do what we must, which was to have fun together.

The moment I went to the pool, I saw Peter and Kimberly lounging by their balcony. I was reminded that we were to pretend as a happy newlywed couple.

But being near Elena... I became a different man again. I realized she had that power to transform me. I felt things that I shouldn't be feeling, that I lost my mind. I let go of my inhibitions and kissed her the way I always imagined in the past few days... particularly at nights when I was in bed ready to sleep.

Yeah, she became the last person I thought of at night, and the first when I woke up.

I know. It's not a good sign and I need to rectify that situation.

The kiss was explosive, more than I imagined. I was guilty of wanting to feel her lips again ever since our first kiss at the wedding, to confirm if it was really that so, warm and sweet... as I remembered. It was.

Now, I'm restless. I wanted more.

I tried to lighten my guilt by this explanation - I initiated the kiss, but she kissed me back and did not stop me until it went too far. She was caught in that moment as much as I did.

Damn. But why am I still feeling guilty?

After that kiss, I have to bear another torment. The torture of holding my own reins in controlling myself not to kiss her again. I have to stop thinking how wonderful it was.

#### Elena's POV

Thunderstruck.

Like a frightened rabbit, I ran out of the pool in shock. My heart was beating so fast, my pulse racing, as my brain processed what just happened.

That kiss went too far!

I shuddered. Panic overwhelmed me, then suddenly replaced with guilt.

I tried to think logically, weighing who to blame.

It was his idea to pretend to be in love in front of the Changlis... my conscience reasoned, "girl, you're newlyweds! What do you expect?"

He suggested for us to kiss... "you allowed him, Elena. You even teased him by kissing his neck and running your tongue behind his ear. Even a mummy would rise from the dead!"

He went too far... "really? You were enjoying the kiss too much, it took you too long to say STOP."

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I took a quick shower, and still, I could not stop thinking about the kisses. I was still trying to justify my action. I was being human. I was tempted. I was only acting out and trying to make it real.

But the truth is always overpowered. You were enjoying it too much, Elena, that you did not want him to stop.

I wondered if Adonis was bothered as I was. Most probably, not. That was not a big deal to him.

My lips twisted nastily, feeling dismayed. He obviously kissed a lot of women, so that kiss was just nothing to him.

I was like a lunatic thinking about it, getting so bothered and distracted, when he was there in the pool enjoying his vacation. I should stop acting like a frigid virgin, like he described me earlier and be responsible for my actions. I would show him that it was not a big deal. If he could play it smooth, then I could play it smoother.

After I changed to a white spaghetti long dress, with a side slit almost as high as Mount Everest - yeah, it reached up to my inner thigh.

Playing it cool, like nothing happened, I brought my sketch pad to the patio and started working on illustrations of models wearing fashionable clothes. I made the designs for the small online business that my best friend, Camella, and I started last year.

I finished about two sketches when Kimberly joined me.

"What a talent! That's so beautiful," her eyes glued at the illustration that I just finished. A model wearing a red dress.

"Thank you," I gave her my sketch pad as she wanted to take a closer look at the dress.

"Can I?" She asked, then started looking at my many designs. Her eyes filled with awe, as one by one, she turned the pages, "I love the designs and they all look very comfortable to wear. Do you also create these dresses?"

"Yeah, I do. In fact, I'm in partnership with my best friend. Once we get more funding, then we can add more workers and machinery to operate full blast."

"I'll be your very first customer," she said happily, "but I wonder, why do you need more funding? I'm sure the start-up capital of a clothing manufacturing company won't be too much. I'm sure as Adonis' wife and heiress of the Pallis fortune, that would cost nothing to you."

Oh gosh, I forgot who I was at that moment. My face turned scarlet as I tried to think of an answer. I still could not grasp the thought that I was connected with these billionaire families.

I smiled in return, because I did not trust myself on what to say. It would be another lie, and I had been doing it too much already since I entered into this marriage of convenience.

My heart pounded when I saw Adonis and Peter coming to join us.

Seeing Adonis again was awkward.

He arrived looking like a devastating handsome angel, wearing white shirt and pants. The Changlis obviously thought that we planned on having matched clothes, because we both wore all whites.

He gestured me a glass of fresh, very cold lemonade juice. I wondered if that breeze said something. That kiss was nothing, don't make a big deal about it. Or, we're good, nothing happened. Or, a peace offering? That he was guilty also of taking the kiss too far?

I snorted. I was only imagining things. It meant nothing to him. He just got lemonade juice from the kitchen for him, and decided to offer it to me when he saw me here on the patio.

I took a sip of the lemonade, and it really helped me feel refreshed. It made me remember to play it cool like that kiss never happened.

He sat across me, then pulled the slit of my dress together, closing them.

"What are you doing?"

His lips pressed together as he stared at me, "you're showing too much skin, babe. They're supposed for my eyes only."

I pushed his hands away, and opened my slit, pushing the cloth to the side to show my thighs, "that's fashion, HONEY. Get used to it."

He looked annoyed and said harshly, "I don't give a damn about fashion, sweetheart. I mean it, cover your thighs."

Feeling embarrassed at Adonis' possessiveness and grumpiness, I covered my legs. Kimberly and Peter's glances that shined from me and Adonis, noting our reactions, made me very uncomfortable.

Okay, you win this time, you bastard.

"Ah, but fashion is Elena's passion. You should support her, Adonis, by funding her business."

His eyebrow rose questioningly at me, then he turned to Kimberly, "as my wife, she gets half of my wealth. All she has to do is tell me. I'll support her all the way."

"You're a very lucky girl," she turned to me, "nothing will stop you now from creating your designs."

I forced a smile, "yeah. Of course."

Before I knew it, Adonis was looking at the pages of my sketchbook. He looked very impressed but remained quiet about it.

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

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