

## 31. "Are you pregnant?"

### Chapter Thirty One

#### Elena's POV

"Oh my goodness, Camella, why did you do this?" I looked at the glossy photos of a male model lying on my desk. My heart sank in disappointment, as I turned my attention to my best friend, "you should have told me before you hired Christian."

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"You wouldn't agree if I did. Besides, I don't need your permission. I'm in charge of the Marketing and promotions," Camella reasoned out, her eyebrows frowning.

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"Haven't you thought of what you did? You're jeopardizing my marriage. Adonis will get mad once he found out that we hired Christian as our top male model."

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"Why are you so concern of what he thinks?" her arms clasped together, "this is business. We should keep everything professional. Personal matters are the least of our concern. We won't grow and achieve our goals if we do."

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"But Camella... you know my husband. He wouldn't like it. We just sorted out our relationship, and here it goes again."

"If he's really cares for you, then he wouldn't mind. He should support you," she let out a frustrated groan, "we've been working on this for years already. This is our dream, Elena, and now that it's happening, you're slowing down."

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"My marriage matters to me. I love Adonis, and all I want right now is to make our marriage work."

"ALL YOU WANT," she chuckled nastily, "did you hear yourself? What the fuck, Elena. What about me, huh? We're together on this! Now that your lovey-dovey with your billionaire, all our dreams vanished?"

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"No, that's not it. You know what I really meant, Camella."

"I don't! We promised to stick together and not leave each other behind. We're sisters!"

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"Of course we are."

"You're not acting like the Elena I knew anymore. You hated Adonis, much as you hated your grandfather! They're the same ruthless devils that you want to get away with. Isn't it our plan to make this business very successful so you can get your freedom away from them?"

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"I know..." my heart felt so heavy, feeling her disappointment. It was my fault that I made her loathe Adonis. She was with me when I cursed him with madness. I o en released all my frustrations about this arranged marriage in front of her.

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"I'm sticking to our plan. What made the table turn? Or.. does he really fuck you so good?"

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"Camella!"

"HA! You were a strong woman, Elena. Now that you're falling too hard for Adonis, you're becoming his puppet." Her lips pressed together in anger.

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"I'm not! I'm still the same. Falling in love doesn't make one weak."

"Oh, really?" her eyebrows rose, "you're only fooling yourself. He's NOT even in love with you. That bastard is just using you for sex!"

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"How dare you say that!"

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"Why? Does it hurts," she laughed briefly, then glared at me. "The truth really hurts Elena."

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"I was wrong about Adonis. He's not like grandpa. In fact, the opposite. He's kind, very caring... his very compassionate with his employees..."

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"Oh, Elena..." her lips pursed, "sugar coat him, with a cherry on top. My opinion of him won't change. Just don't come knocking on my door crying in the next two weeks." She shrugged her shoulders and le .

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I already tested my friendship with Camella many times. She was not just a friend, but a family to me and Mom. I could not just get angry with her. We loved each other like actual sisters.

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I would tell Adonis that evening about Christian working with us as our signature model. We would go to an event, pretty sure. The ambience would lighten his mood in talking unpleasant topics.

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I took an hour o from work and went to the nail salon across our building. I needed to have my nails done for the event that evening.

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"Elena? Is that you?" A curvy brunette said the moment she entered the salon.

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Oh, no... I said to myself when I recognized her face.

"Do you remember me? I'm Rita Cook. Cheerleader, Prom Queen... the 'It' girl in high school," she put her hands on her hips.

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I only remembered her as the meanest girl in high school.

"Of course," I forced a smile, "who would ever forget you?"

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"Right! No one. I'm the most popular girl!" She laughed and sat on a vacant chair beside me, and the manicurist attended to her nails.

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Darn it. I'm trapped talking with her for the next fi een minutes. The manicurist just started my nails on my second hand.

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"Everyone's envy on you. You married a billionaire. Tell me your secret. How did you catch an extremely wealthy man like Adonis Stavrakos?"

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"There's no secret. Our families just introduced us."

"Oh... yeah, you're a Pallas a er all," one of her eyebrows rose, "I wonder, why your grandfather did not acknowledge you before?" when I did not answer, she gave her own answer, "of course, you want to keep a low profile. Extremely rich people do that, because they're afraid of being kidnapped. Let's hang out. I miss having you around. We used to be so closed in high school."

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My forehead furrowed. I was not aware that we were close.

"I can't. I'm busy with my business... and I just got married three months ago."

"Oh... you're still in your honeymoon stage," she giggled, then her eyes went to my tummy, "are you pregnant?"

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"Huh?" I looked at my tummy.

"Oh, sorry. I thought you were," her eyes turned wicked, her lips twisted nastily, "I have an excellent exercise to flatten a tummy. Call me and I'll teach you."

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"No thanks. It's not e ctive. It didn't work on you."

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Her eyes widened briefly, then gave me a sympathetic look.

"Haven't you ever thought that Adonis Stavrakos married you only for money? I'm sorry to break this to you, but dear, you should know... your husband is deeply in love with Trisha Cunning for years. And nothing can break that love... even marriage with you. They're solid."

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"Excuse me?" My eyes squinted with sudden anger.

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She chuckled nastily, "don't get upset, I'm just concern about you. I know, because I followed their love story."

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"You have no right to talk about this. You know nothing," I snapped at her.

"Hmm... maybe you're the one who doesn't know about your husband's activities," she eyed me with amusingly, "did you know he was in Malaysia with Trisha, just a few days a er your wedding?"

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

**New Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT**

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Did you watch THE GIRL HE NEVER NOTICED already?

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Tell me what's your favorite scene?

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Please make me happy by leaving some comments. It inspires me to write faster updates.

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