

41. "You want the truth?"

Chapter 41

Elena's POV

"What the fuck is going on? You're looking bigger and bigger every time I see you," Camella said, when I visited my o ice at Anele fashion company, "did you transfer your bedroom in the kitchen?"

I pulled my blazer closer, covering my tummy. I was in my seventh month of pregnancy.

"I just love to eat nowadays."

"Oh really? Or that's your coping mechanism a er the divorce."

I waved my hand, dismissing the topic. "don't remind me of that, okay? I don't want to ruin my mood."

"Sorry," she shrugged, then smiled widely, "I'm really glad that you're done with Adonis. He's no good for you. You need someone who has a calming personality. Who just listens to you, non-judgmental, optimistic..."

A knock cut her o , and Christian came in, carrying a box of doughnuts. His blond hair was a mess.

"Oh, you're here," it surprised me to see him. We've just been together last night watching his latest movie. "I thought you're flying to Florida."

"The weather's bad. The shooting got cancelled for a week. So, here I am. I'd rather hang out here in your o ice rather than stay at home and watch Netflix."

"We have a lot of things to do, Christian. We don't have all the time to chit-chat with you," I answered.

"Ah- don't mind me. I'll just stay here," he looked around my o ice, "or roam around watching everyone work," he smiled, then settled on an armchair. "so, what's the topic?"

"We were just talking about Elena, better o with Adonis. They're mismatched! She needs someone with a calming personality - who listens to her, incredibly refreshing to be around, who has a positive pattern of thinking..."

"Camella, stop. I don't need a man in my life now." I gave her a warning look.

"I'm talking about the future. You can't stay single forever."

"What about you? You should be the one looking for a man. You're not getting any younger."

Camella was twenty-seven. Four years my senior. Just like me, she wanted freedom and devoted herself to working hard to earn money. Same reason we never had a boyfriend.

"Well, I'm not looking. I embraced the idea of Singlehood."

"Come on, ladies. Stop talking about my gender and have some doughnuts," Christian butted in, and opened the box doughnut, laying it on the table.

"You're spoiling her. Look, she's getting bigger," Camella laughed and grabbed a doughnut. "I have to leave. I have a meeting in ten minutes."

She le .

"When are you going to tell her?" he asked, grabbing my favorite blueberry crème doughnut and gave it to me.

Christian knew about my pregnancy. He could tell if a woman was pregnant. A doctor taught him when he did a role of a doctor in a TV series years ago.

"Probably next month. I can't hide this anymore," I said, touching my belly.

"You've better be. She's your best friend," he reminded me, "you know her personality. She doesn't want to be the last to know."

I nodded and ate the doughnut he gave me.

I told many things to Christian. I tested his friendship, and he was really someone to be trusted. But this thing I found out about Camella lately was something I had to keep for myself first.

We hired external auditors, to audit the accounts of Anele Fashion Company. They reported a huge amount missing, and under the department of Camella.

Every month, one million dollars was unaccounted, and it went on for ten months already. Ten Million dollars in total.

I wondered where she spent all the money. She did not wear luxury clothes, shoes or bags. In fact, she had been using our sample products and reject items. She lived in a small one-bedroom apartment with her cat and drove a second hand Toyota sedan.

It was not as huge compared to the billions of money that I handled in the Pallis Group of companies, but the issue was trust and honesty.

Camella grew up in an orphanage. She was used to hard work and living poorly. A couple adopted her, giving her a pleasant home. Unfortunately, their business went bankrupt because of a fire. The couple kept on fighting until they got separated. Camella lived with her adoptive mother, who got so depressed and died of her sleep. At seventeen, Camella lived alone, trying to survive by working on di erent jobs until we met.

"By the way, I know you don't want to hear it, but I saw Adonis in Good morning America earlier," Christian said, bringing my mind back to the present. "actually, I'm very impressed. He and his father created robots and sent them to Mars. They're experimenting with the viability of human beings living on other planets."

"I'm not interested in the Stavrakos, Christian."

"I'm just giving you a head's up. Since you'll hear more of them in the coming days. They're all over the news now. They implemented their research on robots, and working hand in hand with the government."

Later that evening, I got curious about what Christian said. I watched the recorded video on YouTube of Adonis' interview in Good Morning America.

My heart swelled the moment I saw Adonis. He had a ripped body like he had been working out so hard in the gym, and so gorgeous in a white shirt, with the long sleeves rolled on his arm.

Oh, my goodness. I miss him so much.

A famous sexy starlet, Bridget Stone, known to be the fantasy of many men, sitting beside him. She got flirty with Adonis by touching his arm now and then. Her lower lip looked swollen from her frequent biting. Her eyes sent signals, giving him a come and get me look.

I frowned, annoyed at the host's teasing and telling Adonis and the starlet to date live on TV. Adonis smiled, not closing the idea. The girl giggled, confirming their date.

Anger and jealousy overwhelmed me.

Of course. Adonis would date her. He was free and single, one of the most eligible bachelors in the world. He could date all the women in the world.

Bridget Stone laughed at what Adonis said.

One of my eyebrows rose. I don't get it. What the hell is funny about that? He just said he enjoys drinking pineapple juice.

She looked awkward, always laughing at nothing funny. But she looked beautiful, especially beside Adonis, who was equally gorgeous.

Any man would want Bridget Stone. Even Adonis. She had a lovely face and sexy body - big breast, slender waist and nice booty.

My heart immediately sank when I looked at my reflection in the mirror. Staring at me was a fat woman. Big face with double chin, fuller boobs, rounded stomach, wider hips. All of me became big, even my nose.

Adonis would not even notice me if he'd see me now.

-

It did not take long for me to tell Camella about my pregnancy. I told her at my next visit to the Anele Fashion Company. She was so upset that I could hide something from her.

"How could you do this to me? Don't you trust me? We're like sisters... a family."

"I did not mean to. You know I was hurting so badly, and I just don't want to talk about my pregnancy."

"But Christian knows! How come he knew first than me?"

I told her about his ability to identify pregnant women, but she would not take it. We ended up having a big argument that day.

"I'm always the first to know about you! Even from your mother! What is wrong, Elena? Tell me!"

"Okay, you want the truth?" I heaved a long sigh, then I li ed my chin, "then answer me this. Where did you spend the money?"

"Huh?" Her eyebrows rose questioningly.

"Don't play innocent with me, Camella! The auditors reported ten million dollars missing in the company. Where is the money?"

That same day, I lost my best friend. Camella le our company without an explanation.

Food became my diversion from my sadness and loneliness away. I became bigger and bigger every month.

"Take it easy, Elena," Mom scolded me. "you're in your ninth month. The baby will grow too big, you won't have a normal delivery."

"This is my last piece, promise." I took a slice of pizza and ate it. "I'll take a diet starting tomorrow."

"That's what you said yesterday, and the other day," she looked at me disappointedly.

We visited grandpa the following day at the rehabilitation center. He was feeling better already. He was in a wheelchair, because he could not move half of his body. But at least, he could talk a little, slowly, with di iculty.

He was happy that I was pregnant. Tears of joy flowed on his cheeks as he rubbed my tummy.

What moved me was. He kept on holding Mom's hand and hugged her. I could feel his love for her as a father. It was just so sad that he had to su er from a stroke first before he realized his mistakes.

I stopped going to the o ice, since I was due to give birth in two weeks. I was at home working and watched videos about taking care of babies on the internet.

Stories about the Stavrakos robotic projects o en popped up. They were all over the internet. I could not help but watch Adonis' interviews. He had a lot these past days, even in celebrity shows.

He looked really handsome. More handsome and gorgeous than ever.

He said in one of his interviews that he jogged every morning and spent more time in the gym. That explained his beautifully ripped body.

I heaved a long sigh.

He looked like a dashing prince, while I looked like a panda.

—

AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

Update Schedule: TUE - THU - SAT

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

Let's connect:

Instagram: [sweetdreamer33_xoxo](#)

Facebook Page: [Sweetdreamer33](#)

YouTube Channel: [Neilani Alejandrino](#)

Twitter: [sweetdreamer33_](#)

TikTok: [sweetdreamer33_](#)

Please don't forget to vote, comment and share to get more reads. Thank you!

lovelots,

Neilani Alejandrino (sweetdreamer33)