

8. "First kiss."

"To a woman the first kiss is just the end of the beginning, but to a man it is the beginning of the end." - Helen Rowland. ↵

Chapter Eight

Elena's POV

"He's still here, waiting for you girl. He's not the type who would easily call o a wedding," my best friend, Camella, called me from the wedding venue, while I was in my room at my grandfather's mansion, all dressed in black, and filing my nails. ↵

"He'll wait for hours if he has to, he wants the whole pie of the Pallis fortune." ↵

"Hmm... I don't think Adonis is the type. The Stavrakos are very powerful already, they have enough wealth." ↵

"A man like him won't be satisfied until he rules the whole planet. I told you, he's the younger version of grandpa." ↵

"Well, I won't argue with you today, it's your wedding day."

I put down the nail enamel, "please don't annoy me, you know I hate this day."

"I'm just teasing you. Come on, it's almost an hour, don't torture your groom too much," she chuckled, "but I have to warn you. He's so dashing and gorgeous in his white tux. I'm afraid you'll find it hard to resist his godly looks once you see him." ↵

I sighed and stood up, "as if! He's not my type, and his personality sucks. If only I had a choice, I would rather marry a frog, than a guy like him!" ↵

"Oh really? Let's see if you think the same way when you see him." ↵

"Camella! I thought you're in my side."

"Of course I am. I'm just teasing you," she laughed aloud, "come on, get your ass here, I'm starving already."

The moment I arrived at the wedding venue, I realized Camella was right. Adonis was looking really gorgeous, a handsome devil. I avoided looking at him, to deny this tingling excitement building deep inside me everytime our eyes met. ↵

I saw my grandpa raise an eyebrow when he saw me, surprised at my black wedding gown. But he immediately gave me a satisfactory smile. All he cared about was that I appeared at the wedding. ↵

I kept a straight face as I walked down the aisle. My eyes focused on the bored old minister, who kept on chewing something in his mouth, probably his dentures. ↵

The ceremony dragged for almost an hour. I was standing beside Adonis like a statue. I was so aware of his nearness and his wonderful male scent. Darn it, he smells so good and I'm liking it – like an addictive drug. ↵

I could feel his eyes lingered on my face, making me feel so conscious if I had lipstick on my teeth or dirt on my eyes. I jolted everytime his arm brushed against mine and felt electrified when our hands held, as we put rings to each other's fingers. ↵

What is wrong with me? I hate him, and yet, something pulls me towards him. Wrong. It's not an attraction, I insist. Most probably, being nervous of being close with a man. Something that I'm not very familiar with. ↵

"You may now kiss the bride," the old minister said, but I refused to move. I kept on staring at him.

The minister looked at Adonis, then back at me, repeated what he said loudly like he was not heard the first time.

I turned to Adonis and saw his wicked smile. I had a feeling that he meant to kiss me on the lips, and that freaked me out.

"No... don't you dare," I warned him but he ignored me.

The next thing I knew, he pulled me in his arms, and kissed me intently. His lips were warm and gentle, parting my lips as he deepened the kiss.

I was shocked, like I was struck with thunder and lightning. My brain froze as well as my whole body.

It was my first kiss! ↵

Yeah, you read it right. My first kiss. Something that I reserved for my first love. ↵

I dreamed that my first kiss would happen outside our house doorstep. It would be so wonderful that I would have back kicks, toes curl and weak knees. ↵

The kiss lingered, and I felt something funny in my stomach, an excitement that I could not explain.

Then he stopped and let me go. I faltered but he caught me before I fell flat on the floor.

Darn it. I realized I had back kicks, toes curl and weak knees! ↵

"You shouldn't have kissed me, that's not part of the deal," I said to Adonis the moment we were alone at the bridal table. My face kept on smiling, to keep up the pretense of a happy bride to the guests.

He chuckled, his eyebrows raising, "when I signed the contract for this arranged marriage, I hadn't read a clause that prohibits us from kissing."

"This is not a real marriage, so I expect you to behave. No kissing and no touching. So keep your lips and your hands to yourself." ↵

He paused, then clicked his tongue, "you should have known what you're getting into Mrs. Elena Stavrakos. This marriage is so real. We're going to live as any normal husband and wife do." ↵

My eyes grew big, as I could not hide my anger at him anymore, "I can't believe you're being so ruthless on this! You said we won't be minding each other's business. You do what you want and I do mine." ↵

"Of course, it still stands, in business," he said firmly, "but not as a couple. You will act as my wife, Elena. In every sense of the word."

"In your dreams!" I gritted my teeth, "I won't be cooking your meals, washing your dirty clothes, preparing your bath and giving you massages every night!" ↵

"You're not going to do that, we have maids. All you have to do is wait for me in bed, every night," his eyes were teasing. ↵

"Over my dead body. If you want to sleep with me, then you'll have to drag and tie me to bed first!" ↵

Adonis gave me a wicked smile, "I can hardly wait." ↵

Oh my God, what am I getting into? I feel like I was losing in this battle.

"You don't want me. You just want to have the upper hand," I hissed at him, a er eyeing grandpa who noticed us getting at each other's teeth. ↵

"I want you, my beautiful wife, make no mistake about it. You made yourself more desirable in my eyes by wearing this black wedding gown," he held my eyes, then drawled, "and what I want... I get it. Every single time." ↵

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AN: Hey Dreamers! Hope you enjoyed the update.

Do you remember your first kiss? Tell me about it. ↵

Mine happened when I was 16 years old. My first boyfriend kissed me at the stairs of my friend's house. It was a stolen kiss, and I was so shocked. I like the so kisses, but when he started kissing me aggressively, ugh! I hated it. He was a terrible kisser, and I broke up with him a er two months. ↵

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