

Divorced My Cheating Husband and Remarried My Rival

Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2 This Suitcase Was Not Mine

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Albie's POV

"Case dismissed!"

A bang of the judge's gavel echoed throughout the whole courtroom. Signaling the end of the case, finalizing the sentence, and putting me put off my frustration.

It's not much, just another day in the life of an extremely occupied attorney.

Rubbing my temple slowly, I waited for the rowdy room to be empty before stepping out and bracing myself for what was next for me.

Days like this made me question my sanity and capability to handle certain cases. That didn't matter, at the end of the day, I do what I can and hope for the best.

"Kennedy."

I turned to face my superior at the firm, I honestly did not have the strength to fall into one of those talks.

"Harold," I called trying as much as I could to sound calm.

"Nice work out there, I know you understand it is not always going to be a win."

It was meant to be a trigger, to nudge me a bit, sensing his real intent, I just nodded and walked off.

I couldn't afford to hang around, I had an appointment to catch up with, one that had my particular interest and I didn't want to be late.

Glancing at the time, I walked faster, taking the time to relax my nerves and hoping they would be able to keep my head above the water.

I did what I could as an attorney, always acting up to please and get benefits for the clients. Most of which are never really satisfied, to begin with.

As I stepped into the room, the client was a thirty-two-year-old man full of zest and was not ready to fall victim to the ways of the public. We spend the next hours laying our facts right in favor of winning the case.

We focused on drafting the facts and details covering the entire case.

"Kennedy." He looked me right in the eye and I could see the desperation embedded in his face. "I don't want to lose."

"I will try my best and do what I can," I replied mildly.

I can't say anything that might get his hopes high. The results are always not as expected.

After gathering the essential information from the client, I excused myself with hopes of getting more information with further study. Preferably in the comfort of my office and back at the firm where I had access to literally all I needed.

Done with as work as much as I could handle, I took an Uber to the airport for the plane I booked a return trip back home and the thought of being in some peace made me relax a bit.

As I took solace in the silent calm interior of the plane, I kept thinking of the events of the day and the extra work to be done.

The stress from the whole trip took its toll on me and soon I was lost in a comfortable darkness as I slept off.

A gentle but firm grip on my shoulder disturbed my slumber. After several seconds passed by, I summoned the courage to open my eyes and face reality. I was utterly confused at first but I quickly collected my bearing.

"Excuse me, Mister, the plane has landed." A feminine soothing voice said as she woke me up.

My vision narrowed on the flight attendant, with a bright smile on her face, she gestured to the exit of the plane.

I looked around to see how I was the last person still in. I nodded, getting up and heading down. Since I was the only person left, I saw my black suitcase at the luggage carousel, I took it and walked off.

The journey was so short that it seemed hardly like it was a flight. I needed a cup of coffee. A strong one.

Exiting the Airport, I had to take a pass from the case to give me access to my apartment. Aiming to open it, I instantly felt odd. This case was not mine. It didn't belong to me.

Who on earth did this belong to then? It was an exact model as mine but had a different tag.

I studied the tag and the moment I read the name on it, time seemed to freeze and my face softened. My fingers ran across the name slowly as I thought of the owner.

"Elise McLean."

She was the last person that I would have thought to stumbled across her luggage or rather end up with hers.

A smile tugged at the corners of my mouth as memories of her flooded my senses, nulling my mind and trapping it in a loop.

The beautiful, brilliant, and sexy Elise. My last encounters with her stormed my brain, she had such a graceful and feisty aura to her that made me wonder just how feisty she could be.

Her witty banter and tact made her such a unique and forceful presence that can not be ignored. The time we met I was shocked how I was overwhelmed by her ability to override me.

It was a pleasant surprise, not only was she equipped with grace but knew how to do her job which made her earn my respect and attention.

The first time I met her slid slowly into my mind, with a smile as calculating and alluring as hell, she knew how to make my head spin. I would give anything to return the favor but that proved difficult.

She was married and had a husband whom she seemed happy with, that was the only thing that held me back from exploring and venturing into making her mine.

She was already taken, that discovery left a sting but I held onto her as a rival and relished with that was worth experiencing.

My phone vibrated in my pocket, I reached out mindlessly and answered without a second thought.

"Hello." A voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

My heart raced just a bit faster than usual, I couldn't mistake that particular voice, I was already certain who it belonged to and it warmed my chest a tiny bit.

"This is Elise, Elise McLean."