



## 20 CHAPTER 20 Keeping Her Safe

Albie's POV 1

Closing the door to her office, I walked back to mine. What just happened? Why the shift in her mood? I know I wasn't just imagining it.

Passing by the hallway, I met Cassie again, she smiled eagerly, batting her eyelashes and touching her hair.

I didn't waste time with her, I replied hastily and by the time I was back in my office. It just dawned on me.

Did her change in mood have anything to do with Cassie? It makes a bit of sense as that was when I noticed her false concentration on the files on the table and the clipped monotonous replies.

I hope she didn't think that I was interested in Cassie, nothing is wrong with Cassie as a lady but I was not interested in her.

As she entered the office, I tried as much as



possible to just be plain and simple but maybe she read it differently.

Pushing her out of my mind, I focused on the work at hand. The next case was going to be against her old firm, even if she wasn't around there anymore, the firm had other competitive attorneys that would be eager to take the job.

As the hours passed by, I drowned myself in research and findings that would help me to win the case.

It was hard to focus when the woman that was sending me over the edge was just a couple of rooms away from me. I needed her to understand that I wasn't that type of person.

By the time I got off work, I didn't want to go home, I thought of going to her office and perhaps offering to take her home but that would be too much.

As I got into my car and drove off, I took a detour and stopped by a bar. I needed to relax and maybe a couple of drinks will help me.

As I parked, I walked into the bar and while I took a shot, my eyes caught sight of a familiar



suit. Was that Elsie? No, it can't be, I was probably imagining it.

I just took a drink and I was already hallucinating things, I have got to be kidding myself, that's just crazy.

I took the second drink and steadied myself, she was with a friend and they were dancing. She was laughing and I was stunned.

As beautiful as ever, her face had a glow to it and I loved it. I wonder when I would be the reason she laughs like that.

Without taking my eyes off her, I kept watching her, I could do this all night long. Soon enough, her friend drew her back to the bar and they had a refill.

I took my eyes off them and took another shot, was it normal to be staring at her like that? Would she appreciate it if she knew? As I kept thinking about it, I turned my eyes in her direction only to see three unknown men joining them.

My hand instantly tightened on my glass, who were they and what did they want? I urged



myself to calm down.

Maybe she knew them but as I watched closely, I noticed the unease in her, and I was about to stand up when her friend found a way to loosen their company. Soon they were back on the dance floor.

I eased back into the seat, if it wasn't necessary, I wouldn't want her to see me, mainly because I didn't know how she would react to it.

I was drunk on watching her dance, I could tell she had a couple too much to drink because of the way her movement was a bit sloppy. I wished I had the authority to hold her to myself as we danced.

The men who sat with them earlier suddenly appeared, surrounding her. These losers didn't know when to quit, did they? She didn't realize it at first but the moment she saw them, her face became wary.

I stood up before I knew it but I held back, I saw their lips moving and they started laughing. That was it, I wasn't going to sit around and let these fools taunt Elsie.



In no time I was where they stood and I held his hand. "Let her go."

The man wanted to claim he saw her first, I had no patience in me to make long talk. I just brushed him off. He and his other dumb friend soon got the message and left.

"Albie."

Before she could say anything, I held her hand where the bastard held her and pulled her from the dance floor. I love the fact she didn't struggle, if she did, I would have used force without realizing it.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

"I should be asking you that," I said before I could stop myself. Why was I getting worked up?

Her brows drew together and her nose twisted in a fit, her confusion was evident and I tried to understand her. She was probably wondering why I was here, what I was thinking of dragging her off the dance floor, and what was actually bothering me.

To be honest, ever I didn't know why, I was

just angry for no reason in particular.

"You shouldn't let other men touch you, you don't belong to them."

"I didn't tell them to touch me, I was just dancing."

She sounded confused, I couldn't blame her, in fact, I blamed myself, if only I had stepped in and claimed her the moment I saw her with her friend, none of these would have happened.

If she was mine, no man would dare it, I would see to it that he regretted tempering with what was not his.

Her lips parted in a way that left me wondering how it would taste and for a second I was contemplating the possibility of kissing her.

My mind was screaming no but my body wanted it so bad that finally I gave in and leaned over.

