

21 CHAPTER 21 The Kiss

Elsie's POV 1

Why was he sounding like that? Didn't he see that it wasn't intentional? I was just dancing, I didn't purposely call those guys and wasn't expecting them to join me.

Those distasteful men were arrogant, acting as though they had every right to be with us, subtly forcing themselves on us. They were the kind of inconveniences that made me dislike public places.

He can't possibly think I would have anything to do with them, not now, not ever.

What would have happened if he wasn't here? If he didn't step in to separate me from them? I am not sure I would have been able to do anything. How would it have ended?

That was something to ponder upon but maybe later, the bigger question right now was how did Albie end up here? How did he happen to know I was in trouble?



It wasn't some sort of miracle that he happened to appear out of nowhere and prevent whatever was going to happen from taking place. It can only mean he was watching me. He had been in the bar and had his eyes on me.

The thought of him watching me dance brought the heat to my cheeks, slowly Albie saw me in my most disarrayed states, first, it was me crying, then my unorganized house then me drunk dancing.

What was he doing here? Was he alone? Probably just hanging out and trying to relax. But why did he have to be here simultaneously with me?

Stop it! I should be grateful and happy that he was even here in the first place, how else would he have been able to get me out of that uncomfortable situation?

Looking at his face, he had a dark scrawl, his hair wasn't as slick and arranged as earlier in the office. His eyes were keen and sharp, having a hint of redness in them.

My body quivered as those eyes stared hard at me, I felt it from my toes up to my face. How



can he just look at me and cause this kind of change in my body?

Was it from the alcohol or what? When he spoke earlier, his breath was laced with whiskey but coming from him, it found a way to smell alluring.

It was like in the movies, the guy gets to save the girl and appear like the knight in shining armor although my knight didn't look pleased at all.

He didn't even look like a knight, still in his office wear, his shirt heaved at the collar and neck making him look disarrayed. Nevertheless, he was still one of the most handsome men in here.

My eyes fell to his chest, a few buttons were undone and his bare chest was exposed, I wanted to stare a bit longer but I quickly averted my eyes. I shouldn't be comfortable staring at him in that manner.

Snapping myself out of whatever state of shock and confusion that I was trapped in, I tried to say something, to rely but the words caught in my throat. What the hell was wrong with?

Was it the alcohol? Or maybe I was it was him in particular, it was him that made me lose my bearing, making me unaware of my environment. Where was I again?

The bar, yes I was at the bar, the lights and music were on and it was evident that I wasn't on the the dance floor anymore. We were close to the drinking area, at that very moment I just felt it.

His hand was still wrapped around my wrist exactly where the blonde guy held me. Unlike him, he held it with a gentle but firm grip, in a way that indicated dominance calmly.

As I noticed it, the skin under his hand burned and immediately my breath hitched, and my heart raced a bit faster than usual. Why was happening to my body? Why was it reacting this way?

My throat bobbed as I tried to steady my breath, and my lips gaped slightly, giving me a little access to air.

That was a wrong move, his eyes quickly picked up the motion, I watched as he lowered his gaze and it landed on my lips. I knew for sure

what he was thinking because my body was thinking the same thing.

I saw something flicker in his eyes, like he was contemplating whether to act on it or not, his jaw tightened and I could feel him struggling to fight it.

The moment that control loosened I saw it, his eyes darkened and it made him appear like a dark icon of desire. Slowly, almost unnoticed, his head bent, I knew for a fact it was helpless to do anything.

My body was screaming in anticipation, and my lips suddenly longed to have his pressed against them, only God knew how often I have thought of how it will feel.

As though at war, my mind sought a resolve to act upon, to force my body to react but I couldn't need it, my nerves were electrified but I could not move a muscle.

I watched anxiously as his head kept descending, slowing, on purpose and with intent. He was giving me time to do something, to make a decision, and to choose whether I wanted it or not.



Unable to do anything to stop it, I waited and braced myself, expectantly, how delicious it would be to taste him. I could feel his breath over my face, he stopped just inches away.

It was his way of saying last chance, he waited, and when there was no response, he dipped closer and the moment my body relaxed, I exhaled.

His lips were light and smooth and he tasted exactly the way I knew he would. But before I could dwell on the kiss.

"Elsie!" A loud voice pierced through my thoughts and I flinched. The voice sounded a bit far and by the side of the bar.

"Elsie!" The voice was closer, louder, and very familiar. It caused me to tear my attention from Albie and in its direction. Who was it? Who could be calling me with so much authority?

