

23 CHAPTER 23 I'm Divorced

Elsie's POV 1

The last thing I saw was Daniel's stunned face when Albie took me out of the bar, I couldn't even stop my legs from following him.

As we were leaving the bar, he placed his hand on my waist and guided me towards the exit. Today's evening was a total rollercoaster of emotions, I don't think I can keep up with this kind of thing.

Once outside, the cool air blew, sending a chill feeling all over my body. I stole a glance in Albie's direction, his face hadn't changed, if anything, it got darker after encountering Daniel.

I couldn't blame him could I? After witnessing such a nerve wrecking exchange, was he supposed to be excited and laughing?

I felt so embarrassed, this was the point where I was sure that Albie wouldn't like me again. All the chances of him liking me were thrown out the window and it was all because of



Daniel.

What exactly was he doing here? How did he spot me out of such a huge crowd? He had no reserve at all. Confronting me in public like that without any consideration of how it would look to other people.

He was selfish and self-centered, never truly respecting others. It was always about him, what he wanted when he wanted it, and how convenient it was for him to have things go his way.

This divorce was making me see him from a different lens, I have seen a lot of things that I was ignorant of but I was now seeing. All of it.

"Are you okay?" Albie asked as we approached his car.

"Yes, yes I'm fine."

He paused and searched my face, his was still tight which seemed like he was angry even though his voice said otherwise.

"Let's get you home." He opened the passenger door and I entered.

In a few seconds, he was seated on the driver's side, the car came to life and we drove off. The ride back home was quiet, no one spoke and I kept wondering what he was thinking.

When the car packed into the driveway and he killed the engine, I braced myself for whatever was to come.

"Elsie, I'm sorry about today, I don't know what came over me."

"It's not your fault, I didn't stop you either."

"Look at me." He said.

When I did, tenderness wrapped around me, his eyes were gentle and filled with concern. I just wished that look would never cease.

"Tell me, are you divorced?"

The gentleness he used to ask me was his fit to sound understanding and sensible but no matter how softly he said it, the reality of the truth was still bitter.

I smiled as I thought of it, I was not with Daniel anymore, and sooner than later, everyone was going to know so there was no need to hide

it. Not from him especially.

"Yes, yes I am." I removed my gaze from his and stared ahead. "I'm divorced."

The last part I whispered was more for me than him, I wanted it to sink in. So now I was just one of those women who were no longer someone's wife.

Silence filled the car, it was a good kind of one and I released a breath I had no idea I was holding, it felt good to say it out loud. As the heaviness in my chest lessened, I worked the courage to look at him.

He was still looking at me, the interior of the car was slightly dark, and couldn't make out his face clearly but it was unreadable.

He didn't say anything and I appreciated that, I don't think I had it in me to start explaining to him the reason behind our breaking up.

"I should probably head inside, it's getting late."

"Yes, and you need to rest." He nodded as he

made to come out and escort me to the door.

"Don't worry, there is no need, I will just go in."

I don't know if he was disappointed or relieved but I opened the door and was about to step out when he held my hand.

"Goodnight, see you tomorrow."

"Goodnight."

He was still in the driveway until I entered the house and locked the door. After a few minutes, I heard the car drive off. He was gone. I signed quietly as I dropped my bag, removed my heels, and sank to the floor with my back pressed against the door.

What was I going to do now? What was supposed to be a good evening turned sour so quickly. I felt nauseous and I rushed to the bathroom. Spent the next five minutes vomiting everything that was in my stomach.

Raising my mouth, face, and hands, I washed the vomit off and flushed the toilet. I dried the water and dropped the towel.

Maybe tomorrow I won't have a hangover, after all, I had work and I had to get sober. Heading to the kitchen, I brewed a hot pot of coffee and had a cup.

It was strong and as I sipped it, relief spread through my head, I wasn't feeling nauseous as earlier. As my head cleared, the events from today came crashing back and I thought of Albie.

He stepped up to stop Daniel from harassing me and I was grateful for that, it was nice to watch someone else protect you. I have never seen Daniel so confused and stunned before.

For a second, I wished me and Albie were lovers and I would have shown him that he wasn't the only person who could cheat.

The satisfaction of him knowing I was already moving on with someone as handsome as Albie would be the perfect opportunity to get back at him.

The things he said, how he acted, and the kiss this evening could mean he liked me. Finishing my coffee, I got ready for bed, tomorrow was going to be very interesting.

