

## 40 CHAPTER 40 Drunk In The Bar

Elsie's POV 1

A big body frame that was almost twice my size heaved and crunched beside me. All my body senses came to life by just being close to him, it ached to be touched and creased.

When his deep voice asked me, I was grateful my breath didn't sound nitty and high-pitched like an eager teenager.

He sat so close to me that I could feel the heat coming from his body, his familiar intoxicating scent filled my lungs and I had to breathe steadily so I would get loaded with it.

Memories from when that scent engulfed me as we kissed and he held me tenderly shuffled in my head. My lips tingled as I thought of the way he kissed me senselessly.

I would melt all over again if he did that to me, that's why I had to stop talking to him, he had too much control over my body's reactions.



The distance between us was the only thing stopping me from touching him, that and the ten other reasons why I wanted to avoid him. Avoiding him was the only way I had control over myself, if I let him keep at it, I would lose total control.

Why did he insist on coming closer? Didn't he already get it that I wasn't interested? Liar! You are interested, you are just too stubborn to admit it.

I hated it when the little voice in my head didn't sound so little and it was making it hard for me to focus on anything. That little voice was very loud and ready to push me to do something I would later regret.

If not for a breach in our communication which was his fault, this would have been the best time to bond with each other.

I slowly moved my legs to the side, scooted closer to Bonnie, and tried to concentrate on the conversation she was having with Judith.

A conversation that made absolutely no sense, it was swarming into my ear and going out right through the next one. Focusing my



concentration on them I tried to be able to involve myself in the talk.

It didn't make sense, they were talking about peaches? No beaches or is it bleaching? My brain was so jumbled up right now especially with him just a few inches away.

He seemed to get the memo, he was minding his own business and drinking more than I have ever seen him do before. I silently hoped his hangover tomorrow wouldn't be too terrible.

So you do care? The little voice asked. Nonsense, I didn't care about him, I just didn't want him to get sick and not be able to be alert in tomorrow's meeting. My concern was strictly work related.

He signed deeply, forcing me to turn sharply, the reason why? I had no idea. His shoulders slumped forward depressingly, he was leaning towards the table with both elbows.

He shifted his head slowly and I quickly turned away. I couldn't make him think that I was watching him. It will encourage him to talk to me.





"Right Elsie?"

Faces belonging to the rest of the group focused on me and I was confused not knowing why they looking at me like that.

"What?" I asked puzzled.

"You weren't even paying attention."

"Oh sorry, what did you say?"

"We were asking if you prefer the winter or summer, you know, for the holidays."

Oh right, I forgotten that I was in the company of other people, it was rude to zone out in the middle of a conversation. I should just behave like he wasn't here, that was the best idea.

But he is here, there was no way I could dismiss that thought, I could only pretend to not know.

"Our company is pretty boring, no couples drama, no nasty co workers, everyone was minding his own business." Judith lamented.

"No couple at all?" Bonnie probed.



"There is one tho but we aren't sure and they don't know that they like each other."

"Sounds juicy."

My ears pricked at that, I just hoped it wasn't about me, I heard some whispers in the lunch room about how Albie was off the market because he wasn't entertaining women like he usually did.

A part of me wanted to believe that it was true, that for some strange reason, he was not willing to go out with other women. I know it was selfish of me but I so wanted that.

"Elsie?"

"Yes, sorry."

"You keep going off, are you okay? Perhaps you need to rest."

"No I'm fine, I just thinking a lot."

"About?"

"Nothing, what were you asking me?"

"I was asking if you noticed Cassie and Thomas, the blonde registrar."



Oh, I just remembered what she said earlier about being a pair with the blonde guy. As if on cue, they both appeared from the back of the bar and joined us.

Meeting her face, she winked eagerly at me as he held her hand in his. She was smiling, looking up at him and there was a shine in her eyes that showed she was in love.

I suddenly remembered all the times I looked at a man like that and now we don't even talk to each other. First Daniel, he was the center of my attention back then and we are divorced now.

For Albie, I wasn't sure if I ever looked at him like that but it was different. He was right beside me but I couldn't talk to him. Who's fault was that? Me, was I being too harsh on him just like Bonnie said?

Suddenly an external weight pressed against my shoulder, and my body tensed initially but after a few seconds I turned to find the source and it was him.

Albie's head rested gently on my shoulder, he was leaning over and lying on me. What do I

do? This was the last position I expected him to be in.

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