

41 CHAPTER 41 Was He Drunk?

Elsie's POV 1

The weight of his head lay on me, it wasn't heavy but also not light, I could feel the pressure as his soft skin was in contact with mine.

The area where he rested his head burned with heat, the heat started just around there but soon enough it spread like wildfire throughout my whole body making me feel hot and clammy.

With that single act, the space between us was covered, we were practically squished together, making it very hard for me not to inhale his cologne. Unlike the first time he sat, the scent coming from his body now had a linger of alcohol.

It was his scent with a touch of whiskey, it made me wonder what he would taste like if we kissed if I risked it and our lips touched, the thought made me unconsciously lick my lips.

Only Albie had that power, he was the only man who could make the most unconventional things look attractive. It was part of him, he made you draw your attention to even the most flimsy of things about him.



I was tempted to just let it be, to allow him to keep laying his head on me. He was depending on me even though it was physical and just a while. It felt good to just let him.

Another thought just passed through my mind, what if he wasn't drunk and was just looking for an excuse to lay on me? He knew I might refuse but under the influence of alcohol, I won't just shove him away.

Albie was a lot of things but not like that, him faking his loss of control over his body just to touch me was something I doubt he would do.

"Hey guys, check this out, Albie has gone off again," Jake said.

The few others at the table all turned to look at him, which meant they were looking at us because he was supporting himself on me.

"And he found the perfect person to lean on, how cute." Judith pointed out.

All the eyes of the group settled on us, I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment as they stared at us, I didn't know what they were thinking and their faces didn't give away any hints.

"Don't worry Elsie, it's not your fault, he has no idea what he's doing."

"His body can't handle much alcohol, I know it sounds odd. He may be all tough but he's a softie on the inside."

"Which makes me wonder why he allowed himself to get drunk. That's odd, he's always careful."

The latest information I've learned about Albie left me speechless. So could it be that he wasn't aware of the whole situation? That he was truly just acting under the influence of alcohol?

"But the dude is still sly, he chose to sit next to Elsie knowing he was going to get drunk. Clever boy." Jake laughed as he teased Albie and everybody else joined in on it.

I had to do something, yes it wasn't his fault and he wasn't aware but since I was the one who was not drunk I had to do something. Letting him just lay on me without any resistance might seem like I was enjoying it.

But you are enjoying it, aren't you? My mind screamed at me. My body found the sweet feeling when he leaned over.

Softly, I tried to push him off me, I felt bad as I made to shift him but it was necessary. I couldn't send off the wrong message, not to him or anybody else.

The more force I put in to draw my shoulder off, the heavier I felt him on me. It was simple, I would raise his head a bit then slip my shoulder from under him.

Easier thought than done. I was practically trapped there, I couldn't lift his head and if I just drew my shoulder back, he would fall over and probably hurt himself in the process.

I didn't want that for him, in as much as we weren't on good terms, letting him get hurt was wrong.

"It's useless Elsie, that empty head of his was as heavy as a sack of coconuts." I turned to look at the person that spoke.

It was George, I have seen him with Albie a couple of times, especially during our no talking phase. George was handsome in his own way with gentle eyes that bore holes into your soul. Like right now.

He was looking at me like he wanted to say something or rather he knew something that he



would want to tell me.

"Oh okay, I doubt he would be part of this get together again, maybe I can take him to his room?"

"Good idea, I can help you, I don't think you can handle him alone."

True, if I couldn't hold his head off then what gives me the impression I could handle his whole weight? that was quite dumb of me.

His weight could be handled by me if we were lying down, in fact, I would welcome the warm feeling if he was on me. What was I thinking? Stop it Elsie, just get the man back to his room where he can sleep peacefully.

"Bonnie."

"You need help in getting him back to his room?"

"How did you know?"

"I mean he has been leaning on you now for a while, I'm sure you are tired but you can't just let him be."

"Why are you so observant? It's kind of scary sometimes."



She shrugged as she slipped out of her seat and started gathering our things so we could go back to the room.

"What I meant was I would be going so you don't necessarily have to come along, I have George here to help me."

At the mention of his name, her eyes wandered off to look past me and I would have sworn, I saw something flicker in her eyes. What was that?

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