



43 CHAPTER 43 Change Of Rooms

Elsie's POV 1

Impossible. I refuse to believe this, there is no way that I will be convinced that Albie was in love with me.

Love? No, lust, maybe, and a bit of concern? Probably. Albie was a handsome man who could have any woman of his choice so why would he love me?

It hasn't been all that long since he found out that I was divorced, was that how long it took people to fall in love? If it were that easy then I don't think it's real.

I looked at George, gauging his face, I didn't find any hint of playfulness, he was dead ass serious. He could act serious, it could be a fit to get me to believe him.

"No matter how long you look at me, you would still see the same thing." He said to me.

Sincerity. That was what I saw in his eyes, I couldn't fathom the reason why he would lie to



me, there was nothing for him to gain from him lying to me. I was now left with the doubt that filled my chest.

He barely knew me, I just started working at his firm, I'm not saying I wasn't good enough but there were countless eligible women he could pick from.

Turning my neck to look forward, I found myself thinking of the actual possibility that it was true. The only thing my brain could think of was the shock that came with the news.

My shock was far greater than my doubt, I mean, I never saw it that way. Him being in love with me.

I wasn't sure what caused it in particular, I didn't know which was it that I found more weird. The fact that Albie was in love with me or him, George as he was telling me such a thing.

"I don't think he loves me, he has never said anything about it."

"He probably doesn't know how you would react and how that reaction will change your relationship."

No matter what he said, I still felt like it

wasn't true but secretly, a part of me wanted it to be.

I started recalling our interactions from the moment we met at the welcome party to the exchange of the suits down to how he defended me from Daniel and our kisses.

The thought of our kisses and intimate times together planted seeds of evidence to the possibility that it may be true.

Before I could say something regarding his last statement, I heard footsteps coming behind us, they were light and had a certain rhyme to the steps. I knew who they belonged to.

"I'm back," Bonnie said quietly as her steps joined ours. I just realized she wasn't her usual self and was less chatty than I expected.

"Did you find it?" I asked.

"Yes."

I intended to ask her what it was that she left but the simple way she answered was enough sign that she didn't want to mention it.

"There, it's room 24," George stated.

"Bonnie?"



"Got it." She quickly walked past us and reached the room first. She turned the knob to open it but it didn't open.

"Key? It's locked." She placed her hand in front of me, sort of reminding me to give it to her.

"I don't have it, do you?" I was referring to George, maybe he had it with him.

"Negative." He replied then moved to check Albie's pockets but still shook his head as he found nothing.

My breath was faster and harder as I was trying to catch my breath, this was a sign that I had to start working out pretty soon.

"What do we do now?" I was tired and just wanted to get to a room so that we could drop him off.

Where was his damn room key in the first place? If he wasn't with it then where did he keep it and he was too drunk to give us an answer to our question.

So much for trying to be a good person by helping, I was on the verge collapsing because of I was gassed out.

"Why don't we just take him back to our room? that way we can still make sure he is fine." Boonie suggested.

That was the only option right now, there was nowhere else to go and our room was not that far so I agreed.

"Fine, let's just try to get him tucked in."

We headed off to our place, I didn't realize how close our rooms were, but it was to our advantage right now, we could easily take him there.

My shoulders became heavier the closer we got to the room, my legs were shaking slightly and I heaved with each step I took. We were walking to turn down the passage and take the next passage.

"Hey you three, stop there." A deep unfriendly voice stopped us in our tracks. I snapped my head up in frustration and stared at him. Who was it now? He was dressed in blue and had a baton in his hands.

He was the security man on the floor and he was eyeing us cautiously, it's funny because I wasn't even in the mood to explain anything to anyone. Couldn't we just get to the room in one



fucking piece?

"What's wrong with him?" He asked as soon as he was close to us.

"Nothing," I said impatiently.

"Then why does he look like that?" The man still pressed on despite sensing my lack of will.

"He's just drunk and we want to get him to his room."

"Where is his room?"

All these unnecessary questions were making me annoyed, I just held myself from lashing at him and saying something that would offend him.

"Sir, if you would permit us, we just want to get him into bed."

I said this without the tiniest iota of respect, try supporting a body that weighed twice yours and see how polite you can be. He looked at me for what seemed like forever then he let us pass.

