

45 CHAPTER 45 Why Did You Stop?

Albie's POV 1

George, shut the fuck up!

My inner mind screamed for the dumb sly to stop talking but I couldn't bring myself to stop him. Why would he be telling her that?

I felt her body froze at the statement and for a moment I was desperate to know what she thought, what would be her reaction to it?

I wished I could know what her thoughts were. Was she happy or disappointed to know? Everything at the moment depended on whether she would accept the information in good spirits or not.

I wanted to strangle George, this wasn't what I meant when I said I wished she knew about my feelings for her. Smart ass bastard, this wasn't how a woman was supposed to find out that she was loved.

She deserved to be seduced, lured, and enticed with the idea of being loved, only then



will she on her own, decide to reciprocate the feeling.

If not for the fact she wasn't even giving me to opportunity to show and express myself to her, she would cut me off from even seeing her.

Her presence became so scarce that it was heaven whenever I eventually saw her. The distance between us made it extremely precious for every glimpse of her that I eventually got.

She didn't make much of a reaction when George told her, she seemed lost in thoughts, and without my will of control over my movement, it was hard to even see her face.

At first, I felt masculine hands help me to my feet, I immediately recognized the feel as George's own but when we started down the stairs to exit the bar, I knew for a fact another figure was supporting me.

The figure was smaller, softer and so much fragile to feel. Elsie, I recognized her scent and when her hands encircled my waist, my mind exploded into a thousand tiny pieces.

Elsie was touching me and letting my weight be supported by her, perhaps this trip was going to turn out to yield a reconciliation between us.



It was much to hope but it was worth it, even if it was just for a day, I just want us to go back to the way we were. I didn't want her to express her undying love for me, that would be asking for the extraordinary.

I just wanted us to go back to the way we were, the natural loving friend vibe we had going on where we could talk, relax, and even have some intimacy which was encouraged by both parties. The intimacy that was enjoyed by both of us.

I missed that, getting it back was totally out of the question and it had the potential to grow into something much more than we could have ever expected.

The next I knew was I drew myself from a drowsy sleep, my head was spinning a little and I had to steady my body.

The bed was soft, it had a sweet feminine scent that shot straight to my brain and I quickly associated it with her. It smelled like her and I just wanted to stay there for as long as I could.

I opened my eyes to find nobody in the room, it was similar to mine but for some unknown reason, I just knew it didn't belong to

me. I closed my eyes to get my bearings, my head ached a bit too much and darkness filled my vision.

I knew this pattern well enough, it was the effect of the alcohol, this was how I was going to keep slipping in and out of sleep till the intoxication ended.

The next time I could open my eyes, I saw a figure sitting at the foot of the bed and arranging her hair. I didn't need to be sober to know who it was. Elsie.

What was she doing in the room? Wait, the scent, the aura, and her, could this be her room? How did I even end up here? Was she real?

I called her name but didn't react, there was only one way to find out. I reached across the bed and held her.

She was alright, here in the flesh and blood, as I held her in my arms, I did what any sane man would do, I kissed her and started taking up her warmth.

As always she was willing to give in to me, she was responsive and I dived right ahead. She was so soft, and warm and smelled extremely edible.

Stop it! Get a grip of yourself!

My logical reasoning sprang back to life, I couldn't do what I wanted. If I proceeded, we would eventually make love but I couldn't do that to her. She deserves much more than a drunk fool trying to act on an opportunity.

When we eventually made love, it would be when I was fully aware of my surroundings and not under the influence of alcohol.

Not in a hotel room on a business trip. No fucking way in hell was I going to do that to her, I would properly seduce her and win her heart then fuck the hell out of her brains.

That was impossible right now, I wouldn't even be able to perform to my maximum capacity, not even up to half of it.

She sensed that I stopped and she turned to face me, there was no fucking way I was going to do that to her. It was going to be all fun and games till she sleeps and regrets what happened by tomorrow.

"Why did you stop?"

Her eyes were filled with confusion, I could feel the tension between us skyrocket to the

ceiling. The heat was emitting from her body and I was desperate to make her understand.

"Because I love you too much to risk our future."

Will she understand what I mean? Will she feel rejected or something like that? I honestly wasn't sure what to expect but what I knew was I wasn't going to cross the line. At least not today.

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