

7 CHAPTER 7 She Was His Wife

Albie's POV 1

Casually I glanced at the phone and the caller ID pricked my nerves. Daniel.

I knew who that was, her supposed husband and he was so adamant about her picking his call. Why did he have to call when I was finally able to get some alone time with her?

My shoulders slumped slightly, disappointment caught up in my mind. All my efforts to get her alone with me will be wasted.

I specifically didn't let her know who it was and chose this beautiful restaurant as our meeting place so we could end up spending more time together.

She played right into my plan by asking to treat me to a meal, she actually beat me to it and I don't mind. It just shows she was interested in me in a way, even if she hasn't realized it yet.

I knew it shouldn't make me happy and it meant nothing but a man could only hope. She

could have done it out of kindness and the fact I was her new colleague. I was going to enjoy every single moment of it.

Her eyes warily landed on the screen, I could sense the hesitation and reluctance in her. She politely excused herself and stepped off to a convenient area.

All I know about this Daniel was that he was married to Elsie and he pissed me off. Elsie could have any man in the world but she ended up with him.

The sad truth just slammed me in the face, regardless of how I felt, she was married and was someone's wife. That truth was supposed to make me feel guilty about my feelings for her but it didn't.

A beautiful talented woman like herself deserved more, deserved the best, and truly should be treated as one.

Several minutes passed and I glanced towards the direction she walked off to. Why was she taking so long? What were they even talking about?

Annoyance and irritation crept through my nerves, what was he even saying to her? I mean they were married and lived together so why the long conversation?

Was that how long married couples discussed with themselves on calls? I was beginning to imagine whether her mood would change when she came back.

Maybe talking to her husband might make her not interested in our meet up. I silently hoped that wasn't the case, I didn't know when next I would have such an opportunity to spend some time alone with her.

I was being silly but I couldn't help myself, yes I was jealous and it was absurd. The man had every right to call her, for Christ's Sake Albie, she was his wife.

If the table turned and I was the one married to Elsie, there was no way on this earth she would be having a meal with a man. I would make sure she was too obsessed with me to have time for others.

I suddenly felt guilty, was that what I was doing to her? Distracting her from her husband?



No, that's not it. I'm just having to get to know her. I tried to convince myself.

In the midst of my thoughts, a sudden sound of glass breaking cut through the room. Panic seized me as it came from the direction she left off.

Without a second thought, I shot to my feet and practically scrambled to where she was. The moment I located her, my heart squeezed in a painful manner.

She had her head bent, kneeling on the floor and the way her back heaved, she was probably sobbing. This situation must be quite embarrassing for her.

I quickly rushed as I put together what had happened. The waitress seemed in shock from bumping into a customer and was stunned by the reaction.

"Here." I pressed a few bills into her hands and she collected herself, hurriedly moving to clean the mess.

As I pulled Elsie from her knees and up to her feet, she raised her head. My chest tightened

in a restraining hold, she was not crouching because of the whole situation. She was crying and her face was in anguish.

There had to be more, the waitress incident couldn't have left her in this state. Then what was it? Daniel, that bastard, what did he say to her? That was the only explanation for her despair.

Without saying a word, I drew her into my arms and pressed her into my chest, I just wanted to drain the pain from her. Her softness and fragility became more evident as I held her.

For a strong woman like her who hardly lets her emotions show, this must very serious to warrant this outburst.

I wondered what happened. Was it bad news or she was just overwhelmed? One thing I knew was that the fool was to blame for this.

How could he make her cry like this? She was heartbroken and feeling her sobbing against my chest made me feel deeply for her well-being.

Instantly becoming aware of her wet

clothes, I pulled her out of my arms and got out of my jacket. I swirled it around her shoulders and covered her with it.

It wasn't much but it was enough to keep her covered and I dare say protected from whatever was bothering her. I wish it was that easy.

I caught her back into my arms, I didn't know how long we stood there nor did I care, I just wanted to wipe away her sadness.

The whole world could watch and I could care less about that. I know she was not mine but at that particular moment, I had this urge to protect and keep her from anything that wanted to hurt her.

If anyone tried to come between us right now, I could let all hell lose on whoever it was. All that mattered was her in my arms and safe.

