



69 CHAPTER 69 The Recovery

Elsie's POV 1

I felt drowsy as my eyes adjusted to the amount of light that evaded it. It was painful as I tried to keep them open.

As I turned to my side, I felt a strong body lying close to me, the feel was a familiar statue. My hands roamed over the body, slowly, casually, and steadily.

Albie.

I ran my fingers over his arm as they encircled my abdominal area, I held it strong as I felt the strength that lay in them.

Turning to face him, I ran my fingers to his face, it was so tensed even as he slept. I drew an imaginary line from his forehead to his nose and down to his chin.

I now extended it to his jawline, it was firm and sharp, I recalled hearing him calling out my name. Vaguely. When or where? I had no idea.

The only thing I thought of when the car stopped and another man entered the car was



how Albie was right. Fear gripped me when the strange man spoke and I recognized it as the one that called me that day.

It all made sense when I thought of how the car just stopped in front of me and I didn't even stop it. I was carefree about it and I was a bit off when he took a wrong turn but assured myself he was probably using a different route.

Everything foggy in my memory suddenly cleared up and I remembered the exact way it all happened.

When we arrived at the building, I was taken inside and tied to a chair under a dim light. The place had an odor that was a mixture of blood, alcohol, drugs, and something else I couldn't identify. It was very offensive.

"Well well Missy, we finally met in flesh and blood."

I was expecting to see an ugly looking man, the type you usually see in movies who was fat and had bad breath. I was left in shock.

He was a dazzling looking man, he was older but it didn't show, he looked nothing like a day over thirty. What blew my mind the most was when he smiled, it was perfect, he was



perfect.

"Who are you?"

"Oh no, I'm so hurt." He placed a hand on his chest in a mocking way. "And I thought we were good friends, don't you recognize me? We spoke not too long ago."

"What do you want from me?"

"You know what I want, it's nothing much, come to think of it, it's what I wanted but you didn't cooperate."

"I would never -"

"Spare me the speech, I'm going to keep you here till the trial rolls over and automatically I will win because no one will defend it."

The realization that he was indeed going to get exactly what he wanted and played for made me furious. I was useless right now.

"Your little boyfriend didn't make it easy for us either, hoarding you as his life depended on it. Maybe after the trial ends, I will find out for myself what he found so fascinating about you."

The underlying meaning behind what he just told me sent a shiver down my spine. He looked



like the only things he intended to do to me were awful and distasteful.

The next thing I remember was being held and taken to a bus. I kept slipping in and out of reality.

"Elsie?" He sounded sloppy at first but the moment he knew I was fully awake his eyes opened in excitement.

"Albie."

He reached down and cupped my cheeks, I saw the happiness and relief as it swarmed across his face. I wonder what he was going through when he came to my office and didn't see me.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy you are awake and you are okay."

"Albie, thank God you are real."

"I'm so sorry Elsie, I shouldn't have left you like that, I should have checked on you the moment I was going to be late."

"No, it was my fault, I wanted to get a change of clothes for our outing, I should have told you and even waited for you to take me yourself."



"It doesn't matter, I'm just glad you are okay, my love."

He held me tight, kissing and gripping me like I would disappear any moment if he let go of me.

I just laid there as we held each other, nothing mattered at the moment, I was just glad and relieved that I got to see him again.

It was crazy when the instant I noticed I was taken, he was the first and only person that came to my mind. Nobody else did, just him and him alone.

My stomach suddenly rumbled indicating I was hungry, he heard it because he immediately withdrew from me and smiled.

"I see someone is hungry, let me get you something to eat."

He got out of bed and was about to walk out of the bedroom when I called out to him.

"Wait, let's go together."

He came back to the bedside and helped me to stand up, after a couple of steps I was able to stand and walk on my own.



When we reached the kitchen, I sat at the counter and watched him as he tried to fix something up for me to eat.

The smell of food made my stomach growl with the need to be filled, why did my stomach feel like this? It was like my intestines wanted to swallow my stomach.

"Albie?"

"Yes, Love."

"What date is today?"

"The 15th."

The 15th, sounded too familiar, why did I feel like I was forgetting something? something of importance and value. Maybe I was just overthinking it.

If today was important, I'm sure Albie would have told me the moment I woke up, right? Definitely. As I watched his back while he worked with the pots and plates, it just dawned on me.

Wait!

"Today is the trial day."

