



73 CHAPTER 73 Pleasuring Him

Elsie's POV 1

"Elsie, I don't think."

His eyes widened as they were clued to my chest, I got out of the water and stood up so he could see my body properly.

"You were saying?"

"Never mind."

His throat bubbled as he swallowed at the sight of me touching my breast, I had never been this bold during sex before not even daring to make a move on my own.

Bedroom activities in general were just something that happened in the spar of the day, yes I enjoyed it but not the way I did with him.

It was different, I was the center of attention, and it was magical every single time as it occupied my thoughts whenever we were together.

Albie changed sex for me, right now I wanted to show him a good time, I know what to



do but it's how to go about it that was the problem.

I knew what I had to do to bring him to a point where his body would tingle and vibrate with pleasure. The fear of getting it wrong made it difficult.

That didn't last for long as an unusual confidence engulfed me, my hands had a mind of their own, moving by how best to get his attention.

The way he was keenly watching me made me hesitate at first but the hunger in his eyes flicked something inside of me and I was ready to satisfy it.

Coming closer, I bent down to my knees, it made us even then I kissed him, I pressed back at him and he didn't try to dominate the kiss, he allowed me to take charge of it.

Feeling encouraged, I sat on his lap and started grinding into him, with each movement of my hips I could see his face tighten with need. Maintaining the pace at which I was trying to make him feel good.

"Don't be shy, I'm here, use me to satisfy yourself." He said between strained breaths.



"No, I want to satisfy you."

"You always do, every single time we make love, I always get it."

"I want it to be all about you, let me be able to make you cum."

He let out a hushed breath.

"You have done that countless times, have you forgotten?"

When I didn't reply, he got up from the water, with me in his arms, he turned and I was under him.

"Let me remind you then."

He moved closer, trapping me between the tub and him, it was a different kind of feeling like he just got out of whatever haze he was under.

The only sounds around were those of our breaths and the movement of the water as our bodies made contact with each other.

I was mesmerized by the fact I planned to pleasure him but he ended up showing me what real passion was. My mind swirled in different directions, it was his ability to just drown out everything else that occupied my mind.



Was this what I have been missing all these while? If only I had been given a chance earlier, I would have been occupied in the stupor. My body kept ringing, humming, and lost in the pleasure of us.

He wrapped me in a towel, drying myself, I quickly rushed to get the blow drier to avoid getting the floor or the pillow wet.

We ordered room service, and it felt like a little getaway vacation, the relaxation and awareness that everything outside of this room didn't matter, it wasn't of any importance. Only we mattered.

Something was different, I couldn't understand or find out what it was but I felt a whole lot just looking at him. There was this gentle assurance I had when with him, I started experiencing it before the kidnap.

I was slowly looking forward to whenever he made certain arrangements that would eventually lead to me staying over at his house.

He might have thought I didn't notice but I was fully aware, I knew it was his way of making up for not being able to get me to move in with him. It was that simple.



My phone rang from my purse, I got out of bed as I looked for the direction it was coming from. I was hoping that before I found it, it might have ended, that way I could say it wasn't my fault for missing it.

Unfortunately, it didn't.

"Hello."

"El?"

Recognition of the voice that called got me nervous, I immediately understood this call was going to draining.

"Dad, hey, how are you doing?"

"Switching it to video call, your mum wants to see you."

The old nonchalant tone of his still stung, he was never going to admit that he wanted to see my face too. Always uses Mom as his cover up.

"My baby, what's going on? How are you doing?"

"I'm fine Mom, just been busy."

"What is this am hearing about you being kidnapped and some gang case, I hope you are fine."



Oh shit! This was the worst scenario ever, them finding out from any other source than from me myself was going to be hard on them. Especially mom.

"Yes, I'm fine."

"Is it true?" She still pressed on and asked.

"Yes, I was kidnapped but it's over, I'm fine."

"Oh my baby, did they hurt you? How did it happen?"

"If it happened as the news says then asking her too many questions won't do you any good, she will be probably exhausted." My dad's voice devoid of emotion spoke.

Then again, my father's logical side was at times very useful like right now, I just needed to rest and sleep but mom might feel obligated to want to look after me. Even if I was far away from her.

"Yes dear, you are probably right, I think it's best if we let her rest. We talk to you when you are better rested."

"Thank you, Mom and Dad, I appreciate it."

"Just rest and take care of yourself."



The phone went blank and I fell back into bed.

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