



74 CHAPTER 74 After The Trial

Albie's POV 1

Despite everything that had happened, we still had work and our lives had to go on.

I won't deny it, the kidnapping unsettled a lot of things in our lives, causing a bit of an extra routine where we have to keep a low profile.

So we had to find a way to balance everything, she was partially staying with me which was after a lot of persuasion from my end, hopefully after some more time, it would be complete.

Completely in the sense she will on her own agree to move in, I don't want to go on to pressure her into taking such a sensitive decision.

Her choosing to do that was a very huge step, before she could claim she was just doing it for safety but right now, there was no danger. So anything she's doing will be solely in her interest.

I have been thinking hard about us, it was going to take more than such a small amount of



time to convince her to take another step forward with me but it was worth the try.

She might be skeptical considering the circumstances surrounding us becoming a couple, the divorce being a major key in us even getting together in the first place.

The irony is the worst thing happening to her, turned out to be one of the best things for me.

We got to work as usual, but this time was different I could feel it, she was more responsive to me in public, especially now that we can't particularly hide our relationship.

I'm sure everyone at the company at this point knew we were a couple and were living together. We came to work together, had lunch with ourselves in secluded areas, and for the fact we happened to spend a lot of alone time in each other's office.

I haven't heard any rumor, at least not yet but I can feel it coming. Who cares at this point? I didn't care. It was part of what I desired, that way it would be known that she was taken.

Elsie. I wonder what she is doing right now. Probably in her office. Perhaps I should drop by



and see how she is doing, right?

As soon as the thought came, I got up and I just stood there, my legs didn't move in as much as I wanted them, they failed to change position and that was how something else came into my mind.

What if I was hoarding her? I mean suffocating her? I was always going to see her whenever I got the chance, maybe I should learn to give her some space to do her own thing and perhaps see whether she could come to see me.

Besides, I assume she would be busy, especially with everything that happened, I don't want a scenario where I go to see her and it would seem like I was keeping her doing other things.

I used to be that kind of partner, the type that always wants to be around he's person of interest, it was just how I was at times.

From first hand experience, the person of interest usually developed a casualty about your presence.

Collapsing back into the chair, I was surprised. Where was that thought coming from? Can Elsie get tired of me? It was possible,

it happened to even the most in love of persons.

Was she in love with me? Stop asking such things, just trust that it was there, even if she wasn't really into me, which I doubt, I see the way she looks at me now. It's different.

There is a low tint in her eyes whenever we are together, I could feel it when we made love too, it was pushing past the usual physical attraction and sexual satisfaction.

It was taking a new form, a more concrete and solid shape that could promise a future for us. A future with Elsie. I never breach too far when I think of her.

There is this fear and reservation I always have when it comes to her. Imagining us was free, it didn't require payment, at least not a physical one. My heart constricts at the thought of what lies ahead of us.

Never in my life would I have thought I would have gotten this far with her, I just always saw her husband in the picture. I thought of various ways in which I could ever end up with her and her getting a divorce had never come across my mind.

Her divorce. It was a dangerous weapon. A



blessing and a curse at the same time. It gave me her and made a way for us to be together because I know for a fact that if not for it, she would have never given us a thought. Never.

A curse in the sense that it has scared her, it would be extremely difficult to get her to accept any proposal of commitment, at least within our nearest future.

That was the part that hurt, I had a feeling of forbid, call it a nudge but we have been so calm and cool together that I felt we would soon go through a problem.

I wasn't wishing for a breakup, it's just that every relationship went through that kind of thing. A problem. A misunderstanding. An issue. That was where the relationship was either made stronger or ended up broken.

Will ours stand through it?

The thought alone was frustrating, I know I will be able to make it but will she? Will she give us a chance ever after such? At that point it wasn't about love but the desire to still be together.

Who am I kidding? I have to stay positive and keep enjoying what we have, it was what I



hoped for after a very long time of wishing.

Adjusting my tie, I skimmed through the case I had on my table, one after the other, I attended to every single one of them. I kept myself busy, if I was busy then I definitely wouldn't have time to think about such.

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