



## 82 CHAPTER 82 Scattered Hopes

Albie's POV 1

She never actually told me that she loved me.

My thoughts were occupied with getting her to see us in a clearer picture together in the future but I wasn't seeing the truth.

It was a fact I was just realizing, all our memories together there was not a single one where she outright said that she loved me.

She always got a bit uncomfortable whenever I told her how I felt about her, it was always like she was doubting me and didn't want to believe me.

It was a one-sided love that I was too blind and unaware to see. Every single time I felt she was going to say it, she happened to let it slide past.

When we made love and were in the heat of passion, I could see her struggling not to say it, it was like she fought it every time she had the opportunity to do so.



I had it in me to be careful with her because it might be scary for her if I admitted to her that I was in love when she had just gotten out of a marriage not long ago. That was my reservations about the matter of our love.

"Do you still love him?" I asked even if I dreaded the answer, I didn't want to hear her admitting to still having feelings for that fool but I needed to know, it was very important if it did.

I would be able to know where I stood in the relationship. Wait what was I saying? There is no relationship in the first place, it was just all fake.

It was going to take a while to get my brain to be able to accept the reality that we might never get back together again, the pain and hurt I was experiencing right now was unbearable.

"No, I don't love him anymore." She spat out.

I see it worked, her plan to use me to get over Daniel worked, I'm glad my love wasn't wasted, at least it was useful, it was able to achieve what it was manipulated to do.

"But you were using me? Weren't you? I was just a stupid loser who you were willing to fuck."

"Albie no."

"No what? No, that you weren't using me, or no that you weren't willing to fuck me. Which one?"

I didn't mean to sound vague but I was slowly losing my control and the hold on my anger was thin.

What I referred to as loving making between us suddenly looked like a meaningless activity that was just about getting each other off. I felt used. All those kisses and intimate time we spent together were fake.

"You can't blame me, I was just trying to protect myself, what else did you expect? I didn't know if you loved me."

How can she have the nerve to say that? After everything I had said and did she was still doubting my sincerity when it came to my love for her. Now that was a fucking lie.

"But I fucking told you, I told you that I loved you for crying out loud!" The thin patience I had for her suddenly snapped and I raised my voice.

This was the first time and it felt very odd, out of place for her to be the receiving end of my anger but I couldn't help it.



"That's the same thing Daniel told me but look what he did to me!"

"Don't you dare compare me with that bastard, I'm not like him and will never be."

At this point, we were both shouting and our voices were loud, her face looked sunken and tired as she spoke. That was it, I wasn't going to stand here and listen to this bullshit.

"Albie, where are you going? Don't walk out on me."

I wasn't going to stand there and let her reduce me to the level of that fool.

I did, I left her in her house, that's what she always wanted right? To be in her house and not stay over, then she could be there for all I cared.

Entering my car I drove off with my thoughts scattered all over the place, how could she do this to me? I fucking loved her and I still do.

I just couldn't stay there and look at her face, it was too depressing and heart aching. I got home sooner than I expected, stepping out of the car, I angrily slammed the car door in frustration.

Fuck it!

Opening the door of my house, my legs halted at the sight of the trail of petals and candlelights I had arranged earlier on for her.

Today was supposed to have a different ending, one that involved us making love and pleasuring each other but reality had its way of dawning on us. This was it and I had no choice but to do as it seemed.

As I walked in the whole scenario was too overwhelming and personal so I stormed out of the house. Got back into my car and drove off, I had no idea where I was heading but I knew I couldn't stay in that bed.

Not when everything in that house had her prints on it, maybe I will deal with it later but not now.

I don't know how but I ended up pulling into a bar, one that had a lot of girls and hookers. Going straight to the drinks, I ordered and began my drinking fit.

Drinking wasn't my intention, I rarely did it because of my low tolerance for it but that didn't matter, I kept drinking and drowning in my sorrow.



Elsie.

The whole night passed through in a blur, it was all lights and music, I couldn't even make up how I ended up on the dance floor.

Everything just seemed falsified and fake, perhaps it was all in my head, or maybe it was a bad dream. If I woke up, I would have her by my side and she would tell me she loved me.

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