



89 CHAPTER 89 One Last Visit

Elsie's POV 1

Vicsota worked very fast. As soon as I agreed and Mr. Larson informed them, the papers were ready almost immediately. They were expecting me to begin work instantly.

The advantage of working for the big shots was they had the financial capacity to fund everything they needed to get you started.

They thought of everything I might need and made the necessary preparations for them including the housing and travel agents. These agents basically took care of everything for me.

All that was required of me was to get myself ready and move to the airport on the appointed day. It was within the next five days so I had limited time to park.

I always prepared a travel bag just in case of an emergency that gave me no time to get ready but that was just for a few days. I didn't prepare for a full blown move away from here.

Everything I got between the divorce and right now was already quite useless, in a way.



The house in particular was going to be out of use since nobody lived with me.

Maybe I should sell it? Probably, but I needed a place I could stay during the holidays right? But then again what holidays am I planning to come back for? To spend them with who?

My parents are not really into that family holiday type of thing, Bonnie would probably be occupied and all so who?

Albie?

The thought came to my mind, we haven't had any special occasions together so I don't know whether he took it seriously or not.

I'm sure by now he must have noticed my absence at the firm but still no contact from him. I ought to have told him, it wasn't right, was I just going to leave without even saying goodbye?

Elsie you know that's unacceptable, you have to see him at least one last time before you leave. I told myself. Take it as for old time's sake.

The fallout between us was my fault, I didn't expect him to come running along because I was leaving the country, Albie wasn't a kid. He was a



grown man with a focused head on his shoulders.

When his focus was on me, it was beautiful, I missed that attention. I know it was selfish of me, I was just thinking of myself and how best I would enjoy his love.

A love I wasn't ready to give back, it was a shameless thing to do but I couldn't help myself. The truth was I didn't exactly understand what I felt for him, but it was more than just a physical need.

What excuse was I going to use to see him? There's no need to look for an excuse, I could just go over to his house and see him. At least I still had access to seeing him, it was one of those things that I could do for us.

I woke up the next morning determined, that tomorrow was a take off day, if I was going to see Albie, it was now or never. I had to see him before I left, even if he didn't want to and he was still angry at me. I didn't care.

With that goal in mind, I got ready and dressed up. I left my house with just one resolve, to see him and apologize for what I did to him. I wanted him to know that I was sorry, I didn't



mean to cause him any hurt or pain.

The car stopped by the sidewalk and I came down, bracing myself for whatever I was going to face when I reached him, I halted at the door and rang the bell.

No answer. I rang it again, no response, I raised my hand to hit the door button but before I touched it the door just opened.

The sudden jerk of the door inward caused me to flinch and take a step backward and there he stood.

"Elsie?"

Surprise and perhaps delight drew across his face, it made me want to relax a bit when out of nowhere, a deep frown appeared as he hardened his facial features.

His eyes turned to a darker shade, showing off his arrogant expression, I just saw the way his brows moved towards each other in a puzzled question.

"Hi," I said awkwardly.

For the next couple of seconds, we stood at the door looking at each other. Why was it so odd for both of us standing there? It didn't feel



like it was the same man that made me feel secure.

"Are you not going to come in?" He asked as he moved his body to the side and out of the way.

"Umm, yes, thank you."

I stepped into the house, and without turning back, I heard as the door closed behind me. This was it, at least he let me inside, that was a good sign.

I looked around the house as though I was just seeing it for the first time, it felt different, the same house that was once familiar looked like something that wasn't known to me.

"I wasn't expecting to see you."

I felt like that wasn't what he intended to say, there was something else he wanted to say aside from that but I didn't press.

"It wasn't planned either."

Why was it so awkward? This wasn't how we flowed with each other. I know we were not on good terms but why was it so stiff?

"Alright, are you not going to sit down?"



"I am." I sat down on the seat beside the couch, as I turned to the couch, a certain memory of us together on this particular couch, countless times floated into my mind.

My face became hot as I thought of all the things we did to each other that night and every other night we spent together, I swallowed hard and I turned my head to look at him. I saw it.

He knew exactly what I was thinking about as I watched the couch. This was going to be harder than I thought it would.

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