



## 92 CHAPTER 92 Who Is She?

### Elsie's POV 1

I tossed and turned in bed but I couldn't sleep, I stayed awake the whole night thinking of what to do and ended up waking up frustrated.

The next morning I felt so miserable and grungy, the slightest inconvenience made me flare up and become very angry. I know I was being petty but I couldn't help myself.

I went to work but kept my distance from everyone, I sensed in me that I was going to lash out angrily so I held my peace. As soon as I opened my phone, I went straight to my online shopping app, it was my therapy for when I was feeling off.

As I was scrolling through the app, I came upon a sex toy, my eyes popped up at the sight and I remembered yesterday night.

The tension I felt from being aroused but not getting any release was the reason for my lack of sleep. It just dawned on me quietly, that was probably the reason why I was so edgy, I needed to satisfy my urge.



When was the last time I had sex? That was the day before we had the argument and then everything happened. That was roughly three weeks now, that was almost a month.

It wasn't that much but for someone that was getting laid regularly and satisfied every single time, it felt forever.

I had to do something about it, I couldn't just go and hook up randomly with a stranger, I knew nobody and that idea was totally a careless one.

The possibility of finding someone was useless, I doubted with my current emotions I would be able to enjoy anything that wasn't Albie.

Closing the app, I was able to get back to work, I knew what I had to do and how I was going to do it. Just the thought of it got me prepped and ready to go.

That energy was what was able to push me to concentrate on work and focus on what to do, I was able to distract myself from thinking about Albie, sex, and the dream I had.

As soon as I reached home, I closed the door and dashed for my closet, I took out my shoe boxes and at the bottom, I pulled the last one



out. Opening the box, I took it out. My vibrator.

I rarely used it but today was different, I had to or I could go crazy with need, I just had to give myself an orgasm, it was the only way I could feel better.

Undressing, I slipped into bed and began touching my breast, I started slowly, I rubbed and squeezed my nipples to get myself in the mood.

To show that I was already on the high, just a few minutes of touching and I felt a bit warmer. Feeling more confident, I reached between my legs and touched myself.

I felt a wave of sweet tingle go through me, it felt so fucking good that I reached more and pressed my clit, and my legs shivered a bit. Fully in the mood, I pictured Albie, I remembered how well he stroked me and played with me.

Closing my eyes, I saw him, he was real and my breath increased as I increased the pace and felt myself reaching closer.

"Albie," I whispered softly and breathlessly as I began to feel the increase in the waves of relief.

I focused on how his body moved against me



every time we made love and how desperate he usually got in getting me to feel good, the way his body hardened and fucked me.

That was all I needed to tip me off the edge, I was drowning and I rose as the tension in my body reached the height of it. It shattered, leaving me heaving and coiling my toes in pleasure and satisfaction. It was bliss.

This was the first time I was able to get myself to reach an orgasm so fast and so hard, it was so fucking relieving, I collapsed back into my bed and laid still.

My breath was settling back into normal so I got out of bed and took a bath. Coming back to bed, I felt so relaxed and good.

This was crazy, so all it took was for me to just remember our past sex and I was able to satisfy myself. That was new.

The more I thought of it, the more I felt sad, in as much as I did find my relief, I still felt empty. The pleasure I got was nothing compared to what Albie did to me whenever we had sex, or made love.

It wasn't even closer to it, the realization that I might never find someone who knew and



understood my body the way he did was saddening.

I missed him terribly and I didn't know what to do, it was painful and draining to think about it. Taking out my phone, I scrolled through my contacts and saw his name.

I stared at it for a while, contemplating what to do with it, I could just text him but what would I say? I exited the phone log feeling confused, I went to my social media accounts and scrolled mindlessly.

It was a fit to distract myself when Granville Laws's official account popped on my screen, I immediately clicked on it and scanned through the pictures, deliberately looking out for him.

I saw several pictures of him, and as usual, he looked dashing and majestic in his tux, but something was off, I saw a red dress in every picture he appeared in.

Looking closer, the red dress was always next to him, noting it, I focused to see a beautiful, lean, gorgeous woman. She was stunning, with a lithe figure, she was perfect and she was clinging on to Albie in each picture.

Who was she?



As I scrolled deeper, I saw a picture that was just the two of them and my fingers froze on the screen. What was going on?

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