



## 95 CHAPTER 95 The Long Lost Affair

Albie's POV 1

"Albie?"

She sounded astounded to see me here, it was a mutual feeling, what was she doing at this event?

"It seems you have already met Kennedy." Mr. Larson said calmly.

"Yes, he, I mean yes, I know him." She answered quickly.

"That's very nice. Since you have already met, the introductions will be brief, this is Pricilla as you already know and she's my goddaughter." He said with pride and joy in his voice.

"Oh." That was all I could manage to say.

"Yes, my very brilliant and beautiful goddaughter."

"Oh stop it, you always say that."

"But it's true and I will keep saying it till I



pass on."

No doubt about that Mr. Larson, she wasn't just beautiful, she was extremely intelligent, attractive, and gorgeous. I knew that for myself because that was what attracted me to her in the first place.

"Good Evening, Pricilla."

"Evening, Albie."

"Alright, I have a few things to attend to, but I will see you later my lovely girl and Kennedy, be sure to come to my office tomorrow morning. I have important business to discuss with you."

He spoke and left us alone, I took the glass of punch that was on the table and took a sip. I still found it hard to believe that I was standing right in front of Pricilla, it was crazy.

"How long has it been?" I whispered, still in awe at her.

"I don't know, a couple of months, almost a year to be precise." She answered.

"How have you been?" I asked.

"Been fine, still thinking of you. Funny how I never knew you were working for my godfather."



"The world is a small place."

Too small if you ask me. What were the chances that she would be his goddaughter? Well, it wasn't much of a surprise when our relationship wasn't based on emotions.

Pricilla was my ex-girlfriend, we broke up for mutual reasons but we both knew what we got from ourselves in that relationship. Sex.

She was attractive, still was and she knew that about herself. She was aware that she could draw the attention of most men, including myself.

The dress she was wearing right now had the trademark of attraction, it was a fiery red dress with a slit that ran to her thigh. It had a deep cut on her chest that sank into her boobs.

It was so tight that it left little to the imagination. I would assume the style of her dressing wasn't a mistake, this was her way of drawing attention to herself and it always worked.

Even right now, I could imagine how many men were ready to approach her and talk to her. That was the essence of her lifestyle, it didn't resonate with mine.





"Still alcohol intolerant?" She asked as she eyed my drink.

"Yes."

"Fascinating. I always loved that about you, so unique and downright sexy." Her eyes moved from my cup to my body as she shamelessly watched me from the rim of her glass.

That was Priscilla for you, downright assertive and straight to the point. It was one of the numerous things that drove me to date her. She had no reservations, if she saw you and wanted you, she would tell you.

"I could say the same about you."

Before she could reply, George and Bonnie waved towards me and walked over. The moment they got close to me, Pricilla turned casually and weaved her hand with my arm, pressing her breast to my sides, she dashed them a smile.

The night dragged on and soon enough it was time for pictures, this was the main thing that everyone dressed all fabulous for.

Pricilla never left my side throughout the whole photography session, I had fun, and it was



good to see her again after these months and Mr. Larson kept glancing at us.

I had no idea why but I silently hoped it wasn't because of the fact his goddaughter was with me.

The party came to an end, and by the time it did, George and Bonnie were nowhere to be found, I already knew what that meant, they must have taken off before it ended.

"It's getting late, I think it's time I left."

"Yes, I agree, but have a better suggestion." She tipped to her toes and whispered in my ear.

The next morning I jumped out of bed, rushed to the bathroom, and hurried to get dressed for work.

Fuck! I got carried away yesterday night and I forgot I had work today, The party ended early so everyone would be able to go home and get ready for today.

Most people slacked today but I had to be on time, Mr. Larson personally requested to see me to discuss something important. I couldn't be late.



Why didn't I think of this when I was getting busy last night? My dumbass allowed the unnecessary to take place. I hurried to my car and drove off to work, traffic chose the worst time to be congested, the cars honing and drivers cursing just added to the the annoyance in me.

I got to the office very late, as I parked, with great haste, I rushed off to my office. As soon as I dropped my case on my desk, adjusted myself and headed to his office.

"He is expecting you." His receptionist informed me, I nodded my greetings and entered inside.

"Good morning Mr. Larson." I controlled my breathing as I greeted him, I didn't need a mirror to tell me I looked chaotic.

"Kennedy, you are late."

"Yes, I apologize, traffic was terrible."

"For traffic to have met up with you, it only shows how late you left your residence."

"Entirely my fault, I apologize."

"I'm sure you were rather occupied last night. Well, I didn't call you here to discuss your





tardiness, I called here for business."

At the change in his tone, I adjusted my body in the seat and paid close attention to his words.

"I have a proposal that will be of great interest to you."

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