



## 96 CHAPTER 96 Time To Move On

Elsie's POV 1

Seeing Albie with that woman woke up a lot of things in me, my whole body felt repulsive at the thought of what might have conspired that night between the two of them.

I bet she wouldn't have a problem with seducing him and getting him to sleep with her. With her body and looks, she could succeed.

The big question was Albie going to accept? Was he going to do it? Even as I asked myself these questions, I knew the answer. He could.

We were no longer dating, I was not entitled to anything from him, he was free to do as he pleased. Thinking about the way he was good at lovemaking, made me realize how well he was going to pleasure her.

My mind kept imagining them together, I knew what must be going through her mind the moment she got to be alone with him.

She appeared to be a woman who found



pleasure in having numerous scores of men to sleep with, it was evident from the dress that she wore. She had other motives and I'm sure Albie was one of them.

I thought I was ready to move on, I felt the distance between us would be enough to cause him out of my mind but I was mistaken. It only made it worse.

The pain was far greater than it was when we fought at first, the thought that I was getting replaced made me miserable. Didn't I have what it took to keep a man to myself? It just kept happening to me.

Why was this always happening to me? Didn't I deserve to be loved? Was I not good enough to be desired?

I saved the pictures on my phone and I was staring at them. Looking critically at the woman in the picture, bitterness engulfed me. She reminded me of someone that I knew very well.

Who was it? Who did this woman remind me of? I asked myself repeatedly. The person she reminded me of was someone very much like her.

As I kept looking at the picture, the person



slammed into my mind. Esme.

Esme. Definitely, why didn't I see it? The similarities were so striking that they could pass off as each other and everyone would agree to it. Maybe not everyone but to me, I would.

These women had a very sexually attractive force to them, they were the type to lure men away from their spouses. To lure the men I had away from me.

Daniel and Esme, it was depressing to think about it. Then now, it was Albie and this woman. I agree that the men too were ready to indulge them but why did they have to be provoking?

Was the only goal in life their life to chase men and sleep with them? My marriage with Daniel was officially over and I didn't want to have anything to do with him.

He didn't only ruin my past life but ruined all the chances I had to live happily. Whether I acknowledged it or not, Albie was the man for me and I hate to admit that I was developing feelings for him.

To put it straight, I had already done, all those days I spent with him, I was slowly losing myself and my resolve to not get involved with





him.

I couldn't help it but I was already lost, in him and for him. The sad reality was it was too late for me to do anything about it, when I had the time and opportunity to hold on to it, I let him go, he was no longer mine.

"Elsie?"

Bonnie's voice consoled me on the phone, just by hearing her voice I felt inches better. Was this what she was going through when she and George broke up?

I never truly understood how she felt, she never told me what it was like, this hurt so much. Was this how it was right now?

"Yes, Bonnie."

"How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, how's everything?" I asked her back mindlessly.

At this point, I was tired, I needed to be strong and sane, and that was the only thing that had me going.

"Were you able to talk to him and find out the relationship between him and her?"



No. Bonnie, I didn't and I couldn't, maybe I was done for it at this point, maybe I wasn't meant to live a happy life. Maybe my definition of a happy life meant all alone and single.

"No, I wasn't but it's okay."

"Really? Was it?"

"Yes, thank you so much for caring but I will handle myself from now on."

We spoke for a bit longer on nothing in particular, she wanted to know if I intended to do anything for fun but I refused.

The call ended. Sitting on the bed with the blanket on my lap, I couldn't help but feel very lonely. How exactly could I be lonely? There were a thousand men out there who would be willing to fill Able's shoes.

Why was I feeling like he was the only person who would be able to make me happy? He was an incredible lover and he knew the right things to do but no way was I going to keep sitting around.

I shot out of bed as the thought was getting stronger in my mind, rushing to the bathroom, I looked in the mirror.



"Elsie, you are beautiful and sexy, you can have any man you want," I told myself as I arranged my hair. Another thought just dropped in my mind. Smiling to myself I got into my closet.

An hour later I was sitting at a bar, sipping my drink and watching people dancing. The place wasn't as exciting as I imagined it would be in my head and random weirdos won't leave me alone.

"Hello, sugar." A man said as he sat beside me, I was immediately repulsed by him.

Snobbing him, I made to move out of the stool when he held my hand and drew me to his body.

"That's very rude sugar, looks like you need to be taught manners." His wink sent a shiver through me and he reminded me of that gang leader.

"Get your hands off me."

"Say please."

I struggled to get out of his grip but it was difficult, the harder I wriggled the stronger he held it.





"Let her go." Another voice said as a hand appeared and ripped off his hand from mine. I stood there surprised by the person defending me because nobody knew me there.

"How are you here?" I asked as I stared at a man who wasn't at all stranger.

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