



97 CHAPTER 97 The Passion Between Us

Elsie's POV 1

Albie.

What was he doing here? Where did he even come from? The questions just kept swarming in my head as I stared at him.

He wasn't looking at me, he didn't even act like I was standing there like my wrist was in his, he just ignored me. His focus was on something else, something or rather someone that was beside me.

"Hold on dude, no need to get aggressive, if you want her just take her." The other man said brusquely, taking a drink from his bottle, he turned and ignored us.

Drunk bastard, I was disgusted by the way he just pushed me off to another man like he lost interest in a matter of seconds, all it took was for him to be challenged.

I was annoyed, even if the man that made him lose interest was Albie, it was still irritating.



The way Albie was looking at him as he turned could have borne a hike through his skull, I took the time to turn my gaze to him, the way his hair poured forward gave him a dark look.

"Let's get out of here." He muttered silently.

Before I could react to his statement, he turned and tugged my wrist in his direction. All it took was just that tug to send me flying after him.

A swarm of questions exploded in my head as he drew me with him across the bar and in the direction of the exit.

"Let go of me," I said as I tried to use my other hand to twist his grip off me. It was impossible, he didn't even move an inch.

I tried using my heels to stop our movement and bring us to a halt but it was useless. It made me feel so tenuous to be hurled around like a child.

"Albie, I said stop."

"Don't make me lose my patience." He hissed in a low breath as he stopped and faced me.

For a second, fear gripped me as I stared into his eyes, I saw fire and anger lurking in



them. He turned as quickly as he paused and continued pulling me along.

What the hell? Why was he angry? Why was he acting like it was my fault? What was even making him angry? Was it at me?

It better not be because he had no right to be angry at me, if anyone was to be angry it was me and he better be ready to explain himself.

"Get in." He ordered as he opened the door and shoved me into the passenger's seat.

He got into the driver's seat and drove off, nobody spoke. The only sound that occupied the car was the sound of the tires on the road.

I risked it and looked in his direction, his hands held the wheels tightly and his eyes were stuck on the road. It was obvious that he knew I was looking at him but he didn't turn.

"Where are you taking me?"

He didn't answer, instead, he clenched his jaw and adjusted the tie at the neckline. He drove the car into a hotel parking lot and got out.

When he walked around and opened my door, my heart thudded, I had never seen this side of him, he was scaring me at this point. He



stretched his hand out for me to take it but I hesitated.

"Take my hand, Elsie." His voice was flat and devoid of emotion, it only increased the racing of my heart and to my greatest surprise, I felt a tingle on my nipple.

He drew me out of the car and we walked into the hotel. This must be his room, I thought to myself as we paused at a door and entered.

"Are you now ready to explain yourself?" I asked as soon as we entered the room and he locked the door.

He stared at me for a whole minute without saying anything, I was getting uncomfortable under his scrutiny when he walked towards me and kissed me.

He trapped me within his arms and pressed me to his body, I immediately felt him against my thigh, feeling him stirred a need inside of me.

"I want you, Elsie, I need you." He moaned against my lips.

"No," I said as I pushed him off me, the strength I used to shove him off me was fueled by the memory of him with that strange woman



in a red dress.

He had the nerve to lay his hands on me when he was busy sleeping with other women and having fun. No way was I going to let him touch me, not after what I saw.

"No, I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Why?" He looked hurt, like I slapped him.

"Because I know you are involved with another woman, I can't let you touch me."

"Another woman?" His voice took a dangerous tone. "How dare you say that when I just saw you with another man."

Without giving me time to reply, he grabbed me, the tightness of his grip indicated he wasn't planning to handle me softly. He crushed his lips to mine and pressed his body on me.

"Albie."

He drowned my voice with his kisses, he moved his hands and tugged my dress away from my body.

"Do you know how fuckable you look walking around in this dress? Just begging to be



touched and pleased." He said hoarsely up against my neck and ears.

My inside melted just listening to him talk in such a rogued sexy voice, I could already feel myself juicing up just by his words.

The urgency with which he used to undress me sent my brain wondering how desperate he was to have me. My body responded readily, it was excited, and it was finally going to get what it was craving for.

My mind and my body were at war but in the end, my body won and we made love, he was passionate and deliberate with each stroke. I was lost in the webs of pleasure.

