



*my mom's lover*  
by Tina Gray

## **Table of Contents**

**[Title Page](#)**

**[Chapter One](#)**

**[Chapter Two](#)**

**[Chapter Three](#)**

**[Chapter Four](#)**

**[Chapter Five](#)**

**[Chapter Six](#)**

**[Chapter Seven](#)**

**[Chapter Eight](#)**

**[Chapter Nine](#)**

**[Chapter Ten](#)**

**[Chapter Eleven](#)**

**[Chapter Twelve](#)**

**[Chapter Thirteen](#)**

**[Chapter Fourteen](#)**

**[Chapter Fifteen](#)**

**[Chapter Sixteen](#)**

**[Chapter Seventeen](#)**

**[Chapter Eighteen](#)**

**[Chapter Nineteen](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty-One](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty-Two](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty-Three](#)**

**Chapter Twenty-Four**

**Chapter Twenty-Five**

**Chapter Twenty-Six**

**Chapter Twenty-Seven**

**Chapter Twenty-Eight**

My Mom's Lover

*by Tina Gray*

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## Chapter One

### *A Long-Lost Love*

My Mom talked about him my entire life. She showed my older brother, twin sister, and me the old photographs she had saved of the two of them together many years ago. He was tall, handsome, very intelligent, and had black curly hair. He came from the South to teach, ski, and fish in the Northwest but stayed only three years. When he left, it broke her heart. She cried for a month, maybe because he left or maybe because she was angry with herself for letting him go. His departure also crushed my grandmother's hopes for a good man to marry her daughter and my grandad resigned himself to the situation. He had seen it before. The family clung to each other and tried to get over it quickly. That didn't happen.

Once we children grew old enough to understand, she told us about how they met and the beginning of their sexual affair and what a wonderful lover he was. Not just physically but emotionally and how their relationship had been complete in the beginning. She also told us about his other girlfriends and how popular he was with women. I think that's what started my sister's suspicion about him. That he had broken our Mom's heart didn't help improve her opinion.

Mom kept track of him for years and almost went to visit him in his new life, but she never did. He did come back to visit a year or so later rekindling my Mom's hopes at least for a while. He did not stay. After he left again, she gave up and began to look elsewhere for a good man who would be a father to her children when she decided to marry and start a family. She found my dad. I don't think she was ever in love with him and she knew he could be hiking the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctica or climbing a mountain in the Andes in South America instead of being at home. She knew she would more than likely raise us herself. When my older brother was born, dad was on one of his trips and was not

there for my Mom even though my brother was not a healthy child as an infant. Mom saw him through and he made us proud when he grew into manhood and went into the Navy as a submarine driver. When Melanie and I were born, our Dad was gone again. We were underweight and remained in ICU for four months before we were healthy enough to go home. Friends of my Mom told us she was there for us through it all and had no help from Dad. Although she was married, she raised us as a single mother.

We two sisters grew, got our college educations, and I went to work for the U. S. Forest Service while Melanie trained to become a flight attendant. After several years, she convinced me to do as she had done, and I also began to fly for an airline carrier which I still do today and love. Melanie moved to California and when a man betrayed her, she came back home. My own love life suffered from the fact that I traveled all the time as a part of my career or just to see the world. I grew into a loner and began to enjoy being on my own better than being with some guy. Mom discussed our romantic failures with us and decided that we hadn't met the right man yet. She had an idea and contacted Alex, her long ago lover. They became great friends again even though their contact was based on phone calls and social media. Even after marriage and having three children, she still loved him. The strange thing was that he still loved her too even though he had gone through a disaster of a marriage and was still very attractive to women in general.

She told us that she was back in touch with him and brought out the old photos again along with the memorabilia she had saved over the years. Melanie and I learned a lot about him and since our Mom and dad had divorced, she went back to those days with him in her mind. She was very nostalgic about it all and struggled with how she had lost him and why he had left for another life. She finally realized that he would never have survived the cold

northern winters since he was a Southern boy. He loved gardening year-round and being able to go fishing without having to drill a hole in ice-covered lakes during the winter months. She realized it had not been anything she did or didn't do that had caused him to leave. The real reason was the difference in climate and lifestyle along with his ambitions in the business world. She finally let her guilt go and began to heal. We children were delighted at her new attitude and approach to life. My sister tried to arrange a trip to him for them both, but Mom had health problems and couldn't fly for some time. They never made the trip.

At that time, I was flying the northern tier of States, from Alaska to the Northeast. One day, I looked on the available flight board and saw my airline needed an additional flight attendant for a flight to Dallas where Alex lived. I realized that even though my Mom couldn't fly just then, I might have an opportunity to meet this man she had loved so many years ago. I signed up for the flight immediately. We would fly in, get some rest, and leave again the afternoon of the same day. It would be a short stay. If I didn't like him, I knew I could excuse myself and that would be it for Mr. Alexander Hawkins. The window of opportunity was only three hours, given that I would need to get some sleep before my flight returned and would do that before I met him. Mom told him I was coming, and he was delighted because had he stayed with my mom I could have been his daughter. Mom was very excited that one of her daughters was going to meet him at last after years of hearing her talk about him. She couldn't wait for the day to come.

I was not as eager but decided not to worry about it and do my job the best I could and if he showed up, I would meet him. My flight arrived at DFW and we in the flight crew checked into a hotel where we could rest. I went to my room and went to sleep at once. Alex was supposed to call me on my cell phone at two o'clock and I would meet him then. A

few minutes before the appointed hour, my phone rang, and I answered it sleepily.

“Stephanie? This is Alex Hawkins. I’m here.”

He did come. I put on a dress, brushed my hair, and touched up my makeup to try to look like I was not too sleepy, but it didn’t really work. I needed a cup of coffee. He was to meet me by the elevators, so I went down to him. When I got off, a very tall, distinguished man with a wonderful smile greeted me. I am six feet tall and was wearing two-inch heels, but he still was taller than me. I liked him immediately.

“Hello, Stephanie. It is so good to meet you. Did you have a good flight?”

“Yes, Mr. Hawkins. This is quite a place.”

“Please, call me Alex. Your mom told me you were tall and beautiful, and I can see she was right on both counts. Shall we find a quiet place where we can get to know each other better?”

“Yes, if we can also get some coffee, Alex.”

“Come with me.”

He took my arm and led me downstairs to a restaurant that had ended their lunch service. We were the only two people there. He found a waitress and asked her if she could bring us some coffee. She said she would and brought us a pot with individual cream and sugar portions and two cups and saucers. I didn’t take sugar in my coffee and neither did he. He poured me a cup and then one for him. His smile was still intense, and he made me feel that he was truly glad to be there with me. The coffee was good and revived me quickly. He was an excellent conversationalist and asked all about me, my Mom, my sister, and my life in general, especially my flying career. He made it all about me, something most men couldn’t do. Although this man was older than I, he began to grow on me. He was just as my Mom had described him, handsome, intelligent, self-confident, and obviously well-to-do. I knew at last why she



had loved him so much and couldn't forget him. He was unforgettable, and he was getting to me.

I wanted him to reach over and hold my hand. He didn't. Rather, he remained the perfect gentleman. I wondered what it would be like to be in his arms and share a kiss. What was happening? My growing feelings for this charmer surprised me. He asked if there was a man in my life. I didn't tell him the whole truth when I said there was. The guy I was dating was not going to be around very long. My defense mechanisms went into effect which also surprised me. Why was I holding back? Was I that vulnerable? I changed the topic and asked about his former marriage. He told me he had gotten trapped by a new girlfriend who later told him she was pregnant and implied he was the father. He asked her to marry him and they set a date. He thought he was in love and wanted to do the right thing. She lost the baby, and he found out it was not his at all. He married her anyway. It lasted sixteen months, and he caught her cheating on him, so he divorced her. Two and a half years later, with intense therapy, he finally got over it and knew he would be okay. He didn't smile at all while he was telling me his story. When he finished, his smile came back, and he made a cogent remark about life and learning from experience, something I understood all too well. I felt very close to him at that time and reached for his hand. He let me take it. That gesture was our first physical contact. I felt the electricity in his touch and wanted more.

An hour or so passed, and he asked if I needed to go get ready for the flight back home. I couldn't leave him, so I told him I should do that soon and invited him to come with me to my room and help me. I needed to meet the shuttle just after five which was two hours away. He accepted my invitation. We kept talking all the way to my room. I couldn't remember when I had talked that long with a perfect stranger. I had just met this man and here he was in my hotel room with two hours to kill. When I asked him to come

up with me, I had no idea what I was going to do if he really came. Now here we were there, alone. Did I have the courage I needed? Would he reject my advances or show me his lover and not just his gentleman? I locked the door. When I turned back to him, he had a quizzical look on his face. Without taking my eyes off his, I kicked off my shoes, walked slowly over to him, put my arms around him and since we were the same height, I kissed him passionately without having to bend over to him as I had to do with most men. He responded by taking me in an embrace of his own and returning my kiss. He became pure man, and the gentleman went out the window.

“Stephanie, we can’t do this. Our age difference, where we live, your Mom.”

“Alex, I don’t care about any of that. I have known we were going to become lovers since the first minute we met. When I got off the elevator and saw you, I lost my heart. My head tells me you are right, but it is not going to end here. I want you to make love to me now, in this place. We can deal with those other things later. I haven’t been with a man in quite some time and never with one like you. I know we just met, but I will make you love me and I will stay with you from now on.”

He kissed me again and showed me his soul in that kiss. It was all going to work out somehow. I felt his fingers taking the zipper in my dress down. I kept kissing him. He reached down and pulled my dress up and over my head. Even in my underwear I could tell he loved my body.

“Damn, Stephanie, you are beautiful. Most girls only come up to my chin at best and I can look you straight in the eyes. Kiss me again?”

I did. This man knew how to kiss. He took off my bra and pushed my little panties down to the floor as he laid me on the bed. He stood beside me as he removed his shirt, boots, and jeans. He wore nothing else. I gasped at what I saw. He looked fit and trim and was highly excited as evidenced by

his throbbing erection. This was going to be a wonderful experience.

I didn't touch him until he lay beside me on the bed kissing me tenderly. "Is making love to you safe, Stephanie?"

"Yes, Alex. I keep myself protected whether I am in a relationship or not."

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

"More than anything. Take me into ecstasy, Alex."

"You know I will never let you go if we get involved in this way?"

"I know." His erection continued to throb under my touch and I moved my hand up and down on him, squeezing as I went. He touched my breasts and rolled my nipples between his fingers. I shifted on the bed, so I could spread my legs and respond to his kisses and caresses. He made me feel so good, I was floating, and I took his hand and moved it down to my increasing wetness. He knew just what to do. I could tell he had been here before with a woman.

When he kissed down my neck to my breasts, I took a deep breath. He then proceeded further down on me until he was breathing on my vagina. He licked my clitoris, and I shuddered. What was this man doing to me? Whatever it was, I loved it. I was so glad I was able to bring his lover out and that he was here with me.

"Take me now, Alex. I can't wait any longer. Bury yourself in me and make me yours forever."

He moved his head back up and kissed me with my juices still on his lips. I loved his boldness and total lack of self-consciousness. He treated sex with respect but loved even the dirty parts as well as its beauty. I hardly noticed when he moved above me as we continued to enjoy our sexy kiss. I certainly noticed when he shot his hips forward and entered me. He filled me up as he pinned my arms above my head and took total control of our love making. Every time he plunged into me, I felt my sexuality increase.

When he resumed our kiss, I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. He felt it too and went deeper in me and picked up his pace. My pussy felt like it was on fire and I was getting feelings from my clitoris that were exquisite. I closed my eyes and saw stars against a black background as rockets rose and exploded in my consciousness. My orgasm was the most powerful I had ever experienced and when I felt him flooding me with his seed, I came again. I never had multiple orgasms, but I had two in rapid succession with my Alex. He had not finished but shifted his position slightly and continued making love to me. He was more deliberate in his movements and went still deeper, staying longer on each stroke. My passion rose with power and even more sensation. My last orgasm totally drained me, and I collapsed under him as he flooded me again. We had wrecked the bed and soaked the sheets with our juices.

He didn't say a word, just embraced me, and held me cheek to cheek after he kissed me. We stayed like that for some time and I realized I always wanted to be right there, in his arms. The alarm clock I had set to make sure I didn't miss the shuttle to the airport and my flight back home disturbed my reverie. We had made love for two hours. I cried when I realized we must part.

"I don't want to go, Alex. Can you take me home with you?"

"I would like nothing more, Stephanie, but shouldn't you catch your flight home and resume your career?"

"Kiss me again before I go, Alex. This is not over. I will come back to you."

"I'll be waiting my love. Come back to me soon."

I got my kiss. "This has been wonderful, Alex. Can we do it again?"

"Yes, love, I think loving each other might become a habit for us."

"I want that. Now, I must go before I change my mind and stay with you."

“I’ll dress and leave you then. I don’t want to, but I’ll look forward to the day we can stay together.”

“I will too. Don’t forget me.”

“You are a part of me now, my love. I will never forget you.”

He left me with a last, wonderful kiss and was gone. I cried again when I saw him go. I wanted to see him again soon and hoped I would.

I barely made the shuttle and daydreamed during the entire flight back. My smile told my colleagues that I had something delightful on my mind.

We landed at last and on my way home from the airport that was my home base, my phone dinged indicating I had a new message. I waited until I was at my house to look at it and saw it was from Alex. He had gotten home safely as well. It also said how much he had enjoyed meeting me and that I had reinvigorated his sexuality, making my heart soar. He told me the next time I was close again to let him know. I knew falling in love with him was problematic for many reasons and did my best to let it go. It didn’t work. I couldn’t get him off my mind or my heart. I knew I must call my Mom. She was at home and answered.

“Mom, this is Stephanie.”

“You’re back. How was the trip?”

“Wonderful. I met Alex. We spent several hours together. He is amazing.” I heard her chuckle, and she somehow knew what we had done. The whole thing was her idea.

“I’m so glad you liked him.”

“I know now why you fell in love with him and why you have loved him all these years.”

“He is an amazing man, Stephanie.”

“Yes, he is. He is handsome, taller than me, a great conversationalist, and very intelligent. Why can’t I meet a man like that?”

“Do I detect something going on here, daughter?”

“He let me take his hand, and he was a perfect gentleman. He treated me like a queen, Mom. I loved being with him. I never wanted a kiss as badly as I wanted his.”

“Did you get it?”

“Yes, Mom. I took him up to my room. We kissed, and things progressed from there. I hope you understand.”

“Are you going to see him again?”

“Yes, the first chance I get. He wants to see me too. Although we had several hours together, it was not enough. Mom, I am not sure what I am feeling right now.”

“Stephanie, he is old enough to be your father.”

“I am so glad he isn’t.”

“Stephanie! What’s going on in that pretty head of yours?”

“Mom, he really got to me. I have never met anyone like him.”

“Are you going to steal my old lover away from me?” She chuckled again.

“Yes, if I can but I’m afraid it would never work, Mom. As you said, he is older than I am, and he lives so far away. I have fallen for him, and I am going to do everything I can do to keep him in my life in whatever role. But I want to thank you for showing me that men like him still exist.”

“It’s about time you found that out. He is one very special man.”

“Mom, how can I keep from falling in love with him just as you did?”

“I fought him too, my dear. I asked my Mom a very similar question. She told me that if I could get him to love me too, never to let him go. That was my mistake. I let him go. Now, I realize how young we both were. We didn’t understand about finding someone and keeping them in your life. We had numerous possibilities for a life together. We could have spent half the year up here and half down there. We could have found a place that suited us both. I

could have gotten pregnant and he never would have left me.”

“He told me about his marriage and what he had done for that woman who didn’t love him. I know you are right, but you couldn’t do that, could you? You would never do what she did.”

“No, I wouldn’t, and I didn’t. Sometimes I wish I had but that would have made things even worse. So, I let him go. You could say I loved him that much.”

“To let him go?”

“Yes, Stephanie. He had his own life to live although it broke my heart.”

## Chapter Two

### *I'm in Love - Deal with It*

"Mom, he sent me a message afterwards. No one has ever done that for me before."

"You are crazy about him, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mom. Even though I have known him for only a few hours, I am undeniably and irrevocably in love with Mr. Alexander Hawkins and I don't know what to do."

"I had hoped he would be a role model for you, but I never dreamed you would fall for him after having just met him. Are you going to be okay?"

"The only thing that could save me would be if he were gay or a terrible lover and neither of those is true. He loves women, and he is the most fantastic lover I have ever known."

"Then you have a real problem, my dear Stephanie. He is not gay, and he is a fantastic lover. Can you stay away from him?"

I began to cry. "No, Mom. How did I get myself into this situation?"

"Don't cry, Stephanie. Unless there is something you haven't told me, this is the first time you have been in a situation like this. He is a wonderful man and will understand. Tell him how you feel. Ask him how he feels about you. He will be honest, I can guarantee that."

"When you met him, how long did it take before you wanted to go to bed with him?"

"Before we went out on our first date."

"I know how that could happen. You hadn't even been out with him then. Neither had I."

"He was with a colleague and I was out with a girlfriend. I knew the moment he smiled at me."

"Did you sleep with him on your first date?"

"No, I think it was our second. I took him to our cabin on the lake and Mom and Dad had just left. We were all alone there. Mom had put a sign on one of the bedroom doors that



had his name on it and she put my name on the door to the other bedroom. After we shared a laugh about that, we ignored the signs and spent a wonderful weekend together. I was so glad I was still on the pill from my first marriage.”

“I’m on the pill but I am going to see my doctor as soon as I can get an appointment.”

“You have my blessing, child. Do what your heart tells you.”

“Thanks, Mom. I think I had better tell Melanie about this. She will probably freak out completely.”

“Good luck with her. Don’t let her rain on your parade.”

“I won’t. I’ll come to see you soon.”

“You do that. The pups miss you.”

“I’ll come the first chance I get.”

“Did you happen to take a picture with Alex?”

“No, I didn’t. Our encounter was so intense we didn’t even think about it.”

“I’m sorry about that and would love to see what he looks like now.”

“Put a little gray in his hair around the temples and that’s how he looks now. As I said, still handsome.”

“Be careful, Stephanie. You are on uncertain ground.”

“I know, Mom. Thanks for talking. I love you.”

After we disconnected, I put in a call for Melanie. Her roommate told me she was on an overseas flight and wouldn’t return for two days. My news would have to wait. I looked again at Alex’s message and decided I would respond to him. I wanted to talk to him, but I would settle for a text.

“Alex, Thank you for the message. I got home safely and wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed being you. My Mom was right. You are very easy to get to know. It looks like my schedule is changing some. I might be close to you more often than I thought and would love to meet you again. Until then, All my love, Stephanie.”

I immediately got online to the scheduler and booked myself on the flight to him on a regular basis, hoping I would get at least some of my bids. I would know soon.

It was late where I was an even later in Alex's time zone. I thought I would have something to eat and go to bed. I was tired and hadn't gotten enough sleep the last few days. I loved my job but sometimes it was intense and with my experience with Alex, I needed to rest. As I settled into bed, my phone rang. I thought about not answering but picked it up, anyway. "Hello," I said to the caller.

"Stephanie, this is Alex. Can you talk?"

He was calling me? I certainly didn't expect this.

"Yes, Alex, I am just going to bed."

"Now, that is an image that won't leave my mind for some time."

"I wish you were here with me."

Silence from him.

"You liked making love to me, Stephanie?"

"Yes, Alex. And that's not all."

"What else did you have in mind?"

"I want to give you children."

Silence again.

"The next time you are here, I think our meeting will be even more intense and a lot longer, I hope."

"Oh, Alex. You love me too."

"Yes, Stephanie. So, what are we going to do about it?"

"We are going to love each other and explore this entirely improbable love affair we have begun."

"When are you coming back to me?"

"I have put in my bids and should know something tomorrow."

"We have some things to work through, you know."

"Yes, I know. My Mom is still in love with you."

"I don't want to hurt her in any way. She is very special to me."

“I told her what happened between us and she took it very well, but I could see her sadness return.”

“We hurt her.”

“Does that mean that I can’t love you too, and that you can’t love me?”

“No, Stephanie, not at all. It means that if you and I love each other, we will find a way. You see, I want to be there with you too. Our timing is off, and we live far apart from each other, but we will overcome all that and do what we must do to be together.”

“You do love me. The next time we are together, I am going to rock your world my dear.”

“You already have dear Stephanie. Come back to me as soon as you can.”

“I will, I promise, Alex. Think about me and no one else.”

“I can’t get you off my mind already. I hope we won’t have to wait too long.”

“I should know tomorrow or the next day, love. Expect a call.”

“I will. Goodnight, Stephanie. I hope you sleep well.

“You too, my dear. Goodnight!”

Response to my bids didn’t come through the next day. I was in limbo, not knowing what was happening. My love for Alex did not wane at all and I heard nothing from my Mom even though I knew she had major concerns about the whole thing. My schedule didn’t change and soon I was back in uniform doing my job again. Going to see Alex did not seem to be something that was likely to happen any time soon. I got back into my life with as much enthusiasm as I could muster.

My first flight after my return was short, and I flew out in the morning and was back that evening. At least it distracted me for a while from my feelings for Alex. I hoped he would call me again that night. I did get a call, but it was my sister. She was back again. I just had time to say hello to her.

“Stephanie, have you lost your mind completely?”

“You talked to Mom?”

“Yes, and she told me what you did. You had sex with her old boyfriend? The one she has been talking about since we were kids? How could you do that to her? I am very worried about you, sister.”

“She gave us her blessing.”

“Her blessing? For what? Did you already fall for this old guy who lives two thousand miles away from you? It will never work. My God, Stephanie, what have you done?”

“I have fallen in love with a wonderful man, Melanie. He loves me too.”

“You have known him a total of three hours and you are in love with him? That’s absurd.”

“Mom told me she did the same thing with him. He just has that talent.”

“She did what? Sleep with him immediately?”

“No, she took him to the lake the next weekend and had a wonderful weekend together with him, so she says.”

“You are serious about this, aren’t you?”

“Yes, and I am going back to him the first chance I get.”

“You’re going back?”

“Yes, dear sister. This one is not getting away from me.”

“Is he that good?”

“Yes. I have never known anyone like him. He is handsome, strong, and sensitive, and the best kisser ever. Plus, he has all the right equipment and knows how to use it. When he went down on me, I almost lost it immediately.”

“He went down on you? The first time you were together? Amazing!”

“The first time he licked my clit, I felt something happen inside me. I was very wet and told him I wanted him now. I didn’t feel him rise above me but when he entered me, he went all the way in on his first thrust making me scream, not in pain but in ecstasy. Stephanie ceased to exist as an

individual and Alex and I became one together. It was magical.”

“Oh, shit! You are gone over him.”

“Yes, Melanie, I am.”

“And he feels the same way?”

“Even stronger. I told him I wanted to have his children.”

“My God in heaven. Can I meet him?”

“As I recall, you rejected him and cut him completely out of your life.”

“That was because of Mom.”

“And now, both of us are in love with him.”

“I don’t know what to say, Stephanie.”

“You don’t have to say anything, Melanie. Nothing you could say now would affect my love for him.”

“How are you going to see him again?”

“I have put in my bids for that route but haven’t heard anything yet. I know they don’t have a full flight crew yet and are waiting to see who wants it besides me.”

“Dad is going to go crazy when he finds out who it is. He knows about Alex and Mom from long ago.”

“He is just going to have to get over it. I’m in love with a wonderful man and I don’t care what our Dad thinks about anything anymore, much less this.”

“Did your life change that much during that one afternoon?”

“Yes, it did. I changed too. I know what I want, and it is right there in front of me. All I have to do is reach out for it.”

“I hope you know what you are doing.”

“I have no idea what I am doing. That’s what makes it so exciting, but I have no fear about the future, no concerns at all.”

“Oh, sis. I wish I was there to give you a hug.”

“How long do you have off between flights?”

“I have a week.”

“Want to meet at home?”

“What if your bid gets accepted?”

“I will go to him.”

“Let’s wait and see if it comes through.”

“Okay. I like that plan.”

“You realize that if he had stayed, he could have been our father, don’t you?”

“As I told Mom, I am very glad he isn’t.”

“Is there any way I can talk you out of this?”

“No. No way. I am going to go down this road with him if for no other reason than to find out where it goes.”

“You know I love you and want you to be happy, don’t you?”

“Yes, and this has made me very happy.”

“I hope it stays that way for you.”

“Thanks, sis. We’ll talk later.”

I logged into the company flight assignments. It was there. They accepted me for the route every two weeks. Someone flew the route three times per week, but other flight attendants would also fly the route. I had asked for flights with an overnight stay and got what I wanted. It was too good to be true. Alex and I could spend whole nights together and not only in my hotel room. I would have the time to get to know him and how he lived, even visit his place. I would tell him the good news the next time he called. I texted him.

“My bids came through. I am coming back to see you. Call me.”

I waited. His call didn’t come as I hoped so I had something to eat and got ready for bed. I tried to call my Mom, but her line was busy and stayed busy. I thought she was talking with Melanie and catching up with her and didn’t give it another thought. I pulled up the covers and went to sleep. My dreams were of Alex and I slept well. The next morning, my schedule called for another milk run and I got ready early and went to the airport. Being back at work was good therapy for me. The plane was full, and the weather was bumpy, just the conditions flight attendants

hate but we did our jobs and the flight back was not as bad. Still, we were all worn out. I was glad to be back home. I got online and checked my personal bank account to see if my paycheck had shown up. It had. I loved payday. I checked my messages and saw nothing of much interest and nothing from Alex or my family. I didn't feel like cooking, so I went out to get some dinner at a little café in the neighborhood. I had meat loaf, mashed potatoes with gravy, green beans, and a little peach cobbler. It was good and filled me up. When I got back home, my phone was ringing. It was Alex. Finally!

"Hi, Stephanie."

"Good evening, Alex. It is good to hear from you. I have missed you so much."

"I have missed you too, love. Have you been flying?"

"Yes, milk runs yesterday and today, but I got some news."

"I saw that in your text. Congratulations!"

"I'm very excited. I can come see you on a regular basis."

"I want you to but there is something we must talk about."

I got nervous. "Okay, what's that?"

"Your Mom called me today. We had an interesting conversation. She had talked with your sister who thinks you have lost your mind."

"Yes, she asked me if I had lost it completely."

"Melanie is totally against our relationship and she talked to your Mom and she now has questions too."

"Just wait until my Dad finds out about it."

"He already knows. Melanie told him."

"Here we go. I am so glad I don't live with them anymore."

"They are still your family."

"Are you having problems with us, Alex?"

"No, I just wanted to be sure you knew how they felt."

"I know, and I told Melanie that there was nothing she could do to stop us."

"Your Mom doesn't want the two of you to have a problem because of me."

"We are twins, Alex, and we have fought with each other our whole lives. This is nothing new. Just tell me one thing."

"What is that sweet Stephanie?"

"Do you want to call it off because of them?"

"No, I don't care if the entire world turns against us. I love you and we are going to be together. Now when can you come see me again?"

I felt relieved. "My first flight down there is a week from tomorrow. I will get there early afternoon and will stay over until the next day. Are you available then?" I joked with him. He knew it.

"I think I might find some time in my busy schedule. Where should I pick you up?"

"We are staying near the airport this time, the Embassy Suites, I think. I want to keep a low profile with the rest of the flight crew. I'll check in there and then go with you. You may keep me all night if you want."

"You can count on that. Once I get you here, I might not let you go again."

"That would be okay with me."

"Melanie would freak if we did that."

"That's her problem, not mine. With her schedule she will just be a minor irritant. Do you want to get married before we have children, or would you like to use my getting pregnant as an excuse to marry me?"

He didn't even hesitate. "I want to marry first and have a nice honeymoon for about a month. But we shouldn't wait too long. I want to have some time with my children as they grow up."

"You're serious, aren't you?"

"Yes. Are you sure you want to do all that while you are young?"



“Alex, I am not that young, but you take my breath away. How do you do that?”

“Our time has come. Let’s grab our future and hang on tight.”

“Will you love me all night when I get there?”

“That’s the idea, Stephanie. Do you think we can do that?”

“I don’t know. You wore me out the first time we made love. I am not sure I can do it all night without napping in your arms some.”

“Then I will hold you all night. Once is not going to be enough though.”

“You are making me get wet and excited just talking about it.”

“You ought to see my erection, my dear.”

“Oh, if I only could, love. I owe you something.”

“You do? What would that be?”

“I’ll show you during the first half hour we are together.”

“What if I can’t wait a whole week, Stephanie?”

“Call me every night. We’ll get through the week.”

“If your Mom or Melanie calls, you know what to do.”

“Yes, Alex. I can handle them. Don’t worry.”

“I know you can. I will be dreaming of your return tonight.”

“That makes two of us. Sleep well my prince.”

“You too my princess.”

“Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.” I waited a moment and hung up the phone knowing he still loved me. Sleep came easily, and I slept well the entire night with no fears and no concerns. I was going to see the man who loved me again. I hoped the week would pass quickly.

## Chapter Three

### *A Very Long Week Ends*

“Did your bids come through?” It was Melanie again.

“Yes, I got everything I wanted.”

“Even the trip down there?”

“Yes.”

“When are you going?”

“In about a week and it’s a layover.”

“You are going to spend a night with him?”

“Yes, I am and if he wants me to stay afterwards, I might just do that.”

“What? And quit flying, throw away your career, your family, your friends, and where you have lived your entire life? I don’t believe it.”

“And when we get married and have children, other more important things will take over.”

“Married? Children? You have known him for three hours for God’s sake. How can you be contemplating things like that so quickly?”

“You don’t know him.”

“I am going to tell Mom and she will not be happy.”

“I have already told Mom.”

“What? That you are going back to him and are planning to spend the night or that you are thinking about marriage and children?”

“I told her everything and always have. She is my Mom, and she wants me to be happy. She understands.”

“Well, I don’t. You shouldn’t do this, Stephanie.”

“And live my life lonely with no one who really loves me? Like you? I don’t think so, Melanie. I have a chance at happiness with a fantastic man and I am going for it with all my heart and soul. It may not work out, but at least I will have tried.”

“That was a terrible thing to say to your sister. How could you?”

“We are twins, but we are not identical. We both have our lives to live and I am going to live mine to the fullest. I might not get another chance.”

“I have to hang up now and get ready for a night out. Will you keep in touch as this goes on?”

“You know I will, Melanie. Please try to understand.”

“I am trying, Stephanie. Good luck.”

She ended the call. I made myself a drink and thought about my upcoming trip. It was exciting. I began to select what I would wear after I ditched my uniform. I must be attractive and sexy, so I could get his attention quickly. It all came together.

I was still a week away from getting on my flight to go see him and I knew if I didn't stay busy, I would go crazy, so I flew as much as I could. I looked for flights that needed a substitute flight attendant in addition to flying my own routes. To my great surprise, neither Melanie nor my Mom called. I was going, and they understood that. The days and nights I was flying were okay but when I had some down time or went home, I couldn't get my mind off my upcoming trip to see my lover, the man who had captured my heart. I was very happy that I would see him soon, but I had questions about what would happen. Work helped me keep my mind off everything, and the days passed slowly. I hated not being able to just go see him but did my best to keep my perspective. What if Melanie was right? What if my love for Alex became a problem for my Mom? So many things were up in the air.

Finally, the day of my flight arrived. I was ready. We took off in the early afternoon and headed south. Four hours later, we landed, and the shuttle took us to our hotel. I checked in as planned and went to my room. I had been there for only enough time to change out of my uniform and put on the outfit I had chosen when I got a call on my cell phone. “I am in the lobby. Why don't you join me?” It was my Alex, and I knew all the waiting and trying to keep busy

were over. I rushed out to the elevators with an overnight bag and went down to him. He was standing at the elevator doors and when I saw him, I rushed over to him and threw my arms around his neck. He kissed me a kiss that went all the way to my soul. I was back with him at last.

“My car is just outside. Are you ready?”

“Yes, my love. Take me into your world.”

He didn't let go of me but took me outside to his car. I got as close to him as I could even though he had bucket seats and rested my head on his shoulder. He kissed me again before he started it up and drove away. Where we were going I didn't care long as I was with him.

Alex entered the interstate, and I looked at the landscape. Much of it was pasture land, and the buildings formed groups with some distance between them. We were heading west away from the airport and the trip only took about twenty minutes. He exited the big highway and drove toward several high-rise buildings that looked very modern, nestled in manicured landscaping. I took many pictures of us and the tower complex. Mom would love to see all this. He drove toward one and entered the underground parking garage where I saw a space with his name on it. In fact, there were two together, and he parked in one then came around to my door and opened it for me. His gentleman persona was back. I would change that very soon and grabbed my bag as he led me to the elevator bank. We entered the first one to open, and he pressed a button for a high floor. The fast elevator took us up quickly. When we got off, we walked down the hall and stopped in front of a room door which he opened for me. I went in.

“Here we are. Welcome to my home, Stephanie.”

Three walls were huge windows looking out on the countryside. The view was spectacular. I looked out all three sides. “How about a tour?”

“I would love one.”

We began in the large, fully equipped kitchen that was open to the living and dining rooms. The furniture looked very comfortable. He took me past two bedrooms back to a double door which he opened revealing a large master bedroom. Beyond it was the master bath. I was surprised it was so large considering it was on an upper floor of the building.

“The pool is on the roof and it is very nice.”

“Alex, this is fabulous. I love it.” I embraced him and gave him our first kiss in his home.

“Do you think you could spend some time here with me?”

“I would spend time with you anywhere, but this is wonderful. Yes, I think I am going to love it.”

I lay down on the big bed in the master and invited him to join me. “I told you I had something for you the next time we were together, and I am going to give it to you now.”

“I can’t wait,” he replied.

“Just lie there and let me do what I want to do.”

I went straight for his belt which was one of the new types with slots instead of holes. It took me a minute to get it loose. Down went his zipper, and I pulled his pants off followed by his shirt. I quickly removed my own clothes, and we were together on the bed naked. I kissed him and reached down for his penis. He was already erect and throbbing. I saw my chance to take him into paradise and lowered my head to it taking the head in my mouth using my tongue to make him shiver with pleasure. I looked up at his eyes and saw he had closed them, so I pushed him deep in my throat and began sucking him while I tickled his balls with my fingers. He was grasping the covers on the bed and rolling from side to side. I knew I had him under my power and took him all the way down, locked my lips around the very base of his manhood, and swallowed repeatedly as I went up and down on him. I knew very few women could do what I was doing.