



MR.
TRUCKER
MAN

A SHORT STORY

Mr. Trucker Man

KAY

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MR. TRUCKER MAN

At forty-five years old, Hal Newsome prided himself at being physically fit and mentally capable of taking on anyone in a debate. And, he's quite the ladies' man. However, when his father died, it impacted him and caused him to change some of his thought processes. Hal goes from one-night stands and casual sexcapades to searching for Mrs. Newsome.

CHAPTER 1

Hal pulled into the truck stop. After a three-hour drive, he was ready to fill his stomach and drink a nice cold beer. He was finished for the day and would spend the night in his truck.

When he walked into the station, he saw a young woman by the sodas. He thought he'd seize the opportunity to introduce himself.

"Hi there, I'm Hal. What's your name?"

"Hi, I'm Jaz."

"Nice to meet you, Jaz. Are you hungry?"

"Are you trying to say I look like I need to eat?"

"No, no. I'm hungry and wanted you to join me for a bite to eat."

"Oh, I'm sorry for jumping to conclusions."

"No problem. So, is that a yes?"

"Sure."

"Do you want to eat at Al's Diner down the road?"

"Sure. We can do that."

"Okay. Great. I hope you don't mind riding in my rig."

"No, I don't. I've never been inside one. It looks like a fun ride."

Hal smiled as he checked out her figure. "Yes, it can be a great ride at times."

Jaz smiled and followed him to his truck. He helped her inside.

Ten minutes later, he helped her out of the truck and escorted her into the diner.

The waitress came over to their table. "What can I get for you two?"

Hal looked up at her and smiled. "Well, I'll have the Country Fried Steak, mashed potatoes, gravy, broccoli with cheese, and a beer."

"Okay. And, what about you, Miss?"

"I'll have the Oven Roasted Turkey Breast with dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans, cranberry sauce, and lemon iced tea."

"Okay. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

Hal looked at Jaz. Then, he looked at the waitress. "No, that's all. Thank you."

"You're welcome. It should be ready in twenty minutes."

When the waitress left the table, there was silence. They stared at each other for a few seconds.

Then, Jaz spoke. "So, Hal, you're a truck driver?"

Hal wanted to roll his eyes at her stating the obvious. However, he understood that she was trying to ignite a conversation while they waited for their food.

"Yes, I am. And, what do you do?"

Jaz looked down at her hands and then back up at Hal. "I'm a dancer."

"What kind of dancer?"

She lightly bit her lip and said, "The kind of dancer that takes off her clothes."

"Oh, I see."

"No, you haven't seen anything yet."

Hal laughed while he imagined her pleasuring him in his truck. "Are you wanting me to see something?"

"It depends on how good the meal tastes."

"So, the meal is the deciding factor?"

"Well, maybe. However, the other factors have been covered."

"And, what were they?"

"Well, Hal, you're good-looking, muscular, and got a winning smile."

"Do I?"

"Yes, indeed. So, what do you think about me?"

"I think you know I'm attracted to you. From your perky boobs to your slim waistline, I could spend a lot of time with you."

"My, my. Hal, you're about to make me blush."

"And, you're getting me excited."

The waitress placed their food on the table.

They exchanged glances as they ate. Hal knew she'd be a willing participant after dinner.

"Hal, I enjoyed the meal. Thank you."

"You're welcome. So, do you want to check out the sleeper cabin of my truck?"

"Sure."

Hal paid and left a tip. Then, he drove back to the truck stop and parked.

When he showed Jaz the extended sleeper cabin, her eyes lit up. "Wow. It's like a mini-apartment. I never would've thought all of this would be in here."

"Yes, I'm on the road a lot, so I wanted to make sure I had some great amenities."

"I'll say you do. So, is that a full-size innerspring mattress?"

"Yes, what do you have in mind?"

"I'd like to try it out. I mean sit on it. Or maybe rest on it."

"Would you like me to rest with you?"

"Sure. I hope you don't mind me removing some of my clothing for comfort purposes."

"Go right ahead. I'll do the same."

"Okay."

They undressed down to their underwear. Then, a moment later, curious body parts found their way of connecting with each other.

“Oh, Hal, that feels good.”

“It does baby. It does.”

Twenty minutes later, they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Hal woke before Jaz. He stared at her tanned skin. She had a butterfly tattoo above the crack of her butt. And, he wanted to run his fingers down the crease of her back but decided not to wake her. Then, she moved and turned around.

“Hi, there.”

“Hi.”

“That was some night we had.”

“It was.”

“You know, I could lay beside you all day. However, I’m sure you’ve got to get back on the road.”

“Actually, I don’t have to head out until five o’clock tomorrow. So, we could spend the rest of the day together.”

“Sounds great. What do you want to do?”

“Why don’t we go to your place for a while?”

“You want to come to my teeny tiny place?”

“Teeny tiny? Look where we are.”

“You’re right. Okay. However, I don’t know about you having a place to park your rig?”

“I see. How far is your place from here?”

“Well, it’s about three blocks away. I don’t have a car, so I walked here.”

“Well, I guess we could walk to your place. It shouldn’t be a task since we’ve already conditioned our muscles.”

“True.”

They got up and dressed. Hal locked up his rig and walked with Jaz to her apartment.

She lived in an older apartment complex filled with brick exteriors and modern landscaping.

He followed her up the stairs to apartment two-zero-two.

When she opened the door, the smell of citrus filled the air.

Jaz had a compact space. It was obviously larger than his but held a coziness.

“See, I told you it was small.”

“I like it. Why don’t we take a shower together?”

“Okay.”

They took off their clothes and lathered each other. Jaz enjoyed having Hal wipe the suds away. And, he enjoyed her playful kisses.

After they dried off and dressed, Jaz followed Hal into the kitchen.

“So, what food do you have in your refrigerator?”

“Um. Well. You know, I’m not much of a cook.” She investigated her refrigerator and found

two cups of yogurt, a can of diet soda, and two bottles of water.

Hal shook his head. "I think we need to do some grocery shopping. And, we could go to that store down the street."

"Okay."

"Do you have pots and pans?"

Jaz rolled her eyes. "Of course, I do."

"I wanted to make sure. You did say you wasn't much of a cook."

"Yes, I did."

"Okay. So, let's get to it."

"Yes, sir." She locked the front door and headed down the stairs with Hal.

While they were in the grocery store, Jaz watched how Hal inspected each item that met his hands. He didn't fit the truck driver stereotype. Hal seemed domesticated. She had to catch herself from drooling over him.

When they got back to the apartment, Hal whipped them up two vegetarian omelets and a tray of biscuits.

Jaz picked up a piece of her omelet with her fork. "You're impressive. Are you married?"

"If I were married, I'd be with my wife right now. Why did you ask?"

"I don't know. You don't act like truck drivers act."

"And, how many truck drivers have you been with?"

"I refuse to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination."

"Oh, so it's that many?"

"No."

"So, you assume all truck drivers act the same way."

"No. Maybe. I'm not sure. I guess when you hear the stories about truckers with multiple women and sometimes multiple wives, it makes you think things."

"I think you watch too many of those women-themed movies."

"Now, you're heading into a topic that I'd rather not discuss."

"Yes, you're right. I better cool it. Let's enjoy the rest of our breakfast. Who knows? We might end up watching some of your chick flicks."

"You're funny. Haha. Anyway. The food was great."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. How long have you been a truck driver?"

"Twenty years."

"Geez, you've been a truck driver as long as I've been alive."

"Thanks for pointing that out. Now, I feel like a fossil."

"You're no fossil. You can out romance any twenty-something-year-old-man."

"I guess you have the experience to back up your assessment."

"Yes, I do."

After they finished eating, Jaz cleaned the dishes while Hal relaxed on the sofa. Then, she took a seat beside him.

Hal liked sharing his downtime with Jaz. Their age difference didn't affect their budding friendship.

CHAPTER 2

As the sun set, Hal thought about his life on the road. He'd been to most of the states and enjoyed seeing America in action. Then, he thought about Jaz. She was a sweet and sensual young woman.

Hal had to admit that she was right about the truck driver stereotype. He did romance a different woman in over half of the states he entered. It was a situation of him taking advantage of the circumstances.

Even though he enjoyed the women he'd been with, sometimes, he felt like a fraud. Hal habitually called them baby while he thrust his manhood into them. Then, like clockwork, he'd call them up when he arrived in town and acted like they were his special bae.

But, Hal didn't have a special bae. He possessed a list of women in his phone who he identified with special codes. And, Jaz was 20-HOT.

Then, there was Dana, coded MOUSY. He met Dana at a coffee shop. She wasn't his usual type. Dana Peterson was a bit on the mousy side. However, when she had liquor in her, she was a wild woman in bed.

Now, she's the type of woman to take home to his parents. They'd go on and on about how intelligent she was and how she'd have them some intelligent grandkids. Hal wasn't ready for a wife or children. He loved his freedom too much to commit to one woman or to be a father. It was a stance he held and didn't see changing any time soon.

After hauling his last load for the day, he pulled into a truck stop. Hal showered and bought a few groceries. He fixed his dinner and watched television. Then, he went to sleep.

Hal was in the middle of rush hour traffic when he received a call from his mother.

"How're you doing?"

"I'm doing okay. However, your father is very sick. We need you to come home as soon as possible."

"Okay, I will."

"When can you get here?"

"Let's see. I must drop off this load and contact scheduling. It should be late tomorrow."

“Okay. You be careful. We love you.”

“I love you, too.”

He felt like he'd been struck by a boulder. It was hard for him to imagine his father being ill.

His father, Carl Newsome, was always known as a quick-witted and strong man. He served in the military for twenty years and started Newsome Farms when he left the military.

Hal visited his parents two months prior and thought his father was in good health. Now, he wondered if his parents kept his father's illness from him.

When Hal delivered his load, he couldn't take his mind away from his father. And, he feared to see him, but he knew he had to be there.

Hal took off two weeks from work to be with his parents. He parked his rig and took his Smokey Quartz Metallic GMC Sierra SLT out of storage. It had been a while since he'd been in it. The new smell filled the interior.

The road back home seemed to take forever. Even though Hal was on the road most of the time, this drive seemed different.

He felt a tightening in his gut as he grew closer to his parents' house. His family owned over five hundred acres of land. They grew peaches, strawberries, blackberries, apples, pumpkins, zucchini, and other vegetables. Hal remembered when he'd help during harvest season. Sometimes, he hated it. And, other times he loved it.

He turned right onto a narrow road with bountiful trees on both sides. Then, he saw the gate proudly displaying the Newsome name. It was open, so there was no need to press the button at the box.

As he pulled up in front of the house, Hal took a deep swallow and turned off his truck. The front door of the large white house opened. It was his mother, Mary Newsome. Her five-foot-four frame and greyed hair reminded Hal of the time that had passed.

“Hal.”

“Mom.”

“I'm so glad you're here and need to talk to you before we go inside.” She led him over to a bench and sat down.

He could see redness in her eyes. And, Hal tried to maintain his composure.

She turned to him and put her hands onto his hands. “Um, I'm not sure how to say this. But, your father has...He has Pancreatic Cancer. And, it's terminal.”

“Oh, no.” Hal turned his head away as his eyes watered. Then, he turned around and embraced his mother. “How long does he have?”

His mother choked up. “Any day now.”

Hal was so overwhelmed that he stood up and walked away from his mother. He didn't want to see his father leave the earth in this manner.

Mary got up from the bench, walked over to him, and put her hand on his back. “I need you to be strong. He'd want you to be strong.”

“Okay.” He wiped his face and hugged her. Then, he followed her into the house.

Everything was in place as if all was normal. But, it wasn't. She led him into a guest bedroom,

which had his father in a hospital bed and a woman beside him.

“Angelique is your father’s nurse.”

“Mr. Newsome, your father’s resting now. I’ll leave the room to give you some privacy.”

Hal took a seat by his father’s bed and held his hand. He looked at the paleness of his father’s skin and his sparse head of hair. This was his first time seeing his father ill.

His mother watched him stare at his father. She felt the love Hal had for him. As tears welled up in her eyes, she got up from her chair and left the room. Now, it was just Hal and his father.

Twenty minutes later, his father awakened.

“Hal is that you?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Good.” His father’s words were slow and drawn out. “Listen...” He slightly raised his head. “I want you to have a family.”

Hal looked into his father’s eyes and knew he had to be obedient. “Okay, I will.”

“Good. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Then, his father closed his eyes and drifted back to sleep. Hal watched his father sleep. Ten minutes later, his mother entered the room.

She looked at her husband with loving but sad eyes. “Did he ever wake up?” Mary walked over to the bed.

“Briefly.”

“Did he say anything?”

“Yes, he did.” Hal looked over at his father. Then, he looked back at his mother.

Mary sensed a disturbance within Hal. “Do you mind sharing?”

“No. I don’t mind. He said he loved me and wanted me to have a family.”

“Yes, we both love you and want that for you. Why don’t we go into the kitchen for a bite to eat?”

“Okay.”

They left the room and headed for the kitchen. Hal slowly walked behind his mother.

She took out a platter of sandwiches and handed him a plate. “So, do you have a special woman in your life?”

“No, not at this time.”

“Of course, not. You spend most of your days on the road. Your father and I want to pass this farm onto you and our grandkids.”

“Do we have to discuss this right now?”

“This is the time to discuss it. I’m not getting any younger. We’ve had the paperwork drawn up. All of this will be yours one day.”

“I don’t want to discuss this.”

“Look at big strong Hal afraid to discuss death. Did you think your father and me was immortal? We’ve had a good life. It’s time to think about the future. Buck up.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

A week later, Hal's father was buried. His mother told him that it was okay for him to go back on the road. She had a team of friends and employees to get her through the aftermath.

Part of him wanted to stay, but another part of him wanted to just get away from the sadness. Plus, he had to search for Mrs. Newsome to fulfill his father's wish.

Before he left town, he reconnected with his friend, Albert. Albert was married with two children. Seeing the happiness in Albert's eyes and the stories he shared made Hal want the same.

CHAPTER 3

Two weeks had passed since Hal's father died. Getting back on the road almost seemed like a chore. It was no longer a way of life that he enjoyed. Commanding the semi allowed him to escape from the real world. He didn't have to deal with family and the responsibilities of being a husband.

Hal knew he was expected to become a family man. However, he didn't see that in his future. He'd met several women over the years. However, none of them screamed "until death, we part" prospects.

Traveling down the interstate gave him the opportunity to float into another existence. All he had to do was stay alert and focus on the road. His life was simple and carefree.

Hal was twenty miles from the nearest truck stop when he saw flashing hazard lights. It wasn't the first time that he saw a vehicle on the side of the road. But, he felt compelled to pull over and help.

He parked behind the car and got out of his truck. As he approached the front door, a young woman opened the door and got out of the car.

She looked afraid and relieved at the same time. "Hi."

"You're having car trouble?"

"Yes. I was just driving when my car sputtered. So, I pulled over. I've called Roadside Assistance, but they told me it'd be over an hour before someone could get here."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Let me see if I can see what's wrong. I know a little bit about vehicles."

"Okay. It's more than what I know."

"By the way, I'm Hal."

She smiled and extended her hand. "I'm Alayna."

Hal shook her hand and got into the driver's seat. He attempted to start up the car but couldn't. Then, he got out and inspected underneath the hood. "You may have a blocked fuel injector. I think it's either an issue with your exhaust or fuel system. Maybe both. However, I'm not a mechanic."

"Thanks for checking."

"You're welcome. I wish I could've been more helpful."

“At least, you stopped. I appreciate that. It’s dark out here.”

“Yes. And, it’s twenty miles to the next town.”

“Wow.”

“I can’t leave you alone out here. My day was over anyway. And, I was headed to the next truck stop. You can join me in my cab. We could talk, listen to music, or just enjoy the darkness until they come.”

“Okay.”

Hal helped her inside his truck. Alayna was a petite blonde beauty. Her hair went halfway down her back. He liked the way her blue eyes lit up every time she talked. She was like an angel and captivated him.

Alayna turned to Hal. “So, what do you think?”

He didn’t respond.

“Hal?” She touched his arm.

Hal jumped. “I’m sorry. What did you say?”

“I was talking about climate change. Do you believe what they’re saying or are you a denier?”

“I believe it’s real. I’ve seen a lot while driving trucks.”

“I’m sure you have. So, you like being a truck driver?”

“Yes, I do. I’ve done it so long that it’s like second nature.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m mostly a writer, but I dabble in drop shipping, internet marketing, and social media.”

“So, you’re the type that’s behind the keyboard.”

“That’d be me. I love it. It’s just me and my laptop. We do a lot of traveling together.”

“Sounds fun. We’re both are like loners.”

“I guess you could say that.”

Hal saw flashing lights in his mirror. “It seems Roadside Assistance has arrived.”

“Yes, it does. Thanks again for keeping me company.”

“You’re welcome.”

“If you ever want to chat, hit me up on my website. It’s a-l-a-y-n-a-s-c-o-r-n-e-r.com.”

He typed it into his phone. “I got it. Be safe.”

“Thank you.” She got out of the truck and walked to her car.

Hal watched her interaction with the guy from Roadside Assistance for about five minutes. Then, he started up his truck and drove off. Alayna stayed on his mind for the remainder of the night.

A week had gone by since Hal met Alayna. It was something about her that made him want to know more about her. He decided he’d use his downtime to surf the net and check out her website.

When he pulled up her website, he was impressed with her professionalism. He read her About page and scanned through a few of her blog posts. She was twenty-five years old and held a bachelor’s degree in Journalism.

Hal clicked onto her social media links and browsed through her photos. Alayna was photogenic and seemed to enjoy taking selfies. He wasn't into the social media thing and hated taking photos. However, he didn't hold it against her. She was young and living her life.

Hal stared at her email address and debated contacting her. He then thought she may have been just polite when they met. Never had he ever doubted his ability to hold a woman's interest. But, this young woman seemed out of his league.

After thirty minutes of torturing himself, he decided to craft an email. It'd be a short one to peak her interest. If she didn't respond, then he knew it wasn't meant to be. But, if she did, he knew there was hope.

Hello Alayna,

I'm Hal, the truck driver from the interstate. I wondered if you'd like to talk sometime. You can text me at 777-777-7777.

Have a nice day.

Hal

When Hal hit send, he felt like a dork. He didn't have a clue of what he wanted to say. Now, it was the waiting game. Until then, it was back on the road.

CHAPTER 4

A week had passed since Hal emailed Alayna. No text or email came from her. He figured she wasn't interested and decided to call up Jaz since he was in town.

"Hal, I thought you had forgotten about me."

"No. I haven't. I've had a lot going on."

"Oh, I see. So, are we going to hook up?"

"We can. I'm parked at the truck stop."

"Okay. Do you want to come to my place or your truck?"

"I'll walk over to your place. Expect me in twenty minutes."

"Okay. I can't wait."

Hal locked up his truck. He stopped by the store and picked up some groceries. As he walked up the steps to her apartment, he felt odd. It was as if he wasn't supposed to be there. However, he knocked on her door and set doubt aside.

"I wondered why it was taking you so long. You know me well. Don't you?"

"Somewhat. I knew I'd better pick up something or I'd starve tonight."

"You'll never starve when you have a taste of me."

"You do have a point. However, that satisfies a different hunger."

"Give me those groceries. Then, we'll explore satisfaction."

Hal put the groceries on the counter. Jaz hurriedly emptied the bags while Hal admired her goods.

Minutes later, a trail of clothes ended up at Jaz's bed.

Hal enjoyed the evening of intermittent sex and good food.

After spending eight hours with Jaz, it was time for Hal to get back on the road. When he started up his truck, a text appeared on his phone.

Hi, Hal. This is Alayna. It was great to hear from you. You can call me at this number.

Without hesitation, Hal dialed her number.

"Wow, that was quick."

"Yes, I know. I was anxious to hear from you."

"You were?"

"Yes. It's something about you that I couldn't get off my mind."

“That’s hard to believe. Are you playing with my mind?”

“No, I’m not. You’re special.”

“I’ve heard that many times. So, what’s special about me?”

“Truthfully, I think you’re the total package.”

“You know what?”

“What?”

“You don’t sound like a man that spends most of his time on the road.”

“Maybe, I’m a romantic.”

“A romantic? Wow, that’s interesting. I’m intrigued. How far are you from Saltsburg?”

“Let’s see. I’m about an hour away.”

“Do you want to discuss how special I am in person?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. My address is 225 Lewis Street. It’ll be the mauve two-story brick house at the end of the cul-de-sac.”

“Great. I’ll see you in an hour.”

“You bet.”

When Hal hung up, he felt like a high school boy in anticipation of his first date. And, he felt embarrassment for telling her how anxious he was to hear from her. However, Hal knew she could be his future Mrs. Newsome.

Alayna straightened up her house. It had been a while since anyone had visited her.

Even though Hal was a stranger, she felt he was an okay guy. He did stop to offer her assistance on the interstate. And, he acted like a gentleman. Plus, she had surveillance cameras installed and a handy panic button nearby.

She showered and put on a sleeveless white top and white destroyed jeans. Alayna pulled her hair into a ponytail. Then, she started a pot of coffee and tea.

Her countertop resembled a bakery counter. She had a tray of Orange Cinnamon-Raisin Swirl Coffee Cake, donuts, and muffins. Alayna wanted to make sure she was the hostess with the mostest.

Then, she heard the semi. She went over to the window and watched Hal park in the cul-de-sac. He maneuvered the truck perfectly within the curb.

When Hal got out of the truck, he smiled at the beauty of Alayna’s home. It suited her perfectly. He walked up to the front door and pressed the doorbell.

She opened the door. “Hi, there.”

“Hi, yourself.” He followed her inside.

“I didn’t know if you were a coffee or a tea drinker. So, I fixed both.”

“I’m flexible. But, I’ll take a cup of coffee.”

“Okay. Great. Why don’t you have a seat at the table?”

“Sure thing.” Hal sat down and observed her. He couldn’t help but notice how sexy she was. But, he figured she would be.

“Do you want any cream or sugar?”

“No. I’ll take it black.”

“Okay. Would you like a slice of coffee cake, a donut, or a muffin?”

“Um, I think I’d like a slice of the coffee cake.”

“Okay. Coming right up.”

Hal was impressed with the way she knew her way around the kitchen. Most of the women he’d met around her age didn’t like being in the kitchen.

Alayna handed him his coffee and coffee cake.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Did you bake this?”

“Yes, I did.”

“It’s delicious.”

“Why thank you. I like to bake in-between writing.”

“I see. You have a nice home.”

“Thank you. So, tell me more about you.”

“What do you want to know?”

“What do you do when you’re not driving trucks?”

“Well, sometimes, I visit my parents. And, I do a little sightseeing.”

“Are you married?”

“No. And, I’m guessing you’re single?”

“Of course, I am. Do you think my husband would allow me to invite a man over?”

“He might if you had an open relationship.”

“Haha. That’s funny. However, I’m traditional when it comes to that.”

“Are you into open relationships?”

“No, not really. I mean I’ve never said I do or had a real relationship. But, if I did, I’d be traditional like my parents.”

“That’s good to know.” She looked at Hal and stared at his brown eyes and lush brown hair. “You’ve got a beautiful head of hair.”

“I do?”

“Yes, I mean it’s lush and just beautiful. You must don’t wear a cap most of the time.”

“What are you getting at?”

“I’m sorry I guess I’m caught up on truck drivers or on men who wear caps are usually balding.”

“My hairline is intact. My father’s hairline remained intact until he got sick.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. Is he okay now?”

“No. He died a few weeks ago.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. He lived a long and great life.”

“That’s good. And your mother?”

“She’s doing great considering the circumstances.”

“That’s good.”

“What about your family?”

“Both of my parents are alive and well. I have an older sister and a younger brother. Do you

have siblings?”

“No. I’m an only child. And, you’re a middle child. How was that like growing up?”

“Well, you’re probably thinking I had the middle child syndrome. However, my parents went out of their way to make sure that the three of us felt special and loved.”

“It sounds like you have awesome parents.”

“Yes, they’re awesome. So, when do you have to be back on the road?”

“Actually, I’m scheduled to pick up a load in ten hours. I should be on my way. So, I guess I better be on my way.” Hal got up from his chair.

Alayna pouted in disappointment. “That’s a bummer. Just when we were getting to know each other.”

“I know. But, there’ll be other times, right?”

“You bet.” Alayna smiled and got up out of her chair.

She opened the front door for Hal and followed him to his truck. “Thanks, I enjoyed the visit.”

“I enjoyed it, too.” He leaned down and kissed her.

Alayna didn’t pull away and enjoyed the lip lock.

When Hal stopped kissing her, she seemed disappointed. He opened his truck door and got in. Then, he started up the engine.

She looked at him and smiled. Then, she waved as he drove away. Alayna stood in the cul-de-sac for five minutes and thought about him. Then, she went inside and shut the door.

CHAPTER 5

Hal and Alayna spent the next two weeks texting and talking to each other on the phone. She lit up his lonely nights with lively conversations and innocent giggles.

In two days, he'd be near her house and wanted to see her again. He couldn't wait to get the opportunity to kiss her soft lips.

Hal prided himself in resisting the opportunity to sex Jaz. He thought it'd be better to not yield to temptation and focus on one woman. And, that woman was sweet Alayna.

From their conversations, he concluded that Alayna wasn't very experienced in the sex department. The thought of her practical innocence increased his attraction to her.

Hal parked his truck for the night and got out his laptop. He searched for romantic ideas and gifts because he wanted to woo her.

After an hour of web surfing, he decided to text her.

What's up beautiful?

Nothing much. What's up with you?

Thinking about you.

What were you thinking?

I'm thinking I want to see you.

When?

In two days. Is that possible?

Yes.

Great.

Well, I'll see you in two days.

Okay. I can't wait.

Hal smiled at the thought of staring into her blue eyes. He put his phone aside and pulled back the covers of his bed. Then, he closed his eyes.

Hal dropped off his load. He was four hours away from Alayna's house. So, he stopped by a mall and bought himself a new outfit. Then, he bought her a pair of diamond earrings with a matching necklace and bracelet. And, he bought a dozen pink and red roses.

He spent the night in a hotel room, so he could shower and be refreshed for his visit.

Hal checked out of the hotel room at twelve o'clock and headed to Alayna's. He played romantic songs to get him in the mood.

At four-thirty, he parked in the cul-de-sac. Hal glanced in the mirror. Then, he gathered his gifts for her. The door flung open as he reached for the doorbell.

Alayna stood with widened eyes and a large smile. "They're beautiful. Thank you." She kissed him.

It took Hal by surprise He almost dropped the roses. "You're welcome."

"I'm sorry about that. Come in."

"No problem." He followed her inside and shut the door.

She took the roses and put them into vases. Then, she put them in the center of the kitchen table.

Hal saw pots on the stove and smelled Italian seasoning. "What's that wonderful smell?"

"It's Lemony Chicken and Bacon Bucatini."

"Sounds delicious."

"I hope you like it."

"I'm sure I will."

"Well, take off your jacket and have a seat."

"I'll do that."

She placed a bowl of salad on the table and a platter of garlic bread. "What would you like to drink?"

"Iced tea would be fine."

"Okay. Do you want a slice of lemon?"

"Sure." He picked up his fork and ate some salad.

She gave him a glass of tea and sat down at the table. "I'm glad you're here."

"I'm glad to be here. You're more beautiful than the last time I saw you."

"Quit it. You're embarrassing me."

"No need to be embarrassed because it's true."

"Well, I think you're more handsome than the last time I saw you."

"Am I?"

"Definitely."

"You're a good cook."

"Thank you. I try."

"Do you have any good movies to watch?"

"What do you want to see?"

"Hmm, I think I want to see a romantic movie."

"I've got a few we could see. And, I know the perfect one."

"Great." Hal got up from the table and helped Alayna put up the food. Then, he went over to the sofa.

When she was still in the kitchen, he took the jewelry out of his jacket pocket.

Then, she walked over to him. "Are you ready for the movie?"

"I sure am." He smiled as he watched her walk over to the light switch.

She dimmed the lights, started the movie and sat beside him. When she rested her head on his shoulder, he grabbed her right hand and placed the jewelry in it.

“What’s this?” She got up and undimmed the lights. “Oh, they’re beautiful. I love them.” She straddled him and kissed him.

“I’m glad you like them.”

“You have good taste.”

“I know. Look where I am.”

Alayna looked into his eyes. “I don’t know what it is about you, but I think I’m falling in love with you.”

“Me, too. You’re always on my mind.”

“Wow. Same here. Honestly, my concentration has been off since I met you.”

“I’m sorry about that.”

“No need be. I think maybe I need you in my life.”

“You want me?”

“Yes, I do. I’m usually not this forward, but would you make love to me?”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

They started undressing each other. Then, Alayna stopped. “My bedroom is the first door to the right.”

“Okay.” Hal picked her up and took her into the bedroom.

Within minutes, they explored each other’s body and enjoyed passionate sex.

Hal had fallen in love with Alayna. And, she loved him back. He turned down delivering loads that took him too far away from her. Instead of seeing her every two weeks, they saw each other every week.

As he parked in the cul-de-sac, he thought about making her a permanent part of his life. Even though it had been only six months, he felt she was the one.

When he got out of his truck, she ran over to him and kissed him. He looked into her blue eyes. “Wow, that’s quite a reception.”

“I can’t help it. I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you, too.” He grabbed her right hand and walked into the house. Then, he led her to the sofa. “We need to talk.”

Alayna stopped smiling and sat down. “What is it?” She briefly shut her eyes.

Hal turned to her and took her hands into his. “Alayna Roberts, will you marry me?”

Tears rolled down her face. “Of course, I’ll marry you.”

He put the ring on her finger. Then, they kissed.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kay Hillery writes short stories under the name of Kay. Other short stories she's written are [*It's Time to Get Groceries*](#), [*Computer Blues*](#), and [*Deceptive Beginnings*](#).

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Her poems, blog posts, and short stories are featured on freedomtovent.com.