

Daytrip Romance by Carole Lydon

Jane enjoys her bus trip to work. The place in her dog-eared library treasure is marked with a London tube ticket from a former life. Soft worn pages feed her daydreams. Some time to herself.

Joanie searched her reflection in the mirror. What had happened to the past 20 years? Who was the tired looking woman looking back at her?

Hmm...that would be me.

She had to admit that Charles was gorgeous. Tall, fair-skinned. Broad shoulders. But there was something missing.

Oh who cares? There's always something missing. He's a dish.

Joanie was tired. The fire in her belly had faded to embers. She couldn't do this again. Each date left her a little more damaged. She needed some certainty. She needed love. She needed to know that he would still be there for her in 20 years.

Are you sure you want him for that long?! Oh shit! I forgot to tell Greg to pick Thomas up from his friend's house at 6 o'clock after basketball. Quick text. Right where was I?

Charles was nervous. This was different. Something had changed. He sensed how fragile Joanie really was. He'd been a complete bastard and a fool. This time would be different.

That's right Charles, you have been a bastard. I could have told you that 50 pages ago. Now tell her you love her.



Nurse reading, by Lisa Conolly

Joanie opened her front door. Coat and hat ready for a chilly stroll to the cinema.

Jane jumps as Shania Twain – *I feel like a woman* – announces a text.

Mum, hole in soccer sox.
Look 4 others.
All got holes.
Ok, Ill get some.

Note to self, buy new soccer socks during lunch break. Now, where was I?

Charles was carrying bags of food and some DVDs. I thought we would stay in tonight.

Sigh...he brought the food.

Something was different. Joannie could sense it. She took her coat off and followed Charles into the kitchen. He placed the bags on the bench and turned to her.

Oh Charles you fox, I can see your gorgeous dark eyes staring into mine.

His dark eyes searched hers, penetrating her soul.

Aha...I was right. I think I'm love.

His long, powerful arms folded around her in a single move. He kissed her forehead and waited.

Shania Twain again. What is it now?!

Where is wite shrt 4 tonite?

Look in wardrobe.

Ok. Smiley face. Will u b there?

Will try.

I hope soccer finishes on time. Penny will be fuming if we miss the recital.

As her fear melted away, Joannie relaxed into his warmth and lifted her head. Kissing him gently at first, then harder as she realised just how much she wanted this.

Jane's heart swelled as she realised how much she wanted this.

His left hand smoothed slowly down the curve of her back, while his right hand searched for her zipper. Her dress fell to the floor exposing the delicate black lace over her soft white curves.

Oh Charles, you can expose my cottontails any day.

Shania Twain...it's Greg

6 is tricky. Wot if im late?

Don't be.

Charles gasped, "You're even more beautiful than I remember." She smiled saucily, "Am I." As they moved over to the lounge, he seemingly stepped out of his shirt and trousers. Leaning over her with his broad chest and crisp white boxers.

Oh, I bet he does his own laundry. Crisp, white boxers!

He leaned back and whispered "Do you mind?" as he unwrapped the vulnerable package before him. No, she didn't mind.

Jane shifted in her seat, then lurched forward as the bus came to a sudden stop. Hold that thought Charles, I'll be back at 5 o'clock.

