



An Our Girl FanFiction

# Happy Halloween

Miss Piony

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*Oct 28, 2018*

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*Angst-free, a bit silly and romantic feelgood one-shot just because I felt like it in Halloween time. Molly goes trick-or-treating with her nephews and gets a surprise.*

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"Molly, can I ask you a favour? Or two actually?" my sister Bella asked.

We were sitting in her kitchen and she looked at me with the pleading puppy eyes that she knew I always found hard to resist and which more than one time had made me take on things I regretted afterwards.

"What is it this time, Bella?"

"You sound like I'm always asking you favours."

"That's because you do", I smirked.

"I suppose I do", she smiled back. "But only because you're so good at..."

"Don't pull that old flattering trick! Tell me what it is instead."

"You know it's Halloween next week?"

"Yes, of course."

"I have to work that evening and Harry is away on a business trip, so I was wondering if you could go trick-or-treating with the kids? I know our baby sitter would refuse go calling on people's doors, sensitive teenager and all that, and the kids would be so disappointed if they can't go."

"Oh, now you're using the 'bad conscience' card too."

"Well, does it work?"

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"I guess it does, I wouldn't want to be the one to deprive them of a happy childhood."

"Excellent!" She clapped her hands cheerfully and I knew she never had doubted that I would accept.

"And the second one?"

"What?"

"You said you had two favours to ask?"

"There is this autumn market at the kids' school. Bake sale, refreshments, lotteries and that type of things. I had signed up on standing in a cake stand but now I must work then too. Could you do it? Some of the other mums are really scary, so I don't want to let them down. I'm a bit afraid of their retaliation."

I sighed, just what I had been longing for, selling cake at Felicity's and Will's posh school. And with scary mums too, but I knew it was important for Bella to make a good impression among them.

"When is it?"

"Next Thursday."

"I'll have a whole lot of fun to look forward to next week then."

"So, you'll do it?"

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"Yeah, I suppose I will."

"Thanks, Molly! You're the best sister anyone can have! As thanks, you're welcome to the Halloween cocktail party we will have on the Saturday."

"I wouldn't have been otherwise?"

"Yes, of course you would have" she laughed, and I elbowed her gently in the waist. Bella had a way of wrapping everyone around her finger.

Looking at our lives and families one could think that Bella was the elder of us two, but I am. It is just one year between us as our parents were as productive as rabbits. We come from the rougher part of town where people tend to quit school and have kids early. I was an exception to this as I still had none at age 26, but Bella had not been. She had had Felicity when she was 17, with some wanker who was not even around anymore when the baby was born. She had some tough years as a single mum, but she was this sunny and strong personality and she had support from the rest of our large family, so she got by. Then she met Harry when she served him cappuccino in what soon became his favourite café, and it was love at first sight no matter how unlikely it may have seemed. He was a wealthy finance guy and fell head over heels for her. He did not mind that she had a four-year-old daughter, instead he seemed to love her too from start. Within months Bella moved in with him in his spacious apartment, he proposed after six months and the next summer they got married. Baby Will arrived less than nine months after and they moved to this beautiful house in a completely different part of town than we came from. They were still madly in love and to me the picture of an ideal couple.

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Me on the other hand, I was happy with my life but still very much single. Not because there had not been guys that were interested in me and I had had a few relationships and gone on even more dates, but as long as I did not feel that special spark with someone I just preferred my own company, and my family and friends of course. I never saw a reason to be with someone *just because*. I did not feel alone in any way, except sometimes when I saw the undeniable love between Bella and Harry and wished for the same.

I was working as a florist in a wonderful little shop, the kind that is like a magical little world of its own when you enter. It was filled with flowers, plants, decorations, small lamps twinkling like stars, the serene sound of water sprinkling in a fountain and calm music. My amazing job was to create beautiful bouquets and other flower arrangements. I loved it. I also had a very understanding employer, Gaby, who did not mind if I sometimes left earlier to help Bella out. So, that was what I did on that Halloween afternoon, left a little earlier to go over to Bella's and see her prepare the kids for trick-or-treating. Bella was the perfect person for it because she worked as a makeup artist in a theatre. As Harry was quite the wealthy guy she did not really have to work, so she worked half-time with something she loved but as it had to fit with the hours of the plays, her working hours were a bit odd. This afternoon she had used her talents to transform Felicity to a beautiful but somewhat scary fairy and Will into an adorable little pumpkin. When she was done, she pleased scrutinised the result and then turned to me with a mischievous grin.

"Now it's your turn."

"No, no, that's not part of the deal!"

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"Come on, the kids will love it."

"Please, auntie Molly! Please, please!" the two little bleeders pleaded and of course I could not resist them, so I let Bella get to work. She would not let me see before she was finished but she looked more and more pleased and finally said;

"Ready! I will just put on this wig too... and now have a look."

I almost scared myself when I looked in the mirror because she had made me into this ghastly witch, with warts and all. I was absolutely hideous. The only upside was that I was unrecognizable and that it made the kids giggle uncontrollably.

"You're sooooo ugly", they laughed.

"Thank you so much, I've always wished I would look like this."

Two of Felicity's friends would go with us, so when we left the house it was one ugly witch herding four children. I had agreed with Bella that I would walk them through two of the nearby streets, that would be enough for them, and then bring them home for milk and cookies. It was quite nice actually, the streets filled with other groups of kids and parents doing the same as us, many houses having special decorations with pumpkins, lamps and scary stuff for the occasion and receiving us cordially.

Then we came to a house at the end of the street, a beautiful one but not decorated and dark so it looked like no one was home. I suggested we would skip that one,

but the girls insisted on trying and rang the doorbell. Some time went by and I was preparing to leave, when we heard movement inside and the door swung open.

I was definitely *not* prepared for the sight that met us.

In the door opening the most gorgeous man was standing. I mean, his face would have been enough to make any girl slightly giddy, with perfect features and beautiful brown eyes, but in addition to that he was very tall and had a perfectly toned body. This was obvious, because he was only wearing a towel around his hips and showed off an upper body that seemed photoshopped. He appeared to just have come out of the shower because drips of water were pearling down his muscular chest and the dark curls that topped his head were wet. It was ridiculous really, *no one* is that good-looking.

He had a bit of an annoyed expression on his face though and opened with an impatient;

"Yes?"

Then seemed to be taken aback when the kids shouted;

"Trick or treat?!"

Or come to think of it, maybe he was scared at the sight of my witch face. *I* would have been as Bella had transformed me so skilfully. Pity, I would have preferred to meet this guy looking my very best.



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The whole trick-or-treat thing seemed to take him by surprise because he exclaimed;

"Ah, fuck! It's Halloween. I don't have any candy at home."

"No need to swear in front of the kids. And how can you not have candy at home at Halloween?"

"I'm sorry Ms. Witch, I didn't know it was an obligation."

No apology for the swearing, I should have guessed that someone who is *that* good-looking cannot be a sympathetic person, there is not room for too many good traits in one and the same person. I shrugged my shoulders:

"Not an obligation, but still what most nice people do."

"Maybe I'm not nice then."

His dark eyes pierced into mine and suddenly I was grateful for the makeup because I felt myself blushing underneath it.

"So, I take it you prefer 'trick' then", I said mostly to tease him.

"What?"

"If there's no treat, there's trick, remember?"

Not that we had any planned tricks up our sleeve, and now I suddenly regretted not bringing some rotten eggs or toilet paper.

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"Oh, will you please just sod off? I'm sure there's plenty of other people you can harass for candy with better result."

I started backing away and pulled the kids with me but as he started to close the door I could not resist shouting a cheerful;

"It was lovely to meet you too, Happy Halloween!"

Because I instinctively knew it would annoy him. What a twat. Lucky that all other neighbours around were so much nicer and soon we had completed the tour and ended up home with milk and cookies. The kids were totally satisfied with the whole event. It was only I who stayed slightly annoyed after the meeting with the dark-haired rude neighbour, who despite his manners had caused a disconcerting flutter in my stomach.

-OG-

Two days later, it was time to deliver favour number two that week. Bella owed me big time already after the first one, so it had better be a great cocktail party on Saturday, but first I had to live through an afternoon in the cake stand. Bella's kids went to a private school, because that was the school that most kids in their wealthy neighbourhood went to. Very different from the one Bella and I once attended.

I had to give these posh schools that they know how to arrange things in style. Like this autumn market, it was clear that it had been meticulously project managed by some enthusiasts. Everything looked absolutely fabulous and everyone seemed to

know exactly what they should do. Except me. I had come there half an hour before it was to start to try to find out. With Felicity and Will in my tracks I went up to this blonde tall amazon woman who seemed to be in charge of everything.

"Hi, I'm Molly Dawes. I was to replace Bella Worthington in a cake stand?"

"Welcome Molly! Great, I'll show you. Just come with me..."

And she continued talking about this market and how they were arranging it to fund a school trip for all the kids in the school. It seemed to me like it would have been easier for the parents to just pay for it up front, because they obviously could afford it, but I guess that is not how it is done in these places. Anyway, she showed me to this cute little stand, prepared with colourful cupcakes and cookies that looked very advanced. Seemed like someone had taken baking classes to prepare for this event. Maybe one had to, to avoid being eaten by the Dragon Mum. That was what I had started calling her in my head. Even though she was kind she was fearsome and now I could understand why Bella did not want to piss her off. She looked like she ate Bella's for breakfast.

"So, this is where you'll be Molly. There will be two of you helping out in this stand so if you want to have a break to take a tour around and buy some things yourself you will be able to."

I just nodded and sat down on a stool to wait for the whole thing to start, as everything already had been prepared by Dragon Mum and her allies. We had arranged so Felicity and Will would be with one of Felicity's friend's mum, so I did not need to look out for them at the same time as I was selling cakes and I let myself

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relax for a bit. I was already looking forward to a cocktail on Saturday. I jumped when a dark voice spoke close to me;

"It seems like we're supposed to team up."

I looked up and just barely managed to prevent my jaw from dropping. Unbelievable! A cake stand was the last place I had expected to meet him again. When I looked up Mr. I'm-so-good-looking-when-I'm-dressed-only-in-a-towel-so-I'm-full-of-myself-and-obviously-cannot-be-bothered-to-be-nice. Today he had jeans and a crisp light blue shirt on and did not look bad either.

"Oh, you managed to find some clothes?"

"I beg your pardon?"

I realised that he would not recognise me. Today I was not my witch alter ego. I was just my normal self in sparse makeup, slacks and a blouse.

"We met the other day. You only had a towel on then."

He looked confused, then the coin dropped.

"You're the witch?"

"Well, I don't identify myself as a witch, but I was that day."

"Very skilful makeup. I didn't recognise you, you were really ugly."

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'I almost did not recognise you with clothes on because you are so damn hot without, but now that you open your mouth and keep blurting out insults without realising it, I *do* recognise you after all'. Did I say that aloud? No, fortunately not.

"I'll tell my sister. *She* will take it as a compliment, she works doing the makeup in a theatre."

He held out his hand.

"I'm Charles. Charles James."

"My name is Molly Dawes."

There was a short silence, not relaxed and I could not stop myself from ending it;

"This is not the place where I would have imagined you would appear."

"A school?"

"No, a cake stand. You don't seem to be the kind who would volunteer to sell cakes."

That made him smirk.

"It is quite different from what I usually do, I must admit. My wife signed me up."

Of course, he had a wife. Guys who look like him are not singles even if they are twats.

"...my ex-wife I mean, I just forget myself sometimes when I talk of her. I think she did it just to spite me and once she told me it was already too late to pull out."

I found that amusing. I liked the ex-wife. Both because she was an ex and because she did things to spite him.

"You have kids that go to this school then?"

"Yeah, one. I have a son, Sam. He's eight years old. And you? Were all the four kids you had with you yours?"

"God, no! None of them, actually. Two are my sister's and two were friends of my niece."

"So, what are you doing here then?"

"Another favour for my sister. She's working this evening, so she asked if I could cover her shift. I guess she was afraid to get into a conflict with Dragon Mum if she did not arrange it somehow."

"Dragon Mum? Who is that?" he snorted.

I nodded my head in the direction of the blonde amazon woman and then he laughed.

"Very fitting name! Don't tell anyone but I'm a bit afraid of her too, that's why I'm here. Especially since the divorce I always have the feeling that she wants to devour me."

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Now we laughed together, and I could very well imagine that she would like to haul him in and devour him, although he did not look like a man who would let anyone do that to him unless he wanted it.

Now the market started, and people came pouring in through the doors and we had a couple of intense hours ahead because the cake stand was popular, and we were selling a lot. We both laughed when Dragon Mum nodded graciously in approval of our efforts. I was also laughing internally at all the women who were drooling over him. He acted absolutely charming to them and I think that was the reason behind at least half of our sales. In between we were joking and making up gossip about the people buying from us and when the market went towards its end, I realised that I had had a great time. Surprisingly great, and I felt a bit sad when the crowd got thinner and it was time to help pack everything up.

With everything finally stowed away, only saying good bye remained. Felicity and Will were sitting, tired, waiting for me so I had to hurry up. Sam was waiting for Charles.

"Well, I'm off now. Thanks for good team work, I think we passed Dragon Mum's scrutiny."

"I think we did", he smiled.

"Bye then and have a nice evening."

"Good bye."

I turned to go but then he said;

"Molly... Sorry if I was rude the first time we met. I was tired because I had just returned home from a long trip, like half an hour earlier, and seeing your kids, or your sister's, I really missed Sam. I hadn't seen him for several months. And I felt stupid for not having candy at home. You didn't meet me at my best."

Wow, an apology as the icing of the cake of this evening. He was not only good-looking, he was really truly nice too. It seemed too good to be true. It seemed quite dangerous if you want to stay sensible. I needed to get out of there before I made a fool of myself in some way.

"Thanks, I'm glad you told me."

"Auntie Molly, we want to go home now!" Felicity whined, and I knew time was up, so I just smiled at Charles and then we left.

-OG-

Over the next days I could not get him out of my head. I knew almost nothing about him except his name, where he lived, that he was divorced and had a son. Half of those things ought to have scared me off, because why would I look to a man with that much baggage, it just seemed unnecessary. Yet his brown eyes, his smile and the jokes he had made popped up in my head repeatedly. Okay, I admit that the half-naked version of him also popped up occasionally. I really wanted to know more about him, but even if I suspected that Bella had more information, I was reluctant to ask because I knew she would get all excited, tell Harry and maybe do



something embarrassing. In the end I decided that maybe I would be able to get some information out of her without raising suspicion during the cocktail party. She always talked a lot after a few drinks and maybe I could steer the conversation in the direction of interesting neighbours in general then.

It had been some time since I went to a proper party, lately it had more been pub nights and hanging with friends, so when Saturday came I was really looking forward to the evening and dressing up. I scrubbed and shaved and curled my hair in fancy curls with my flat iron, put on my best underwear to feel nicely dressed from inside out, and then headed over to Bella's dressed in jeans and top to choose a dress from her amazing walk in closet. Since she became Mrs. Worthington, her wardrobe content was far more exciting than mine and luckily, we were the same size. She said as always;

"Take what you want Molly! I'm just happy if it makes you feel beautiful, but you always are anyway."

They had catered canapés and hired waiters who would serve them, and a bartender who would mix proper drinks instead of the lukewarm kind you always end up with when you try mixing them yourself. The kids were to stay at our parents' house for the night, so this would be a grownups only party. Bella was already prepared, looking pretty as ever, calm because others handled the logistics and now she sat on her bed and sipping champagne and watched me expectantly as I tried different dresses.

"No, not that one... not your colour. Please try that blue one, I'd like to see it on."

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"So, who's coming tonight?"

"A lot of friends, some people from work, both mine and Harry's, some neighbours..."

I tensed when she said the last but then told myself that I should not give myself false hope because I knew that if Bella had known Charles, I would have heard of him. A single man looking like *that*, she definitely would have let me know no matter if I was interested to hear or not. I pulled on another dress.

"That's the one Molly, that's the dress for you tonight!"

The one I had on was a bodycon dress in a slightly shimmering grey coloured fabric, which in a very classy way completely showed off my figure. The kind of dress that transforms you from feeling quite pretty to feel fantastic.

"Are you sure? You don't want to save it for another occasion?"

"Absolutely not, it would never look as good on me so it's telling us it's yours."

My lovely sister came over and hugged me and then we went downstairs because the guests would start coming any minute. Harry was waiting for us and gave us a big smile.

"What a lucky man I am to have two such lovely ladies in my life."

Bella gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"I hope we will find Molly a nice man of her own soon. Even if I'm happy to share you with her, I suspect that she wants a bloke for herself."

Soon the house filled up. Sometimes I was amazed at how many people Bella and Harry knew, but I guess it was because they are such nice persons that everyone likes to be around them, and they have no qualms about mixing Bella's theatre people with Harry's finance colleagues, and their old friends with their neighbours, so it is always an interesting mix. All I wanted was to mingle get the chance to talk to as many as possible. I felt like a half-goddess in the lovely dress, so I was in a splendid mood. I was standing with Harry and some of his colleagues and one of them had just told a joke which we were laughing at, when I turned my gaze to the other end of the room and met a pair of brown eyes. My heart made a summersault and I gave him a smile, but then I returned to the conversation I was in. I did not want to seem desperate in any way, not like those ladies in the school, so I had better stay put where I was. When I was sure he was not looking, I hissed to Harry;

"Who is that? The tall guy in dark curly hair?"

"Who? Oh him. That's a new neighbour, Charles James. Or, he's not that new, he has lived here for some time, but he has been away for months, so I only ran into him for the first time the other day and then I invited him. I haven't talked to him that much really but he's a captain in the army. Do you fancy him?"

Sometimes Harry could be annoyingly blunt.

"Harry!"

"If I don't ask I will never get to know anything."

"You won't get to know anything even if you ask, not in the way you mean. I met him the other day at the autumn market and it didn't seem like he knew you then because he didn't recognise the children, so I just wondered what he was doing here."

"Now you know. So, shouldn't you go and talk to him then? He doesn't know that many people here."

It seemed like a good idea, and as Harry pointed out, as we had met before and Charles did not know that many here I had a perfectly legitimate reason to go and talk to him without feeling like the drooling housewives at the school. I sneaked up beside him.

"Hi, there."

I seemed to have startled him, which made me giggle and feel a bit pleased as he had surprised me in that way when he turned up at the cake stand. Payback is always fun.

"Jesus, you almost made me spill my champagne."

"That would have been a waste."

"Yes, it would."

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He looked happy to see me, but maybe it was only because I was a familiar face in the crowd.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"The hostess, Bella, is my sister."

"Ah, I should have guessed, you look a bit similar actually."

"And I heard you ran into Harry the other day and got invited."

"Yeah, I haven't really met the neighbours much before. I have spent so little time at home."

"Harry told me you're in the army?"

"I am."

"So, do you travel a lot?"

Not at all that I was curious if he would be around or not.

"Sometimes I'm on tour and then I'm away for months, but in between I work at the regiment and then I can commute back and forth daily. I've just been away for three months, but now I'm hoping to stay home for some time, so I can see Sam among other things."

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When he said "among other things" he looked me in the eyes and I got a strange feeling, a small hope that it would include seeing me again, but that was a silly thought. Why would he want that? We had only just met.

He looked amazing this evening, dressed in a dark suit and white shirt. Now I no longer knew which one that was my favourite version of him, this one or the one in a towel. Maybe still the towel one.

"You dress more properly for every time I see you", I told him.

"And you look more beautiful for every time I see you."

I guess it came out cheesier than he had intended to, because he quickly added;

"I mean, this is a huge improvement from the witch that was standing on my doorstep."

And I could not deny that.

Previously I had been mingling around, now I only wanted to stay talking to him, and surprisingly enough he seemed to be content to stay with me as well. We just changed our glasses for new drinks and kept talking. In between, the content of his words was lost on me, because I just heard the rise and fall of his dark voice and lost myself in his eyes for a bit. During one such moment he brought me back to reality by saying;

"Sorry, am I boring you?"

"No! No, sorry, I just lost focus a bit, it's so many people and a bit noisy in here."

It actually was, the house was crowded by now, the spirits high and music on top of that.

"Would you want to go out for a bit? On the terrace?" he asked.

I just nodded. The thought of being alone with him on the terrace was nerve wrecking but I wanted it very much. He nicked a bottle of champagne and two glasses from the bar and we went out. It was not cold for the beginning of November, but still quite cold when you were wearing a cocktail dress, and I shivered. Very gentlemanly he took off his suit jacket and hung around my shoulders. I liked to wear it. It had his scent and when he put it on it was still warm from his body. We sat down beside each other on a bench and he poured some champagne into the glasses. Then we just talked about anything, I do not even remember all. It was not difficult at all talking to him, not like so many of the dates I had been to when you just want enough time to have passed so you can leave without being too impolite. We talked about his life in the army, places he had been to, my job as a florist, his divorce, how Bella and I had grown up and how unlikely it had been that she and Harry would fall for each other but that they were the perfect match, and he said that was obvious to anyone who saw them, and we talked about what we liked and did not like, and things we hoped for. I knew I never wanted it to end, I just wanted to sit there with him, be with him.

Then I heard Bella shouting for me at a distance, like she was looking for me and I realised that we had been gone for quite some time. Reluctantly, I said;

"We should probably go back in. Bella seems to be looking for me."

He nodded.

"I should go home, I need to get up really early tomorrow for a work thing."

"Oh."

I sounded embarrassingly disappointed.

"I had a great time", he said.

"So did I."

I did not know what to say next, or how to end this lovely evening which almost had felt like a date, but on an impulse that probably had something to do with all the champagne I had been drinking, I leaned into him and gave him a kiss. Not on the cheek, right on his lips. They were a bit cold from the November chill, but soft. My courage did not last long though and I got to my feet, quickly wriggled off his jacket and handed it to him.

"Thanks for a lovely evening and maybe I'll see you around."

He seemed a bit taken aback by the whole thing and did not say a word. Maybe he thought I crossed a line with that kiss, and I just hurried inside and did not see him again before he left.

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I spent the night in Bella's and Harry's spare bedroom, but it was difficult to sleep. I thought of Charles, that he was lying in his bed only two streets away. If one disregarded the fact that he was so extremely handsome, he was anyway the nicest and funniest guy I had met in such a long time. Sure, he came with a baggage in the form of an ex-wife and a son, but the relationship truly seemed to be in the past and the son seemed very sweet, and despite that he was in the army it did not seem like he was travelling *all* the time. I had to admit that after having met him three times, I had a crush on him, like I had not had since... since I did not know when. There was something special about him.

During my somewhat hungover Sunday I continued to think about him, and on the Monday, when I was binding bouquets and selling flower pots I wondered what he was doing now and if there would be an occasion sometime soon when I would meet him, or if I had to wait until next Halloween and if it then would be acceptable to go calling on his door without looking like a witch, maybe dressed in a sexy slip instead, and preferably without bringing any trick-or-treating kids. It was just before closing time; the shop was empty and the little bell above the door jingled to let me know a customer had entered and woke me from my reverie. When I looked up he was standing there. I had told him about where I worked, but I had not expected to see him there. I blushed at the thought of how it had ended when we last saw each other.

"Hi?"

"Hi, I'd like a bouquet of flowers."

Oh, so he was just here to buy flowers and I had told him this was clearly the best florist in town.

"Do you have something special in mind?"

"A big bouquet. Otherwise I trust you, just chose flowers you like."

"Is it for something special?"

"Just for a girl I like."

That made me feel both disappointed and stupid. By coming here and asking for a bouquet for another girl he really made it clear that he was not interested in *me*. I should not have kissed him. Bad, bad idea. Okay, I would make him the most beautiful bouquet to show him I was not bitter, water under the bridges and all that.

"I think roses are a bit cliché. I would suggest Hortensia, anemone, ranunculi and eucalyptus."

He laughed; "I don't know what half of those things are but I'm sure it will be fine."

So, I put together a lovely bouquet of flowers, with slightly trembling fingers but I did not let him see.

"I hope you got home all right after the party?"

"I did, it's not a long walk as you know. And you?"

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"I stayed over."

"Of course."

"And you had a good time?"

"I did, I enjoyed the company."

But not enough to keep you from go buying flowers for another girl.

"Do you want a card with it?"

"What?"

"With the bouquet?"

"Yes, yes of course."

"Then you can pick on here and write it yourself."

He chose a card and wrote, then gave it to me to put in the bouquet - which I did.

"You're not going to read it?"

"It's not for me to read. I mean it's your private card to the one who gets the flowers."

"I would like if you read it."

I still hesitated, but I did.

*I'm rusty at this Molly, but the flowers are for you. Would you like to go on a date with me?*

*/Charles*

I had to read it three times to make sure I had understood it right, then I looked up at him.

"You want to go on a date? With me?"

"Very much. If you want to?"

"I thought the flowers were for someone else..."

"Do you think I'm such an arse that I would come in here and buy flowers for someone else, when we had such a great evening?"

"I don't know what I thought."

"The only thing I regret is that I didn't kiss you back."

I smiled at him and a happy feeling trickled through my body.

"It's not too late you know."

Then he smiled back at me, stepped closer and bent down and placed his lips to mine. He put his arms around me and pulled me closer, and I put mine around his neck and we deepened the kiss, let it last for a long time. It was a lovely, lovely kiss

and luckily no customers came and interrupted us. I would have thrown them out and that would not have been good for the reputation of the shop.

"Maybe we were a bit previous there. I think that's supposed to be the *end* of a successful date", I finally said.

"I don't care too much about the proper order of things, all I know is that I have been wanting to kiss you since I first saw you."

"Really, since you *first* saw me?"

"I mean in the cake stand, you can't really count the first time, that would be unfair considering you didn't look like you at all."

"Maybe so, but I can ensure you that I have wanted to kiss *you* since the first time I saw you, even if you were a twat then."

Then I turned the sign on the shop door to show "Closed" and we continued kissing for a long while before we went on our first date.

-OG-

Time flied but being with Charles continued to feel as natural and right as it had done the afternoon in the cake stand, and I stayed as attracted to him as I had been the very first time I saw him, so when he proposed I never hesitated. It felt fitting to marry on Halloween to celebrate the anniversary of our first meeting, so on October 31 the following year we both said, "I do" and I became Mrs. James. You

Happy Halloween

can never know for sure, but I have the feeling that we will live happily ever after, because it is the kind of love we share.

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***Super cheesy, I know, but I just could not resist. Sometimes you need some feelgood romance. Happy Halloween!***

***X***