

**After the**  
*Passion.*  
**Now What?**

by **Jesse Walker Sr.**  
**Ph.D., JD, LLM**



*“After the Passion. . .  
Now What?”*

By

**Jesse Walker Sr., Ph.D., JD, LLM**

**Publisher Information**



**Dr. Jesse Walker, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5756  
Miami Lakes, Florida 33014-1756**

**Website: [www.drjessewalker.com](http://www.drjessewalker.com)  
Contact: [online@drjessewalker.com](mailto:online@drjessewalker.com)  
or call:  
(305) 625-5939**

**ISBN Number / EAN Number  
978-0-9844230-0-2**

**Copyright© 2010 All Rights Reserved**

**Absolutely no part of this book shall be copied,  
duplicated, reproduced whether electronically,  
mechanically, or placed on any retrieval system without  
the expressed written consent of the author or  
publisher. Any violations or infringements will be  
prosecuted to the full extent of the law.**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

What this book is about	<i>page</i>	<i>v</i>
Disclaimer	<i>page</i>	<i>vi</i>
Acknowledgements	<i>page</i>	<i>vii</i>
Chapter One The Ex-Connection	<i>page</i>	<i>1</i>
Chapter Two Stamp of Approval	<i>page</i>	<i>16</i>
Chapter Three Incompatibly Yours	<i>page</i>	<i>25</i>
Chapter Four The Right Words	<i>page</i>	<i>38</i>
Chapter Five The Healer	<i>page</i>	<i>47</i>
Chapter Six The Abuse Factor	<i>page</i>	<i>55</i>

<b>Chapter Seven</b> <b>A Matter Of Pride</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>60</b>
<b>Chapter Eight</b> <b>The Love Coat</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>67</b>
<b>Chapter Nine</b> <b>Delayed Reaction</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>74</b>
<b>Chapter Ten</b> <b>The Net Encounter</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>80</b>
<b>Appendix</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>91</b>
<b>Relationship Coaching/ Food For Thought</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>92</b>
<b>About The Author</b>	<i>page</i>	<b>100</b>

## What This Book Is About

This book is about anyone who is contemplating love for a first, second, or third time. It's about the choices and decisions we make that really deal with our emotions. Perhaps there is no right or wrong in how or why we go about doing what we do or what we did. As you delve into the pages of this book you will soon discover that a great deal of our choices and decisions are influenced by the things we call feelings; simply put, our emotions that attribute to passion in the game we call love. I trust that as you read this book it will give you some form of guidance, direction, or insight either into a decision that you are about to make or one that you need to make for your own best interest.

## Disclaimer

### **After the Passion** *Let the Reader Beware*

The contents of this book in some chapters may appear to have graphic, sensitive, or other content that may be offensive to the reader as a matter of perception. The purpose for the appearance of such material is solely to illustrate or make a vivid point in anticipation of assisting or aiding the reader if applicable, in making a positive choice or decision in his or her judgment to move forward in his or her own life.

The content herein does not reflect upon my personal, spiritual, or moral views. Throughout the book some material expressed or presented is solely or exclusively intended for the mature and responsible adult. Such material may express the appearance of some natural acts that may or may not be associated with intimacy of two mature adults. The intent is simply to make a vivid point for information and educational purposes only.

Like the movie *Dragnet*, some of the stories you are about to read are inspired by true stories. The names have been changed to protect the innocent. Should you find a story that seemingly fits your situation, I assure you, you are not alone. Your circumstances or situation is more than likely coincidental. Finally, I trust that you will find this book to be entertaining, informative, educational, and more importantly an aid in starting or assisting you on your journey to remain on course.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First and foremost, I take this opportunity to thank God for giving me the inspiration to write this book. He is truly the recognized force that drives or compels me to act upon thoughts that deal with human emotions in a manner presented to assist us in our thought process.

I wish to also thank several of my friends who have pushed me over the years to complete this book. Without their dedication and devotion it could not have been possible. Special thanks to Regina for her countless hours of patience over the years as I presented ideas about the book. Also for her dedication and devotion to edit sections of the book without charges or fees, not to mention her belief in me as a friend over the years and support in keeping me focused.

Special thanks to Jeanne whose brain and intellect have far exceeded my expectations in helping me with not only legal aspects of this book, but who has also contributed to various arenas of my life in an attempt to assist me in having focus, structure, and detail in my various undertakings.

Also special thanks to Karen, Annlyn, and Ashley (Annlyn's daughter), for allowing me to bounce ideas off them to bring content to this book and for the love they showed as though it were their very own book.

I want to also give special thanks to Jeff Marcus for his contributions in the area of graphic designs.

Last but not least, a very special thanks to Gloria for her persistence that I get started without further procrastination, and also for her spiritual uplifting and enlightening dialogue.

I salute you all in the most honorable and noble way.

*“After the Passion. . .  
Now What?”*

## CHAPTER ONE

---

### *“The Ex-Connection”*

After a period of several months and countless nights of loneliness, Bob decided to join an internet dating service. He viewed numerous photos, with seemingly few actual matches, and finally decided to communicate with a beauty whose numbers showed an 85% match. Thus the introduction and dialogue between Bob and Sally began.

They communicated over the internet for two weeks before deciding to meet in person for a date. It happened, and they did the traditional or usual and went to dinner at a nice restaurant. The conversation and chemistry were both great and they hit it off.

Bob was employed as a technician for a computer based-company, and Sally worked as a switchboard operator. They both talked of their dreams and aspirations for the future.

After having late-night bedtime chats, mostly over the phone for another two months, Bob and Sally decided to become an unspoken item. Prior to their entering into a relationship, Bob cautioned Sally that his last relationship ended one year prior and that he was also still in love with his ex.

Sally, now getting used to Bob’s being around and together experiencing incredible laughter, insisted he must

be the one. She told Bob she could make him totally forget about his ex if he would just concentrate now on the two of them and the fun they were having. Bob insisted this was not advisable and felt he needed more time. Sally persisted and got her way. Sally was accustomed to getting her way as being persistent was a part of her personality.

As a matter of fact, she actually pursued her first boyfriend and got him. She had a very high percentage in getting anything or anyone she went after. She had gotten to the point of being spoiled with such behavior which led to some major disappointments throughout her life time. One of the good things about her persistence is, she would never let disappointments keep her back or bring her down. Her pursuit of Bob was like her regular routine; though many a woman would think to approach a man is uncharacteristic. She thought otherwise in this day and age, and often got what she wanted.

In her eyes, there was something different about Bob that made her overly enthusiastic to pursue him, although he made the initial communication. In her mind, once she became locked on something, she had to have it. There are those that may have felt she had a major obsession. She, of course, would beg to differ.

There were numerous times, while on their outings, when Bob would share things with Sally about his former engagement and activities he had experienced. Sally was not often accepting of this and would remind him, from time to time, that this was not something she wanted to always hear or talk about. She wanted the conversations to focus more on the two of them and the future of where she wanted the relationship to go. Bob would quickly apologize for getting side tracked, but Sally failed to fully realize Bob was not over his ex as of yet.

After several months, the relationship with Bob and Sally appeared to be going smoothly, despite Bob not truly being

ready for it. One day, Bob had to attend a business meeting in another city, the very city where his ex-fiancée lived. Bob and Sally spent a great deal of time together since he would be leaving in a day or so. They made passionate love the night before his departure. She told him that she loved him and he failed to respond to her in the same manner. They spent the entire evening, all through the night, together.

Upon arrival back in the windy city of Chicago, Bob could not help thinking of the countless memories he encountered here with the woman he felt was the lady of his dreams. I can assure you at this point he was not thinking or talking about Sally. His mind now was completely shifted to his ex-fiancée.

As he left the airport he could sense the smell of her perfume, the very perfume that was his favorite on her. He enjoyed the smell so much that he would occasionally wear it to think of her throughout the day.

He settled into the hotel, organized a few things for the afternoon scheduled meeting and decided to grab a bite to eat. At various times he would take a deep breath just to smell or once again experience a “touch of Chicago.”

While having lunch at a shopping plaza, a soft voice whispered in his ear, with a gentle hand on his shoulder from behind, “Hello, my dear Bob.” He immediately knew the voice, coupled with the soft touch, of this particular hand. Without hesitation, he immediately jumped up nearly causing his food to spill over into his lap. He turned around slowly and nervously, as though shocked, and uttered a refreshed, “Hello.” They both immediately greeted each other with a soft kiss, just like old times. This was Bob’s ex-fiancée, Trishia. He asked her to join him for lunch, and with pleasure, she wasted no time in pulling out her own chair.

They engaged in small talk, catching up on the last two years since their separation. Bob could not take his eyes off her, as she smiled continuously with joy, just to see him

again. He told her he was in town for business and would be there for four days.

She told him repeatedly how life had been miserable without him and how she thought of him often. He expressed similar thoughts as his mind raced to find another conversation to prolong the time. After a brief thirty seconds pause, he uttered words Trishia longed to hear, "How about dinner and a movie, perhaps later tonight?"

Without delay, she said in a proud voice, "Yes."

They hurriedly finished their lunch and exchanged information and the time and location to meet later. She thanked him for lunch and kissed him romantically good-bye until tonight, leaving Bob's head reminiscing in wonderland.

It was now 2:30 in the afternoon and Bob was running late for a 2:45 scheduled meeting. As he rushed to make the meeting, he forgot to call Sally at two o'clock as he had promised and was usually faithful in doing so. Unfortunately, he did not have time because every minute counted to be at this important meeting.

Sally was aware that Bob was to visit his former city where he had previously been with his ex-girlfriend of seven years. Nevertheless, she did not spend much time thinking anything out of the ordinary. As two o'clock came and went, Sally hoped everything was going well for Bob and thought perhaps he got caught up with a meeting and that was justification for him not calling.

Bob, on the other hand, now in the meeting, was in the twilight zone in his thoughts as he looked forward to the evening with Trishia, his old flame. Finally, at four-fifteen the meeting was over. Bob packed up his materials and equipment and dashed to get a cab across town to the hotel and prepare for his seven p.m. date with Trishia.

Trishia, also in her own twilight world, could not get over the fact that she saw her long lost love and that today

he is actually in the same town. She called her best friend, Monica, and told her about the scheduled dinner date. Monica knew how desperate Trishia was to see Bob again. Now was her chance to make the very best of it in anticipation of getting him back into her life again, perhaps forever.

Bob had been in his previous relationship with Trishia for seven years and is still very much in love with her. Their spiritual differences was what led them apart. Bob and his ex were very much in love with each other and by no means wanted the relationship to end. A heated argument over religious beliefs one day, caused them to call it quits, but they never stopped loving each other. Despite the fact they did not communicate at all, Bob thought of her daily and assumed she did the same. There were numerous nights that Bob actually cried, as well as in the daylight, for that matter.

He found himself still with issues about his ex that he could not yet get over. In his often quiet time, he would think of her and the joyful times they shared so often together. The pain in his heart was still there, as he missed her immensely. He spoke with select relatives and a couple of his good friends about the situation, and they all proved to be supportive. This, of course, did not bring solutions to his problem of getting over her. He even spent a great deal of time in prayer, with seemingly no answer from above in sight. Sometimes he would feel as though God were out to breakfast, lunch, and dinner and did not have time to address his insurmountable problem. He still remained faithful in his belief and felt there must be a lesson for him to learn.

In his mind, tonight was not going to be the night for an education in learning this lesson. Bob was more focused on how good it felt to just see her again after all this time. The thought of any guilt or ill feelings about Sally had not crossed Bob's mind at this point, as he seemed overly anxious to prepare and groom himself for his scheduled big evening.

He even had in mind the place to have dinner, a favorite of theirs, of which they often frequented.

His watch was now showing 5:27 p.m. and he knew he was cramped for time, as he was usually prompt. He quickly shaved, took a quick shower and dressed all within twenty minutes. As he rushed out the door, he remembered he forgot to put on his special cologne he brought just in case of this type of situation, if you know what I mean. Immediately, he returned to the room and nearly took another bath in it.

It was now 6:10 p.m., and the trip across town was at least forty-five minutes by cab. This is the very thing Bob did not want, to feel rushed, anxious and sweating. Instead, his desire was to be calm, cool, and collected. He got on an elevator which stopped at every floor as he was coming from the fourteenth floor. He kept thinking that he would be late, and she may not wait for him because in the past, she was accustomed to him always being on time. Finally, he was out of the hotel and into a cab at 6:23 p.m. Bob could now take a deep breath with a sigh of relief.

Little did Bob know, Trishia, too, was running behind schedule as she had an unexpected guest drop in on her. Her guest could see that Trishia was preoccupied in her thoughts although she insisted everything was fine. After the hour progressed in Trishia's mind, she decided to lie to her friend by telling him something unexpected had come up, and she had to leave without a further explanation. He said he understood and asked if he could assist in any way. Trishia, without hesitation, told him an immediate, "no thanks." They parted with an unusual cordial greeting.

Bob reached the destination point of their scheduled meeting at 7:17 p.m. only to discover Trishia was not there. He wondered several things in his mind: one of which, had she been there and left? Did she completely forget or did something else come up for her? In any event, he felt the

need to wait a little longer and give her the benefit of the doubt. He left the hotel in such a hurry that he forgot to bring her cell phone number with him.

It was now 7:37 and Bob still had not heard from or seen her. At this point, he started to feel a bit despondent and thought, “Oh well, this was too good to be true.” He engaged in self-talk, asking a lot of why’s about what he was doing.

Throughout this process, his phone rang. With a hurried gesture, he grabbed the phone and yelled, “Trishia,” only to hear a different voice on the phone—it was Sally. “Um, Sally,” with hesitation, disappointment, anxiety and fear in his voice, “I was just about to call you.”

Sally a bit surprised, disappointed, angry and actually mad because she had not heard from him all day long, asked, “What did you call me?”

Quickly, Bob uttered in return, “I didn’t call you anything, what are you talking about?” He asked.

“I thought I heard you call me someone else’s name,” she said.

He immediately lied and said, “I was telling the store clerk I wanted to buy some tissue, and that’s probably what you heard.” Sally dispelled that and went on to inquire as to why he had not called all day.

Now Bob was not the type to lie, well at least not regularly anyway. He knew he was in some sort of trouble with her and did not take time earlier to even think of her let alone come up with some valid, justifiable, or reasonable excuse or frankly another lie. He simply and quickly responded by telling her he had meetings throughout the day and was extremely exhausted. This was the first chance he got to actually be still for a moment in preparation of calling her. Part of this was true. After all, he did have a somewhat busy day thinking about you know who.

They continued talking for a while to update things and

Bob, somewhat distracted, told her he needed to get settled and prepare for tomorrow and he would give her a call later that night.

It was now 7:43 p.m. and Trishia was trying desperately to get to the place to meet Bob. She was in a cab stuck in traffic and in tears as she thought the man of her dreams, once again, may have slipped away. With her unexpected guest showing up earlier she, too, had forgotten to take Bob's number with her.

Traffic was still heavy and after she had gotten on the driver's nerves for the last time, by insisting he take different routes, she decided to get out and walk, or perhaps even trot. In her mind all she could think of was will she see Bob today or ever again for that matter. All that was important in life for her was this very moment; a moment she had envisioned for nearly two years, a moment that she prayed life would be fair to her just this one time; finally, a moment of opportunity to at least be with the man that she so desperately loved, even if it was just for one more night.

As he decided to wait patiently for a bit longer, the time on Bob's watch was now showing 8:10 p.m. He now felt she was not going to show up or he had simply missed her as she perhaps had come and gone. In his mind, for the tenth time, he felt the need to wait a little longer as this might be his only chance and he was willing to take this long shot.

Finally, it was 8:33 p.m., no Trishia. Now he was really hurting at this point. As he held his head down walking away, he heard a voice from afar as though running towards him, "Bob, Bob, hey Bob!" At first he thought his mind was playing tricks on him until the sound came closer. He turned around and there she was, desperately running with the last bit of air in her lungs. Bob had the absolute biggest smile on his face as he hurried towards her. It did not matter that sweat was dripping from her forehead. They

simultaneously grabbed each other and starting kissing with seemingly the world looking on. It was as if they had just gotten married and were on their honeymoon. The people around them began to applaud and wish them well.

After a bit of time elapsed and they caught their breath, at the same time they uttered those special three words, "I love you." They continued to stand in the moment, in the spot and kiss some more and talked little about how they had missed each other so much. A day did not go by without a continual thought of the other on their mind.

With smiles on their faces, their heart reflected what appeared to be in their spirits. They appeared to have reunited and it felt soooooo good. Bob asked, "Are you hungry?"

Trishia in her soft, sweet voice replied, "Who can eat at a time like this?" "I'm starved," she said.

"Me too," replied Bob.

They agreed to go to their old favorite restaurant which was about twenty minutes away. While in the cab they continued their public display of romance which caused the cab driver to ask how long had they been married. They chuckled at him and simply smiled and returned to the business at hand. In no time at all they were in front of the restaurant. The cab driver was tipped very well as he wished them good luck.

They held hands as they had been doing from the time they saw each other for the evening. Now at the restaurant, several waiters were still employed that knew them. They greeted them in their passing from table to table. They, too, thought they had gotten married and left town. Everyone seemed so happy for them as they had smiles of love written all over their faces. They wasted no time in placing their order, as they obviously had other things on their mind, if you get my drift.

Trishia ordered chicken pasta with fresh broccoli, cesar

salad, and a strawberry daiquiri. Bob ordered a seven ounce salmon fillet with mashed potatoes, fresh broccoli, a house salad, and a pina colada. While waiting for their food, they continued a conversation they had earlier that day.

There was never a dull moment as they laughed, joked, and occasionally kissed while touching hands throughout the conversation. He reminded her of her endless beauty and told her how much he missed her over the past two years. This was, of course, music to her ears. Her heart skipped a beat after every word he uttered as he paid countless compliments to her. She found herself reciprocating the compliments.

It was a perfect romantic setting in the restaurant overlooking water from an elevated booth. This was the view they shared for years when they were a couple. Their eyes mirrored a reflection that it could not get any better than this. This was the perfect moment to even propose Bob was thinking, as she stared graciously at his every movement. Her heart, it seemed, would speak for her voice, and answer affirmatively with a “yes.”

The waitress brought their food and could see the love shared between them. She congratulated them and asked how long had they been married. They shared a smile as they continued holding hands and simply uttered, “Not long,” with another smile. As they both took a mouthful of food, they were intrigued at how good the food was, which is why they used to frequent the place.

A live band performed Roberta Flack’s “Killing Me Softly.” This, of course, was old school music that blew them away. They got up to dance to the music and held each other tightly. Afterwards they appeared to have eaten rather quickly as though they had other things on their mind.

As they left the restaurant, Trishia suggested a stroll in a nearby park with a nice oceanic setting. Bob, without a doubt agreed, even though he had work to complete for

tomorrow's meeting. The only thing that mattered at this moment was to accommodate Trishia and everything else would have to wait.

The reflection of the moon mirrored from the water, adding an enhanced romantic flavor to the evening. They held hands throughout the evening as they walked along the seashore.

Bob looked at his watch to find that it was now 9:57 p.m. He knew there was still plenty of work to finish for tomorrow's meeting, yet he did not want to leave her side. She sensed his need of urgency to get things done and invited herself to his place to spend the evening. Without hesitation, he said a proud, "Yes." They rushed to get a cab as she conveniently had an overnight bag with her.

Since it was now late evening, the traffic was great. In a little while they were at Bob's hotel. They rushed upstairs as Trishia encouraged Bob to start his work right away. Despite other things on their mind they felt it best to get this out of the way. Bob followed her advice and spread his work across the table and talked her through what he needed to have done. Trishia caught on quickly and before long they had completed everything he needed to do.

Bob had not called Sally all evening, and she now began to suspect something. She had left two messages at the hotel front desk, the latest one was left at 9:37 p.m. With Trishia in the house, not once did it cross his mind to give Sally a call.

Sally had been looking forward to Bob's call as she had also left two messages on his cell phone earlier that he did not return. She did not know whether to be worried or truly suspicious. She tried hard not to think about him being in harm's way, but at the same time she was made aware by her girlfriend, that Bob was from that city and so was his ex-fiancée.

Every minute that passed seemed like an eternity as

Sally tossed and turned trying desperately to sleep; yet, she could not. Finally, she decided to get up, make a cup of tea and give Bob a call. The clock on her night stand registered 10:05 p.m.; she called Bob at the hotel.

Thinking that it could be Sally, he gestured to Trishia to be silent. He answered the phone as though he had been sleeping. He sounded rather drowsy. Sally immediately asked, "What happened to you?" Bob trying to act incoherent, responded with, "when?"

"I tried calling you several times and even left messages, I was really worried about you," she said.

"I'm sorry," he replied. "It was just one of those days. I'm rather sleepy and have a hectic day tomorrow. I will give you a call tomorrow morning early. I promise."

Sally was reluctantly okay with that as she did not want to pressure him. This left her more suspicious than before because this was not Bob's pattern of doing things.

Although it was late, and another restless night, Sally called her girlfriend because she needed desperately to talk. Of course, her girlfriend was asleep. Who wouldn't be now at 11:35 p.m. unless you're working or partying during the middle of the week. They stayed on the phone for a little over an hour, as Sally really was troubled and her girlfriend knew this. They talked about the usual—when a man and woman are involved or had been involved before. In their minds, they played things over and over again as to what may or may not be happening with Bob and possibly with someone else. They even considered the worst case scenario—if that even mattered.

Sally thanked her friend for staying on the phone with her and for being so concerned about the situation even though she yawned throughout the entire conversation.

It was now 11:53 p.m. Recognizing that he had finished his work for the evening, thanks to Trishia, he looked at her as she looked back at him, their hearts met and so did

their lips. They methodically, yet slowly undressed each other. She pulled him slowly towards a door that she assumed was the shower room. It was the closet.

As they kissed and she pulled, Bob decided to let her find her own way while his lips enjoyed the sweet taste of her fresh breath and lipstick. On the third attempt at finding the bathroom door, Trishia guessed right.

Bob insisted he get towels, she rebutted with, "You can dry me with your gentle tongue."

They entered the shower without the water being turned on. Instead they were both entrenched by the passion—to be back in the arms of familiar and satisfied love, they must have thought, "Who needs water?"

Bob slowly eased his hand from touching her soft, sexy body to turn on the water. As the cold water gushed on them they chuckled for a brief moment but never stopped passionately kissing.

Trishia began taking a fresh bar of soap and rub across Bob's hairy chest. She stroked his manly arms with the softness of her gentle touch. He became intensively aroused and continued to romance her in the shower. He soaked his hands to gently rub across her body in a stroking motion up and down while gently kissing her neck.

Trishia was now in a different world of ecstasy, she could not take much more of the passion without being ready to go all the way. She turned her back to Bob while still in the shower. She grabbed for Bob's hands and placed them roughly onto her breasts as she held his arms causing the movements she desired leading to maximum stimulation.

As they made passionate love in the shower for a little more than twenty minutes, the water temperature began to change causing their love scene to trickle into the bedroom.

The scene here became more intense as space provided. This encounter lasted until they fell asleep then finding themselves awakened at 3:00 a.m., ready for another episode.

This 3:00 a.m. episode lasted for twenty-five minutes with mostly romantic and passionate kissing coupled with kudos on how much “I love you” and so on.

They slept soundly until Trishia, sensing Bob needed to prepare for work, woke him at 7:15 a.m. He desperately and passionately thanked her as he was due in a meeting at 9:30 a.m. sharp.

Bob hurriedly showered as Trishia prepared an outfit for him like old times. She insisted she would be okay in letting herself out as she had decided to take the day off from work. Bob kissed her romantically good bye and told her he would call later after the meeting, to perhaps set up something for later.

As Bob got off the elevator downstairs, he ran into the receptionist that had seen him and Trishia the night before as they came from dinner. They spoke briefly as the receptionist summoned a cab for him.

A half hour passed. As Trishia was singing to the music on the radio and cleaning up, the phone rang. “Hi, Booby Cakes,” she said, thinking it was Bob. The other party said, “Hello,” in a rather surprised voice. Now, recognizing it could be Bob’s girlfriend, Trishia immediately hung up the telephone.

In fact, it was Sally calling to find out why Bob had not called her on a consistent basis as he had promised. Knowing that she heard a female’s voice in Bob’s hotel room, terribly upset—I mean really and tremendously upset—her. She called back to make sure she had gotten the right room from the receptionist.

The receptionist remembered her voice and asked, “Did I connect you with Mr. Guthrie’s room number 227?” “Let’s try again,” he insisted as he apologized. This time there was no answer. The phone rang back to the receptionist.

“I just remembered, I flagged a cab for him earlier,

however, I did not see his wife come down with him, she may still be in the. . .”

Before he could finish, Sally immediately interrupted and yelled, “His wife!” The receptionist apologized, and recognizing it was not the receptionist’s fault, so did Sally. She thanked him for his efforts.

Sally did not bother to call anymore, after this incident, for the remainder of time Bob was in Chicago. Bob did try calling on the day of his scheduled return. He finally reached Sally to have a much needed talk with her. She questioned certain things about his behavioral pattern, which he initially denied. He ultimately felt the need to tell her the truth as he could sense something was wrong.

He told her the truth about Trishia and how he was still in love with her. He and Trishia talked and decided to give it another try. This, of course, was salt on Sally’s open wound no matter how gentle Bob tried to be.

With tears in her heart and major emotional damage, she now understood why Bob had not called her as often. She could not stop crying. She played the scene over repeatedly in her mind about the first time she met Bob and how nice everything was and how deeply she had fallen in love with him in such a short time.

It was now that she realized, she was a victim of “After the passion.....now what?”



## CHAPTER TWO

---

### *“Stamp of Approval”*

“I don’t know about you, but I’d like to be at the beach on a day like today,” uttered words from a man to a woman at the post office.

“Yeah, I know what you mean. I agree, it is a rather beautiful day,” said the woman.

“Do you live around here?” he asked.

“I’m about fifteen minutes away, I just come to deal with my mail and stuff like that,” she said. Silence interrupted, for about the space of thirty seconds as they both stood at the counter of the post office opening their mail from their boxes.

Their eyes met shortly thereafter with a rather pleasant smile.

“By the way, I’m Sergio,” knowing all along he wanted to find a way to engage more into the conversation.

“Hi, Sergio, I’m Pearl, pleased to meet you.”

“No, the pleasure is really mine,” he remarked.

This continued for nearly an hour as they found enough topics to keep them for that period of time.

As the postal worker came to lock the main door, Pearl decided she must leave to attend to her routine, although

she was hoping Sergio was an available candidate and would possibly ask her on a date. Bingo! It happened!

“Um, what do you say we exchange numbers,” he asked in a rather hesitant way.

“Well, I don’t know about that.” Oh, what pretending on her part, she knew for a fact she wanted to give him the number. “I don’t make it a habit . . . giving my number to strangers” she gestured.

“My mom always told me that a stranger was someone that you did not know. I think we’ve met and have been here talking like old friends for at least an hour, wouldn’t you say?”

She smiled and gestured again, “Well, you look like a nice guy. I don’t think you’re a terrorist, are you?” She asked in a rather kidding way.

“Today, I’m not, but tomorrow I don’t know unless I can’t have your number to ask you out,” he said jokingly.

They both laughed as she decided to take his number and finally, but reluctantly, gave him hers. As they walked out the door continuing to chat, he walked her to her car. She unlocked the door and, as a gentleman, he opened the door and wished her a pleasant evening. Afterwards he promised to call in a day or so.

She was now smiling in her heart throughout the drive home from the post office. She just met a nice looking, tall man with a lovely smile and extremely romantic voice who appeared reasonably intelligent. She had been hoping for some time to meet someone that had the look and appeal she so desperately wanted in her life. Could it be Sergio? Or was this just another seemingly nice guy that had a pleasant conversation whom that would be the last of? As she approached her home, she tried not to give it much more thought, at least not for now.

Sergio worked as a branch manager for a major electronic store which required him to travel at least once every two

months. Pearl worked as a CPA (Certified Public Accountant) for a major accounting firm. Her job required no travel at all. Sergio and Pearl had never crossed paths prior to meeting at the post office while they were discarding their junk mail.

Finally Pearl reached home and was greeted by two lovely teen-aged daughters, 15-year-old Terisita, or Terry for short, and 13-year-old Magdelina, or Maggie. They greeted her with a pleasant kiss as usual and a happy smile. As they both took turns sharing information about their day at school, Pearl was starting to doze off from having an exhausting day at work. For some reason, the girls appeared to be in a talkative mood, vying for their mother's attention.

"How was your day at work, Mom?" they both asked, almost simultaneously. The three of them chuckled as if their thoughts were unified.

"Oh, I had a rather hectic and long day at work the usual that you sometimes hear me talk about when I come home," she said. "Oh, by the way, I did meet a nice man today," she told the girls. They of course were so excited, they wanted to know every detail—from the color of his hair to the type of shoes he wore. She decided to tell them she just met him and there are no guarantees, as she yawned. She finished by saying, "He promised to call in a day or so." They left together laughing and chatting about their mom meeting a man in hopes he was the right one this time.

A couple of days did past and Pearl had not heard from Sergio. She began to wonder if he had misplaced or lost her phone number. She decided to wait a few more days before considering giving him a call. Pearl was from the "old school"—she believed the guy should make the first move, no matter how much the woman may be interested. Several more days passed with her looking at his phone number everyday for at least a week and a half.

On day nine, yes, Pearl was keeping count, Sergio called.

“Is this the lovely lady that goes to the post office to empty her junk mail and stuff?” he inquired.

Pearl, all bundled up and with mixed emotions, was shocked, disappointed, surprised, happy, excited and just feeling real good right about now, simply replied, “This is she.” Knowing it was Sergio, took it upon herself to ask anyway. “To whom am I speaking?”

Give me a break, okay really, give me a break. All this time she had been waiting for the man to call, finally it happened and she pretended to act dumb! Without hesitation, Sergio said in a sarcastic manner, “It’s been that long that you’ve forgotten about me already? Gee, I guess it’s like that when you have so many guys hounding you every day, chasing your charm and beauty.”

Oh, did my girl blush. Really, if you could have seen her then— how her body started going through changes just from hearing the romantic sound and vibration in his voice which even sounded better over the telephone.

“Oh, you’re the guy from the post office, I believe your name is Serg, or Sergi, something like that.”

See what I told you, I knew she was trying to play dumb, she knew his name all along.

“It’s Sergio,” he said in a kind manner, yet somewhat surprised that she did not seem to remember his name.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t remember, yes, it has been a while since we met at the post office. How are you, Sir?”

“I’m well, thank you for asking,” he said.

“The last time I spoke with you, I thought I remembered you were going to call me in a couple of days or so. I guess two weeks later is the, “or so,” she smiled.

He quickly apologized and mentioned he had to travel for the company and left her number at home. She accepted the apology and dismissed any other thoughts and exercised joy in her voice to hear from him. They continued chatting for the next half hour and concluded with him asking her

to dinner, of which she gladly, but slowly accepted. You know the game.

Their telephone conversation was starting to become very deep as they discussed some personal, professional and even intimate topics. The deeper the conversation the more Pearl became emotionally involved. She felt this was the man that was sent to her from above as he presented and said all the right things. Little did she give thought to, "It's not only what a person says, it's more important to watch what they do." Their actions can give you some insight into what their behavior may be like.

Throughout the conversation Pearl did not ask Sergio much about his personal life; instead, she chose to let him do most of the talking as she was intrigued by the mixture of baritone and quality bass sound of his voice. At this point, she was ready to say yes to a marriage proposal had he presented it. It's hard to believe Pearl was falling so deeply into a man she knew very little about, simply from talking over the telephone.

Pearl has been a single mom for the past seven years—since her harsh divorce and custody battle. She had been married for nine years. Since then she'd tried a couple of relationships. One she thought was leading to marriage, but after three years with him, things went sour. She had not dated for at least a year and a half. Her thoughts about men were often shared with her girlfriend Marge.

Sergio made plans for their dinner date in two weeks. Pearl was concerned as to why the delay because she wanted desperately to see him. He made some flimsy excuse and she bought it. I could only shake my head in disgust at the fact she was starting to put so much of her emotions in without even spending any time around him.

As the days progressed leading up to dinner, they were talking via telephone every day, in some cases two or three times per day. Pearl was starting to feel too comfortable

as she thought about him in such a romantic way every day and night. One thing troubled her, Sergio did not do much calling in the late evening past 9:30, and if he did, it was always for a brief moment or two. He would tell her that he had a hectic day at work and needed to get up early the next morning. You figured it; she would buy into this lame excuse as well. Please don't misinterpret this to think all women think this way, because they do not. This is how Pearl was thinking and I suspect it may have to do with the fact that she had not been in a relationship for the past year and a half. By now she felt over due for a serious relationship.

Her girlfriend Marge, the person she'd confided in, would often encourage her to take her time because things had not gone so well in the past. They talked every single day and were always there for each other. Marge had also experienced some heartache and pain over the past years and had high hopes of her own relationship lasting.

Two days prior to the dinner date they had scheduled, Sergio called and told her he had to cancel because he was leaving town for business. Although disappointed, Pearl claimed she understood. She asked if they would see each other prior to him leaving. He indicated if time permitted he would be happy to see her because he said he missed her as well. This of course made her feel very good.

Well, two days came and passed and she did not hear a word from Sergio. Now it was really starting to bother her. All sorts of things were starting to run through her troubled and emotional mind. She wanted desperately to talk with Marge but felt Marge would not be as understanding and perhaps she would also be more realistic. Not hearing from him was causing her great pain and agony in wondering if he has been lying to her. She would often think, if someone cared enough about you, then there's nothing to stop them from seeing you, at least

once in a while, even if you are extremely busy.

Four days later and she still had not heard from him. Now she was about to explode and finally broke down to call Marge. You could hear the pain in her voice as she spoke to Marge. It was now to the point she suspected other things may be going on like maybe he's married or actually seeing someone else. She would often think to herself, how could he do this to me? My question would be, did he do this to her, or had she really done this to herself?

Marge had a suggestion and wanted to know if she was up to it. She agreed to go along with her suggestion. The plan was to call him more often and various times throughout the day and even into the late evening. If she didn't get him she was to leave a message and continue to be persistent.

Pearl called him within the same day of the plans she agreed upon with her friend Marge. As expected, he did not answer the phone. A couple of hours later she called again. He still did not get the phone. By now she was really suspicious. Not necessarily worried, but thinking along the lines that something else or someone else is more than likely in the picture. Despite all this she found herself madly in love with this mystery man.

By late evening brother man called, of course, not without one of his lame excuses. Oh, he was so busy it just slipped his mind. He was still trying to be smooth as she interrupted to let him know she was worried and thought it rude and careless of him to not take her feelings into consideration. Yes, he apologized, but she was not having it. She was really adamant about this. He promised to take her to dinner that same evening and immediately she calmed down.

He picked her up early and they had a rather short evening ending a couple of hours later. As a matter of fact, she wanted to walk on the beach, but he insisted they do it another time because he had to prepare a very important document

for work. They ended the evening with romance at her home because her kids were spending the night at her girlfriend's home. By nine o'clock that evening she was sitting home alone thinking about how nice things had gone for the evening and how she really loved this guy and how nice and romantic it was.

She called Marge to tell her about the events of the evening as Marge continued to remind her to stay on course with the plans they had made.

Speaking of which, the idea was to call him close to 10 p.m. since he'd never called her after 9:30 p.m. Marge also reminded her it was okay to be in love but don't be stupid with it. She advised her to keep her guard up, just in case. I personally think it was too late for that advice.

She ended her call with Marge about 10:10 p.m. and waited about fifteen minutes trying to decide how to go about making this phone call, especially not knowing what to expect. Well, the moment came, she picked up the phone and dialed his cell phone number which was the only number she had for him. He had previously told her he did not have a home phone because he was seldom at home.

The phone rang about three times and a lady answered. She immediately apologized thinking she had dialed the wrong number. She checked the number and saw that it was the correct number. Now, more curious than ever, she thought, maybe it could be a sister or other relative. She discounted the fact of a female friend being at his house at this hour of night. Without hesitation, she immediately called back. The exact same person answered the phone. She asked to speak with Sergio. In a very pleasant way, the lady told her that he was in the shower, and she'd have him call her back. She also asked, "who's speaking?" Pearl told her, "Just tell him his girlfriend called."

"I beg your pardon, but who?" the lady asked.

Without delay, Pearl reaffirmed, "I am his girlfriend."

By now the lady was feeling a little apprehensive as she introduced herself as Paula, his girlfriend of the past four years and they have been living together for the past two and a half years.

Pearl became extremely silent and somewhat ashamed, embarrassed, with feelings of deceit, and emotional unrest, and just about every hurtful pain you could imagine—she was experiencing it right now. She told Paula she had met him several months ago and had no idea he was in a relationship with someone else. Paula in a very kind way understood and apologized to her for what she believed Sergio put her through.

By this time Sergio was coming out of the shower as Paula presented to him there's someone on the phone for you. He was surprised Paula had answered his phone not realizing they both had the exact type phones and he had placed his on her night stand. In a very subtle voice he answered with some hesitation, "Hello, hello," again he said.

After a space of maybe ten seconds, Pearl fought back the tears and said, "Hello, Sergio."

Sergio nearly dropped dead on the spot as Paula was standing nearby.

Pearl simply uttered the words, "Why, Sergio?" and hung up the phone. She knew Paula would need to handle her business at this moment, which was probably not going to look good for Sergio. In fact, Paula packed her things that night and left him.

Sergio tried calling Pearl back the following day to try and explain and also offer an apology which fell on deaf ears. Pearl had spoken with her girlfriend Marge and explained everything that had transpired the previous evening when she called him and now she was left with this horrible pain of "After the Passion...now what?"



## CHAPTER THREE

---

### *“Incompatibly Yours”*

Mr. Charles was a new custodial employee at an elementary school. He appeared to be a man of statute and class. However, because of his profession, he was not looked greatly upon by one particular teacher who is seeking a life mate.

Ms. Jones found Mr. Charles to be quite interesting. However, she is reluctant to give him the time of day because of his job status as a custodian. But Ms. Sims wasted no time in letting her interest be known.

At 2:45 in the afternoon, a custodian dressed in the appropriate uniform, entered Ms. Jones third grade classroom.

“I received a notice in my mailbox that you had a light fixture that needed changing,” said the custodian, as he wasted very little time verifying the correct room number.

Ms. Jones in the middle of concluding a lesson, excused herself from the board, sized him up and responded, “Yes, the one over there,” as she pointed to the far end of the room.

With a slight nod of the head he asked for a good time to make the change. She told him the best time would either be before or after school to avoid any danger for

the students. He assured her the problem would be corrected before she returned to class tomorrow. Without further discussion, he immediately left the room.

Ms. Jones, intrigued by his good looks, temporarily forgot where she left off at the board. A rather strange, flirtatious comment from one of her male students about Mr. Charles quickly brought her back to reality. Another comment by one of the little girls reminded her of the fact that she, too, was human. The little girl said, "Ms. Jones, he's a handsome man don't you think?"

Ms. Jones smiled and encouraged her to pay attention to the homework instructions she was finishing on the board.

Ms. Jones was a third year teacher at this elementary school. She was quite attractive, in her late twenties, single and desperately hopeful. She had not had a serious relationship since her break up three years ago with her college sweetheart. After a seven-year relationship with him, which went absolutely nowhere, she decided to call it quits, hoping he might change his mind and marry her. Instead, he became more concerned about his career outlook as opposed to marriage and a family. Ms. Jones' heart was a bit hardened as she did not fully trust men and she began to think, that most, if not all, were basically the same.

The following day, Mr. Charles did his usual by coming in early to give himself time to do his routine. By the start of class that same morning, Ms. Jones noticed that her classroom was brighter. "Huh, the custodian must have been here really early to get this job done," she thought to herself. As she prepared herself for the days' events, she could not help thinking about Mr. Charles for some reason or another. In her mind she was hoping he'd possibly pass by just to check on the light fixture and ask if everything was okay.

It was now 2:00 p.m. and no sign of Mr. Charles for the day, after-all the school day was over at 3:00 p.m. Just when she took it off her mind, "Speaking of the devil,

or should I say, thinking of the devil, and here you are," she said.

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Charles responded.

"Oh, it's nothing," she uttered with a slight smile.

With a smooth, yet soft, gentle voice, he commented, "I just thought I'd drop by to see if you could see any better."

"I don't understand, 'see any better'" she remarked.

He stood there in silence as if to say 'get with the program.'

In his silence, it came to her, "Oh I'm sorry, the light fixture. Yes, I can definitely see a lot better, as a matter of fact, in the light, you look quite nice Mr. Charles," she stated jokingly.

Mr. Charles responded to her smile with one of his own and wished her a blessed evening and left the room.

Ms. Jones was starting to develop some emotional feelings towards Mr. Charles despite the fact she felt he was not in her league because of his job status. Nevertheless, there appeared to be something about him that made him attractive to her. "Could it be his soft spoken voice or his good looks?" she thought. Whatever it was she tried desperately to get it out of her mind.

That evening while shopping at the local store, as fate would have it, Ms. Jones ran into—you guessed it, Sir Charles.

"Well, hello young lady," he said in his usual suave, soft, yet sexy, voice.

"Hello back at you, Sir," she uttered in a rather shy and intriguing way.

They spent the next twenty plus minutes discussing what appeared to be small talk with a great deal of smiling. They even talked about components in their lives that lead them to where they are now.

Mr. Charles was a rather private, and somewhat shy fellow. He did not care to talk very much about himself

as he was, indeed, a humble man. Ms. Jones was also rather reserved in her ways and in their conversation, however, they did share a great deal of laughter together as they left the store. Mr. Charles slowly and purposefully, walked her to her car hoping she was parked about a mile away. He was starting to enjoy her company for the evening, as a matter of fact, she appeared to be enjoying him even more.

She began to think to herself, “what a pleasant and simply nice man to talk to.” Not once did he use profane or degrading language. He spoke like a real gentlemen—a man she could perhaps become interested in or consider dating.

As the hour drew near, she knew she had unfinished work to do at home despite the fact, in her heart, she wanted to stay much longer and talk with him. For some unknown reason she felt herself drawn enough to him that she wanted to kiss him. That’s right. She wanted to kiss him and had no rationale as to why.

Okay, it didn’t happen, at least not then. Instead she extended her hand and told him in a charming voice that she really enjoyed chatting with him and was happy they spent a part of the evening together.

He also said good night in his usual polite manner and said he looked forward to seeing her tomorrow at school.

Upon leaving the parking lot, Ms. Jones could barely concentrate on the short drive to her home as she could not take her mind off Mr. Charles and how pleasant he seemed. She struggled with the reminder that he is a custodian and this, she thought, would not look very good amongst her peers. But, for some reason, she wanted to know more about him and how it is that he speaks so well for being a custodian. He also appeared to have some knowledge about world views, as they briefly discussed certain political matters and world events earlier in the parking lot.

That evening, as she prepared for the next day, she found herself taking longer than usual in getting to bed. Finally,

when she did get to bed, she couldn't sleep. She tossed and turned throughout the night, thinking constantly about him and wondering how it would be to date him. She even had visions of seeing them standing before a minister in church to get married. She had to sit up in bed and catch herself to be reminded, "Hey, get with it!" she thought. "What in the world am I thinking?" she pondered. "This guy has shown no real interest in me and here I am seeing him in a church about to become my husband. Have I lost my mind?"

After having a rather restless night, her alarm sounded, "Impossible!" she yelled. "It cannot be morning already, I just barely got to sleep." She prepared for work in the usual manner, first with prayer, followed by the bathroom for the norms and on to the closet and finally a quick slice of toast and fresh juice. She was out of the house within forty-five minutes and on the way to work.

She turned on her car radio and the first sound she heard broadcasting was, "What a beautiful day to get married for all you lovers out there!"

"There is absolutely no way this could be happening to me," she thought. Why was this happening to her, as a matter of fact, why not her? She's young, attractive and feeling as though it's time to start a family.

Her job was about twenty minutes from her apartment which made it a bit easy for her in terms of traveling, except once in a while, on rainy days when the traffic would build up. Yes, she was indeed sleepy, frustrated over the lack of rest, and ready for the day to be over. Despite all this, she found reason to smile as she did think of Mr. Charles repeatedly throughout her drive to work.

She could barely wait until she saw Mr. Charles— it was as if she felt the need to propose to him. What could she be thinking after just a rather brief encounter with him at a local shopping mall. It wasn't like he took her on a date and bought her a gift or something. Nevertheless, the

anticipation was driving her insane as her car drove her to work.

She arrived at work and reached her classroom only to discover she left something in the car which she would need for the students. Already late, she decided to forego it and perhaps get it during lunch. She seemed to be a bit off schedule as the lack of sleep was beginning to take a toll on her, causing her to be somewhat irritable.

It was now time for the students to come in. As she greeted them one by one to start the day out, a pleasant visitor, in the name of Mr. Charles, dropped in with a surprise fruit basket for her. This made her heart, already beating faster than normal, skip an extra beat or two. His voice to her was like the sweet sound of her favorite music playing softly in her ears as she drifted off into the twilight zone of sleep.

As he continued greeting her, one of the students had been calling out to her intermittently for the past few minutes, but she did not hear any noise coming from anywhere inside the classroom. Ms. Jones was now completely mesmerized by his seemingly genuine charm.

Finally, the class orchestrated a note to join in concert, on the count of three, they called out once again to Ms. Jones. This time it worked as they could be heard down the hallway. Ms. Jones quickly regained her faculties and remembered the students and where she was. Mr. Charles told her goodbye and that he would speak to her later in the day.

As the day progressed and lunch time came and passed, she had not heard a word or seen Mr. Charles. She had hoped he would stop by during her lunch period. She did go to her car to get what she'd left for the students.

She was having difficulty staying focused because she wanted so desperately to see Mr. Charles, even for a split second. She stopped her lesson to the class and made up

a story about needing a classroom pencil sharpener repaired and asked the students if anyone knew where the custodian's office was. She wanted to send for Mr. Charles.

A student named Eric shouted out repeatedly, "May I go, I know where Mr. Charles is?"

She gestured at him and in a rather calm voice told him to sit back down. Without hesitation, he obeyed, but not before uttering, in a rather sad and disappointing voice, "He's just down the hall in Ms. Sims' room where he's always hanging out."

"What did you say, Eric?" Ms. Jones asked.

"Oh, nothing Ms. Jones," replied Eric, thinking he might be in trouble for speaking out under his breath.

Carla, another student, repeated what Eric had said.

Ms. Jones quickly asked the question. "How do you know Mr. Charles is in Ms. Sims' classroom, Eric?"

Then without hesitation, the class yelled out, "He's always in Ms. Sims' room, everybody knows they go together."

Shocked, or should I say, destroyed by this sudden outburst, Ms. Jones, desperately now trying to maintain her composure in front of her students, resumed her lesson for the afternoon.

Irritability from the lack of sleep, coupled with the thought of something going on between Ms. Sims and Mr. Charles, was now overwhelming for Ms. Jones. She was rushing the day to be completely over. The clock showed 2:00 p.m.—only one hour to go, which could not come soon enough for her.

The students suspecting something wrong with Ms. Jones, asked if she was okay, but for some reason she could not hear them. Once again, they joined in concert on the count of three, "Ms. Jones, are you okay?"

"Yes, yes, I'm okay. Is there something wrong?" She calmly asked.

One of the fresh young boys in her class quickly said,

"I think Ms. Jones is jealous of Mr. Charles and Ms. Sims."

Quickly the class chanted, "oooooooooolllll," as if to suggest this was the wrong thing to say.

The girls in the class, sensing it may be true, began to defend Ms. Jones by yelling to the boys to shut up and keep quiet.

This chanting caused more unsettling noise in the classroom, as Ms. Jones did nothing to try and stop it. Instead, she remained in deep thought. Considering the new development from her students, she decided to forgo the idea of sending for him.

Later that day Mr. Charles stopped by and took care of business as usual without making any gestures towards Ms. Jones. The fact that Mr. Charles left without making a single pass at Ms. Jones left her feeling absolutely miserable. Now the tides had turned and she wanted desperately for him to ask her out on a date.

She watched him as he left her room just after 3:00 p.m. and head straight for Ms. Sims' room down the hallway. It appeared he and Ms. Sims were becoming quite an item.

Ms. Sims and Ms. Jones have always had a cordial relationship as colleagues. As a matter of fact, Ms. Sims knew very well that Mr. Charles likes Ms. Jones.

Ms. Sims was also single, available and had a special interest in Mr. Charles. They had spoken on a number of occasions, as friends, despite Ms. Sims expressing to Mr. Charles how she felt about him.

He, in turn, had presented to her numerous times how he would like to get better acquainted with Ms. Jones. His communications with Ms. Sims was that of a friend, one you would talk to on a daily basis about generic things.

Ms. Jones decided to hang around a bit longer to see how long Mr. Charles would spend in Ms. Sims' classroom since school had been out since 3:00 p.m. It was now 4:10, and they were still in Ms. Sims's classroom. In her mind

she kept thinking, “What in the world could they possibly be talking about?” She continued with thoughts like—“as long as he’s been in there, he’s had time to completely rearrange her entire classroom, with painting included.”

Finally, as the clock struck 4:25 p.m., she could not take much more. She decided to put some papers in her hand as if she needed to see Ms. Sims and walk to her classroom. As she approached the door she heard a burst of loud laughter from the two of them. She politely knocked on the door as a soft spoken voice echoed, “Come in.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I see you have company, I’ll come by tomorrow.”

Hoping Ms. Sims would not accept her false offer, but instead she said, “Okay, I’ll be here, so I’ll speak with you in the morning.” Ms. Jones acknowledged.

Mr. Charles held his head down as if embarrassed for her. She parted with anger in her face and heart, yet held her composure enough to make it out of that tense room. If expressions could kill, Ms. Sims would be dead at the mere sight of Ms. Jones right now.

Ms. Jones wasted no time in returning to her room to get her purse and proceeded in leaving the building. As she walked back down the same hallway to leave she met Mr. Charles now coming out of Ms. Sims’ classroom. She tried her best to avoid even looking at him as she was still angry. He sensed something was wrong. Yet, as she silently passed him, he summoned her to chat a moment. She insisted she had something to do and did not have a moment to spare. He asked if he could stop by after school tomorrow because he wanted to speak with her about something in private. She said she wanted to know on the spot, but then he reminded her of her scheduled appointment.

Ms. Jones’ jealousy over Mr. Charles being in the room with Ms. Sims caused her to hardly be able to continue

her discussion with him at the moment. Her words did not express it, but her gestures showed no hesitation in something obviously being wrong.

Mr. Charles sensed her jealousy quickly and asked Ms. Jones out on that promised date. Without hesitation she inquired into his interest in her colleague Ms. Sims. Mr. Charles wasted no time responding with an honest answer, "Ms. Sims had clearly expressed interest in us being an item, but my feelings are not the same," he quickly said to her. Starting to feel a little better, Ms. Jones told him she'd like to think about it and let him know tomorrow. He acknowledged acceptance of her response. Ms. Jones, now back on course with her feelings, was so excited throughout the remainder of the day. She looked forward to saying "yes" to Mr. Charles tomorrow.

Another sleepless night as expected for Ms. Jones. Constantly thinking of tomorrow and saying "yes," she ended up taking a sleeping pill just to get some much needed rest. Morning, it seemed, came faster than usual. As a matter of fact, Ms. Jones woke up late.

She rushed to get dressed and off to work arriving just before the students were to enter the classroom. Within ten minutes she found out from one of the other teachers that Mr. Charles was absent and not to expect much cleaning in their hallway for the day. This, of course, brought major disappointment to her as she thought, if he knew he'd be absent, why didn't he say anything yesterday when they spoke.

To make matters worse, she noticed a substitute teacher in Ms. Sims' room and wondered whether this was a coincidence or was this planned by the two of them earlier. One can only imagine the kind of day that was in store for her right about now. Without being sure Ms. Sims may be really absent, she asked the students if anyone had seen Mr. Charles or Ms. Sims. The students spared no time in

reminding her, “See we told you, Ms. Jones, they go together. That’s why they’re both absent today.”

“How did the students know this and they hadn’t been in class for fifteen minutes of the school day,” she pondered. Now, this really did not sit well with her. Once again, she knew she would have to take a sleeping pill later that night just to start catching up on her sleep.

By the end of the day she was an absolute wreck and the evening was no better for her as she couldn’t eat or think straight. She did take a double dosage of natural sleeping tablets to ensure she got a good night’s sleep.

She tried to rationalize in her mind that Mr. Charles was an employee just like she was and entitled to his time off and could spend it with whomever he chose. Her rationalizations did not work well for her despite the fact her thoughts kept reoccurring.

The following day Ms. Jones went to work extremely tired once again even though she took two natural sleeping tablets. Her problems were not only from a lack of sleep, they were also compounded by anger and jealousy. In addition, she had teary eyes and was emotionally upset.

Surprisingly, she arrived early the following morning for school. As she passed Ms. Sims, who seemed quite jubilant to start the day, Ms. Jones barely said good morning. Ms. Jones slowly, but surely, walked through the hallway to her classroom with ill thoughts of Mr. Charles and her colleague, Ms. Sims, constantly on her mind. She did her usual morning preparations for her students as she had twenty minutes before they would enter.

Understandably she was not feeling her usual self as she couldn’t seem to hold back the tears. She discontinued writing on the board and looked for a tissue in her desk drawer in hopes the students would not see her crying.

It was now five minutes before the students would arrive and the tears were now pouring like rain. Surprisingly— guess

who walked in two minutes before the bell sounded to let the students in—no, not her colleague Ms. Sims—yep, Mr. Charles. He immediately noticed her tears, even more now, without having a clue of what was happening.

Of all people she did not want to be bothered with him, not now, not ever, at least that's how she was feeling. She tried to wave him off, but he insisted on coming in anyway.

He immediately asked, "What's wrong?"

She politely but reluctantly told him, "Nothing is wrong," and of course he refused to believe her. Is she already madly in love or infatuated with this man? Is she out of her mind and out of control with her faculties or emotions?

Ms. Jones broke down and told Mr. Charles she was a little jealous assuming he and Ms. Sims were perhaps out at the same time and she could only imagine what may have gone on. He sounded surprised to learn Ms. Sims was also out and merely indicated it was a coincidence and assured her they were not together and are only friends. Mr. Charles, seeing she was a bit better, asked if he could come back after school and walk her to her car and have that date he was promised. Without hesitation she agreed. And yes, she was feeling a lot better right now and felt good about him all over again, just in time before the students entered class.

Immediately after school, allowing maybe five minutes for the students to leave, Mr. Charles was on time as scheduled to walk her out. She, of course, was looking forward to it and anxiously awaiting for the day to end, as excitement was shown all over her face. She even made a point to wave good bye to her colleague, Ms. Sims, who saw them walking together, and could only crack a smirk on her face.

As he walked her to her car, he finally got her answer to accept his invitation for a date later that evening. They

agreed to drop her car at home and ride with him.

The evening was filled with fun, something Ms. Jones hadn't experienced in a long time. As they walked through the park, although it did not come up, he assured her, once again, there was nothing between him and Ms. Sims.

Afterwards, they had an early dinner followed by a comedy movie. Later they took a stroll on the beach to catch the sunset. This finalized their evening as he dropped her off around 11:30 p.m. Before they separated, they agreed to give a relationship a try. He kissed her romantically good night.

It turned out to be the best relationship she had experienced and he felt the same way. Six months later during the spring break they were married— Ms. Sims was her maid of honor and was happy to be so.

Ms. Jones discovered he owned several landscaping and janitorial businesses back in Georgia, where they relocated a year after their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Charles are one of the happiest couples, even after seven years of marriage and two kids—Todd six, and Chase, who is four.

Some of their friends did not think they would last because of their educational differences. Today, they are still proving them wrong. In this case, they can proudly say, instead of "After the passion, Now What?..... After the passion, true love is what happens!"



## CHAPTER FOUR

---

### *“The Right Words”*

“I’m sick and tired of your crap day after day. All you ever do is work, work, and more work, like it’s going out of style! We do absolutely nothing together. I work just like you do and we never go out, never go to a movie, dinner, dancing, bowling, we don’t even go to rent movies. If you’re bored with me, why don’t you leave me alone and find an old maid that’s willing to sit around, cook, clean and do nothing for herself to even look presentable. As a matter of fact, you have not looked at me or touched me in the past six weeks, or noticed any new clothing, even the romantic ones I’ve bought for you,” Edna said to her husband Tim.

“I’m sorry, darling, but you know it’s the best I can do right now and besides, it’s for our future,” he uttered, as if to find a defense for working so much.

Tim and Edna have been married for the past three years. I think it’s obvious Edna is terribly upset with Tim for not spending as much time with her as she would like. He’s constantly busy with work even when he’s home. It’s now to the point where Edna’s frustration has run its course and she’s about to take action on her own.

Her only outlet has been with her girlfriend, Sheryl, who has tried to encourage her to keep praying until something happens. She's even fed up with Sheryl at this point and doesn't care to hear anything else she has to say.

Edna's job as an administrative assistant at times can be demanding. Tim, on the other hand, works as a CPA (Certified Public Accountant) with a large company whose clients include many large retail giants. She makes a point to end work at a certain time to go home and prepare dinner for her husband. The couple has no kids at this time though she would like to plan for them at some point.

Tim works long hours at a time. It is not unusual to end around 8 or 9 p.m. every night. When he comes home, he will sometimes eat what has been set aside for him, take a quick shower, and then he goes off to the study to continue working. He sometimes works up to 1 a.m. the next morning while Edna is off to sleep, usually at around 10 p.m.

He's back at it around 6 a.m., generally in the study, with a cup of tea he's made for himself. This goes on throughout the week and the weekends are worse.

Edna can leave the house, on a Saturday or Sunday morning, not come back until midnight, and Tim would never know. She's even tried this on a couple of occasions and proved it to be right. Her life has reached a point of loneliness, something she did not see coming, otherwise she would not have gotten married, at least not to Tim anyway.

For the past several months, she has cried herself to sleep repeatedly until there seems to be no more tears. Now she's sitting up in bed, of course alone, while Tim's in the study as usual. She decides to think about this guy at work who has been whispering sweet little nothings in her ear for the past year and a half. She knows him quite well. As a matter of fact, he's an executive who

works in the department just around the corner from her office in the same building. His name is Alvin, and we are not talking about the Chipmunks Alvin. This guy is smooth, good looking, has the walk and the talk to back it up; hello!

As she sits up, she's thinking, hmm, hmm, hmm, "I don't know, he's probably a player," she kept thinking in her mind. "But he's cute, he's smart, he's fun, and he likes me." Now a smile was starting to come across her face as her head sank into her pillow. She took a deep breath and sighed calling his name, "Alvin, Alvin, hmm, I guess his name will do." What did she have in mind? It's not just inquiring minds that want to know, I want to know. Don't you? I figured as much.

Well morning came, and she has a rather pleasant smile something her husband had not seen for the past several days. As a matter of fact, she went in to the study, kissed him goodbye, then left.

He was surprised to see, first of all, how early she was up, and secondly, her leaving before 7:30 a.m. when, usually, she leaves just after him around 8:15 a.m. Like clockwork, he's usually out of the house around 7:45 a.m.

Of course, he thought nothing of it and went back to his first love, what else?—work. She, on the other hand, had some plans of her own and they did not include coming home early as usual—that is if the fish bites. I know you don't know what I mean so just keep reading.

She had learned enough about Alvin to know he likes a certain type of pastry to go along with his coffee that he has at least twice a week. The delicatessen around the corner of their office made them on Mondays and Wednesdays only. They would often be sold out by 8:15 a.m. because so many other people liked them as well. This was something Alvin would often talk about—having

missed out on getting or forgetting on those days. Well, today she would have him covered. That's right, she picked up a couple for him, including some coffee she thought he should try. Now, how was she planning to get this one over on him?

Well, it seems she devised a plan to stop by his office casually to say hello and let him know she bought a couple of pastries. She planned to tell him that her co-worker, Susan, hadn't arrived yet and that he could have Susan's pastry so that it would not spoil. The plan worked perfectly. Boy, was he delighted to see her, and yes, she was looking gooooooood!

Okay, I know it's not a real word but it's an expression, give me a break! Mr. Man wasn't looking too bad himself as he had just arrived and was in the process of taking off his coat and she was standing there looking at his butt. Oh my goodness, she had to catch herself.

Funny thing is, he felt her looking at him, as he was slightly bent over to reach for a hanger in the chair.

"Well, good morning, Sunshine. No wonder the sky looks gloomy outside because the sun is in here with me," he said to her.

Of course she blushed.

"To what do I owe this early morning pleasure?" he graciously and romantically asked.

"Keep your pants on. I'm just here to see if you want a pastry! I have an extra one and Susan's not here. I didn't want it to spoil!"

"Okay, what do you have?" he asked.

As she took it out of the bag and began to say, "I picked up. . ."

He quickly interrupted her and said, "That's my favorite!"

What an idiot! He was taking the bite. The women that are reading this will say, "Typical man."

This was his opportunity to make his move, yes, the

move she had hoped he would make. To say, "Ah, Sunshine, how's bout some lunch later?" In a rather shy but serious voice he asked.

She approached him head on right in his space, up to his face, and said, "You know something, I'm going to take you up on your offer today, Mr. Man. Now let's see what you've got." Oh no she didn't! Shocked and amazed, he was speechless for a moment.

As she retreated, he said, "Okay, okay, okay, um, let's say 12:30ish?"

"I'm good with that. That'll work for me," She said. On her way out of his office as she approached the door, she turned back and rubbed her stomach and said, "I hope the food is good."

He quickly said, "Baby, that ain't all that's good. Trust me." Those were the words she wanted to hear. She had baited him right where she wanted him. The question is, will she go all the way where he may want to go?

Lunch turned out to be very good along with an interesting conversation of which they both enjoyed. Mr. Man was really interested in Edna or so it appeared. She was not backing down nor refusing his advances either. He could very well sense that. After all, he was a real player.

The lunch ended and they returned to work, but not before he could ease in an attempt at a kiss in the vacant elevator that he deliberately waited an extra minute or so for. Yes, without hesitation she did oblige, although rather quickly. After this, he knew he had her this moment. Her facial expression showed she was feeling just as good as he was.

They made prior plans to exit the elevator and go in separate directions. Shortly afterwards, he called her on the office line. She took his cell phone number and asked him to wait for her call in about ten minutes. By this time, his body chemistry was out of control

from the anticipation of her call.

Their brief telephone conversation included making plans for getting together tomorrow immediately after work. They vowed to be discreet, which of course, was her suggestion.

The plans were set. At this point he would take any time she was willing to spend with him.

She was now starting to feel like a woman again, with feelings that a man was really showing her some much needed attention. Going home and throughout the night she was so excited, as a matter of fact, she put aside some special clothing for the anticipated evening.

Tim had no clue of anything unusual happening, but then again why would he think anything out of the norm. He's never in the thick of things anyway. The following morning Edna left once again rather early, and poor Tim thought nothing of it.

Edna smiled throughout the day at work and looked forward to some prearrangements, or should I say, some play time later. After work they had arrangements to meet at a hotel about five miles away from their job – a rather secluded place.

They ordered room service to get something to eat and it did not take long to get down to some business that started the previous day in the elevator at their office. Oh boy, is she really ready for this? Either way, ready or not, she's prepared to do it. They remained in the room until she felt the lateness of the hour and decided to go home around 9:30 p.m.

She was a bit nervous as to whether Tim might already be home. Just her luck, Tim was still not home. In fact, he showed up fifteen minutes after she got in. He asked if she received his message that he would be a little late as he had a meeting with his department. Not accustomed to lying to him, she simply said, "No, I've been busy for the evening myself."

A month had now passed and seeing Alvin at least twice a week, left Edna finding herself trying to balance her marriage and affair with two men, something she had never really experienced. It was starting to take a toll on her.

Her emotions were now more into Alvin than Tim. She was really in love with Alvin at this point. After three months her feelings had grown stronger, and she was not feeling Tim at all anymore. Her emotions started showing, even around the job, as she was now often and noticeably in Alvin's office. Alvin was starting to have some questionable concerns about her now as he had no intentions of falling in love with her. He was in it for the ride and that's clearly all.

Now he realized this woman was in too deep, and it could start to affect his own relationship with his new girlfriend of the past six months. As a matter of fact, things did start to get out of hand. Edna was no longer the same at home with her husband which resulted in marital problems for them. Tim still had no real clue as to what was happening, but he was getting more frustrated over her behavior.

She was constantly now calling Alvin and visiting his office unannounced. Her work ethics were starting to change and was noticeable by her co-workers. Her focus had clearly become all centered around Alvin.

Alvin saw the problem so much out of control that he decided to tell his girlfriend about what was happening. His girlfriend had previously worked there before Edna came along. That's where she first met Mr. Alvin, "AKA," Mr. Cool. He came clean with his girlfriend and told her about this married lady on his job that he made a mistake and had an affair with. An affair that he has been trying to seriously bring to an end. Alvin's girlfriend happened to be really in love with him and refused to stand by and let this woman take control of her man, especially

when she's supposed to have her very own man that she so happened to be married too.

Alvin had a scheduled dinner date with his girlfriend at their favorite restaurant, one that he and Edna have also frequented. He had become a regular so it was not uncommon for the workers to see him with different women. They were often viewed as clients. Alvin had a very cordial relationship with the workers at the restaurant, as he was a really nice tipper.

Now a problem came up as Edna had seen his calendar earlier in the day and decided to show up. Was she now stalking him or what?

A bizarre twist to this story now took place.

At the restaurant Edna confronted Alvin, and guess who showed up from the ladies room? Yep, his girlfriend. Edna heard a voice behind her say in a rather hostile way, "Excuse me, please! But can I get to my man?"

She slowly turned around, and surprisingly said, "Cynthia. . ." there was a space of silence and shock, for a period of about twenty seconds, that seemed like an embarrassing eternity for Edna. Cynthia happened to be Tim's first cousin. Oh my goodness, talk about your problems.

The problem was, Edna and Cynthia never really got along well together. They never really liked each other. As a matter of fact, they got into an argument right there. Alvin and the head waiter had to separate them, and the waiter asked them all to leave. The restaurant was apparently an upscale place.

Cynthia wasted no time calling her cousin and telling him where his angelical wife was and who she'd been sleeping with for some time now. Well, you guessed it. Everything came full circle. Tim confronted her, and she admitted to it of course with attitude, justification, and certification and blamed it on his lackadaisical

attitude towards her. Their problems ensued for several weeks thereafter until Tim decided it was time to file for a divorce.

Edna was now left holding a bag filled with heartbreak, losing her husband and a stranger in her office that she chose to fall in love with. Now Edna was faced with “After the passion...Now What?”



## CHAPTER FIVE

---

### *“The Healer”*

The call came in around 7:07 p.m. to the emergency room at International Hospital. A man had encountered a severe leg injury in a water skiing accident off the coast. This particular area where the accident occurred, was no mystery for the staff of International Hospital as they were accustomed to tourist getting injured there.

The patient, whose name is Craig, came in unconscious with extensive bleeding from a deep gash in his left leg. The hospital emergency room staff was prepared and waiting for his arrival. They wasted no time in getting him into the area to begin administering the necessary preparations to assess the damages.

When the appropriate time came, they used smelling salt to bring him around to see if he was okay and make the necessary inquiries. For a while he went in and out of consciousness, which brought some concern, yet some normalcy and expectations to the staff.

When he finally woke up he found himself in Room 309 Bed 2 with some of his friends looking over him. Naturally, he asked the question, “Where am I, and what are you guys doing here? Am I dreaming or something?”

They of course smiled and told him what had happened. With some degree of shock, he could not believe it until he tried to move his left leg, and reality set in, as he experienced excruciating pain.

He dosed off again, and after a period of time, his friends decided to leave and visit later allowing him time to rest. As he opened his eyes, he thought for a moment he was in heaven as he saw the most beautiful woman in the world dressed in white with a cap on. She held his hand, and in a British accent said, "Good afternoon, you gave us quite a scare yesterday."

"Yesterday," he said, as if surprised a full day had passed. He asked the time since she said afternoon and inquired into what happened to him and why did he sleep so long?

His friends had already shared with him the events that transpired, yet he wanted to find a way to begin a dialogue with her. She expressed to him the doctor would be in shortly to explain what happened and would also entertain any further questions he may have.

As she opened the drapes in the room and prepared his bandages, she introduced herself and told him she had been assigned as his nurse.

In a rather pleasant way he said, "If I'm going to be hospitalized, I don't think there is a better place and better time than now with such a beautiful nurse." She blushed as she left the room and told him she was getting his medication and perhaps he'd see clearer after he was intoxicated. He smiled and said, "With pleasure, drug me." He thought to himself how beautiful she was. He could seem to think of nothing else.

Reality sunk in as friends came into the room to visit him. He had even forgotten about them. They gathered around his bedside and inquired as to whether he had seen the doctor? He quickly expressed to them,

“No, but I have seen an angel.”

With surprise, they looked at him, with no clue as to what he was talking about. He told them he would explain later, and they would see for themselves shortly.

They went on to inspect his bandages as he asked them multiple questions about the accident. By the way his buddies on this trip were all men.

Suddenly Nurse Holloway reappeared into the room.

As the men became mesmerized and unintentionally blocked her passage, she politely, with a smile in her voice said, “Excuse me, please” seemingly to each one of them. They all looked at Craig and agreed with a nod as if to say, “Yeah, she’s missing from heaven.” They wasted no time themselves in complimenting her which brought about her becoming somewhat embarrassed.

To gain her authority in their presence, in a real pleasant and ladylike manner, she said, “Boys, I’m sorry but I’m going to ask you to leave because visiting hours are now over and my patient needs his rest.”

Craig, without hesitation, jokingly gestured for them to get out and quickly, as he wanted this time for himself with her.

Craig and Nurse Holloway chatted for a while as she told him she needed to get back to work. He asked what time her shift ended. She told him 11:00 p.m. and she would return tomorrow at 3:00 p.m. He wanted to know if she could work a double shift. She smiled and told him no. He asked for her phone number, and she called him a naughty boy, said goodnight, and told him she’d see him first thing tomorrow. He begged. “No later than 3:01 p.m.” She smiled and left the room.

The pain in his leg was not as bad as it originally appeared and the doctor earlier confirmed he could be released in a couple of days. He insisted he needed to stay for a least a month. The doctor caught on to his drift and said, “I now

understand why most of our male patients don't want to leave."

Craig continued to take his meds as required and finally drifted off to sleep. He could not help thinking about Nurse Holloway throughout the night during his self inflicted, interrupted sleep periods.

He completely forgot about his girlfriend of two months back home until she called early the next morning before he was up. With fear and worry in her voice, she asked if he was okay. For a second or two he didn't know who she was and had to catch himself. "Oh, hello baby. I'm doing just great. I'm really okay and you're not to worry," he told her. They chatted for a while longer until the dayshift nurse came in with meds, as well as breakfast, to be served to him.

He knew the doctor had told him that he would possibly be released after three days; so if he was going to make a move on Nurse Holloway, it had to be quick. He really did like her looks and what he could see in her personality. He didn't give much thought, for some reason, about his girlfriend Yolanda and what she may be going through with him injured and on this trip with his friends.

Yolanda was a young lady with upscale morals, values, and standards that most mothers would tell their sons to look for in a woman. She was extremely kind, compassionate, caring, highly intelligent, and yes, add beautiful to the list. She was 27, actually three years younger than Craig, and she was also a professional woman. She really had her head with a proper fit on her shoulders, just as a number of women do. Craig and Yolanda had actually been doing more than just dialoging for the past two months, they had in fact, agreed to only see each other in an "exclusive" relationship.

For some reason the leg injury appeared to have affected his memory of her because he was certainly

showing much interest in Nurse Holloway. Okay, there was nothing wrong with his head. I was just trying to give him the benefit of the doubt and help him out. You know the blame's got to go somewhere.

Craig's friends wasted no time coming to visit him again the second day. They chatted for a while as he encouraged them to go out and enjoy the waters, which was the reason for their trip anyway. After a couple of hours they did leave as he had hoped to get some time to try some lines on Nurse Holloway. Last thing he needed was competition, he thought.

Well, I'm not going to put it all on Craig, because Nurse Holloway had some things up her sleeves as well.

Of course she was not only beautiful, smart, sexy, um, um, okay, she's together as a man would see it anyway.

Fact is, she was not arrogant with it, but she somewhat knew that she was close to being "ALL THAT." Bottom line, she was really a nice person on top of all her other attributes.

She was not currently in a serious relationship because of her work schedule as well as she was trying to advance her career by taking additional course work in nursing at a nearby university. She did, in fact, spend a part of her after work evening and early morning thinking about Craig and his comments and gestures of interest in her.

She had been having feelings of loneliness for some time and there was also a shortage of available men, not just on staff at the hospital, but also in the town where she lived. Last thing she needed was the competition from the other multitude of beautiful nurses. If nothing else right now, they both had the thought of competition on their minds.

The time had come for her shift to start and Craig was so excited. He was hoping to see her early today. At exactly 3:01 p.m., he was not disappointed. She not only remembered his request for that time, she came in to work

around 2:45 p.m. to ensure she'd walk into the room at 3:01 p.m. If you could have seen their eyes meeting at the same time, you would have thought to yourself they were madly in love, and chances are, you wouldn't be far off.

She stayed and serviced him as required, and later came back to spend more time socializing with him. He enjoyed all of this extra attention, and before long, she was leaning over his bed kissing him before her shift ended. Talk about your service calls. It wasn't so much that his lines to fish her in were so great, it was more of the fact she wanted to fulfill her needs of loneliness by coming on more to him. Fact is, she reeled him in, but of course, he thought he did it. It didn't really matter now, she was really starting to feel him in a special way and he was enjoying every minute of it.

Nurse Holloway became so distracted that she temporarily forgot she was at work until they paged her to report to the nurse's station a second time. She hurriedly collected herself and left the room. No, she wasn't in trouble, she just needed to be reminded to make her other rounds to other patients. Every opportunity she had, she was back in Craig's room.

His friends came later that evening, stayed a while and left. They realized he was doing better and in great hands. Of course, when her shift ended she came and spent more time with Craig. Things were really starting to move rather fast—how did it happen? I don't know, but home girl was in love after two days being around brother man. It was basically due to the fact her loneliness subjected her to being vulnerable, plus he was pleasant, gave no sign of being involved (poor Yolanda — “out of sight, out of mind”) and showed interest. At this point, I personally don't believe Nurse Holloway cared whether he had someone in his life or not.

He began to see that she was coming on rather fast

but not enough to warrant slowing things down. The following day he was released as scheduled and guess who picked him up that morning? You're right, Nurse Holloway. She was there at 10:00 a.m. sharp and actually handled most of the paperwork for the release. His friends just sort of stood by and wondered what was he going to do or say to Ms. Yolanda.

Craig was only scheduled to remain in that part of town for the next four days. It was very difficult, if not impossible, for Yolanda to reach him since every waking minute was spent with Nurse Holloway. Brother man even checked out of the hotel and moved into her apartment for the remaining days with little or no concern about Yolanda. Of course, he was so smooth. His stories would be sufficient for Yolanda, not to say she was born yesterday.

Anyway, Craig and Nurse Holloway continued in this long distance relationship for the next four months until Craig found himself having a rather difficult time balancing two intense women. He decided to stay involved with Yolanda and felt that was best for him. Seeing how Yolanda really treated him now, and in the past, made him realize he really missed her and he wanted to give this relationship a chance.

The long distance began to take a toll on him, which made him realize it was too much, especially with the pressure Nurse Holloway was starting to place on him. She wanted more and more of his time and would not accept no for an answer. The constant pressure ultimately got to him and he decided to call it quits.

This angered her enough to fly into town, of course at the wrong time, and yes, there was a mild conflict about to ensue. She happened to invite herself to his apartment just when she suspected his girlfriend, whom she found out about, might be there. He answered the door and she was the last person he expected to see. She invited herself in

as Craig and Yolanda were having a candle light dinner at his place.

Everything was out in the open now. Little did Nurse Holloway know, Craig had already told his girlfriend about her and had promised her that he would break it off. Yolanda felt really bad for her and did not create a scene. Instead, she offered her apologies as a woman and was also angry all over again with Craig for having done this to another woman.

Surprisingly, the two ladies talked with kind words as Yolanda assisted her in getting a cab and offered additional assistance by giving her phone number in the event she needed anything further.

As for Nurse Holloway, a situation like this cannot be easy to deal with. Unfortunately, it happens, and as always, "After the passion...Now What?"



## CHAPTER SIX

---

### *“The Abuse Factor”*

After four years of a broken relationship, Jill felt it was time to meet someone else and start the dating process again in anticipation of marriage. She had been married before and that marriage ended horribly. The only good thing, she would often tell herself, is there were no kids from that marriage.

Her best friend, Kellie, encouraged her to take her time, recognizing that Jill appeared desperate and filled with anxiety over being alone. Kellie’s boyfriend of three years had recently told her about a relatively new guy on his job that he found out was not involved in a relationship. He mentioned this guy as a possibility for her friend Jill.

Kellie was a rather skeptical person about introducing people because she felt she did not want to be blamed if things did not work out. Jill impatiently kept telling Kellie she wanted to meet someone at this point in her life and settle down as soon as possible.

With this constant insistence, Kellie decided to tell Jill about her boyfriend’s co-worker and let her decide for herself. Jill asked Kellie to proceed with this introduction as anxiety was overwhelming her. Kellie quickly informed

her that she would not accept any blame if things did not work out, yet she would proceed in letting her boyfriend know and have him set up a date with his co-worker.

Kellie's boyfriend, Tom, went ahead with setting up the meeting as a somewhat blind date at one of the exclusive restaurants in town. It was now Saturday night and the date was scheduled.

Jill was quite nervous but at the same time she was excited. Kellie, out of concern, asked her if she was sure she wanted to go through with this, and if need be, she still had time to back out. Jill said, "No way!" The worst case scenario would be he'd pay for dinner anyway and get nothing in return except perhaps a nice conversation.

Finally it did happen. Tom introduced his girlfriend, Kellie, and Kellie in turn introduced Jill to Ike. Ike looked at Jill with a pleasant smile as she extended her hand to him. He returned the courtesy with the extension of both hands to hold her hand in a rather pleasant and nice way. Jill liked that from the start. I think she was just ready for anybody if you ask me, but since you didn't ask me, oh well!

They all proceeded into the restaurant where Tom and Kellie had made reservations. They ordered dinner as they listened to a live jazz band throughout the evening. Ike had become in tuned with the band. He went up and made a special request to dedicate a song to his new friend Jill. Jill was really starting to feel this guy. She already decided she liked his looks.

Dinner ended with no one ordering dessert. It was now about 10:15 p.m. and Tom and Kellie said their good nights and left together. Prior to their actual leaving, the ladies went to the powder room to chat. They chatted briefly about the evening and Kellie, once again, asked if Jill would be okay being left alone with this guy. Jill indicated she thought she'd be okay and to check on her around 12:30 a.m. or so if

she's still up. Kellie assured her she would check in on her around that time.

Jill rode to the restaurant with Kellie and left with Ike. They ended up at the beach around 10:45 p.m. just to talk. They had a very good evening walking on the beach that lasted until 11:45 p.m. when Jill thought the time was getting late and she knew she needed to get some much needed sleep.

As they headed towards the car from the beach he held her hand and she clinched his also. He felt this would be a sign to indicate that he might get a kiss for the evening. They slowly walked to the car. As he opened her door, he knelt over and kissed her. She responded without hesitation.

He drove her home, walked her to the door and gave her a good night kiss. Jill thought she was now in heaven with the man of her dreams. She looked at the time which registered 12:25 a.m. and thought Kellie should be calling in about five minutes. Bingo! Exactly 12:30 a.m., like clockwork, Kellie was ringing Jill's phone. Jill answered with excitement in her voice.

"Girl, he's more than the bomb! This guy is definitely what I've been waiting the past four years for."

With amazement Kellie asked, "So soon, how in the world can you be so sure about that in such a short time as a first date? You know absolutely nothing about this guy." Jill responded by telling her she needs to trust her on this one. They chatted for a bit longer and said their goodnights.

The next day Jill remained excited about the past evening and looked forward to a call from Ike. Ike didn't bother to call until later in the evening around the time he thought Jill had reached home. As a matter of fact, he never gave her a specific time as to when he would call except that he would call sometime during the course of the day. She was a bit disappointed as she waited all day to hear from him. Nevertheless, she was still happy he called.

Ike scheduled a second date and she of course accepted. They talked for well over an hour and ended with nice thoughts towards each other. You would think the way Jill sounded over the phone, she was ready for marriage right now. They did have a second date that went exceptionally well. In fact, there was a third, fourth, and by the fifth date it was obvious they were an item.

After two months into the relationship and seemingly all in love, like teenagers for the first time, Ike proposed to Jill and she immediately accepted. They both agreed to get married at the courthouse in two weeks and afterwards have a private ceremony with close family and friends.

She called Kellie and of course told her the great news. Kellie again cautioned her because Jill had previously shared several things she noticed about Ike that gave her reason for concern. Kellie, in fact, begged Jill to not follow her heart at this point and give it at least another six months before jumping into marriage so fast. She also reminded Jill that Ike had been married twice before and she still did not know a great deal about him.

She reminded Jill of the things she had stated that were more than just concerns. They were, in fact, issues that could be viewed as major problems. Some of which included: he appeared to have a temper, roaming eyes, selfishness, and some controlling concerns. They argued over this and of course Jill allowed her heart to dictate and win out trying to find justification in every issue Kellie presented to her that Jill, herself, had told Kellie.

Two weeks later they were, in fact, married. They went on a three day honeymoon that was not as enjoyable as Jill would have liked; however, she made the best of it. The relationship remained as a honeymoon for three weeks until they had their first real disagreement.

Jill purchased a pair of shoes for \$57.00 and Ike thought she should have told him before she made the purchase.

In fact, he put it in such a way as if she should have asked him or gotten his permission (oh I can see this one coming, watch out). She felt like a child the way he talked down to her. She did shed some tears later over this matter and wanted desperately to tell Kellie about it but was too embarrassed to do so.

Holding this in was starting to affect her at every turn as other concerns came up in the marriage which had her reflecting on what Kellie had warned her about that she, herself, had ignored.

Jill was trying everything within her power to make the best of this situation as her efforts were starting to seem for naught. She tried talking and reasoning with Ike on numerous occasions; yet, he had this macho attitude that the man had the last word.

Jill was not accustomed to this at all and started expressing her thoughts. The day came when they had a heated argument as he yelled at Jill for the last time and this time she fought back with yelling of her own. Out of nowhere he raised his hand and slapped her so hard she fell to the floor. She immediately grabbed her shoe and hit him in the back of his head causing him to become even angrier and he hit her again.

As he left the house she called the police. They came and told her the procedures to follow. Jill realized now the marriage was over as she reflected upon her previous relationship which was also abusive.

Jill could not believe, for the life of her, that she had fallen so quickly for a man she knew very little about — fall in love with, then marry him, all this coupled with thoughts of starting all over again, led her to ask herself the question. . . “After the passion.... Now What?”



## CHAPTER SEVEN

---

### *“A Matter of Pride”*

Chad hesitantly looked at his watch which registered 5:10 p.m. “Oh my goodness,” he gestured. He immediately picked up the phone to call Hanna who had been standing by with precision for his call to come in. Chad reluctantly said a soft hello as he felt her wrath was, once again, somewhere nearby.

Instead of Hanna checking with him to see if everything was okay, she began to ask questions like, “Why are you so late calling me when you promised to call at five o’clock?” She continued with her belittling of him and really beating him down to the ground with all sorts of threats and innuendos.

Chad had grown somewhat accustomed to this, yet he did not like her humiliating him all the time. Her insistence in arguing or fussing made him rebutt causing a more heated argument that would often end with Hanna hanging up on him. He was starting to count the number of times she’d hung up and it was too numerous to count. Surprisingly, she would not call him until she was good and ready.

One day Chad decided to not answer Hanna’s calls. This lasted about a week and a half which caused her to become

terribly upset. She was so bothered by this that she decided to do something about it. She went to his home, repeatedly knocked, but received no answer. She suspected he was at home, and refused to open the door.

When things were good between them, Chad would still find it difficult to be around Hanna with her manipulative tactics. She appeared to be a very selfish person in that she wanted everything her way or the highway. She would often overreact to things. In her own mind, you could not tell her she was wrong about anything. She felt she had all the answers.

She seemed to control everything from what they ate, what movies they would watch, the places they would go, the clothes they would wear, down to the tooth paste they would use. Her personality towards him was more of a parent-child rather than boyfriend-girlfriend. Chad was given little room to express his thoughts to her, and if his thoughts were contrary to hers then chaos would abound.

They have been dating for the past four years and both appear to really be in love. Despite their problems, they spend a lot of time together. Usually they've gotten along well when Chad would pretty much fall in line to the things she wanted, or simply did not bother with her having her way most of the time.

Unfortunately, after a couple of days together they would end up in a disagreement that would cause her to start the yelling, the screaming, the fussing, and ultimately the hang ups if they were on the phone. Chad was now at a point where he felt this relationship could not continue like this if he had expectations of happiness down the road.

If the relationship had a chance, it was going to need a lot of changes to take place on both sides. Chad decided to tell Hanna that he needed a couple of weeks away to

sort things out as far as the relationship went. She, of course, demanded to know what was going on inside his head that he needed to be away from her or be by himself.

He tried desperately to assure her it was not to be with someone else, rather it was really important for him to get through these thoughts he was having. Finally they both agreed to his getting away to think things through although she was not very happy about it.

Chad did, in fact, get away to give serious thought to the relationship. He chose to maintain a journal about the relationship and express the pros and cons over the past four years. There appeared to be more cons than pros and most, he concluded, were a result of her pride and selfishness.

He was now starting to rethink the relationship in its entirety but would first give Hanna the opportunity to discuss change. He had made up his mind to expect opposition from her but would still give her the benefit of the doubt for an attitude towards change. By the way, Chad spent a great deal of time praying over this matter anticipating she would be receptive or simply listen objectively. He was also prepared to let the relationship go if she was not open to seeing things from a different perspective.

Chad returned to the tune of the inevitable conversation that took place with them at dinner at an exclusive restaurant, designed as one of his strategies. They ordered their meals and had a lovely conversation about events in their relationship that were favorable in past times. This, too, was a part of Chad's strategy to make her feel comfortable in hopes she would think of moments she, too, enjoyed in their relationship.

Hanna did suspect that something might have been wrong because things did seem a bit unusual, coupled with Chad's rather strange behavior. She asked him if he was okay. He indicated he was but told her he had something on his mind.

At first she thought maybe a proposal, but she quickly expelled that thought because they did not seem to have been feeling each other lately. Another thought briefly crossed her mind, pondering perhaps another woman; but this, too, didn't seem like the case. As she looked across the table at Chad, her eyes displayed wonder and concern for what could possibly be on his mind. Chad, of course, sensed this and said he'd tell her after dinner when they leave the restaurant.

Now she was convinced it was not a proposal as she started to lean towards thoughts of another woman. By now she could take it no longer and insisted he tell her right now. Her voice was really loud and boisterous.

To avoid embarrassment Chad felt it best to go ahead and at least begin telling her what was on his mind. He reminded her of the two weeks he spent thinking about things and told her he was not happy with how their relationship was going. As a matter of fact, he was not happy at all in the relationship and presented the pros and cons to her that he had previously written down.

She took a quick look at his lists and in a hostile voice, told him that he should see her lists. The way she said this caused Chad to brace himself for an argument, one that was likely to take place right there in public in this exclusive restaurant. He was, once again, right. She went off on him telling him all about himself, even causing somewhat of a scene. He remained quiet as this confirmed his belief the relationship was not healthy and his cup had run over.

He requested the check, which the waiter, suspecting something was wrong, already had in hand hoping they would be leaving soon. They left the restaurant totally different from the way they came in, as she had a mad look on her face as they exited.

While in the car the atmosphere, as expected, was as

cold as an iceberg. Chad tried desperately to break the silence with small talk which seemed to not work. He asked if they could try to work things through as she continued her coldness. Chad knew this would lead to her foolish pride that, without a doubt, would be demonstrated in her attitude and personality towards him in the weeks to come. This, too, Chad felt he had enough of and did not want to deal with it any longer.

He dropped her off at home and hung around for a while hoping she would break her silence and talk this thing through. Instead, she went about doing things around her apartment, completely ignoring him.

He decided to get up and wished her a lovely good evening as he prepared to leave. He also made a gesture to kiss her, which she rejected. She reluctantly said good night as she closed and locked the door behind him. He asked if he could call her tomorrow and she did not bother to answer. He took her once again silence as her pride had kicked in and she was not in a good mood for him.

He did, in fact, call several times the next morning. He also called several days after that, but she did not return any of his calls nor did she bother to answer the phone.

After three weeks of this, he made a decision to end the relationship with her. He sent her an e-mail explaining why as he wished her well in her future endeavors. After reading his e-mail she felt the urgency to talk with him to see if she could now smooth things through as she felt he might be serious about this.

She did call and he answered the phone. When they spoke, she sounded as though little, if anything, had happened. This behavior did not surprise Chad because she often acted like this when things were convenient for her. That was a part of her selfishness in the relationship, which is one of the things Chad had a problem with.

When asked if they would be going out for the upcoming

weekend, Chad reminded her of his e-mail, letting her know the relationship was over between them. She inquired by asking if there was someone else, and he assured her that was not the case.

They chatted for a period of time on the phone and she broke down and cried uncontrollably but Chad stood firm on his decision to end the relationship. She went as far as to say that she would change if he would not end the relationship and asked if he would be willing to give it a second chance.

Chad had given great thought to this thing, for a number of long hours at a time, and it seemed all the signs were there for him to get out. He apologized for the pain it was causing her and assured her that he, too, was in pain. This, of course, did not help her situation any because she clearly loved him very much. Yet, she had this pride about her, which he often told her about. Despite this, she refused to consider anything he said about it, that is, until now.

Chad, not wanting to hear her crying anymore, insisted he was getting off the phone. She, however, wanted to remain on the phone. She wanted to know if he'd ever call again. He told her he did not think so. He ended by telling her that he will always love her and wished her well as she pleaded with him to not go and not give up on them. He begged her to say goodbye, which she obviously refused to do. She left him no choice but to hang up the phone. She immediately called back and he did not answer. She tried several times after that and still no answer.

For several days and weeks she tried to contact him and he refused to return her calls. After a couple of months and no word from him, she felt he was standing his ground and was not going to give in. This, too, caused great pain to her as she now reflected upon the times they shared together, whether good or bad.

She now played his voice in her mind over and over again, remembering the things he'd asked her to give consideration to. After four months and constantly thinking of him, she finally realized it was her matter of pride and selfishness that drove the man, that once loved her so much, away from her.

Eighteen months later she was still dealing with the heartache of losing him to the point that she now realized, that "After the passion.....Now What?"



## CHAPTER EIGHT

---

### *“The Love Coat”*

Nate hurried from the cab and raced to the station to catch the 3:10 p.m. tube, or train, as they say in the United States. He had a scheduled appointment just outside the Liverpool station in London, England.

Unfortunately he missed the tube by less than one minute. This really frustrated him. He was in town for a very important 3:30 p.m. meeting he needed to attend. The weather was starting to change and get colder by the minute.

As he paced up and down, waiting for the next train, which was schedule in about ten minutes, he noticed an attractive woman also waiting. The way she was dressed, she obviously did not expect a sudden change in the weather. She appeared to have forgotten to wear a coat to keep her warm.

As she appeared to be shivering and surrounded by mostly couples, no one offered to give up their coat to her. That is until now. As Nate approached her and said, “I can’t help but notice the weather is not cooperating with you.”

In a rather skeptical, yet shivering voice, she responded, “You must be a rocket scientist.”

He replied by saying, “I bring a peace offering, I wish

to offer my overcoat.” He slowly removed his overcoat, attempting to show he was “Macho Man” knowing he was cold and not used to this type of weather, especially coming from Florida.

She looked at him rather strangely. She thought how gentlemanly he was for simply offering. As she pondered her decision, he insisted with assurance that the coat had been recently dry cleaned and he was a good person.

The cold weather was starting to ache at her bones to the point that she could not take it any longer. She introduced herself as Deena.

“Hi, Deena, I’m Nate, short for Nathaniel,” he said.

As she looked at the coat still on him, he sensed she wanted it badly. As he quickly placed his briefcase down, he assisted her in putting on the coat. How nice it felt to her as she seemed to melt inside this nice warm furry overcoat.

They started small talk as the tube pulled up and they sat together. Nate informed her that he was in town from America to conduct some business and that he would be here for only seven days. She asked him for the address of where he was going. Deena told him she was going to the exact same building he had to attend his meeting for the afternoon. What a coincidence, they both thought, as they smiled.

He asked if she would wait around until the meeting was over and they could have dinner. Without hesitation, she obliged and said as long as she could keep his coat to stay warm. Again, they smiled as he agreed to do so. They exchanged details or should I say in American terms, “contact information.”

She inquired about America and told him she had never been there. He mentioned this was his second time in the United Kingdom and hoped to have more visits, only if he could run into her. They both smiled.

She agreed to wait around for him until the meeting was

over as they exited the tube and she pointed him in the direction he needed to go. He graciously thanked her and told her he was looking forward to their evening. She smiled, and hurried him along since he was already late.

Surprisingly, he was only seven minutes late for the meeting, which actually, had not started due to another delay of one of the key presenters. He felt very fortunate as he thought this must be heaven smiling on him because, had he made the previous train, he would not have met Deena. He was convinced, without a shadow of a doubt, this was his fate to meet her.

The meeting commenced about twenty-five minutes later and lasted for two hours and forty-five minutes. He was concerned now that Deena would not be there in the lobby, waiting for him, as they had agreed.

After some brief discussions with others that took place after the meeting, he dashed to the elevator to get to where he'd hope she would be. He prayed in his heart that she would be there waiting and also thought, if she were there, this would be a confirmation sign from heaven that this was meant to be. He also remembered she had his coat. For some reason, even knowing that, didn't seem to matter as much because he just really wanted to get to know this lady.

The elevator touched ground level and he waited anxiously for the crowd to disburse since he was closer to the back. As he exited the elevator, he looked all over the place and did not see her anywhere. He began to wonder if she were a con and actually "burned" him for his coat. He sat outside the building in an area with chairs and tables trying to get a grip on what train to catch and how he would get to the hotel and find food and stuff like that. In other words, he was trying to sort himself out.

After sitting there for about half an hour he heard a voice from behind say hello. To his eager surprise it was Deena,

standing there, looking good as ever and yes, still with his coat on. In his heart he was thanking heaven. In his mind, he felt he had won the lotto. I must say, this was a gorgeous woman. If you could have seen his face light up, as a matter of fact, he got up and gave her a big hug and she responded with some degree of eagerness. She had seen him come out of the building and had gone to get some hot chocolate for the both of them.

They remained there, sipping hot chocolate, for another hour before she selected a nice restaurant. They caught the train to a nearby area to have dinner. The place she chose was very nice with a pleasant atmosphere.

He thought it strange, such a beautiful woman, out with a complete stranger, with no signs of needing to go home to anyone. He asked if there was a significant other in her life. She responded by telling him her boyfriend of four years left her for a close girlfriend of hers. Nate apologized over what had happened to her and comforted her with words such as, "that's his loss." She, of course, responded with a gracious, "Thank you."

They laughed a lot as they seemed to enjoy their meal. She encouraged him to hurry because the hour was vastly approaching and the trains in the area run up until a certain time. They elected to skip desserts as they exchanged additional details about each other like, where does she live and where is he staying while in the United Kingdom for the next week or so. She discovered he needed to catch two trains to her one.

The hour was really starting to become late, as they did not realize how long they had actually been chatting in the restaurant. They took the same train as far as her stop was going and agreed to chat when he got settled at his hotel.

As she left the train they both looked as though they wanted to kiss each other but chose to refrain just in

case. This could actually mean a number of things: just in case it would mess things up when it could have really led to a good relationship—just in case someone was lying and the other did not want to get caught up into an emotional roller coaster. The just in cases could have gone on and on.

He looked over his directions on where to catch the connecting train. He also had excitement in his heart over meeting such an attractive and friendly woman. He made it to the hotel inside forty minutes, settled down in bed, and immediately called Deena. It was as if she were waiting by the phone as it only rang twice.

They seemed to hit it off so well together. The way they were acting towards each other would make you think they'd known each other for a very long time. They talked on the phone until Nate ended up falling asleep and later waking up to notice his cell phone had gone dead.

Bright and early the next morning he called her to apologize and find out if she fell asleep on him, they smiled as she told him he was the baby that fell asleep. They agreed to meet again today for dinner and catch an early show that was playing. She told him of another nice restaurant she felt he would like. Smiles were in their voices as they hung up the phone and agreed to talk later in the day.

Back at home, April, Nate's girlfriend, was having a fit as she was not hearing from him as often as he had promised to call. Fact of the matter is, Nate had asked her repeatedly to travel with him on occasion since she had nothing to stop her from doing so. She worked as a school teacher and had more than enough days available that she could have taken off and traveled with him.

This was one of their biggest arguments—her not being with him even when he was in town locally. She often made excuses to see either family or friends which rarely included

him. The relationship was starting to take a toll on Nate since he was the type of man that wanted to have his woman with him as often as possible. He wanted to have her there to enjoy the evenings after his work schedule.

Unfortunately, April took the relationship for granted thinking that he would always simply be there, despite her not always being there for him. When Nate left for the United Kingdom they were on bad terms. As a matter of fact, he told her that he would not ask her to travel with him anymore. Instead, he would eventually find someone that wanted to be with him as much as he wanted to be with her.

April was also very oppositional towards him. She acted as though she didn't really care much about him. He felt this and was getting tired of her lack of attention and affection. Deep inside her heart April knew she loved him very much. It appeared she just didn't know how to prioritize her relationship. She was also a very selfish person in that she really wanted things her way, if not all of the time, most of the time. This, too, was starting to bother him.

His trip to the United Kingdom was a break away from the strain of the relationship, as he felt he needed a breath of fresh air. I would say, he got much more than he ever bargained for when he met Deena. She just seemed to do everything right from the very beginning. (I'm starting to like Deena for myself.)

Nate and Deena enjoyed each other for the remainder of his time in the United Kingdom. As a matter of fact, they agreed to start a relationship together as they covered the bases of being in a long distance relationship. Nate had told her about April and that things were just not going well for them and it had been that way for a while now. Nate was being fully open with her and, of course, he was also being honest. She, in turn, did the same by him. She told him she had not been involved for the past year or more and was starting to miss having someone special in her life.

She asked what his plans would be about April and he assured her that he would go back with the intent to break it off. Deena was very concerned about coming between them, and he assured her again that she had nothing to do with it.

Finally, the day arrived that Nate returned to the United States. He immediately met with April and told her that he had met someone while in the United Kingdom. This, of course, broke April's heart, as she wondered why he would break up with her. He did explain to her how he wanted a companion to travel with him on occasion and he was very tired of her oppositional ways. April pleaded with him to give their relationship a chance, but he insisted he felt it best they both move on.

For the next several days, April thought to herself what could have possibly happened to make him stick to his words of breaking up this time when he'd threatened to leave a number of times in the past. She finally realized that she contributed to the break up by not really being there when he wanted her.

The aftermath of her pain lingered for weeks after that. She knew in her heart that she had lost a man she really loved by taking for granted that he would simply always be there, only this time it was "After the passion. . .Now What?"



## CHAPTER NINE

---

### *“Delayed Reaction”*

“Attention, attention please, flight 409 will be delayed for an hour and a half,” announced the flight personnel at the counter. This was the second announced delay within the past twenty minutes. The passengers scheduled for that flight were starting to become annoyed, agitated, aggravated, angry, and anything else that signified frustration.

Within seconds, a number of the passengers rushed the counter to get additional information on what was causing the delays. This caused a bit of frustration at the counter as the flight personnel made a general announcement to all the passengers, informing them that the delays were due to inclement weather on the other end where the plane was coming from.

As human nature would have it, all the passengers began mumbling to anyone nearby that would listen to them and their complaints about the airline.

“Not again,” uttered a tall, slim, good-looking woman as she pulled out her cell phone to make a call about obviously another delay.

A man standing near her made the intentional assumption wanting her to talk to him. “Excuse me,” he uttered.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I was just thinking out loud,” she said.

“It’s okay. I’m just sick like the rest of us over these flight delays,” he said.

She had noticed him earlier and liked his look. She invited him to join her for a cup of coffee at one of the nearby canteens in the airport. He, of course, agreed. They sat and talked for a long time until they felt it was time to check in with the airline again to see if there were any other changes. They also checked to see if they could sit together which happened to work out for them. It was obvious they were now becoming friends. They exchanged numbers and talked about their travel to Chicago where they both had business to attend.

They looked over their itinerary in anticipation of the possibility of having lunch or dinner together. Everything looked perfect for them. Even their hotels were around the corner from each other. You would think they had this all planned as far as how things were working out for them. They made arrangements, prior to landing, to have dinner that evening after checking into their respective hotels.

Once on the plane they appeared to look like an item as an older lady said how lovely they looked together. Smiles ran up and down their faces. The joy they began to share appeared to have nullified the delay of the scheduled flight.

They both thought the two and a half hour flight seemed rather short, which obviously meant they had fun conversing. They agreed to share a cab, settle in to their respective hotels and have dinner together later that evening. Somehow these things almost always seem to start over lunch or dinner.

They did, in fact, meet for dinner and had a wonderful time. You would think they had known each other for some time now, as opposed to a few hours. The conversation at dinner was extremely interesting and also very nice.

After dinner Meghan wanted to go dancing, something

she had not done in a very long time. She recalled her high school days where she was a part of the dance team.

They found a club nearby and decided to give it a try. The music and crowd were exactly what she had wanted. There was a nice assortment of music for the young and young at heart. They slow dragged to a number of songs as they shared drinks that contributed to Meghan getting tipsy. This brought on feelings of wanting to be intimate.

As the hour started to escape them, they felt it best to leave. They caught a cab to Meghan's hotel where she invited him up for another cup of coffee. I think at this point she wanted to have more than just a cup of coffee with him.

She could barely make it up to the room as she stumbled all over the place. They both laughed a great deal about the entire evening and how things seemed to be going so well.

In the room she started to get undressed. She extended her arm to hold onto Daniel's shoulder as she proceeded in taking off a shoe. She stopped in the middle of undressing and started to undress him. She pulled him in the direction of the bathroom and started the shower. They wasted very little time as they made passionate love in the shower and later fell asleep. By now, it was so late that he had little choice but to sleep over.

Early the next morning they showered again and made love prior to him leaving to prepare for a ten o'clock meeting. By now she realized she had missed several phone calls from her boyfriend on the room phone, as well as, her cell phone.

Daniel had not only missed calls, but he had chosen to ignore calls from his girlfriend. He realized the time and left her hotel to go to his hotel in preparation for a 10:00 a.m. scheduled meeting.

They made previous arrangements to get together after work for some play time, which would include a late evening show. By now, they are really enjoying each other and really seeming like an item.

She spent time after the show at his hotel. They both talked about their relationships back home and agreed that what goes on in Chicago, stays in Chicago. Both expressed problems with their significant others, yet they were very much in love with them, I might add.

There were two days remaining before Daniel was due to leave Chicago. They enjoyed each other for the time he was there, which included sleepovers in one of their hotel rooms, in a rather discrete way.

Finally, the day came for his departure and the return to reality. They agree to meet when they return at least once weekly, with flexible days to avoid suspicion. They also agreed to communicate via cell phone during work hours only, unless absolutely necessary. This went on for about three months.

One day she accidentally left her cell phone over at her boyfriend's apartment while she was at work. The boyfriend saw a romantic text message that came through. "I can't wait to enjoy your sexy body like last Wednesday." The boyfriend, terribly shocked, upset, and experiencing feelings of betrayal, could not believe this was happening to him. He recalled her telling him that last Wednesday she was hanging out with a girlfriend.

Meghan had tried repeatedly to contact Daniel to let him know not to contact her because she did not have her cell phone, unfortunately it was too little too late. Two days prior to this, Daniel's girlfriend heard a sexy voice mail on his phone from Meghan. There were now confrontations in both respective relationships which ultimately led to admissions on both sides. Their significant others left them within two weeks of each other.

Daniel and Meghan talked about what happened and how it happened. They tried to meet again and had some success yet they both realized it was just a fling that caused the real loves of their lives to leave them. Despite being confused and depressed, they were trying to get their significant others back and see each other at the same time.

After two months of desperation, Daniel was successful in getting his girlfriend back after promising to not get involved again. Meghan had no success. As a matter of fact, her boyfriend asked her not to contact him anymore. This was a good guy that got a bad deal. He'd previously met her when his former girlfriend cheated on him.

Meghan had previously presented herself as being trustworthy. She now realized how badly she had hurt her boyfriend, especially knowing his previous situation. She was now in pain and desperately in need to call upon someone else.

She continued trying to talk with Daniel, but he was trying to make his relationship work with his girlfriend. Daniel's girlfriend overheard him silently on the phone and assumed it was a woman he appeared to be talking with and trying to console. His girlfriend was already having problems making love to him after her feelings of betrayal.

The following day she left again, leaving him a note while he was at work. Daniel knew now, that he too, had messed up and was in terrible pain. He now shared his recent breakup with Meghan who was also empathetic.

It obviously came to the point where Daniel and Meghan were not feeling each other as they did in Chicago. I guess when you take the cheating out, it's no longer as interesting or exciting. Furthermore, they may have been right on one issue, and that is their thoughts on what goes on in Chicago stays in Chicago, because the excitement

between the two of them was no longer the same back home.

In the end they came to the realization that their slight flight delay in this case, caused a life alteration only to discover that “After the passion..... Now What?”



## CHAPTER TEN

---

### *“The Net Encounter”*

“Hey man, if you really want to meet someone that may be most compatible with you, I think you should go online and find ‘Ms. Right,’ I have had at least five different dates within the past three months,” said a co-worker to Evrol.

“I think people looking for someone online have to be out of their mind,” said Evrol.

The reason the co-worker suggested this in the first place is because Evrol had been talking about his problems of marriage. He was recently divorced from his second wife and was just thinking about getting in on the dating scene. He vowed he would be more selective and give greater thought about the person he would commit to from this point.

After three months of coaching, his co-worker was able to convince him to join a dating website. After seeing so many women online that claimed to be available, he became mesmerized and just could not help himself and signed up. As a matter of fact, he signed up for a premium package, which means he was highlighted or featured.

Now he would come home with something to look forward to by clicking on the Internet to launch the website

to see who may be online that was compatible with him. The first couple of days he received a number of inquiries or hits, as some might say. He would smile and respond back to them. He basically was determined to take his time no matter who might be out there looking in his direction.

After a month he was a pro online with a following of over twenty-five ladies communicating with him. By now he was thinking he had it better than most guys who are bachelors. He had yet to go out with any of them because he was actually weeding through the process to avoid making any past mistakes.

His mind was clearly made up. His thoughts were, don't just go after beauty and the nice body. He realized he needed compatibility if the relationship would have a chance of lasting. He had already experienced women that were beautiful and had such lovely bodies like models and just so happened things had not worked out up to this point.

His next best option, so he thought, would be to see if a person qualified based on their character first and foremost before anything else. He figured after two failed marriages, if there were to be the prospect of a third and hopefully final marriage, it would have to start with approaching things from a different prospective.

Mr. Man was really excited about his new toy, the Internet. A tool that he felt gave him so many seemingly compatible choices. His thoughts were constantly about the Internet throughout his time at work every day. He now had something to look forward to when he would get home. Before long he realized he would be online so long that he would often forget to have dinner.

He could not stop thanking his co-worker for the new joy in his life, although he had yet to go out on a date. It appeared that he was giving this some real thought this time in his life to try and get it right. His list was now up to forty ladies he was communicating with via the Internet.

He wondered how he got along so long without such a tool. He had now become addicted to this online dating website until he was starting to neglect other important matters of his life.

What Evrol didn't take the time to think about, which probably happened to so many people, was the fact that he was online for the same reason other people may be online. He was looking for Ms. Right, and so many others were doing the same exact thing. He may be hurting or experiencing disappointment from a past relationship or past relationships which is more than likely the same thing that others online are doing.

Unfortunately, so many others may have ulterior motives, or they are not really ready for a relationship; yet, they may not be fully aware of what can happen should they meet someone, whether it turns out to be negative or positive. Evrol didn't seem to think anything negative could possibly happen to him since he figured it was just something to do for now. He failed to realize his constant and consistent communications with these ladies could someday have a negative or positive impact on him.

Of the forty ladies he found to be most interesting, he narrowed his search down to the top five. Realizing he could not possibly try keeping up with so many women, he decided to date within the group which seemed to have the potential of what he could ultimately be interested in.

One day he came home and decided to do a general search outside of the forty or even the top five of his selection. As he browsed the web to see who was online at the time, to his surprise he came across a woman that was also highlighted or featured. This was a brand new face to him. For some reason, he could not stop looking at her picture. It was as if she were calling him out to come to her.

Evrol became so intrigued by this that he could not seem to shake it off. So, in his mind he felt it best to, at least,

open up dialogue with this seemingly fascinating woman. He read her profile several times and did, in fact, open the lines of communication with her. I must say, her profile was so interesting that, in his heart, he knew he had to meet her.

While attempting to commence dating, of his now top three, he continued communications with this fascinating woman. At some point they exchanged e-mail addresses and ultimately names and phone numbers. By now they were starting to sound pretty good to each other. Her name was Dianna.

They scheduled their first date and he bumped someone else to accommodate her. I must say, she was “hot to trot” with a lot to offer. She seemed to really have herself together in every way. The only challenge he initially saw was that they lived about an hour and a half away from each other.

He not only liked what he saw, he really enjoyed their intellectual conversation at dinner. He was starting to get a feeling in his chest that she could be the one and every man reading this knows exactly what I’m talking about. This is where you start to think with your heart and not your head. All I can say is watch out!

She had a strong liking for him as well. She was intrigued by his look as well as his intellect. Everything at dinner seemed to go so very well and they had a lovely evening together. He asked if they could do it again sometime real soon. She responded by telling him she would be available again next weekend for the entire weekend. He wasted very little time in scheduling a date for the entire weekend—Friday night to Sunday evening.

They talked several times throughout the week and had great conversations. They were really starting to feel each other now as they were excited and looking forward to the upcoming weekend.

After the anticipation of the weekend, it finally arrived.

The weekend was here. Evrol picked her up at 6:00 p.m. as scheduled, and boy was she ready. They made plans to travel to Marco Island, Florida, for the entire weekend. They had a lovely conversation along the way. They were both feeling a sense of ease in what was likely to happen when they got there.

Dianna told Evrol that she was no longer seeing anyone and thought to go online and make a fresh start, looking into the prospect of meeting someone. She had only been online two months before she met him. He also exchanged information about not seeing anyone specifically, and told her that he was just dating. They talked about their past relationships up to where they currently stand with thoughts of what possibly had gone wrong.

The drive to Marco Island seemed rather short considering the enjoyable conversation they were having. They played romantic music and sang to the sounds of familiar tunes. They laughed together so hard that tears ran down their cheeks at different times. As a matter of fact, Evrol had to pull the car over a couple of times and regain his composure to avoid an accident on the highway.

Evrol and Dianna finally reached their destination. Once they reached the room, they could not keep their hands off each other. It was now on as they kissed without coming up for air, it seemed. They wasted very little time falling into bed to the feel of romance.

Their schedule while in Marco Island went something like this: early morning shower together with, of course, a romantic love scene; dressing for the events of the day, which included breakfast, a nice tour of the island with lunch, a movie just before dinner, and climaxing with an out of this world sunset walk on the beach where they nearly embarrassed themselves for too much romantic activity. They decided to continue this upstairs in their hotel room.

With all that was going on between the two of them,

you would think they were on their honeymoon rather than just meeting on the Internet a few days earlier. Their entire mini-visit or vacation, as they would have liked to put it, was to last only three days. But they were determined to make it the very best three days.

Now the day came for reality to set in—time to check-out and head for home. They both seemed to dread this. If you didn't know any better, you'd think one of them was about to leave to go live in another country.

The travel home was mostly quiet and you could only imagine why. They were both thinking along the same lines. They knew it had to come to an end at least for now, and perhaps the rest of the week, because of the travel distance of being an hour and a half from each other. They did manage to strike up a conversation as they tuned in to the music on the radio. Once again, they started singing and this broke the silent spell they experienced earlier. As a matter of fact, they sounded very good and in tune and in sync with the music.

Dianna wondered in her heart could she be falling in love with this guy so quickly—could he be the one she had been missing in her life? What did all of this mean? She could not help thinking to herself. She tried to psyche herself out by thinking that she would only enjoy the moment and everything else would have to take care of itself at the right time.

Mr. Man was not thinking much differently than that as he, too, was beginning to wonder if she could be the one. He really did like her very much, I might say. It didn't seem to matter that they knew very little about each other. They seemed to want this based solely on emotions.

The closer they got to reaching their return destinations, the more silent they became. One would think they were on the same exact page in their thinking. Neither of them was ready to leave the other and go off into their individual

worlds not knowing whether they could ever repeat another encounter like the one in Marco Island.

Upon arrival he walked her hesitantly to the door of her apartment and invited himself in to check to make sure everything was okay inside. They had a long kiss good night as he prepared for his hour and a half drive to his own place. Of course, they agreed to meet up the following weekend and keep in touch throughout the week.

As he traveled, they spoke over the phone until he reached his place. He expressed to her the loneliness of his travels without her being next to him. He pointed out how their singing and talking earlier had made the time go faster. He heard her fight the sniffles trying to keep from crying. You would think they were ready to get married.

They said their good nights over the phone and for whatever reasons neither could fall off to sleep as they reminisced over the events on Marco Island. Finally, his alarm clock rang indicating time to prepare for work. Of course, he hit the snooze button at least four times before he finally got up to start his day.

He managed to make it to work on time but could not keep his mind off her throughout the day. This was very distracting to him, since he could not wait to see her for the next date. She, too, was having a difficult time trying her best to manage on her job as she kept thinking about him. Somehow she managed to make it through the day. She could not wait to see him again.

He finally got around to calling her and boy was she happy. They had a very good conversation that seemed to last the entire evening. They both made notes about how well they seemed to get along. They set up a date for the upcoming weekend.

The weekend came, they were together, and he asked her to be his lady. Without hesitation she agreed. They were really having loads of fun and having a great time, usually

throughout the entire weekend when they would get together. This lasted for about three months until something happened that brought about a serious change in their relationship.

Dianna received a phone call from a relative that her brother had been in a serious automobile accident. She immediately phoned Evrol who was already on his way to pick her up to go to a basketball game. He inquired about her brother and she told him the news. She said he would be okay, but she still wanted to go see him. Dianna and her brother are very close as siblings.

Evrol told Dianna he didn't see any reason to miss the game if her brother was okay. They went back and forth with this for a while and ultimately turned into a very bad argument that continued long after Evrol reached her place.

They had previously experienced minor disagreements before but nothing at all like they were having this particular evening. She accused him of being terribly selfish in his quest to make a basketball game seemingly more important than her brother. He insisted that was not the case and she just wasn't thinking objectively since her brother was going to be okay.

He accused her of being overly sensitive and extremely selfish herself in that she always wanted things in the relationship her way. They went back and forth with this issue of selfishness for more than an hour. Each accusing the other of specific times when they felt the other had shown signs of selfishness. This was not good for their relationship at all.

They went from the accusations of selfishness to name calling which really took things to a different level. She started trying to regain her composure. She mentioned to him that she was really surprised to learn that he felt this way about her. She wanted to know why he didn't say anything before now.

He insisted he tried to tell her and she would not listen.

He also inquired as to why she did not say anything about his behavior in the past. She also insisted she tried but he was stubborn and wanted things his way.

It now appeared they were demonstrating signs of resentment towards each other which presented a serious matter for them. It was very difficult to have a rational conversation for the remainder of the evening after having such a heated argument.

He ended up going to the hospital with her to see her brother and she really wished he hadn't gone because she just wasn't feeling him at the time. As a matter of fact, with all the things that transpired that evening, she was not so sure she wanted to feel him at all anymore.

He had similar feelings as well about her and was not thinking the same anymore. Imagine, from one heated argument that included serious name calling, to what once seemed like the perfect romantic couple, now was turning into two individuals that were building resentment towards each other.

Her brother was okay at the hospital as he was treated for minor bruises and released. Evrol asked if she would go with him to the basketball game although they probably would not get there until after half time. She said okay, but really did not want to go with him. She was trying her best to fight back the tears from the argument they had encountered, especially the names he had called her. As a matter of fact, neither of them apologized up to this point. They were just going on as usual and having these terrible feelings inside. I'm sure they were still in love with each other. Unfortunately, when arguments become so heated and name calling is introduced or presented in your relationship, it becomes very difficult to retrieve words and it does cause internal pain to both parties, women in particular.

They did arrive at the game, around half time, and it turned out to be a really good game. His team won which

made him feel really good as he was pretty much into the game because his friends were there. She tried to show her interest, but his friends could sense something was wrong with her and she was not her usual self. This was especially true as witnessed by the ladies that were also at the game.

After the game they chatted with his friends for a short while and turned down an offer to go out to dinner with them. He could sense that Dianna was not feeling up to it and neither was he. They got into the car and for the space of at least twenty minutes you could hear a needle fall. The silence made it seem like they were in the twilight zone. They were both thinking about the events that took place prior to the game.

Evrol made an attempt to break the silence, but Dianna was not in the mood. She was now rethinking her prior thoughts about him concerning certain warning signs she noticed earlier in their relationship which she blocked out. He was also thinking along the same lines concerning her and the things he noticed about her. He dropped her off and neither approached the other for a good night kiss which was quite unusual. They were cordial in saying good night.

The aftermath of the past events of the evening, were heavily on both their minds. Despite being at work, Evrol had a very difficult time adjusting to the functions of the day performing his task. He wanted to call her, to simply hear her voice, yet he was also starting to think realistically about the behaviors he witnessed about her. He decided to do a pros/cons list to see if it was to his advantage to continue in the relationship. He made the list and it showed more cons than pros. The only factor that seemed to reign supreme was the fact that he was in love with her.

Dianna wasted little time herself in making a list, also noting characteristics about him she did not care for. She placed great emphasis on the fact that he was full of

himself and how he would often shift things back to himself when she'd present issues about her. Their biggest problem seemed to stem from the narcissism within them that they failed to realize.

After three days, Evrol called Dianna to see if she wanted to get together over the weekend to talk about things. He also wanted to share with her the thoughts he had on his mind. She agreed to meet and also told him she had things she wanted to discuss, as well.

They met for dinner and each agreed to take turns to talk about what was on their minds about the relationship. As it turned out, they both had concerns about the other's selfishness. They agreed it was probably best to call the relationship off and at some point perhaps they could be friends.

They ended the relationship that night but the love in their hearts remained. Three months later they were still thinking heavily about each other but felt it best to not force something that had not previously fit.

After four months they both were starting to realize, their previous relationships had reminded them of some selfish behaviors in those relationships, as well. As reality finally struck, it helped them face what they had denied for so many years. Each had been in denial that they were, in fact, full of themselves and always wanted life to be about them.

Six months later they were still in love with each other, yet, did not exactly know how to get past their narcissism to find their way back to the love they were missing. Which brings us to the question for them, "After the passion.... Now What?"



## Appendix

### **General Overview**

“After the Passion. . . Now What,” in one way or another, can have a profound effect on each and every one of us when it comes to a relationship. I trust you found the readings educational and informative.

Regardless of the views associated with relationships, an intricate part of our lives touches on how relationships have an impact or influence on everything we do. Whether you are married, engaged, dating, a family member, in a friendship, working, a member of a church, school, social organization, political organization, foreign country, or otherwise you establish a relationship in some form or another.

Our daily or routine approach to such established relationships can determine or make all the difference between whether the relationship survives or fades away. In essence, relationships actually make the world go round.

When it comes to starting a new relationship one should give tremendous thought on what his or her intent is and should present full disclosure to the individual in consideration. In my opinion, this could be the most important decision you can make in life, particularly if you are thinking along the lines of marriage some day.

Each of the preceding chapters presented a story relative to a relationship that in some way or another left an impression on one of the parties. The following information in the form of ‘Food For Thought’ is presented to simply give you, the reader, something to think about in anticipation of perhaps your own relationship. If one of the stories appears to fit your life’s situation, then only you can draw your own conclusion.

## **Relationship Coaching/ Food For Thought**

---

---

### **Chapter One**

#### **“The Ex-Connection”**

**Question:** Did Sally have full disclosure going into a relationship with Bob?

**Response:** Absolutely, if you recall, Bob clearly told her that he was still in love with his ex. For whatever reason, she obviously felt she could get him to change his mind. I don't think so. The reality is when you love someone and you have not gotten over that love, it becomes difficult to shift that love so quickly to someone else.

Save yourself future heartache and pain. If someone is telling you they are still in love with their ex, please listen and leave them alone immediately for your own peace of mind.

### **Chapter Two**

#### **“Stamp of Approval”**

**Question:** Did Pearl's desperation cause her to make a bad choice in this relationship?

**Response:** Yes, Pearl was so desperate that she failed to ask the right questions to determine from the onset whether there may be reason to suspect Sergio was already involved with someone else.

Before you jump in too deeply, please take the necessary time to ask the right questions that may fit a criteria of suspicion of whether someone could be involved already. This will, in fact, save you pain and suffering later.

### **Chapter Three** **“Incompatibly Yours”**

**Question:** Can you really judge a book by its cover?

**Response:** No, you can't. As you notice with this particular story, Ms. Jones' initial prejudice about dating the custodian could have very well cost her to miss out on a loving relationship.

My personal thoughts to you would be to get the facts before you decide.

### **Chapter Four** **“The Right Words”**

**Question:** Don't most affairs end with someone getting seriously hurt?

**Response:** Most definitely. When Edna ventured out to set the bait to lure Alvin in, this was the very moment she was setting herself up for heartbreak and heartache.

If you seek attention through an extra marital affair, you can be rest assured someone is going to be seriously hurt in the short or long run. There can be no gain from this type of pain.

### **Chapter Five** **“The Healer”**

**Question:** Was Nurse Holloway on something when she went blindly into this relationship?

**Response:** You would think so. My question is, how could you not know someone could be involved? Most men of age are likely to be involved already with someone

and there is a chance they may tell you something differently.

With this in mind, make it your business to venture in as deeply as possible before you are blindsided.

## **Chapter Six**

### **“The Abuse Factor”**

**Question:** Should we sometimes value a friend’s opinion when they are trying to look out for us?

**Response:** Without a doubt. A true friend may often help us think when we are not thinking clearly, especially when it comes to a relationship that we know very little about.

Try hard to listen to your friend’s rationale because it could ultimately keep you from doing something that you may regret later.

## **Chapter Seven**

### **“A Matter of Pride”**

**Question:** Is it true that pride comes before the great fall?

**Response:** I have seen it happen. If you are exercising pride in your relationship where you think it’s all about you, I can tell you with absolute certainty, you are about to be awakened on your high rollercoaster.

When you awaken, I trust it will not be too late for you, because I would venture to say, that good man or woman may not return.

## **Chapter Eight**

### **“The Love Coat”**

**Question:** Should you always have your coat at the train station?

**Response:** It depends. Obviously in this case, not having a coat presented an opportunity. The real concern should be, should your significant other travel with you when and if they are available to do so?

If at all possible, please travel with your significant other especially if they are asking you to. When you outright refuse, it may send a message that you’re not all that into them, and that could present an opportunity for someone else. Ask Dianna. . .

## **Chapter Nine**

### **“Delayed Reaction”**

**Question:** Does everything really stay in Vegas?

**Response:** That depends on which Vegas you’re talking about. Obviously, Daniel and Meghan thought it did until reality caught up with them.

Here again, when you are involved and trying to sneak around, when that part of the fun is taken out of cheating because your significant other is willing to let you go, you realize, it is no longer fun. Now you are left with second thoughts of your actions.

## **Chapter Ten**

### **“The Net Encounter”**

**Question:** Can you find all the answers on the Internet?

**Response:** I really doubt it. Given the fact that the Internet has a lot of information, you must be aware of what you’re really looking for especially when it comes to an honest relationship.

Unfortunately, you may find out that you have fallen for someone on the Internet long before you actually meet them in person, only to discover that; “After the passion.....Now What?”

**“AFTER THE PASSION... NOW WHAT?” ...**

The “Now What?” in the title deals with engaging in a self-analysis about how you approach and cope with your own relationships.

The “Now What?” is the companion workbook for “After the Passion...Now What?” Contained in the workbook is a recap of each story from “After the Passion...Now What?”

**THE FORMAT**

**The format consists of three (3) elements:**

**I. A Question** – Designed so that the reader may see him/herself in the story.

**II. A Thought** - Designed so that the reader is presented with something to think about when it comes to relationships.

**III. You Draw Your Own Conclusion** – Designed so that the reader may present a different perspective in drawing conclusions about his or her own situation.

Using the workbook would be an excellent way for book clubs or other organizations to explore the contents of “After the Passion...Now What?” from a more analytical and intimate perspective.

How to order the workbook:

Go to [www.drjessewalker.com](http://www.drjessewalker.com). Enter the ‘Contact Us’ section to place an order.

OR

Send \$11.95 plus \$3.95 S/H to

**Dr. Jesse Walker, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5756  
Miami Lakes, Florida 33014-1756**

### **Other Products/Services**

- Seminars
- Workshops
- Webinars
- CD's
- Inspirational/Motivational Speaking
- Relationship Coaching
- Individual-Family-Group
- Educational Coaching
- Spiritual Coaching
- On-line Coaching

By Appointment Only

For more information on our complete  
products/services go to:

**[drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com).**

Happy Journey!

### **“After the Passion.....Now What?”**

We encourage you to continue your journey with “After the Passion. . .Now What?” by visiting our Website at: [drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com)

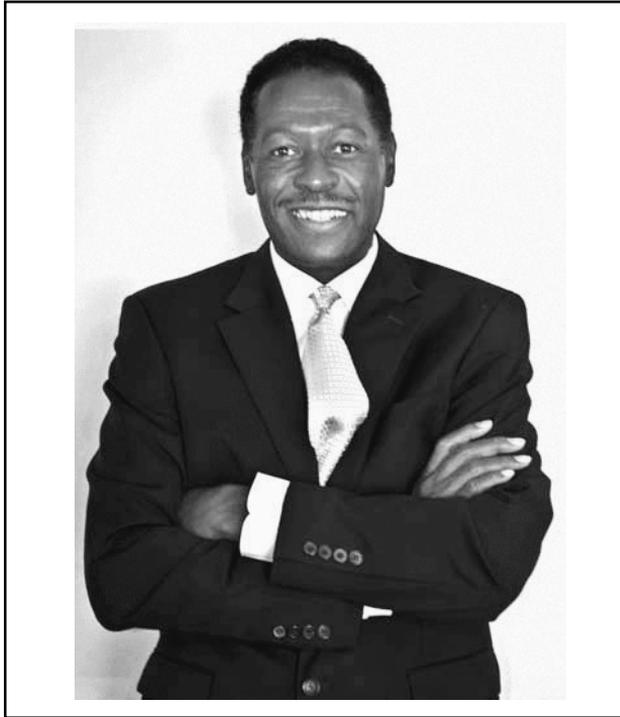
- An excellent reading for book club discussions
- Purchase the companion workbook (activities in the workbook allows additional reflection on scenarios presented in the book)
- Share your reading experiences with family and friends
- Correspond with us at [drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com) (contact us section)
- Purchase additional copies of “After the Passion” by visiting our website at: [drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com)
- Join us weekly on our Internet Radio Live Broadcast at: [drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com)

For additional information on speaking engagements or seminars contact us at:

**[online@drjessewalker.com](mailto:online@drjessewalker.com)**

or call:

**(305) 625-5939**



### **About Dr. Jesse Walker**

Dr. Walker was born and raised in Miami, Florida. He is one of nine children. His father was a laborer and his mother was a housekeeper. Dr. Walker grew up during hard times recalling the times when his mother, as a single parent, often struggled just to make ends meet particularly after the divorce of his parents.

A believer in strong family/relationship ties, Dr. Walker sets out on a ministry to preserve marriage, family, education, and relationship values from a rather practical and sometimes spiritual viewpoint. He uses his Internet broadcast station, “The Dr. Jesse Walker Show” as a medium to bring a message of hope in the form of educational enrichment or better yet, simply “Food for Thought.”

Dr. Walker's Employment and Educational background includes the following:

- Over 25 years as an Educator in the Private and Public School Systems
- 10 years in Corporate Industry
- President/CEO Dr. Jesse Walker, Inc.
- President Associates of Wellness Network (A Washington, DC Based Company)
- President/CEO of JAMM PROJECT, INC., a Non-Profit 501(c)(3) Community Based Organization
- Church Elder
- Men's Ministry Director
- Single's Ministry Director
- Education Director
- Certified Debt Specialist
- B.A. Degree — Business Management/Economics
- M.S. Degree — Educational Computing & Technology
- Ph.D. Degree — Interdisciplinary Studies (Concentrations in Human Science/Theo-centric Psychology)
- JD — Law (Not an Attorney)
- LLM — Master of Laws in Intercultural Human Rights Law
- Member of the International Coach Federation — A Global Organization with over 17,000 professional, personal, and business coaches representing the voice of the global coaching profession.

Dr. Walker continues to make his residence in Florida. He spends most of his time researching, conducting seminars, mentoring others, and writing books.

You can catch Dr. Walker every Tuesday and Thursday 7-8 p.m. EST on his Internet broadcast station at [drjessewalker.com](http://drjessewalker.com). Please note: "The Dr. Jesse Walker Show" is not a substitute or replacement for the appropriate professional, licensed, or certified personnel.

Dr. Walker has four adult children.