

## Surprise, surprise

Eric's p.o.v

Today my mother-in-law called me crying, hysterically. Apparently, my father-in-law asked her for a divorce and she is not taking it well. I think she is taking it worse than I am with mine. I haven't signed the divorce papers and I have been calling Vanessa, trying to see kids, but she never answers my calls. After the mediation, my father-in-law told me I had two options. First one to leave the company and the second was to demote myself. I am beyond pissed. I am not even sure what to call what I am feeling right now, and Beatrice has been nagging me hard. I can't even look at her right now. This is all her fault. She hasn't stopped telling me to sign the divorce papers and move away with her and her child. What she doesn't understand is that I am moving away, but closer to my family. My father-in-law and my lawyer called me in for a meeting and I was told that if I want to see my kids, I need to go to them. They are in Boston, so I have been applying for some positions in big companies out there. I got 2 call backs for interviews. I scheduled them for tomorrow, so I need to leave soon. I haven't even told Beatrice yet. Now with this going on with my mother-in-law. I don't know what to do. She expects me to get involved, but I can't. That is her marriage. I just need her to keep helping me, so I call her and tell her to pack a bag. She can spend time with the kids while I go to the interviews. Plus, she is good at brainwashing and I need her to work her magic on the kids now more than ever.

We arrived in Boston and stay in a hotel near the beach. The company I am interviewing at is not too far away from here. I called my father-in-law and he agreed to bring the kids to me tomorrow. I have no idea how he got Vanessa to agree, but this is a great start. My phone rings and I check it. Beatrice again. "I told you I'm busy working and I will contact you when I can" I yell into the phone and hang it up, I booked a 2 room suite so it will be easier for my mother-in law to keep the kids here. I take my laptop out and do some work. I make sure to do my research on this company I am going to interview with tomorrow. I need to be on top of my game. I can not go back to a regular employee or life now.

Vanessa's p.o.v

I get dressed and feel so beautiful. The self-defense class didn't go well with Franco. Alex stepped in and we did things his way. I could tell Franco was upset, but he didn't say anything and instead helped the kids. It was actually sweet. He is good with the kids. They really like him and they had a blast. He even promised to bring them for a ride in his cop car soon. Alex then spent the rest of the morning with the kids, showing them his motorcycle. He put them on it, but didn't turn it on or let them ride it. He explained how they are still too young and could get hurt. They all understood and were happy just touching it and hearing it roar when Alex turned it on. Julian has had the biggest smile on his face all day, even when he left, all he could talk about was Alex and how cool he is and how he wants to ride a motorcycle like him when he is old enough. The girls, too, were excited and couldn't stop talking about him. Even Victoria thinks he is so cool.

I am now sitting here, getting my hair done by my sister. Verlene thinks I should step out of my comfort zone and wear a sexy dress. I was just going to wear jeans and a t shirt, but she reminded me that this is a date and I should at least try a bit. So I shaved, put on makeup, basically went all out. I did things I haven't done in years and I feel great. Beautiful even. She does my hair and hands me the dress. I get my bra that holds my girls up nicely, because after the twins, they are too saggy for my liking. I get self-conscious. I can't let him see my boobs. Verlene wants me wear some high heels, but I will fall on my face if I wear those, so we both agree on some smaller heels. The dress I am wearing is a little black dress, with my black heels, my hair looks beautiful curled and my makeup is light but pretty. "Wow" I say as I look at myself in the mirror. "Lets go show Buck and the kids" she says and pulls me to the living room where they are all playing a board game. "Kids, look at mom." she says and everyone's eyes move to me. "Buck whistles. "Wow mommy, you look like a princess." Valeria says and Victoria nods. "You are the pretties girl in all of the fair tales" she says. "Mom, you look so pretty" Julian says. "Yeah aunt Vanessa, you look so pretty." Vanna says and I get tears in my eyes. Everyone is so sweet. My kids are happy to speak up and don't look afraid to do so. "Thank you everyone. Now, I am going to go on my date. Please be good kids and listen to aunt Verlene and uncle Buck." I say, and the kids nod, and I give them kisses and head outside. Alex pulls up about a minute later on his motorcycle. "Fuc.ing Verlene, I knew I should have worn jeans. He gets off his bike and just stares at me. He walks to me like a man with a purpose. He grabs my face and kisses me. He pulls away. "Wow, you look beautiful." he tells me. "Thank you." I say. I look down at my dress. "I don't think I can get on the back of your bike dressed like this." I say and he shakes his head. "No, you can't." he says. "Lets take my car." I say and he makes a weird face. "The mini van?" he asks and I nod. "Um, okay, but let me drive." he says. I hand him my keys and he kisses my lips again. He walks me over to the passenger side and opens the door for me. I sit down and he closes it and goes around. He turns the car on and I take my time to look at him. He is wearing a dressy shirt. His sleeves are rolled up and he is still wearing his cut. He looks good. I never thought I would be attracted to a biker, but then again, how would I know what I am attracted to? I have been with Eric for years. I never got the chance to explore my options. We drive for a while until we arrive at the beach. Oh my god. I love the beach. We never went much, because Eric doesn't like the beach, or maybe he just didn't like having to take me out, so we just never went to the beach or anywhere for that matter.

He helps me out of the van after he parks and he does not let go of my hand even after I am out, so we walk hand in hand down the beach. I have to take my shoes off though. We arrive at a beautiful little restaurant. I look around and realize that I am way overdressed for a place like this, but that is okay. I just hope we can eat outside so I can watch the ocean. "Alexander!" a woman shouts and comes running towards him. I let go of his hand so that he can properly hug the woman. Once they pull away from each other, he grabs my hand again. "Mom, this is Vanessa, the woman I told you about." He says. She gasps. "Oh my god, you are so beautiful and so tiny. You look like a doll. How in the world do you have 3 kids?" she asks me. I smile, "nice to meet you." I say. "Oh, my name is Martha" she says. "Hello Martha." she hugs me. "Come, do you want to sit inside or outside?" she asks me. "Outside" I tell her and she drags me across the restaurant and once we are seated a man walks up and puts his arm around her. "Honey, this is my husband and his father, Alexander. They have the same name." she says and I smile. "Hello, nice to meet you, Vanessa." I introduce myself. He looks over to Alex and pats his shoulder. "Nice to meet you too. I am so happy that my son brought you to our restaurant. Where are the kids?" he asks, and I look at Alex. I can not believe him. Did he tell them he was bringing them here tonight? Wow. He is full of surprises. He also didn't mention his parents owning a restaurant. I mean, he also owns a restaurant, so maybe restaurants run in the family. That is their thing. Pretty cool. "We will bring you food." His mom says and they rush off. I look at him and he smiles. "My parents are the two most amazing human beings in the world and I just needed you to meet them already. Sorry if this is too much." he tells me, but I shake my head, "No, this is perfect. Your parents seem like amazing people." I tell him. Martha rushes over with special drinks and places them in front of us. I take a sip and moan. "This is good." I nod my head approvingly. Alex sips his drink too. We never got a menu to order, but eventually, plates are delivered and this is so much food. Alex hands me a plate so I can serve myself and taste everything. "This is the best food I have ever tasted. It's delicious." I say. "Not better than yours," he whispers, and I laugh. "Liar", I say and he laughs. "I'm not lying." he tells me. We joke around for a bit and eat and talk about life and things we want to do in the future. He talks about wanting a family and how he wants to get married. He talks about being the president of a motorcycle club and how he keeps his men on a clean path. He tells me that they don't do illegal things like other biker clubs do. That is good. I think to myself. I have no idea how much time has passed, but I am stuffed. His parents return and I tell them how delicious everything was. "Vanessa loves cooking too. I hired her at the tavern." Alex says, and his mom's eyes widen. "Did you?" she asks with a funny smile. Yeah, you should come by and taste her food soon." he tells them and we leave with a bunch of extra food and with his parents saying they will stop by the restaurant soon.

We walk down the beach, holding hands. I have a big smile on my face. Tonight has been amazing. We walk towards where there are a bunch of people. We walk past some performers, painters and some small pop-up shops. "Do you want to go home yet?" he asks me and I shake my head. I want to stay with him longer. "Good, I don't want to take you home yet, but I know you are a mom and a responsible one and your babies come first, so I thought I'd ask." he grins. We continue walking and there's more restaurants on this side. We stand off to the side to look at the water when he grabs me and kisses me. His rough hands are so gentle and I love feeling his hands on me. We make out for a bit and pull away from each other, but not fully. If it wasn't for him holding me, I would have jumped out of my skin when I hear someone yell "Vanessa, who is this man? What is the meaning of this?"