

Uptown Lovers-Book One

Austin Mitchell

- **Brad Newman returned home and fell in love with Morgana Simmonds, who is engaged to the cheating Stewart Brown. Realizing just how hopeless his love for Morgana is, Brad drops his longtime girlfriend, Dania Reid, and pursues Jenna Marsden only to realize that all that glitters isn't gold.**
- **Rick Graham returned home to work in his father's firm. He falls for Morgana's equally fabulous sister, Beverly, but his long time and strong-willed girlfriend, Celia, will have none of it and is prepared to fight for her man.**
- **Morgana Simmonds thought she knew her fiance', Stewart Brown, only to realize that he's a cheater. Morgana is caught in a quandary, should she stay and fight the competition, in the hope that he will change or should she move on?**
- **Stewart Brown, engaged to Morgana, but having affairs all over the place. He just loves to play the field. But the girls are waking up and they're making the right kind of moves and Stewart realizes that he doesn't like some of the moves they're making but can a leopard change his spots?**
- **Stan Lubsy is convinced that Morgana was responsible for his brother's death in that prison riot. If she hadn't pointed him out in that identification parade his brother would still be alive. He has sworn revenge on her and his former boss, Eric Bishop, whom he feels has set him up.**

Copyright © 2015 Austin Mitchell

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author. If you purchase this book without a cover you should be aware that it may have been stolen and reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher. In such a case, neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, institutions, places, and incidents are creations of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously, and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual or other fictional events, locales, organization or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

**Published by
Austin Mitchell**

Other works by the same author:

Undercover Soldier(Novel)

Bring back the good old Days**

Waiting to Cross the Bridge**

Going to the Bushes to cut Firewood**

Taking a Shortcut Home**

The Fire by the Wayside **

Riding the milk truck to School**

Going into the hills to Teach**

Making grass mats to Sell**

I'm Back from the Hills Now**

The Freeloaders(Play)

Life at 21 Lane(Play)

Midtown Lovers(Short Novel)

A Dangerous Hike(Short Novel)

Glengoffe Days***

****Collection of short stories**

*****Collection of Poems*****

Prologue

August 11, 2001- Morgana Simmonds looked at her watch as Stewart Brown entered her home. He came up to where she was standing on the front lawn.

“Can’t you be early for anything? Imagine it’s my send off party and you have to be late. I can bet you were with April. No wonder you don’t want us to get engaged.”

“How many times must I tell you that April and I are nothing more than good friends? As for being late, I had to do something to my car.”

He reached for her hand, but she refused. Instead, she walked to the far corner of the lawn. Stewart followed her.

“Why are you behaving like that?”

“How should I behave? I’m so embarrassed when so many people have to be wondering where you are.”

“I told you where I was.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Why don’t you call April and find out if I was with her?”

“You know that we don’t speak to each other.”

They found seats on a bench in the garden.

“When you return we can get engaged, there’s no hurry. I’d like it to be as short as possible.”

“Just like you, I’m in no hurry to get engaged too. It’s only mummy and Aunt Sally, who think it might be best for both of us. They feel that it might make us feel more committed to each other. Anyway, I want to know why I called your phone last night and only got your voice mail?”

“I didn’t know my phone needed charging until around midnight. If you had called me before then you wouldn’t have gotten me. I didn’t see your message.”

Morgana put her chin in her hands.

“Here am I about to leave the island and I’m not sure what’s going to happen while I’m away. I could return to find you with some other woman or even married.”

“You know that won’t happen. There are lots of great looking women out there, but I’m not tempted.”

“Honestly, Stewart, I don’t know where our relationship is heading.”

“What are you talking about, Morgana? I thought the time we’ve been together would have meant something to you.”

“We’ve been going around for more than five years now, but I just feel that it means nothing to you. I think you’re still angry because I won’t spend nights or weekends with you.”

“Am I pressuring you to do that? Look how long we go sometimes without sleeping together.”

“Okay, so tell me, while I’m away who will you be sleeping with?”

“Why do you think I would want to sleep with any other woman?”

“I don’t believe you and that’s why I’m in such a confused state of mind. I don’t want to be over there and be constantly fending off rumors about you and other women.”

“You know that won’t happen. How about a compromise?”

She looked over at the dancing area which was in full swing now. She knitted her brows and seemed to be in deep thoughts.

“What do you have in mind?”

“You could come for the holidays, maybe Christmas and Summer.”

“Why do I get the feeling that you’re only after my body?”

Stewart stood up before sitting down again.

“If I was only after your body I could have left you long ago.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“Because I care about you.”

“If you behave yourself, I’ll come for the holidays and I’ll ask dad or his boss, Mr Norman, for a job to pay for my plane fare.”

They made their way to the pavement where the party was being kept and started dancing.

Morgana had finished her first degree and was off to complete her Masters in Business Administration at McClelland International University. She had applied to that institution and had won a scholarship that would provide her with full tuition. It was several thousand dollars less than if

she had done it locally. After she completed her degree, she would work for one year with her father's cousin, Gordon Murdock's management consultancy firm before returning home.

Stewart had wanted the party to be held at the Mountain Valley Hotel in Irish Town but she told him that her parents would prefer it to be held at their home in the Canrieves area of Upper St. Andrew. The two storey houses had been built in 1990 and had only thirty homes nestled among many fruit trees in the hills of this picturesque and sun drenched parish.

They had invited about forty people to the party and had hired a small sound system to provide the music. The family had gotten the services of a catering firm to do the food and drinks and prepare the party area.

As Morgana and Stewart danced she could feel the coolness of the night on her back and wondered if she should go inside for a sweater. She breathed a sigh of satisfaction as she saw friends and family members greeting each other and partaking in the feast. Some persons had brought bathing suits and were in the pool playing around.

Morgana saw her father, Byron, dancing with her mother, Monique, a woman at forty three, five years his junior. Her younger sister, Beverly, only nineteen, was dancing with her boyfriend, Rory Coombs. Rory and Bev had been going around for about two years now. Bev was two inches or so shorter than her but with a fuller figure. Rory was a tall, burly man and was twenty years of age. Bev was wearing a pair of blue shorts and a yellow long sleeve pullover.

Stewart went to shake Byron Simmond's hand.

"Stewart, you're going to lose your girlfriend for three years. Do you think you can manage it? I know if I was your age, I couldn't. All I beg of you is not to break her heart."

He shook Stewart's hand and slapped him on his back.

Stewart felt a bit uneasy after speaking to Byron. He knew that Morgana had a lot of close relatives besides her immediate family and they were always looking out for her. He didn't think he would do anything to make what Byron just said come to past.

Byron came from a family of fisherman. Although he now followed a different profession, he couldn't resist the lure of the sea and had bought a boat. Stewart had gone with the family on a few fishing expeditions.

He went to greet Morgana's aunt, Sally and her husband, Sid Strudwick. Sally was two years older than her sister, Monique and just as shapely looking, Stewart thought. Sid was a giant of a man towering over his wife and was probably a few years older than her.

"I hope you behave while Morgana is abroad," Sally warned.

"You know I will, Sally," Stewart replied.

Stewart knew that when he was in auditing he had often done stock taking work at Sid's hardware. He was aware that the man had been suspicious that he had slept with at least two of his female employees.

"We know that he won't," Sid said and the three of them laughed.

After they had finished laughing, Stewart said.

"I know Morgana will leave me if I don't stay faithful to her."

"We'll see, we'll see," Sid said as Morgana returned and she and Stewart started dancing again.

Chapter One

September 22, 2001-Bobbette Greene was at Rob's Wholesale this Saturday evening, ordering her groceries.

She went across the road and spent some time waiting for a taxi when the young proprietor unexpectedly drove up and stopped at her feet.

"Hi, you're still here. I've seen many taxis pass and didn't stop. So I said I'd come over and help you out."

"Thanks, apparently they are all full. I'm living in Arlene Gardens."

"That's just up the road."

He helped her into the car with her groceries.

"I'm Robert Parsons. Is this the first time you're shopping at my wholesale?" he asked her as they drove off.

"I started living here about six months ago. I've been getting my groceries there ever since but mostly on weekends."

"How do you like the service?"

"It's okay, I can't complain."

"Good, that's what I want to hear."

They had reached her house now and he helped her take her groceries out of the car and carry inside to put on her front patio.

"By the way, what's your name?" he asked as they stood at the gate.

"I'm Bobbette Greene."

"Okay, next week then," he said getting back into his car and driving off.

She was renting half of a house, working at a government loan agency and going to evening classes.

Robert made it his duty to serve her each time and to drop her home. They soon became friends and lovers as Robert was now sleeping at her house and spending most weekends there. She no longer went for her groceries as he would bring them to her. Bobbette thought Robert was at least fifty pounds overweight and was a hulk of a man and would be a clumsy lover but he proved her match in bed.

She learned that he owned a chain of wholesale stores, plus at least three petrol service stations. His father, Jervis

had died six months ago and his mother, Carmeta, had divorced the old man from Robert was a toddler and migrated to the United States. He was an only child.

Bobbette had lived most of her life in Washington Gardens before going on her own about two years ago when she started working with the loan agency.

During her high school years there were stories circulating about her and numerous guys because of her body, an object of envy from other women, and a source of admiration from men. Her mother, Merryl, a senior nurse at a private hospital in Kingston, had even called her a slut and a tramp, labels, Bobbette firmly rejected. Instead, she told her mother that they were her friends and they liked talking to her. Her father, Castel, a taxi operator, didn't share his wife's opinion and felt that the boys were only hanging around his second child because they wanted to date her. Nevertheless, he had always warned her to be careful.

Three months into the relationship she learned that a woman by the name of Jenna Marsden had a child for him about six years ago and he was supporting her. He denied that he was still seeing her, but Bobbette was apprehensive that the relationship was still going strong. Maybe it was because of his reluctance to say how much money he was giving her for the little boy.

They were in bed one Saturday night when Jenna called. Jaimie, her son, was feeling ill and she wanted him to see a doctor immediately. Bobbette felt less than pleased that he had to leave her and get his son to the doctor. She didn't make a face or anything like that. She wondered if it was a ploy the woman was using to see Robert. He returned at almost four o'clock that morning saying that the boy was okay now and that his fever and coughing were now under control, having received medication from the doctor. Bobbette didn't make any adverse comments as she didn't want to sound callous.

"I'm glad he's okay. I was a bit worried about you being out at this time of the morning, darling."

"I know you would, honey. When you have small children, especially Jaimie's age, these are things you can expect."

He came into the bed beside her.

Robert liked spending time at her house because he couldn't get enough of her cooking. She fed him lots of vegetables, lean meat, fruits and cereals. Most weekends she would go with him to his various business locations, especially if it was in the rural areas. Sometimes if it was too late to get into Kingston they would stay at a guest house or hotel.

"Try and get some more sleep. I know you have to be up and about first thing tomorrow morning. Are you going out to the country?"

"I'm staying in town. I'm dead tired after spending last night with you and then taking Jaimie to see the doctor."

They always had a vigorous session of lovemaking. Robert was never satisfied until she had multiple climaxes. Bobbette soon had to get a sturdier bed, one that could withstand her lovemaking. Robert got up and turned off the light and Bobbette threw her arms around him. It didn't take long for both of them to fall asleep again.

February 20,2002-Bobbette was still going to evening classes and studying way into the nights and even on weekends in order to get into college to pursue a degree. She was pursuing these courses on campus as some college students had started an evening school to help with their own living and tuition expenses. Robert said that some of those courses would be helpful to him, especially those dealing with business. All that he knew about the subject was what his late father had taught him. He now wanted some formal training, but had no time to attend classes. He had dropped out of school at seventeen when his father said he wanted more help in the business and couldn't afford to hire it. They searched out some courses on the internet and he got enrolled in a few of them.

Robert's businesses were generating so much money that it enabled him to open two more meat shops and a fast food franchise. Several of her friends were encouraging her to hook him good by even proposing to him and let him buy her a big house in somewhere like the Canrieves or Hershire Heights. She told them that she didn't want him to feel that she was only after his money. She would take her time and he

would eventually do all the things they were telling her about. Sometimes she wished he didn't have so many businesses. Or if he did, they weren't spread over such a wide geographical area. Whenever they were out of town she would always take along her party clothes and do her hair and nails, hoping to hit a party scene. Robert was dead tired most of the times and only wanted to sleep.

It was more than four months now since they were going steady. She had moved from Arlene Gardens to an apartment in Constant Spring. Robert's father had owned the apartment and it came into his possession upon his death. Bobbette was prepared to fight off any other woman who tried to intrude in their relationship.

They were relaxing on the front balcony of their apartment having just eaten dinner. They had a view of Mona, Jacks Hill and the Canrieves and the magnificent homes in those places. Bobbette knew that if she stuck to this man she would soon be living in one of them.

"Darling, I wish you'd lie down in one of these couches and put up your feet like I'm doing."

She knew that Robert had been working on his weight. He had cut out those fast food meals, but complained that he couldn't get time to do some walking or go to the gym. His father had fought a losing battle against obesity and had died suddenly from a massive heart attack.

"I'm taking it easy. Remember that I'm still young. I want to get one of those houses in the hills and move from Vineyard Town."

"Up there is cool and the soil is fertile. I'd like to plant some fruit trees and a garden instead of these." Bobbette pointed to the few plants, they had on the balcony.

"It will be done in good time, darling."

Bobbette went inside for some more orange juice. When she returned, he said.

"At some point I want to get involved in politics."

"I see those people on television and they're always shouting at each other."

"I'm thinking of starting in local government first before moving up. I want to help out this country. No matter what

you hear, people go into politics to serve and not to stuff their pockets full of money as is always rumored.”

“If that’s what you want, I’m not going to stop you.”

“Later, when you see the benefits you’ll know that I made the right decision.”

“Can we go out later on for some dancing at Brenton’s place?”

“Sure, why not, but I can’t stay too late though. I have to go to Mandeville first thing tomorrow morning. There’s a guy down there who’s putting up a wholesale for sale. I want to have a look at it before I make him an offer.”

Although Bobbette tried to persuade Robert to slow down in pursuing his business dreams, she knew that was what had helped his father to buy this upscale apartment. She only made furtive complaints sometimes.

There was a tall guy on campus whom she took a liking to, but she was scared to cheat on Robert. His name was Stewart Brown and she had seen several girls around him and knew that he was popular with the women. Sometimes when Robert was out of town she had thought about him, but she knew she had to be careful. There were many women who envied her and weren’t above going to Robert with a story that she had a lover.

“Do you think you can manage so many businesses alone, darling?”

“I have good managers plus my accountants are first class. I have my internal auditors checking the books on a regular basis.”

“Let’s go and have a nap before we go up to Brenton’s place.”

“Sure, it’s not more than that?”

“Robert, after last night, I would be greedy to want more and so soon,” she said as they relaxed a little more before going inside for a nap.

September 27,2002-Bobbette was sitting on one of the concrete benches on campus going over some of her notes. She was now pursuing a two year certificate course in Management Studies. She was doing the certificate course first, then take a break before moving on to do the degree.

Normally she studied with a group of friends, but she wanted to talk to Stewart alone. She and Stewart became lovers three months ago and it was as if they couldn't get enough of each other. While she wasn't neglecting Robert she made every effort to be with Stewart.

Robert was in Miami on a business trip this weekend. She loved Robert in a special kind of way, but Stewart was something else. He took her to parties, nightclubs, stage shows, sports bars and other entertainment venues, things that Robert was hardly interested in. Whereas she was sure of Robert she wasn't sure about Stewart. She knew about two of his women, April English and Morgana Simmonds. She knew Morgana was away in the States but she knew that he had other women. She saw him coming towards her. He was tall and good looking with a lean athletic body. He sat around the bench opposite her.

"So how's it going, Bobbette?"

"Everything's okay. Robert is in Miami and won't be back until Monday."

"We can spend the entire weekend, clubbing, baby and some real hot nights," Stewart told her. There was nobody sitting near them to eavesdrop on their conversation.

"We have to be careful though. It's a good thing I only have a cell phone. If he calls me and I'm not home, he won't know. We should probably go to one of the less popular clubs like Reasons. A lot of people know Robert and they know that I'm his woman. I don't want them to see me out with you and tell him. It's a good thing I live in an apartment where everybody minds their own business."

Robert was financing her university studies plus he had bought a car for her.

"By the way, Morgana sent me an email. She said she heard that I was seeing you so she was breaking off with me."

"Imagine that I caused you and Morgana to break up. Me, a girl, from a humble district like Burnley. We don't even have running water or electricity there. This woman from the Canrieves, where only rich people live, is accusing me of taking away her man. That's a laugh."

"I don't see what's so funny."

“Because I think she isn’t being truthful. Maybe she has found some other guy over there.”

“Found some other guy, she’s just been there a little more than a year now,” Stewart said. “She had to return in July for her father’s funeral. Before that her uncle-in-law was shot dead, but she didn’t come for his funeral.”

Stewart took up a pebble and threw it into some bushes.

“Isn’t that enough time? Don’t forget that I know her. When I first met you, I didn’t know that you were her boyfriend.”

“What would you have done, leave me? Anyway, I never liked her all that much. Before she went away, her mother and her aunt wanted me to get engaged to her but I turned them down.”

“How long did she spend out here when she came to her father’s funeral?”

“About a week.”

“That should have given both of you enough time to rekindle your relationship.”

“She told me that she had heard the rumors and that she was going to write me.”

“Maybe if you had gotten engaged to her she would marry you once she was finished with her studies.”

Stewart looked at Bobbette. Although she was dressed in her office uniform she still looked exotic. She had on a grey pants suit and her hair was straightened out and she had in big earrings.

“That wouldn’t have stopped her breaking off with me when she heard about me and you.”

“I hope you aren’t accusing me of being the cause of you and Morgana breaking up.”

“Nothing like that, I would only marry a woman who was as loving as you. I only went around with Morgana because her mother begged me, but I couldn’t get her to spend weekends with me or even a sleepover.”

“I told you that I know her. I thought she would have become a nun the way she used to behave.”

“Maybe it was I who changed her mind. I was the first guy for her. She used to feel uncomfortable at first when we did it, but after a while she started loving it. I even threatened

to leave her, but she said that her parents would be angry if she ever spent a night with me much less a weekend.”

“I can bet that if I went around I would find quite a few girls willing to admit that you were their first lover.”

Stewart laughed.

“Morgana is the only girlfriend, I’ve ever had.”

“What about April? I don’t want to be in anymore fights with her over you. Is she your sweetheart now? I need to know. At least I know that I’m not your steady girlfriend.”

Stewart looked around. All the benches were now occupied with students doing one thing or another. He and Bobbette were now talking in low tones to prevent themselves from being overheard. Stewart stabbed his toe at a small stone.

“Morgana was my unofficial fiancé, but now that she has broken off with me, I don’t have a main woman. April knows that, so why would she be trying to pick a fight with you over me?”

“I have a man whom I’m cheating on with you. I know that April doesn’t have a steady guy. I think it’s reasonable to assume that she believes that you are her boyfriend. Didn’t she and Morgana fight at least two times over you?”

“I’ve never spent enough time with her for her to think that way. As I said we’re nothing more than good friends. I’ve never told her that she was my main woman.”

“I’m not that naïve, to believe that a woman would behave that way over a man unless she was in an intimate relationship with him.”

“Be honest with me, are you and April lovers?”

But Stewart shook his head.

“Morgana believed I was sleeping with April and went to fight her. Now you believe the same thing just because of who April is. Both of us love to be around other people and that’s why we are always making friends.”

“The way I heard it, is that it was April who was always picking a fight with Morgana and she’s the one who is always quarrelling with me. Anyway, I’m not going to press you about her anymore. I knew that you and she were friends, but I never knew she was like that or else I would never have

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

