

S T E V E N B O W M A N

Tell Me,

Baby,

Do You

Love Me?

STEVEN BOWMAN

Tell Me, Baby, Do You Love Me?

First published by Steven Bowman © 2020

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First edition

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To be sure a stepmother to a girl is a
different thing to a second wife to a
man!

– ELIZABETH GASKELL

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Chapter One

It all started in 2001 when I met a man, who I love, to meet. It could not have been going easier, well, until he and I were face-to-face with each other.

My world turned upside down, and I was speechless, and he would take my breath away and drop-dead gorgeous.

We bumped into each other sometimes during the day. It is always, “Hi, how are you?” and “Nice day, isn’t it, madam/sir?” Stuff like that. And it would all be awkward.

My gosh, I would get all sweaty and nervous, starting to shake and have a dry mouth. I wish we could be together, but it is not going as planned.

My world somehow comes crashing down when our eyes lock, his eyes are greenish-blue, and mine are hazel.

It is just fate when I am around him. I do not have the nerve to fucking say, “Tell me, baby, do you love me?” Never mind that. I am just rambling on and on. I wish we could someday be together.

Oh, woe is me! I am just a woman, and he is a man that I love. We are nothing more than friends. I want to have this hubba-hubba and be his wife.

There is nothing else I can say. Maybe, someday, we’ll be together. Oh, I hope that “someday” will be sooner than later.

Anyway, my name is Christina Miller. And I am a twenty-seven-year-old from Philadelphia, the one in Pennsylvania, no place else.

Chapter Two

As I have mentioned, I am Christina Miller, twenty-seven, and I live in Philadelphia. It is 2001, and I am madly in love with a man that drives me insane whenever we are in each other's presence.

I cannot blame him for being hot. I am just an average woman without him. I am a woman without a man. Somehow, that makes my life a wreck.

Like goddamn, shit, and fuck! It makes me go insane when I see his warm smile and his chiseled cheekbones. OH, BOY!

He completes my world, and I am stuck living in hell when I try to be near him. I need to fucking put on my big girl panties and be a woman and ask the hunk out.

However, there is just a flaw I lack. I am a nervous wreck when I am near a person I love. I mean, shit, what do I do?

Do I or do not I? If I cannot do it soon, he will ask another woman who is probably ten times hotter than me.

I mean way hotter than ten. In my opinion, I am ugly, and the last guy I had two years ago, in 1999, broke my heart.

He dumped me on my twenty-fifth birthday and left me heartbroken and crying. However, that is my past, and fuck him. I do not need him!

I could take time off from my life. I mean, I do nothing all

day. My life is boring, and I wish I had a job.

I used to be a School Librarian at an elementary school, but I got fired for cursing in front of students. Nevertheless, I could get another job.

But what could I do? I bet I could try to get another librarian job at another elementary school. However, I should present another résumé and seek another elementary school.

Before my firing from being an elementary school librarian in Pennsylvania, I was making \$4.25 per hour. I was a nineteen-year-old, and this was in 1993.

However, now I have got to get another job since I got fired eight years ago. I can get a résumé and present it to an elementary school superintendent.

However, I am just living alone in my apartment in Philadelphia. And my life gets boring. I need a dress. And I need to wear makeup before I get a résumé and present myself to get a job.

Chapter Three

Well, today is the day. I am ready to present myself for an elementary school librarian job at George B. McClellan Elementary School in Philadelphia.

All I have to do is print out my résumé, head to the school and talk to Superintendent Joseph Anderson, who comes from Crafton, Pennsylvania, who is also forty-five and was born in 1955.

“Please, Miss Miller, come in,” says Superintendent Anderson. “Do you have got your résumé ready for me?”

“Sure I do, Mr. Anderson,” I responded. I handed my résumé to Superintendent Anderson. “Here you go, sir.”

Then, Superintendent Anderson looked over my résumé and came to a decision. He took his time for a minute or so and looked at me, saying:

“Okay, Miss Miller. It looks like you have got the job,” says Superintendent Anderson. “You can start as early as tomorrow. Please be ready, smile, and enjoy yourself, miss.”

I was thankful and happy. “Thanks, Mr. Anderson. You will not be disappointed, sir. I will be ready by tomorrow. Enjoy your day, Mr. Anderson. Farewell, sir.”

“Very well, Miss Miller,” says Superintendent Anderson.

Then, he smiled and motioned me out of his office. “Thanks, madam. You may now leave, miss. Goodbye, and enjoy your day too, madam.”

Then, I left his office and headed home for the rest of the day. I went to sleep and prepared for tomorrow.

I am thankful and happy that I have a job after eight years of being fired from my previous School Librarian job.

The next day.

It was now 7:15 am, and I woke up from sleep for my first day as an elementary school librarian.

And since it is 2001, in Pennsylvania, I will make \$5.15 per hour while working at George B. McClellan Elementary School.

So, it took me twenty-five minutes to get showered, dressed, and ready. It was now 7:40 am, and it took me fifteen minutes to get to work.

It was now 7:55 am, five minutes before school began, and I got settled into my place before I had a group of kindergartners come into the library to read books.

Fifteen minutes after 8 am, at 8:15 am, the kindergartners left the library, and another group of kids came in. This time it is a group of second-graders.

One of the second-graders, who is seven, from Philadelphia, named Jimmy Andrews, comes to me and asks for a book.

“Do you have *The Cat in the Hat* by Dr. Seuss?” Jimmy asked me. “I wish to read that book. Can you please tell me where I can get it from?”

“Sure, kiddo. I have to search for it on the computer first,” I

said with a smile. "It looks like *The Cat in the Hat* by Dr. Seuss is in Aisle 6, rows 5 and 6. Please let me lead you there, okay?"

Jimmy's face was joyful, and he said, smiling, "Sure, madam. Please show me."

I took Jimmy to the book he wanted, and he grabbed it, thanked me, and then he left to go back to his group of second-graders.

Two and a half hours pass, and it is now 10:45 am. Then, it is just forty-five minutes until my lunch break at 11:30 am.

Then, from 11:30 am, I have three hours and forty-five minutes until school ends at 3:15 pm. After school, I would have worked for seven hours and fifteen minutes altogether.

Once it was 10:50 am, five minutes after 10:45 am, a group of third-graders came to the library and went onto the computers until twenty-five minutes later at 11:15 am.

Then, I had fifteen minutes left until lunch. Then, fifteen minutes later, at 11:30 am, it was finally lunchtime, and I went to the cafeteria and grabbed lunch.

And then, I ate my lunch with my fellow staff members in the staff room. A half-hour passed at noon, and I then went back to my job and worked there until 3:15 pm.

Finally, my seven hours and fifteen minutes blew by, and I had a blast working today. I am now happy to head home and enjoy the weekend before I go back to work again.

Now, I have headed home and rested until tomorrow. Ah, the enjoyment of working again! It feels great.

And hopefully, I can earn money from this job. Well, enough money to take my future boyfriend/husband out on a date.

TELL ME, BABY, DO YOU LOVE ME?

The next day comes.

Chapter Four

One month has passed, and now we are in April, and it is raining outside, and I decided not to head to work. I have worked for those paydays, and now I get to relax.

They got a fifty-eight-year-old school librarian to work for me. I have been around enough kids to be so sick of working.

My job gets boring, honestly. I want to quit, but I cannot because I need the money to afford a date for Mr. Handsome.

However, the day is wet and rainy, and I feel so blue. Maybe I should knock on Mr. Handsome's door and finally ask him out. But I cannot ask him out.

We need to remain friends before committing to a relationship. So, here goes nothing. I grabbed my umbrella, car keys, and purse and headed to Mr. Handsome's house.

It took nearly five minutes to drive to Mr. Handsome's house. So, this is it. It is time for my big girl panties to be on and ask the guy to be my friend.

I went up to Mr. Handsome's door, rang his doorbell, and waited for him to answer his door. Then, a minute later, he opened his door, and I said:

"Hello, my name is Christina Miller. I am a total stranger

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