

Alvin  
&  
Grace

Part Two

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### **Synopsis: Alvin & Grace – Part One**

Young Alvin Jackson had a recurring dream – of living a different life than the life he had been raised in by his father, although he held his father in the highest regard. At the age of seventeen, Alvin left his father's house in Snyder, Texas, and traveled by bus to the city of Forth Worth in search of a better life. His father sends him on his way with three goals that he should make his first priority. First; find a good job, and take care of it. In the long run that job would take care of him. His second advice to Alvin was to find himself a good and decent girl to marry, and his third suggestion was to set aside enough money to sustain Alvin and whoever he took as a wife, to last them throughout their senior years.

Alvin's first job, working at the icehouse didn't come close to being that dream job that would take care of him in the long or short run. Instead it turned out to be a dead-end job better suited for casual laborers and men with little pride in themselves.

It was the same in choosing the right woman; Alvin's first romance turned out to be with a flirt named Bobbie Jean, who filled his mind with lustful longings, especially when she realized he was a seventeen-year old who had never been intimately involved with a woman before? Once she accomplished her mission to rob him of his innocence, he became nothing more to her than someone to brag about to her friends – being the first to pluck his virginity.

After about two months of rolling in the sack with Alvin to get even with her old boyfriend, she decided the score was about even. Then she dropped poor Alvin like a hot potato, leaving him hanging high and dry while she got back with her first boyfriend. He was so hooked on the bedtime enjoyments offered by the tigress Bobbie Jean that he straightaway went looking for anything that wore a skirt to continue to get what he Bobbie Jean had given him for the last two months.

The first skirt he approached to prey on just happened to be his best friend, John Lee's mama, Mrs. Bailey, which wound up being practically an all day event, but nothing else. Likely Alvin would have gone farther with Mrs. Bailey – but for his landlady's daughter, Miss Cassie. She had been his mentor in the field of education for the last two months, and one night she came to his apartment. She came walking in wearing nothing, except her housecoat and slippers, on the pretext of offering her assistance in chasing away Bobbie Jean. She said that she worried that Bobbie Jean as pestering

him, and offered her gorgeous body to her young handsome student as a launching-pad to keep him from getting involved again with Bobbie Jean.

After almost a week of examining his instructor's gorgeous anatomy, young Alvin once again found himself hanging high and dry, when her job in Waco as a school teacher demanded her attention on the first day of school. But the time he spent with Miss Cassie, exploring sexuality had beneficial side effects. Her brother owned the Greystone Hotel in downtown Fort Worth, and Miss Cassie urged him to consider hiring Alvin. That recommendation, not only secured him his dream job – and his dream girl and future wife.

Her name was Grace Adams – Alvin called her his Miss Grace. Even though she was still in high school, and even knowing how many obstacles they were up against in choosing to live together in the state of Texas in those days, nevertheless their affair became so intense that she was willing to spend half of her Saturday nights in his apartment, doing romantic things.

All went well, until a horrible misunderstanding caused Grace to call time-out while she examine his loyalty regarding the agreement they made on their first night together to be faithful to each other. When Miss Grace's timeout lasted for three days, and she still hadn't called to say if they would break up permanently, or stay together, Alvin assumed that she meant to break with him. With so much love at stake, he decided to defy all odds and went to her white parent's house and begged her to come with him. This gave away a hitherto well-kept secret, and caused a chaotic uproar before before he and Miss Grace persuaded her parents to allow her to go spend her remaining time of her life with the love of her life.

### **From *Alvin and Grace*, Part One: Chapter 12**

At that, Maggie asked, “Doesn’t that mean Myrtle and Ed aren’t invited?”

“To the contrary.” Alvin said, “I would’ve mentioned it if they weren’t. Mr. Davis said ‘family members only.’ So I told him that Grace had two different sets of families, and could I bring one set as a substitute for my parents since they’re not going to be there. He just smiled and said, ‘as long you consider them part of the family.’”

The next morning while Alvin and Grace were getting ready for work, she reminded him that she needed to drive her own car to work. When he asked her for what reason, she explained that she needed to drop off a few items at the cleaners in hopes they’d be ready in time for the New Year’s Eve party. Hearing that, Alvin immediately thought to himself, ‘You’re not going to get an argument out of me, since I’ll be driving to work relaxed, with my windows rolled down if need be.’

## Chapter 13 – New Years & New Life

The evening of New Year's Eve, Alvin and Grace came home and saw Maggie and her sister, Myrtle, trying to whip up a full course meal before going off to the party. "What are you gonna do with all of this food you have laying around?" Grace asked; not only would the Greystone party feature alcoholic beverages, but food – and lots of it. Grace suggested that they make John a sandwich and themselves a half of sandwich to tide them over until the party.

"Alvin and I are going to bed and sleep for about two hours," she said. "We were up at five this morning, and we'll probably be up until five tomorrow morning." At eight-thirty that evening, Maggie knocked on Alvin and Grace's door, telling them that they had been sleeping for three-and-a-half hours. She had just made a fresh pot of coffee, which they would need to keep them awake until they could stay awake on their own. Sleepy was what they were as they found their way to the divan and had their first cup of coffee, sitting in front of the television. Once they were fully awake, Alvin suddenly remembered to ask Maggie if she had heard any noises coming from his father-in-law's house lately.

"The only noises I've heard coming from that direction were from those noisy little half-sisters-in-law of yours."

Alvin laughed, "I never thought of it that way – I asked, because I thought the two adults may have falling asleep with the intent of one or the other of us wakens them. Before I take my shower, I'll go and check to make sure that they're not oversleeping."

Sure enough, Walter and Maurine had eaten supper and fallen asleep on the divan. At once, they came to their feet half-disoriented, trying to figure out where they were, Walter said, "Wow! Did we oversleep?"

"No," Alvin said, "not if you start getting ready right this minute."

Maurine asked, as she hurried off to the bathroom, "Is John coming over to stay with the kids while we are gone?"

"John is at my house," Alvin said, "just waiting for your commands."

Alvin walked back to his house just in time to see Maggie come out of her designated bedroom, dressed up in the outfit Grace bought her for Christmas. As always and in Alvin's opinion, Maggie was almost as good to look at as her daughter, and he wasted no time telling her that she looked spectacular. Then he hurried off to join Grace, who was already in the shower.

Once dressed, Alvin returned to the divan and took his seat in front of the television. A few minutes later Grace stepped into the living room, decked out in the same dress she had worn for Christmas Day. When Maggie saw her, she stood next to Grace in order that Alvin might have a good comparison, for his opinion on how they looked, all dressed up in their new outfits. He finally told them, "With all due respect to Mrs. Maggie, I'll remind you of the saying that an apple doesn't fall far from its tree – you both look amorously beautiful." He gave Grace a passionate squeeze and whispered softly, "You'll definitely be the main attraction at the party tonight."

Hearing that, Maggie observed to Myrtle, "There seem to never be anything on this poor boy's mind, except construct an unproblematic stab at her apparatus when they come home from the party tonight. To Alvin, she added in a louder voice, "You probably have more reasons to be biased against me because you're sleeping with her. But I still have to agree – she does look very glamorous tonight! So . . . let's go – the three of us are going by the apartment to pick up J. D., and we'll meet up with y'all at the hotel."

Hearing that, John went to tell his father that his mother had left, and that they could come over anytime they were ready. A few minutes later, Walter and Maurine came walking through the back door. Seeing them, Alvin and Grace stood up and asked, "Are y'all about ready to go?"

"My Lord, Walter," Maurine said, "won't you just look at her? Isn't she's about the most glamorous thing you've ever laid eyes on? I feel all out-of-place going out with people dressed like those two are."

"They are indeed." Walter said, "I've noticed it long before now, but since I'm no good with them, I've kept my compliments to myself."

"If y'all are ready to go," Alvin said, as they walked out to the car. "I'll ask Walter to ride up front with me. That way, if I'm stopped, it won't be because I'm riding up front with this beautiful white lady. Otherwise, we could be delayed by the police."

"No," Walter said "I'm riding in the back with my wife, just like you're gonna ride up front with yours. No son-of-mothers are gonna tell me where I can ride and where I can't ride!" Walter and Maurine got in the back, while Grace rode up front with Alvin, sliding closer to him than she usually did as they drove on their way to the hotel. They felt uncommonly at ease, walking so close, and latched on to each other, while walking from the parking lot to the ballroom's doorway. For one, they were walking in the dark and secondly, they had her father as their ally. Even as the hostess was

escorting them to their table, and all eyes in the room were on them, they never relented from walking in close proximity. Once they took their seats, they saw Maggie and her group sitting at their table, sipping on their first round of drinks. Alvin and Grace gave the room a fleeting scan, to see what everyone's reaction was at seeing them being openly affectionate with each other, while pretending not to pay attention to the probing eyes that were fixed on them from the minute they came through the door and long after they were seated. It wasn't to say that they didn't acknowledge a few friends who gave out tentative waves while they were being escorted to their table. For the first time since they had come together as one, they were finally able to be romantic with each other in public – like everyone else.

Once everyone had decided who would sit where, Grace and Maurine placed their coats on the back of their chairs to indicate that the table was occupied. The four of them walked over to the bar, ordered their favorite drinks, and returned to their table. Unlike Grace, Alvin was constantly aware of his surroundings; Grace's attention was all focused on Alvin. She nursed the one drink while everyone else made multiple trips to and from the bar. She didn't need an alcoholic beverage to make her high; she was the very epitome of the phrase 'high on the natural.'

After their first dance, she asked Alvin, "Don't you think it's about time we go and spend a little time with Mama? She's liable to be jealous enough to come over and drag both of us back by the lobes of our ears." She excused herself to Maurine and Walter, and led Alvin away to Maggie's table. The musicians had just begun to play a new song when Maggie extended her hand to Alvin. "Come on and dance with your beautiful mother-in-law, you handsome devil."

Alvin looked at Grace: who got to dance first – her or her mother? She made them laugh when Grace said, "Mother's first, while daughter holds Mother's purse." Alvin took Maggie's hand and led her out on the dance floor, and commenced to jitterbug energetically. Unsurprisingly to him, Maggie could dance very well to any style of dancing. Not only was she graceful and adept dancer, but she looked very good whirling around the dance floor in her revealing, well-fitted dress.

The next piece was a slow beat. Alvin led Grace out to the middle of the dance floor where they turned in slow motion, whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears. At irregular intervals, Alvin would let his curiosity get the best of him; he'd slyly peek to see whether or not those people he saw earlier were still focused on him and Grace being enthralled with each other, as they moved around the dance floor in slow motion. What