



Christmas Flight

[Kathryn Freeman](#)

Alice's work trip had gone on for a week – seven days too long. He was the one used to being away. He had been, but this week he'd had nobody to come home to. He'd been so lonely he'd resorted to putting up Christmas decorations.

'What's with all the fairy lights?' he asked when Alice phoned the following morning. 'There are miles of the blasted things.'

Her giggle made his heart ache. 'You missed me so much you started putting up the tree? Wow. I'll have to do this again next year.'

'Don't you dare. It's probably too small, or maybe too big. It's definitely lopsided with the weight of all those flaming lights. Oh and I've shoved all the baubles on,' he ended in a rush.

There was a poignant pause. 'From both boxes?'

It was a monstrous sin. He knew it. 'Yes,' he told her defiantly. 'We're abandoning designer colour schemes in favour of full blown, multicoloured bling. And you'll love it,' he told her warningly.

'I'll love the fact that it's all done for me.'

'Good answer.'

'I can't wait to see you. Will you be home when I get back?'

He hesitated. 'I'm working tonight.'

A soft sigh. 'What a shame. Still, I've waited a week to see you. I guess I can wait a few more hours. My flight gets in around six. I'll try to stay awake.'

'You'd better. I've saved you a fight through the loft, strangulation by fairy lights and stabbing by pine needles.' He lowered his voice. 'I deserve a reward.'

The day passed uneventfully and finally Alice was at the departure gate, waiting for her flight home.

'Do you think they'll have any surprises waiting for us?' one of her colleagues asked.

'Last time I was away Simon prepared a three course meal. Candles, champagne, roses. The lot.'

Eyes swung enviously towards the petite redhead.

'Mark's pretty good, too,' another colleague admitted with a hint of smug. 'But in a more practical way. I expect he's put

the Christmas lights up, wrapped some presents and ordered a take out.'

Alice thought back to her conversation this morning with Brad. Kind, thoughtful, but totally unromantic. 'My husband's working. I expect he's hoping I'll have a meal waiting for him.'

The girls gave her a sympathetic look. Behind them, a flight attendant cleared her throat. 'Mrs Alice Lawton? The captain would like a word with you.'

That was when she saw him. A tall figure in a dark blue uniform, peaked cap and heart stopping chocolate brown eyes.

'Brad!' she yelled and ran into his arms.

'I changed my trip,' he whispered, hugging her fiercely. 'Came to fly you home.'

Behind her she heard a collective dreamy sigh. 'You win, Alice. None of our men came to collect us.'

Brad winked as he let her go. 'If you're nice to the captain, he might even serve you a meal, too.'

Alice laughed as his striking figure strode back towards the plane.

Her husband. Her hero.

* Ends *

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