The Midnight Walk

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A nude stroll on the beach gives her an outlet for her arousal, and relief from a lonely life.

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Something powerful stirred inside me when I heard the groan of carnal satisfaction over the gentle waves. That something had been trying to return for a while, nudged toward life with every sultry glance and beautiful body that I encountered or imagined. But when I turned the corner that night and saw her on his lap, rolling her hips, unmistakeably fucking, that was when it officially re-awakened. It had been asleep for literally years; when I moved to Jamaica, it truly slept in peace. It was a long time coming, but as I felt the onset of hot slickness between my legs, and the warm welcome tingling of my flesh, I knew that my sex drive had returned in full, finally triggered by this one lingering, voyeuristic moment.

I had taken the same late-night nude walk on the beach a couple nights a week for the last month or so, starting as soon as the nights got warm enough to make it comfortable. It was a year and six months ago that I took residence at Hopewell Manor, and six months prior to that was when I introduced myself to the man who brought me here.

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I knew lots of girls in school that had very specific dreams about what they wanted, and very specific plans on how to get it. Some went to college, some turned their part time jobs into full time jobs. My goals were never that well-defined, but I knew that whatever life I led, I wanted it to include plenty of comfort and cash. I'd been "on the pole" for five years, nearly a lifetime in the world of the gentleman's club, when I saw a break in the clouds.

He gave me plenty of cash right away, and as time went by, the comfort came as well.
It had been so easy to set that initial hook, too. Cheek to cheek as I ground my bare pussy on his lap in the privacy of the VIP lounge, he whispered in my ear:

"You're so gorgeous baby, I bet you don't know what to do with all the nice compliments and things you get."

“No, everybody treats me like shit,” I replied, in a well practiced half-pout, half-purr.

Oh poor me, the disrespected stripper, right? But that was all it took. A c-note landed in the palm of my hand a moment later. It was the first of countless others to follow, and the beginning of a relationship built on mutual needs and without apologies: a man in need of companionship, and a young woman with a thirst for cash and a better lifestyle.

He maintained three residences, one in his native England, one in my hometown for business reasons, and one in Jamaica because it’s the place he called home. Whenever he was in town, he came to see me. Soon, I was seeing him outside the club if he was in town on days I didn’t work. Eventually, he never came to the club at all: I was staying at his house. As sugar daddies go, David was a dream. His generosity and kindness knew few bounds, and his sexual demands were few and seldom, the perfect combination for a jaded dancer with a scorching case of sexual burnout.

Night after night, disrobing and gyrating in front of, above, and up against a blur of lonely men took its toll. Being sexy became a chore, and over time, the power of sex completely lost its allure. Lots of people assume that the single strippers who don’t date and don’t trick are just uptight in some way or holding out for bigger money, but some just can’t get that excited about sex at all, especially with the same guys that paw at them for hours in the club. All I wished for was to not have to be sexy, to not be an object. Sex was the last thing I wanted, and between that and the difficulties of meeting good men anyway while working as a stripper, dating wasn’t even worth messing with.

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I got the text message one day as I was preparing to go into work: he’d had a heart attack the night before. When I went to visit him the next morning, his spirits were good despite being hooked up to more than a few tubes and machines. He had an idea for me.

“Angela, my dear, all I’ve got here are doctors telling me what I can’t do, and time to think about what I can. My life is changing. I’d like to offer something to you.”

Ironically, it was a debilitating emergency in his life that created an opportunity for mine. His offer was to have me move to Jamaica to live with him full-time, and to help him manage his affairs. I’d live in a big house on an estate, be waited on hand-and-foot, and enjoy a nearly perpetual summer overlooking the ocean. What was I leaving behind in exchange? Not a whole hell of a lot, besides a job I’d hate if I weren’t so numb to it, and an empty-shell of a life I’d otherwise be leading. This was the future I’d seemingly hoped in vain would happen, so I accepted without hesitation.

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Mr. Gordon’s home- Hopewell Manor, as it is called- sits on the edge of a gated collection of mansions which terrace up the hillsides, overlooking the Caribbean coast. Everyone who owns property and lives there is white, and with few exceptions, English. Just on the other side of a high wall and maybe a half-mile of beach and forest lies the village of St. John’s Burg. Everyone who lives in the village is black, and a good many of them make up the work staff at the various gated mansions nearby, including Hopewell Manor.

There is a daily street market there, selling fruits, vegetables, meats, and handmade goods to the working and poor of the village and beyond. Every other homeowner around us prefers to send their staff with a list, but I always loved to make the trip myself. When I exited the iron gate, where the estate wall meets the beach, I always felt free, as if I’d re-entered that which was real, and left behind the stodgy ascot-and-croquet world of what passed for a social life among my expat neighbors.

Largely numb to the effects, I nonetheless always noticed the stares, both leering and curious, as I exited the beach and walked through the center of the village to the market. I was always the lone Caucasian, showing my tanned skin in slight clothing and open sandals. I dressed for the weather to be sure, but a full view of a sexy white woman’s midriff and upper thigh was not something the villagers were accustomed to seeing.

Sure, a few of these very people would serve me drinks at my poolside, or perhaps occasionally bring toiletries to me while wrapped in a towel, but work was different: the eyes were diverted, the head held lower. Here, I was in their world, on their time; they were damn sure going to look, and I didn’t really care either way. The fish merchant, an intense man who surely was somewhere near my own age, always took extra interest in me.

He never said much; his communication was all in his eyes. I could never tell if he simply lusted after me, or resented me for the interloper that I was by shopping among his people; probably both. But on days when I didn’t purchase fish, I missed the electric tension when I didn’t see him. Sometimes I would walk by, slowly, hoping he would notice me. Even if it didn’t always turn me on, I enjoyed knowing I aroused something in him every time.

In the meantime, my David, Mr. Gordon to everyone else, was forbidden by his doctors from sexual activity, among many other things. As the months passed, our relationship changed anyway. More than just an assistant and recipient of sugar daddy favors, I became his right hand associate in all matters he attended to, business and personal. What I lacked in education, I seemed to have in instinct and diligence, and as his health did not improve, I started taking more and more responsibilities.

Recently, late at night, my mind started to wander a bit. Sitting with my laptop under the verandah, letting the see breeze wash over me in the dead of night, I'd click off of a spreadsheet or email, and onto the internet. I started to let my imagination take over with an erotic story or two; or maybe it was as innocent as browsing facebook, noting the handsome men in my loosely connected network of acquaintances. But either way, between my mental workload taking its toll and my sexual identity was trying to reassert itself, I was looking for an escape without even knowing it.

I finished reading a story, one that told of a surprise encounter: the sexy young woman was blindfolded by her boyfriend on her birthday, only it turned out to not be her boyfriend at all. Deception, surprise, orgasms, and wonderful sexual expression- it made me smile, and offered me that temporary escape. I loved to let my imagination take a stroll in these stories, even if they didn't get me utterly aroused. But as I closed my laptop, I decided to take a stroll of my own.

At the base of the stairs that led down to the rolling lawn, I shed my clothing, walked the expanse of soft grass under my bare feet, and passed through the gate, marveling at the moon's reflection on the gentle waters of the sea as I emerged onto the beach. This never got old, it always felt something close to spiritual to me.

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"Gained a few pounds, haven't you, love?" was the innocuous question David posed to me maybe eight months prior.

It was true, too: without the rigors of nearly daily dancing and entertaining, not to mention a recreational cocaine habit, my tight body had loosened just a bit. Absent the comment, I was honestly happy about it. The extra pounds went to my ass and my thighs, and I saw nothing wrong with little more curve in my sway. There was nobody here to impress, anyway, and I felt healthier. But, getting that critique from David cast it in a very different light, never mind the fact that we weren't even sexually involved anymore.

Defiance won over in the end, and after hours of self-examination in the mirror, I learned to accept my new body all over again, knowing I was damn sexy still. My nude walks were simply a self-affirmation, aside from the sweet sensation of warm wind across every inch of my skin.

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I never walked before midnight, and at that hour, I was virtually assured privacy. The residents in my area rarely visited the beach at all, and those who were still awake were entertaining inside or on their verandahs. The staff had all gone back to the village by then, and those few staffers who were given

quarters were making use of them. It was always just me, the moon, and the waves. But not on that night.

I heard the sounds of their sex just before I cleared an outcropping of rocks, exposing a young black couple in their mid-fuck throes. As I briefly locked eyes with this man, gripping his lover by both ass cheeks, directing her gyrating hips with his cock fully buried within, I saw a fire burning deep inside, conveyed in the deep thrusting each time she lowered herself into his lap. I still have no words for the feeling that was conveyed, but it lit my arousal like a thick fuse on a cherry bomb.

I broke our gaze and turned to walk back in the direction I came from, not even trying to shake the image that was seared into my brain. I embraced it, I savored it, and as strolled along the waterline, I reached a hand between my legs, savoring the long-absent wetness that only increased with the friction of my legs in movement. I passed my gate without realizing it, walking beyond the estates, letting the remnants of the waves wash over my toes as I imagined the myself, for the first time in ages, getting fucked.

I heard their voices before I saw them, and by that time, I was less than fifty feet from them. They were wearing almost nothing- swimsuits, perhaps, and dragging large nets ashore. I could only make out their dark silhouettes against the soft lunar light, speaking in the native patois, which even after all this time, I was lucky to decipher a third of. I knew they were deliberating the proper reaction to the nude white woman who suddenly happened upon their stretch of beach, but beyond that, I was at a loss.

As I got closer to them, the angles of their bodies became apparent. They froze and went silent, staring at me. I stared back at them, gazing at the smooth sable-toned skin shining at the edges from the moonlight, undulating with the contours of their muscles. I walked right up to them, only to have them each take a step back. Their eyes gave away their surprise. One finally spoke.

“Are you okay, woman?”

“I’m fine,” I said. “Just taking a walk.”

“Where are your clothes?” he asked, the hint of a smile coming over his face.

“They’re at my house,” I said. “I like to walk without them, especially on nights like this.”

“She comes to our market,” the other added, allowing his eyes to scan all the way down to my feet, then back up. When I met his gaze, I knew him immediately. The fish merchant!

“So you’re that woman,” the other said, nodding his head.

“I am that woman,” I said.

“She comes scantily-clad,” the fish merchant continued. “Gives us all a good show. Not this good, but quite good. I wondered what was left to the imagination. Now I know.”

They shared a chuckle, but his eyes were hungry. His hands started to reach toward me, then halted. The other man, shorter but stockier, took a step to the side of me, openly gawking at my ass. While I bathed in their attention, my mind kept replying the scene that I stumbled on down the beach.

The girl, a mess of thick black hair and chocolate skin moaning while she gyrated in the lap, and at the mercy, of a hungry grunting man. The memory resets as he sets his sights on me and I turn away. I got wetter by the moment, and the two men stepped closer to me. Did they sense my arousal? In a moment of alarm, I awkwardly bid them goodnight, stepped away, and continued walking.

“Where are you going?” the merchant asked.

“Nowhere, just walking,” I said over my shoulder.

“You will get to St. John’s Burg soon, woman. You will be seen there,” the other man said.

“So what? I just got seen by you too,” I answered, and walked on.

The heat between my legs only increased, begging to be quenched. Each step sent a tingle of pleasure through me. I thought of the men, so dark and beautiful, all alone on the deserted beach. What if I’d fucked them both right then? Who would know? I didn’t even know their names, and that made it even hotter. How often would I have the chance to satisfy this new found desire, especially given how unattracted I was to what passed for eligible bachelors among the stodgy club-goers in my neighborhood. I wanted to feel that hard muscle against my skin, and to be taken by somebody that dirtied their hands a little. I wanted them inside of me.

Unable to resist my imagination any longer, I walked to the edge of the beach, sat against a palm tree in the scrub grass, and sunk a finger into my soaked pussy, lost in the fantasy of me and the two men. I felt so alive, savoring the return of my sexual being, caressing my breast with one hand, and sinking two, then three, fingers into my slit. I buzzed all over as I made love to myself, digging my toes into the cool earth and arching my back off the tree trunk with every wave of pleasure. For every touch that I offered myself, both outside and in, my body craved more.

The warm summer breeze poured across my naked body like another set of gentle hands, muffling my moans and carrying them into the wild forest behind me as it held me exposed to the moonlit sea. My clit was swollen and stimulated like never before, making me shudder as the wind blew across it. Drifting in and out of orgasm, soaked with my own juices and drunk on my own arousal, I barely noticed as the two men came into view on my right, then started toward me.

“You’ve never seen a naked woman before?” I asked, smearing my crotch and inner thighs with my wetness. “Other than a few minutes ago, that is.”

“Aren’t you scared you’ll be seen, woman? I bet there’s a man that is wondering where you are right now,” the merchant said.

“If I was scared I wouldn’t be here, and nobody’s looking for me,” I said. “Is anyone looking for you?”

“We fish at night, but our wives will wonder soon enough,” he answered, exchanging a glance with the other man.

I smeared my crotch and inner thighs with my wetness, looking up at them.

“But I can spare a few minutes, as can Delroy here...if you would like company.”

He sat down, burning a hole into my skin with his eyes, tilting his head to look between my parted legs, watching my bare pussy get penetrated by my fingers. The other man, Delroy, sat down on the other side of me and leaned in.

It was all talk until that moment. These two men were breathing heavier, lusting, and every second that I sat still, arms across my body and legs spread, signaling my willingness to play, the more intense it became. My arousal had strapped me into a runaway train from a chance encounter, and part of me knew how reckless this was. Was it really what I wanted? So slutty, but what the hell, who was going to find out? Not their wives, unless they came looking for them, and David and I slept in different rooms anyway. Nobody was around, and even if I could see the roofs from the village to the west, there was no sound or movement aside from the three of us.

In Jamaica, I was alone, even with all my comforts, and as the merchant reached his big, coarse hand over to cup my breast, I knew I was unable to pass this opportunity up; my body wanted it too badly. I felt my pussy tingle at the prospect of what dangled before me. The warm summer wind sent a shiver through me as it whipped across my erect nipples. I looked at the beautiful, strong men to each side of me, fucking me in my mind and now, about to fuck me in reality too- at least if I had anything to say about it.

He squeezed my breast, sandwiching my nipple between two fingers, and wrapped his other arm behind my back. He whispered how beautiful I was, and how soft and supple my body was; I didn't even know his name. Delroy crawled up to me and brazenly reached a hand between my legs, inserting a finger inside. My pussy flooded with more juices and I spread my legs, opening myself to his touch, and suspending all decision-making in surrender to my desire.

The merchant stood up and removed his shorts, exposing a gorgeous ebony penis. Maybe half-erect and quite generous in size, it pointed toward me like a divining rod. I instinctively reached for it and he took a step closer before dropping to his knees. It had been so long since I felt a cock. I'd forgotten how much I loved the silky smooth skin of the shaft, and the spongy sensation that gave way to a delicious stiffness the more excited he got. I wrapped my hand around it gently, feeling the contours of the head and then the veins, stroking it up to the base then back down to the head, feeling it jump a little each time my fingertips grazed the sweet spot on the underside.

Delroy's hands pinched my clit and rolled my labia between his fingers, sending a shiver radiating through my body. His mouth took my left breast and swirled his tongue across my nipple.

"You suck this," the merchant said, gruffly.

Without hesitation, I leaned over and took him into my mouth, wrapping my lips around his swollen head and slathering all sides of it with his tongue. He let out a low, throaty groan and planted a hand on the back of my head, guiding me further down on his shaft. Remembering old techniques, I relaxed my throat, realizing that he had every intention of making me deep throat him. The faint tang of seawater mixed with the familiar saltiness of male skin, making me ever thirstier as I slurped on his thick, erect shaft.

The fingers in my pussy fucked me harder- sometimes one, sometimes three. I moaned uncontrollably, threatening to make me gag on the big dick lodged halfway into my throat. I pushed his hand away, only to feel it replaced by his mouth in addition to his fingers. I gagged, but the hand on my head was unrelenting.

He grunted something in patois that got a laugh from Delroy, then told me, "Keep sucking it, sexy white woman. Don't stop!"

Delroy's supple lips pressed tight around my clit and he sucked hard, then flicked his tongue across it, driving me quickly over the edge. I couldn't breathe, both from the orgasm and from the throat-fucking that the merchant was forcing on me. Finally my hands pushed me free and I came up for air, gasping in mid-orgasm, with the mouth between my legs refusing to give way. I pushed against his head, but

he gripped my ass tightly from behind, holding me in place as my upper body thrashed, finally coming to rest flat on my back.

The two men chattered in their dialect, then Delroy eased me up and onto my hands and knees, right in front of the same big cock that I just dislodged from my mouth a moment before. Behind me, I felt the hot sensation of Delroy's cock, probing between my legs before wiggling into my opening and pushing forward, taking my breath away all over again. He slid in easily, but the sensation of being stretched from the inside, penetrated for the first time in a year and a half, was overwhelming. I gasped, both fearing and delighting in the sudden mass invading me from behind. He backed out, then thrust all the way in again, stretching me anew with each stroke.

I licked and stroked the merchant's cock, unable to even contemplate the same rough face-fuck as before while I got it doggy-style. I savored all of the heat that surrounded me, breaking me into a sweat: the hot dick in my hands, the body slapping into my ass from behind while he fucked me, the inner bonfire of my arousal, and the warm summer air all around us. This is what was meant by hot sex!

I looked up at the merchant, locking his eyes with mine, the same as I'd done all those times at the market, only now I held the gaze. I wanted to taste his lips and feel the weathered lines on his rugged face. I raised up on my knees and our faces met, tongues slipping past each other into open mouths, slurping loudly in the quiet night.

Delroy caught up behind me, reinserting himself into me and vigorously thrusting, filling the air with the clap of my ample ass against his groin, drowning out our wet kiss. He gripped my hips at each side, occasionally letting go of one side to slap my cheek, leaving a delicious burn after each impact.

"I love this juicy ass, mon! 'Tis perfection!" Delroy exalted to his friend, who didn't bother to break the deep soul kiss that we shared.

I reached between my legs to massage my clit and feel the shaft saw in and out of my slit, allowing the merchant's hands to explore all over me. I wanted more of him. I wanted to feel his big cock inside me, stretching me further than I already was. I wanted him to fuck me. I told him so as I pressed him backward and onto his back.

The merchant's body was rock hard, no doubt built upon years of daily labor, and without a cent of help from Gold's Gym or a personal trainer.

"Do you want to fuck me?" I cooed into his ear, to which he silently nodded, caressing my back.

My tits hung down, grazing my nipples across his chest as I reached down between us, gripping his cock and positioning my hips up to accept him.

“So all those times you fucked me with your eyes,” I said, staring into them for emphasis, “now you finally get to do it with your cock.”

Just as I felt the massive head start to press between my folds, he lifted me back up and set me down on his chest, sandwiching my tits against him and putting us face to face again.

“Not yet, woman” he said in that lilting accent that I always found so pleasant.

And no sooner than he said that, I felt Delroy’s cock re-enter me, and he resumed the ass-smack as he pounded me from on top. The merchant’s cock pressed into my lower belly, held between us by the pressure of Delroy’s thrusting. I loved the hard fucking I was getting, but savored the gentle throb of the monster trapped between us as we kissed and groped each other.

With a quick “my turn,” Delroy pulled out, and again I felt the merchant’s shaft pressing into my mound, this time splitting my lips wide as he slipped into my pussy. My hips ached for him, and my hands pressed into his chest, lowering myself down. I gasped, savoring the sensation of my pussy getting stretched in every direction.

I imagined my pink lips stretched tight as his black stick invaded me, and felt another wave of fluid release around his cock at the thought. We both moaned at the tight sensation of the other, and I lifted up before sinking back down again. As my thighs lowered all the way down to his body, I felt a sharp pain inside, yelped, and popped back up, letting his dong slip out and rest against his body again.

“Hit the bottom, yeah woman?” he asked.

Without responding, I reinserted him and again lowered myself onto him, this time arching my back and cocking my hips back, allowing me to fuck him without it hitting my cervix. Through more than a little pain, but far overshadowed by an avalanche of pent-up passion, I worked his big dick, clapping my ass against the top of his legs as I thrust down on him, meeting his hips jerking upward. It was a desperate fuck, the kind that only the virile yet sex-deprived man can offer. His hands squeezed my ass, pressing me to bury his cock deep into my pussy over and over. I moved my hips in a circle as he thrust upward, letting him hit every nerve-ending deep within.

He grazed the back of my pussy, triggering another climax. I screamed out, then lost my breath, lifting off of his cock and writhing against his body, my hand pressed against my buzzing pussy and clit. His

hand replaced mine, and was shortly replaced by Delroy's cock, again knocking on the door and pushing his way in. He fucked me vigorously, almost violently, gripping me tightly at the hips and ramming ever faster, cursing in ecstasy. I moaned out, digging my fingers into the merchant's shoulder's, holding on for dear life.

"This ass is delicious, woman. I want it!" he hollered, pulling out of my pussy then pushing past my tiny anal opening, slipping through on the slick lubrication that covered his cock.

I screamed, unable to speak through the flash of pain that racked my body and mind. He pulled out, then pushed further in. The burning was intense and I cocked my hips upward for a better angle, drooling on the merchant's dark chest as Delroy ass-fucked me, his hands steadying me at the waist as he aimed his dick down and in. I felt so slutty, finding such dirty, twisted pleasure in this pain; so pleased to be so exposed, so vulnerable. I was the stranger getting fucked, playing with my clit, rubbing on my swollen and soaked pussy, begging for him to keep fucking me in my ass.

The man underneath me squeezed my nipples, and I stroked his cock with my free hand as I felt Delroy's hold on my waist slip back to my hips and tighten again. His groans turned to low grunts, and just as he told me he was going to cum, he thrust all the way in, and pumped his semen deep into my belly. I could feel him twitching, holding himself within me until he had given me all he had. With a sigh, he backed away, leaving a burning, reamed ass full of cum, exposed to the sea breeze.

The merchant man underneath turned me onto my back, slipped his cock inside, and began to fuck me in long slow strokes. My pussy tightening around his thick shaft was enhanced by the sensation of Delroy's cum beginning to leak out of my ass. He lifted my legs up and over my shoulders, and fucked me hard, making me cry out and pressing my body into the soft grass with every thrust. I moved my hips, desperate to take him deeper, oblivious to the cramping I'd surely feel the next morning from having my womb tapped over and over by the deep-dicking I was receiving. The obscene slurps of excess fluid and trapped air added to the thick aroma of sex that lingered between us despite the breeze, and coaxed another orgasm to the surface.

I began to spasm, breathless, and tried to free my sensitive pussy from the cock that was screwing it into the fertile island soil, but to no avail. The squishing sound got louder as he pumped me harder, and I moaned loudly as soon as I caught my breath. His grunts deepened and his strokes shortened; I reached back to grip his ass, knowing he wouldn't hold out much longer. With a low groan, he let my legs down to either side of him, then picked me up, setting me upright in his lap.

We kissed deeply while I gyrated my hips atop him, holding his shaft inside and fucking him with the tight walls of my pussy, just like I'd seen in that chance moment of discovery down the beach. His breath halted and his groin tightened, then he gripped my ass as his dick throbbed, fully buried inside

me. He moaned as his cock pulsed and released a fountain of hot cum, splashing, then pouring, deep into my pussy . I wrapped my legs tightly around him and moved my hips, coaxing more of his seed out with each pulse, feeling his muscles tense, then relax, kissing his lips, his cheeks, his neck. I held myself on his lap for a long time, letting his thick softening penis remain inside me.

Coming down from the high, resting against the merchant’s chest, I noticed an orange glow, and saw Delroy leaning against a nearby palm, smoking a joint.

“I hope you enjoy, woman,” he said with sleep-like relaxation.

Just when I was about to test my wobbly knees and lift off of the merchant’s lap, I saw a black couple walk past us on the beach. The man looked at me, and in an instant, I knew those eyes, and he knew mine. We shared a smile as he turned around and continued toward the village with his partner.

When I stood up, I felt thin streams of cum seep from both holes, joining in a single rivulet down my left thigh. We shared the joint until we smoked it down to the roach, relaxing under the glow of the Caribbean moon. The warm breeze washed across our faces as we sat facing the ocean, savoring the silent afterglow of our dirty, sexy chance encounter.

Eager to cleanse myself, I ran into the ocean, feeling the gentle waves splash against me as I rushed into deeper water. The merchant followed me in, playfully dunking me a couple of times as I tried to elude him. I tread water for a few moments, enjoying the warm ocean waters in silence before swimming ashore. Wading back onto the beach, I noticed that both men were gone. The beach was desolate as far as I could see in either direction. Until I felt between my legs, I wondered for a moment if I’d imagined the whole thing.

Slipping back inside the gate, re-entering the world of trust-funds, generational wealth, and detachment, I smiled, knowing it was a good walk out in the real world. The next day there would be staff personnel issues, a stack of paperwork, management of David's medicine, and whatever else cropped up. I'd needed that walk and everything that happened along the way. With the summer just getting started, I also knew there might be more just like it to come.