

Two Lonely

By LadyX

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A sexy free spirit meets a hungry lost soul.

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"Seriously? Forty-five minutes from the house, you decide not to start? Just like that? Come on!" I pleaded at the dashboard, which stared blankly back at me, both of us cooking under the harsh July afternoon sun. For what must have been fifteen minutes I turned the key in the ignition, over and over, and each time my 20-year-old BMW compact car was obviously no closer to starting. For now, I was ignoring the fact that it had been sluggish to start for the entire trip to South Florida, worsening as recently as that morning, and chose to be simply indignant of its inability to motor me off this asphalt sea and provide me with an air-conditioned trip northward. I was banging my palms against the steering wheel with what little energy I had left when I heard your voice, completely unaware of your approach until you were standing less than a foot from my car door. "Not wanting to cooperate, is she?" you said. I took a deep breath, then exhaled, leaning back into my seat. "Nope, she's not," I answered. "Well, sounds like it's not your battery...ever had problems with your alternator?" you asked, getting only a non-committal grunt from me as I removed the key from the ignition then quickly jammed it in again. "Doesn't sound like the engine...but it also doesn't sound like it's gonna start for you..." "No idea what's going on, but I'm a long way from where I'm staying, and my car has to work-that's all there is to it," I finally said, again trying in vain to get the engine to turn over. A few moments of silence hung in the air before you asked if I wanted you to look under the hood. With nothing to lose, and my normal apprehension for strangers disabled by heat exhaustion, I popped it open without a reply, and you took a look. Occasionally you asked me to turn the key, but never with different results. I was frustrated, but woozy. I really needed some water; the South Florida summer sun was no joke, and I'd failed to bring any water with me at all. You offered me some of yours from your cooler, and I remember how cool and wonderful it felt going down my throat. You opened both front doors of my car, allowing the afternoon breeze to pass across me as you knelt next to me, asking if there was anyone I could call. I shook my head. I was three days into my stay here, and didn't know a soul. Not expecting to need to call or hear from anybody, I didn't even bring my phone. If I weren't overheated and drowsy, I'd be seriously scolding myself for leaving me at the mercy of some random stranger like you, who seemed nice enough, but still... You called a tow truck, and took the tow-trucker's advice for my uncooperative car to be taken to a local import repair shop. From your front seat, letting the air conditioning wash across me, I gazed through the windshield at my car being

rolled away, the salt haze on the glass catching just enough light to cast everything slightly blurry and blue. "Listen Kiddo, I could take you to the repair shop, but they probably won't even get around to looking at it until tomorrow. Plus, you need to be someplace cool where you can lay down. I can just drive you home, and you can even call and give somebody all my info if you need to. But I can't leave you here, and it's a long walk to anywhere else, and you're in no shape for that. So, how about it?" I didn't even know your name, but knew a walk anywhere from here was a bad idea, just as you said. Against reasonable judgment or the novel idea of calling a taxi from your phone, I agreed, introducing myself as we pulled onto Collins Avenue, the blue Atlantic Ocean on my right. "Thanks. I'm Maya, by the way. And do you know how far you just volunteered to take me?" I asked, finally replenished with enough water and cool shade to be a bit playful. "Nice to meet you Maya, and that's a pretty name. I'm Daniel, and no, I have no idea where I'm taking you- Daytona Beach? Atlanta?" I looked at you, noticing your eyes for the first time when you glanced over in my direction. You were older, probably mid-forties judging from the graying hair on your head and body- but your eyes, smiling back at me in jest, weren't old eyes; they had life to them. That was the first thing, other than the fact that I was in the car with a strange man dressed only in a towel, that I really noticed about you. "Haha, not quite, Daniel. I'm staying in Boca Raton. Sure you still want to drive me all the way up there?" You told me that you actually lived well past there, near West Palm Beach, but occasionally made the hour-and-change trip to North Miami because it was the closest nude beach. You, like lots of people, were a nudist at heart, stifled by lack of opportunity to really go nude that often in places other than your house. You told me about the work you did, which consumed your life before everything crashed. You got out with enough money to care for yourself and your family, but without the daily motivation of your own business, you'd lost your way. The loss of your routine had given you the free time to go to a nude beach on a weekday; but even with that free time, you'd only come today on a whim. I told you about my childhood, spent mostly in nudist colonies before my parents split and I went on to live my teenage years in government-assisted apartments, going to high school, and working as much as I could in order to help pay bills. It was like I lived two different childhoods, and ever since I left my mom and went on my own- escaped, as I prefer to put it- I think back to the colonies as a time when I got every shred of calmness that's in me, the calmness that has allowed me to survive when nothing whatsoever around me was calm. Naturally, after two whole days of unlimited cable TV, internet surfing on leather couches, and solitary time on the beach, yet nobody to talk to, the thoughts in my head surrounded me and only got louder by the hour. I needed serenity, somewhere I could be me and be comfortable. I found out where the nearest nude beach was, and the rest was history. You told me more about yourself in that 50 minute drive than I know about at least a third of the people I'd call friends. I wasn't uncomfortable with it; in fact, it felt right, and warm of you. I didn't realize what it was I actually felt about it until the next day: slightly charmed. "You live here? Seriously?" you asked with a half-chuckle, as if I'd pulled your leg by directing you into a random wealthy person's driveway. "No, I don't live here- but I am staying here for a week while my aunt and uncle are in Spain," I answered. "They wanted a house-sitter, I wanted the hell out of Dallas for a week, and we struck a deal. I get to live in a big nice house on the beach, and they get peace of mind knowing somebody's

feeding their dogs and watering their plants." "So have you sworn your neighbors to secrecy about the big parties you throw while you're here? I'm sure both guys and girls would come for miles to hang out with somebody with your looks in a location like this," you say, scanning the two-story edifice of the house. I rolled my eyes. "No, actually, I'm here to escape the every-night parties for a while. Besides, I don't know anyone here. The next door neighbors have two sons who stare at me and flirt badly, but other than that, I've literally spoken to convenience store clerks more than anyone in Florida...except for you, of course," I said, smirking at you before cutting my eyes down to collect my bag. "Sounds good. Now go drink some more water, and stay out of the sun today, okay?" I nodded my head, and gave you my number so you could let me know about my car when the guy called you back. You said you'd text me; I told you to call instead. "So what are you going to do with the rest of the day, Daniel?" "I have no idea," you answered, shaking your head so softly it was barely visible. "Might go walk around at Barnes & Noble, maybe grab a burger. Got a few hours before I need to be home with my family," you said, then pausing for a few seconds. "Nothing this exciting, that's for sure." "As exciting as giving somebody a ride home from the beach? Damn, Daniel, that's pretty fucking sad," I said, punctuating it with a playful smile as I exited your car door and shut it behind me. "No denying that, Maya. My life is sad sometimes- but meeting you was great," you said, your voice trailing as I walked away. "Call me!" I yelled over my shoulder, looking back at you before disappearing around the corner, knowing you'd wonder what exactly I meant by that as you made your way out of the beachside enclave and toward the expressway. *** The next day, I was well into a daiquiri-induced mid-afternoon bender under the poolside trellis when my phone rang from an area code that I didn't recognize. I answered anyway. "Uhm...hello?" "Maya, this is Daniel...the guy who-" "I know who you are Daniel," I said, cutting you off as I reached for my drink, grinning slightly. "Oh, good...well you did say to call you...and I also heard back from the repair shop." "Oh really?" I said. "Is the car gonna live?" "It's gonna live, Maya. New alternator, it will be done tomorrow, can't get to it before then. Will that work for you?" "Well I don't really have a choice, now do I?" I said. "I think I'll survive for another day here in millionaire's paradise though, so it's okay." You chuckled in response then you reached a little bit. "Need me to bring you anything? How about a forty-something boy-toy? Got any need for that?" "Hmm...that's a hell of an offer, but I'm not sure I'd call that a 'need'. I could use a meal out, though. Wanna go grab something?" "When?" you asked. "How about lunch tomorrow? Unless you have other plans." "Nope, not a thing," you answer. "Besides, I was going to take you to pick up your car, anyway. If you can tolerate me, we'll just leave from there." "I've tolerated worse. See you at noon, Daniel," I said then hung up before you could respond. *** "Can I take a drink order while you take a look at the menu?" the waiter asked, eyes fixed on his notepad. "Ma'am?" "Yes, thank you. I'll take a Grey Goose on the rocks, please." The waiter's eyes met mine as I ordered. "Can I see your I.D. please, ma'am?" "Oh, I think I left it at the house, honey!," I said to you after a moment of feigned search for my purse, before turning back to the waiter. "I can never remember to bring my purse with me when we go out...but he's my husband, you can check his I.D. if you'd like." The waiter cracked a slight smile and looked at you, smiling blankly right back at him. "That's okay, sir, I'll gladly bring your wife a drink. And what can I bring for you?" "Uhm...I'll have the

same," you said, then diverted your face into the menu. "Okay then, I'll get those started. I'll be back in a few minutes to take your order. If you need anything my name is Brian." "Thanks Brian," I said, coaxing out that same smile as he walked back toward the kitchen. "Ah, so you're a Grey Goose man," I said, nodding knowingly, and grinning. "Well played, right?" You smile, twirling your water glass by the stem. "You're not twenty-one, are you?" you ask. "Only two years short, but...like it matters anyway," I said. "I can handle a drink or two, always could, even when I was like 13. I see 60 year old men that can't handle a drink- so it's not an age thing, that's for sure. Besides, you look like you could use a drink, and I'd never make a man drink alone." "I seem stressed?" you ask. "You have a lot on your mind, that's all I'm saying. Relax!" I say, lightly slapping the table with a smile for emphasis. "I definitely have a lot on my mind, Maya," you said, again twirling the water glass before stopping yourself. "But I'll do my best to relax." There's something about me that doesn't tend to relax people, though; and I knew that you were a good example of that. I knew I kept you on your toes at all times, but I also knew that you were loving it, even though it, and I, made you nervous. You needed more nervousness in your life, to shake you from your slumber. I knew I was making you stir. *** We were in your car, about to pull into traffic, when you decided to call the repair shop, just to make sure the car would be ready to pick up. I could tell from the conversation that it wasn't, and you confirmed that it would be another day before a separate, minor part they claimed to need would arrive by mail, and two days until the car would be ready. We stopped at the grocery store so I could pick up a few basic things, since I'd be holed up for a while longer without a car. I really didn't mind, though. I had everything I needed minus some limes, salsa, and tanning oil. "Got more oil now, sunny day- I think I'll be nude for awhile," I said, looking out the window at a group of boys gazing into the windows of parked cars as they passed. "No use being inside on a day like today, and no use wearing anything when it's so damn hot out." "Sounds like a plan," you said. "But we're going the wrong direction for that, beautiful." "Beautiful?" I grinned. "You subtle flatterer, you. I'm not talking about the nude beach, silly; I'm talking about the pool where I'm staying- at the house." "Oh, naturally...mind if I join you?" you asked. I let the words hang in the air for a moment, just to playfully savor the tension before answering. "Of course, Daniel- we're friends, and fellow nudists at heart, how could I turn you down for that? Let's catch some rays," I said. "You obviously could use it." I smirked, waiting for you to catch my tease, which you did immediately. You were getting used to me by then. I half-heartedly walked you through the house, more than a little uncomfortable parading and showing off my relatives' wealth as if it meant something. You caught on to that though, and didn't linger anywhere, but just followed instead. You responded stronger to the pool area in the back, which is my favorite part of the house too. The pool is large and rectangle, with the house at one end and a gated opening in the stone property wall on the other. The water reflects a stunning bluish-green hue, looking like the cool oasis that it is, surrounded by the blinding white concrete decking on a sunny day like that one. To one side of the pool are deck chairs and lounges, and the other are cushioned outdoor sofas and a daybed, shaded by a large trellis, covered in vines and cooled by two constantly-running ceiling fans. "When I'm outside, and I'm not swimming or sunning, I'm sitting right over there," I said, gesturing to the furniture under the trellis. "But for now, it's sun time." I set my bag down on a chaise

lounger and removed my shirt, then unbuttoned my shorts and wiggled them down past my hips, letting them drop to the concrete surface. I saw you pretend to keep busy situating your items on the next lounge over, but knew you were watching every move I made through your sunglasses. I was only in my bra and thong panties when I slipped off my sandals, then reached behind me to unclasp my bra strap. The feeling of releasing my breasts from confinement, especially in the hot sun, was one that I always savored. I loved the way bright sunlight beating down on my skin seemed to sizzle it immediately and made my nipples tingle from the light and heat. I looked at you, only to find you completely frozen in place, looking at me, mouth slightly open. My sunglasses were off, and I peered into yours and smiled. "I'm sorry, Maya- I shouldn't stare, I just-" "Daniel, relax. I'm not embarrassed about my body, look as much as you want, and I know you want to, so what's the problem? It's not like I won't look your body over when you're undressed...unless your dick is tiny then it'll be a bit awkward, granted." "That's it, I'm not taking anything off!," you laughed with mock-annoyance. "Kidding! I'm kidding," I said, laughing back at you then pushing my thong all the way down my legs before stepping out of it, hooking it with my toes, and tossing it out of the way. It felt good to be watched by you, knowing it was all in admiration, but also more than a little bit of desire. I turned around and bent over to pick the bottle of tanning oil up off the decking, leaving nothing to your imagination in the process. I could swear I heard you groan just ever so slightly as I rose back up and turned around. "Okay, show's over, and you're still completely dressed. You're just gonna have to catch up with me," I said, walking quickly toward the back gate that leads onto the beach. "You're going out there like that?" you said, laughing. "I'm pretty sure this isn't a nude beach, otherwise we'd have never even met." "Of course it's not a nude beach, you think I care? See you out there!" I yelled back at him as I opened the gate, made my way past a small thicket of bushes and palms, and sprinted across the width of the beach and into the warm surf. I could hear your voice calling out as I high-stepped through the ankle-, then knee-deep waters, going further and further out. I looked back to see you running across the sand as I splashed past the breakers, pleasantly surprised by your shape, remembering that I'd seen those legs and that torso before, just not what was between them. I greeted you by swimming underwater to take your legs out from underneath you, followed by you wrangling me into your arms and tossing me several feet into deeper water. You were there for me to latch onto, though, and when I climbed up on your back and leaned against you, wrapping my arms and legs around you to allow you to steady both of us, a truce was understood. We were no longer nudists- just a couple of heads bobbing just beyond the surf in the Florida Atlantic, where nobody would see us unless they looked for us. Silently, we gazed back at the shoreline, both conscious that our problems- almost all of them hidden inside, numerous but unspoken- waited there to cloak us again as soon when we returned. I try many things and many places in life to shed my past and my loneliness, and as we rose and fell together with the rolling waves, I knew that you were the exact same way. Nudity is as close as some of us get, and even that doesn't disrobe all that we wish to be free of all the time. But, it's better than just being one lonely bee in the big hive, every and all day. After a long trance in the water, we walked casually out and back toward the house gate, jeered by an older couple ("have some decency, folks- this isn't a nude beach, for god's sake!"), and by the two

college-aged boys next door ("no wonder you won't talk to us, you're into guys our Dad's age, haha!") before disappearing into the thicket and back into the seclusion of the back patio. *** We laid underneath the blinding light of the mid-afternoon sun in adjacent chaise lounges, partially reclined, oriented to face each other rather than have both face the same direction. I was heavily greased head-to-toe in a coconut-based oil, while you went with an SPF-something bottle that I managed to dig out of the laundry room. I was happy to get your back covered where you could not reach, and you did the same then offered to go ahead and get me covered in other areas too. It was a nice surprise to be pampered by hands that knew how to grip and how to touch. They weren't too rough, but they weren't too hesitant either. You carefully but thoroughly covered my hips, front and side, then worked your way down, taking one leg at a time in both hands, wrapping them around and across the shifting curves and muscles as you slid down from my upper thighs to my ankles. Your fingers then caressed every inch of my feet, working the oil into all sides and even between my toes. And all the while, I leaned back, looking up at the sky through dark sunglasses, and enjoyed the attention. When you were done, you leaned back as well, exhaled, and smiled. I left my foot to rest on your upper leg, noticing the contrast in tone and hue between our two bodies. "Three days ago, if I'd come back from the future to tell myself I'd be spending Thursday afternoon sunning myself poolside in the nude with a stunning nineteen-year-old woman, I think I'd go ahead and get my head checked," you said, your head leaned slightly in my direction. "You wouldn't have it any other way would you? I know what I offer here in the way of a pool and a non-nude beach is modest, but I'm guessing you've got no regrets," I said, smiling at you. "Beautiful, I'm surprised that the word 'modest' is even in your vocabulary," you said. "I admire you for how open and ease you are; and no I don't have any regrets at all about today...not yet anyway." "Well, we'll just have to work on that," I said, noticing every few seconds the movements in your penis, from fully limp when we sat down to what looked like about 'half-mast'-plump just then, quivering just a little bit if I watched it close enough. It lay invitingly in the crease between your torso and your leg, growing toward your hip as your imagination started to get the better of you. I could see it in how you breathed and where you looked. Your sunglasses hid nothing; your mouth and your cock were giving it all away. "Nah, I don't think I'd regret anything about this," you said. "I'm enjoying myself too much to regret it." "I can see that," I said, then slid my foot up your leg until I had your cock pinned against your body with the underside of it. You jumped a little in surprise, then I pressed it harder into you, feeling your spongy girth pulse and harden to further life under the ball of my foot. Stretching one leg over to where you were gave you a perfect view in between. Your arousal fueled mine, and I felt that first sensation of moving air passing over moist skin between my legs; just a hint at first, then more as I saw the effect I was having on you, too. I stood your cock straight up against your belly, both of us watching as I rubbed the sole of my foot along the length of it. You watched, hands still at your sides as if bound, as my toes curled around your head then parted again each time they reached the top and descended again. You put enough oil on my feet to make your cock shine in the sun just from what rubbed off. My smooth, curved skin slipped smoothly along your fully erect shaft, feeling the contours of your glans and veins against my toes as they raked downward, over and over. I watched your legs tense ever so slightly, and your chest rise

and fall harder with each breath. I shifted to stretch both legs out toward you, holding your cock between my feet, squeezing and caressing every inch of it all the way around. Finally, your hands came out, caressing my ankles and feet as I stroked you with them, then pulled me toward you by the calves. "Done relaxing?" I asked, pulling my legs from your grip so I could climb over to you. I took the bottle of oil and poured it on your chest, allowing it to dribble more yet as I passed it over your cock and your upper legs. "You better watch out or you'll burn," I said, then I straddled your legs, took your cock in my hand, and began to stroke it. I rubbed the oil into your hairy chest with the other hand, watching it glisten in the sun. Your hands explored my body, groping and pulling at my breast, pressing into my sides, desperate to hold me but still just out of my reach as I stroked your cock. A hand reached underneath me, probing my bare mound before pressing a single finger inside. I drew my breath in sharply as that initial rush of nerves radiated out from my pussy. I was wet; and the sun, the oil, the heat, and the sweat, only made me wetter. One finger was joined by another, and we both listened to each other, savoring the heavy breathing and the slick sounds of wet skin- my hand stroking your engorged dick, and your fingers between my legs, squeezing, pressing, entering, and curling, again and again. But still you wanted me closer, pulling me by your free hand, pressing against the front wall of my insides with the other. Something more had just been awakened within you. You were no longer just stirring, you were up and hungry. You held me with both hands around the waist, lifted me up, and pulled me against you. I sat up, casting a shadow over your head and chest, my slick pussy sliding against your shaft. I listened to you groan as I shifted my weight atop you, making your thick erection slip around between my legs, and feeling the raised edge of your shaft press against my wet, swollen folds. You pulled me down so you could take my breast into your mouth- nibbling my nipples, then roughly sucking as much of my breast as possible before releasing it and groping it again. I pulled your sunglasses off and tossed them aside, then did the same with my own. I needed to see your desire for myself, and when I did, I knew what was coming next. You pulled me tight to you, pressing my breasts into your chest, and lifted me up. My lips met yours, our mouths opened, and I found myself engaged in my first deep kiss in months. Your hand fumbled underneath my thighs, and my pussy buzzed in anticipation. I felt the hot skin of your glans graze across my soaked vulva, but I held myself in place, only teasing you with the possibility, savoring the tension. Your hips, wedged between my knees, lifted up, pressing the warmth of your head against my opening. I broke the kiss. "You want this, Daniel?" I purred, our mouths less than an inch apart. You didn't answer- at least not verbally. I wrapped my arms around your head and spread my legs open, hooking my feet underneath your knees and against the inside of your legs. Our tongues tangled together, and we groaned into each others' mouths as you lowered my body onto yours, feeling your cock slip past my folds and push into me, inch by inch. I broke the kiss again, sinking my head into your neck, and nibbling into the skin. "Oh my god," you groaned, so lowly I'd never make it out if your mouth weren't inches from my ear. I pushed my hips back, then forward, then pulled myself up, savoring the feeling of having you just inside me, before pushing myself back down again. Your hips pushed up from below, sending your shaft an extra bit deeper each time I lowered myself down. My body slipped freely against yours in the excess oil. The smack of wet skin got louder as our

rhythm got faster. You pumped into me from below with all that you had, holding me tight as if I might try to escape. I rolled my hips around your shaft, giving myself a corkscrew-like sensation with each downward thrust. You began to fuck me with increasing force from below, never loosening your grip on my body, my tits mashed into your chest and my moans getting more high-pitched by the movement. Never before had I been so dominated during sex while being on top, but your much larger and much stronger body was unleashing all it had through your hips, purging frustration, anger, and resentment in the best way that you knew how: by banging the shit out of the mysterious young woman that wandered into your life just two days prior. I never made it a secret that I was a little taken by you, for reasons that I could never really explain. You made me comfortable, seemed familiar, and gave me something to conquer, yet set free for my enjoyment, all at once. The heaviness of our breathing, the loudness of our moans, and the slippery smacking of our bodies all increased by the second, like a runaway train that was going to jump the rails sooner than later. You were jamming every inch you had into me in quick strokes, keep it mostly inside at all times. Your pubic bone mashed against my clit, getting me to the verge of orgasm, and your legs moved so much my feet lost their grip, giving me no leverage against you. You groaned and pulled me off of your cock, taking deep breaths before sitting up in the lounge. "Not yet", you whispered huskily, then lifted me onto your lap, your throbbing cock wedged between us. "Fuck," I thought, "Just as I was about to cum, too..." I lifted up on wobbly knees, took your shaft in my hand, and guided it in as I sunk down into your lap again, wrapping my legs around your waist. We grinned at each other, both knowing the calm would last maybe three more seconds before I began pumping on your cock, rolling my hips with each stroke, smiling as I made that 'smack' of our oiled bodies crashing together. I reached a hand between us to stroke my clit, finally bringing myself off, and draping my other arm behind your back to hold me up as the wave crashed over me. Your hips insistently pushed up while I convulsed in your lap, faster than before. Your hands gripped my ass, one on each side, and your body started to tighten. Once again, I knew what was coming. I leaned into your ear and whispered the dirtiest talk you could ever imagine anyone coming up with, all while fucking you in your lap. Your grunts spurred me on, slamming my ass down with each stroke, making our collisions even louder. The smell in the air was nothing but coconut oil and wet fuck. I told you how big your cock felt in my pussy, and how I could feel every inch of you inside of me, stretching me, about to lose control. I told you how much better this was than anything you thought possible, that you own this pussy. I asked if your wife could do 'this', then clamped my kegels down on your cock, releasing, then clamping again. Your hands gripped my ass even harder. Your body tensed ever tighter. I clamped down again, and your hips bucked harder. I clamped down again, crying out, about to cum in your arms and on your dick. "Ungh..." You groaned so deeply, reverberating it through both of us. I felt your body shake in a long exhale just as your cock inflated inside of me, streaming spurt after spurt of semen deep within. Your grip on my buttocks was not relenting, both hands squeezing tightly. I felt you pulsate along your shaft, pumping me full everything your body could muster. You leaned back on the reclined end of the chaise lounge, and I feel forward as well, resting against your chest. Both of our bodies were shaking- aftershocks of a major quake- and I seemed to rise several inches with you every time you inhaled.

"Oh fuck...how the hell did that just happen?" you asked with a laugh as I ran my fingers through your graying chest hair. "Easy. You made it happen, and you let it happen," I said, still catching my breath. "Besides, don't be like that, you knew I liked you...still do, too." "God, woman, I don't ever want to not be inside of you," you said in a throaty groan, pushing your softening cock deeper into me, prolonging the inevitable. Your hands softly kneaded my ass and caressed my back, holding me tight to you. A few minutes later, you softened enough to finally slip out of me. A thick stream of fluid followed shortly behind, dripping from my still-buzzing lips. "So...are you-" "Yes I'm on birth control," I said, smiling, knowing what question was coming. "I only take it like three days a week, but I'm a really small girl, so that should be plenty...don't you think?" I felt you hold your breath with that last comment, but I couldn't let you sweat for long, at least not any more than you already were. "Just kidding, Daniel," I said. "Don't worry about anything like that. Don't worry about anything at all. It's not allowed." My fingernails raked lightly along your side. "I only worry about one thing, beautiful: you getting overheated again. Let's go under the shade," you said, lifting me up and then leading me around the pool. My legs felt bowed and unsteady, just like they always do after a good fuck. We lay under the shade and the running fans, and you went to get both of us water from inside. I felt that same sensation of cold liquid washing my parched insides, and soon afterward began to drift to sleep, nestled under your arm and leaned into your chest. I dreamed that I wasn't alone in the world, but who it was that accompanied me through all of its challenges never became known. Your phone intruded on my dream, and in a matter of seconds it woke me up. It was a custom ring, the kind you assign to somebody. I had no idea what the song was, but I knew who was calling. You looked at the phone, sighed, and gently lifted up, nudging my head onto the pillow that you just gave up. "I've got to run, Kiddo," you said. "I don't have time to take a shower, I think I'll just take a dip right here in the pool...no need to get up." I watched your figure- older, yes, but strong, and now familiar to me- as you dove into the deep water, gliding silently under the blue surface before emerging at the far wall. You walked out, grabbed a towel to dry off with, picked up your clothes from a chair near a door to the house, and ambled back in my direction. I watched, perfectly relaxed, nude, and stretched out on the daybed, as you dressed yourself. You sat down beside me before leaving, surveying and admiring one last time. "Why didn't they have girls like you when I was your age?" you asked, running your hands through my raven tresses. "You did, baby," I replied. "You probably slept with a few of them, too. But now you're married, and this life that I live in- It seems unreal to you now, an illusion. I'm a mirage that will disappear in a few days, and I won't be real to you past that. But it's only a matter of perspective. I can't imagine what it's like to have a wife and kid; I don't know how you do that, either." "You just do," you sighed, giving me a weary smile. "Ah, your enthusiasm knows no bounds," I said, sitting up to wrap my legs and arms around you from behind. "Forgive me for not rushing into anything like that- I don't see a lot of people that are happier for it." "If you find happiness, hang onto it, Maya," you said, turning your head toward mine. "Keep your eyes on it- because one day it may disappear." I reached forward to kiss you, holding my lips pressed to yours, feeling the thick, graying hair of your beard in my palm as I raised it to caress your face. "That's probably true, Daniel," I said, my lips still grazing yours as I spoke softly. But it's never too far to find it again. Most don't even

try...but I know you will." "I'll do what I can," you said, kissed me, then stood up and walked toward the door. "Hey," I called out as you opened the door to leave. "Text me to let me know if you can give me a ride to the shop. Still stuck here in millionaire's paradise, you know." You chuckled, looking back at me. "Call me!" you shouted over your shoulder. Then you were gone. I fell asleep again, only this time it was a different dream. I dreamed of all the people I knew, but I wasn't with any of them; I was alone. I was strong, able, courageous, and even happy- but alone, which is exactly the way I usually feel when I'm awake, too.