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Beach Whispers

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Chapter Title Page

Love September

*"It is absolutely gorgeous here and I feel like
I have the whole beach to myself. This is why I love September."*

Tricia massaged her toes by repeatedly pushing them into the warm white sand. She pressed her cell phone to her ear and glanced out at the calm blue ocean that sparkled reflections of the sun like the twinkling of nighttime stars. She loved this time of the year. Two days had passed since Labor Day and it felt like a different world now that the with all the crowds and traffic were gone.

She listened absently to Sheila chat about a high-end pool party she recently attended. A lot of it was the same stuff: what people wore, the watches and jewelry that decorated necks and wrists, the cars they drove. Sheila was impressed by it all. Like it was something out of a fairytale. And Tricia knew how her friend tortured herself by going over every detail knowing full well she was not really part of any of it. Sheila was a hanger-on. She was rarely invited to any of the big time events put

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on by the wealthy owners of tech businesses. Instead, Sheila almost always knew someone who knew someone who could get her in. If such arrangements could not be made to get her on the guest list, then a fifty-dollar bill in the palm of a by-the-hour security guard was usually enough to gain entrance. Tricia knew full well how Sheila was clever enough to put herself in the places where she could mix with high-society. She just did not have the real smarts to get one of the gentlemen to push a golden band onto her ring finger.

"Did you meet anyone?"

"Oh yes, lots of new people. In fact, the CEO MonroTech was there. Harvey Monro and his wife are wonderful people. Although, I was not crazy about his wife's implants. With all their money you would think she would hire a better surgeon. My boob job is even better than hers."

"I mean did you meet anyone. I mean really meet anyone?"

Tricia watch as the sun caused a ball of sweat rolled down her tone, tanned stomach toward her bikini bottoms. She was proud of her shape. Years of good nutrition and five-day a week exercise classes had given her the results she wanted. At 46 she was proud of the fact that the college age life guards attempted furtive glances at her figure whenever she walked waist high into the open ocean. She often jumped up and down feigning cold when really she was playfully shaking her breasts for the young men.

"Well, not really. No one really introduces me to any of the single men. And actually there never seems to be any single men, at least none that I would dare allow onto this beautiful body of mine. I mean I might be a wee desperate, but the guy has to look good. I'm not marrying no computer geek. Unless he owns his own company."

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"At least you are not shallow." Said Tricia through a mischievous smile.

"C'mon Tricia. I want to marry rich but I want a guy that I can look at. Is that too much to ask? I am just saying I might make some exceptions under certain circumstances."

Tricia had her own love demons. She married at twenty and divorced less than two years later. The she moved in with a guy and after more than ten years realized that Mr. Right was really afraid of the altar. Since she moved out and got back on her own she had a couple of relationships with men who she did not want to spend the rest of her life with. Now Tricia was alone and had been for a while. She hated to admit it to herself, but she was feeling as desperate as Sheila.

"Well you just keep trying. Maybe while I am at the beach I will hit on one of the hunky life guards. See if I still have my game."

"Oh very funny, Tricia. That's just what you need. An inexperienced frat boy. Those poor boys would not last very long with you."

"Hey, you never know."

Tricia looked out at the open water as a couple in a sports fishing boat sped by close to the beach. The man steered from the flying bridge while the woman, dressed in a black string bikini, descended the ladder. Tricia let Sheila keep talking. She never stopped talking unless she was interrupted. Tricia just kept the phone to her ear and watched the boat cruise by. Her mind wondered and wandered what the couple's back story was. Was he a wealthy tech tycoon or just a lawyer servicing tech tycoons? How did they meet? And was that his wife or just a girlfriend. Maybe they just lived together and he was afraid of the altar.

"Are you even listening to me?"