

The Oceanview: (Adult) (Lake Flower)

“Good morning, miss Yoko.”

“Oh! Good morning, Robert!” The young woman’s voice cracked in a higher-pitch as she showed surprise at waking up from a sleep.

The oceanview was still very-near-night. The small stone of a non-shining sunset remained in the distance of the ocean, hair of a human above water.

“Wait.... it’s not morning, Robert.” The awake woman observed the day around where she lay in the ocean.

“It’s not. But you fell asleep, and woke up. So it is for you.” He was lying next to Yoko, on her right side, in the water.

The awake Yoko laughed at his reply. “Ya. I guess its morning for me, if you think that.

It was so quiet on the oceanview. The waves of the ocean made so quiet a sound....

Robert was still lying beside her, face-up in the water.

“The day is struggling so hard to keep itself from drowning.... I feel sorry for it. It doesn’t want to die. The earth is sadistic. It’s going to make sure it dies, whether it likes life or not.”

“You’re too sensitive, Robert.” Yoko said, lying face-up beside her, on her right.

“But it’s disturbing, Yoko. It’s true. The day’s getting murdered, and it can’t save itself from death.” He said, becoming a little sad at what he imagined the pain of the day would be like.

“I know. It’s sad and troubling. I don’t want to see the day die, either. I loved today.”

"I loved today, too, my miss."

The girl and the man lying with her in water smiled at each other.

The stone of the sunset in a far distance, un-glowing in at the end of day.

Robert spoke, still in his watery bed. No movements of water moved around him, in the near-dark of the day.

"I had a dream, Yoko. When I was asleep."

"You fell asleep, too, Robert?"

"I did."

"What was your dream about?"

"I dreamt of a girl that wasn't you. She reminded me of you, for some reason. But she was nothing like you. I didn't know who she was. I felt like I was floating, seeing her. Whoever she was."

"How interesting." Yoko was listening closely to him, in the water beside her.

"I almost forgot about you, thinking about that girl I had never seen before, as I saw her in my dream. Her hair was really long, brown, wavy.... she had a clasp to hold her long hair together. But I never saw her face, miss. I couldn't tell who she was."

He smiled at Yoko. His head and hair dipped in the water. "But don't worry.... Yoko. I haven't forgotten about you."

"I wonder if it was someone I knew from my school?" She wondered.

“Why do you say that?” He asked, curious.

She thought, splashing around in her water a bit. “No reason. I have a feeling. But I could be wrong.”

“Well, miss, I don’t want to think of school. I don’t want to spend my life in school.” He said something that seemed somewhat random, pulled from the air around him.

She looked at him, puzzled, and laughed loudly. “Where did that come from, Robert?”

“.... I was thinking too much about it, my miss. I didn’t mean to bring that up.”

“It’s ok. I’m just wondering why you did.” She asked Robert, confused why he was thinking something like that “too much”.

“It’s not important to you, my miss. I’ll rather talk about my dream of that girl, miss.”

“I had a dream about you.” Yoko said, surprising him.

“A dream about me, miss?” His mouth was open in surprise, almost shock. His eyes were a bit wider than they normally were, and they showed a faint glitter of wonder in their pupils.

“Ya. I couldn’t see your face. You had gone away somewhere far. Or died. I couldn’t tell.”

“I died? Went somewhere far? I don’t understand, miss.”

“I don’t either. I couldn’t make sense of it.”

“It sounds.... disturbing or unfortunate.” Robert suddenly looked worried, like her dream would come true.

“Ya. Disturbing or unfortunate. Or both.” The girl Yoko responded to his worry, being truthful with him about what she thought her dream was about.

“I hope that doesn’t come true. I don’t want to be like that.” He said quietly, suddenly worried for himself. “But why do you say I went somewhere far? Or died?”

“I couldn’t see you’re face. Your back was to me. When I tried to turn you around-put my hand on your shoulder-you couldn’t face me. You kept on looking away from me, like I didn’t exist. It was uncomfortable. It was like your brain had gone somewhere far. No one could reach you, anymore.”

“Do you think I died, Yoko?” He had a bit of worry on his face.

“I don’t know if you did. You could have very well been dead, and there wouldn’t be a difference.”

“You think I went.... somewhere far?”

“Ya. It was like your mind was gone.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” He still had a bit of worry in his eyes. He squirmed around in his water, uncomfortably.

“I don’t either. Your thoughts were gone. They were somewhere far. I can’t make sense of it, Robert.” She squirmed around on her bed of water, making small splashing sounds. Very little movement could be seen in the waves from Robert or Yoko moving around.

“Ok.... well, I only saw the girl’s back in my dream, too. I’m not sure if I reached out and tried to touch that girl, if she would have responded or not....”

Yoko turned over to her right side to face Robert. Her left hip was high in the air, exposing its curves for him to see. Her clothes wet, some of her naked body underneath showed through the wetness.

“Robert, do you mind if we switch places and continue to talk?”

He looked a bit surprised, which was mixed in with the worry in his face and eyes. “Why so, Yoko?”

She shrugged a little, moving her well-built shoulders on her side. “I don’t know. I guess I want to lie where you are.”

Robert couldn’t help but feel like she was being sweet. “Ok, miss....let’s switch spots.”

Soon after, they had switched their spots, with Robert on Yoko’s left, and Yoko on his right.

“So about your dream, Robert....” She had resumed her side position, with her right hip high in the air this time, as its curve showed to him. Her left arm was straight under her head, letting her head rest on the arm. Yoko’s long, brown hair, not too dark in colour, fell into the water. The left side of her head followed, its strong shape and jaw falling partly in her bed of water as her elegant hair followed, soaking in the water with her face. Her left arm lay in front of her body, near her breasts, dipping her hand in the water, as she rested it, a little bent, in front of her breasts, towards Robert.

The girl Yoko was listening closely to his dream.

“I don’t know what else to say.... I couldn’t see who she was. I felt like I had forgotten about you for a moment, miss Yoko.” Unlike her specific position on the water, Robert was simply lying with his body straight to the sky, although twisting himself to his right with his head and neck to look at Yoko as she spoke to him.

“Stop playing innocent. I know there’s more than you’re letting on. Stop hiding it.” She sounded a little cold as she said this, convinced there had to be something he wasn’t letting her know about his dream of “the girl”.

“There really isn’t.” He responded, surprised and uncomfortable that she thought he was “hiding” something from her. “That’s really all the dream was, Yoko. It was strange and brief. It lasted hardly any time, and it was over before I knew it.”

Yoko let out a very deep sigh. Her raised hip raised in the sky a little more.

“That’s it. Miss.”

“You had never seen this girl before? This young woman?....”

“Ya, I would say she was a young woman. I’ve never seen her. I didn’t know who she was. I couldn’t see her face, anyway.”

“That’s weird....” Yoko was suddenly worried. Her hip fell down a little.

“Miss, what’s wrong? Does the dream worry you?”

“Robert, does my dream worry you?”

He looked at her, clearly communicating to the young woman his worry through his eyes and face, as he showed them to her, allowing them to sink into her powerful vision.

“Ya.... you say it all, without saying anything.”

“It’s a dream where you think I’m dead, Yoko. Or I’ve gone far-somewhere far. Whatever that means, my miss.”

“I had my dream as a continuous visual, Robert. Like I was there, living it. I couldn’t affect anything. You were there, and I was there. But I couldn’t do anything to see your face.”

“Miss, that’s strange. I had my dream in flashes. I saw this girl I have never seen or met, I blanked out of my dream a little, then I was back into it, seeing the back of this girl-young woman-again. I think I dreamed something during the absent flashes in my sleep, but I can’t remember what those were. It’s blurry....”

A thought occurred to Yoko. "Where did the dream take place, Robert?"

"Oh! I think it was at where you work. I recognized the hallway. She had a similar uniform to yours, but it was a little different. I could tell where she was, though."

"... Maybe I lose my job, and the young woman, or the girl, you saw takes my place."

"I'm not sure. Miss. You might be reading too much into it. But the girl, from her back, did have brown hair, like you, Yoko, and it was a similar colour. Brown, but not dark brown. More like something that was between light brown and a medium shade of brown. Very pretty, nice to look at."

A thought occurred to him, the same thought that had occurred to her. He squirmed in the water, uncomfortably. The sounds of water splashing a little, but almost nothing could be seen in the day.

Yoko watched him, somehow realizing what he was thinking. "You-you want me to tell you, Robert?" He stuttering was abnormal. She was so confident; she almost never stuttered.

"Yes. Where was I in your dream?"

She looked worried. He watched her, uncomfortable. It wasn't a good sign. "Miss Yoko, you're making me uncomfortable."

"I don't know where you were." Yoko finally spoke. She looked worried, at Robert.

"But what do you mean?..."

"You were somewhere far. I couldn't identify where you were. Robert, I think you were in your own head. But it was an empty space...."

Robert couldn't help but laugh a little. "It sounds like you had a dream about me being stupid!"

The young woman Yoko's face didn't change. A straight face, her pink lips tightly and softly formed into each other. "I'm being serious.... I think you were lost in your head....your thoughts had gone somewhere far....there was nothing left in you."

"Miss.... I don't understand. I'm trying to. But I don't." His face was confused. His mouth was open in confusion, his eyes showing a distant sparkle as he focused on this girl-Yoko's-words.

"I can't explain it any better. Your thoughts had left you, and they went somewhere far. You-your mind-was empty. Nothing."

A disturbing thought occurred to man she was describing the dream Yoko had of him, to him, as he listened to her, bothered by what she had dreamed. The words she was saying about her vision left a strong pit in his stomach.

"Was I...just dead? Was it that simple? Did you see me in a complex way, that fooled you into thinking it was something it was not?"

"No." She said, decisively and confidently. "I know what my dream was. It wasn't as simple as death. You had gone somewhere far. I couldn't reach you, and I couldn't discover where we were. It hurt my head when I tried to think about the location-imagining it in my dream, while I was sleeping. That's the best way I can describe it to you, Robert." Yoko's face was very, very serious. Her lips almost shoved their pink into one another, the softness of them molding into each other like a sculpture.⁷

"The best way?" He was so, so confused. "Miss-miss I don't understand what your dream of me meant. Please tell me mor-."

"You were somewhere far. Stop playing so innocent.... Robert. I can't remember it any other way."

He turned his body from his right, in the bed of his water, to quickly look up at the dark sky.

"Robert.... calm down." His heart was beating fast. His breathing increased rapidly as he watched the sky, looking for an answer to the secret of his young woman's dream. "I-I don't know what to do.... should I help myself, Yoko? What should I do?"

She was observing his heartbeat, calmly, watching his chest fall and rise constantly. Little rises. Big rises. Rises in between extremes.

“There’s nothing you can do to help yourself. You have nothing to worry about. You have to see how my dream plays out, Robert.”

“But I want to help others, too!!” He suddenly cried, almost yelling into the air with how loud he said the words.

Yoko reached towards him suddenly. “You’re acting irrational! Calm down!” She grabbed him and hugged him in the water, as their hair both fell into the waves and became even more soaked than what it had previously been. “Stop saying that! It’s not in my dream for you! Stop saying that!” She was almost yelling, but keeping her own voice under control.

Yoko’s strong jaw and facial structure falling on Robert’s chest, she felt and listened for his heartbeat, which she discovered, beating fast and unhealthily with his stress.

“Huh.... huh!huh!! I don’t want to go somewhere far!” Though he had relaxed his heart a little, he still scared over something about Yoko’s dream for him.

“Was it something I said about the dream, Robert?....” She wondered what it was exactly about her dream that had triggered his intense fear.

“It was everything you said about it, miss!” He was calming down a little more than before, but he was still stressed, his heart beating faster and faster....”

“I’m sorry. I’m going to apologize, cause I didn’t want this response from you.”

“No, miss.... thank-thank you for telling me about what it was. I appreciate it.... Yoko.”

She giggled a little on the left side of his chest-listening for his heartbeat. “That’s what I say. I’ve said “I appreciate it” when I truly appreciate something so many times through my life. I’ve lost damn track!”

“Huh.... huh.... huh!huh....” Robert really was calming down, with the young woman Yoko on his chest, resting her soft, comforting head on his heartbeat.

“I-I think I’m relaxing a little, miss.”

“You just acted crazy, Robert. What you don’t want to be.... why did you act like that? What did the dream make you imagine? I wish to know.”

She was letting her head rest on his chest, where it pounded silently, for the hypnotic young woman to hear....

Robert watched her, on his chest, in a trance, hypnotized by her, not wanting to escape or run away from her.

“Miss-my miss....”

“You talk to me so politely....”

“I-I’m not being innocent. I truly got scared. But I truly want to address you politely, Yoko. It’s not an act. I’m not being innocent to make you feel like a classy woman. I really mean to call you “my miss”, Yoko.”

“Yes. I believe you, Robert. I feel like a classy girl when you talk to me that way. I appreciate it, that you seem to respect me so much. Thank you so much. But why did the dream frighten you?....”

His heartbeat was so, so slowly going down in its tempo, the pounding going down.... going down.... going down....

“When I am somewhere far....my thoughts will be dead, miss.”

The Yoko girl looked up at his face. It was calmer, so much so, but it still had traces of fright in it, fighting to get out for his health.

“You’ll no longer be able to think? You’ll truly be a zombie?” She blinked her powerful eyes at him, twice. Her eyelashes folded-in and out with their large blinks.

“... I think the dream means I will no longer know where I am. I going to never know where I am.”

Though Yoko didn’t understand the “exact” meaning of what he thought and was saying to her, she felt the strange pain his thoughts were creating inside her.

“That.... creates a horrible feeling. Robert....”

“It does, Yoko. It scares me. Frightens me deep into myself, to hide away from everything.”

“I’m feeling it a bit, with you.” Her soft face was far buried in the soft flesh of his chest, even through his clothes, now thin from heavy contact with the water. On top of him, Yoko’s clothes were heavily thinned-out from the ocean’s water, allowing him to see her curvy body on display for him to absorb.

“The feeling has faded a little bit, now. It’s alright. You’re not in my dream.”

“I-I know, my miss....”

“There you go. Referring to me in such a painfully classy way again. It’s so respectful. Are you playing innocent?” Yoko giggled her soft face into the soft flesh of his chest, covered with his wet-thin layer of clothing.

“I’m truly not. Classy deserves classy.”

Yoko didn’t stop giggling into his chest. “Something about you is amusing. In a playful way. You don’t mean any harm, but some people are fooled into thinking you do. You’re playful, though. Believe me, I love it. Classy means classy....ya. You so want to ask me on a date. And then bed me after your date.”

“Um....ya.”

“Ya. I know.” The young woman Yoko loved giggling deep into the soft flesh of his chest, as her soft face with a strong jawline pushed itself to become one with his beating heartbeat.

Now beating much, much slower....

“What was the true meaning of that dream I had when I slept, Robert. Somewhere far....? I can’t understand what that means.... it’s frighteningly strange.... why would I dream that?”

The girl Yoko of the modern day finally took her soft head out of his chest, his soft flesh moving upwards, a little like rising dough, to return to its original, natural position, after the girl of long ago had squished her soft but strong face into his heartbeat.

She looked up at him, as if waiting for an answer from him, to her dream’s mystery. Never mind not having an answer to his dream’s mystery.... she didn’t think she wanted an answer to that. His dream didn’t.... seem.... like it was much....

She faced him head-on, as she lay on her stomach on top of him, looking into his now calmed eyes.

Almost strangely calmed.

“Are you.... accepting something?” She asked him. Robert didn’t say any words for an answer.

He continued to look into her wonder-filled eyes, her dark irises and small, non-glowing glimmer in her pupils looking back at him, waiting to hear Robert’s thought.

He smiled a little at her. What smile it was, was strange. It looked almost understanding. Sadly accepting....

“I’m going to go somewhere far. You have nothing to worry about.” The strange look in his eyes remained as they closed slightly, hiding them from the girl Yoko’s eyes, as she listened to his words with a confused wonder. She didn’t know what to make of the words, but felt something grow in him.

“Have you escaped reality?”

“I’ll go somewhere far. A day. One day, I’ll go somewhere far.”

He was having a dream as she watched him....

... A dream of wonder.... Somewhere far....

....

“Is there someone in your dream that looks like me?”

A wave splashed overhead. From the dark sky. It began to fall into the shallow water he and she were lying in.

“My memory-! It’s splashing, Robert!” She-Yoko-had no control over her vision. The wave splashed on them from the dark clouds.

So thick. So much water in her vision. He and she began to drown.

“We’re not going to die-but I can’t breathe, Robert! Help!”

He was lost in himself.

The shore behind them flooded with the thick water of the vision’s wave.

“Are you awake?” A distant voice spoke to him as he drowned in her vision. A voice that came from somewhere.

Not far.

Deep inside.

On the shore, the young woman Yoko had already lost air, pushed down by the pressure of her violent wave.

Deep inside, she was nowhere far....

They fell into days of a final year....

....

The bulging, yellow and green lake-flowers had begun to die.

Out of the lake, in Yoko's apartment, they felt so far. Even in the water she had given them, they didn't want it, as they wilted by her windowsill, the blinds closed so no light was let in for them to breathe.

The flowers had wanted to go home.

....

They lay in an apartment, soaked with a wave. Yoko was the first to wake up, with Robert following her.

As soon as she stood up, the girl was no longer wet. Her curvy body was dry, and her crème skin had no water left on it.

Robert was soaked. Waking up at another end of the apartment from Yoko, He was alone.

"I'm so wet.... I want to dry off...." Not thinking about the apartment-a place he had been to a few times- he walked down the short hall of the unit to a small bathroom, by what was a young woman's bedroom....

He walked into the bathroom, his bare-feet on the hard tiles, a soft-gray and clearly separated from each other. He looked at his reflection in the mirror.

She had gone away. He didn't know where she had gone. He felt a soft sense of loneliness. Not too strong.

The person, a young man, in the mirror was in glass. He felt detached, looking at this young man. He was sure there was many young men who looked like this one. He didn't like looking at a copy of others, so Robert looked away from the strange visual he didn't think was himself.

"Who is that? Is that what I look like?"

He looked back. The glass laughed at him, like it was trying to detach itself from who was looking into it.

"A copy? I'm so detached from who that is. He must be a copy."

Was it a copy? "Is that-is that truly me?"

He had never wanted to see himself in a mirror. Something about it was too validating of his existence. Too validating of an existence that either meant a little bit of a lot, or meant very little of a lot.

"I-I don't think I want to look at this copy, any-anymore...." The vision of the copy, living his dead life but pretending he was alive, caused a scare in Robert. He looked away, too detached from the copy, or the young man, to care. To think more into how a reflection was that meant little to him.

In the apartment, a single, small golden light was shining in the small living room. Outside, it was a dim, cloudy day, and the clouds in the sky were a pale-blue as they moved slightly overhead the apartment unit and apartment building. Outside, looking in from the ground, the only thing that could be seen of

the inside of the unit was the single golden light, glowing through the dim day on the ceiling of the room, almost a disturbance when watching the pale-blue clouds around it stand still and move.

The unit looked like a disturbance in the sky of the cool day. A glowing golden light on a ceiling, showing nothing to those looking in the glass window. Cool blue clouds all around the unit's height, an apartment that was out of place with the clouds, but completely in place with units neighbouring it.

In the bathroom, Robert stopped imagining a young man, and walked out of it, slow, leaving the soft-gray tiled floor and glass behind. He started to peek around the unit, trying to find his "girlfriend", Yoko.

The apartment was unusually quiet. It was also dim, with the golden-ceiling light of the living room the only thing shining in the place. Though not impossible to see in darkness, he had to squint a little in a few parts of the place, to make out what he was seeing, and what was in front of him.

He finally reached the living room. The golden light was shining overhead him, giving him much visibility as it glowed from the ceiling. He saw a open window to his left, as she was standing with his shoulder to the window on the left wall of the apartment, the left wall and right walls positioned so that someone walking through the front door would instantly see the window, and would instantly be standing very near to the right wall, which was perpendicular with the front door.

The front door currently closed, whatever was outside the door so quiet, with no sound to be heard at all, the young man Robert noticed a small vase with flowers in it by the windowsill of the open window. There was no wind, and no blinds were available to cover this window in what he assumed was the young woman Yoko's apartment, unlike the tall window by her small wood table with her closed laptop resting on it, which, on this day, had its blinds completely open, exposing the window to the outside world.

The flowers were a light-almost lime-green and a light yellow. They were once visually stimulating and pretty to admire. Very naturally colourful.

The small vase they were in was a swirling mix of deep-purple, dark-green and light-orange, tied together with a simple black that looked like it was "dripping" from water having fallen on it, from a rainfall, like paint-except it was solid, slightly protruding from the other colours, as this was the design of it. The other colours protruded from the vase and were highly solid like the black, with a design like they had been in a rainfall on the vase. Wet, dripping water down the formed clay.

The flowers were dead. They had died a long time ago.

“Yoko.... where is my girlfriend?” He suddenly wondered, worried. Something about the long dead flowers made him uncomfortable.

Cars passed by outside. They were quiet in the distance-very, very different from the high-end apartment unit in the warm state, in the country he remembered visiting so long ago-had been. No cars, no vehicles honked-barked-ferociously at one another. It was distant sounds of traffic, passing by.

Robert stood in the apartment, unsure what to do. He hadn't been able to find his girlfriend.

Time passed with the car moving outside.

Time ticked on. The analog clock on the wall of this quiet living room gave everything away. No time passing was hidden.

“I wonder what my Yoko went.... damn, why do I say her name so innocently....?”

The front door behind him opened. He, startled by the sound and his sharp hearing, swung around animatedly to see who was there, entering the apartment.

“Y-Yoko! You're here!” He exclaimed, joyfully.

His girlfriend stood at the open door, showing to lead to a short hallway outside.

Robert began walking very slowly towards her, like he was discovering a dream. His mouth opened briefly to allow more oxygen to his brain, then closed just as fast to cut off the oxygen, then opening again just as fast to allow a flow of oxygen to his brain once again.

His girlfriend's face showed such surprise. “Oh! It's you!” She exclaimed. She seemed like she recognized him from somewhere, but this was the first time seeing him in a very long time.

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