

The Oceanview (Adult) (The Other World)

The boy Robert was back on the dark shore. A place he hadn't seen in so long.... The oceanview.

On the ocean and beach, it was night-time.

"Miss Yoko?!" He called out, loudly. He hoped that she was waiting for him, here.

Someone was sitting on the beach, very close to the shore with waves splashing.

Was the person.... Naked?

"... Miss?" Robert approached the person.

Getting closer, he could tell it was the younger Yoko. Her right leg was pulled back, her knee in the air as it was bent. Her left leg was straight on the beach's sand, her toes near the water.

"Miss?"

The girl's elbows were supporting herself on the sand. Her breasts and nipples stuck out as a result of her lifting her chest, but it was too dark to make them out fully. Only a little bit of nipple and breast showed in the night. Their forms were somewhat visible in the dark of the oceanview.

"Oh! .... It's you, again....!"

Yoko noticed the familiar boy coming towards her.

"Robert! I knew you'll come back! Come sit down!" Yoko exclaimed as Robert got closer to her.

“... You’re naked.”

She smiled. “I know. It’s ok. Sit down.”

The boy stood a few feet away, a short distance from his miss.

The boy felt his strong desire upon seeing a naked, twenty-eight-year-old Yoko from the year he was in.

Wait.... Was she twenty-nine, now?

“My desire....” His erection. The young woman was sitting on the beach, just off the shore. Her body was simply naked.

It was too much for him to look at. The boy felt controlled by her.

She frowned as her dark eyes looked at him. “Is everything all right? You can sit down.”

“I-I-I....” He stopped his stuttering and sat down besides her to her left, walking a bit to close the gap’s reach between him and her.

“It’s ok, Robert. Sit down with me.”

In the strong, powerful echo of the oceanview, a song from miss Yoko’s youth was quietly playing. It had quiet, chanting male vocals. The male voice continuously said: “Let it come streamline.... Let it come in time.... Let it come streamline.... Let it come in time....”

The boy had a feeling the name of it was “Streamline”. The song itself even had a “streamlined” sound to it, if that made sense. It was like a form that would allow air or water to flow through it: Taking things slowly, moving slowly but with purpose.

Something about it reminded him of the waves in the night ocean.... Flowing gently through time.

"It's nice sitting on this beach, isn't it, Robert?" She placed her left hand on top of his right. He was sitting cross-legged beside her, his hand resting to his side on the sand.

"It is special.... Yoko." His erection was still present from looking at her naked. The boy moved around a bit, to conceal and get rid of it.

The overall tone was dreamy, in a relaxing way. A strong and forceful drumbeat.

"... I remember I listened to this song a lot when I was suicidal, when I was a youth."

Instant, sudden shock from Robert. "Wha-what?"

"Ya. I wanted to kill myself sometimes back then. But this song was so uplifting. I didn't want to go through that pain. So, I listened to this song with friends and by myself, alone in my room. I loved it. We loved it. You have no idea what it did for me.... and us."

Mr. Robert was speechless. "Oh.... I don't know what to say."

"That's ok. You don't have to say anything. I'm just telling you some of my life. You don't have to feel suicidal yourself, either."

Her hand gripped his, tightly.

"Do you feel that? It's my life."

Her hand was warm.... A strange enemy to the cool, night air.

"... I feel it...."

“Streamline” was soothing.... Like the night’s waves. So quiet....

“Why were you suicidal when you were a youth, miss?”

The fresh smell of the cool, night air flooded miss Yoko’s lungs.

“It doesn’t matter....” She shrugged him off.

She breathed the cool night in and out with her every breath.

“I can’t be bothered to care, anymore.”

The ocean’s salty smell was carried to her in the night’s air.

“.... Anymore?” The boy Robert questioned.

“.... Ya. It was so, so long ago. I can’t remember why I was going through a deep sadness.”

“Something about what you’re saying is bothering me, Yoko.”

She put her left arm and hand around his left shoulder and across his back. “There’s nothing to be concerned about. As I said before, you can feel I’m alive.”

“.... Don’t hurt yourself, miss. I don’t want you to feel pain.”

She gave a small smile and pushed her head to her left, into his trapezius and neck region. The girl’s head rested in the gap of his shoulder and neck.

Feeling her life for a long time, the boy rested his head a little to his right. Their heads fell together.

“I am so loved....” Robert said.

“Ya. You are. By me. By your parents.”

“But I feel nothing.”

She lifted her right hand up to his heartbeat, but then moved the hand up to his neck. It softly felt his neck’s flesh.

“Miss, are you going to choke me?...”

She smiled, as her mouth tightened. “I’m not going to choke you. I’m feeling your neck.”

His skin had become very warm from being in contact with her naked body. The cool, night wind did nothing to stop his powerful heat, and the powerful warmth she was heating her boy with.

Yoko took her bent right leg and straightened it out, bending at the knee. Going into her boy, she curled up her thighs together, squeezing her vagina against their meat. The “V” between her legs formed on her figure.

Her pushed her legs over the sand, bringing them close to the boy Robert.

“Ah!” He felt his erection come back. Her position was forcing him to spread his crossed-legs, open for his clothed penis to be exposed to the air.

“You don’t need to hide it. I don’t care.”

He had no words left for her.

“Robert.... I made it out of this dream I was in.” The young woman’s voice was a whisper over the quiet ocean and the quiet “Streamline” playing in the atmosphere of this world.

It was so soothing. The young woman’s whisper matched the quiet song’s flow and quiet wave’s flow of this ocean world.

“A dream?” He was unaware she had been in the forest.

“Ya....” She continued to whisper to him. “.... Somewhere far, you could say. I didn’t recognize where I was. I was kinda nowhere.”

“That.... Sounds scary.” “Streamline” never stopped playing. It was a flowing sound, in a atmosphere far away on the beach’s extremely wide and dark shore.

“Oh, it was. It was a forest somewhere. I was an enemy of it. My life was trying to kill me. I was horrified.”

“.... When did you....?”

“When you were seeing me two years from now, right? I was in my condo’s unit, too. I fell out a window. That’s how I got in the dream.... I think I died.”

“.... W-What?”

“But how do I look, two years from now? Do I look ugly?”

The boy couldn’t help but laugh. “Fuck no. You don’t even look older. You look how you did when you were a younger lady.”

She sighed. “That’s good to hear. I haven’t changed, huh?”

“No. You still have problems going to sleep. The meditation and lavender oil doesn’t do much for you.”

Miss Yoko giggled. “Oh, well. Nothing ever changed for me, huh?”

“Well, I put you to sleep. Kind of how I feel this song is putting me to sleep....”

It was. The flowing sound of it, combined with the flowing waves, created an ideal sleeping environment for him and her.

“Oh. You put me to sleep, huh? I appreciate that....”

He felt his eyes close a little. Yoko stroked his thick hair with her right hand, dark and hidden in the night. This caused his eyes to close a little more.

“But in the forest I found myself in.... There was so much pain. Every branch, every tree wanted to kill me. I thought I was going to kill myself, Robert. I couldn’t get rid of my pain.”

“Streamline” had been playing for a while. The song had flowed all across the extremely huge, endless oceanview and stretching, night beach. It’s nostalgic sound of long ago had covered the oceanview world.

“Ya. But then I remembered myself, when I was younger. I saw waves of my visions flood beneath me, turning the forest into a small sea. The visions showed me, when I was a girl. Only positive visions.... Only positive memories.”

“Streamline” was echoing with strange, music box-like sounds. The “flow” sound, like water or air travelling, had gone away.

“I think seeing that girl so full of life killed my thoughts of death. I couldn’t do it. The dream was painful, but I couldn’t end it. I remembered the girl who had been so full of life.... and I never let myself die.”

“So.... like looking at a sea or ocean? You were overwhelmed by how otherworldly it was? Nothing like it could exist on this planet.... But your visions were real?”

“Ya.... It was like I was looking into a girl, on an undiscovered planet.”

“But you had discovered it.... You were alive back then....”

“Yes. But I forgot her. So, it was something I never had seen.”

As the living young woman Yoko finished her words.... Words she never wasted.... the mysterious, music box-like sounds of “Streamline” gave way to the song’s finish. The music box sounds disappearing, it was followed by slowly fading away into the distance of the beach, into a silence of night.

“I remembered her.”

The faded “Streamline”, quiet in the ocean atmosphere, gave way to the quiet sounds of dark, night waves.

“I forgot about that song. I can’t believe I did. I wished to hear it again.... Experience its sound....”

“Oh, Yoko....” The boy felt his heart give a sudden beat for her. Cool air entered his lungs.

“Somehow.... I feel I can breathe clearer. It was because you told me that, Yoko.”

He was cryptic, but the young woman felt his mind had “breathed her in” .... or her life story was having a strong impact on his heart.

Distant sounds of life could be heard in her “Streamline” place, when it faded. Somewhere off the beach, there was a night town.... Or night city.... Or something night.

Soothing.



A wall of noise.... To the extreme right of the beach they were sitting on. Who knows where it was coming from.

“Thank you for telling me about your dream, miss.”

“Oh. Your welcome.”

“Did you really die in your condo?”

She smiled, a slight movement of pink lips. “Ya. I fell out my window. I think the pain of the forest brought me back to life, Robert.”

The salty ocean air, cool in the night. It blew through both of their nostrils.

“I discovered by visions in the forest’s waves.”

“So.... you saw your life?”

The girl nodded. “Ya. I did see my life. Something about it made me powerful. I didn’t want to through away the visions I was looking at. I had lived and created them. Why would I forget?....”

Robert got up, slowly.

“Are you going somewhere, Robert?” She took her head off her comfortable resting position on his neck and shoulder.

“I’m dunking my head in the ocean.” He began to walk to the shore. A few steps, and he was there.

"I haven't even been in the ocean yet...." She muttered to herself. Yoko seemed like she was reminiscing about something.

The boy walked down to the ocean. He took his socks off and left them on the shore, where a few splashing waves got them wet.

Lifting his feet into the water, he moved into the shallow depths. Yoko watched him move through the water.

He bent himself over as he got his jeans wet. The boy dipped and dunked his face and thick, dark hair into the ocean, leaving his eyes open so he could see the blurry underwater night.

Her powerful eyes soothed into him in the night, watching his back.

Taking his head out, his hair was soaked and spread out all across his face, covering much of his vision-although he could still see the night and miss Yoko.

.... It was much like how he had previously dunked his head in the oceanview in-between life visions.... Which was so much earlier in this long, long day.

The young woman watched him on a spot of beach. Her right hip curved and flexed in her posture, her legs folded to her left side. Her eyes were completely unblinking and focused on only him. Her crème arms and hands were resting on sand, to her left side with her thick and strong, lovingly nearly-golden thighs.

Robert's hair dripping, he walked his bare feet out of the ocean and back to shore. He picked up his socks, lying to his right, and walked back to the naked girl.

His view of her showed herself, covered in darkness. Only the littlest details of her body, including her eyes.

Her took his socks in his left hand and sat down next to the naked woman. The same side he had before.

She ran her left hand through his dripping hair, which was making the beach wet much in the same way the life visions had made the shore drip with water and become soaked.

She continued to stroke him, slowly and carefully.

“A sound of something in the distance, outside....” This boy said suddenly. Yoko took her hand of his hand for a moment, slowly moving her fingers away, as he pushed a thick lock of hair that was falling on his right-side of his forehead away with his right hand, locking it behind his ear.

He let out a breath, and the young woman was silent. “Ya.... It’s a mystery. If you’re a distance away. When you get closer.... It becomes clear what the sounds are.”

This night was the earth’s dream of no noise. There were no cicadas living.

Only the mystery, extremely distant noise of.... What he and she heard every day they lived.

Sitting on the shore, boyfriend and girlfriend looked out at the oceanview. She didn’t stop petting his soaking, dark hair.

The boy, Robert, spoke to the girl.

He and she remembered a past, the uplifting and the upsetting of its time.

“The enemy of life needs to be destroyed. They are the parasites of humanity.”

She listened to a quiet breeze of night. She was surprised this boy was suddenly speaking to her about this.

“.... Death. What they long for, I will grant them.”

....

"I would do it, if I could. I would kill them. I wish there was a way of love. There is no peace with parasites. But then, they wouldn't be parasites in the first place."

The quiet breeze.

"I'm not trying to scare them. That's wrong. I'm trying to help parasites die. I'm trying to get rid of humanity's parasites."

The quiet distance.

"Extreme fools require extreme measures. It's the only way of survival for humanity."

"But the only way.... is a primitive one."

"It's better.... Killing. They don't know what love is."

The girl listening....

"If I'm crazy, I'll be the crazy that gets rid of ironic parasites, lying to themselves about being scum."

Breeze.

"I'll prevent myself from becoming a war-lover. The control to only destroy parasites. But that's not crazy."

Distance.

"Humanity was never a disease. But they exist.... Those who think it was a disease. The parasites."

Girl listening.

"I don't want them to have funerals. I'll drown them in an ocean. Hope no one finds their bodies.... Their loved ones don't need to bury those who were parasites in life. They should not feel sadness for them."

The young lady spoke up.

"Robert.... Don't take this the wrong way.... but your methods seem too extreme."

The boy was quiet in the night. "Too extreme is just right for how extreme fools they are."

The young lady looked sad. "But.... I don't want to see parasites die, Robert.... They're so natural."

Robert's silence was frightening. The night spun and jumped into the ocean.... Scared of the darkness around him.

"They need to be killed out of existence. They are the problems of their existence."

"It's like a poor dog, whimpering, knowing it's going to die. We'll put the dying dogs, down. For their own health."

"I wished for love. But they had to be born. For some reason, the parents created an enemy of humanity."

"So scared, they are going to be killed by the world. Their defense is useless. The only solution is their death."

"Love has been lost. Nature will kill them, absorb them into the ground."

"I want to see fires burn. Let's do it, Yoko. You and me. We are strong and crazy. We can put them back into the earth."

The strong goddess lady smiled, shyly. It was unusual for her-weird-she was never smiling anything but confidence and assertiveness.

“... I am strong. But I think it’s so extreme....”

“They belong, connected with nature, miss.”

“But they deserve life too, Robert.”

“Yes. They can live in nature. When we bury them under the ground.”

“... No. I can’t accept. Problems are needed to balance-out nature. Humanity’s enemies are a problem, but it does no good to get rid of something that balances out the world.”

“What do you mean....?”

“If they never existed, humans would never be able to deal with a problem of an enemy who wants to see them dead.”

“Yoko....”

“There has to be destruction pushing against nature. A menace, dangerous and evil. That’s their purpose of life. Without it, humans wouldn’t know how to face an enemy. They would crumble under pressure of a menace.”

“... The menace, a role as evil and dangerous people, is a purpose of life.”

“... Yes. A menace has a purpose that is not crazy. They help to introduce humanity to evil and danger.”

“That’s what this crazy humanity needs to grow.... Robert. Humanity needs to be exposed to danger and evil.”

"It's crazy, isn't it?" Robert questioned.

"It is so crazy. But it's not truly worthless. That would be a mistake on an enemy's part: thinking life is worthless, thinking their extremity does not require extreme solutions to a problem they lie to themselves about. Enemies are hostile, a need to be destroyed comes from the problem of them existing." The goddess lady, miss Yoko, spoke.

"We will destroy them, with a crazy life purpose. The enemies of humanity."

"... We'll give back to nature. They will learn to love nature, as they did when they were born."

"... In ourselves, we see what they hated of us never meant anything to them. A false lie, to justify a dying life. They should live a little, to make humanity understand an enemy, the pain of an enemy. Then, when humanity has had enough of them, enemies will be put down. They never breathed fresh air."

"Enemies need to fulfill a life purpose so humanity understands threats and evil. Evil that threatens to kill humanity."

"What a natural life purpose. I don't have any. I'm not natural at all. So crazy."

"Ya. They helped create a better humanity, a strong fight against threats. It's to the point of a crazy existence. But the crazy truly helps humanity."

"And the enemies will drown in the ocean." He looked out to the vast oceanview. In a way, it was terrifying.... There was no end, there was no limit to how deep it was....

"Would anyone find them? Deep down there?"

"... Who knows."

She giggled. "Ok, Mr. saviour of humanity. You're scaring me. Calm down. Take some deep breaths, huh?"

He breathed in and out, soothing his pounding, beating heartbeat.

"There'll be gone.... Deep down there."

"They need to serve a life purpose of being an enemy, first. Before they are buried deep."

"Heh-heh. You are deranged, miss."

"No. Robert. What's deranged is what happens to you-alive or dead- that far deep below water. Alive-thoughts become scrambled on a otherworldly planet. No breath. That creates a deranged mind. Dead-the corpse is dissolved into the water. Even thinking about that.... Is extreme."

"Someone alive that deep.... Their mind becomes deranged. They are lost. They can't breathe. They can't think. A vision is a blur. They can't make out what's real.... Nothing is real.... The other world is faded."

"It's scary.... Yoko."

"The other world is scary."

"They won't back down. There are too foolish to."

"That's natural. As long as they fulfill their purpose to fill humanity with hate and pain. Without them fulfilling the life purpose, we're weak fighting against hate and evil."

"So, I thank them. We are strong because they exist."

He looked at the distance.



“On the way down to the deep ocean, they have a long time to reflect on their lives. Maybe they’ll love themselves, when they finally reach the dark of the ocean. Alone in the dark.... With their evil thoughts.”

“Never backing down from the dark. The dark doesn’t scare them. But it was never trying to, it’s a natural depth of a world. They are fools.... I’ll give them that.”

A sigh from this boy. “Humanity is so close to being healthy. But the parasites remain. Our enemies live. Without breathing fresh air. It makes sense for enemies of humanity to die eventually: They can’t breathe fresh air.”

A strong gust of wind that came from nowhere. It carried with it a big white seashell, blown from the shore, with a spiral pattern and deep indentations on it.... Though the spirals were difficult to make out in the dark, and the white looked black. In the night, it was a black shell with deep spirals on its mollusk exoskeleton.

“Oh!” Miss Yoko replied in response to the sizeable seashell bouncing on her left shoulder. Her brown hair, loose across her left shoulder and falling on the breast on that side, blew strands throughout it in the strong wind, although it did not move. The dark hair over her breast fluttered in the breeze a little.

Robert glanced at the deep, spiral seashell. His miss picked it up with her left hand, admiring it. Her elbow lifted off the beach’s sand.

“It’s pretty. I can see it’s pretty in the dark.... Interesting spirals, huh?”

He studied its spirals in agreement. They were very deep, and the seashell was very big. It was about the size of twenty-small seashells, formed as one on the beach.

“It’s visual.”

“Visual?”

“Ya. The deep spirals and how big it is.”

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