**Adventures in Play**

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**Adventures in Play Ch. 01**

I'm walking down the beautiful white sand beach alone. I pass an older couple walking back, ready to leave I suppose, so now the beach is more deserted. A quick scan of the long stretch of sand that lies before me confirms that I may be able to enjoy skinny dipping after all.

There's only one small group of people left, but they are all the way down where the houses begin. I'm not going that far and they have no reason to wander my way.

I have already walked a good distance because I need to find the perfect spot. I stop and survey the sand but this isn't it. The grade isn't smooth enough and there's too much seaweed bunched up at the shore. I walk about two hundred more feet and the water is clear; another one hundred and stop again to check.

Now this is better. Soft white sand on land and the water is clear a good five hundred feet out, slow even slope into the water, and when I turn around completely, I find I'm nowhere near the stairs spaced along the beach which provide quick public access.

I've found my spot.

Time to stretch out my oversize towel; I bought it so long ago not knowing how well it would work for this purpose. When the breeze calms I seize the chance to shake it open and situate it, and drop my swim towel at the edge for easy reach afterward. I put my pack at the top on one of the corners, slip off my sandals on the other top corner, and I am set.

I dig out my sunscreen and spray on another quick coat, the excitement is starting to take hold now, but sunburns on sensitive areas must be avoided at all costs. I chuckle out loud and to my surprise I hear a chuckle in answer.

I turn to find a good looking man, sunglasses and a smile on his face, sporting a pair of long pants and a short sleeved shirt, unmistakably identifiable as a uniform, approaching me from the direction of the beach's entrance.

"Good evening." He says as he walks up to me and stops short. I smile back at him, pleased he didn't add ma'am to his greeting, but also very aware that he's crimping my style. This is, of course, the park ranger, ruining my plans.

Then again, maybe not...... I am brave after all and I've done this before. I am no stranger to skinny dipping in the lake at this state park location.

As if he is reading my mind, the ranger asks, "Going for a late swim?" and glances into my still open pack before returning his gaze to me.

"Yes." I state it simply and continue to smile at him, feeling the sweat bead up on my forehead and run down the middle of my back, right where my sundress doesn't touch. It's still quite hot even though the sun is sinking very low, and the breeze is working hard to cool things down.

Whether he sees I'm anxious to swim or for him to go I am not sure, but sensing something he nods his head once saying "Enjoy.", and smiles before continuing down the beach.

Dam. Now I'll have to watch for him when he comes back so I can time my exit from the water.

Ok well that's fine, I can do that, and there's no sense in dwelling on it. As I watch him walk further away, I note the equipment on his belt, but most especially the radio as it crackles to life and he takes it from the holder on his belt.

He lifts it to his ear to listen then moves it to his mouth to answer, and it dawns on me that he's not the only one on duty. I'll need to be vigilant. I drop my headband and sunglasses near my pack, stash the can of sunscreen I remember I'm still holding back inside, and then turn to face the water.

Out of the corner of my eye I see that the ranger is far enough away now and one last scan of the beach in all other directions tells me it's now or never.

My sundress is simple and I wore it specifically for the functionality of skinny dipping. The cotton straps slip off my shoulders easily and the elastic top allows me to free my arms and pull the dress straight down, drop it and step out of it quickly.

So I do just that and run right into the water leaving behind every inhibition I've ever had.

My breasts jerk and jump without their usual restriction, my nipples harden instantly as the breeze cools the sheen that covers my skin, my short shoulder length strawberry blond hair flies behind me and tickles my neck as I run. I feel a rush of vaginal lubrication and the folds of my pussy stimulating my clit as they slide around hugging and rubbing it.

My toes sink into the sand, giving me the foot massage I relish as I run, and I instantly relax when I reach the point where I can lunge forward and let the water take me. It's so cold but feels fantastic.

I let go and feel myself floating weightless in the deeper water. I'm still able to walk along the bottom, if I put my feet down, but I don't. I'm submerged enough that it's unclear to the people walking on the beach that I'm naked. The very thought that I am so exposed in public turns me on.

There's nobody on the beach, but I wouldn't care anyway if there were because my mentality is simple. I made a choice, I'm going to enjoy myself, and whatever happens now it's worth it.

That mentality has been equally rewarding and consequential in the past but hasn't stopped me yet.

The sky is a brilliant blue mixed with the colors of a fiery sunset toward the shore and I am floating on my back to enjoy looking at it. My nipples are so hard I feel every drop of water drain away and roll off them as I do a few minutes of back stroke. My bush breaks the surface now and again as I scissor kick my legs up and down.

It makes me feel sensual and turns me on to feel the water wash over me as it slips into my lips erasing any trace of the continually replenished wetness my pussy provides me without fail. When I start thinking about how wet I always am, and the fact that I am primed for sexual adventure whenever I see fit, I realize I honestly cannot remember the last time I bought lube because I needed to.

I close my eyes and just float for a while. I let my mind think random sexy thoughts. I think about what you've done to me at my request. I think of how much I want to ride your Johnson, and about what I am going to do to myself when I get back to my towel.

My mind wanders to what I haven't done in my years of sexual history and how I want to do so many things with you.

As I record the memory of this experience, my crotch is soaking wet, reaching and possibly staining the seat through the very same sundress I stripped off that day.

But I digress.......back to the story.

So many sensual thoughts go through my mind I lose track of where I am and the fact that I need to have some presence of mind in order to thoroughly enjoy this escapade. I open my eyes and make to stand up, but find I have floated farther than I should've.

No sand beneath me, and as I tread water I can't locate my stuff on the beach, so I look around ascertaining where I am. I am closer to the beach entrance than I was before yet not in any danger of sharing my secret. I do, however, see somebody, the other ranger I presume, out on the deck of the nature center building perched atop the path from the beach back to the parking lot.

I smile and look to my left, seeing nobody anywhere, even near the houses up the beach whose occupants had previously been out. Now I spot my towel, but after a few minutes consideration I decide to swim back to the beach rather than align myself with it before I exit the water.

The walk back to it can't be too long.

I swim in and once I gain ground I stand and begin the walk up. My body slowly emerges from cover of the water. It runs in sheets down over my skin, laps back up onto me and down again, re-wetting exposed skin, and feels so exhilarating in the wind that has taken over for the breeze. The sun has sunk very low in the sky and it won't be long before it appears to touch the horizon.

As my breasts break free of any contact with the water I look down at them, enjoying the way they look, standing at attention, wet and pleasantly pink in color. I also notice the water as it sloshes between my legs caressing my folds and running down my legs just so.....making my heightened state of arousal ratchet up another notch. My mind is consumed with thoughts of you and how much you would enjoy everything about this if you were here with me. Watching.

Oh how I wish you were.

There's about four yards to go before I'm fully out of the water so I turn toward my destination and pick up my pace knowing I'm out of the safety zone as long as it takes me to reach the spot I've carved out for myself. I'm slowly realizing I underestimated how far away the spot is, but regrets are pointless so I just keep moving and thinking of touching myself once I get there.

This is going to be good; I know it because it's my first time masturbating on a beach, or playing as I call it.

I pick up my pace as my destination becomes clearer and the sexual tension mounts. I feel as if I might burst out of my skin......finally I can collapse onto the big towel. I'm panting, lying there seeing my chest heave in front of me, trying to catch my breath but finding it difficult since it's not due to physical exertion.

My body is filled with desire.

I reach for my phone to check the time, but remember I left it inside my pack, and decide not to worry about what time it is. I start to drag my hand across my stomach down toward my pussy, and I'm using my fingertips of the other hand to tease my nipples one at a time. I am thinking of your fingers milking my pussy as I suck hard on your cock. I remember feeling weak even though I was on my hands and knees for that particular encounter!

I remember I was so wet that the sound of my juices captured our mutual attention as your fingers went in and out for at least the first five minutes, and the smell of our bodies, so turned on by one another, wafted around us. Just as the smell of the lake and my wetness mingle and reach my nose now.

Two of my fingers, the pointer and middle finger, circle my clit around and around, slowly and methodically. I lick my lips and close my eyes, seeing the look on your face when I looked up at you, your cock still in my mouth, and our eyes connect.

I move my fingers faster as the memory replays like a video......I came so loud and hard then and your fingers continued to move in and out enjoying the tightening, the feel of my orgasm. You came then too, and filled my mouth with your hot sticky white sweetness.

As I switch to a new memory, I hear a small rustling sound behind me, but seeing nothing after a quick glance around I brush it off as the thought of the next memory assaults me.

You're lying on your side on the bed in front of me holding your cock in-between two fingers and sliding the skin around as you move up and down slowly.....telling me how much more thrilling it is to play with yourself as I watch you....your eyes are on fire as your tear your gaze from mine to watch me finger myself and then stop to insert my pink vibrator.

This is a very strong memory and I am moving my fingers so fast now in an up and down motion over my clit that it is rock hard. It's so sensitive it's bordering on painful. My other hand has been busy this whole time too, puling and rolling my nipples, pinching the tips and releasing them, and rubbing over my entire breasts to grab and squeeze them.

I feel the beginning of a wave building inside my pussy, and I decide to abandon my breasts for now to insert as many fingers of my left hand into my hot soaking wet crotch as I can.

I finger fuck myself well, over and over I push and pull them in and out as fast and hard as I can. I arch my body, my back leaves the towel, I feel the wind dry off the sweat that collected there, and I moan and whimper as my pussy contracts inside giving me my first orgasm. I slow the fingers that stroke my clit, and sit up slightly to take it all in.....it's incredible.

Opening my eyes I see the colors of the sunset streaking the sky, and the way the water reflects the colors, I breathe in the smells, watch my breasts move as my body twitches, feel how the wind is my assistant taking it's turn stimulating my hard beaded up clit covered with moisture......and I cum. The orgasm hits me hard enough I cannot hold myself up so I flop onto my back once again.

I remove my fingers from my pussy allowing myself to ride this wave so close behind the first, but not wanting it to stop I use those cum soaked fingers to pluck at my very sensitive nipples. That sends me over the edge and I groan as I cum again.

Then I switch hands quickly to rub over my clit faster. I want capitalize on their fresh energy, their moisture, and make myself cum even harder for a second clitoral orgasm. I suck off the fingers of my right hand loving the taste of me, and now I am rewarded for my efforts.

I cum so hard I feel my crotch muscles actually clench together, my clit is tingling, and then I register a gushing feeling. I am breathing so fast and I feel so good I'm dizzy. I lay there enjoying the experience and come down slowly; think about how awesome it was that I got to have vaginal and clitoral orgasms one right after the other.

Not to mention, I had a total of three great orgasms, and it was all part of one big wave. I've never had such an exhilarating experience while playing before. I am smiling big....and I can't wait to tell you all about it. I roll onto my side and pull my pack over to me, fish out my phone, and send you a text about what just happened.

You ask for a picture so I sit up to turn around and take one with the water behind me.

That's when I feel it, the towel in front of me is soaked, but that's not so remarkable. It's the location of the massive wet spot that turns me on all over again. It's about six or seven inches from the indentation that marks the spot where my butt rested and writhed. I squirted when I came; it's the only explanation for the gelatinous, creamy white cum that is so far out on the material.

Knowing how this will excite you, I include this little tidbit of info along with the pic I take of myself, and then I decide it's time to put my dress back on and get a move on. I towel off the little bit of the lake left on me and slide my dress up as I stand; I pack up my stuff and stand there to enjoy the view one last time.

It's cooling off fast now that the sun is almost gone, but I'm still plenty warm. I turn and start making my way up the beach carrying my sandals, lost in my thoughts, and the scenery. I take in the way the birds are flying low over the water, the boats so far out I can barely tell what they are and the beautiful houses that dot the end of the beach as it curves out into the water at the farthest end.

I walk a long way before my gaze ever wanders straight ahead, the direction I am heading, and it's a little longer yet before I register the figure heading toward me.

It's a park ranger, gotta be. I recognize the uniform color, but it must be the other one since the first good looking fellow I met never did come walking back. I keep walking, pleased that I had such a great time, sad that it's my last night here so I won't be duplicating it. Not on this trip at least.

The ranger is closer now and when he is close enough that I recognize the confidence in his stride I start to wonder. How could it be? But it is in fact the same park ranger that greeted me earlier. His open mouth smile tells me even at a distance that he knows, and as he draws near to me my apprehension builds.

"Did you enjoy your swim?" he asks stopping directly in front of me.

"Yes, thanks." I smile and decide to see how this plays out although I know I'm busted, and he continues.

"Did you happen to see any deer? I saw a family of deer in the grass behind somebody lying on a towel on the beach earlier." His face seems to shine and I imagine his eyes are gleaming under the sunglasses he wears.

I glance down at the binoculars that I've just noticed are hanging around his neck, I remember hearing and seeing park staff on an ATV as I drove into the park earlier, and suddenly everything makes sense. My facial expression betrays my thinking, and the ranger takes one more step closer just as I answer him.

"No, I didn't see any deer, I'm afraid I was so busy relaxing and enjoying the view in front of me to notice anything happening in the grass behind me."

"Well....I'll let you go then and you have yourself a wonderful night." and touching the tip of his hat, he inclines his head and nods once as a huge grin spreads across his face. Then he walks around me off into the sunset.

I watch him go, and slowly release the last deep breath I had taken to steady myself. Then I turn and run all the way down the beach, and back to my car even more turned on than when I had arrived, knowing that he had watched me the whole time.

And he thoroughly enjoyed the show.

**Adventures in Play Ch. 02**

It's hot today. Doesn't bother me though. My sundress billows out with the breeze, and I love the way it feels. I'm in no hurry even though I am excited.

The anticipation is a big part of the foreplay for me.

The path is wide and long plus it winds a bit. I remember the first time I came here. The person I love brought me. I was nervous but not uncomfortable in any way. Looking back I know I was already starting to fall in love although I was still clueless then.

A last minute decision to visit the deck causes me to veer to the right at the last possible moment, and although the flies are annoying and relentless, the closer I get to the overlook the more I smile.

The memories are flooding in fast.

The look I saw etched on that face when I stretched my arms high above my head to feel the sun......how I felt like the center of the universe for just that one moment. I later found out the view of my "womanliness", that was the description given, turned out to be a temptation which was thoroughly enjoyed.

I chuckle now as I climb the stairs, and slide out of my sandals, kick them to the side.

I'm alone and whenever I come here I always feel as if it's my park. I often feel like others are intruding when I see them, but thankfully it doesn't happen often. Not even park staff charged with maintenance. Now I'm at the railing and I look out over the reeds, the water, and admire the reflection of the clouds on the still surface.

I wonder if I can see the end today......I look toward my destination but to my delight the foliage is high providing plenty of cover for my plans. Not that cut vegetation or low water would stop me. I just wondered about the level of danger, the risk of being seen or watched from afar. It's part of the allure for an exhibitionist after all.

Glancing to the left, my smile grows ever wider as I remember the first time I played here, in that very corner. I had been texting with my love, and this person was taken by the fact that I was playing, but didn't want to prevent me from enjoying myself, told me "I'll let you go so you can concentrate and cum."

I said no because it was adding to my pleasure to talk while I did it......and so I shared it. I think honesty catches people off guard the most when they appreciate it. I know it did that day, but I also know it was very much enjoyed.

By both of us.

It was raining a nice slow rain that day, and I took a picture of myself, flushed cheeks, satisfied grin, and sent it off as soon as I finished cumming. The memory of those two visits has me positively humming now and I debate whether or not I will make it to the bench.

Maybe I should just lie down here under the clouds. No. I decide today is not that day so I look around one last time before fetching my sandals and returning to the path. The dock catches my eye. That will be a brave adventure indeed, I tell myself, but that is not today's plan either.

The dock is secluded from the land's point of view, but anyone on the water can see it from afar. Plus, it can be approached from one side while on the water from around a corner, and anybody on the dock would be caught very unawares. A risk I am willing to take. In fact,

I look forward to it!

Just not today.

The fact that I am wearing my favorite sundress, and incidentally it's also the favorite of the one whole stole my heart, is adding to my pleasure. "Blue", we call it, is the same one I wore that first time I was brought here.

I feel the slippery wet grow between my legs and I can't wait to feel it in-between my fingers, let it cover them and then rub it all over my clit, which incidentally is pulsing, and eager to be touched.

I walk the gravel driveway part of the path swatting mosquitoes and flies, but also thinking of the feel of hands caressing my breasts, gently squeezing them, that voice telling me they feel wonderful through my dress. I feel as if I would see this person right there right now, walking next to me if I turned my head and looked because the feelings and memories are so vivid.

I find myself panting a little as I reach the open meadow where the path turns right and I leave the shade of the trees. I'm sweating but it's a sexy sheen verses a profuse insult. The breeze blesses me again and brings the smell of my body's lubrication up. I breathe it in, and lick my lips knowing how it will taste.

Looking to the left I see cranes and I hear other bird song, but the clouds are so full and beautiful that I have a hard time focusing on the path or anything else around me. I stumble slightly but my pace quickens as I approach the last turn that brings me onto the catwalk.

I carry only my keys and my phone.

I wear only my blue sundress and sandals.

The steel catwalk creeks and groans a little under my weight and a rather large snake slides off into the grass right in front of me. I was just as surprised as it was, I think, but nothing can keep me from looking to the bench as soon as it's in view.

It's nestled at the end of the catwalk and there is no other way back. It holds a nice view of the water, but for me it's the perfect place to be alone yet totally exposed. I could be caught by a paddler, seen by aircraft for sure, and even spied from afar with binoculars from the very deck I visited earlier.

Oh yea and there are two houses, owned by very well to do people I'm sure, that have walls of windows facing the water on the other side. Since I have a decent view of them I'm sure they have a decent view of me.

If they are watching that is.

I like to think they are....entranced by this beauty from afar, enjoying nature in full sight, but out of reach. Even so, I can't help but hope, every time I come, that I'll find my love sitting there waiting for me, as if we had planned it.

I also can't help but be disappointed every time it doesn't happen.

I know it's silly and unrealistic but I won't ever stop hoping. Although I know there has been plenty of fantasizing, my love has never watched me play here, and I think one day we must make that happen.

I stash my keys, phone and sandals underneath the bench out of the sun.

Nobody is here.

I am alone, and I am so full of anticipation now that my hands are shaking slightly as I reach down to grasp blue and pull it off over my head. The bench is hot, so since blue is inside out, so I lay the dress down and spread it out before I sit down, right in the middle and get comfortable. It is 1:30 in the afternoon on a Wednesday and it's entirely possible for anybody to show at any time.

This is the thought I begin with.

If you, my love, were here.......if you were watching me.......if you could see the moisture glisten when I part my legs.....you'd hear a small squelching as my legs open further, I'm so ready for you. I'd be giving you an unobstructed view of my pleasure cave.

You would see everything I do to myself.

I am trimmed, not shaved, and smell of the orgasm I've already had earlier today. I lay my head back....take a deep breath....stretch my arms up high my breasts soaking up the sun...feeling the newly exposed skin warm. I start with the back of my neck and massage it lightly, tossing my head side to side, stretching out the tension.

I begin to slide my hands down over my skin....bring them down the front of my neck and then cross my arms giving my shoulders a little squeeze. I feel my breasts compress under my arms, some of the sheen makes them slide a bit, and as the skin on my arms breaks contact with my nipples they rise to points.

A gift of the wind.

Feeling them harden and perk up I look at them and think of what you told me. I've never heard anybody describe my body with such pleasure as you did...... "Nice big dark nipples, firm breasts, just the right size."

And once again a smile plays across my face as I submerge myself in memories of you and I in this place.

I think of all the times you told me the fantasies that were in your mind as we shared time here.....me rocking on your cock as you sit on the bench......you suckling my breasts while your hands hold my ass and move me around on top of you......I start touching myself now with more pressure.

I slid my hands down over my chest...pressing down so my nipples pop out from under my fingers one at a time. I pause to pay them some attention, grasping them one in each hand in between my fingertips, I pull and roll them.

I cup each breast and push them together making them look as if they're ready to be confined in my best push up lingerie.....front and center in your face demanding your tongue encircle them. I wet my fingers in my mouth and return them to the nipples doing just that....I fantasize that it is you.....your tongue.....and that it's eager to go lower.

I start to get impatient, but I make myself wait to touch below the belt.

I think of your teeth biting me and teasing me, pulling and twisting while your tongue rubs fast, back and forth over the nipple tips. I replicate this feeling by using my thumb and middle finger to hold the nipples while my moist pointer finger flies over the tops.

When I finally let go, the wet saliva in the breeze is a huge turn on and my nipples are rock hard now. Their color, I notice, seems darker. Then I remember thinking, in the past, that they seem to get darker the more turned on I am.

They are about to get even darker I think to myself as I slide my hands down across my belly, and I feel the first few pubic hairs welcome me back. As my fingertips reach my outer folds I slide in separating them and rubbing the inner folds together and around. They massage my clit which begins to harden. The hood covers it, mostly, but it still peeks out in hopes of direct stimulation.

It's intense but I do enjoy direct rubbing or flicking on my clit, especially after cumming once or twice, or with intense foreplay. It makes me squirt, which in and of itself turns others on more than me, but what I enjoy is the deep vaginal orgasm it gives me along with the clitoral orgasm.

That combo is what makes me squirt.

But I'm not focused on squirting now I am thinking about how hard it would be for you to keep your hands off me while watching.....in my mind's eye I see you with your jaw set and eyes glued to my body. My fingers on both hands are still rubbing those inner folds together, up and down, and are now moving upward a little more while still not going too fast.

I feel a gush of fluid and hear myself say hmmm as two of my fingers instinctively search out the creamy lube my body always provides without fail. I plunge them inside as far as I can go coating them. I bring them up to my tongue first and wrap it around them pulling them inside and suck them clean.

I trace my lips and return those fingers to their previous location, starting to pull them in and out over and over. I'm primed for what I plan to do next.

I am soaking wet. And it's a crime that I will not get laid tonight. Granted writing turns me on but I marvel at my body's ability to keep me sexually ready 24/7. I am telling no lies here when I say I am ALWAYS wet and ready. If my love showed up right now and took off the G-string I am wearing I would be ready for insertion.....I love my Venus.

That's what she has been named, and I enjoy her.

Thoroughly.

But once again I digress. Back to the memory of this little adventure.....

My right hand pounds two fingers in and out slightly faster now and my left grasps my clit in between the thumb and pointer rolling it around gently, then releasing my thumb I use just the pointer to skate over the top of it, pressing down slightly to feel it pulse and slide under the tip.

My breasts feel as if they are swelling by the second and I can feel my nipples, engorged, hard and pointy, asking for more so I slide my right hand out of Venus and drag those jellied fingertips up to my right breast first. I circle the nipple a few times before pinching it a little, then pulling up and out until my breast bounces back down from the lift.

I do the same for my left nipple and see that dark color betray my high state of arousal. I find myself leaning down onto my left arm propped up on the elbow, and I lifted my right leg up so my foot is resting on the bench. I am ready to take this home and feel the first orgasm wash over me.

I lay back on the bench fully now. I stroke the skin all over my stomach, chest and neck. I throw my head back, it hangs off the side just enough, and watch the cottony clouds drift across the blue sky.....my left hand pauses the massage occasionally only to stimulate my nipples, up and down, over stomach, over breasts.

I like watching myself touch too.....I lift my head up for brief glimpses of the show I'm providing for nature. I love watching my fingers on the right hand fly over my clit, back and forth, assaulting it with pleasure so intense while my breasts jiggle in the foreground, my chest heaving with the breath that comes fast as the cries of passion echo around me.

The orgasm starts inside and rolls out. I can feel a tightening on my fingers as I near the end of the vaginal and the clitoral one begins with a tingling sensation in my toes. They curl and release as I grunt and grind my hips up and down and my fingers slow a bit to let the clit have room to pulse.

I let a groan of satisfaction escape as I collapse onto the bench, the tension leaving me in a sudden rush, one leg on either side of the bench, all my muscles go loose. I savor the all over good feeling I have after an orgasm and feel the wind pick up just as I hear the catwalk creek.

Then I begin feeling it vibrate. Heavy footfalls are next, I have company, but I also know I have time.

As I swing my right leg up and out from between the backrest and bench, I glimpse the top of a hat bobbing just visible over the vegetation to the left of me, near the beginning of the catwalk.

I then stand and right blue so she's not inside out, drop her over my head while pushing my arms through, and then give her one quick tug causing her to fall down just in time.

I am lowering myself to sit on the bench as I hear somebody's enthusiastic greeting, "Good afternoon!" I find myself looking at an older gentleman, obviously enjoying his explorations, and now thinking he'd take a rest on this very bench, and maybe watch the fish jump.

"Yes. It sure is a beautiful day." I reply. I turn my head and glance all around us, then smile warmly at him from my comfy seat before I through my head back to watch even fluffier clouds glide across the sky. Out of the corner of my eye I can see disappointment register on his face briefly, but he quickly recovers and decides to move on.

That's good; I wouldn't want to disappoint my audience across the way.

He can wait, I think, I was here first, it's my turn.

And I am not done yet......