**Midnight**

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**Midnight Ch. 01: Wait**

"Why so shy Honeybutt?"

An unexpected hand felt upon a thigh sliding gingerly up beneath the short skirt of an all about business Waitress found it's final resting place on her left butt cheek as she stood taking their order. Three fishermen fresh off the boat sat frisky and needing attention after two weeks at sea. Her courter's fingers slipping barely under her thin white panties made her fidget. While it felt nice to be touched, she worried what the other customers might think.

"What can I get you Gentlemen?" She softly smiles with hesitance in her eye, not just of being caught but of her thoughts that this was something she had fantasized about.

"What's tasty?" One of the other men perked up turning his ballcap backwards as if expressing some swagger he truly didn't have.

"I bet she is." The third man with a lengthy brown beard chuckled, rubbing his chin.

"You on the menu Sweetheart?" Her assailant grinned with a cocked eyebrow, "She's a trembling boys."

"Ain't pulling away though Pete."

"I think she likes your hand on her ass." The second man Castor puckered then reached out to run his own hand up beneath her skirt to mimic Pete's embrace. With two hands on her ass, fingers beneath her panties the waitress bit her lip.

"Everything alright over there Midnight?" Another waitress behind a counter noted their less than respectful behavior.

"Midnight? That's a pretty nifty name for a lovely young gal." Pete nodded,

"Everything okay over here Miss Midnight?" The girl nodded with a nibble to her lower lip. Reluctantly looking back at the other waitress over her shoulder Midnight Amador shared her acknowledgment that she was in good hands. Never wanting trouble Midnight always remained calm. Normally any handsy flirtations ended quickly. At age 19 Midnight was new to adulthood yet not completely hidden from society. She was just quiet, in her own thoughts mostly. All of her life she had discovered two things about herself, one being that confrontation was never wise, and defiance was not in her persona. Even in high school she was pushed around until she blossomed into the beauty she was today.

At 5'6, 115 pounds, her skin tone golden brown befitting her heritage as half Spaniard, half Native American of the Santee tribes of Coastal South Carolina, Midnight was the furthest thing from being unattractive. Ordinarily she would never wear short skirts but the restaurant Owner Olan required a hint of sensuality to lure in customers. Her tips were quite good overall so she became more aware of her attire. Other waitresses showed off more than Midnight did and banked a nice living. Slowly but surely she was adapting.

"The cod is fresh today." Midnight spoke as their fingers slipped deeper beneath her panties at an angle, tips discovering her crack. A light squeeze between them pried her cheeks apart just enough to make her share a nervous gasp. Exploring her face for panic the men found only eyes awaiting their order. A cleared throat from the waitress at the counter eased the men into retreating.

"Place of business." The waitress Naomi pointed out, Midnight remaining calm with doe like eyes, her long raven black hair pinned back revealed a beautiful neckline, her white waitress uniform unbuttoned just enough to accent her golden arches, firm 36D's, the size ofttimes making her self-conscious over them. She knew guys liked them but she had to live with her burdens. Although understanding her good looks she tended to feel insecure that she just wasn't enough. Obviously these three gents liked what they were seeing, feeling up. Encouragement at best.

"Can I get a refill?" A voice from the next table over lifted a coffee cup. The man was sitting alone reading and writing in a large diary of sorts, keeping to himself overall but eying the clientele with interest. With the seaside diner only having 12 booth style tables and a lengthy counter near the kitchen it was seated sparingly. Only six tables were occupied, three barstools at the counter.

"Wait your turn Amigo." Pete turned in his seat to leer back at the Hispanic male wearing a black t-shirt tightly fitting a very intense frame of chiseled muscle tone. Not any bodybuilder but thin in shape, broad shoulders and severely lacking in any paunch. His arms were covered in sleeves of all things Asian respect tattoos. Single Samurai's, katanas, and cherry blossoms adorned both arms down to the knuckles. Wrapping the knuckles appeared to be tightening ropes that literally circled his hands even over the palms. The ropes on his palms were alone without any other shading around them. As if his hands were tied. They obviously had some inner meaning.

"I got it Midnight." Naomi walked from behind the counter with a pot of coffee. Strutting to the loner's table she filled his cup, "Sorry Handsome. The locals get a little unrestrained." It was then she noticed his hand tats. "Interesting artwork. Culture clash?"

"Only to you. I was stationed in Yokohama Japan. Air Force."

"No Carolina accent. Vacationing?"

"From New York. Tired of the big city and needed some fresh air. Flew down in my Cessna with plans to buy into the area."

"Pilot then."

"I am. One of my occupations."

"If you own a plane you must have money."

"I'm doing okay." He eyes Midnight finally finishing her tables order.

"Well welcome to the waves Handsome. I apologize for Midnight's behavior. She's shy and has no defense mechanism. Santee blood but not a fierce bone in her beautiful body."

"Santee?"

"Local tribe. Her Momma is full blooded Santee. Her Daddy is from Spain."

"Interesting bloodline. Midnight you say?"

"Yep! Midnight Isabella Amador. Her Momma named her because she was born at the stroke of midnight. Tribal thing I reckon."

"Thanks. I'll see you around again I'm sure. I'm scouting for a property in the area. Borrowed a buddies beach house for the summer while he's off in Guam to get me started."

"Midnight's Aunt Tilly is a Realtor, you might ask about her to help narrow things down." Naomi glances to see Midnight stepping toward the kitchen to pin up her order for the Cook, "Your ribeye should be coming up shortly. I'll let Midnight bring it over seeing as you are seated at her table."

"What happened to my other waitress?"

"Luanne clocked out. Her kid got in trouble at school again. Long story."

"Midnight is fine."

"Isn't she?' Naomi winked, "Single too."

"Duly noted." He toasted her with his coffee. Leaving his side Naomi met up with Midnight at the drink fountain.

"Sweetie? Why do you let people treat you so badly? You don't deserve that kind of treatment." She hugged the girl from the side as Midnight shrugs lightly.

"I'm okay. I'm used to abuse."

"Sometimes I think you like it."

"Yes, sometimes." She mumbles.

"You are an extraordinary young woman Midnight. Please don't be so hard on yourself."

"I... can't help it."

"As Nancy Reagan used to preach...just say no."

"I don't want to."

Sighing Naomi knew she was talking to a wall, "Just be careful." As Midnight filled her drink glasses Naomi added with a tug to her apron strings, "Oh! That handsome man in black over there wants to move here to Caretaker, I think he's rich." A wink went right over Midnight's head, she had no concept of worth. A thin scowl Naomi patted her on the shoulder, "Share your Aunt Tilly's number with him. Tilly can use the commission of selling a house in this sad ass market."

"Okay!"

"ANY DAY MIDNIGHT!" Pete the troublemaker called out, "Dying of thirst here."

Jumping a bit at her table's insistence she succumbed to being too slow and avoided Naomi further, holding three glasses of soda tightly together in transport. Shuffling toward the trio of local terrorists she approached with trepidation. Reaching the table, she bent at the knee slightly to sit the glasses down without spilling them. Successful at first she moved each drink in front of the proper order. The man in the back of the booth being further away required her to stretch a bit. In doing this Pete reached in front of her and hooked a finger between her cleavage, capturing the center of her bra holding her forward. Eyes flaring, she shivered at being so strangely captured. "Will you look at those titties Castor? Now that's perfection." Unwilling to believe that she was perfect in any way she felt Castor unbutton the top two buttons of her shirt for an even better look. She felt helpless but rather liked the feeling of no control. Afraid to fight back she merely found her limbs frozen in time.

"Even better now Pete." The third man spoke then casually tips his drink over spilling it on the tabletop. "Damn I'm clumsy. Got any napkins on ya Miss Midnight?"

"I can go get some." She managed in a soft-spoken tone.

"Naaa!" Castor winced shaking his head, "I found a napkin right here." His hand slid back up under her skirt and pinched the waistband of her white panties and slowly peeled them down over her ass. Having gone to the kitchen to assist the Cook, Naomi was not there to rescue her this time. Whimpering ever so expectedly Midnight felt her panties slide over her inner thighs, a tender wisp of air flow tickling her wetness. Helpless yet enamored by their interest in her she just let Castor stand up behind her and kneel enough to guide her panties to her work shoes. All around them customers were shocked but afraid to intervene. Such was the populace of the town of Caretaker. Always looking out for themselves, not one another. Weak knees were well known in these parts.

Castor removing Midnight's panties from her feet admired her bare ass with interest, tossing her underwear over her body to land on the table. "Wipe that mess up Virgil."

"Can I get another refill?"

"Waitress is a little busy Chi Chi." The racist slurs were rising more and more utilizing stereotypical names to mock the man in black. High seas hicks had no sympathy. Castor lifted Midnight's skirt for a stunning reveal, administering a shit eating grin, "Clam bake Boys." Midnight's pussy was tight beyond measure, having been with one man ever, not consensual at that. Not even her parents knew of her rape at 16 by a 35 year old Man, someone she couldn't possibly know in the darkness of night. A stranger that treated her like some slave, brutally fucking her and leaving her lay in the weeds to cry. Tears that retreated unexpectedly, in favor of an emotion she had trouble deciphering. Part of her...liked it. Her thoughts finding the rape to be thrilling rather than humiliating and mentally destructive, lost control revealing what her soul was all about. She never saw that man again. Being incapacitated in such an environment in front of customers unwilling to defend her was frightfully arousing.

"HEY!" Naomi made her triumphant return with the Cook right behind her after spotting the situation from the service ledge. The Cook, a gay man of Santee origin named Rupert held his cell up showing 9-1-1 in ready. "That's enough! Behave or get out." Naomi was the only one in the place with any balls. A snapped glance toward the man in black Naomi found him engrossed in his writing. Without looking up from his book he lifted his coffee cup for that refill. Naomi realized he was well aware of the trouble in hand but was staying out of it.

"I have 9-1-1 on my phone. Leave our girl Midnight be." Rupert sounded flamboyant but stood his ground with a fierce expression. Seeing the cell ready to call out Pete removed his hooked finger from Midnight's bra, Castor standing up to release her skirt. Virgil held on to her sopped underwear.

Rising slowly Midnight removed three straws from her apron pouch and returned to work. Moving around Naomi who just scowled at her, the dining crew let the fisherman calm down at their booth. Before Naomi could say anything, she saw Midnight discover the man in blacks' steak and baked potato on the serving ledge. Claiming his order along with the pot of coffee she made her way past Naomi as if nothing had happened. Rupert shrugged and went on back to the kitchen.

Sitting his plate in front of him the man in black ignored Midnight but held his cup poised while holding his book open. Her eyes curious she glanced at the opened pages to see diagrams of various poses of women in bondage situations. Artwork done by his own hand. Nearly overfilling his cup in her lost notice she stopped filling right at the brim. "You keep a level head as much as you pour a level cup of coffee I see." She merely smiled. "You didn't panic."

"Should I have?" She mumbled with a lowered gaze. "Steak sauce?"

"No! I like to maintain the natural order of things."

"Butter? Sour cream?"

"Neither. I hear your Aunt is a realtor."

"Yes, she is. I can write down her number if you want it." She finds her pen in her apron and clicks it. In response he turns his book to face her pointing at the unillustrated top portion of a page to scribble in the number. Watching her hand tremble at trying to write and look at his drawings at the same time, his attention lured in to see her eyes flaring, almost sparkling like diamonds of light on the ocean. She was beautiful, up close even better.

"Troubles?" He found her hand unable to write the last four digits.

"N-no! I like your drawings."

"Being nosey?" He sips his coffee, returning to avoiding her gaze.

"I suppose. They are very realistic."

"Sketches, nothing more." She completes the phone number with the name Tilly Cooper. Knowing Midnight's last name, he concluded her Aunt to be on her Mother's side, that or she was married. "You can go now." He invites her to fade away while he cuts his steak and takes his first bite, embracing the texture and flavoring. Having requested no seasoning at all the beef was delicious if not plain to some unavoidable pallets. Nick Sanchez was complex in every way. A mystery man indeed.

Going back to her station at hearing a bell ping informing another order pickup Midnight delivered to a table to the back of the diner. A sweet older couple on a date for the first time in years felt compelled to pat her hand as if apologizing for not showing more courage during her hostile takeover earlier. She smiled and thanked them for not interfering at their age.

Chef Rupert, moving quickly produced the seafood order for the fishermen startling Midnight with another bell. Touring her tables for refills would have to wait. Securing her platters, she made her way back to Pete, Castor and Virgil. Hungry eyes found Midnight more appealing than their lunch. Serving them in order she was prepared to turn away when Pete dropped his fork under the table. "Can you grab that Sweetheart?"

"I can get a clean fork."

"I'm partial to that one." He grins with a hint of "Do as you're told.", in his eyes. Picking up on his reaction Midnight dropped to her knees and began to reach for the fork when Castor kicked it back further. Breath held she stretched even further for it. To her surprise she found Virgil's dick hanging out to her left and paused. Wagging it at her without even looking under the table she swallowed dryly and admired the size of it. While hesitating Castor, looking to the kitchen for precaution reached in behind Midnight and again lifted her skirt. Rubbing her bare ass first he slid his fingers up between her legs and caressed her pussy, tilting his middle finger in to locate her clit. Tensing up she huffed twice at his touch of intimacy, only to feel his thumb gently massaging her butt pucker. She closed her eyelids and bit her lip. It felt wonderful. Knowing a scene would begin all over again she grabbed the fork and attempted retreat. Strangely Castor just gave up and let her rise to her feet.

"Your fork Sir." She sat it in front of Pete. Glancing at Castor she found him licking the fingers he had touched her with.

"Finger licking good." Castor winked.

"Thank you." She mumbled faintly and stepped away to begin a refill run of beverages, tea pitcher in one hand, coffee in another. Returning to Nick Sanchez she offered to refill his cup but a palm over his cup changed her mind. "How is your steak?"

"Where's my Sir?" He quietly ignored her visually.

"How is your steak Sir?"

"Decent. You're pretty calm under pressure. Fear?"

"No...Sir."

"You can stop referring me as Sir now. I just wanted to see if you had it in you Midnight Isabella Amador."

"You know my full name?" She paused to peer at Naomi presuming that was how he was so well informed.

"It's a strong name for such a weak girl."

"Weak?"

"You have no fight in you."

"I...was raised to respect my elders."

"Even when they paw you up?" She didn't know how to reply, choosing a simple but informative shrug. "Maybe I should join the festivities." He dared to use his knife to lift the front of her skirt until he could see her pussy and a rather dark patch of unattended fur. "Trim that." He then let her skirt fall. Her eyelids refused to blink at his own unexpected foray into her private areas. "I could use a napkin myself."

"I'll get some."

"I'll take that one." He nodded toward the fishermen. Peering over Pete she saw her sopping wet cola stained panties on top of the table and reacted sheepishly for a single breath before stepping to sit her pitcher and pot on an empty table top. Abandoning it she approached the predators with bravery. "May I have my panties back?"

"Sure!" Virgil winked then slid them further away, next to the window. Pete and Castor both acted like gentlemen in waving a hand as if to say, "After you." With no hesitation Midnight maneuvered their table setting of food and drink to reach for her underwear. They were just out of reach without knocking things over. Considering her difficulty Midnight drew back and changed course. With Nick's table next to theirs she slid into Nick's booth opposite his seat. On her knees she stretched over the seat back next to Pete to claim her hostage panties. Within reach of it Virgil moved them on her, closer to the edge of his side of the table. Forced to rise higher Midnight's skirt rose in behind, her bare bottom facing Nick. Admiring her ingenuity Sanchez took in her clam and revealed fur as she reached dramatically for them. In her possession finally she retreated to Nick's booth safely.

Crawling from the seat to stand next to Nick's table she placed her damp panties neatly on his table. "I apologize for taking so long. They...are wet."

"So was that." He used his fork to point at her lap with a bite of steak on its prongs. Eying her lap he brought his fork back and put it in his mouth. Patting her underwear, he opted to lift them and dab the corners of his mouth. She stared without expression. "What kind of pie do you have?"

Pete leered back over his shoulder, "A damn sweet piece of cherry pie."

"I was asking her. Enjoy your lunch." Nick glared for being interrupted.

"Don't make me come over there and feed you the rest of that steak." Pete snarled.

"Peach pie." Midnight attempted to sway any further fuss.

"Vanilla ice cream to make an ala mode?" His taste buds although preferring natural flavors, some things were a perfect union.

"Yes."

"Go get it." Nick nodded as she twirled in step making her way to the kitchen. While gone Pete turned further around and winced. Before he could get up to show off his threat Nick sighed, "Third degree black belt in Taekwondo, golden gloves in military school. Leave that seat and I'll bury you at sea."

"Tough guy huh?" Pete notes the sleeve of tats on Nick and surmises he might not be bluffing. Nodding with a sneer he turned back around and kept his mouth shut. Time and place for everything he thought. Not here, not today.

As if an angel floating on the floor Midnight returned with a bowl of peach pie and vanilla ice cream. Sitting it down lightly she smiled. "Dessert."

"Let me eat in peace." She responds only by turning away and collecting her tea pitcher and coffee pot taking them back to the fountain area. Giving him time to eat she helped in the kitchen to keep busy. With Naomi manning the cash register a number of patrons began leaving, the lunch crowd becoming minimal and manageable. Nick polishing off his meal and dessert digested his food a bit while jotting thoughts down in his book. Pondering the events of today he ripped out a page of his art and prepared to pay his tab. Writing on the paper he left a note for Midnight. Folding the note he drew out his wallet and left a healthy tip of $200 which he tucked into the note. While she was away Nick opted to take his leave. At the register he met with Naomi.

"Midnight give you your check?"

"Nope! Here's a fifty that should cover my meal. Keep the change."

"Big tipper." She winked, "You could have stepped in to help earlier."

"None of my business. I left Midnight a tip on the table. Make sure the Pirates don't swipe it."

"I'll guard it with my life...knife." She grabs a butter knife teasingly.

"Hope to see you around again."

"Good luck house hunting. Call Tilly."

"I'll do that."

Turning away Nick ignores the trio saluting him in passing. Stepping outside the diner Nick stretched knowing he could be seen through the windows onlooking the beach below. In his stretch he drew one leg straight into the air in a standing split. The fishermen seeing him observed his flexibility. Pete inside huffed, "Ballet dancer." His friends just chuckled.

Done with her kitchen assist Midnight came out and discovered Nick missing. Check held up she worried he might have stiffed her until Naomi plucked the ticket from her fingers. "It's covered. Tip on the table." She encouraged her to go get it. Before doing so she gave her adversaries their check and quickly left them behind. Spotting money peeking out of a creased piece of paper she collected it and smiled. This was her very first big money tip. Realizing the paper had writing she read his note to herself in silence.

"Hundred for you. Hundred for the shopping list below..." Eyes lowering to the list, "Shaving equipment, to groom that bush. Sundress to wear tomorrow night at dusk, see through or don't bother. Fishing pier below the diner at sunset. You only have one chance to impress me. I'm keeping my napkin. Too shy say goodbye." It was finalized with, "Lose the bra...NOW!"

Holding her breath, she found a thumbnail drawing of a woman resembling her on her knees. It made her smile brightly. Looking up and out the window as if hoping to see him somewhere she pouted at being unlucky. Putting her note and money in her apron pouch she stepped to the trio of belching fishermen and without hesitation unbuttoned her uniform to her waist then reached one hand through the garment and behind her back. Unclasping her bra she wiggled one arm out at a time without completely removing her dress. A pretty amazing feat to be witnessed. With Pete, Castor, and Virgil seeing her tits she gave them her bra and took their money. Her dress only halfway rebuttoned she went back to the cash register and handed Naomi the cash. The men whispered amongst themselves but chose to stop being assholes.

"Are you smiling?" Naomi winced.

"Yes."

"Will wonders never cease."

"Can I go shopping?"

"Now?"

"Lunch rush is over."

"I can handle things. Go on." Naomi scowled but waved the girl to give up her apron.

In a giddy rush Midnight Amador hung her apron up and grabbed her shoulder bag. Tip in hiding she was gone like a light. With no car she had to walk to a bus stop a half mile away and sat waiting on a bench. Although happy within, her insecurities rose to the surface.

"I am not worthy."

Probably not!

**Midnight Ch. 02: I'MMATERIAL**

Midnight Isabella Amador sat on a bus that was supplied and operated by the Santee tribe of Caretaker, South Carolina. One that carried those financially less fortunate back and forth between work and the reservation. Midnight's home right on the border between the Rez and the White man's world to counter the fact her Mother Irene was full blooded Santee, her Father Esteban, a Spaniard who chose to keep his wife as near to her heritage as much as possible. While her ride was not in going home but into the town of Caretaker itself population 4,500, she had places to be. Strangely drawn to the Man in Black sitting at the diner she worked at, her mind was caught between two worlds, much like her family. Where this other world resided she was still trying to process.

Even with her stop nearing, Midnight reopened the note the man had left her and read it for the fifth time in ten minutes. Seeing the tiny drawing he did of a woman with her resemblance on her knees bowing she realized something new for the first time. The caricature was nude. Eyes flared, nostrils joining in, she smiled. Even now she wasn't fully grasping what it meant. All she knew was that she found the drawing appealing. With her bus slowing to a stop uptown Midnight got up and passed the driver. In leaving she shyly whispered, "Thank you Ernest." The driver a native Santee smiled back and shared, "See you on your way home Midnight." Stepping off Ernest admired her from behind without too much lust. He had known this girl her entire life, while she was beautiful she seemed far too much like family. Door closed he proceeded on through town.

Midnight however perused shop windows. With not many actual clothing stores around town her choices were limited. In Caretaker there were no big business outlets, all mom and pop shops trying to make a living. It was better this way, keeping it all in the family. Family was important. Too bad her kin was distant, her Father away from home for long periods either working or drinking heavily at the local pubs. Close enough to alcoholic, his paychecks dwindled before the bills could be paid. Like many along the coastline he worked for a seafood delivery warehouse. Fresh catch, fresh on the table, in most cases.

Having exhausted the few shops along the strip mall circuit and coming up with no results she was losing hope. Her low self esteem questioned why she was even thinking she could be what the Man in Black wanted. She had no idea what a relationship was outside of what she experienced at home, or in talking with her friends Veronica Redmane and her boyfriend Will Gullavant aka Gull as in seagull. They were inseparable and living together off the Rez here in Caretaker. Veronica studying theater wanted to be on Broadway, likely a pipe dream. Will a tradesman working only on commission with his Father to build docks and decks for homes, other minor structural commitments if asked. A simple trade he learned from his Grandfather, now retired.

Walking aimlessly wearing her waitress uniform, not wishing to go all the way home to change when she felt compelled to do her best in seeking the sundress the Man in Black requested her wear upon meeting tomorrow evening at sunset. Failure nipping at her heels she found herself sitting on a bench along the street. Seated there feeling sorry for herself she noted a very tiny fabric store called Willamina's. "I could make a dress. I must!" Jumping to her feet Midnight walks the next block over until entering the storefront. A pinging bell alerted the owner who was in the back room, followed by a portly elder possibly Willamina herself stepping out to greet her.

"Help you Miss?"

"I am looking for fabric to make a sundress. It must be...sheer."

"I'm afraid I don't have anything that see through." She pondered looking about at her walls of fabric bolts. Walking in a waddle due to arthritis Willamina examined her inventory. "No one has ever asked for such so I never order anything sheer."

"It's alright! Thank you." Midnight was ready to call it a day. Turning to leave Willamina sensed the girls emotions.

"Wait! I have an idea, but it is a long shot." Palm in the air she stepped into her back room and took awhile in returning. Midnight hearing Willamina cursing and the sound of metal falling concerned her.

"Are you alright?"

"Rod fell down." Willamina called out just as she carried a curtain rod out with a sheer white set of curtains with embroidered white flowers sewn in. "Best I can offer Dear. They might need washed. Is this enough material for you?"

"I...believe so. Are you certain you want to give up your curtains?"

"You look sad...so let's brighten up your day. Yes...you can have the curtains free of charge."

"No! I will buy them." Something for free just did not feel right. All things come with a cost.

"Go across the street and buy me a milkshake, the curtains are yours." Willamina smiled pointing at an ice cream shop, "Buy yourself one too."

"Alright! What flavor?"

"Whatever you're having. I like surprises."

"Be right back." Midnight shyly grinned.

"Whip crème and a cherry on top." Willamina added as Midnight opened the door. Nodding Midnight left, crossing the street and entering the shop. Partial to vanilla she ordered two shakes, both with whip crème and a cherry. Paying quickly she hurried back to Willamina's and shared the wealth. "Mmmm! Delicious! I've found that ice cream helps me when I'm troubled. Breakup?" She grew nosey.

"Breakup? No, I don't have a boyfriend."

"But you want one." Willamina winked sipping through her straw.

"I...don't know what I want."

"You do. It just takes time to learn what comes natural."

"There is...someone."

"See? The dress is for him isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Making a nightie?" The pudgy woman winked.

"A sundress."

"Same thing. Can you sew?"

"I can. My mother taught me. I might need thread too." Having been pointed out.

"Now that will cost you."

"I do have money." Midnight giggles softly almost embarrassed by her own laugh.

"Your money is no good here Sweetiepie. One of those big pretzels with that gooey cheese sauce." Another point to the shop across the street next to the ice cream parlor led Midnight to consider what this woman was trying to do. It had to be more than cheering her up.

"Okay!" Shying away Midnight went to order a pretzel. One did sound yummy. She bought two just like she had the same flavored shakes. Returning with their pretzels and a tub of cheese she passed Willamina hers.

"What have you learned?" She winked.

"That my feet hurt."

"You just need someone to sweep you off of them. See this salty pretzel?"

"Yes."

"How it curves around and connects, almost in the shape of a heart? Like two arms holding one another. See it?"

Studying it Midnight sees beyond Willamina's interpretation. The heart part looked like a butt. The limbs tangling in the center of the pretzel a triangle shape, like inner thighs. She wanted to giggle but resisted. It also reminded her of Veronica when she pulled her legs behind her head and appeared as if a turtle stuck on its back. Veronica was always very limber. "Yes! I see it."

"My point is...the heart will always find its way home. Just follow the path."

"Cheese?" Midnight needed to change the subject.

"Yesss!" They dined in giggling. With a hesitant hug to a woman she barely knew Midnight Amador walked out with folded curtains and spools of thread, a needle packet just to let Willamina feel she made her point. Willamina was a very wise woman.

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"Can I speak with Matilda Cooper?"

Nick Sanchez lay sprawled out on a deck chair facing the Atlantic wearing black shorts, going shirtless to capture the rays. A man on the other end turned the phone over to a woman's voice.

"This is Tilly Cooper."

"Afternoon Mrs. Cooper. My name's Nick Sanchez, your number was forwarded to me by a woman at the diner Coastal Waiter's. Midnight was her name."

"My niece. How may I be of help Mister Sanchez?"

"Home search. I'm looking to relocate down here."

"I see. From where may I ask?"

"Everywhere. Mostly New York, born and raised, but I've move around quite a bit. I'm ready to settle down though. Camping out at a buddies beach house until I find what I'm searching for."

"I nice place to call home?"

"Something like that. Among other things."

"I see. Our work day is almost over. Might we meet tomorrow?"

"Coastal Waiter's? Say 10:00?"

"Perfect! I'll put together some home profiles and we can go over them together."

"Sounds good Matilda."

"Please call me Tilly."

"Done! See you in the morning. I'll be in a white 4Runner."

"I'll find you. Thank you again." Tilly hangs up, Nick lowering his cell and pondering what kind of homes he would find down here off the beaten shoreline. Watching gulls fly by diving into the waves for fish he found himself mesmerized and lost in thought. When deciding to come down here to South Carolina at the encouragement of his military buddy Marcus Jericho he found the sunshine and surf irresistible. The people in the area seemed respectful and welcoming overall. Some less cordial like the fishermen earlier at the diner but in a sense they worked to Nick's advantage in seeing what their waitress Midnight Amador was like. If she had put up resistance then he would have overlooked her entirely. A man of careful scrutiny Nick Sanchez found something in the girl that went beyond a stunning shape and beautiful eyes. Her shy poise, her inability to react with fear, her curiosity as to what men find in her. Even with her self esteem low she seemed almost confident but in a hidden conflict between two forces. He could work with that.

With the warm breeze cascading his flesh Nick's thoughts leaned toward arousal. Tempted to strip off and go for a swim he stood up and dropped his trunks, a shockingly large penis toppled out with a rising arch, the crown massive and dominant on it's scepter. Kicking the trunks aside he stretched, popping his back while deciding if a swim was in the cards. With bait dangling like his it might catch a big fish he thought laughing to himself. Lingering there stroking his cock and enjoying the freedom he found unexpected intruders on his section of beach. Being a private beach house he was in the right to call the cops but refrained seeing it to be what appeared to be a very affectionate couple. No threat he concluded he just stood his ground and continued pumping his fist.

With only sixty yards between he and the couple he realized they were no older than Midnight. The girl a stunning brunette much the same size and build as Midnight herself, same long hair, obviously Native American as well. The boy with hippy blond hair and a decent muscle tone but pale, sunburns noticeable but uncaring. The clingy nature of the couple made Nick grumble. "Fuck love. Take it!"

In his attitude he grew defiant of putting his beast away and dared to let them take notice. It was hardly long before they did. The girl halting and staring right at Nick, whispering of their being busted. This was their secret place knowing the beach house was rarely inhabited. The boy tried to lead them away worried he might call the police and report them for trespassing, yet the girl tugging him at arms length to stay. It was obvious by her using her cell to video Nick masturbating that she was creating leverage should he complain. A man masturbating in front of them was incriminating in itself even on private property. The girl was smart.

Waving at him while recording, Nick just stared back at her. "Midnight!" He muttered. If they had heard him things might have gone differently. Noting no conflict the girl shut her cell off and put it in her small carry bag dangling at her hip. Still her boyfriend, husband, whatever he was grew stressed and pleaded for her to follow him. She wouldn't have it. If that man could show off so could they. Mind blown the blond haired man watched his girl strip out of her bikini and dance about saying, "I can show off too." Nick merely winced behind his dark shades and funneled energy to his fully erect leviathan.

"Are you crazy?" The blond man was heard, yet enjoyed his girl's bold flavor, nice 36C's dancing about until she palmed them laughing.

"Fuck me!" She startled her man with a sudden outburst.

"Seriously? He might call the cops. We're the ones where we're not supposed to be."

"I have him performing indecent exposure. He won't! This is a fantasy, you know that."

"To fuck on the beach watched by strangers?"

"Come on! Live a little. For meeeeeeeeee?" She batted her eyes rolling one hand down to tease her clit, brightening impulsively at the wetness felt even there. The man rolled his eyes and paced in a circle, hands on his hips before relenting. Dropping his own trunks and taking off his tank top he chased her around as if she were saying, "Can't catch me." Her jaunt took them closer toward Nick. Charging her the man dropped her in the sand and wrestled with her. They were now forty yards away. Nick unwavering looked toward the sea, ships in the far distance relaxing to watch.

Tackled into submission the blond man lay over her missionary style and kissed on the girl, she losing sight of reality with the sun barreling down on them. Her body his to possess at the moment he sucked on her nipples making her moan in a competition with the surrounding birds. Moving South the man ate her out, spitting grains of misplaced sand but always returning with a ferocious hunger. Yelping and writhing about could not distract Nick, his thoughts elsewhere rather than truly admiring their youthful angst. Not that he couldn't hear them. To Nick it was like going to a symphony and sealing your eyelids to appreciate the vibration of elegant cords. Something unknown to many Nick loved classical music such as Mozart, Bach, or Beethoven. While not quite the same, the beats her shrill whines did feel on key. As did the boys guttural bass. He was fucking her now, she snapping looks at Nick to see if he were watching. Convinced he was, she moaned even harder, her man hitting that key of G perfectly with every pass of his bow.

Extravagant squeals and moans escalated into cries of passion. Cumming hard on the boys masterful cock before he found a resurgence of adrenalin in pulling out and dragging her upward until on her hands and knees. Snatching her hair in his fist the boy found his balls confident and faced her directly at Nick, still serving his monster a thrashing. Eyes wide open she took Nick's performance in mumbling, "He's fucking huge." Her man unresponsive due to his own recoiled imagination. He feared looking at Nick, the girl couldn't stop. She wanted to see Nick finish himself off.

"FUCK ME HARDER WILL!" She cried out with a begging expression. Hearing her plea Nick deviated his eyes to actually watch her now. Similar in appearance to Midnight Amador he locked in on this girl and once more sighed, "Midnight!" His body rejoicing at the thunder rolling in his chest Nick began snarling, his plight drawing the girl into a soft version of, "Cum already!" She needed to see that python spit in her direction.

Her man also noting Nick's new behavior felt his girl's needs and plucked her from the sand. His seven inch dick still residing deep in her sloshy pink cunt found him risking everything by moving closer still. Less than twenty feet now, eyes locked, pussy pounded, dick poised for a shot heard around the world.

"Closer Will!" She begged with a deadly desire. While Nick withheld detonation, with gnashing teeth the blond man hoisted his lady up again and risked Nick's wrath by moving her within ten feet of him on the edge of his flat wood deck.

Nick finally acknowledged them with a stern, deafening verse of, "BENEATH MY NOTICE!"

The man mistaking Nick's words did the unthinkable and moved her right beneath Nick's cock, tugging her hair so hard that her mouth gaped wide from his strength as much as her own expectancy. "Yessss! I love you Will." Fantasy coming true in a much darker fashion she awaited Nick to nut. Poised as if a God, Nick Sanchez released the arrows. Long white strands of immortal potency shot out over the girl's face missing it entirely. While some whips struck her back the essential rainfall landed on her lover's chest. That did not go over well.

"WHAT THE FUCK?" The man backed out of his girl and stumbled to his feet grossed out by the coat of paint he was wearing. Shocked by Nick's arrogance in stepping from the deck after his torrent the girl pouted at no facial. Following Nick in passing her a mere three feet from bodily contact she took in his build. Thoughts only she was drawn to his musculature, his tight buns in sway as he made his way to the sea. Laughing suddenly at her man she paused his concern by stepping up and licking the jizz from his chest. Fawning over him he accepted his dilemma and enjoyed her tongue bath. Once clean he realized that his girl swallowed Nick's load without thinking it through. "Unbelievable!" Her man Will took her by hand and gathered their clothing, got dressed, and abandoned her fantasy. Peering back at Nick swimming against the waves she smiled. Her final thought being, "See you around Aquaman."

Nick Sanchez concluded his swim and headed back to his deck to dry in the sun. Shades hiding his gaze toward the sky he drifted off for a short nap. Even warriors needed rest.

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Two hours later...

"Get the door V!" A voice erupted from a bathroom shower. Shuffling through her apartment Veronica Redmane wearing only a thin white towel, hair up in a bun answered the knock. Opening it cautiously she found a pleasant surprise. Squealing at the visitor V pulled her girl into a hug.

"Midnight, baby!" Yes, she was, having been born at the stroke of midnight. Hugs ceasing V shut the apartment door and escorted Midnight Amador to their less than new sofa, "Watch that spring it will poke you in the ass. Not as much fun as that sounds." She giggled. "What are you doing?"

"I went shopping for a dress."

"A dress? You never wear dresses except for that ugly waitress get up. What's the occasion?"

"I...was told to buy a dress. I could not find one though." She withheld the info of any sheer curtain to play seamstress toward.

"Told to?" Veronica peaked a brow, "Your mom trying to get you back in church?"

"No."

"Who then?"

"Someone." She bashfully implied but said nothing further.

"A guy someone?" V bulged her eyes, "FINALLY!! Who is he?" Excitement bubbled as Veronica nearly lost her towel in repositioning on the couch and hopping in her seat.

"A man I met at the diner. It's...not a date."

"So why buy a dress?"

Midnight merely shrugs, it was all she had to say, she just wasn't certain of anything herself at this point. Fidgeting at her best friend since childhood Veronica knew better than to push her awkward bestie. "OH! Before Will gets out of the shower. After another shower." She giggled, "Long story. Let me show you how long." Jumping up Veronica lost her towel in transit but this time ignored it and went to her bedroom to get her cell. Rushing back out with an adrenalin rush she pulled up the video of Nick Sanchez boasting his forearm sized cock in a stance like he might be holding a shotgun. "That stretch of beach Will and I sneak on to? Look who lives there." She plays the video and extends an arm's reach to show it off. "Look at the size of that dick. I'd die if I had that inside me." She bubbled then gnashed her teeth looking toward the bathroom, "Don't tell Will that. He's big but...that fucker is...no competition to Mister Fister."

Watching the video and hearing V and Will talking in the background Midnight realized who it was. Eyes bulging she blushed an looked away. "I have to go. I'll miss the last bus home."

"You don't think he's hot?"

With another shrug Midnight hugged V and stood up walking to the door. V following her shuts the video off and looks puzzled. "Hey!" Grabbing Midnight by the arm V looks directly into her eyes out of concern. "You alright Baby?"

"I'm fine! Just tired. I love you Veronica. Tell Will I said hello."

"Will do! Literally!" She smirked, "Drop by when you can stay longer."

With a warm smile Midnight took her leave. Veronica closing the door found her friend distant and it bothered her immensely. Will stepping out of the bathroom ended her sadness. She needed her man's cock again, she would picture Nick Sanchez fucking her instead. By the time Will was done he was going to feel as if he was a God himself. Short fall from the Heavens Will.

At the bus stop Midnight found no seat on the bench. With all men waiting with her she resorted to standing behind the oblivious gentlemen. Pondering Nick Sanchez her heart raced, her brain trying to keep up. Something in her triggered her to pull out the drawing he had given her. Her likeness nude and on her knees, Midnight nibbled her lower lip and found her knees weak. Unable to perceive why, she slowly knelt to her knees on the concrete behind the seated men. It made her wet knowing she was submitting to a man who was not even there before her, instead only the four other men present.

"You alright Miss?" A voice behind her spoke, another woman this time.

"Yes."

"Why are you on your knees like that?" A shyness leads to a third shrug.

"Just...waiting."

Bewildered the woman stood silent until the bus arrived. Midnight was the last to enter the bus.

It seemed appropriate.