

Furious Fiction – January 2025

By Amy Ferguson

Brief: write a story that takes place at a beach. The story must describe two sounds, two smells and two textures and include the words KISS, HABIT and SQUARE.

4 months ago....

When venturing into online dating, one might think that leaving a 23-year marriage three months earlier was jumping the gun. But here I am on my second date with Dave and he's just about to give me a 'squeeze' goodbye. I already know this is the last time I will see him – "There's no chemistry" his WhatsApp message says less than 24 hours later, and I agree.

Today....

With Christmas lunch still digesting, my next adventure feels far removed from the wholesome family day just 24 hours earlier.

It's 40 degrees outside, and the **roughness of my new string bikini** rubs against my sweaty skin. I am in an unfamiliar car driven by my date and we park on a hill and grab our things. The fresh ocean air hits me hard and I inhale the **smell of salt and tea trees**, trying to ignore the jittery feeling rumbling in my core. I am here by choice. I want this, and the **sound of Adrian's voice lures me** down the track to Sunnyside Beach, a secluded stretch of sand for liberated humans to de-robe, wander and swim– nude.

We join Adrian's friends from his club. There are coloured tents, a large **square** rug that creates a central hub for the group and the gentle **sounds of people happily chatting away sans clothes**.

Adrian and I find a spare patch of sand. The allure of his kind eyes from the moment we had matched on the apps has meant I have now lost count of how many dates we've had. I have put my trust in those eyes and leapt out of my comfort zone, swiftly freeing myself from the confines of the clothing I have **habitually** hidden behind.

We race towards the water. The sensation of salt water on bare skin and the waves pushing and pulling me has me at one with myself and nature, unable to suppress my smile. Adrian pulls me in and our **kiss** lets the club members around us know we are a couple.

Refreshed, I dry out on the **soft** rug with the club members. From the corner of my eye, I see someone approach the group. My heart comes to a standstill.

Adrian looks up, and a broad smile lights up his face, 'Dave! Nice to see you!'

'Hi Adrian,' Dave replies. Dave looks at me, 'Looks like we have some catching up to do,' he says, wandering further down the beach.

I look at Adrian, 'You know each other?'

'Yes,' he says casually, 'we play golf together.'

My shock the two men I had swiped right on knew each other, and are members of the same exclusive sex club leaves me in new emotional territory. I gather all my skills of radical self-care to make lemonade out of the situation.

I approach Dave. Waves tickle our ankles.

'Squeeze?' he asks, so I hug him.

Adrian approaches us, we all relax and laugh, wondering where the night will take us.