

Tobago turtles
Tea Break Travels, No 10

This story covers an unexpected pleasure enjoyed by a friend of ours while on some R&R in the Caribbean. Sometimes fate and circumstances transpire ...

It is one story from a series of travel related short stories called "Tea Break Travels". They are designed to be read in a short break from work or whatever, and cost around the same as a biscuit! Some are true, some embellished, and some fictional. Some are from near 20 years of too much business travel, or our holidays, others are relayed from friends and acquaintances, yet others are just plain made up! Enjoy.

She was there again, same table, same time, and this evening in a more flowing black lace dress. She was, as last night, polite to the waiter that seated her and once again ordered a campari.

Being alone while travelling is sometimes nice – there is no pressure to do things other than those you want to do – but eating out is always seems odd. And that was the way he had felt since arriving four days ago. He had been tempted to ask for room service, to avoid the “table for one” syndrome, followed by the book or paper on the table to provide something to do between thanking the waiters for delivering food and drink. But he had forced himself not to do that and brave the open-sided restaurant just by the beach in the hotel.

It was to be fair, pleasant enough. A palm frond roof held up by stout dark honey coloured tree trunks and with open sides to let the in the refreshing Caribbean evening breezes. Each evening he had showered, shaved and changed before venturing down. By the third evening the Maitre de had him sussed and led him to a corner table, out of the glare of the centre of the restaurant. From his corner sanctuary he observed his fellow guests. Some were in parties of four or more, always the same combination, some jovial, a few brash and loud. Others were couples of long standing, sitting, watching like him and seldom talking, others were newly paired, enjoying the first blush of togetherness in tropical warmth, hands busily engaged beneath the table. Regardless of the category he envied them for they were not alone like he was.

Until last night when the young lady with long, streaming black hair had come into the restaurant, just a few minutes after him and been seated two tables across and facing side on to him. He'd observed, trying not to make it obvious. She seemed calm, at ease, did not smoke, enjoyed her wine and had a healthy appetite. Twenty something, maybe seven or eight, with a ring on every finger that made him wonder if any had a significance to her. She was tanned, evenly and from her two costumes seen so far, extensively. Having seen her last night he had strolled around the grounds three times that day to see if she was relaxing somewhere but had not spotted her at all. So she was mystery that appeared just after eight pm.

His starter, grilled prawns, arrived and he swirled the ice, finished the gin and tonic, and handed it to the waiter to take away. The chardonnay tasted just fine and he set about the prawns.

She was poised, obviously not waiting for somebody to join her as she had ordered her meal. Attractive he thought, then while relieving another prawn of its head he corrected himself, very attractive in sexual kind of way. Then he considered his own situation and reeled in his thoughts. Since he arrived and drawn a line under the end of his marriage many ladies had registered as sexually attractive. It had been a messy affair. A business trip with a female colleague had got a bit drunken and in the pale light of a Stockholm morning the lust of the previous night had not been such good idea to him. He had wanted to stop it then and there. But his colleague had persevered and slowly but surely he had slipped into her bed on more occasions than he could remember. She was young, vibrant, carefree, not demanding, with long, waist length black hair. He wanted more and she indulged him freely and with great passion. And her name was Charlotte.

It was another trip, a week just outside Barcelona that had caused the problem. The business was not demanding and most days they made a late swim in the pool and a drink at poolside bar just before it shut up shop. Her swimwear seemed to get smaller each day and each night they pleased each other like teenagers. On retiring to bed she treated him to caresses with hands and mouth then early in the morning when he was hard like he had not been for years, she rode him to their mutual climax.

Until Thursday evening, the last night. They had their swim then he had showered, changed and gone down to the bar. He'd order their drinks while he waited for her to join him. He was far way, wondering how she would tease him tonight. No panties was last night, braless behind a flat silk top was the night before, what tonight ..

“John! Fancy seeing you here!”

He fought hard to bring himself back to here and now.

An image, a face slowly formed. A small beard, black glasses and light brown hair swam into view. And a smile, a big wide, lovely to see you smile. And wrapped around it was his brother in law.

“Mike. Mike! What are you doing here? Great to see you.”

“Got diverted. We were in Mallorca, supposed to fly back yesterday and got this lead on a new property just down the coast from here. Took the Iberia flight and here we are!” And Mike's wife was there, smiling as well just behind him.

“And you?” Mike posed.

“Er on Business. New clients here in Barcelona. Strange lot, but buying a lot from us,” John said.

“Can I get you a .. Ah see you've got one! Or is that two, one in each hand I see!”

John looked at the incriminating hands and both drinks seemed super-glued to his palms.

“How is Mia?” asked Gillian, Mike's wife, “We haven't seen her for a month at least.”

“She's fine. When I phone her later I'll tell of this surprise.”

“And tell her thanks for the invite by text. We’d love to join you two this week end!”

“Weekend?”

“Oh she hasn’t told you. Her text said she’s so lonely with you travelling so much of late she invited us to stay the week end. Be lovely after this week.”

And as John smiled in response he saw over Gillian’s left shoulder the answer to his earlier question shimmering down the steps into the bar. Charlotte was going to tease him tonight in a backless, tight fitting silver evening dress split to the hip on the left side. FM heels rounded out the ensemble.

Could the floor open up and swallow him? Could he disappear, make an excuse and run from the room, or just have a heart attack and die then and there? No. Charlotte oozed across the bar like sex on legs in what seemed a mere millisecond and joined the three of them.

“John dear,” she said stroking his chin with her hand on an outstretched, very elegant arm which progressed to take her drink from his left hand, “Do introduce me.”

Well the rest was, as they say, history, as was his marriage, job, and Charlotte, who could only have “relationships with a married man. Unmarried ones are just too tiresome.” To crown the event, she had been promoted to his job after he was sacked for turning up drunk once too often. Thankfully history had continued a little. A very good friend had taken him in, stabilized his “drinking to forget”, helped him get a new job, generally fixed him up, given him back his self esteem, and finally hinted heavily it was time for him to give his friend some “me time”, hence John took the holiday in the warmth of Caribbean.

She gently shook her head and her silky black hair washed as a wave over her tanned shoulders. He was in deep lust. So deep the waiter had to nudge him to remove the remains of the prawns and deliver the rack of lamb.

He bit deeply into the lamb, balanced by rosemary and on bed of lust, succulent mash potatoes. But was that a rumble of thunder? A deep, low growling. She seemed to tense, even shiver at the noise, but the chatter of the restaurant soon poured in and the moment was gone. He continued his meal, just casting his interest around the restaurant. He was not the only man giving glances to the lone lady diner. Men, of all ages, and in all sorts of company were stealing looks at the raven haired lady on her own. Only now did he notice that her table was in a pool of light from a spot light. She was in effect, centre stage. Another deep rumble hushed the diners.

Coffee came, he had refused a sweet. But she had not and as she took a large spoon of sorbet he was sure she locked his gaze with sparkling eyes. He thrilled for a moment then reality returned with a distinct thunder rumble. What was he thinking! She was twenties, he was early forties. She was raven haired, full of youth and he was a recovering alcoholic. Stupid boy! His mind chastised him. Just enjoy the brandy, it’s all you will tonight. And with that his lust curled uncomfortably back into its lair.

The diners thinned quickly just before 10 pm, with groups drifting away full of banter. He was just considering settling his bill when the Beach master entered. "Sorry to disturb you all," he said to introduce himself, "but we'll have to switch off the restaurant lights. We have turtles on the beach tonight and the light causes problems." There was a generally consenting undertone. After all this was the Turtle Beach hotel, so the turtles had rights of ownership. The Beach Master toured the tables, explaining that female turtles hauled themselves onto the beach to lay eggs and the lights frightened them. He spent a long time at the table of the lone lady diner, she seemed very interested.

Finally he was leaving what was by now a nearly deserted restaurant. "If anybody wants to see the turtles just come with me now, but please, no lights, and certainly no cameras."

He was sure she looked across at him, fixing him with her deep brown eyes. A roll of thunder completed the moment.

He dabbed his lips with the linen napkin and decided to join the Beach Master after a brief visit to gents. When he returned he found the man beside the restaurant, by the entry to beach, and there were just three other people with him, a young couple, obviously newly married and the lady with the raven hair.

"Best take your shoes off here," said the Beach Master, "and please no other lights. These ladies are hard stressed as it is, but it's a fantastic sight." His old loafers hardly needed protection, but the lady slipped off one shoe with some difficulty, then rested her hand on his shoulder.

"Hope you don't mind, it's difficult to balance," she said to him with a radiant smile as she took off her other shoe. And so they went out on to the white sand. Out to the Caribbean a nearly full moon gave light over the sea and between the banks of heavy clouds. Back behind them, to the mountains that caused the moist Carib air to rise, was just a deep featureless black, with the occasional flicker of light and later rumble of thunder. Following the Beach Master's dim lantern they made their way along the beach, towards the village that nestled by the headland. The young couple naturally fell together leaving the two of them to bond or isolate. They bonded.

It was about 200 metres to first turtle. She was huge and the tracks in the sand that looked like a tank had passed, showed her path from the water. She had dug a deep hole in the sand, laid her eggs and now, nearing exhaustion was sweeping sand over her brood before hauling her land exaggerated weight back to the haven of the sea.

"We'll leave this lady to finish up," said the Beach Master and he set off with the lantern further down the beach. By now the non couple were chatting freely about the effort turtles make. And more, louder thunder rumbled overhead.

Further down the beach was a younger turtle, hauled out of the water right by the palm line, she was putting the finishing touches to her excavations and then started to lay. Out of water she was heavy, pulled to the sand, every move a gargantuan effort. Each egg, white, like a soft, glistening ping pong ball, dropped from her into the sandy pit. Her

labour was obvious, her exposure total, as she was stranded out of her natural environment. Tears streamed from her eyes. Finally the ordeal was over and her rear flippers started to fill the hole with the banks of sand to each side. Seeing all was over the Beach Master said, "I'm just going further along. The villagers said we had more turtles up to night. Just walk back to the hotel light, you'll be fine." And with a broad grin he left.

The turtle completed the filling of the hole and finally started to haul herself back to the sea, home and safety. Each "step" seemed a dying effort, leaving a deep cut into the sand. But she continued in the fleeting moonlight. The other couple were nowhere to be seen, it was just the two of them watching the great lady haul herself towards to warm sea. Then the first heavy drops of rain hit them and strafed into the dry white sand, sending puffs bouncing up.

"Ahh!"

Within a second it was a downpour and they were running back to the palm line, feet slipping into the soft white sand. Only as they ran did he remember the beach hut, used by the masseuse who worked this part of the beach was just to their right.

"This way" he called, looking back at her, Maria, as he had already found out her name was. Even so they were drenched by the downpour by the time they raced into the palm roofed shack. The heavy rain kept them stranded for some time, but secure in the shelter of the hut they got to know each other very well.