Kelly

VS Ch. 04

by gossogÂ©

My name is Kelly, and I used to be a lifeguard. This is the story of the day I

lost that job.

I guess it was natural that I became one in the first place. I was a good

swimmer, and I looked the part: blonde hair, nice boobs, long legs, filling out

my uniform (yellow one-piece swimsuit) pretty nicely. My friends teased me

sometimes, calling me "Baywatch", but it was all good-natured. Whenever I saw

myself in the suit I had to admit they had a point.

The one drawback was that some people (like my boss, Mike) assumed that a pretty blonde girl couldn't possibly have any brains. As if everyone had a limited

amount of good qualities, and shining in one area meant you had to skimp in

another. Mike never seemed to give me a break. We all make little mistakes from

time to time, and usually we fix them right away. But my boss never gave me the

benefit of the doubt.

He didn't seem to treat the other girls so harshly, and they all liked him, said

he was cute. I agreed that on the surface that he had good looks: bright eyes,

strong chin, muscular, flat abs and tight butt... yet the way he was on the

inside colored that impression for me. He wasn't handsome in my eyes.

All in all, everything else about the job was cool, so Mike I learned to put up with.

I was 20 years old, and going to community college. When classes were out, it

was a pretty good life: work in the morning, then get cleaned up and go

shopping, or see some friends, and think about where to go out that night. My

beach was behind a reef so the surf was very gentle, and the surfers and

risk-takers went elsewhere. In two summers I had never had to rescue anyone.

That Friday morning I woke up late, with just enough time to get my swimsuit and

drive to the beach. My yellow one-piece, which I had hand-washed last night,

should have been hanging over the shower curtain to drip dry. But it wasn't

there. I was frantically looking for it when my little sister said she might have accidentally put it in the dryer. "It's not supposed to go in there!" I yelled.

I pulled stuff out into a basket, looking for my suit. Like I was afraid of, it

had shrunk. A lot. I held it up in front of me: even hanging down flat, it was

too small now. No way would it cover me in 3-D. I yelled some not-so-nice things

at my sister, and Mom yelled at me. The day was starting out great.

Now I was in a bind. I had no other swimsuit. No store would be open at 9 am. I

knew I couldn't skip that day, because we were short-staffed. No one to take my

place. I had to show up to work; what was I going to wear?

It was getting late, and I had no ideas, so I just kept on what I wore to bed:

an aqua blue tank top with a ribbed pattern, and gray fleece shorts. This was an

ugly outfit, but I figured it should be a slow day and I probably wouldn't even

have to leave my chair until Bernice came in to relieve me. I could count on her

not to rat me out to Mike for not having proper attire. And the lifeguard chair

was so big and so high, that from the beach people could barely see anything

except my arms and head. So even with my shorts and tank, I would probably be

OK.

I drove really fast, but still got to the beach five minutes late, bracing

myself for trouble. However, there was only one blanket set up: a mom and her

little boy, playing in the sand. If I was lucky, no one would ever know I wasn't

at my post at exactly 9:00. I had never been late up to that point. Still, in

Mike's eyes, I would become the ditzy blonde who was always late and lost her

swimsuit... unless he never found out. I took off my shoes and walked across the

sand to my chair.

It's a funny thing about the chairs we had: the guard had a great view of the

water and a so-so view of the beach. But unless you were in the water, people on

the beach really couldn't see much of me; the angle was wrong. With no one in

the water, it was like I had the beach to myself. After the hectic scene at

home, and the race to get here, I could finally relax.

The sun was behind me, and already pretty warm on my skin. I took out the

sunblock and started doing my arms and face. With our one-piece suits, it was

pretty easy to reach everywhere that wasn't already covered, which was essential

when we were sitting in the sun for hours at a time. Because I was really strict

with myself about protecting my skin, I would usually go through summer without

much of a tan. Sort of ironic given my job.

I took a few deep breaths to really calm down; something my friend Felice had

taught me. Now I was feeling pretty relaxed and all the stress was gone. It was

a close call, but things were going to be OK. Just another routine day. And that

was good.

The tank top and shorts covered part of the same area as the one-piece had, and

in a few minutes I was done with the sunblock. No more people had shown up at

the beach as far as I could tell, and still no one was in the water. Now there

was little to do except wait and watch. There was an ocean liner a few miles

off, and a stretch of low clouds at the horizon. The air stirred a little;

barely a breeze. It was very calm.

The warm sun and sound of the surf were making me a little sleepy. I wasn't

worried; people would soon start to trickle in and venture into the water. Just

watching people have fun tended to keep my interest, and if trouble developed I

would notice right away.

One drawback with my improvised wardrobe: the tanktop and shorts heated up in

the sun a lot more than my reflective yellow swimsuit did. Usually it was only

the hottest days of summer that we would need to drink extra fluids, or spritz

water on ourselves to cool down. Today wouldn't have been one of those days. But

the tank top in particular was getting uncomfortably hot.

Not that I could do anything about it; I was stuck here until eleven, when

Bernice would spot me. I would take the buggy to the guard office and hopefully

snag a spare swimsuit. But right now, I was stuck with my top.

Or was I?

I gave this a lot of thought. What if I took the top off? I wasn't wearing a

bra. Not only was going topless on the beach not allowed, but I had never bared

my breasts outside before anyway. The thought was a little scary.

On the other hand, basically nobody was here. In my guard chair I had extra

privacy anyway. I would see anyone approaching before they could see me. If that

was all true, then I should be able to take off the top for a little while, and

I'd be able to put it back on before anyone could see me. Right?

This struck me as not only scary, but kind of naughty; but instead of dissuading

me, that feeling helped convince me to try it. The more I considered it, the

more it seemed like some innocent fun. Maybe after the summer I would tell

Bernice what I had done that Friday morning. I sat up and looked around -- the

coast (ha ha) was still clear -- and then leaned back, scrunching down as much

as I could, and pulled my top about halfway upward.

An inch or so of the bottoms curves of my breasts were out. Now's not the time

to chicken out, I thought. I lifted the top a little higher, up away from my

chest now, following the swells of my breasts. I stopped just below my nipples,

thinking, OK, this would be the time to turn back if I wanted to. But I realized

that without a bra, my nipples had been poking against the thin cloth anyway.

And what's the difference if no one can see me anyway? I took a deep breath and

took the top completely off.

Wow. Instead of the hot fabric, which was making me perspire, there was just the

pleasantly warm sun and air on my bare skin. It felt so good! The heat reminded

me that I'd better put sunblock on the newly exposed areas, or I'd have one

painful, hard to explain sunburn. I smiled. I had never sunbathed topless

before, and now I was doing it, and getting paid $16 an hour for it!

I first did my tummy and sides, and then my shoulders and back, as far as I

could reach. Just putting off the inevitable, really. My breasts, unused to

being in the open air, I did last.

If just being out here topless was naughty, then imagine how I felt rubbing

lotion on my bare breasts. I couldn't help it: I was getting aroused, and even

after I had thoroughly rubbed in the sunblock, getting complete coverage, I

still was caressing them. I just didn't feel like stopping. I've touched myself

before, I think we all have, but only in my bedroom with the door locked and

everyone gone or downstairs. Doing it here, outside, was a lot more exciting.

At some point I closed my eyes. I wasn't sleepy anymore; parts of my body were

wide awake... but I was feeling languid, and almost as if I was floating on the

water outside instead of here in the chair. The water was warm, the perfect

temperature, and all my stress was floating away.

I knew my nipples were hard now, like the tips of my little fingers; I could

feel them, now part of the contours of my body, more things to play with. For

the first time I started thinking, what if I made myself come, playing like

this? I knew exactly how to do this, but I wanted to take my time. At that

thought, part of me (my conscience?) was shouting "what are you doing?", but

after a while that voice receded, as if drifting out on the water, away from me.

I cupped my breasts, fondling them, imaging a guy doing this, like I had been

walking around topless for some reason. Maybe in St. Tropez. A guy sees me,

wearing nothing but a little thong, and is unable to resist my temptations.

I wanted more. Now my right hand was reaching underneath my fleece shorts; I

always left the strings untied, so the waistband stretched easily. While I

fondled my breast with the other hand, I reached down between my legs. First my

thatch of pubic hair, and I got a thrill out of that: whenever a boy I was with

first went there, it was obvious we weren't just making out anymore, things were

getting serious. I spread my knees a bit and slunk lower in the seat.

I reached further underneath my shorts, and I found my slit. Of course I was

already wet. I teased myself at first, stroking my lips with a gentle fingertip.

I cannot exaggerate how good that felt. My palm stroked my mound as my finger

drew along my sensitive lips. My nipples seemed even firmer, my breasts taut.

I inserted a finger, and then started getting myself off for real. Looking back,

I wonder if I was making some noise which would have been obvious to anyone

close enough to hear. But at that point I didn't care about anything but my

sense of touch.

The shorts didn't provide any obstacle as I touched myself. But still they were

annoying me; I wanted them completely off. I didn't want anything covering me. I

guess a small part of me was still thinking practically, because I didn't simply

kick them off into the sand. I decided that if I slid them down to my knees, I

would still have time to quickly pull them back up and put on my top if someone

approached. (My eyes were closed, I wasn't paying attention to the outside

world, so that plan didn't make sense, but whatever.) I propped myself up on

elbows and toes, and scooched my shorts down to my thighs. I lowered my bare

bottom back onto the wooden seat, baked dry by years of sun, but thankfully not

scorching hot right then. I slid my shorts down, nearly all the way off; instead

of at my knees, I left them around my ankles. Even so, I wished my feet could

also be free. But I was too chicken to let go of everything.

Now I was sitting there basically naked, legs spread, being very naughty, not a

care in the world. I don't know how long I stayed that way, touching myself like

that. I was starting to fantasize about other guys, other situations, but

nothing really took hold. Eventually my hunger overpowered my desire to hold

back, and I let myself come really hard. I couldn't believe it. The many nights

I had sex with my boyfriend (we split up last May), it was never as good as

this. I sat there for a long time recovering, letting the sun warm my bare skin.

My eyes were shut. My legs were splayed apart. One hand rested on my moist

pussy, while the other continued to idly caress my breast, almost on its own.

After my heartbeat slowed down, I opened my eyes, ready to return to the real

world.

The beach and the water were full of people.

I sat up, overwhelmed, shocked, and I didn't move for a few moments, stunned. A

lot of people were looking directly at me: how much did they see? Everything? I

covered my breasts, and then remembered my shorts were down, too. First things

first. I hastily pulled my shorts back up, using both hands. People got a few

more peeks at my breasts, but I couldn't help that.

Even worse, I could see someone had swam out far beyond the others, and was

calling for help!

Oh shit, I thought. How long had he been out there? I had that sinking feeling.

I was busted, I was so fired. But my practice and training kicked in and I knew

what I would have to do. But first, I'd have to put on my tank top, and I

reached for where it should have been, right beside me.

It was gone.

I covered my breasts with one arm and looked around, really trying not to panic,

because seconds were ticking by and I needed to go out there immediately. But

the top was nowhere to be found! Now I was terrified of going out there, but I

knew I had no choice. Someone's life in danger was more important than my

comfort, or appearance, or embarrassment. The training had drilled that into us,

and fortunately I hadn't forgotten.

I had to climb down the ladder to the sand. My throat went dry. There were a

\*lot\* of people here, and they all could see my bare breasts bobbing as I

climbed. I couldn't cover up until I had both feet on the ground. I turned and

ran into the surf as fast as I could, looking very silly, hands over my boobs.

I was already so embarrassed I wanted to cry. Maybe I could move to Montana

after this. Far away from anyone on this beach or anyone I knew.

When I dove into the water, my shorts instantly soaked up water and became

heavy. As I swam, they slid back, baring my bottom and then my thighs, getting

dragged down toward my feet! What a stupid idea to wear these clothes here! I

would have been better off with a bra and panties. Even if they became

see-through when wet, it was still better than losing them altogether!

I stood up in the shallow surf and pulled my shorts back up, aware that I was

flashing my bare butt to the entire beach. If people could actually die of

shame, I would have dropped right there.

I had already prepared myself for when I had to come back to shore with the guy

I was rescuing; people had seen my boobs once, and they would see them again.

There was no avoiding that. But to lose my shorts and have to go back there

completely naked -- no way could I let that happen. Absolutely no way.

I swam with one hand, holding up my shorts with the other. Much slower going,

but fortunately the guy calling for help was still head above water. I finally

reached him; he was flailing and spitting water, bobbing in the waves, but not

going under. He looked about my age, maybe a few years older. He must have

thought he was a better swimmer than he really was. "Don't panic," I shouted as

I floated next to him. "I'm going to bring you back to shore. What's your name?"

"Gus," he said, coughing a bit, but he was obviously still breathing fine. He

was going to be OK. I felt a little better too; sure I had been embarrassed back

at the beach, but here I was saving someone's life. And it sounds a little

silly, but at that point it didn't matter what I was wearing. I was going to do

a good job and all my training would pay off.

"OK, Gus, come here." I took his arms and he clung to me like a life preserver,

arms around me, hands on my back. I don't know if he was expecting a handrail or

what, but my bare skin was slippery in the water. His hands were all over my

back. Even in his panic, he noticed something was odd. "Are you naked?" he said,

as he moved one hand lower to check.

"Never mind that, Gus," I said, reaching back to move his hand away from my ass.

"Just stay calm and we'll take you to safety."

He hugged me tightly, squeezing my breasts against his chest. "I don't want to

drown," he cried.

"Don't hang on so tight," I said, pushing him away a little bit. "I'm not going

to lose hold of you. I need to be able to move to bring you in." He was OK for a

little bit but then he panicked and hugged me again, his chin on my shoulder.

One of his hand slipped over my bare breast, his finger accidentally tweaking my

nipple.

I was starting to lose my confidence and get really annoyed at him. It was more

his fault, not mine, that I was out here topless, that tons of people had

already seen me as I went in. If he hadn't screwed up I could still be in my

chair and no one the wiser. And now, because of him, I'd have to give everyone a

peep show all over again when I brought him back. His fault. Damn him for going

out farther than he could swim, for not knowing his limits!

A wave took us by surprise and tilted us over, so I was sort of on my back and

his face ended up between my breasts, which were now out of the water. I could

tell he was fascinated by all this, staring intently at them as I paddled to

stay afloat. I needed to get back to upright and get him off my chest. He was

staring at my right nipple, still erect from before, and as I was thinking, no,

he can't possibly be thinking of that, he put it in his mouth!

"Hey!" I cried, outraged; but he kept going; and with one hand started fondling

my other breast. I could not believe this! From the shock, or the sensation of

being played with, I no longer had strength or composure to get myself upright,

or to fend him off.

I was getting hot. I didn't want to, but sometimes the body doesn't obey the

brain. And my body didn't mind as his other hand, which had been on the small of

my back, inched downward and underneath my shorts to my butt. During all this,

he hadn't said a word. But somehow, part of my mind snapped into gear, and

instead of trying to right myself I simply pushed him off. He went under a bit,

but then bobbed back up.

"Do that again, and I'll fucking leave you out here!" I yelled, as I cinched up

my waterlogged shorts.

"I'm sorry," he said, all innocent looking.

"Now come back, face to face, but at arm's length, and I'll take you in." I

paddled over to him and got ready, but then another wave came, and he panicked

again. He seemed to want to climb my like a tree and sit atop my shoulders,

completely out of the water. He didn't get that far as his hands and feet flailed, trying to get a grip. Unfortunately, one foot got caught in the waistband of my shorts, and pushed it down to my knees.

I screamed again and pushed him away, and reached for my shorts. However, they

were now sliding down my calves, just out of reach. I started panicking; I

really didn't want to lose the only clothing I had! I brought my legs up to

bring the shorts within reach, but instead they slipped farther down, bunching

around my ankles. "Come on," I said to myself, bringing my knees to my chest.

I almost had the shorts when another wave came, filling my mouth with salt

water, and I had to kick and paddle to stay afloat. Now my shorts just barely

hung off one foot. The other foot was completely free! I jammed my feet together

to try to keep the shorts from slipping off.

The guy had paddled toward me, and once again tried to climb on top of me. "No!"

I yelled, but then I was thrust underwater. I kicked back up to surface, and

made sure he was still floating. OK. Now back to getting my shorts on. But at

that point my heart sank as my feet were completely free. The shorts had fallen

off! I had a guy to bring back to shore, and I was naked!

"Stay there!" I yelled and dove under. I could see drifting sand; some rocks and

shells; and the guy's kicking feet; but no shorts. C'mon, where were they? They

had to be close by. I ran out of air, had to surface, and dove again. But I

couldn't find them. By the time I surfaced again, I was crying. "I hope you're

satisfied, you jerk!"

He had floated back into me and had one arm around my back, and the other was

underwater; I didn't know where it was, until it went straight between my legs.

He probed a few moments with a finger, and then inserted it inside me. I just

yelled something at him. I didn't even know what to say. I couldn't believe what

was going on.

"You really are naked," he said. "Don't you wear a swimsuit?"

"Shut. Up!" I said and shoved him away. I wished I could just let him stay

there. I could swim underwater and come to shore a mile north, where there was

no public beach. And then somehow find my way home. But he was my

responsibility. If something happened to him... that would be a lot worse than

being seen naked.

I yanked him toward me and let him hang, sort of piggyback style, on as I swam

back. It was slow going. He held onto my shoulder with one hand, and had another

arm around my stomach. His hand moved around as I tried to swim, and once he had hold of my right breast, he stayed there. I was too defeated to care. He fondled

and squeezed it, playing with my nipple with a free finger, or gently trapping

it between two. I just let him do it. Things were already at their worst.

We were getting closer to shore, and a lot of people were watching us come in.

If they didn't already know I was naked, they would soon.

I was dead tired and had to stop. "We'll float here for a second," I said. He

still hung off my back. His face was against the back of my neck, and he started

kissing me there, at the nape of the neck and my shoulder. "Please don't do

that," I said wearily. But he ignored me. His left hand slipped off my shoulder

and under my arm, and now he was pawing my breasts with both hands. "Please," I

cried, completely out of strength.

He pulled me close to him, and I could feel his erection beneath his swim

trunks, poking at my bottom. He reached one arm around my chest for leverage,

and with his other hand moved down, between my legs. "Why are you naked?" he

asked again, but I don't think he cared much about an answer. I shuddered as he

teased my labia and then inserted a finger inside.

I couldn't believe this. Completely naked, floating in the water, a stranger

having his way with me; and my legs had started to spread apart, as if I was

welcoming it!

Something told me that if I climaxed out here in the water I would never get the

strength back to take him to shore. So I kicked and leaned forward, swimming

away, and he held onto my hips like a kickboard, and I towed him in.

Pretty soon it was shallow enough for us to stand as I walked him in. So many

people were staring at me. I avoided their eyes, looking at the ground. As the

receding water showed more and more, I ended up doing a slow striptease for

them. I wished I could crawl in a hole and die. First my bare shoulders were

revealed, and then there were whoops and hollers from the crowd as they saw my

breasts. At this point I was already crying from embarrassment. As I got even

closer, and it was obvious I was wearing nothing at all, the noise got even

worse. I could even see people with cameras.

Finally we were on dry land, away from the waves. Water was dripping off my bare

body and making little pats of mud in the sand. I was required to make sure the

guy was all right, and I asked him that. He hugged me again, tight and

lingering, and thanked me for rescuing him. Then, whispering in my ear, he asked

me to come home with him! "No way," I cried, pushing him away. I didn't know

what to do next other than find my car and go home.

The crowd of people wasn't interested in clearing a path for me. I tried to wave

them aside, and was prepared to push my way through, even though that would open me up to a lot of groping and fondling from the boys and men there. I didn't

bother trying to cover up. They had already seen everything. Then I heard a

familiar voice call my name, and found out, yes, things could indeed get worse.

Mike, my boss, was here.

"What in the hell are you doing?" He was nearly screaming, he was so pissed off.

He glanced once at the guy I rescued, judged he was OK, then turned back to

glare at me. "God, what is wrong with you?" He shook his head and then yanked my arm, pulling me away, walking so fast I nearly tangled my feet and fell.

He realized that he was out here in public and representing the lifeguards, and

said some sort of apology to the crowd, and assured them that I would no longer

be working here. I felt like dirt, standing there crying, having screwed up

everything.

"Let's go," he said, and dragged me forward. The crowd parted for him, cheering

and whistling, as he took me to his buggy. He had the small one that really only

fit one person. He sat down and lifted me onto his lap. Then, with one hand on

the steering wheel and one around my waist, we were riding along the beach,

toward the guard house.

"I want to go home!" I sobbed. He didn't reply; apparently so angry he couldn't

even speak. There were lots of people we passed by, kids, teens and adults, and

they all must have wondered what the story was behind this naked girl being

driven on a four-wheel dune buggy. I was surprised Mike didn't start fondling my

breasts, or reaching between my legs. My body was right there for him, on his

lap. I was relieved he didn't do anything then, because I had little will to

resist.

When we got to the shack, he was treating me more gently, and led me into the

equipment room. There were surfboards, tanks, and other things along the walls,

and a long bench in the center. He sat me down, faced me, and took a deep breath

to calm down. "I'd say that was the mother of all blonde moments," he said.

He was calmer now, but how he said that, on top of all the other times he had

called me a ditz, was as malicious as ever. I started crying again, and that

renewed his anger.

"What you did out there reflects badly on our entire team. I don't even want to

think about the bad publicity we'll have, and how fucking long it will take to

get our good reputation back. Look at yourself! You certainly live up to your

hair color, don't you?"

He wouldn't leave that alone. I couldn't face him, and looked at the floor. "I

want some clothes," I said.

"There aren't any here," Mike said. He put a hand on my shoulder and another on

my chin, gently lifting my head up. My eyes must have looked really red. "Kelly,

I need you to tell me what happened. From the very beginning. I need to know

what, when, how and why."

I huddled myself, legs crossed and arms folded over my chest. There was still a

lot showing. I told him everything, from the beginning of this story, but tried

to dance around the fact that I was masturbating in the guard chair. I probably

didn't do to well. Anyway, he was mostly quiet. The one thing he said was "Your

mother was right," and I demanded to know what he meant, but he wouldn't answer.

When I finished, I was surprised to see I had gained some sympathy.

He sighed. "Kelly, you made some really bad decisions, but still you've been

through a hell of an experience. I think anyone would feel shellshocked at this

point." He got me a bottle of water from the cooler and let me drink. "Now is

this the first time you did something like this?"

"Yes!" I said, indignant.

"There wasn't something with your friend? What's her name, Felicia?"

"Oh my god! Felice!" Now I remembered. It had been only two days ago. But how

had Mike heard about it?

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Felice is a good friend and is also my age. She's part Brazilian and Polynesian,

and really gorgeous. A few inches shorter than me, but really curvy build, big

breasts, nice butt, glossy black hair, and really bright eyes. She can look at

you and smile, and it's the best feeling in the world that she likes you.

On Wednesday, two days earlier, she called up around lunchtime and asked what I

was doing. It was my day off, so not much at all. Probably read for a while,

then maybe go shopping.

She suggested laying out in my backyard and then going to dinner somewhere. That sounded good. When she arrived, I had a cooler with some drinks, a blanket, a

book, some sunscreen, and tanning goggles. These looked like swim goggles but

were opaque, and protected your eyes like sunglasses but without the raccoon

effect. Felice had never seen them, so I had to explain what they were.

We picked our spots and I put the goggles on. I decided to lay on my stomach

first. Felice offered to put sunscreen on the hard-to-reach places, and ended up

doing my entire back. She untied my bikini top and moved the strings to either

side. This was the first time I had laid out to get a tan all summer.

("I thought you didn't have any swimsuits left after the one-piece got shrunk,"

said Mike; and I was really disoriented for a moment. Of course I had other

swimsuits; about five of them, in my little drawer! Why on Friday did I not

think I had any? I was really upset with myself for this, but Mike asked me to

continue.)

I dozed off after a while, laying there on the towel, and woke when Felice

tapped my shoulder. "Time to turn over," she said. I was still groggy when I

turned over, so it wasn't until I was lying on my back that I realized my top

was off. I covered with one arm and blindly tried to find my top with the other

hand. My goggles were still on, and I couldn't see anything.

"It's OK," said Felice. "I just put it aside. There's nobody looking, anyway.

What's to worry about?"

"There's a 15-year old boy next door with a second-story bedroom!" I said. "He

could easily see us!"

There was a pause, and then Felice laughed. "I guess there is. I think I saw his

curtain move."

"Give me my top! He's looking at me right now!"

"It's no big deal," she said. "Here." She took my hand and placed it on her bare

breast. She was topless too. "I took off my top as soon as you had turned over.

That was an hour ago."

"Still, I don't think we should be -"

"And how about this," Felice said. She moved my hand slowly down her side, to

her waist, hips, ass, and thighs. Bare skin, everywhere. Then inside, between

her legs, I felt her patch of pubic hair, and even her moist lips.

"Felice, my god!"

She laughed. "So he's seen a lot more of me than of you."

"You've been naked this whole time?"

"It's not a big thing. Think about it. Your boy next door has already imagined

you naked. Who knows what you're doing for him in his fantasies. Seeing you just

laying out here on a blanket, that's practically PG-13."

"He'll tell his mom, and then she'll tell my mom!"

"This is your yard," she said. "It's his fault for looking, not yours." She

paused. "Although it is tempting to walk over and ask him to join us."

"NO!" I yelled. "Felice, what's gotten into you?" I realized my finger was still

touching her vagina and I yanked it away.

"Kelly, I think you're really stressing out for no reason. What I'm going to do

is have you put your arms aside, and I'll put sunscreen on you, everywhere

that's exposed. You just relax. And at the end, see if you're comfortable with

this."

She was convincing enough that I laid my hands at my hips, baring my breasts.

Her fingers and hands were gentle and sensual as she caressed me, as a lover

would. And I mean I loved her as a good friend, but that day she was into much

more sharing that we ever had done before. And it was OK, it was good. The

goggles kept my world dark, so there was just the feel of Felice's touch, the

smell of her, the sound of her voice.

"Don't move your arms," she said softly as she caressed my breasts, her thumbs

on my nipples, definitely with erotic intent. I wanted to wrap my arms around

her, although maybe just to get her to stop, to take a break, get back to our

old comfortable friendship.

Now she was at my waist, applying more cream, when she had me lift my hips. I

knew what was coming next, and was partly scared of it, and partly welcomed it.

She slowly pulled down my bikini briefs and then I was laying there as naked as

she was. I could feel the sun everywhere on my skin, just like at the guard

chair. Her hands were on my bare legs, my calves, my hips and bottom, and when

she was all done, when I was covered in sunscreen and nothing else, she sat or

kneeled next to me, and leaned over. I could feel her shadow blocking the warm

sun.

"Lick your lips," she said, "and then open your mouth." Then her nipple grazed

my lips and I closed them, kissing it. When she put a finger inside my pussy, I

started sucking harder, and that made her move faster, and we wound each other

up. This was my first time ever fooling around with a woman. Her first time? I

didn't know. I made her come, just licking her breasts, and then I came too. She

lay down beside me and guided my face toward hers, and kissed me. Then we spent a long time just embracing and kissing. Afterward, spent, we both lay on our

backs, one of her legs over mine, not caring who saw us.

After dinner, though, she went home, and I haven't talked to her since then.

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After telling the story, I was a little shaken. First, I didn't even remember it

had happened until Mike brought it up; and second, I really did have some other

swimsuits I could have worn! I was wearing one that day! How did I not know that

this morning? None of this would have happened! Why did I mess up things so

badly?

It was nice to be inside the guard shack, out of the public eye, and I was

relieved that Mike didn't seem as super furious as he was before. Still, it had

been a really shitty day, and I was still sitting naked in front of this guy,

and getting pretty tired. "Can you get me a ride home? Or at least back to my

car?"

Mike nodded. "Yes, let's go."

I was reluctant to go back outside, but knew that each step would be closer to

being home. Mike led me by the hand not to the buggy, but to the adjacent

parking lot. Not where I was parked.

"Where are we going?"

"Just come along." He took me to his jeep, which was open-air, no doors, and

then I was covering my quivering boobs with my hands as we rode onto the

highway.

I tried to get him to tell me where he was taking me, but he wouldn't say. What

I didn't expect is that he would take me to his own house.

It was a nice big place, in a gated community, very expensive for a senior

lifeguard's salary. Did he marry into money? Mike had never talked about his

personal life, other than he was married. And that might have been just to have

us girls feel more at ease than if he was single.

It must have looked so ridiculous: Mike parked the Jeep in the driveway and

marched me up the front walkway, naked in the view of all these million-dollar

houses. Mike unlocked the door and ushered me in.

His wife was there.

She was fashionably thin, in elegant casual clothes, just like the rich women

downtown; short brunette hair and green eyes. She was a pretty woman. And she

stared at Mike and I with a look of shock and grief.

"This is Kelly, from the beach," he said amiably. "She'll be staying with us for

a while."

She stared at me for a moment and then glared at Mike. "Why. Is she here. Like

this."

"Kelly, why don't you go to the living room," Mike said. "I need to talk with

Moira a sec."

It took much longer than that. I stood for a while in the living room, hearing

muffled voices as they argued. I couldn't even decide whether to sit down; I was

dead tired, but the furniture looked really expensive and I might get in trouble

for sitting naked on it. But more time passed, and Mike still hadn't come

downstairs; so I slumped down in the end of a large sofa and tried to think of

what to do. I guess adrenaline and fear had kept me semi-alert so far, because

once I was resting and things were quieter, I quickly fell asleep.

My slumber was full of dreams; but I only remembered the first and last.

In the first, my eyes were shut, but the warm air, gentle scents and sounds told

me where I was: back at the beach, atop the lifeguard chair. But something was a

little off. I opened my eyes.

To start, I was naked, head to toe. There was no sign of my clothes anywhere.

Where had I left them? How long had I been up here like this?

It was strange, the feeling of having jumped into my own body, kind of joining

myself in progress. For one, I was suddenly feeling very aroused. My legs were

spread a little, and the middle finger of my right hand was deep inside me. I

was really moist, and my nipples were hard. The lifeguard chair wasn't the one I

normally used: it was just as tall, but without railings or arms. Nothing to

hide behind.

I looked down, and a throng of people were watching.

What's worse, I knew every one of these people staring at me. Not one of them

was a stranger. This seems incredible, but inside the dream it was undeniably

true. There were classmates, friends, people from church, little kids from down

the street, my mom, other lifeguards, all unable to tear their eyes away. And

not only was I naked, I had been playing with myself!

But some people stopped looking directly up at me; their interest was below. I

leaned forward to find out what had their attention.

Two naked men were climbing my chair. I didn't recognize them. Lean, erect, and

feral, they looked like jungle animals going for the kill. Their penises were

huge and erect. My shame and confusion turned quickly to fear. They were only

seconds away from reaching me. One hand brushed my foot as I jumped up and

perched on the seat. Then I leaped off the side, dropping about 12 feet to the

sand.

I landed off-balance and stumbled forward, falling on my face. But I had to get

up quickly. The men had jumped off too, like cats, and glared at me. I got up,

spat out sand, and started running.

I dodged people walking and jumped over people sunbathing, afraid to look back.

Even one hesitation, and they could catch up. I could sense them right behind

me. And nobody was helping me, even though I was obviously in danger. They were all just watching the spectacle.

I could see the guard shack, about 200 feet away. If I got there first and could

lock the door behind me, I'd be safe.

I jumped over one more blanket and my foot landed wrong, a hole where I didn't

see or expect it. Maybe a kid's sand castle. But I tripped and fell, and before

I could even get up one of the guys chasing me roughly flipped me on my back.

Some people took my hands and forced my arms apart; then the same was done with my legs. One of the feral men lowered himself onto me and forced himself inside; I was still wet from when I was playing with myself. I was thinking, No, please, not this way!

Mercifully, that was where that dream ended.

The last dream was at my house, late at night, about 2 am. I woke up thirsty and

decided to go to the kitchen for some ice water. I was wearing this nightshirt,

sort of a long T-shirt that used to go down to my knees. After going thru the

laundry countless times, it had shrunk to about mid-thigh, hugged my body more

than it used to, and the fabric had gotten thin. That would be no big deal,

since I was the only one up. The house was dark and quiet. I flipped on the

hallway light and headed out.

When I got to the living room, I found out I wasn't the only one up. My brother

and his friend Brad were watching some softcore thriller on cable, with the

sound almost all the way down. No other lights were on.

(I don't have a brother in real life, but in the dream I did. He was about 22,

older than me. Even in the dream, I don't think I found out his name.)

Brad saw me first, silhouetted in the light from hallway. Thinking back, it must

have shone right through my nightshirt and outlined my body underneath. I wonder

if I looked like some sort of erotic angel. He did take a second or two before

saying "Hey, Kel."

My brother did some sort of wise-guy salute.

"Just getting some water," I said, still a little sleepy.

"Can you grab a couple beers?" my brother said. "There should be some left."

"OK." I walked into the kitchen, which was very dark, but I knew my way to the

fridge: just straight across from the living room. In fact, you could see it

from the couch.

I opened the door and was bathed in fluorescent light. I looked for the beer,

but couldn't find it, and must have stood there a long time. Brad walked up

beside me, put a hand on my shoulder. I wasn't dressed for mixed company at all.

"You know, I think we finished them all," he said. "Sorry for making you look."

I turned to him. "It was my brother, not you." The door was still open and cool

air was chilling the back of my legs. It seemed like my nightshirt was shorter

than ever, like miniskirt length.

He looked me up and down, then put a hand on my hip, taking a bit of the

material between thumb and finger. "Do you usually wear this to bed?"

I was kind of under a spell. "Yeah."

"Anything underneath?"

"No." This was already the most personal conversation I had ever had with Brad.

He was an OK guy, kind of good looking; I just tended not to pay attention to my

brother's friends.

"It's kinda see-thru," he said.

"Yeah." Suddenly I really enjoyed the attention I was getting. I put my arms

around him and we started making out.

It was naughty enough, kissing my brother's friend, wearing only this flimsy

nightshirt. But then he pulled it up above my waist. My butt started getting

chilled except where he had his hands, and he only had one back there anyway.

With the other he was probing between my legs, tickling my bush, and finally

playing directly with my pussy. All the while we were still kissing.

He came up for air, and I raised my hands, whispering that he should just take

the whole thing off. He was good with that. I finally kicked the fridge door

shut and we were mostly in darkness. He fondled me all over and licked my

breasts, just driving me crazy.

Then he stopped. "Let's go back to the couch."

I didn't want to stop. "My brother's there."

"He'll be cool," Brad said, and took me over.

My brother looked up at us, but then went back to watching the movie, as though

seeing his sister naked was no big thing.

"Scoot over," Brad said, and sat me down between them. Then I leaned back on

Brad's lap, resting my head on a pillow to the side, and plopped my legs on my

brother's lap. Brad idly played with my breasts and pussy as we all watched TV.

And then I woke up.

It took a few seconds to figure out where I was. Back in Mike's living room,

naked, laying on the couch. Mike was kneeling at my side, one hand on my bare

breast. "You awake?" he said.

"Yeah." I looked out the picture window: dark already. "How long did I sleep?"

"A few hours. I got us some dinner. Hungry?"

"Yes..."

"C'mon up." He took my hand and led me to the kitchen table. Two place settings

were already out. Chinese food.

"Can I wear something?"

"Not yet," Mike said. We sat down and started to eat. "How do you feel? Dizzy?

Drowsy?"

"I feel OK," I said. Clearheaded, despite how weird everything was. Sitting here

naked at the table of a married man, having dinner with him?

"After dinner we'll talk about what happened today," he said. "And about what

happens next."

"Mmm-hmmmgh," I said, keeping my mouth closed because I had just taken a bite.

After we were done, he moved his chair next to mine and turned me so we were

face to face. "Can I go home now?" I said.

He had a pained look. "It's not that easy," he said.

"My mom must be worried sick by now!"

"She already knows where you are."

I was dumbfounded. This didn't make any sense.

He continued, "The story you told me about today, and what happened in your

backyard Wednesday; they were mostly true, but you left out a few things. Or

possibly forgot them."

"Left out what?"

"Let's go to Wednesday. You said Felice came over, you lay down on your stomach

and she stripped everything off. Then when you turned over, she stripped your

bikini off and you made out for a little while. Then you got dressed and went to

dinner. Is that right?"

"Yeah, that's what I said."

He sighed. "The guy next door was looking through his window at you and didn't

even notice when his mother entered the room. She saw you both, called your mom, and then your mom marched out and caught you both in the act."

"Oh my god!"

"She was so shocked she could hardly move. It was only until you and Felice

started relaxing that she stormed out and started yelling at you. You and Felice

were yelling back."

I could feel myself turning beet red. What he said was true. It was just so

traumatic, I had blocked it out. Only Mike going over it was helping me remember.

"At that point, she kicked you out of the house. Told Felice never to set foot

there again or she'd call the cops. She didn't even let you back inside; didn't

even let you put clothes on. She just marched you both around the side yard to

Felice's car and stood there until you drove off."

"What happened next?" I still couldn't remember.

"I'm guessing you stayed at Felice's house or another friend's. Then on Friday

you borrowed some clothes and drove to the beach to start your shift."

Now I felt extremely tired, beaten down. But there was still hope. "It's been

two days. Can I call my Mom, try to talk to her?"

"Sure." He reached back, put his phone on speakerphone, and dialed. My mom

answered, and I said "Mom?" but Mike put a finger to his lips. "Mrs. Klein," he

said. "Your daughter would like to talk to you about what happened Wednesday."

The hate that dripped from my mother's voice was like a stake through my heart.

"You tell that slut that she is no longer my daughter. My daughter does not do

those horrible things she did! She is no longer welcome in my house. Ever!" And

then she hung up!

"It's real," Mike said.

Well, I was a wreck at that point. I felt like I had been kicked in the stomach.

I sat on Mike's lap, crying on his shoulder, arms draped around him. He was now

the one familiar thing here, the one comfort zone. He was all I had. I cried for

a long time.

Then I had an idea. "I'd like to go to Felice's. She can help me for a while.

It's better than here."

Mike shook his head. "Felice has the same problems you do. I don't think it's

good for you and her to be together until whatever you have is fixed."

"What do you mean, fixed?"

"There's some fundamental reason for what you did and what happened to you," he

said. He stood me up. "Right now, you've got nothing to your name, not even any

clothing. Think of it as a clean start."

"What do I do?"

"Right now, I think you should get ready for bed."

He showed me the guest room, where I would sleep. It had its own full bathroom,

which he had stocked with every sort of health, beauty and hygiene product he

could think of. There was a closet, but it was bare (like me): just a few empty

hangers.

I stood there a few moments, thinking. Mike was casually looking me over. I

realized something: ever since I had started as a lifeguard, I had subtly

noticed him gazing at me like that. Sneak peeks, especially when others probably

weren't looking. The yellow swimsuit hugged my curves really well, back when I

was wearing it; and he had pored over those curves so many times. He must have

been imagining what I'd look like with the suit off. It was so obvious now. And

when that weird chain of events caused me to be naked, he decided, even against

his better judgment, that he was not going to let me go.

Why did he scold me so much, then? Why did he call me a dizzy blonde every

chance he got? Well, don't boys in school tease the most the girls they secretly

have crushes on?

To be naked in front of him, and to be wanted so intensely, was making me

aroused. I looked at Mike. He was in good shape, decently handsome, and could be

charming when he wanted to. The main thing I didn't like was how he had treated

me. But seeing things in a different light...

I took his hand, laid it on my bare breast. I looked up at him. Mike, I'm yours,

I thought. At least for now.

He took me on the guest bed, without even turning down the comforter. I lay on

my back, comfortably padded. He kissed my thighs, my breasts, and my neck. He

stripped off his shirt; I ran my hands over his muscular chest. His pants came

off next, and his boxers; his penis bobbed up, stiffening. The sight made me

moist.

We didn't say anything to each other, but I was making more and more noise.

Looking back, I figured his wife Moira was sure to have overheard us. He fondled

my tingling breasts, and the head of his penis tapped against my inner thighs as

he leaned forward. I took him in my hands and guided him in.

I gasped. He was big, and even though I was wet, I was still tight. He'd have to

ease his way in, let me stretch a little. "Oh god, Mike," I said, softer at the

end, remembering his wife was around; but as he moved all the way in, and we

started thrusting, it felt so delicious that I no longer cared about keeping

quiet. I looked up at him, seeing his features for the first time, his firm

chin, his bright green eyes. If only I had known. That first day on the job,

when he had looked me over, me standing there shyly, worrying that my nipples

were poking out too much against the yellow swimsuit, that I was a little more

exposed than I wanted to me -- if only I had known then. I would have peeled off

my suit right there. He could have taken me right then, there in the office. I

wouldn't have picked the suit back up. I would have never worn anything again.

The feeling of him inside me was winding me up and up. He had been imagining me

in the position all this time... every day, while I wore nothing but that thin

yellow swimsuit... I raked my nails along his back, luxuriating in the feeling

of him filling me up, stoked by the naughtiness of where we were doing it, and

where we might have done it earlier, if I had only known...

There was such heat building up, a core between my legs, and sensation overload

everywhere he touched me. I was moving, but my body's motion was not under my

control. It was like I was strapped in, along for the ride. His eyes gazed into

mine, and I swear I saw them harden first, before his body began to stiffen as

well, his movements more deliberate, forceful. Then he let go, he came, and I

came too, and it was only later, after we had calmed down, that I realized I

must have been moaning, even screaming, at the very end. The silence now, as he

nuzzled the nape of my neck, cloaked us like a blanket.

I showered and climbed into bed. He went upstairs. I wondered if his wife had

stayed up there, had heard the whole thing.

\* \* \*

Now I know this story hasn't portrayed me in a complimentary light. I've tried

my best to tell exactly what happened, and admit everything. But I'd like to

take my own defense for a moment, against those of you who would call what I did

"falling into my captor's arms", as the blondest thing of all.

I knew my life was a mess at that point. Everyone I knew would quickly find out

about what happened. I just didn't want to go out there and face them right

then.

Mike offered a fresh start. Like he said, I had nothing -- not even clothes on

my back. He offered a place to stay and a chance to get back on my feet.

I stayed for about 11 months, and stayed willingly.

He eventually bought me some clothes, slowly accumulating a varied assortment

that never seemed to add up to a complete outfit. I was almost never completely

dressed, unless we left the house (and sometimes not even then). Much of the

time I was nude. He bought a bikini bottom, which I sometimes wore around the

house; ironically, when I swam in his backyard pool, I never wore anything.

Maybe that image of me emerging from the surf, naked and dripping wet, was

something he wanted to keep fresh.

There's much more I could tell about my year with Mike, but they're moving on to

the next story, so I'll stop here. The next one is (I think) Jim's story, which

happened only a day later and on another beach about 15 miles away. So that's

all for now, but I'll be back.