Once a Lifeguard 1

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

story of how I lost that job. Really, everything changed that

day, and my life was really strange for about two years. But

things are better now.

I was 20 years old, going to community college, and making money

as a lifeguard. 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 what to do at 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.

Some of my friends called me "Baywatch", because of my job and

also my looks. I have long blond hair, a pretty face and a good

figure. I'm pretty lucky that way, I know: big breasts, long

legs, narrow waist, all those things guys are interested in.

Swimming helps keep me in shape, but much of my good looks are

simply good genes. When I would walk onto the beach in my yellow

one-piece swimsuit (the guard uniform) I probably did look like

I had wandered off the Baywatch set.

Sometimes I wondered if what had happened to me that day was

payback for being too vain, or ungrateful, or conceited. I'm

basically a down-to-earth person. My friends were not the alpha

girls, the social elite, but instead people who I really liked.

Was I instead being punished for having bad judgement? It really

looked that way at first.

Anyway, that 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. Instead, 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 as I pulled stuff out into a basket,

looking for my suit. Like I was afraid of, it had shrunk. A lot.

No way would I be able to put it on! Boy was I pissed at my

sister.

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 wear something

and couldn't think of what!

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, our boss, for not having proper

attire. And the lifeguard chair was so big and so high, that

from the beach they 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. 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, you really couldn't see much of

the guard; 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 mostly 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 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?

Basically nobody was here; and in my guard chair I had extra

privacy anyway. I could 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. I wasn't wearing a bra; I would be

topless on a beach where doing that was prohibited. But still,

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

This struck me as really naughty, but instead of dissuading me,

that idea 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 off my top.

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 had never sunbathed topless before,

and now I was doing it, and getting paid $11 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. But it was like 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 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.

Lower, lower, and I found my slit. Of course I was already wet.

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.

I really didn't have any trouble touching myself underneath my

shorts. But still they were annoying me; I wanted them

completely off. I wanted to be naked. 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, 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,

where I could sit down again and take them off. Nearly off; I

left them around my ankles.

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.

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 was overwhelmed, shocked, and I just sat there for a few

moments, stunned. A lot of people were looking directly at me:

how much did they see? Everything? I immediately covered my

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

things first. I hastily pulled my shorts back up.

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 and 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 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 knickers. Even if they became see-through when

wet, it was still better than losing them altogether!

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 had to

stop swimming and grab the shorts before I lost them.

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. I started to believe it was 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 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, 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 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 water got more and more shallow, 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 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 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 fucking 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.

"What you did out there," he said, still angry, "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?"

This was mean and uncalled for, but instead of protesting, I

started crying again. 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 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. Mike asked me to tell that story too.

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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 is interested in you

and likes you.

On Wednesday, 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 dark, 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. "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. 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 in his

daydreams. Seeing you just laying out here on a blanket is no

big thing."

"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 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 shook his head. "Can't do that right now."

"Come on. Just fire me or whatever you need to do so I can go.

Please!" I started to get up, but then Mike put a hand on my

bare thigh, forcing me back down.

"We can't leave yet. I just need to figure a few things out."

I was getting really exasperated and feeling helpless. I sat

there staring at the floor; and whenever I looked up, I saw him

gazing really intently at me, as if trying to figure me out. Or

maybe he was just enjoying seeing me naked. But he wasn't

smiling.

After a while, the bottle of water I drank worked its way

through me, and I asked permission to go to the bathroom.

"Around the side, you know where it is," he said, and I

remembered of course, it's going to be outside; I'll have to go

back outside again.

"Can't I take a wetsuit or something? I don't want to go back

out there naked again."

"That's not what they're for," he said. "Just make it quick. Run

down there, go in, and then come back up. It won't be that bad."

I sighed and got up. How come everything he did seemed intended

to prolong me staying in the nude? I padded out in my bare feet,

opened the door, and the bright sun was back. Right away people

noticed me and started staring. I looked at the ground, at the

wall of the guard building, just to avoid having to meet their

eyes. Some guys yelled comments they thought were funny and I

pretended not to hear them.

The bathrooms were around the back of the shack. I didn't want

to jog over because my breasts would bounce, so I walked

quickly. I reached the back corner and thought to myself,

"almost there, almost halfway to being back inside." But when I

reached the bathroom doors there was exactly what I didn't want

to see: a line. Only one woman in line, but still a line.

Meaning: I couldn't go in yet, I had to wait outside.

Right away I found out the woman in line was a total bitch. She

was Asian, long black hair, wearing a small black bikini. About

25 years old or so. And she glared at me like I had crawled out

from under a rock.

"What's your problem?" she said. "This isn't a nude beach."

Screw you, I thought. I've put up with too much today. "Are you

in line?"

"You have to go?" the woman smiled. "Why don't you just go in

the bushes?"

"I don't have time for this," I said. "Please."

"Please what?"

"Stop being so snotty!"

"I'm not the one running around naked. There are kids here!

Families! Did you ever think of that?"

I didn't feel like debating her, so I changed the subject. "Has

the other lady been in there long?"

She smiled again, like she really enjoyed seeing people suffer.

"You really have to go, don't you? Well, after she's done, I'm

going to stay in for a long, long time. We'll see how long you

can hold it until you have to squat down and go in the sand."

I was so furious I couldn't say anything. And now I needed to go

so badly it seemed like my pee was about one-quarter inch away

from just spraying out.

Then I realized, she couldn't make me wait. "So long, bitch," I

said, and pushed into the men's room, which had been empty all

this time. "Hey!" she cried, deprived of her fun. Well, she'd

have to settle for kicking dogs or whatever else made her happy.

I usually never go into a bathroom or locker room without flip

flops, and I didn't want to think about how dirty the floor was

on my bare feet. I locked the door, went to the stall, hovered

above the seat and let go. Finally, relief. And for the first

time today, some privacy. Maybe I could just stay here until

night time, when everyone was gone. But I knew that wouldn't

work out: I didn't have my car keys (were they still in the

lifeguard chair?) and the area would be much less safe without

people around. Being embarrassed during the day is not as bad as

getting raped at night.

There was a knock on the door. Maybe a guy, maybe the mean

woman. To hell with them. I'd take as much time as I needed.

I padded over to the sink and washed my hands, scrubbing with

that pink soapy stuff they have, up to the elbows. Then I let

the water run and scooped it up over my head, rinsing my hair;

and then rinsed off the rest of my body. That felt better, to be

a little cleaner. Later, I planned to take a long hot shower at

home, and go straight to bed. And then go work in a bookstore or

something.

More knocking, insistent this time, and men's voices. Uh oh. But

there was only one way out. I guess I'd have to give one more

peep show today. I needed one hand to open the door, so I could

only cover up between my legs; I had to leave the breasts

uncovered. Just a question of priorities. I opened the door and

two guys stood there, college age, and right away I didn't like

the way they looked.

"Woah ho! Hey, Barbie!" one said. "Looks like she's anatomically

correct," said the other.

"Excuse me," I said, ready to push through. But instead they

pushed me back, and I had to step back to keep from falling.

Then they came inside and shut the door! Forget worrying about

being seen naked; now I was feeling real fear.

"You're not going anywhere," one guy said. I didn't know what to

do. I was in good shape for swimming, but I knew nothing about

self-defense. And there were two of these guys!

"Mike!" I screamed. "Mike, get down here!"

"No Mike here," one guy said. "Just a dick. Two dicks. That's

all you gotta worry about." His friend laughed.

Then the door opened, and Mike was there. "Get the fuck out of

here," he yelled. "Unless you want to become registered sex

offenders."

"She let us in," one guy said, with his friend already trying to

shush him. "No problem, dude," his friend said. "We're going."

Mike led me by the hand back to the parking lot.

"How could you let that happen?" I said.

"I'm glad you're out of danger," he said, not an apology by any

means.

"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 boobs with my hand 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.

(story continues in "Once a Lifeguard 2".