**Tracey the Lifeguard**

By: Jake Olive

Summer had finally come to England and Tracey was very happy to be working as a pool lifeguard. At 22 Tracey was probably a bit too old to still be holding temporary summer employment but she had spent the last four summers working as a lifeguard and she couldn’t think of any reason to stop now! Tracey’s wasn‘t always the brightest or most mature girl in the world and unfortunately she had been falling behind her studies since she had began at her local University four years ago. “Even so” reasoned Tracey “just because I am behind does mean I want to spend my whole summer with my nose buried in a math book.......yikes!” A summer spent getting paid to sit by the pool was much more in line with what made Tracey happy and so this is how she again would choose to spend her summer. Of course summer jobs didn’t pay very well but with Tracey’s smart looks and tight young body she never had any trouble in landing a good one. For Tracey it really amounted to a there month paid vacation! A few months ago she had driven out to a fancy resort called “Chamber’s Seven Stripe Ranch” on a summer job hunt and she was hired there on the spot. With her good looks and her experience as a lifeguard she was the perfect eye candy to sit by the numerous pools at the exclusive resort.. Tracey had began her job at The Seven Stripes a few weeks later. He duties at the ranch were really very simple; she was responsible for all lifeguard duties at the main pool between the working hours of 10:00 am thru 5:00 pm. The pool was closed after 5:00 so she had free time in the evenings. Tracey was supposed to watch any children in the water and enforce good safety practices in the pool area at all times. The lifeguard who relieved Tracey on her lunch hour was a girl named Emily and she was typical of the girlish looking lifeguards mostly employed by the ranch. Most of these girls were only 15 or 16 years old and Tracey thought them all very jealous of her more fully developed body and seductive good looks. With Tracey’s blond hair and her sleek curves these little girls were well short of Tracey’s league. Tracey was almost 5 foot 7 inches tall and her long and her toned legs were the secret envy of all the younger girls. Since Tracey was 22 now, the small outfit that the other girls wore at the pools appeared quite a bit more provocative on Tracey than it did on the other lifeguards. The uniform was a simple cropped white top with a built in bra that had the insignia of the ranch (7 red stripes) emblazoned across the front. The top was worn with a little pair of red shorts. Because Tracey was more womanly than the younger lifeguards her larger breasts pushed mightily against the small top making her look even bustier than she actually was. Tracey’s red shorts amounted to little more than “booty shorts” that pulled tightly against her firm and round bottom. Tracey was a sight in the Seven Stripes uniform and she knew it very well. Whether or not her appearance was the reason that she had been selected to watch the main pool next to the clubhouse was not really Tracey’s primary concern. “The little girls can complain all they want, but I have received the choice assignment and they will just have to deal with it“ reasoned Tracey. One of the things Tracey did to kill time while at the pool was to tease the boys who worked in the kitchen. The boys were constantly picking up and delivering food to the pool area and they always kept a close eye on the sexy Tracey. Like the girls they were mostly younger and a little bit intimidated by the pretty and slightly older woman. Few of the boys had enough courage to actually approach Tracey much so they mostly just looked at her and dreamed. The kitchen boys worked for an older Englishman named Brian Green. He was a retired school teacher with a short temper and a reputation for giving his boys the cane if they stepped out of line. Since Tracey didn’t work in the kitchen she had little interaction with Brian but she thought it was pretty funny that he sometimes caned the boys! “Serves them right” thought Tracey. “Keep those little perverts in line.” The one kitchen boy that Tracey did talk to was Mr. Chambers annoying son John. He was a gangly and tall 17 year old who often tried to “chat up” Tracey while she sat in her lifeguard tower above the pool. It was as if he thought with enough talking that Tracey would simply fall into bed with him. Tracey was always nice to John because his dad was the owner of the ranch but mostly she just liked to tease him. She would pose seductively when he watched her was and once she even brushed her boobs against his arm as she was leaving the clubhouse! One time John and another boy had spied on Tracey when she was in the shower room. Tracey had seen the boys sneak into the showers but she acted like she didn’t notice and she soaped herself and posed working the boys into a real frenzy. In spite of the fact that she knew they had snuck in earlier, she later reported the violation to Brian and she heard that they both received 15 strokes of the cane!. Tracey had enjoyed teasing them with her leisurely and sexy shower and thought it was pretty funny that they would take the cane for her little bit if fun. She could picture them at home wanking to the memory of watching her shower all the while with red stripes lined across the bums! It made Tracey laugh. A couple of days later she asked John to come over and “take a seat” and he just looked at her coldly. Ha! As the summer passed Tracey fell into her routine and really had a good time at the ranch. Her skin grew darker and she did a passable job of watching the children. She liked to joke that her job was to keep the little buggers off the bottom of the pool. As she was leaving work one day she was approached by John. “My dad wants to see to you in his office.” John reported. “Me? Why me?’ Tracey replied. Tracey didn’t even know where Mr. Chambers office was located and she was surprised that he knew her name. “It’s about the charity event next week” John explained dolefully as he gave her directions to the office. Puzzled, Tracey drove to the main office buildings at the ranch and made the short walk to Mr. Chambers office. The door was cracked open and she knocked lightly. “Yes” came a deep voice from somewhere inside the large and ornate office. “Mr. Chambers?” Tracey said as she stuck her head around the door. “You wanted to see me?” Mr. Chambers was a large and commanding man and he began to unwind from behind his oak desk. “Aw Tracey yes come in” Mr. Chambers said as he moved to greet her. He reached for her hand and she shook it, her small hand was instantly buried inside his. “I have heard quite a bit about you” he said as he drew his eyes slowly across her white top looking intently at the swells of flesh that it tightly contained. “You are indeed lovely. How old are you Tracey if you don’t mind me asking?” He continued to hold her hand and look directly into her eyes. “I am 21 years old” Tracey lied, now feeling a little out of place. “21 years old, excellent just excellent.” Mr. Chambers said slowly as if his mind was lost in another thought. Tracey pulled her hand back slightly from his grip and Mr. Chambers released her hand. “I hear you are doing a splendid job at the pool and that is why I wanted to see you.” Feeling a little more relaxed Tracey casually said “Thanks Mr. Chambers.” “Well next Friday we are having our annual Seven Stripes Charity Golf Tournament here at the ranch. After the golf game is over we have an auction fund raiser and a dinner here in the clubhouse and I was hoping I could ask a favor.” Chambers replied. “Of course” said Tracey “It is our big event of the summer and my office has made the oversight of not scheduling a lifeguard for the pool. If I could get you to come back to the pool around 6:00 for a bit I would really appreciate it. It is just that our most important members and guests will be here and in case someone wants to use the pool I wanted to make it available, you understand?” “Ok sure” Tracey responded. “Splendid, I really appreciate your help Tracey. Please just check in with Mr. Green before you go out by the pool, he is in charge of the event staffing. Again, I really appreciate it.” “No problem” replied Tracey, still feeling small in Mr. Chambers presence. As she turned to leave Mr. Chambers hand lightly patted her bottom as he guided her back to the door. “And keep up the good work at the pool” he said with a wink and a smile. I have got to make time to get over there soon, my son John tells me you kids have quite a time. Tracey moved to the door surprised by the ass patting but also mindful of Mr. Chambers position at the ranch. “Thank you” she finally said awkwardly as she left. With the door closed Mr. Chambers walked back to his desk. “Excellent......, just excellent” he said aloud. The next Friday Tracey arrived back at the pool just before 6:00 and went to find Brian. She saw him in the kitchen chopping vegetables on a large prep table in the middle of the room. “Mr. Green?” Tracey said as she entered the large kitchen. She saw him look up at her. “I am Tracey Smith and I am here to watch over the pool.” Brian looked up and said “Well get your little ass out to the pool then darling. You think you’ll find the kiddies in here?” Tracey left the kitchen. “What an asshole” she thought. “I am glad I don’t work for him. For a split second she felt a little bad for the kitchen boys. The evening was growing cloudy and there where no kids swimming. Tracey walked over to the dining hall windows where they were starting up the auction and she couldn’t see any children inside either. She could see that there was a large table in the center of the dining hall and that they

 were bringing out the items one at a time for the auction. Mr. Chambers had a microphone and was taking bids from the crowd for whatever item was on the table. “This is fucking lame” thought Tracey. Why am I here if there are no kids?” Leaving her sweatshirt on she returned to the pool, climbed up the ladder and put her headphones in her ears. She listened to her ipod and was content to let the late evening pass her by as she sat on idly on the small deck above the quiet pool. Her hoodie was pulled low over her face as she listened to her music. After about fifteen minutes of staring blankly at the pool, she was approached by John. “Brian says you need to come inside and help with the serving” he reported. “Since nobody is swimming out here he needs you working indoors.” Tracey looked at the awkward young man and sighed. She slowly unhooked her ipod and began to descend the ladder towards the boy. “Brian wants to see you in the kitchen” John said. He walked behind her and watched her little booty shorts sweep from side to side beneath the hang of her heavy sweatshirt. He felt a surge of blood move toward his penis remembering watching her that time in the shower. Tracey found the gruff older man standing above a large grill where he was very busily cooking dinner for the large accumulation of guests. He took a quick look at Tracey and barked, “get that sweatshirt off and grab a tray! I need you collecting empty glasses and helping the bar people deliver drink orders.” “But I only have my lifeguard outfit” Tracey cried back “I’ll look foolish” “Girl I do not have time to argue with you right now, get out there and get to work or I will give you the sack” Brian retorted while firing one angry eye in her direction. “Move your ass!” Tracey reluctantly walked towards the back of the kitchen and pulled the sweatshirt off over her head. As she did, she heard the boys working in the kitchen whistle and laugh. She heard one dork loudly say “Hey now!” Behind the grill Brian never looked up but he smiled ever so slightly. “She was going to work out fine.” he thought to himself. He reached down and adjusted his old cock as he felt it flutter to life. For the next thirty minutes Tracey collected empty glasses and retrieved drink orders from the bar. She was a little glum with her new duties and she got more than a little tired of the men telling her that they were drowning and needed to be saved. “Good one” she said with a touch of contempt the last few times she heard it. It seemed clear to Tracey that the auction was now winding down and that the dinner was soon to commence. She was hopeful that Brian would not need her for the dinner serving and she could return to her cabin. As she was on her way back to the bar she heard Mr. Chambers announce to the group, “We have one more item up for bid this evening!” “Thank god” Tracey thought as she looked into the kitchen with a hopeful eye on her sweatshirt. Mr. Chambers continued behind her, “The last item up for bid is a lifeguard uniform donated by the club!” Tracey looked a little puzzled as she set the tray down on the bar. “And fortunately we have a model right here with us” Mr. Chambers said triumphantly. “Tracey Smith will you come over here please?” Tracey again felt small as she saw Mr. Chambers looking down at her. The crowd cheered lightly and expectantly as they looked toward Tracey. “Come on Tracey” Mr. Chambers said, “it’s all for charity!” With a reluctant smile and still feeling inappropriately dressed Tracey began to walk to the table in the middle of the room. As she approached Mr. Chambers and the heavy table she could see that there was no lifeguard uniform yet laying upon it. Mr. Chambers leaned towards Tracey and said quietly, “Tracey jump up on the table so people in the back can get a real good look your uniform.” Tracey hesitated. “Now!” Mr. Chambers said a bit more forcefully. “The auction is about to begin!” “Uhmm...where is the uniform you are going to auction?” Tracey said cautiously. “It is on it’s way up here right now, now jump up on the table.” With that Mr. Chambers turned to the club members and said “Now what do I have bid for an actual lifeguard uniform?” “This uniform has been lightly worn” Mr. Chambers said and then looking covertly at Tracey finished “and is a girls size medium.” The bidding took off at a torrent pace. As Tracey looked over the heads of the assembled crowd she could see that many of the boys from the kitchen were gathered at the window overlooking the dining area. She could also see Brian standing just outside the double kitchen doors with a long wooden cane in his hand. “Sixty five pounds bid do I hear seventy” Mr. Chambers continued. “Seventy bid now eighty, now eighty five” When the bidding slowed at 245 pounds a bidder yelled, “Have her turn around, we need to see the back!” Mr. Chambers reached over and quickly turned Tracey, patting her on the behind as he did so. The bidding then went to 265 pounds. “This sure seems like a lot for a uniform” Tracey queried. Now looking behind Mr. Chambers she could see that she was now fully surrounded on her new perch. “Gentlemen I have one more announcement” Mr. Chambers continued. “The uniform you are bidding upon is the actual uniform you see here! It is property of the club and it has been very generously donated!” Also I would like to remind that you are looking at Miss Seven Stripes 2011! This is your chance to own a little piece of ranch history!” Tracey was not what any of that meant but she blushed and her stomach filled with dread. Instantly the bidding resumed. A man standing near Brian called out, “We still can’t see it. Have her take it off and hold it above her head.” With that the room hushed and the boys still in the kitchen began a mad rush for the table. Tracey looked back over her shoulder to Mr. Chambers with a grave horror in her eyes. “No...No” begged Tracey. Mr. Chambers smiled broadly. “You heard him Tracey, please remove it. It belongs to the auction and it needs to be better seen by the bidders.” “But I will be naked? I can’t do that” Tracey said in a panic. Mr. Chambers looked at her scornfully and said, “Tracey pull that uniform top off and raise it above your head. The people need to see what it is they are bidding on.” Tracey looked at him but could only say “No, No..” Tracey stood still and looked for a way off the table. The edges of the table were now completely covered with onlookers and she could spot no way down short of jumping wildly into the crowd. As she looked up she could see cameras and cell phones all being held up and pointing at her and waiting for the top to come off. “Remove it now or I will get Mr. Green up here to remove it and then cane your bottom for the stealing of club property and holding up this auction.” he quickly replied. Tracey stood paralyzed, looking for any other option. Not getting the desired response from Tracey Mr. Chambers waved to Brian and his cane. Tracey watched in horror as he began to walk in their direction. She felt helpless and for one second pictured herself being bent over the table and caned. Frightened, Tracey pulled the lifeguard shirt over her head in one full motion. She appeared topless only briefly before she clutched the white top in front of her impressive breasts. The crowd clapped, a few flashes went off and Mr. Green kept walking towards to table. Impatiently, Mr. Chambers then reached up and grabbed both sides of her booty shorts and pulled them even with the table. Tracey screamed and in her effort to grab her shorts she dropped her top on the table. Mr. Chambers calmly picked up the top and pulled her feet free from the booty shorts. Tracey stood stark naked on the table clutching at her body in a desperate attempt to cover it from view. She was bathed in the flashes from the cameras and the phones. Two boys at her feet could see clearly that Tracey had shaved her pussy very tightly for the summer and they did a high five as if one had just won a bet. Tracey’s hands had first raced to the back to cover her bottom and then realizing the limits of that strategy she quickly covered her front. She was bent over at the waist trying to curl as tightly as possible Unable to cover her nakedness adequately she looked at Mr. Chambers as if somehow expecting his help. Mr. Green now stood next to Tracey holding his cane at the ready. “Tracey I am going to hand you this uniform. You are going to take it, stand straight up and raise it above your head. If you fail you will be caned for disobedience right here in front of everyone do you understand.” Mr. Chambers said with a slight smile. Tracey then peaked outward towards the deepening sea of cell phones and digital cameras that were now lustily recording the partial nakedness. The old timers hadn’t started shooting pictures yet. They knew well that the best was yet to come. The faces of the people in front of Tracey were being illuminated by those shooting pictures of her naked behind. “What is Miss Seven Stripes? She finally asked. “It is the honor you have won for being the most beautiful woman working at the club. The auction of your uniform is so that we can have you prepared for decorating.” “You mustn’t fail now Tracey.” Mr. Chambers said slowly. “What do I get?” Tracey replied, still not putting all the pieces together or seeing the obvious answer to her question. “Why you get to be Miss Seven Stripes for the rest of the summer. You will start by serving dinner fully decorated.” The amused Mr. Chambers said back to her. He handed her the uniform and told her to hold it up above her head so that everyone could see it in the back. He again told her that a canning would begin immediately if she failed. Tracey slowly stood straight up and rose both hands above her head with the top in one hand and the bottoms in the other. The flashes from the cameras then appeared like a great strobe light on Tracey’s naked body. Her full breasts were very firm and topped with light pink nipples. Her breasts rose with her arms and set wonderfully even upon her chest. With her hands high her nipples pointed upward as Tracey held the uniform above her head. “Miss Seven Stripes!” Mr. Chambers called out. The flashes were now hitting Tracey’s body everywhere at once. The boys at her feet looked up to her like she was a Greek Goddess. Her lightly muscled legs gave way to a full but firm behind and then rose 5 foot 7 inches to the blonde hair that fell lightly around her shoulders. Tracey exhibited a body that night that appeared as perfect as a statue. But she still heard laughter in the room. Seeing Tracey’s impressive body and full nakedness Mr. Chambers smiled and said with a chuckle, “Turn in a circle Tracey. Let them see your uniform and remember, it’s all for charity!” He reached up and smacked her behind to get her turning. Tracey kept slowly turning round and she saw happy faces and flashes in every direction. The uniform still high above her head. “Jump Tracey, they can’t see it in the kitchen!” Tracey jumped and her large breasts firmly bounced for the club members and the boys. Mr. Chambers watched her turn for a minute and then resumed the auction. The bidding peaked just short of 300 pounds. Mr. Chambers announced the wining bidder and the group applauded fully. The camera flashes were slowing now and Tracey could still hear muted laughter all around her. Mr. Chambers took the uniform from Tracey and helped her down from the table. Once off the table Mr. Chambers told Tracey, “I would like to thank you for your assistance tonight. You have helped make this the best charity auction ever.” “Now Brian has one more thing for you in the kitchen so why don’t you go with him. Brian and the boys have a little piece of Seven Stripes history they want to share with you. Now hustle on, it is time for your decoration.” With that he headed towards the bar holding her uniform in his hands. As Brian pulled Tracey by the arm through the busy dining hall she heard Mr. Chambers say to someone, “Excellent, she was the best one yet!” Brian smiled down at her like he had smiled at all the unfortunate Miss Seven Stripes that had come before her. He finally said “let’s get that ass into the kitchen, we have got a little tradition to attach to it.” Moments later in the middle of the kitchen the boys bent Tracey over the prep table and posed her to take seven strokes from the cane. She cried horribly as the heavy strokes were wickedly applied to her bottom. With her breasts mashed into the table and her feet held slightly off the floor by the boys hands, Brian gave Miss Seven Stripes her signature look. Tracey had been over eighteen when the summer started and therefore she had been qualified for entry into the competition. She had won the honor in a landslide victory after the club members had made their secret vote. No doubt all the exposure she had received at the main pool played a big role in her success. As Brian took the cane to her round young bottom her screams filled both the kitchen and the dinning hall. “To Miss Seven Stripes” a guest yelled as the sounds of her cries filled the outer room. The guests drank, laughed at saluted her. In a way, they toasted Miss Seven Stripes in both rooms that night. Tracey was not only the loveliest girl working at the club that year but she was also one of the only female employees old enough to qualify for the title of Miss Seven Stripes. Strangely, most of the other girls had tended to quit working at the ranch before they reached their eighteenth birthdays. Later after all her tears had all dried Tracey helped the boys serve the dinner. She remained completely naked with the club insignia beautifully burned on her behind. Miss Seven Stripes serving the charity auction dinner had become a favorite tradition. Often the girls did the serving because they were fearful of becoming Miss Fourteen Stripes. Once dinner was complete, Mr. Chambers came into the kitchen to speak with Tracey. He found her in the back of the kitchen looking for her missing sweatshirt. “Tracey there you are!” he said happily to her. “Hey we have made a couple of changes that I wanted to make you aware of.” “Changes?” she said still trying to find some clothing. “Yes, well beginning tomorrow this will be your new uniform,” Mr. Chambers reached out and handed her a small red thong. Tracey took it from his hand and looked at him as if expecting something else to come with it. “Since you like to tease the boys we thought we would go ahead and make it a little easier for you to do so.” Tracey just stood and looked back at Mr. Chambers. As he continued to speak he reached out and began to fondle her left breast, pinching it at the nipple and slapping at it lightly. “From now on we will need you to report the kitchen each morning before your start your shift fully dressed and ready to go. And, please bring your bottle of sun block with you.” Brian has volunteered to give you seven fresh stripes every morning and we have decided to go ahead and let the boys apply your sun lotion. You like to tease them so I know you won‘t mind if we let them spread it on you. Most of them have never felt a girl‘s breast before much less breasts as nice as these” Mr. Chambers was now weighing Tracey’s impressive bust with both hands. “I assure you that you will be in no danger getting a sunburn for the rest of the summer” Chambers said with a chuckle. He then reached up and grabbed her shoulders and turned her to the door. With yet another brisk swat he dismissed her to her cabin. Tracey jumped into her thong just thankful to have some covering and moved to the door. Tracey Smith then hustled through the ranch toward her cabin with the crest of the Seven Stripes Ranch brilliantly displayed behind her. Epilog: Tracey only managed to work a couple more weeks at the ranch. Given her new uniform the crowds at the pool soon became very large and mostly unmanageable. After a couple of weeks Mr. Chambers called her into his office and put her over his knee for mismanagement of the pool area. When he was finished, he terminated her employment. It also turned out that the club members wives were not as taken with the new Miss Seven Stripes as their husbands had been. Tracey had been the first girl to actually stay at the ranch after the auction and the woman were resentful of her naked good looks. Mrs. Chambers in particular was not fond of Tracey. The woman enjoyed humiliating the prettiest girl at the ranch but were not wild about her continued nakedness. Sadly Tracey never worked as a lifeguard again. She did not return to school that fall and is currently working as a stand in with a touring production of the play “My Fair Lady.” She is kind of hard to catch but if the show travels through your town, try the matinee and look for the girls in the chorus.