

Kenneth fell out of the shower. Not only was he showing up to work late again, he was showing up to work HUNGOVER as well, which even he had to admit was an entirely new low.

His job lifeguarding at Palmeta beach was already hanging on by a string, a string that was itself only hanging on because he was a good swimmer and having a shark on staff made the public less nervous. Everyone wants to be saved by a huge dude who was born to swim, right? Unfortunately, Kenneth had the feeling he was about to be expertly swimming up shit creek if he didn't get his sorry ass to work.

This was the nicest job he'd ever had, and the last thing he wanted to do was waste it. Palmeta was Santo Grecio's adults-only beach. Not in a sex tourism way or anything. It was for clientele who wanted a standard, relaxing beachgoing experience that wouldn't be ruined by a bunch of screaming kids. Only adults meant more experienced swimmers which meant less time hauling people out of the surf. Plus, it paid fantastically. Which was good because with student loans Ken was barely holding his head above water, and there weren't any lifeguards for debt.

He wrenched open a drawer and cringed. The only clean lifeguarding gear he had was a red lace-up speedo he hated. He hadn't expected to ever use it when he first grabbed it, so he accidentally got one a little too small. Pulling it out and stepping into it he pulled it snug against his hips. His dick lolled conspicuously out of the open fly but with some effort he managed to wrestle it into the pouch and do the laces up tight.

He gave himself a once-over in the mirror. He knew it was too small but it looked practically microscopic on his bulky frame. The back of the speedo had already started to crawl between his asscheeks, and the front bulged out obscenely as it strained against the tide of cock, but it would have to do.

He glanced at the clock. Shit, he was even later than before. Rushing he grabbed a spare change of clothes for his car and bolted out the door.

Arriving at the beach Ken was feeling nervous. This was a new record of lateness. The beach was already busy and it took him forever to find a parking space. Ken's boss was going to murder him for leaving so many swimmers unattended for so long on his shift.

He didn't see his boss anywhere on his way to the lifeguard chair. Maybe his boss hadn't noticed, and he could pretend he had been there the whole time. The beach was calm, and as the minutes ticked by Ken started to relax, until he caught some motion from the corner of his eye.

Turning, his blood ran colder as he saw Carlyle, another lifeguard, waving at him from the entrance of the public restrooms. Kenneth nervously pointed at himself. The otter nodded and gave him a smug, conspiratorial smile before pointing a thumb at the restroom behind him. Ken gulped. He was so busted.

Checking around for his boss one last time, Kenneth climbed down from his perch and made to follow the otter. By this point the speedo had completely wedgied itself between his cheeks, and he felt eyes on his bubble butt, feeling practically naked, hanging out on full display. He was too

self-conscious to try to adjust in front of all these people so he just did his best to cover up with his tail and quickened his pace across the sand.

As soon as he reached the restroom he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and sagged against the door. Looking up he saw Carlyle standing by the sinks, still looking entirely too smug.

"Been saving a lot of people today?" Carlyle purred. Kenneth was caught off guard by the question. "Huh? I- no I- I mean-," he stammered. "I just assumed," Carlyle continued over Ken's sputtering, "For some reason I haven't seen you in the lifeguard chair *all morning*," he put particular emphasis on those last two words, "so I figured it was because you were off plucking little old ladies out of the riptide. If that wasn't what you were doing then I can't *imagine* where you could have been."

He gave Ken a wide smile full of teeth. That little water weasel. He knew EXACTLY why Ken wasn't there. He'd been trying to get Ken in trouble for coming in late for months. "I suppose it's a good thing you have such a good coworker willing and able to pick up the slack for you. Of course, I've been so busy watching your beach I haven't even had the time to ask Sandra where you'd gotten off to."

Ken stiffened up at his boss's name. With mounting panic, he hunched down to the otter's height and began to plead with him. "Please, you can't tell her, please. You know I need this job I can't afford to be let go. Please, just don't tell her this one time, I'll do anything."

"Anything?" Carlyle replied, his hand trailing down Ken's stomach to play with the laces holding the pouch of his speedo closed. Ken snapped upright and gasped as the other lifeguard undid the bow with one skilled motion. This wasn't what he meant by "anything" but damn it, he was desperate. Plus, he admitted to himself, he hadn't scored in a while anyway.

Carlyle tugged the laces out of the top set of holes, revealing a small patch of smooth, skin. He then pulled them out of the second set of holes, and the pouch gaped open enough to see the base of Ken's cock. Ken stared down, too mesmerized by what was happening to say anything, and felt himself starting to get hard. The laces were pulled through the third set of holes, and Ken's dick was throbbing and straining against what little fabric was left covering it up. With one last quick motion Carlyle pulled the laces out of the last two sets of holes and Ken's cock gloriously flopped out in the middle of the public restroom.

Ken closed his eyes, expecting to get jerked off but was surprised to instead hear the pitter-patter of retreating footsteps. "Hey, wait! Where are you going!?" Ken shouted a little too loudly in his surprise. Carlyle smirked, toying with the laces he removed from Ken's speedo in his paws. "Administering your punishment, big boy. Enjoy the rest of your shift and I won't tell the boss how late you were. Better hope it's a quiet day." And with that he traipsed out of the restroom leaving behind a confused and frustrated Ken.

Ken looked down at his predicament. The speedo pouch gaped open obscenely without the laces, leaving his now rock-hard cock on full display. He tried to tuck his dick behind the waistband but with the lacing gone the speedo was loose enough that it kept falling out. Ken was getting

worried. He couldn't go out like this, but he also had to get back to the chair as soon as possible. If his boss didn't see him in the chair, there would be questions. Questions he didn't want to answer regardless, but especially not in his current state.

He desperately tried to think of a way to cover up without looking too obvious. Looking around he spied a cooler someone had forgotten beside the sink. Jackpot. Holding it in front of him it just hid his erection which was absolutely refusing to calm down. Now all he had to do was make it to the chair and he'd be fine. Well, no, he'd be decidedly not fine but at least he'd have time to think about what to do next.

Nervously, he stepped out of the bathroom. A few people glanced his way, but all disinterestedly returned to whatever they were doing. Good, his plan was working. He set his sights on the lifeguard chair and began his trek. As he walked, he started to calm down and started to get a little excited. It was kind of naughty and erotic, walking by all these people and none of them knew his dick was out. He chanced a glance downwards at his cock trapped between his stomach and the cooler, which had started to coat his torso with precum.

Kenneth looked back up and had to stop before he bowled over a very relieved-looking bear. "Hey, guy, you found my cooler! I've been looking everywhere for that!" Kenneth froze and stared the bear in the eyes. The bear's broad smile wavered slightly before brightening up again, and he slapped the side of his head, "Duh! Right, you need proof, hah. My name's written on the inside of the lid, it should say 'Harold'." Ken continued to stare, praying too hard that the bear wouldn't look down and see Ken's dick sandwiched against and lubing up his apparently beloved cooler to think of a response.

The bear was beginning to look concerned, which on the bright side meant his eyes were glued to Ken's concerning face. "Hah, I'll, uh, if you need me to show you where the name, uh, is I can just..." His hands brushed against Ken's as he tried to grab the handles, which snapped Ken to action. "No!" he barked suddenly, causing the bear to back away in alarm. Ken's eyes darted around as he began to sweat. "I'll, uh, I believe you. I'll just, um, carry it back to your towel for you."

Ken pulled his mouth into a terrifying, forced, sharp-toothed smile. The bear, who was looking deeply concerned at this point, nevertheless pointed towards a spot further down the beach. Ken stiffly began to walk in that direction, doing his best to stay ahead of the bear, who had to rush to keep up. Ken let out a small whimper as the rough exterior of the cooler repeatedly rubbed against the head of his dick.

As they neared the lifeguard chair Ken suddenly changed course directly towards it before reaching it and stopping dead in his tracks. "Hey, huff" the bear bent down with his hands on his knees as he tried to catch his breath, "My, huff, my towel is, huff, over there."

Ken was facing away from the Bear. "Oh, sorry, I need to get back to work. You can carry it the rest of the way." Carefully keeping his back to the bear he set the cooler down, the bear's eyes popping as he got an eyeful of Ken's round rump, and stepped up against the tower, holding his

tail in front of him. The bear gave no comment or question, merely picked up the cooler and got out of there as fast as possible.

Once Ken was sitting in the chair he finally relaxed. He was high up enough it was harder to get a good look at him and he could block any view of his dick with his tail in a less conspicuous way. His dick, which he noted, was still erect and by now glistened with a slick coating of precum. The terror and adrenaline of almost being caught had only made him more excited.

He bit his lip and squeezed the base of his shaft, causing a generous blob of precum to ooze out the tip. He couldn't believe he was considering jacking off surrounded by all these people, but the horniness was starting to cloud his thoughts, and it would certainly help him hide things if he could just get soft again.

Slowly he moved his fist up his shaft, then down. His eyes rolled back in his head. It felt so good. He chanced another few agonizingly slow pumps. Jerking off so slowly was driving him insane, but he couldn't risk anyone noticing. He continued to glide his hand up, down, up, down, his slick cock. Around him beachgoers blithely sunned on their blankets, completely unaware that twenty feet away Ken was getting himself off..

He chanced reaching his other hand down to fondle his balls and stifled a moan. This was the hottest thing he'd ever done in his life, and after what seemed like forever he finally felt himself edging towards orgasm. Looking around to make sure nobody was watching close enough to see him paint himself with his own cum, he spied a figure on the far side of the beach waving at him.

It was Carlyle again. Once he had Ken's attention he stuck his tongue out and made a jerk off motion. Ken's hands darted to the arms of the chair as he glanced wildly around him. Shit! Was he really being that obvious? The panic was starting to overtake him again. There was no way he could make it to the end of the day. He considered saying screw it to job security and just leaving but looking down at his conspicuous erection killed that idea. He couldn't take care of it without risking exposing himself. But until he took care of it he couldn't get out of here without risking exposing himself.

Frustrated, horny, and angry, Ken grabbed the two gaping halves of the fly and impotently tried to wrench them together. He immediately regretted it when he heard a loud rip from behind him. He reached back to check the rear of the swimsuit but his finger only trailed along the bare cleft of his buttocks. Filled with dread, he pulled up on the front of the speedo and it easily lifted off his body, revealing where the back had ripped into three pieces.

He dropped the torn speedo and flushed red. As if his day couldn't get any worse his only clothing on hand was now little better than a loincloth. He reached down to pick it back up to see if it could salvage it somehow but couldn't find it. Panicked, he looked around and his stomach dropped when he caught sight of it lying on the sand ten feet below him.

He couldn't believe it. He was now completely naked in this lifeguard chair, in the middle of a crowded beach. His only covering was ruined and out of reach, and his only change of clothes was back in his car. There was no way he was getting out of there now. He was completely trapped. If he left, if he stood up, if he shifted too much, if anyone looked too closely at him, he

was sunk. And the worst part was that he was still incredibly turned on by it. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. His cock was harder than ever and precum had started to puddle on his stomach.

Ken started to squirm and sweat in the hot sun. This was turning into the worst day of his life. Anyone could come up at any moment and discover his nakedness. His torn swimsuit lay in the sand like a red beacon. It was only a matter of time before somebody saw it and came to investigate. He was so embarrassed and was going crazy from being horny for so long but being unable to do anything about it. He looked down at his cock and whimpered as it throbbed and twitched against his stomach.

Suddenly, Kenneth heard a scream. People on the beach were gathering and pointing at something. He followed their fingers to a figure splashing in the water. It was a person.

Someone was drowning.

Instinct taking over, Ken leaped off the lifeguard chair and dove into the water past the surprised onlookers. By this point the splashing had stopped. He swam with impressive speed and determination towards the floating figure. Grabbing them and holding their head above water, he began dragging them back towards shore.

Everyone on the beach had gathered by the time Ken stepped out of the water carrying the swimmer. He dropped them onto the beach and put his ear to their mouth to see if they were still breathing. They licked him.

Ken reared back and finally looked at who it was he saved.

It was Carlyle, wearing the smuggest grin Ken had ever seen on him.

Ken was confused, until he heard someone shout “Hey, guy! This isn’t a nude beach!” Looking down, he suddenly remembered he was still naked and still sporting the most frustrated erection of his life. He fell back onto his hands. He wanted to cover up, run away, do anything, but he just sat frozen with mortification as the crowd started laughing and catcalling him. Carlyle sat up from the sand and laughed along with the crowd. “Wow! I didn’t know you liked saving people THAT much!” He mocked before playfully slapping Ken’s hardon, and Ken cried out as that was enough to put him over the edge. Horrified, he felt his balls pull up and his cock twitched and convulsed as he emptied load after load of a day’s worth of cum all over his fellow lifeguard’s fur, who sputtered and covered his face from the deluge as the crowd erupted in cheers.

Finally his orgasm slowed to a dribble and he collapsed into a haze on the beach. Once he sobered up he realized he was still naked and still surrounded by people, and leaped up and, covering his crotch with his tail, bolted all the way to the employee locker rooms, followed closely behind by a sticky, soaked Carlyle.

A half hour later a very ashamed Kenneth with a towel around his waist stood in his boss’s office. His boss was at her desk, silent, lips pursed and fingers tented.

“Well, Ken” she began, “you certainly caused quite a stir today.” Ken cringed but stayed quiet. “I should fire you for being three hours late to work, that’s a new record by the way.” Ken nodded sadly, “Yes ma’am. I’ll just go-“

“HOWEVER,” his boss cut him off, “I can’t deny that any lifeguard who’ll run out to save a drowning person buck naked is a lifeguard I want on my team.”

Ken brightened up. “I’m not fired?” She shook her head, “Nah, not this time. HOWEVER, I’m still going to have to punish you.”

“Right,” Ken hung his head, “because of the... incident.”

His boss smirked, “Are you kidding? People loved that.” Ken’s eyes widened in surprise. “I’m punishing you for being late and lying about it. People are raving about the little show you put on for them on the beach. Most excitement they’ve had in months. That’s why you...” Ken’s face fell as she reached into her desk and pulled out two very small, very red, very lace-up speedos. “...are being temporarily reassigned to Chief of Eye Candy. The pay’s a little less, but it’s lower pressure, lower responsibility... and the hours are more flexible.” She raised an eyebrow, “Just try to keep them on this time.”

Ken gulped and pointed at the second pair. “Why are there two?”

His boss winked at him, “What, you thought Carlyle was gonna get off scott free? Obviously the Chief of Eye Candy is going to need subordinates.”

The End