

## Quickie #18

Bae Watch

♪ *Some people stand in the darkness!  
Afraid to step into the light!  
Some people need to tempt somebody  
When submissive males are in sight!*

*Don't you worry  
It's gonna be alright!  
Cause Futas are ready  
To pack all your boy holes air tight!*

*I'll be ready! (Come to Momma!)  
When you submit! (No, don't you fear!)  
I'll be ready!  
Forever and always, Mistress is here! ♪*

It was a gorgeous day in Hermosa Beach and Theo was enjoying a swim in the deep blue of the Pacific. It was late morning on a weekday, the perfect time to enjoy the picturesque scene. The beach was always less crowded during work days. Any time before noon was early enough to avoid the legions of housewives that would show up to fill the sandy shore with their running, squealing rugrats.

Theodore swam deep into the waves, their salt foam caps slapping him in the face as he proceeded. The sun beamed down on the teaming ocean, growing warmer by the minute as it moved closer to the apex of midday. Theo stopped at a familiar distance from the shore before taking a deep breath and diving below the surface with a smile on his face.

His slim body shot straight down, his arms and legs entering a classic breaststroke as he raced to the bottom. Within thirty seconds, Theodore touched the bottom and grabbed a pocket of sand. Finding no prize and seeing nothing else in range that was interesting enough to grab at, he pushed off the bottom with his feet and glided back to the surface.

It was a hobby he'd enjoyed since he was a child. Searching the bottom of the sea for interesting trinkets. Sometimes you'd find a smooth rock with a beautiful color pattern or a shiny shard of sea glass. If you were really lucky, you might come upon an unbroken sea shell or an intact fossilized starfish. Theo had a sizable collection of saltwater trophies at home after many summers on the beach.

More than hunting for ocean memorabilia, it was a game to him. Over the years he'd swam further out, seeing how far he could go and how deep he could dive on one breath. The further into the sea you went, the deeper down the ocean floor was and the colder it grew, but the more likely you'd stumble upon something rare. He was really pushing his luck today, moving further out into the waves after each dive. Soon it took forty seconds to reach the bottom and another twenty to surface.

After five dives he'd found nothing of note to compensate for his stinging eyes and rapidly tiring muscles. Theo swam a little farther out and decided he'd do one last dive. He filled his lungs and dove below the surface. As he descended into the turquoise depths, he noticed that the sea floor had dropped off sharply. It was taking way longer to hit the bottom now. Forty five seconds... fifty seconds.

By the time he reached the bottom, Theo's lungs were burning. He turned around without regard for his prize, electing to push himself no farther. As his arms glided through the chilly water, propelling him upward, his chest screamed for air. Bubbles of carbon dioxide escaped his nose and lips as he shot upward and the water grew warmer. Just a little farther...

Theodore exploded above the waterline and sucked in a long, desperate breath. A massive foamy wave smacked him in the mouth and seawater lurched into his lungs. He gasped and choked, shocked by the horrible timing and the sudden rush of liquid where fresh oxygen should be. His hands whipped around his body in panic as he wheezed loudly. He tried to take another big breath and was met with a second rush of the ocean current. His throat gurgled and salty water rushed down his nose as his eyes bulged and his body was gripped by sheer terror.

As he struggled to stay afloat and the waves crashed around him, he heard a shrill whistle blow in the distance. He tried to start back toward the shore, but with his lungs half full of water, it was all he could do to not sink below the surface. He focused on kicking his legs and trying to reoxygenate himself as he coughed and sputtered, gasping for air. Theo flailed and splashed with his arms, doing all he could to stay afloat and signal his danger.

He put up a valiant struggle, but his limbs were full of lactic acid. His weary body couldn't keep it up much longer despite the adrenaline pumping through him. Just as his face began to sink below the surface, he saw, out of the corner of his eye, a woman rushing to him. She was freestyle stroking at full speed, approaching him with her orange torpedo buoy in tow.

The tan woman with bright blonde hair reached him, swam behind and wrapped her arms around Theo's torso. Her breasts pressed into his back and her hips were at his ass as she tread water with powerful legs.

**"I GOT YA! HOLD ON!"** she yelled over the ocean currents.

Once she'd pulled the rescue *torp* in range, Theodore grabbed it for dear life. The woman kept him snug to her body as she kicked towards the shore and stroked through the water with her free arm.

"Just breathe! Try to cough it up!"

He hardly needed instructions for that. Theo continued to wheeze, cough and retch. It was completely out of his control. He tried desperately to restore a natural breathing pattern as she hauled him from the deep. More bile-tainted hacks of salt water kept hacking up from his lungs.

Halfway back to the shore, Theodore noticed something unusual. Her breasts and hips weren't the only things pressing into his body. There was something long and thick lined up against his lower back and the crack of his ass. The sudden realization only added to the confusion of an already traumatic scenario.

When they got to the shallows, they were met by another female lifeguard. The raven haired woman helped his rescuer haul Theo onto the beach. Together they dragged him past the point where the waves could roll up and douse him again. Soon, he was flat on his back in the sand. When they released his arms, Theodore rolled over and coughed up what was left of the fetid liquid in his lungs.

“Should I call the paramedics?” the dark haired woman asked.

“No, he's gonna be fine. He just swam out a little too far. Got a drink of brine for his trouble.”

As Theo's breathing returned to normal and his heartbeat steadied, he looked up at the women standing over him. The blonde who'd saved him was striking. Her long hair, tied back in a thick ponytail, was dip-dyed red at the ends. Her lips were luscious pink, standing out from the rest of her skin which was a deep shade of tanned bronze. She had a tattoo on her upper cheek, not far from her left eye. It was a pink shooting star with a bright yellow outline.

Her red, one piece swimsuit covered half her body, barely containing a pair of massive milkers with jutting nipples. Her swimwear struggled to hold back her thick length of erect cock, which formed an unmissable bulge in the tight nylon. She stared down at him with warm, brown eyes; her hands resting on her wide hips. Her powerful swimmer's legs were columns of curvy muscle.

The other one was less remarkable, but still lovely; a pretty young white woman wearing an identical red bathing suit. Both of them had an insignia near their shoulders marking them as lifeguards. The second woman did **not** have the outline of a giant penis in her bathing suit. That was comforting, because if she did, Theo would be forced to question if he'd passed through the sea floor, journeyed through the center of the Earth and emerged in some bizarro realm of hot, hung women.

*'Hot...? Did I just call her hot? No, I **thought** it, but that's still weird. **What the fuck?!?'***

“When you're feeling well enough, you should head to the med station, just in case. Have them give you a look” the fair skinned lady said.

Theo continued to gawk at them, especially his beautiful savior. After a few moments with no reply, she spoke up.

“Hey! Are you alright? You don't look like you need *mouth-to-mouth*, but it never hurts to check!”

“**Monica!!!**” the shorter woman turned to her and yelled. “You're incorrigible! Are you **trying** to get us fired?”

“What? I'm just being thorough!” the dark skinned minx answered with a grin.

To his dismay, Theodore felt his own penis stiffening to fleshy steel. It pressed forward stubbornly, forming a visible tent in the front of his silky, green swim trunks. His stomach, previously nauseous from the taste of sea water, now filled with butterflies. Monica noticed his sudden arousal. Her gaze

shifted from his eyes to his crotch and back. Theo could feel the heat in his cheeks rising as he grew more embarrassed.

He stood on unsteady legs and nodded to the two women. "I... I need to go!" he stammered before turning and trudging off into the sand.

"**Hey!**" the black haired lifeguard called after him. "She just saved your life, **asshole!** How bout a little gratitude?!?"

"Sorry! Thanks!" Theodore called over his shoulder in a nervous voice. As his head cleared, he picked up speed. Soon, he was jogging through the hot sand into the distance.

Monica watched him go with a wistful smile. "Hmph. What a shame."

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Theodore was standing by when Monica was relieved from duty. She climbed down from the guard tower, wearing fashionable pink shades and carrying some bags of her things. Theo knew her shift would end before long, so he decided to wait behind her post, on the beach, for his chance to apologize.

Ironically, he'd spent the first half hour after the incident drinking water. Theo had downed four bottles like a man dying of thirst. You wouldn't think that was necessary after almost drowning, but the salt in sea water dehydrates you if you swallow it. After rehydrating and taking some time to process what happened, Theo felt bad about how he'd reacted. He was determined to set things right, or at least try.

Monica was making the long march from her guard tower back to the lifeguard station when Theo intercepted her. His body was bare aside from his swim trunks and recovered sandals. Now that they were both standing, he could tell the tall blonde had at least a couple inches on him. As Monica noticed him and slowed to a stop, Theo waved and smiled.

"Hey there."

"Oh. Hello again! Feeling better now?"

"Yeah, a lot better! Thanks to you. I'm really sorry about before. I was kind of freaked out."

"It's alright. I understand."

"I mean-" Theo felt like a jerk again. "Freaked out because I almost died! Not for any other reason."

"Uh huh..." Monica said with a smirk on her face. She lifted her shades from her eyes and rested them on her brow. She no longer sported the massive erection she had earlier, but her package still formed a noticeable bulge in the bottom of her suit.

"Okay. Maybe I was a little embarrassed about... that other thing" Theo muttered. He was having more difficulty speaking and meeting her gaze the longer this went on.

“Listen. It's fine. I understand how a young guy might feel intimidated by a woman bigger than him. In more ways than one.”

Theodore looked up into her eyes again. Her sultry, deep brown pits of mud were downright steamy. She batted her eyelashes and offered him an inviting smile. Despite his poor initial reaction, she was still flirting with him. It emboldened Theo just enough to do what he'd been considering for the last hour.

“It's not just your size. You're gorgeous. I think most guys would be intimidated even if you weren't so... big.”

She giggled. “Well, aren't you a sweet thing! Now you're making **me** blush.”

“Your name's Monica, right?”

“Mmmhmm. And you are?”

“Theo” he answered.

“Short for Theodore?”

“Yeah” he acknowledged with a nod.

“Classic name. Always liked it. It's **Thea-dorable**.”

Theo chuckled. “Thanks. Look, I hope this isn't out of bounds, but... If you'd be interested, I'd love to buy you dinner. It's the least I can do after you saved me.”

Monica's eyebrows lifted. “Are you asking me out?”

The young man's gaze pivoted to the ocean and an excited grin spread over his face. He turned back to the beautiful blonde. “Yeah, I guess I am.”

Now it was her turn to emit a long, throaty chuckle. She reached into her bag and rummaged around before extracting a pen. “Hold out your hand” she commanded.

Theo didn't hesitate. He offered his palm, face up.

She grabbed his hand and started writing. Her ball point pen stabbed and scratched across his palm, writing her phone number in clear blue ink that would last a good while, provided he didn't go back in the ocean.

“There” she said, releasing him. “Give me a call tonight and we'll make some plans. We can chat more then. I need to go clock out.”

“Will do” Theo said. “Thanks again!”

“Just doing my job. See ya soon, hun.”

She flipped her shades back down and sauntered into the distance. Theo watched her walk all the way to the lifeguard station. He'd almost drowned earlier that day, but as the sun beamed down and the ocean breeze rushed by, it felt like he might float off into the ether.

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As soon as Monica closed and locked the front door of her apartment, she turned and leapt on Theo. In seconds they went from smiling, chatting strangers to a kissing, groping, lustful duo of amorous lovers. The gorgeous blonde with bright red tips pushed him deeper into her home as they tongue kissed and tore at each other's clothing.

It had been a lovely evening of casual dining and getting to know each other. Theo told her about his university program and his plans for the future. Monica wove the story of how she became a lifeguard and how much she loved the beach community lifestyle of sun, fitness and partying. It was all very nice and there was some small chance it could lead to something deeper and more meaningful, but at the moment it was all pretense and they knew it. They both wanted to fuck.

Being saved from such a harrowing experience by a woman like Monica had unlocked something in Theo. Seeing her on the beach in all her glory had only made the sudden realization more intense. It was confusing and a little scary at first, but it didn't take Theodore long to move out of his comfort zone. He'd never been one to run from a challenge or to give up on something he so obviously wanted.

They moved into the bedroom and the further they walked, the more clothes fell by the wayside. Soon, Theo was unbuckling his pants and Monica was ripping off her top. She nudged Theodore onto the bed and pointed at his lower body.

“Everything off! **Now.**”

He didn't need to be told twice. As he chucked off his shoes and pulled down his trousers, he watched Monica shimmy out of her leather pants. They'd drawn his eyes to her wonderfully curvy bottom and powerful legs throughout the night. He was almost sorry to see the shiny attire go.

Within moments he was naked and Monica was nude, aside from the lacy red bra that held up her massive rack. She reached down and took hold of her long, brown cock. It had already begun to stir. The hung Goddess stroked herself until the thick, uncut unit jutted straight out, standing at full attention. She stepped forward and her glans wept pre-cum as it grew closer to Theo's face.

“Open that pretty little mouth!” she instructed him. “You know you want to...”

As the oozing tip pressed against his lips, he yielded to her wishes. Monica pressed her hot, pulsing length of pungent meat into his velvety mouth. She guided it in slowly, sinking a third of her fat shaft into his maw as she stepped in and took hold of his head with both hands. Theo's own cock hardened to fleshy steel as she seized his hair with hungry fingers.

“Good boy! Now, make Mommy feel good. Use that slutty tongue!”

Theodore followed her edict eagerly. He bathed her pungent rod in warm, syrupy bliss as phlegm built

up in his mouth. Her smell and taste were overwhelming; like nothing he'd ever imagined. She had a strong, but not unpleasant, flavor that was tinged by the sea. Even if he'd never met her before, it would've been obvious she'd been in the water that day from her scent and taste. Monica moved her hips slowly, pulling her cock free until nothing was left in his mouth but her supple glans. With each withdrawal, she shoved it back in a bit deeper.

The buxom blonde let out a long moan as she sank her tool to the halfway point. Her glans pressed against his uvula and threatened to batter its way through to his throat. Theodore slurped on her cock as she tried to go even deeper. His hands found her strong thighs and gripped them instinctively. Sloppy sounds smacked from his lips with every eager insertion. Hot drool ran down Monica's shaft as Theo contended with her impressive size.

She sensed it was too much for a novice like him and quickly relented. Monica pulled out and glided back into his maw slowly. For now, she was content to get half her schwanz lovingly caressed by his warm, wet cavern. Training him to deep throat cock like a proper bottom would take time. She planned to give him plenty of practice.

“**Very good!** Just like that... Wag that filthy little tongue!”

Her fingers maintained a strong grip on his head as she fucked his mouth steadily. Theo could feel the heat from her fat scrotum as it swung back and forth. Much like her cock, Monica's massive balls put his own to shame. They twitched and churned as she continued her sloppy, rhythmic thrusts into his stretched-wide lips.

Monica's moans grew loud and the pace of her rutting increased. Soon, she was plowing his mouth full speed, her fists balled in clumps of Theo's hair. Her thick, phlegm-coated shaft glided in and out of sucking lips rapidly. Her sperm channel bathed in hot, heavenly bliss each time it thrust down the center of his luscious tongue. The libidinous blonde fucked his gagging face with total abandon.

“OH GOD!!!! **YESSS!!!** SO CLOSE!!!!!”

Seconds later, a geyser of hot paste blasted from her tip and splattered into the back of Theo's throat. A second discharge followed in quick succession. After that, he lost count of her creamy ejections. The hot nougat filth just kept coming. She continued shafting his mouth as her cock unloaded in his gullet. Monica screamed in orgasm as her river of hot glue filled what little room was left in his packed maw.

Theodore swallowed out of necessity. His cheeks bulged with cum and it threatened to back up into his nose. He chugged down her creamy deluge, wondering if she'd saved him from the ocean only to drown him in her thick spunk. After many gulps of her warm custard, Monica's emissions tapered off. The last strands of her love honey oozed out of her tip as she pulled her polished wand from his attentive mouth.

Monica sighed in contentment with dreamy eyes. She looked down at her new cock sucker with a relaxed smile and giddy laugh.

“Oh my! **Very good,** Theo! That was excellent.”

Theodore licked his sticky lips and took a deep breath. “Thank you. It was my first time.”

“Your first time **ever**?!” she asked incredulously.

“No. I mean, my first time doing *that*.”

“I had a feeling, but you did great.” She ran a hand through his half-sweaty hair before grabbing his chin. “Now, spread out on the bed, naughty boy. We're just getting started.”

Theo scooted back and got comfortable as Monica unclipped her bra and tossed it aside. Her giant globes of succulent, dark flesh were freed from their lacy prison. There were no tan lines, which meant she did at least some of her tanning in the nude. As she slipped onto the bed, her massive mammaries and spent cock hung below her body, enticing Theo beyond measure. His own dick felt like it was going to burst. It stood at rigid attention, his glans pointed at the ceiling as it drooled with gooey *pre*.

Monica was at his side in no time. She lifted one heavy breast and pushed it against his mouth.

“Suck on my tits!” she ordered. “Especially the right one. Don't stop until I tell you!”

Theo inhaled her areola into his mouth and slurped on it lovingly. It was a shade darker than the rest of her flawless skin. He worked his tongue around her erect nipple and applied firm suction with the wet walls of his mouth.

“Mmmmm...” she muttered in pleasure as her hand trailed down his body and zeroed in on Theo's crotch. Monica took hold of his painfully erect penis and began sliding her hand up and down. She stroked him skillfully, causing Theo to moan into the soft globe of flesh pressed into his face.

“I saved your life” she reminded him in hushed tones. “You know what that means?”

With her heavy breast mashed into his mouth, Theo could hardly answer her. Besides, she'd told him not to stop, so he continued to suck and slurp away, happily.

“It means you belong to me now.”

Monica paused her stroking to gently grope his balls, then reseized Theo's shaft and began fisting it with greater speed.

“Don't come. Not until I say so.”

Theodore murmured into her fulsome funbag. Pre-cum flowed freely from his glans as his pleasure grew steadily. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold out.

“Since you're free until next semester, you're going to come to the beach every day when I'm on duty. You'll arrive at my lunch hour and we'll have some afternoon delight. Won't that be nice?”

“Mmmpphhh! **MMMMMM**...”

“Don't come!” she reminded him.

Her stroking grew even faster. Monica's nimble fingers slid up and down his slick pipe of flesh. She glided his foreskin up and down while providing just enough pressure to enhance the sensation

exponentially. It was a skill that women rarely mastered unless they had a cock themselves.

“I should mention there are others like me in the Lifeguard. I know a few who'd love to get a piece of an eager slut like you! The only thing better than getting fucked in the mouth or ass is taking it in both holes at once. Bet you'd love that, wouldn't you, naughty slut?”

“**MMMPPHHHGGMMMMLLPHHH!!!**”

Theo's cock exploded in a fountain of creamy nut. It erupted from his tip all over Monica's hand and shot wads of thick jizzum all over his chest and pelvis. The mischievous blonde wore a Succubus grin as she continued to jerk him off. Theo's hot custard spewed everywhere. He lost all control of himself and his lips released her breast. Theodore moaned in climax as his head arched back and his body shuddered under her ceaseless ministrations.

“Oh, look at that! **Bad boy!** Not only did I **not** give you permission to come, but you stopped sucking my tits! Someone needs to be punished!”

Once she'd milked out the last of his sticky load, Monica dropped his cock and brought her fingers to her lips. She sampled his cum, licking one finger clean.

“Mmmm! Tasty. But the rest is for you...”

Monica pressed her cum-slathered fingers to the entrance of his mouth and waited for him to acquiesce. He did so eagerly, looking up at his dominant lover in awe. Three of her digits slurped into his lips as she fed him his own filth. The sex crazed futa finger-fucked his mouth and made him lick her sticky palm until it was free of jizz.

Not yet content, the horny Domme reached down and scooped up the rest of the sludge-like cum that decorated his body. She fed him again, fingering his mouth and sliding her hand all over his face until Theo was coated in his own juices.

“That's it. Every drop! I hope you like the taste, because you're going to be doing this a lot. **Eating cum**, that is!”

Even though he'd just shot his load, Theodore's cock twitched. He couldn't believe how much he was enjoying this. He'd only been with two women before tonight and neither of them had been anything like Monica. The beautiful beach babe had brought him to a place he never imagined and helped reveal his true sexual nature. He was growing more smitten with her the longer the night went on.

With her hand clean, she tapped him lightly on the nose. “And now, slut boy, I'm going to take your cherry. If you consent, of course.”

“Yes, Ma'am!” he answered with no hesitation.

“Ugh, don't call me that! I know I'm older than you but I'm way too young for *ma'am*. Mommy or Mistress Monica will do fine.”

“Yes, Mistress Monica” he responded with a deep blush.

“That's better. Are you ready to try some light bondage? I'd like to cuff you, if you don't mind. It will help your first time go smoother... Not to mention, turn me on big time!”

“Yes, Mommy! Whatever you like.”

She gave him a few playful smacks on the cheek and looked down at him a haughty smile. “Mmmm, very good. That's what I like to hear.”

Monica guided him to the top of the bed and spread his legs out wide. Within a few minutes, she had tight metal restraints secure around his wrists and ankles. She bent Theo's legs back one at a time, connecting the fastening clip on the ankle bonds to his wrist bonds. Soon he was spread eagle before her, his ass an open and inviting target for the insatiable lifeguard.

She rolled a latex glove down her right hand and began fingering him steadily to open up his virgin pucker. After confirming he was clean below, she abandoned the glove and dove down between his cheeks. Her serpentine tongue dove into his delicate, fleshy flower, spearing him open in the most divine way possible. Monica tongue-fucked his ass for long minutes as Theo moaned like a whore. He pulled on his bindings in delirious bliss, the metallic jingles ringing out as she drove him wild with oral delight.

Once her weighty cock was back to full mast, Monica abandoned her licking and slurping. She pulled her delicious curves close to his helpless body and lined up the tip of her fat weapon with his wet, waiting hole. She tunneled it in slowly, maintaining eye contact with her new bitch boy as her girthy cum cannon hilted in his quivering man cunt. She pressed the back of his thighs down, keeping his legs splayed open wide as she began to rock back and forth, feeding him her thick length of twitching flesh.

Theodore's eyes crossed as he grunted and groaned in pleasure. It was **so** tight. Painfully tight. And yet it felt wonderful. The deeper Monica went, the more he lost control of himself. Soon, she was thrusting three quarters of her fat fuck stick into his warm, gripping canal. Theo's wrists rattled in bondage as he muttered gibberish in a haze of unfathomable ecstasy.

Monica fucked him long and hard, never stopping until she'd filled his ass with gelatinous girl cream. It was the second time she used him like a cock sleeve, but certainly not the last before he went home the next day. It was going to be a long, hot season with the hung lifeguards of Hermosa Beach. A summer Theo wished would never end.