

Beach Watch (Man to Sexy Lifeguard TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Leonthar

George is just a young and lonely tourist visiting a lovely beach, but everything changes when he ignores the local lifeguards' advice and ends up caught in a riptide. Saved just in time by a shockingly beautiful group of female lifeguards and their sole hunky male member, he soon realises that he too will be making the beaches safer very soon, and looking rather lovely in a tight, bright-red swimsuit.

Beach Watch

George surveyed the perfect beach, appreciating the perfect skies and perfect warmth and perfect, idyllic views of the crowds enjoying the perfectly warm sand. The only *imperfect* thing, of course, was him, looking on as an outsider, the lonely tourist trying to find some kind of connection. He knew it had been folly to travel overseas all in the hopes of finding someone, but it wasn't like his own hometown had offered him much. He was an orphan, and his foster parents had not been kind in raising him. He was shy, with plain looks and ordinary brown hair, and perhaps a little too short or freckled for anyone to show an interest in; any woman, in particular. Still, he couldn't blame himself too much; he had always known that part of himself was missing, denied to him by the neglect of his upbringing and stalled further by his choice of career. He was an accountant checker within an accounting firm, effectively doing the accounting work *for* other accountants, usually remotely. He had kept the barriers up ever since, but now that he was approaching thirty, the need to break outside of his comfort zone and establish some form of connection and intimacy had finally reached its zenith.

It had been now or never.

Hawaii was, perhaps, a bit of a cliché choice. And if he expected to find love there, even George had to admit it was a bit of a far fetched possibility. But what better place to experience relaxation and beauty and *difference* from his ordinary life, and to share in moments with complete strangers, to party and drink and sing and see all sorts of festivities, if only to prepare him for continuing that socialisation when he returned home. And perhaps he could even flirt with a woman or two, for the first time in a decade.

That had been the plan, but as George surveyed the overly full beach with its many families, couples, collections of friends and lovers and many other such groupings, some of the enthusiasm went out of him.

“Maybe I just need to go for a walk somewhere else first,” he mumbled to himself, looking down at his pasty body, coated in thick sunscreen like slim, his swimming shorts a bit too tight on him. “Just gather my thoughts for a bit, *then* come back. When it’s less busy.”

He shook his head. No, those were the nervous thoughts. The lonely thoughts. The ones that were preventing him from making connections with others. He had to be brave, he had to be a more confident version of himself, just as that book had advised: *Being the Better You*.

“Be the better you,” he recited to himself. “Be brave, be confident, and walk your own path. Don’t let others walk it for you, and stick by your guns. People are attracted to men and women of principle, and decisiveness is a cornerstone of confidence.”

He made the decision then and there. He was going to settle down right in the middle of the beach and go swimming. He *would* join in, and in doing so, he *would* talk to others. Because they *would* see how confident and forthright he was.

“Go George,” the man mumbled to himself. He entered the crowd and placed his towel down just as he said, awkwardly tiptoeing past a couple taking pics of themselves for social media and a group of young people excitedly chatting and laughing. He nearly bumped into a lifeguard who was passing by, and *that* would have been very embarrassing.

“Watch it, tiger!” she said with a grin, and for a moment George’s jaw almost fell off. She was an incredibly beautiful woman of what seemed to be native Hawaiian descent, with brown olive skin, thick thighs, and a gorgeous smile. Her dark hair was not yet wet, so it fell in light waves over her back. Her figure looked athletic yet curvaceous in her skin-tight bright red outfit, complete with bare thighs and a surprising amount of cleavage from where it cut off, leaving her shoulders bare but for the straps keeping the outfit on.

“S-sorry,” he managed. “Was just heading out for a swim.”

She grinned. “Not a problem. I’m Kaia.”

“George,” he mumbled.

“This your first time here, George?”

“Um, at this beach or in Hawaii? Well, it’s my first time at both, anyway.”

She grinned; God, it was a gorgeous grin, the kind that was positively infectious. This woman was way out of his league.

“Well, George, *aloha* and welcome to Hawaii. Just make sure to stay within the pole lines; there’s some strong riptides out there, okay?”

He nodded. “Of - of course.”

She headed off, hips swaying wonderfully, catching the eyes of several young men that she passed by, who immediately began whispering amongst themselves how hot she was. George had to agree; she was magnetic. In fact, he realised, *all* the lifeguards on the beach were deeply attractive. The vast majority, as far as he could tell, were female. As he

began to immerse himself in the wonderfully warm waters, he couldn't help but notice a few in the water, directing several other tourists or keeping watch from their surfboards, while others were on watchtowers or among the crowd as Kaia had been. A few were native, one was blonde, another clearly of African descent, another a bright red head with cute freckles who was fetching a young swimmer who had gone a bit too far out. But all of them were beautiful, curvaceous, and looking positively sexy in their skin-tight lifeguard outfits. Suffice to say, George couldn't help but notice a bit of jigglng going on when it came to their running.

"Wow," he said, after swimming about for nearly forty minutes. He had retreated back to his towel on the beach for a little lie in the sun, and once again was transfixed by the sight of them, Kaia in particular. Her boss was also on scene, and the only male among them. He was a tall, swaggering man who also looked to be of native descent. He wore bright red swimming shorts identifying him as a lifeguard, but was shirtless, revealing his impressive muscles. When George saw Kaia giggling at the man's jokes near the base of the watchtower, it just reminded him how paltry his own masculinity was.

"Only one way to fix that," he declared to himself. He headed for the water once more, intent on being decisive and working those swimmer's muscles.

It was only after a few minutes that, to his surprise, the male lifeguard approached him.

"Hey!" he shouted. "You there!"

"Me?" George asked, there still being a gap in the water between them.

"Yes, you! You need to head more to the middle of the beach. There's rip tides out there, and you need to stay between the poles."

Even covered in water, George could feel himself blush. He apologised and promised he would, and the man thanked him and swam back. George was about to meekly obey when he saw the man pass one of the other lifeguards - the petite and beautiful redhead - and kiss her on the cheek passionately before continuing forward. Something in George raged at that. Here he was, trying to be more decisive and confident and connect to others, and once more he was being bossed around by someone who already had it made in the shade. Well, not today! Today *he* was going to be a man, and not be afraid of anything.

He began to swim, ignoring the male lifeguard's advice and heading beyond the pole that determined the safe zone of the beach. He moved with the confidence he wished he'd always had, determined to push himself further than he'd ever gone. If he could do this, then he could meet and greet with some other tourists and strangers, maybe even talk to some women who were in his league, or even try with some outside of it, who knew? All he needed was -

To not get caught in a rip tide. Which he now was.

It began faster than he had imagined. He'd never been in a rip tide before, and always assumed one could feel it coming on and then avoid it before it got you. Instead, it was as if a current was suddenly upon him, pushing him further out to sea. He tried to swim against it, but it was stronger than him, pushing against his body like a great wall and only making his muscles weak from the strain. Somewhere, a high whistle sounded, but he couldn't figure out the significance of that because was too busy being caught in a struggle for his life. George's heart pounded in his chest. His lungs *strained*. The surface was suddenly rougher, or at least seemed to be that way. He tried to call out for help but there was no oxygen in his lungs, no reserve of strength in them, and the beach was already so far away. He tried to fight against the current again . . .

. . . only for him to go under.

He rose, gasped, and sunk.

Rose, gasped, and sunk.

Rose, gasped, and then, before he could sink a third time - and he knew, somehow in his terrified brain that it would be the *last* time - an arm grabbed him. He thrashed against it, clinging on till dear life, but the figure was stronger and pushed him back. George lost more oxygen, scrambling in the water and trying to pull at the person, to clamber on top of them to save himself. It wasn't greed or selfishness, all rational thought had simply fled his mind by that point. There was only the desperate need to survive.

It was his sole remaining instinct by the time he blacked out.

George coughed up water in abundance. It was as if the breath of life had entered him again, and it took him a moment to realise it quite literally had. He coughed up more of the wretched saltwater as a figure patted him on the back.

"He's okay!" a woman shouted, voice calm and confident. "Just give him space, everyone. George, are you okay? Answer us, George. There's an ambulance coming. Can you tell me your name back to us?"

"G-George," he managed, his sight slowly returning. Over him was the gorgeous Kai'ai and a very curvaceous blonde in a lifeguard outfit.

"He said it," she said.

Her words were directed to the man, who had apparently just given him mouth-to-mouth. This, he knew, was the man who had saved him.

"You s-saved me," he whispered.

“Yeah, next time don’t go beyond the poles. It’s dangerous, the sea here doesn’t like to be disrespected. How many fingers am I holding up? What day is it? Can you tell me where you’re from?”

The questions continued until it was clear that he hadn’t lost brain function. George felt utterly wrecked and overwhelmingly humiliated. This had been a total disaster. The crowd was watching him, probably thinking he was a stupid tourist who didn’t know better.

“S-sorry,” he said again.

Kaira smiled wanly. “It’s okay. Um, Noa, what if the sea has decided-”

“We’ll just have to wait and see,” the man responded. “George, we’re going to lift you to the ambulance now, but I have to tell you something. If you . . . begin to change. In unexpected ways, I mean. Come see us here at the beach again. I doubt it will happen, but just remember that, okay?”

George took his words in and nodded, though he had no idea what the man meant. He didn’t have the energy to question him further, and besides, he was suddenly being carried off the beach and placed into an ambulance. As this occurred, he saw Kaia *and* the blonde woman place an arm around Noa’s waist, and he around theirs’. George had to blink. Was this some kind of lifeguard tradition or was he seriously witnessing some kind of harem thing, here? When the two kissed Noa on the cheek, *just* before the ambulance doors closed, George nearly gasped in surprise. They *were* in some kind of group love thing! God, some people really did have it made in the shade. And here he was, a failure on every level.

So much for confidence.

So much for no longer being lonely.

So much for being a man.

George was discharged from the hospital later that day. He spent the night in his hotel room, still completely embarrassed. There was nothing wrong with him, at least, though he had been given a list of signs to watch for. Still, his scalp itched annoyingly, and his skin felt a bit weird. There were little pressures around his hips and chest and rear, and his insides squirmed a little. He chalked this up to post near-drowning jitters, ordered some food to eat by himself - what with his confidence all shot and everything - and then retired to bed.

“Tomorrow, I’ll visit and apologise and thank them for saving me,” he said to himself as he tucked into bed. He scratched his head, noticing something annoying. “And then get a haircut. And maybe some new clothes. I swear this stuff is too big for me, and too tight around my hips. Maybe I’ve got muscle swelling, or something.”

He drifted off not long after. He dreams of gorgeous women running along the beach in slow motion, the beach watch crew all lovely and attractive in their own individual way. Their breasts rose and fell with each footfall, bouncing seductively, contained in their lifeguard leotards. And there he was, the man they were running to, the one called *Noa*. He grinned, holding out his hands to embrace them, and they all embraced one another, the pleasure and joy of the scene rising to a near-orgasmic crescendo.

It was the most intimate and loving scene George's unconscious mind could ever imagine, and it made him moan softly as he slept, even as the changes took hold. As he stared at Noa in the dream, strangely attracted to this man in a way he never should have been, he scratched the back of his head in the real world, letting it grow and grow out until it fell to his shoulders. He tossed and turned, mumbling flirty words to the lifeguards in his dream even as his shoulders and neck slimmed, as his waist shrunk right in, and meagre breasts began to grow slowly but surely from his chest. The pleasure of the experience manifested in his dream; each of the lifeguards began to strip down, moving into the water in their perfect nakedness and beckoning him forward, Noa most of all. George felt a surge of confidence and moved forward, feet entering the warm water. His feet shifted in the real world, becoming dainty. This was followed by his calves and thighs, which became shapely and athletic but also devoid of body hair, with a suppleness and thickness in the thigh that made them very womanly indeed.

"Mhmm . . . yes, let me join you," the man mumbled dreamily. He smiled to himself. For some reason, the group were handing him a red lifeguard outfit. A *female* lifeguard outfit, one-piece outfit that left the shoulders and arms and legs entirely free. Even in the dream he knew it wasn't the right clothing for him, and yet it enticed him anyway.

'Put it on,' echoed a voice. It was the sound of the sea itself. *'Put it on and take on the lifeguard's duty. Accept your punishment and blessing both, for in your act of recklessness and desperate hope, I have chosen you.'*

By this point George was gasping and groping his changing body in the real world, his form altering by the second. His breasts grew yet larger, becoming modest but not insubstantial B-cups, while his figure became petite and trim. He gained just a little in height, and his facial features rearranged, showing him to be not only younger - perhaps around twenty three to twenty five - but also quite cute. He now had larger eyes and gentle eyebrows, his freckles enhancing his cuteness, his lips slightly fuller. His hips changed the most, along with his rear, both of which swelled to become more noticeable. With a moan in the dream as he donned the red one piece, his genitals retracted between his thighs, leaving him with a feminine flower.

"Yesssss, yesss, m-make me one of you! Let me j-join you!"

The orgasm hit him, or rather *her*, and the new woman writhed in her bed before finally settling. It would take until morning for her to realise what had happened.

Georgia woke and stretched, feeling much better even if her clothes felt odd. The memory of the near-drowning yesterday was still with her, but so was that strangely magical dream, when she had donned that lifeguard outfit. The rest of the group had been so beautiful and attractive, even Noa, and it made her nipples tense a little just to think about -

She stopped at the very moment she stepped out of bed, looking down at herself.

“What the - how!? I have - I have breasts? I’m wearing - oh God, was it real? Oh God, what happened to me!?”

She turned to see herself in the full body mirror that formed her side of the sliding closet entrance. Standing in the room where George the man should have been was now *Georgia* the female. She was young and pretty, with a peppy face and slim but toned arms and legs. Her hips were impressively wide, though not overly so, but it certainly gave her a nice hourglass figure. Her chest was modest but nicely accentuated by the outfit she was impossibly wearing: a red lifeguard costume that was smooth and tight across her body, feeling like a second skin, almost *too* comfortable and *too* nice to wear. Her hair was in a ponytail, and a whistle was around her neck with her red first aid kit bag strapped around her waist and hanging off of the side of her left hip. And between her legs . . .

“I’ve got a pussy. Holy shit, I’ve got a vagina. I’m a woman. The sea really did change me. That’s what Noa was warning me about. Was he and the rest changed too? That’s totally crazy. Am I crazy? No, this is real. This is really real, boobs and hips and all. Why is this outfit so nice to wear? And why did I have to look so . . . *good*?”

She posed in the mirror, placing a hand on her hip and smiling cutely at her reflection. She wasn’t a knockout bombshell or grand beauty, but she sure was adorable as hell. A real cutie. The kind of gal you look at because of her lovely girl-next-door vibes. The sensation of the red swimsuit fabric sliding over her skin as she adjusted herself made her shiver. It was oddly enticing.

“Snap out of it, Georgia!” she declared. “I mean, Georgia. Wait, I can’t say my name?”

She checked her wallet . . . which was located in a new purse. Sure enough, her name was now Georgia, and she was twenty three years old. Other documentation showed that she was a certified lifeguard at the very beach she’d just been at. Blinking and trying to take it all in, she immediately made a decision - something her male half had always struggled to do.

“I need to find Noa and Kaia and all the rest.”

It was very awkward, walking across the beach, holding one's arm nervously, realising just how much of your impressively smooth and fit thighs were being shown off. Quite a few men lowered their sunglasses to take the new woman in, and the weirdest part was how flustered she immediately got over this. She'd never experienced people looking at her with interest before, or saying things like 'nice lifeguard!' or whatever compliment would make sense, but now it was clear that her new body brought some positives.

“Um, hey! Stay safe everyone. And *definitely* swim between the poles, or I'll have to come rescue you.”

“Yes, please!” one yelled.

She just gave a sheepish giggle and tried to move on, still getting used to her lower centre of gravity and the way her hips swayed gently with each step. The bobbing of her breasts was also strange, if kinda nice. The whole transformation was insane and she obviously needed a way to reverse it, but for now there was a strange joy in being noticed, in being pretty, in being healthy and not being afraid to show it all. She made her way to the nearby lifeguard tower, and raised her hand when she saw Kaia on top of it.

“Um, hello!”

The gorgeous woman frowned. “Um, hello to you too. Are you in the right place, or have you - oh. OH! George?”

“Georgia now, I think,” she said, going red in the cheeks.

The woman gave a look over the surf. “I'll come right down. Nira is replacing me. Nira was the name of the blonde, who looked equally surprised at Georgia.

“It's true? Another one joining us?”

“Seems so,” said Kaia, dropping down to Georgia. To the new woman's surprise, she was immediately wrapped in a deep hug, the other woman's impressive bosom squashing against her own. It wasn't a bad feeling, and Georgia was pleased that she was still attracted to women . . . even if Noa was also drawing her attention as he approached in the distance.

“Okay, first of all, how are you feeling?” Kaia asked, still holding Georgia's shoulders. “You can be completely honest.”

Georgia bit her lip. “Well, to be honest, I actually feel really good. Healthy. Fit. Um, a bit pretty?”

Kaia smiled. “You are pretty. *Very* pretty.”

“I feel like I should be freaking out way more about this!”

“Trust me, it was the same for me. I wanted to be panicking, but I felt this sort of ‘draw’ to come to the beach and strut my stuff and do my job.”

Georgia’s jaw dropped. “You used to be a man, too?”

The woman placed her hands on her lovely hips and thrust out her even lovelier chest. She cut quite the voluptuous figure. “Hard to believe, right? The same is true of Niya up there, and Diane - she’s our redhead.”

“And Noa?”

The woman smirked. “Used to be a woman. The ocean changed all of us when we didn’t listen to the rules. It likes lifeguards, I think; we keep people safe in it, make sure respect is shown, and also get people to avoid sea critters it would rather see come and go and stay alive. We enforce respect for the sea.”

Georgia began to piece it together. “I disrespected the rules when I went beyond the posts. And . . . and we get turned into lifeguards. And, oh my God, it’s almost always guys who break the rules, right?”

Kaia laughed. It was a wonderfully hearty laugh, and she ended it by actually slapping Georgia lightly on the backside, which she didn’t expect. “You’ve got it! I was trying to impress a girlfriend. Can’t say it worked out as expected, though I’ve got plenty of girlfriends now.”

“I thought I saw you and - Niya, was it? - acting closely yesterday. Is that part of the magic?”

Kaia shrugged. “Who knows? I mean, maybe. I certainly swing both ways - I mean, check out Noa here.”

Georgia did. The man approached, pushing his wet hair behind his ears and inadvertently making a very sexy pose. Her nipples stiffened against the inner fabric of her outfit, and she felt a warmth in her new tunnel that certainly confused her as much as it aroused her.

“Holy shit.”

“Damn straight,” Kaia said. “Hey Noa, meet our newest member. You were totally right.”

Noa sucked air through his teeth, scratching the back of his head awkwardly. “Yeah, so I see. George, right?”

“Georgia now,” she said, a little embarrassed. He was so muscled, but lithe, not overly large. He was tall and powerful. A true professional swimmer with good looks to boot. “I was talking to Kaia about how you all changed.”

“Yeah, it’s been a few years now, but-”

“Wait, a few *years*?”

Noa frowned. “You didn’t tell her?”

Kaia kissed him on the cheek and stroked his abs. "I didn't get to that part yet. I have to see to that family down there who are throwing trash around. You tell her the good bits. Trust me, Georgia, it's a lot of fun once you accept it."

She ran off, and Georgia watched her go with aroused interest. Then, her gaze returned to Noa, and equally good sight.

"Accept wh-what?" she stammered, trying not to look at his forearms.

"That it's permanent," he said bluntly. "Sorry, but this it for life, as far as we can all tell. I was a forty five year old drunk lady until I threw garbage at a lifeguard. Next day, I woke up as a male god - small bit of smugness there, I know - and felt a compulsion to atone for what I'd done. For about eight years now I've been doing my duty as a lifeguard, and helping the others that join our loving family."

Georgia swallowed. The revelation hit her like a ton of bricks. And yet . . . she didn't feel nauseous or sick over this. There was regret, obviously, and anxiety - a lot of that, in fact - but once more there was that sensation of rightness. As if this was *what she was meant to be*. She looked down at her cute, perky body and the way her once-piece bathing suit clung to it almost sensually, like a proper lover.

"I . . . I am not freaking out about this as much as I should."

Noa chuckled. "It's the same for everyone. The ocean has its ways, I guess. But you should take some time to get used to it. I've got an idea: why don't you try joining us for a day as a lifeguard?"

"Don't I already have the job for life?" she said, cocking her hip to one side as she held it. It was a very feminine pose, and it emphasised her bust more than she intended, but it came naturally to her.

"You do. But some people can, well, work it off, I guess. Diana left us last year. She was cool, and I won't lie, I'll miss our group sessions with her, but she was a free bird. She didn't get her male body back, but she was able to leave. She'd been doing it for ten years though - longer than even me. As far as I can tell, the timing on our mixed punishment/blessing is up to the ocean, and it won't tell. You just . . . know someday."

"Are you hoping to be free?"

He waved off her words. "Nah, no way. I'm happy like this. My moment to leave already came and went three years ago. I love this life, and trust me, you can too. C'mon, me and the team will show the ropes."

Georgia could hardly turn down the offer. For one, what else was she going to do? For two, there was certainly a weird calling to be a lifeguard pushing her along, and she already had the uniform, after all. And for three . . . Noa was hot as hell, as were the women on the team. They had a power and confidence and beauty in their roles, and Georgia wanted that, even despite all the craziness she was going through.

What followed was the most strange, anxious, decisive, astounding, and frankly *amazing* day of Georgia's life, and that was counting her entire history as poor George. Noa went over the rules of the beach with her, explaining the various lifeguard protocols, the expectations of the job, the government salary that was offered (apparently it was good pay, which Noa considered a finagling of the living ocean's, because nothing about it made sense otherwise), as well as various skill sets she would have to learn.

"You'll find you're a much more natural swimmer, at least," Noa said. "That's the case for all of us that change. We end up being amazing swimmers who intuitively understand the currents. Thanks to us, not a soul has passed on this beach, and I intend to keep it that way."

He went over the whistle system, what their first aid kit contained, as well as the general work hours and shift rotation. It was a lot to take in, especially for someone who had just found out that they were now a female lifeguard for at least several years, and would remain a female for life. What really fascinated her, however, was when Noa handed her off to the appropriately named Ginger. She was the red head, perky and cheerful and with energy to last for days, if her batteries ran out at all.

"Oh, I'm so excited to have a new member of the sisterhood, you have no idea! Trust me, it's such a blessing being a lifeguard! And I do mean a female one too. I freaked the hell out at first - I wasn't even a natural ginger before - but now I just love it so much. I could never go back to being a man - Noa's all I need, that's for sure."

"Y-yeah, on that note, are he and you . . . ?"

Ginger cocked her head with a smirk. "Together? Yes!"

Georgia's shoulders fell in unexpected disappointment. Had she been wrong in thinking that the group was seemed to be-

"And no!"

"Huh? I don't understand."

"Trust me, you will. The ocean loves love, you see, and we have more than enough of it to spare. You've probably noticed you're hella bi and hella thirsty by now, am I right?"

Georgia nodded nervously, trying to see who was paying attention to their conversation. The answer was no one, though a cute girl and another guy were both paying attention to her lovely rear, which only answered Ginger in the affirmative.

"Thought so," she said with a cheshire grin.

Georgia blushed harder, but Ginger just put an arm around her waist, placed her lips right against her ear, and whispered in an excited but clearly sultry voice:

“It’s okay, we’re a randy bunch, us ocean-touched.” She pulled back with a still-big grin. “Trust me, you won’t wanna miss out on the fun. Besides, those are some wonderful hips and I absolutely want to cop a feel of them.”

Georgia was flummoxed, not even quite knowing what to say. She managed to keep herself calm, especially with that rising libido that kept spanking her on her peachy and sensitive behind.

“So you’re all in some big love quadrangle, or something?”

Ginger giggled, stepping in her bouncing manner across the beach. “Well, there’s five of us, so it’s a septangle? Or is that six? Or sex? Quintangle? Pentagon? Pentagon! We’re in a love pentagon: Noa, me, Kaia, Nira, and you.”

“Me!?”

She giggled. “If you want, though I don’t see how you’d resist. Let’s just say you’ll be running along these sands, letting those new thangs bounce Baywatch style, for quite some time. And - shit!

Niya was on the watchtower, and she was blowing the whistle harshly, pointing directly ahead. She shouted something Georgia barely heard, but Ginger was already moving. Georgia snapped her head, and immediately noticed what the commotion was. It was as if her new body also came with heightened senses and a lifeguard’s trained instincts, because the figure floundering in the water a hundred feet from the beach’s edge was obvious to her. It was a man, and he didn’t look to be drowning like in the movies; no big splashes. Just lots of head bobbing and erratic movements.

“Let’s go!” Ginger shouted as she rocketed forward. Georgia followed, less sure of what to do but letting the redhead take the lead. Kaia was also racing forward, as was Noa. Niya, no doubt, was tracking events and keeping her radio ready for emergency calls.

The team hit the water, first Ginger then Georgia, and Kaia behind. They moved through the water like dolphins, and despite the urgency, Georgia could scarcely believe her athletic prowess. It was wonderful and freeing, and she almost wanted to thank the ocean until she got her mind back in gear.

They reached the man, and just like Georgia had the previous day, he tried to drag them down with him. Ginger kicked him away, and Georgia followed, struggling against him for a moment. They got behind him as Kaia arrived, having brought a board upon the water. The man continued to tire and panic, but seemed to regain himself as his eyes caught what they were doing. Ginger gave a series of rapid gestures to the man, indicating for him to go loose. After a moment’s panic, he did so. It was then that Georgia felt more certain; she helped pull him up and keep him aloft. He caught hold of his breath.

“Thank you thank you thank you I’m sorry I -”

He was cut off by his own gasping.

“Don’t speak, it’ll be alright,” Kaia voiced. “Let’s get him up.”

Georgia’s heart pounded as they worked to pull him onto the slightly submerged board, then pull it back to the beach. It was a mirror of her own experience the previous day, only this time the man in question was breathing, and would likely stay a man, lucky him.

Or perhaps not so lucky. Georgia felt a little useless in the aftermath, as the women asked their questions and Noa helped coordinate the crowd with his booming authoritative voice. The onlookers cheered on the efforts of the incredible lifeguards, and soon the man was resting and well, thanking them each. Georgia took the thanks in good cheer, but her main takeaway was the team itself; they had worked in perfect unison, and even though she was more of a rookie, taking notes from afar and following directions, she couldn’t help but feel she had slotted right in. Almost like she had found her community.

“Great job, kid,” Kaia said, lowering to give her a brief but passionate kiss on the lips. “You’ll do well with our little family. Keep it up.”

Georgia felt as red as the surface of Mars, and all kinds of gooey to her core.

The day was over, and while there would still be people out on the beach, that was up to other authorities and personal responsibility now. The rush was over. The real rush was within Georgia, however. She kept playing that scene over and over again in her head, how she had helped save that man and been truly decisive. She hadn’t wavered. She had felt *connected*.

And so now she was here, still wearing her red lifeguard swimsuit with the rest of the ocean-touched gang as they retired to their shared beach house. Technically, it was a house by the beach, but it was wooden in construction, with support beams for high-tide and a wonderfully beachy aesthetic, right down to the open rafters, hanging surfboards, numerous fishing rods, various hammocks, and the deck which looked out onto their sea-based benefactor. It was wonderfully rustic, especially as Noa played his guitar, Kaia leaned up against him, while Ginger and Niya shared drinks and laughed over the events of the day. Apparently there were some good movies coming out at the local cinema, and they were discussing plans for a group viewing, but it might clash with a surfing competition, which Kaia was extremely eager for.

“And besides, tickets will be more expensive now,” Niya said. “We’ve got Georgia as part of our family.”

Georgia smiled, sitting in her seat at the edge of things, nursing her drink.

“Oh, don’t change plans on account of me,” she said nervously.

Kaia frowned, pushing herself off of Noa for a moment. "Why not? Of course we'd change plans. You're one of us now. That means our home is your home."

It was a lovely sentiment, but Georgia wasn't sure if she should stay. She knew this group was close - *very close* - but she wasn't sure she had earned that yet, or if it was for her. There was still a pit of anxiety in the bottom of her stomach, leftover from her male half. Hell, she'd barely had time to absorb *that*.

Besides, things were starting to steam up a little in the room. Kaia was slowly feeling over Noa's body, and he was tracing circles over her thighs, running his fingers across the tight red fabric of her hot outfit. Niya and Ginger, having had a bit to drink, were now making out, holding each other's faces and clearly getting serious. Georgia felt a rising heat within herself, and had no idea how to act on it. She got up, slowly retreating, ready to say an awkward goodbye. Perhaps she could explore herself a little at the hotel, and -

"Georgia," Kaia said, lifting her head back up from where she had been tenderly sucking on Noa's neck. "Don't go, honey. Trust me, you're welcome here. Join us."

Georgia swallowed. With a nod from Noa, Kaia stood and closed the gap between them. She placed her hands on Georgia's shivering shoulders and calmed them immediately. She was taller, bustier, *radiant*, and yet the way she looked at Georgia made the new woman feel like she was the most glorious thing to ever exist.

"Stay," she said. "Be with us. We'll make you comfortable. I promise."

Georgia looked to the group. They had already cleared a space on the warm carpet, the fireplace illuminating their bodies beautifully. They were together, pressed close like the loving polyamorous group that they were. And they were beckoning for her to be part of it.

"Hurry up, hips!" Ginger said, almost bouncing with excitement.

"I never complain about another lovely lady joining us," Noa said, only to get a joking elbow from Niya.

"And you did very well today. Let us show our appreciation, Georgia," Kaia said. "Besides, we've already kissed when I rescued you yesterday. I like your lips a lot better now."

Georgia found herself biting her lip. Her nipples stiffened, and her new womanhood was becoming slick with arousal. She managed to get ahold of her breathing.

"Okay," she said. "Time to be a better me."

She made a decision in that moment; be bold or go home. She raised herself up on her tippy toes and grabbed Kaia's face and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. The others cheered, and soon they were making love too. The group drew together, slowly sliding out of their bathing suits and leaving their naked bodies to writhe and press and caress against one another. Georgia was kissing Kaia, but soon was being massaged by Ginger and then teased by Niya, who fondled her nipples and made her gasp. Noa was next, rubbing her

back and then squeezing her rear. It was all so much, and yet it was perfect, far more intimate and connected than she had ever been. Georgia's confidence grew, and she began to return the love she was offered. She squeezed Kaia's perfect breasts, slid her fingers over Ginger's wet mound, eliciting a grand moan from the lusty redhead.

"Oh, she's f-feisty!" she cried.

"Perfect for the group," Kaia added.

"And good looking besides," Noa said. He cupped Georgia's breasts from behind, and slowly bent her forward. By instinct, she raised her hips, readying for his entrance. She couldn't believe she was doing it, but it was *right*. And she was confident, for once. Ready.

"Do it, make me one of you!" she groaned.

"You're already one of us," Noa reassured her. "This is just one of the perks."

And with that, he slid inside of her. It was alien and foreign and different and strange and *wonderful*. Georgia began to gasp and groan further as the group directed their love toward her. Kaira kissed her, and Niya and Ginger saw to her sensitive breasts between pleasuring one another.

"Ohhhhhh, yessss," she stammered. "Keep going! S-so big!"

"Good having at least one man in the midst, huh?" Kaia joked.

"I a-agree!" Georgia moaned. She bucked her hips back against Noa's thrustings. Her pleasure was immense, the bliss rising by the second. He was so big and masculine, but she was his feminine equal, if not in appearance than in stamina. She wailed as the act continued, the others all shifting and moving about, a naked symphony of delirious joy. It rose and rose and rose, becoming greater and greater, until finally she was on the very edge of orgasm.

"I. Love. This. L-LIFE!" she cried, and then it hit her like, well, the waves of the ocean itself, one after another as Noa grunted and spent his seed inside of her. He came, his semen flooding her womanly tunnel, and she accepted it, just as she had accepted her new body, her new job, her new life.

She collapsed to the floor, shuddering with delirious joy. Around her, the other parties continued their motions, each reaching their full in their own time. She listened to the sound of it with her eyes closed, taking in this strange, new, and intimate family of hers. When they were finished, they fell to the ground with her, all of them entangled as if they were one. It was the greatest peace Georgia had ever known, and she knew it would be there tomorrow, and again, and for many, many days to come. She could scarcely wait until she put on her red outfit again. She was looking forward to the beach watch life.

The End