

Beach Bums

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Two ladies have very different opinions on what can be considered acceptable beach-wear

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Two ladies have very different opinions on what can be considered acceptable beach-wear and one attempts to forcibly impose her views, abusing her position as beach life-guard.

This is a genuine (if slightly light-hearted) e-mail conversation between two friends. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Dear Meg,

I've been thinking more about what you've told me about your love of thongs and I thought I had better warn you of something.

I work at weekends as a volunteer beach lifeguard. I can be sent anywhere around the country to any public beach and my job is to watch that people are safe and also to enforce acceptable behaviour. This includes maintaining and, if necessary, enforcing the public beach dress code. If you should, by chance, be on my beach when I'm on duty you could be in a lot of trouble if you were wearing a thong bikini or a thong-bottom one-piece swimsuit.

Not that I would mind; actually I love to see firm, rounded bare bums like yours and I would watch you for a while as you parade up and down and show off your gorgeous body. But then I would approach you and introduce myself. You would recognise me instantly because I always wear a tight stretch swimsuit with my name on it. It's at least one size too small so that it clings to all of my curves and forces my big boobs to spill over the top.

I would tell you that thongs are not allowed on the beach because they embarrass the other bathers and I would warn you that I would not allow you on the beach again if I saw you wearing a thong. I would take photographs of you as a record in case I needed to identify you later and so I could prove that you were improperly dressed. I usually take three photographs: one full-length from the front and one from behind with the offender standing up and another taken from behind whilst she is bending forwards with her hands clasping her ankles and her feet spread wide apart. The last shot takes the longest as I need to make sure I get a good viewpoint.

Then I would grasp hold of the sides of your thong-bottoms and pull them high on your hips to see whether your pussy mound is still covered when the material is stretched tight between your legs. I would also slide my hand under the straps of your bikini-top to see how tight they are and if they are too loose I'd untie them and re-tie them much tighter.

If I thought that your bikini-top was too sheer I'd carry out a couple of simple tests. First I'd splash water from my sports bottle over your breasts to see if the material turned transparent when wet. Then I'd brush the backs of my knuckles over your nipples to make them erect to see if they protrude too obviously from the curve of your boobs. If your bikini failed any of my tests I'd expel you at once from my beach and warn you that you would be punished if I saw you wearing the same swimsuit again. Then I would point out the female-only lifeguard station where I'd be based and I'd explain that the door has a lock on the inside and has a bed and a reclining chair, provided primarily to lay casualties whilst they recover or are resuscitated.

For now, Meg, I'll allow you to imagine what punishment I might mete out to you next time you contravene my beach code of conduct.

Are you planning to go to the beach soon? The weather's going to be very warm this weekend.

Emma

Emma,

I will be going to the beach if the weather is good and I will be wearing a tiny triangle thong bikini

How would you punish me for ignoring the beach rules?

Meg

Meg,

You really are a very bad girl! I think that you have deliberately chosen the most blatantly revealing and provocative bikini you could find in your bedroom drawer, just to flout the rules and flaunt your body in public. Look at how your nipples will poke through the near-transparent fabric. Look at how your pussy-gash can easily be seen through the thong triangle. And see how small it is! I shudder to think what it looks like from behind, but I shall certainly be taking close-up photographs of you on the beach tomorrow, strictly to use as evidence of course.

I think you are trying to goad me, to put me to the test, to see how I will react! Well, Meg, your attitude is totally unacceptable, so is your bikini. It will take me until at least tomorrow to decide exactly what your punishment will be when I see you on the beach. But I can now reveal that the bed and chair in the life-guard station have wrist and ankle straps attached because sometimes we get swimmers and bathers in such distress, or suffering from fits and spasms, that we need to restrain them for their own safety. I think these restraints will be necessary tomorrow as part of your punishment. I also think that you will wish that your bikini bottoms covered more of your bum cheeks, to give you some protection. And you may wish that you hadn't provoked me and humiliated me by wearing such a skimpy, tarty and disgraceful swimsuit.

I'll see you on the beach tomorrow; be prepared to receive the punishment you deserve (and a bit more if the fancy takes me).

Emma (zealous lifeguard and upholder of public decency).

Meg,

I have now decided on punishment for wearing such a debauched and slutty bikini on the beach:

First I will wrap you in a survival 'space' blanket for modesty's sake and take you into my lifeguard station where I will leave you to sweat in the stiflingly hot conditions for at least an hour as I complete my beach inspection. Upon my return I will peel the blanket off you and see just how much your perspiration trickles down your ample body.

Next I'll take you outside where everyone can see and plunge you suddenly under the cold shower,

making your bikini totally transparent and your nipples massively erect.

Back inside the station, I'll lock the door and sternly reprimand you for breaking my rules then, to stop you from wearing that skimpy tart's bikini again, I'll cut through every strap so that it falls useless on the floor and leaves you totally naked.

As you stubbornly refuse to apologise, I'll compel you to sit down and I humiliate you by strapping your arms and legs to the recliner chair so you are vulnerably exposed to me. I'll search through your shoulder bag for more incriminating evidence and find your mobile phone. I can tell a lot about a person by their phone-book list of contacts; I'll browse your list and notice that almost without exception your friends & contacts are all female. That always makes me smile.

At the bottom of your bag I'll find something that makes me smile much more - your pocket vibrator. I flick the switch and it starts to hum ...

.....

Moving towards you I make you squirm and struggle as I hold it near to your nipples and they spring to full, hard erection again. But do I give you the undeserved pleasure of touching them? No, instead I strip out of my swimsuit and play it over my own nipples instead!

That really makes you struggle against your bonds, until I shock you into silent submission by rubbing the tip of your own, very personal vibrator along my pussy lips as I lie back on the recovery bed. I moan and buck as I slide your toy into my open vagina then quickly stab at my swollen clit, immediately bringing myself to the orgasm I've craved ever since I first saw you on the beach.

If I was considerate I'd have awarded you with an orgasm of your own, but no, I pack you off with just your towel around you and warn you not to return to my beach in a revealing thong bikini again. I wonder as you walk away whether you might yet come back again.

You have been warned.

Emma

Emma,

Although you did punish me and warn me to dress more appropriately next time I came to the beach,

feeling the warm sun on my skin today was too much of a temptation so I had no choice but to wear a bikini with a string back.

I think it is very acceptable for any beach. Don't you?

Meg

Meg, no, this is totally unacceptable!

You are a very bad lady. If you come back on my beach wearing that string bikini I'll have to believe that you actually enjoy being punished. Now that couldn't be true. Did you enjoy being punished?

I'll have to think of something else next time, and when I do I'll tell you about what punishment I have planned so it can be a deterrent to you.

Meg, I think the best thing you can do is to spend a lot more of your spare time trawling though the internet looking at pictures on the on-line bikini stores and try to find something more suitable. Or accept the consequences!

Emma, your over-zealous lifeguard.

Emma,

I'm afraid I have no other style of bikini available to me so I have no choice but to wear them. As for enjoying being punished, well I think I will need further sessions in the lifeguard hut before I can come to a conclusion.

Meg

Meg,

So you aren't sure whether you enjoy my beach-station punishments? I wonder just how far you'll push me before you're really sure; I hope you don't regret what you have said. I'm quite strict about

my beach rules; I do have standards of public decency to uphold. Your excuse about not having any other, more modest bikinis to wear is quite lame and this suggests to me that you do actually want to be punished some more. And yes, you are going to need several more sessions in the lifeguard hut before you can even cum, let alone come to a conclusion.

Well, the weather forecast is looking good for the week ahead so I expect to see you down on the sand, flaunting that round, sexy bum of yours and pushing out those big 34C boobs without a care for the effect you'll have on the other bathers. You'll probably swim in the sea and strut back up the beach, dripping wet in your now-transparent thong-bottom string bikini.

I'll be waiting for you, Meg.

First I'll take more photographs of you in that excuse for a bikini you happen to be wearing so I hope you've been practicing touching your toes. Then I'll escort you up to my beach station where this time I'll tie your wrists together with a rescue rope. I'll loop that over the top of the fresh-water shower fitting so you have to stand with your hands stretched high above your head, unable to protect yourself. I'll write in large letters on the wall behind you: 'THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO RULE-BREAKERS' and invite members of the public to take turns at pressing the control valve so you are repeatedly drenched with cold water that will pour off your breasts and trickle down your belly to your crotch. Who knows, the force of the water may even drag down your skimpy bikini bottoms exposing your shaved pussy mound to the amused onlookers.

Then when I decide you have been humiliated sufficiently, I'll untie you from the shower and take you into my station to be 'interviewed' during which I'll tie the rope to the rafters above your head. To make sure you can't wear the same bikini again, but taking care not to cut your smooth skin, I'll slash the fabric with a diver's knife where it vainly tries to conceal your breasts and I'll tear it apart to expose your nipples. No doubt they will already be hard and erect as you enjoy the thrill of your forced humiliation and impending punishment. I'll also cut a long slit right down the centre of the tiny fabric triangle that scarcely covers your mound and rip it apart so your pussy is naked and exposed to me (and probably spread wide open and oozing self-lube due to your obvious heightened state of arousal).

When I've taken down your personal details and checked them against my records I'll realise you are a repeat offender, inflaming my anger and my passionate zeal in equal measure. I'll give you plenty of opportunity to repent and apologise but it's unlikely that you'll cooperate so I'll have to spank you.

Firstly, whilst you are still tied to the rafters, I'll administer several strokes with a long bamboo cane normal used to carry a flag at the children's sandcastle building competition. If you cry out, I'll cut your bikini bottoms from you and stuff them in your mouth to silence your protests, despite the fact that

you'll probably enjoy the taste of salt water mixed with your ample cunt-juice.

If you are still unrepentant, I'll untie you and lay you face-down over a large, firm inflatable beach-ball that I use for competitions on the sand and I'll pass the rope around your ankles too so you can't climb off. Now I'll be able to spank your bare bum cheeks facing high and invitingly into the air. 1 - 2 - 3 1 - 2 - 3 1 - 2 - 3 I'll count as I rain hard hand-slaps down onto your reddening flesh. Although I would never admit it, I'll find this unbelievably arousing and my pussy lips will spread wide apart between my legs so my tight swim-costume will work its way deep between my labia and rasp against my aching clit.

Unable to resist bringing myself to orgasm in the most satisfying and selfish way I can think of, I'll walk around to where you can see me and slowly strip out of my tight costume then pose and expose myself to you. Reaching to the wall behind me, I'll select what to you might look like a modern police-officer's truncheon. It has an ebony-black shaft about 11/2" in diameter and 12" long with a shorter, ribbed extension at one end. This is about 2" in diameter and 5" long and is fixed at an angle to the main shaft. I'll also take down what might look like a bridle for the beach ponies, made up of leather straps and steel loops & buckles. You'll be puzzled as to their use until I squat down and gradually, carefully ease the short, stubby end of the 'truncheon' into my lubricated vagina then wrap the 'bridle' around my hips and upper thighs, using it to hold the fearsome black object in place between my upper thighs. It will only be when I stand up straight, tall and menacing that you'll see the huge strap-on phallus protruding proudly upwards from the base of my belly.

Unable to make your protests heard, you'll have no choice but to succumb to my perversions as I stand behind you and press the tip of the tool against your soft vaginal opening. I'll notice just how quickly your pussy opens up to me as a measure of your pleasure as I slide the extension to my sex deep into your cunt.

1 inch, 2 inches, 3 inches, more and more, now over 6 inches have disappeared. Slowly I'll build a rhythm, gradually pushing more inside your accommodating tunnel until my belly slaps loudly against your bum cheeks. Faster and faster I'll pump your pussy as the leather straps pull tight against my flesh and the upper surface of the phallus drags back and forth over my clit. If I sense that you are trying to climax by pressing your clit against the inflated ball I'll slip a rolled towel under your pelvis to make pussy-contact impossible. Holding onto the halter neck strap of your bikini top like reins I'll ride you to a climax, mine of course not yours, as your exposed nipples press repeatedly against the ball, arousing you but not sufficiently to deliver an orgasm.

When I've come as many times as I choose I'll slide my tool out of you and untie you, inviting you to lick your aromatic, glistening juices off the long shaft that has just defiled you.

You will now be free to leave, with a warning not to return to my beach unless you are more suitably dressed.

Do you think this punishment would have the desired effect, or will you be back?

Emma,

Lifeguard and administerer of fair and proportionate punishments.

Emma,

Your punishment may have appeared harsh to you but I'm afraid it will not be a deterrent to me as I love to feel the sun on my body and get a tan with minimal tan lines. Therefore I will be back tomorrow wearing another of my skimpy bikinis.

I'm just glad the spanking and caning failed to leave any marks. Maybe I am starting to enjoy my punishment.

Meg

Meg,

Sorry, I'm not likely to get down to the beach for the next couple of days. But that does not mean that you can do whatever you like, as I'll be asking questions when I'm next on duty and you'll still be punished if you've been bad. Be very careful what you wear, won't you. I'll be checking your tan lines next time we meet so I'll know if you've been baring your flesh again.

You have been warned.

Emma

Emma,

I'm really don't think a verbal warning will stop me at all. I have already told you in my last email what I will be wearing and as you wont be on duty then I have carte blanche to do as I please. My tan lines will be quite minimal I feel.

Meg xxx

To: National Lifeguard Agency

From: Emma

Date: 20 July 2005

Subject: Beach Patrols

Dear Patricia,

I am, as you will recall, a freelance beach lifeguard attached to the organisation known as PRUDE (Personally Responsible for Upholding Decency Everywhere) and I have recently been working the stretch of beach from the twin protruding points known locally as Hardas Rocks right down past the Navel Base as far as Prominent Mound.

I have to report that standards have been slipping and some bathers are ignoring the basic rules of beach behaviour. In particular I have had to deal quite severely with one woman known to me only as Meg. She has total disregard for other beach users and has no respect for authority. She regularly wears the tiniest, most revealing and often totally transparent bikinis I have ever had the pleasure to set eyes on and despite repeated warnings she continues to flaunt her mature, rounded and voluptuous body. Her speciality is skimpy thongs that leave her bum cheeks naked and exposed and I have numerous photographs that I keep at home as evidence that they hardly cover her cunt at all.

I have punished her before, subjecting her to public humiliation under the shower (one of my favourites) a light caning and spanking and even a good hard pussy-fuck with the longest strap-on dildo I had with me at the time, but still she keeps coming back to the beach wearing almost nothing at all.

So now I am reporting that I have had to administer a much more severe punishment.

I found Meg walking along the sand alone in a secluded part of the beach. She was wearing a

miniscule triangle bikini top that barely covered her areole. Her breasts swelled around the edges, her deep cleavage was obvious and her nipples were erect and thrust forward pulling peaks in the near transparent material. She was wearing matching thong bottoms that just about covered her vulva but I could clearly see that her mound was shaved bare. When she bent forward, the string back had totally disappeared into her bum-crack and I could see the pink, puckered rim of her arse-hole as it wrapped itself around the bikini thong.

I was furious! I had warned her so many times but she keeps wearing these tiny bikinis so I dragged her behind some rocks to begin another round of punishments.

First I photographed her in various humiliating positions but she just seemed to play along, enjoying the attention. So next I found 4 pieces of driftwood that I forced into the sand with a heavy rock forming a square about 2 metres by 2 metres. Finding some discarded coarse fisherman's rope washed up by the sea I bound Meg's ankles and wrists and, laying her face down in the sand, I tied the ropes tight to the driftwood stakes. The sun was now high in the sky so I left her spread-eagled under its hot rays for a couple of hours to roast. Her big bum rose high and invitingly into the warm summer air and she did look so ...

Sorry, back to my report. When I could see that her skin was becoming sore and reddened with sunburn, I untied her from the stakes but then tied her wrists together behind her back and tied her ankles together with no more than 30 cm free movement. Dragging her to her feet, the soles of which were sore from the hot sun, I walked her the half-mile back to the lifeguard station, Meg taking small, restricted steps under the heat of the sun. I occasionally gave her sips of water to drink, also allowing the water to stream down her body, which, unfortunately, made her bikini transparent again.

Pushing her into the lifeguard hut, I abused her verbally and tried to get her to apologise and repent, but to no avail. Sadly I had to punish her more, so I pushed her onto the recovery bed face down and secured her arms and legs with leather straps at each end. Her bum cheeks were already fiery red from the sun's rays and grew redder as I rained down hard hand-slaps on her bare, burned arse. Her bum was bright crimson from the combination of her sunburn and my spanking, the pain of one accentuating the other. Each stroke made a satisfying 'crack' sound and Meg moaned into the mattress, writhing her body and grinding her pussy mound against the bed. She seemed to be enjoying my punishment so I had to change tack. I untied her ankles from the bed and bound two poles to her legs, one to keep her feet apart and another slightly longer one to force her knees wider apart so she couldn't squeeze her pussy. Then I released her wrists from the bed and lashed ropes from them to her ankles, pulling them so her body arched backwards in a crescent shape.

Taking a bamboo cane, I beat her arse, her back and the backs of her legs, causing her to cry out but not to plead with me to stop. Incensed, I pulled her off the bed and made her kneel on the floor, her

shoulders against the wall and her body arched backwards uncomfortably so her leg muscles tightened, her tummy flattened as the muscles pulled taught and her breasts thrust forward. Her nipples were obviously hard and erect so I untied her bikini top, threw it aside and grasped her breasts roughly. I pinched and pulled her nipples, squeezing them hard then suddenly letting go, making her moan. I repeated this several times but to no avail so I leaned down and bit them hard, sucking them into my mouth until they were thick and distended but this only made her moan all the more! Bitch. I even thrashed them with the cane but this only caused them to grow obscenely long and hard and turn a brighter shade of fiery red so I punished her by tying coarse ropes around her breasts, pulling them tight so her breasts flushed pink.

No repentance was forthcoming, so I beat her stomach and the insides of her thighs repeatedly with the cane, making her soft flesh glow red and angry. It seemed to me she might be enjoying this treatment so much she might be about to orgasm so I stopped to strip out of my swimsuit and furiously friggd my clit in front of her to tease her and humiliate her. I shouted obscenities at her and just managed to climax before she did.

So, huh, I won, didn't !! The bitch is unlikely to take me on again now she knows how seriously I take my job.

All in a day's work.

Emma

Emma,

I am having a wonderful time at the beach at the moment. I love showing my body off in my tiny wicked weasel thongs. One of the lifeguards doesn't like them however and keeps punishing me for wearing them. My back and bum is all sunburned after one of her punishments, so I will have to even my sunburn up today. She thinks that I won't return after the last time but I don't think she realises that I enjoy being punished and that there is no punishment that she could administer that would dissuade me from showing myself off on the beach.

Maybe I will see you there.

Meg