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<The Lifeguard>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

The waddling goddesses graced the side of the pool and some stood, stretching their backs, which just made their stomachs look bigger, somewhere far along, some were barely showing but they all looked perfect to me. There was nothing about a woman who was pregnant that I didn't think was utterly amazing. No matter what shape they were before, no matter what shape they'd become after their gestation, I was honoured to be in this privileged position. I sat up, one of the girls giggled, knowing why I was sitting up and puffing my chest out. I stood up and did some stretches, it might've been shameless, but I didn't care and deep down I knew they didn't either.

Monica came over to me with a woman behind her. Monica was pretty tall and mostly thin but she obscured my vision of the girl behind her. I could tell from what I could see that she looked quite young, maybe a year younger than me.

That certainly makes a change...

Most women who come here are happily settled; they've got their lives in order and their husbands pay for them to come here. It might be cliché and not very progressive, but it was just how things generally seemed to be. This girl didn't fit that mould, so I was rather intrigued.

Monica gave me serious eyes and pointed sternly at me; the signal was clear enough to me.

"Don't mess about with this one."

I wasn't sure why yet, but I am sure she was going to tell me.

"And this here is our lifeguard, Simon. He will make sure to keep you safe, so you most definitely don't need to feel worried at all my dear." Monica's words were extra kind, clearly this girl was nervous about being here.

"Nice to meet you." I gave her a big smile, trying not to stare at her too much, lest I freak her out.

I did get a few glances as she walked over and her face was already starting to puff out slightly, a very underrated part of pregnancy, she was in a very covering swimsuit, it was black so it even minimized her size more, but from what I could tell, she was only a few months along, a small bump was forming in her midsection. Her modest bust was well covered so I couldn't really tell what was happening up top.

My smile was met with a shy glance, and she broke eye contact super quick. Monica was looking at me as if I had done something and I should get out of the way.

I didn't need to be told twice.

Back on my perch I watched the girls slowly glide around the pool as they waited for the class to begin. I kept a vigilant eye on the girls, not necessarily for safety.

I shifted uncomfortably and tried to control my rising libido. The way their bodies bounced and moved around was more than enough to get me going, especially some of the women who were much further along. Their huge gravid middles keeping them buoyant in the water, making their milky tits jiggle and shake in their swimming costumes.

Despite being so distracted, so horny and unfocused, I heard a splashing sound that didn't sound like normal, from the corner of my eye I saw large splashes and quickly jumped into action.

At least my instincts are still there...

I hadn't needed to jump in for a long time to save anyone but as I zipped to the flailing woman I noticed the familiar black swimsuit rapidly getting closer.

It was at that moment that I realised that I didn't get her name, she was too shy to even give me that.

This beautiful girl, drowning in my pool and I don't even know her name.

I ripped her out of the water and quickly took her to the side, being sure to lay her on her back gently. She looked up at me with a dazed look, she coughed a few times and murmured.

“Thank you... Simon...” Her words were weak, and her eyes were heavy, she coughed once more, as if she had swallowed some water.

“Are you alright? Can you follow my finger?” I waved my finger in front of her face and her eyes followed my digit. She was starting to shake, and she looked a bit pale. “Have you eaten this morning?”

The girl shook her head.

“Can someone go get a snack and some water from the vending machine, my wallet is on the side.”

Monica dashed off to get something for the shivering girl.

“Haven’t you ever heard of eating for two?” I teased the girl, trying to lighten the mood, she didn’t look particularly lithe, so I anticipated the next thing she was going to say. “Morning sickness?”

She nodded.

“Poor thing, we’ve got some good snacks in the machine out the front, you’ll be fine.”

I held her hand tight for reassurance and I could see her start to well up. Her hormones might be out of whack, and she did just go through something quite scary, so the water works were expected but she leapt forward and wrapped her arms around me as best as she could laying down, her face pressed against my wet bicep.

I placed my hand on the back of her head for comfort and held her close. The women from the class were watching in shock and some in jealousy. I didn’t care; at that moment I was focused on this girl.

This girl... And... Her...

My eyes wandered, I looked over her wet form, the swimsuit covered her

size well but feeling her pressed against me, I literally had a front row seat for her true form. She was a lot bigger than I first thought, her belly was tight, heavy and pressed against me, I still couldn't really guess how far along she was but certainly much further than six months like I had first guessed, even her boobs pressed firmly against my body. Again, shocking me as I couldn't really tell she had much going on up top. Her ass was very clear to me now as she was turned over leaning into my body, I could see how curvy she actually was, there was certainly more on her hips than I thought from first glance.

Monica returned from the machine with a sports drink and some snacks. It might not have been the healthiest thing but getting her blood sugar up was important right now.

“Is she okay?” Monica seemed very concerned.

“Yeah, she will be fine.”

“Carys.” She let out a little beep of a reply.

I looked at the woman against me and smiled. “Carys. Carys will be fine.” I held her tight. “You go back to class; the daggers they're giving me for interrupting their class... I think it is more than I can take...” I smirked.

Under her breath, Monica mumbled. “We both know why they're shooting you daggers.”

Monica dashed off and carried on the class, I just laughed at the other women who were still trying to focus on the class but were unable to stop from looking over at me and Carys.

“You need to eat these and drink this, let's stay here, you can lean

against me, but you need to eat those before you stand up.” I said in a stern yet reassuring tone to Carys.

My words and actions made her blush even further. She was clearly taken by my heroics and likely my body, I mean I couldn't blame her, not that I was a vain guy or anything. I certainly enjoyed the attention, not because of any ego but because of who it was coming from.

A busty, curvy pregnant beauty like her...

I remembered Monica's warning and shrugged it off. All bets were off now, the girl had collapsed, so it was time to look after her.

If that meant she felt charmed, then that is certainly not my fault...

Carys drank and ate, her plump pregnant frame against mine, I kept trying to take more of it in, the swimsuit really did her such a disservice that I was appalled that they even sold something so unflattering to a woman.

From her demeanour however it was clear that it was intentional.

Maybe she feels shame from her pregnancy or something...

“So, morning sickness, how long have you had that? It's meant to leave at some point right?” I tried to start some small talk with the swollen girl.

“Y-yeah... It never left...” She looked down at her belly and rested her hand on it. “I think this one is determined to ruin as much as possible even before it's born.”

Her words struck me, they were negative, almost depressing in their tone. I couldn't say anything.

“Well... Some women suffer more than others; some people are bedbound

with conditions when they enter their third trimester.” My smile did enough to make her respond with a similar smile. “I guess that wouldn’t be too bad, being waited on by your partner.” I laughed.

Looking at Carys I saw that she wasn’t laughing, the smile she did have, had faded now too.

Oh...

“I’m sorry... I...”

“No. It’s okay. You didn’t know.” Carys rubbed her belly, it wasn’t quite love and affection, it was more like someone knowing they’re wading into the complete unknown.

“Look, I am sure everything is going to be fine.” I said it with the intention primarily about her health but at the same time the double meaning was there, like I somehow knew she was going to be fine with the baby on her own.

The words made her cry, it was obvious, even after saying it I knew it was coming.

Real smooth...

I wrapped my arms around her once again, my muscles pressing into her. I didn’t really mean to do it, but I couldn’t help it, the ladies in the pool were still staring, I tried to ignore them for the crying girl in my arms.

“Who’s going to want to get involved with this...” She blubbered. “I’m pregnant, huge, ugly, gross and-”

“Stop.” My voice was deep, commanding, it stopped her in her tracks. I

was not about to let her disparage herself. “You aren’t ugly or gross... Come on...” I rubbed her shoulder and gave her a big smile. “There is beauty in pregnancy Carys. Haven’t you heard of the maternal glow?” I paused and saw the confused look on her face, she was still looking sad, so I popped out the big guns. “I might even need some shades around you.”

She stared for a second, dumbfounded.

“Because of the Glow...” I started to awkwardly explain the joke.

Carys burst into laughter, a complete one eighty. “I know...” she said after a few seconds of laughing uncontrollably. “You are lame.” She giggled.

“Well... Yeah...”

Carys placed her hand on her stomach and smiled at me. “Glowing huh?”

I nodded. Confidence oozed from me, it seemed to be a bit infectious as Carys was blushing but not looking like she wanted to minimize her body anymore she leaned back, and I saw the full shape of her stomach. The round orb was resting on her thighs despite being so leaned back.

I’m in heaven.

I tried my best to remain professional, but it was inevitable that I would start to get worked up, especially as everything was safe and calm now. I looked at the class and saw they were all fine and safe, my eyes flicked back to Carys, and I saw her looking a bit flush in the cheeks too.

I didn’t know what else to say, to talk about, I just kept looking and glancing back and forth, trying to hide my swelling cock. The class was starting to wind down and I could see the other women start muttering to each

other, looking back at me and Carys still on the side of the pool.

“They seem catty...” Carys broke the awkward silence that we were stewing in.

“You have no idea... They see a guy like me paying attention to a woman like you and they lose their minds because their husbands probably don’t show them the same level of interest when they’re at home.” I barely even thought about what I had just said, too much blood had left my head by that point.

“A girl like *me*?” She picked up on the phrase and I felt a void open up in my stomach.

“Well... Pregnant...” I said, stating the obvious, hopefully she would take that as enough to move on.

“And... What attention?” She pressed.

“Ugh...” I didn’t know how to say it, I was turned on, flirting with her, in love with her physique and so many other things that I dare not say.

Carys put her delicate hand on my thigh and whispered in my ear. “I know...” she gave a firm squeeze of my quad muscle and softly exhaled against my neck. “I... I can’t wait until next week’s class Simon...”

Standing up on her own, she looked over her bump at me and smiled before she departed.

Neither can I...

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