



Inner Tube, Outer Limits

Colin had a mouth on him. Always had.

He'd been working a summer job at Fairmount Community Pool, doing the usual lifeguard chores — checking chlorine levels, skimming leaves, and perfecting his 'lifeguard gaze' on the bikini parade. One day, he noticed the man sitting in the shade, muttering to himself while tossing bread crumbs to invisible ducks. Everyone else ignored him, but Colin had always been a smartass.

As the man went about his imaginary fowl-feeding, he was muttering to himself. "Air is a gift, air is love."

Colin caught the eye of a girl sunbathing a few towels over. He smirked and pitched his voice just loud enough for her to hear.

“Air’s a gift, huh? Maybe I should start bottling it and selling it on Etsy.”

The man’s eyes snapped to him, sharp and glinting. “You mock what sustains you.”

Colin smirked, twirling his whistle. “Buddy, you’ve got enough hot air for the both of us.”

The old man raised a bony hand. “Then let’s see how you enjoy being filled with it.”

Before Colin could fire off another wisecrack, the world twisted. His skin slickened, hollowed, rounded. His chest collapsed inward, his limbs folded into nothing. He was rubber, glossy, green.

A pool float.

The man sneered down at him. “To be filled, you must be *fulfilled*. Only one who delights in giving breath will free you. Until then—” He slung Colin under one arm like a sack of groceries. “You’re just equipment.”

The humiliation was instant and constant.

The pool manager found the “new float” lying by the lifeguard chair and dumped him in the storage shed, wedged between cracked noodles and broken goggles.

Colin stewed. Trapped. Helpless. ...Horny.

He could still watch the parade of nubile young women flocking to the beach, bikinis glinting in the sun, laughing and stretching, tossing beach balls and dipping toes in the surf — but he couldn't move, couldn't touch, couldn't ...release. Every sway of a hip, every laugh that reached him through the air, every fleeting glance that might have been his if he were human now only deepened the ache. He was a helpless spectator to his own desires, each wave of sunlight teasing him with what he could never have, each moan of air he might squeak out a cruel mockery of the pleasures he could only watch.

All summer, he waited. Kids rummaged through the shed and passed him over. Teens grabbed basketballs, noodles, squirt guns. Nobody wanted the sad, deflated inner tube.

Perfect, Colin thought. I sass one crazy grandpa, and now I'm cursed to be a virgin pool toy forever.

Until she arrived.

Emily.

Late August sun kissed her tan skin. Strawberry blonde hair, tied loose, shimmered when she flipped it over her shoulder. Her bikini left golden streaks of sunscreen across her chest. She smelled faintly of coconut lotion.

She bent over the shed pile, fishing for toys. When her hand brushed Colin's slick vinyl, he swore he felt it. A shiver. A caress.

"Ohhh, cute," she murmured, pulling him out. "Perfect for floating."

Colin nearly burst with joy.

OK... OK... Play it cool. You've been waiting all summer for this —

Emily plopped into a lounge chair, set him in her lap, and pinched open the nozzle.

She squeezed the base gingerly.

Then her lips wrapped around him.

Colin had a mouth on him. Finally.

The first breath sent him spiraling.

Warmth, intimacy, pressure. His body swelled, stretched. And against his will, he made a sound.

Not a squeak. Not a hiss. A *moan*.

Emily froze. Pulled back. “What the hell?”

Another puff, another helpless moan.

Her brows shot up. “...Wait. You’re alive?”

He whimpered again — the closest he could get to a yes.

She glanced around. The pool deck was empty. Her mouth curled into a grin.

“Well, that’s... kinky.”

She leaned down, lips sealing around him once more, and blew.

Colin thought he’d die from pleasure.

Her lips slid, soft and wet, teasing the nozzle like a kiss. Her tongue flicked as she sealed the air in, and every movement made him groan louder.

Emily giggled, cheeks pink. “Oh my god, you *like* it. I usually only hear moaning like this when I give my boyfriend a little ‘extra motivation’ after football practice.”

Another desperate whine.

She licked her lips. “Wow. Okay. Let’s see where this goes.”

She took him deeper this time, her cheeks hollowing, fingers stroking the nozzle’s base like she was guiding it. Each pull of her breath filled him tighter, made him ache with the need to... release.

“You’re noisy, floatie-boy,” she whispered, breath tickling. “Begging for it. You want me to blow you ’til you pop?”

Colin nearly howled.

Emily was into it now.

She adjusted, reclining back, and arching her neck so her silky hair spilled down. She worked him with long, steady pulls of air, pausing only to wipe her mouth and giggle.

“God, this is so dirty. I’m basically deep-throating a pool toy.” She swirled her tongue deliberately, just to hear him squeal. “Bet you’ve never had anyone suck you like this before.”

Colin’s thoughts were chaos. *She’s perfect. Don’t stop. Harder. Deeper. Fill me. Please, please—*

Every breath pushed him closer. Every lick edged him toward the inevitable.

Emily pinched the nozzle between her fingers, stroking while she sucked. “Mmm. You’re getting so tight. Bet you’re about to blow.”

Emily’s cheeks burned, but a wicked grin spread across her face. She tugged lightly at the strap of her bikini bottom, slipping a hand inside, her fingers exploring as she leaned over the inner tube. The warmth of her touch, combined with the slick pressure of Colin’s form beneath her lips, sent a shiver rolling down her spine.

Her breathing hitched, soft moans mingling with the muffled sounds he made with every pull of air. She bit her lip, rocking slightly, letting herself get lost in the dual thrill — the sinful secret of her own pleasure and the mischievous dominance of teasing the little green toy-boy beneath her hands.

“Oh... ohhh,” she whispered, a blush spreading across her sun-kissed skin. “You’re making me so naughty...”

The old man’s words thundered in Colin’s head. *To be filled, you must be fulfilled.*

And Emily was fulfilling him in every possible way. Not just giving him air — giving him delight, teasing, *wanting* to make him moan.

She sealed her lips, cheeks hollowing, taking him rhythmically. Faster, harder, until even she was panting.

“Fuck,” she gasped, giggling breathlessly. “This is insane. But you sound so close...”

Colin was beyond thought. His whole rubbery body quivered, stretched to bursting. His moans turned frantic, desperate pleas.

Emily clutched him, hair sticking to her damp skin. “Come on, floatie-boy. Blow for me.”

And then—

He broke.

A violent shudder ripped through him. His moan deepened into a long, guttural cry. His vision went white.

The curse shattered with a *wet pop*.

Suddenly, he was flesh again — gasping, sprawled across Emily’s lap, clad only in his tight lifeguard shorts.

She yelped, nearly dropping him. “Holy shit!”

Colin blinked up at her, dazed and trembling. “You... saved me...”

Emily’s eyes flicked down his taut body, then back up. She laughed, breathless. “Saved you? Please. I just gave a pool toy the sloppiest blowjob of my life.”

Colin flushed crimson. “I — I mouthed off to some old wizard. He cursed me.”

Emily smirked. “Bet you won’t do *that* again.”

“...Probably not,” he admitted. Then, sheepishly: “But if I *do*... I hope you’re around to... help.”

She arched a brow, grinning. “Oh, don’t worry. I’ve got plenty of breath left.”

The late-morning sun warmed their flushed skin as Colin and Emily slipped behind the pool shed, hearts hammering. A few early swimmers had started trickling in, oblivious to the small alcove just out of sight, and the thought that someone could peek at any moment made every nerve in Colin’s body fire.

Emily pressed against him, her hands running over his chest and shoulders, tangling in his hair as she leaned up to whisper in his ear.

“We have to be quiet — my dad is the pool manager.” Her voice was low, sultry, teasing, sending a shiver down his spine.

Colin caught her waist, holding her close. The scent of sunscreen and her hair mixed intoxicatingly, and every brush of her skin against his made him ache. He trailed a hand over the curve of her back, tugging her just a little closer, feeling the press of her body against his.

Her fingers found the waistband of his shorts, tugging lightly, teasing him as their lips met again. The kiss was long, greedy, playful — teeth, tongue, lips — a dizzying mix that left them both gasping. Each time she pulled back to breathe, her smile was wicked, as if she knew exactly the effect she was having on him.

“You like this, don’t you?” she murmured, pressing her forehead to his. “Being this close... feeling me like this... and surrounded by unsuspecting people.”

Colin groaned, his hands roaming, cupping, pulling her just enough to feel the heat radiating through her clothes. Every brush of her thigh against his leg, every sigh she breathed against his neck, had him trembling with want. The tension of being barely hidden, of someone possibly catching a glimpse at any second, made every touch more electric.

Emily leaned back, letting him take a breath, then pressed her body flush against his again, grinding slightly as she nipped at his jawline, leaving a trail of soft, teasing bites. She laughed breathlessly, “You’re so... needy. I love it.”

Colin swallowed hard.

Their lips met again in a frenzy of teasing and tasting. Every kiss left them both shivering, hearts hammering, breaths short and wet.

Suddenly, a soft shuffle of feet reached their ears. Colin’s eyes snapped open. A woman was wandering up to the storage shed, searching for a pool noodle for her son. She paused, tilting her head as if she’d heard something...

Emily froze against him, pressing her body even closer. Her soft breasts pressed against his hard chest. Colin held his breath, barely daring to move. The two of them remained perfectly still, hearts hammering in unison, their lips brushing in tiny, suspended touches. Every second felt like an eternity as the woman’s shadow lingered just a few feet away.

Finally, after what felt like forever, she muttered something about the noodle being “right here” and shuffled off, leaving the couple trembling, flushed... and grinning.

Colin laughed, low and breathless, “Maybe we should stop.”

Her fingers slid down into his briefs, gently flicking the pad of her index finger over the purple, throbbing head of his cock.

“Yeah,” she breathed between puffy lips, “maybe.”

The sounds of the pool — splashing, laughter, the distant whistle of a lifeguard — were almost obscene in contrast to the intimate heat behind the shed. Emily leaned into him, sliding her hand further down to cup around his swollen balls. “You’re so full,” she whispered. “Is this all for me?”

Colin could only groan in response, gripping her tighter, rolling his hips with the teasing rhythm of her movements, letting the tension build and build. Every brush of skin, every playful bite, every whispered taunt from Emily pushed him higher, leaving them both panting, dizzy, and desperate.

She pulled back slightly, letting her lips trace his jawline down his neck, her hands still roaming, teasing, tracing lines over him as if memorizing every inch. “I could make you beg for more right here,” she whispered, voice low and honeyed, “and it would drive you crazy.”

Emily opened the door of the shed, taking a single step inside. She gazed over her shoulder at Colin as her fingers deftly worked at the knot of her bikini top. Colin's eyes followed every movement, and his breath caught as the fabric slipped free. She turned to face him. Her breasts, full and heavy compared to her slight frame, spilled forward, soft and warm, pressing lightly against her hands before settling naturally against her chest.

She gave a small, shivering laugh, aware of the effect on him, and let the fabric fall completely, exposing herself for him to admire. The sight made his pulse thunder, every muscle tense with need, and the proximity, the almost-hidden setting behind the shed, made the moment pulse with both danger and desire.

Emily's fingers brushed over her stiff nipples, teasing herself as she glanced up at him, lips parted, eyes sparkling with mischief. "You like that, don't you?" she murmured, her voice husky and playful, every word dripping with flirtation.

Colin groaned again, nearly losing himself in the heat, the smell, the touch, the thrill of almost being seen. The world narrowed to just them, just the press of skin, just the teasing, electric friction between them.

Inside the shed, hidden by the sun-bleached walls and stacks of beach chairs, he cupped her firm breasts and

dove down to seal his lips around one of her swollen buds. Now it was her turn to gasp, as he flicked his tongue across the puckering areola.

They pressed, teased, and kissed until they were breathless and aching, caught in a dizzying spiral of want, need, and playful erotic tension — every moment amplified by the delicious risk that someone might walk around the corner at any second.

Wild-eyed, she shoved him backwards and slid her bikini bottoms down her shapely legs. Her pussy glistened, barely covered by fine, downy soft hair.

“Emily!” A man’s voice boomed through the air.

The young lovers — now, both completely naked — froze once again. Colin wondered if he could turn into an inner tube again. Emily’s father’s footsteps — heavy and deliberate — got louder as he approached the shed.

“Excuse me,” warbled a voice. “Sir...”

It was the voice of the mother who had earlier been hunting for a pool noodle.

“The Fairmount Ladies’ Circle wants to inquire about renting the pool for a fundraiser,” she explained.

Emily’s father explained that it was, indeed, possible, and she should return later to fill out the paperwork.

“No time like the present,” sang the woman’s voice, followed by two sets of footfalls that receded to the office at the other end of the pool.

Colin and Emily let out silent, shivering sighs of relief, hearts still hammering in unison.

“Fuck ME! That... was too close,” Colin whispered, brushing a strand of hair from Emily’s flushed face.

“Fuck me!” whispered Emily, peering at Colin through heavy eyelashes, “just ...fuck me.”

There comes a time in every man’s life when he has to take a calm, realistic assessment of his situation and make the kind of clear-eyed decision that will serve him well in the future.

This was not one of those times.

His hands grabbed Emily’s hips with a resounding smack, eliciting a surprised yelp from the nubile temptress. Lifting her in one smooth motion, he lined up her slick hole with his veiny shaft. As he slid her down on his swollen cock, her eyes widened. The girl who had been so enjoying her control over him found herself without words for the first time that afternoon. As he bottomed out inside her tight tunnel, the most she could muster was a single, whispered plea.

“More.”

With two confident steps, Colin sat her on a nearby workbench and slid his hands down to lift her legs, hooking them around his waist. Cupping her face with both hands, he captured her mouth in a hungry kiss, and he began thrusting inside her.

She gasped in rapid, uneven bursts, each one punctuating the movement between them. With his left hand, he squeezed her firm breast tightly, flicking at the tender nipple. The thumb of his right hand glided down, tracing soft circles over her clit.

After a few precious moments of this, Emily’s breathing stopped suddenly as her thighs shuddered around his waist. Pleasure coursed through her in shivering pulses, her eyes opening in stunned delight.

It was that look — not the lewd jiggle of her tits as he rutted inside her; not the silken vice of her smooth thighs around his waist; not even the warm wet vice of her pulsing pussy as it milked his engorged rod — but that wide-eyed expression, breath catching in staggered gasps, puffy lips parted in awe and surrender, that left him utterly undone.

His orgasm shot through him like lightning, starting at the base of his spine and shooting out through the top of his

head. For one, tantalizing moment, he was frozen — back arched, muscles tensed — as his cock surged with its first thick eruption. The moment released its hold as he bucked a torrent of pent-up cum into her quivering snatch.

Slowly, the sounds of the outside world began to filter once more into the shed. The shrieks of children, the mothers' warnings, and the lifeguard's whistles. Colin's heavy penis flopped out of Emily's flooded hole.

"I guess that's fair," she smiled, gliding a slender finger into the warm goo clinging to her swollen pussy lips, "I blew you and then you blew inside me."

Colin and Emily hastily pulled on their clothes, cheeks flushed and hair tousled, hearts still racing from the intensity inside the shed. As they stepped out into the late-afternoon sunlight, they tried to act casual, brushing imaginary lint from their shorts and laughing nervously.

They walked past a woman who sat in a lounge chair, applying a generous amount of sunblock across an equally generous chest.

"Well," she said with a smile, "it's always nice to see young people making the most of the summer."

Emily and Colin froze mid-step, exchanging a wide-eyed glance. The woman seemed not to notice.

She returned to her paperwork for the Fairmount Ladies' Circle.

Emily smirked, looping her arm through his. They had gotten five steps away when the woman's voice barked.

“Not so fast.”

Colin whirled to face her.

Her massive jugs wobbled lewdly as she sat back in her chair. Colin's prick stirred.

“This form says our fundraiser must have at least one lifeguard on duty during the event,” she said, eyebrows raised.

“Do you know someone who might fill that opening?”



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