

= The Device - A Beach Story =
A Swappy Shortish
By Razmagurk
- Part 2 -

It was happening. It was actually happening.

The girls were all gathering at the rear of the building as a handful of staff tried to corral them into the hastily assembled interior of today's venue. The salty air was palpitant with the anticipation of competition. It was just a local event, sure, but it was recognized by the International Federation of Bodybuilders and Fitness, and that meant for a lot of us this was a big deal. A small venue, sure, but the stage loomed large before me.

Honestly? I was nervous. My stomach lurched as I rushed over to the desk to sign in. A gorgeous redhead wearing nothing besides a bright green bikini and an elegant splatter of freckles was stepping out just as I arrived. She had this perplexed look in her eye, like she had no idea what she had been doing here. God knows I empathized with her. Was I really about to do this?

All my life I'd been waiting for this moment. As a young boy I'd always dreamed about one day being a bikini model. Who wouldn't? Contests like this, they weren't modeling, sure, but they helped to get noticed. I had registered months ago, finally hoping to make my boyhood dream a reality.

Now though? Now that I was actually here? Shit, what the hell had I been thinking? I had been at the darkest point of my little breakup induced pity party – loafing around in my underwear eating nothing but delivery and drowning my sorrows in icecream. What could have possibly made me think I was ready for something like this?

I was acutely self conscious as I stepped up to the line. I was a disgrace! My butt jiggled with every step. I had the flat, taut abs of someone who had long since abandoned exercise, and my big fat melons barely fit into this ratty pink bikini top. The stupid things kept threatening to burst out with every step. I was beginning to wonder if maybe it wasn't a men's bikini after all.

Vertigo flushed through me, I leaned on Daniel for support. How had I let myself go like this?

Worse, I had been giddy when I'd registered. Jubilant! Now... now I was dizzy with dread. I turned around. I couldn't do this. I wouldn't.

"You okay?" Daniel held an arm on my shoulder supportively.

"Yeah..." I swallowed dryly. "I just... this is all... a lot, you know? I'm starting to have doubts."

"Really?" There was a bemused expression in his tone. "You seemed so excited a minute ago."

"I know!" I shut my eyes tight and rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "And now that we're here I'm terrified! I'm sorry. This is what we came all this way for, and god, I've been so damn excited for this but now it's like, what am I even thinking? What chance do I have?"

"Listen, Dave, what matters isn't you winning or losing, it's about going out there and trying things and having fun. You were smiling back there! Your eyes lit up when you saw the crowd."

I bit my lip. He was right. I couldn't back out now, could I? I wouldn't be able to live with myself otherwise. What kind of a man would I be if I didn't get up there and shake my tits for the whole world to see? If I gave up on that lifelong dream?

"But I mean..." he continued, "If you really don't want to go that's fine, we can always just watch."

I shot him a glare. He was goading me. I wasn't that stupid kid that ran off to eat worms at the slightest dare anymore but damned if he didn't know how to get under my skin.

"Don't even try to talk me out of this, Daniel. Don't even give me that option!"

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure." I clenched a fist and signed my name at the check in. "This is important. I need you to be supportive. "

"Alright, alright!" he took a step back and gave a wry smile. "I didn't know you cared so much."

"Sorry, I'm just..." I hadn't meant to yell but this whole thing just had me so worked up. I had to do this. I had to!

"You got this Dave!" Daniel patted me again on the back. "Don't you worry I'll be helping from the sidelines." He waved that stupid remote and threw me a wink. "You show those bitches who's boss!"

I mumbled my thanks as I stepped into the makeshift venue building, but Dave couldn't follow me backstage. Just like that my only friend was gone. He'd have to watch how things played out from the sidelines.

And now? Now I was alone with my swirling thoughts.

Okay, I could do this. One step in front of the other. My heart pounded. I should have been excited! This was my first real competition.

I mean, I'd been involved in some informal ones, sure - I'd snagged quite a pot from various wet t-shirt contests - but this was my first officially recognized event. Not the big leagues by any margin, but it was a start.

I frowned. I had a very distinct memory of getting my tanktop soaked through – nipples achingly erect in the cold horny buzz as all the guys cheered on – at some roadside hooters just a few weeks ago, but that wasn't right, I hadn't been out of the house since the breakup had I? I shook my head. I guess I'd gotten out for the important things.

Vicious eyes followed me as they showed me to my place. Everywhere I looked there were catty girls with coy smiles and predatory laughs. I was the only guy, obviously. I could feel them from every angle, watching, judging, laughing at this washed-up wreck of a man, here either to compete or make a mockery of the whole proceedings. And who could blame them? They were right. Most of these girls wouldn't even give me the time of day outside an event like this. I was an entirely average guy struggling to make waves in a sea of absolute hotties.

Daniel had said he'd be helping. I didn't know why but that worried me. What was he going to do? Bribe the judges or something? I pursed my lips. That was exactly the sort of thing he'd do, wasn't it?

Uhg, but no, he didn't have the money. I'd seen his bank account, it barely had millions in it. He couldn't bribe his way out of a paper bag. See, that's how I know his little remote was bullshit. He wouldn't have been able to use it net himself a quick few bucks.

Okay. I took another breath. In the end, it all came down to me, didn't it? This was something I had to do. I prayed at least it would be quick.

Quick it was not.

In the drawing of the lots, I had come up with the short straw. I was the final contestant.

I had hoped to be a joke soon forgotten somewhere in the ignoble middle. But no, my humiliation would still be fresh on everybody's minds when the judging began. They'd be expecting some grand finale, and they'd get me instead.

I wanted to puke.

But then the competition began, and just like that, last was still way to soon. One by one the other girls went out as I sat backstage praying for a swift death.

Somehow, I had ended up in the final and most competitive heat. It was me and the four most beautiful women I'd ever seen shoved into a green room together. Honestly? Next to these four none of the others even stood a chance. Trust me, I'd had plenty of opportunity to agonizing over their perfection.

Of our group, Four had gone out, and three had returned, each confident in their victory.

I took a shallow breath. They had all handled it so well. Even after their performances they were making last minute touch-ups to their outfits and makeup as they fought for mirror space. They all wanted to look their best when they were declared the winner. Four beautiful, all-but-naked women, and here I was just trying keep my shit together. Daniel would be losing his mind.

Well, I just hoped whatever he had planned to help wasn't going to get us kicked out. God, it was probably something with that stupid trait-swapping remote he kept insisting was the real deal. I shook my head, my fat tits following suit. What was he going to do? Swap the girls as they went out on stage? As if anyone wouldn't notice their parts getting swapped around. As if that stupid thing even works!

Okay, fuck, focus.

I eyed the other bouncing bikini-bound beauties carefully. I had watched each of them as they went out there and performed. At this point it was going to be a hard competition to call. Each of them was playing a very different game and depending on how the judges called it, it could go any way.

Becky, the girl who had been first of our group, she was the most conventionally beautiful. Her face wasn't the best, but she had the best body without a doubt. Classically sculpted and muscular in all the right ways, this was a girl who had chiseled herself from the marble, cut by cut, and beneath that thick, curly layer of dark girlish body hair, it really showed. When she went out there I thought she was a shoe in for sure, but her haughty attitude seemed to have caught the judges the wrong way. She really hadn't made as positive an impression as I'd have expected.

The second girl, though, Cindy, more than made up where Becky failed. Not that she didn't have a nice body - I can't think of a man alive who wouldn't love to see a sweet little thing like her parading around, her hunched, wrinkled body and her shriveled low-hanging breasts held high by her bikini top as she danced her lumpy butt around the stage. Where she really shined though was her youthful exuberance. She was the youngest contestant and it really showed in the energy she had brought to the stage. She had gotten the whole audience laughing and smiling along with her.

Still, as amazing and attractive as those two were, neither could hold a candle against the sheer raw sexuality of the third contestant, Debby. She was toe-curlingly hot and she knew it. Her makeup had been carefully planned to accentuate her every slutty feature - big plump lips, smouldering half-lidded eyes, hell, she had even drawn contouring on her chest to further amplify her assets there, not that she needed it. To top it off, her swimsuit was the most scandalous - a micro bikini that was more string than cup. There was no inch of this woman's expansive curves left to the imagination. Hell, with the way her gut spilled out over her waistline and the fat of her ass devoured the thong of her bottoms, you could hardly even tell that she was wearing bottoms at all.

Who could blame a girl like her for wanting to show off? Who could blame her for the salacious way she walked, for that come hither gaze? She was sex on heels and she knew it.

Fuck, why did that make me so weirdly jealous?

Of all of them though, it was Emmy that I was expecting to win. She was the last one to go before me and had just gone out. While she couldn't compete with any of the other girls directly in their specialties, she was a solid all-rounder with a lot of experience and little in the way of flaws. It wouldn't surprise me if she ended up winning just by consistency of points.

In fact, she was out there now and based on the audience's reactions -

There was a gasp and a roar from the audience. Laughter mixed with shock.

I turned and stuck my head out just as the Emmy ran back in, tears in her eyes, her footlong black dick - hard as a rock - flapping in time with her heaving breasts as it jutted out over her bikini bottoms, her pendulous golf-sized balls slapping against her thighs below.

Oh my god. My heart wrenched, unsure if it should be elated or mortified or aroused. A wardrobe malfunction? She must have needed more tape. A lot more tape. That was going to get her disqualified for sure. My heart pounded. Even for an experienced contestant that has to be devastating.

But shit, with her out of the race it could be anybody's game.

Well, anybody but me.

And worse, that meant... oh my god, it was my turn. I did a quick last-minute inspection of my suit. Was my vag sitting right? I wouldn't want a repeat of what happened with Emmy.

Okay, fuck. I hesitated at the threshold. Deep breaths. Was I really about to do this? I'd be a laughing stock.

And yet, would I even be able to live with myself if I didn't? I thought back to what Daniel had said earlier. He was right, old me would have loved this, whether they loved me or were laughing alongside. And yeah, I wasn't that person anymore, not after what my ex had done to me, but I'd worked hard for this and if I let this chance slip away then I'd be regretting it for the rest of my life.

I took one last breath, and stepped out.

The sun was blinding. It was lower to the horizon than I'd have expected. When had it gotten so late? I squinted as my eyes adjusted. The crowd came into view, a massive throng gathered around the edge of the stage.

We stared at each other in mutual surprise. I tried not to focus on them. I tried not to think what they were thinking. Just focus on the stage.

It - I swallowed dryly - it was just like a runway. I'd always dreamed of walking down a runway. Of course, in my dreams I hadn't been so terrified. Blood pounded in my ears. My music started to play. Sweet girly bubblegum pop. Showtime.

I shook off the stage fright, the paralysis, the doubt. I pulled them deep inside me where no one else could see. I smiled. It was that smile that men loved, the smile that had won me all those t-shirt contests, the smile of a competitor. I took my first step. There was laughter from the crowd. Quiet at first, then louder. I wanted to close my eyes, to shut it out, or hell, to just run away, but that would only add fuel to the fire.

Each step was like rubbing my heart through glass. They weren't laughing with me, they were laughing at me. I was a joke to them. Of course, I was. I was a guy - an ugly slob - competing in a women's bikini contest. It wasn't my tits they had come here to see. It didn't matter how well I wore this thing, who would want to see somebody as hideous as me?

I stumbled to a stop, vision clouding up with tears. My legs made ready to turn and run.

Tttttzzzz

“You got this, Dave!” came a cry. Daniel, his voice all but drowned out by the jeering. I blinked through the tears to find him in the crowd. He was waving the remote around and giving me a big thumbs up. It was stupid, I know, but my heart swelled knowing that someone at least was here for me.

For me...

I took another step forward, and then another.

Soon I was back into it, Hips swaying, butt shaking, breasts bouncing. I took a model's walk down this catwalk. Confidence. Even though I had to fake it. Even though every inch of my wanted to die inside. I had to do this. Not for the men laughing in the crowd, I had to do this for me.

And you know what? The laughter stopped.

Hell, it didn't just stop, it was like a shifting of the tides. The people who had been laughing just moments ago now had their jaws on the floor as they got a better look at me. They liked what they saw. I knew that expression all too well. Lust. Sheer animalistic lust. Sure, as a straight guy it was a little off-putting to have a huge crowd of horny men all drooling over you, but I'd take it over the laughter any day.

What the fuck was going on? If I didn't know better, I'd say they were suddenly treating me like I was the most beautiful woman they'd ever seen.

Honestly? It made me uncomfortable. Everywhere I looked I was getting eyed up like a piece of meat. The old man standing next to Daniel was especially bad, leering up at me from above his spry, hairless body. The rest of the crowd wasn't much better. I turned and looked away, trying not to imagine what lurid fantasies lay behind those eyes, but everywhere I looked it was more of the same. Even the judges could barely keep their eyes off me.

Wait, shit, did I actually have a chance of winning this?

My vision swam. I don't know how I ended up the only guy in the world's only gay bikini contest, but I wasn't about pass to up the chance at victory.

I kicked it into high gear, playing to the crowd's interest, to their weakness, to their raucous passions. I had to be sexy, I had to be confident, I had to show off this body of mine for all these horny men. This was what I'd wanted all my life, wasn't it? I reached the end of the catwalk and gave a flick of my head that would have tossed my long hair sexily. I turned and I posed, showing off my bikini-clad ass for all it was worth, and then with a blown kiss and a wink, I set back down the way I came.

They ate it up like candy. One muscular dude in particular, was leaning his slender body in so tight for a better view that his tits were pressed up right against the stage. His friend nearby wasn't much better, he was trying to play it cool, but I could tell just by looking at him how gushing wet his pussy must have been.

And of course, the whole time Daniel, my only real fan, laughed and cheered from his spot in the crowd. My smile turned genuine as I looked at him. I couldn't help but join him in his laughter. This was amazing.

I made sure that I gave them some extra wiggle as I walked back towards the back of the stage, pausing at the threshold to give one last wink and a playful slap of my ass. That'd give the judges something to really think about.

I stepped behind the curtain. I could still hear the crowd eating me up. I took three steps then fell to my knees. It was like all of my fear and anxiety came flooding back from that dark hole I had buried them in all at once. Had I really just done that?

I did.

Holy shit, I did. I actually did it!

All my life I'd dreamed of this and now I'd finally made it come true. And somehow - I looked down past my expansive bikini-clad cleavage at my long flowing curves - despite this pudgy male body, they actually liked me. I couldn't stop grinning. There were tears in my eyes. Win or lose, I was going to treasure this memory forever.

The rest passed like a blur. Things became tense as the judges deliberated. All of the girls and I were gathered out on stage, the crowd taking one final opportunity to gawk at us as we posed and showed off and hoped that somehow the extra bit of good will would help.

I stood shyly to the back. I didn't want to press my luck. I don't know what kind of miracle had occurred to make everybody like me, but I feared it would disappear just as quickly as it had arrived.

My heart pounded as the judges reached their conclusion. I had to be realistic. I knew full well that I didn't have a good shot. But I couldn't help but hope. I couldn't help but pray that maybe... just maybe... I could -

"The winner is Debby Debbysen!"

Oh.

The crowd went wild. Debby's portly flesh flapped as she jumped and cheered, giving the audience one last show of her impossibly carnal flesh.

Of course. What had I been thinking? Sure, the crowd had loved me, but who was I to compete with these beauties? I was just a normal guy after all. I shifted my bikini strap glumly as I cheered, heavy breasts quivering as my breath drew short. I tried to swallow my pain. I tried not to show how much it hurt. No one likes a sore loser. But my smile couldn't help but falter as the tears welled in my eyes.

We all rushed forward to congratulate the girl, but she shook us off as she pumped her thick fist into the air.

I looked into the crowd. Daniel had a mischievous little smirk on his face. He gave me another of his infuriating winks and pressed a button.

Tttttzzzz

"Never before have we seen anyone deliver on that sheer sex appeal." the head judge announced as he walked towards us." I blushed at the compliment. "That's the skimpiest suit we've ever seen! And it takes a lot of confidence to pull it off, but you delivered a tour de force of raw sensuality that left us blown away. Congratulations, David." He pressed the trophy into my hands. I could barely see it through the tears.

I couldn't believe it. Was this actually happening? Oh my god. I clutched the trophy to my expansive chest. This was the happiest day of my life. The other contestants had gathered around me, cheering. Debby seemed especially heartbroken. Somehow I had managed to out-slut even her. She had been good - very good - but look at that micro bikini. It just couldn't compete with my full pink cups.

The trophy was amazing, and the prize money - though a modest purse - was a nice bonus, but the true reward was the title. As small as this event was, I could use the clout of it to as a launching off point to get entered into other such events. Oh, the competition would be fierce sure, but the lesson to take away from all this was that if I really slutted it up then maybe, just maybe a guy like me could win big.

"So," Daniel asked, as we walked down the beach away from the stage. "Did you have fun?" It was getting darker now, the beach less hot and less crowded, a cool breeze blowing across my heaving chest.

"Fun?" I looked back. I had been so caught up in everything that I had barely even considered it. I laughed "Yeah, I think I did. Thank you for cheering for me. It was really sweet."

"I told you you could win. Your welcome, by the way. Tell me, what were you thinking when you were up there?"

"Well, I was nervous at first. I mean, come on, look at me, How was I supposed to compete with all that? But then I heard you cheering and I knew this was something I had to do, and they were laughing at me sure, but then... well, I don't know what it was, but once I really put myself out there everybody started going crazy for me."

"Holy shit!" He grinned. "You actually realized something was out of place? I figured if I tried more than one button at once, it would -"

"Oh my god," I put a hand to my hip. "is this about that stupid remote again?"

"You know what?" he looked down and the remote in his hands then hid it behind his back. "Let's pretend I never said anything. I'm glad you found your confidence."

"Well," I grinned and bumped him with my hips "I'm glad you pushed me. God, I'd be home alone, moping in the basement right now if not for you."

“Well, what can I say?” he laughed “it would be a shame if I was the only one allowed to enjoy that body of yours.”

I looked down at said body and pursed my lips.

“What’s wrong?”

“Just thinking. Sure, I could win this one, but it was an uphill battle. Things will only get fiercer from here out. How’s a man like me supposed to keep winning going forward? I won this one by being a total whore, but what? I’m just supposed to pray that the judges will be gay from now on? The competitive bikini scene isn’t exactly a man’s world, you know?”

“Well,” he laughed “I guess it’s a good thing you’re not a man then.”

“Wait, what?”

Tttttzzzz

“I mean, you’re not are you? A man?”

“Uhg.” I crossed my arms over my gross masculine mammaries. “Don’t you get started. You’re the last person I want to get misgendered from.”

“What?”

“I may have this ugly guy-body” I waggled a delicate, crimson-tipped finger “but underneath? I’m all woman.”

“You still think that’s a man’s body, huh?” He laughed, then pointed the device again. It made that noise. Nearby a college co-ed suddenly looked rather distressed to be displaying so much skin.

“Are you blind?” I snickered and ran a hand down my body, “With curves like this, how could it be? I’m all woman, dude.”

“There we go!” He laughed again and treated himself to an appreciative view, his eyes lingering overly-long on my tits as they bounced oh so slightly with each heavy step in the sand. I rolled my eyes. I shouldn’t have gotten him started

“Oh my god, dude,” I put a hand on my hip, “I know they’re prize-winning melons and all, but come on, do you really have to be so obvious?”

“Huh?”

“If you stare any harder you’re going to drill holes into them.”

“You didn’t have any problem with me staring earlier,” he held up his hands defensively.

"Uh yeah?" I put a hand on my hip. "I'm pretty sure I've always had a problem with you staring. You're my friend, Daniel, but come on, what sort of girl do you take me for? "

"Didn't you just win a bikini contest by being - in your own words - a total whore?" He frowned, "Why are you getting all shy now?"

"That's different." I wiggled in embarrassment and waved a hand dismissively. "That's... *performance*. With you, the way you leer sometimes its like..." I crossed my hands over my cleavage. "We've known each other since middle school, its weird."

"So, you don't like it when guys stare at your body?"

"I don't, as a matter of fact. Not off the stage, anyway. Come on dude, you know that. You know I'm not into dudes."

"Oh!" his eyes went wide, as though he had somehow forgotten all the time we'd spent ogling girls together. "Right, well, let's fix that too, then!"

"Fix what?"

Tttttzzzz

"Sorry, what were you saying about not liking it when guys stare at your body?"

"I don't like it when *you* stare at my body." I thought for a second then continued with a sly smile. "Other guys will be determined on a case-by-case basis depending on how cute they are." I laughed. "But the only person I'd always be okay staring at me like that would be, I don't know, if you were my boyfriend or something."

"So you're saying - "

"Enough! Don't get any ideas! You're a friend Daniel, my best friend, but nothing more."

"But if we *were* dating," the idea turned over in his head, "you'd let me stare at your tits?"

"I..." I frowned. I really shouldn't have gotten him started. "Yes?"

He looked around at the crowd. We were back at our initial location now, people had come and gone and somehow our little patch of space remained free. His eyes darted from couple to couple before finally landing on that one from earlier - the bodybuilder and his girlfriend in the elegant red speedo.

Tttttzzzz

"So what your saying," he laughed, "Is that because we're dating, you'll let me stare at your tits?"

Well," I uncrossed my hands from my gigantic jugs. "I suppose if you keep asking like that, I don't have much choice do I?" I giggled and stepped closer, the heat of my warm skin just aching to press into him. "As long as it's you, I suppose it's okay. Why?" I rolled my shoulders back to press my chest forward so he could get a better look. "Do you like what you see?"

His eyes bulged. I smiled. He was so cute when he was being a perv. It had its limits, of course, but after all the support he had given me at the contest I could put up with some appreciative stares from like, the one person who's opinion I actually cared about. Besides, he had really come through earlier. He'd earned a bit of a treat.

"You know what?" he smiled back. "This wasn't the route I had wanted to take, but let's roll with it."

"Huh?"

"You just..." he tilted his head and ran a finger along my beard. I blushed, it had been a while since I'd had my face waxed, sue me. "You just need a few more changes."

"Changes?"

He waved the remote around again and started pressing buttons. I frowned. Men. Here I am sticking my tits out for him and he'd rather be staring at electronics.

"Oh wow." he turned back to face me.

"What?" I scratched my nose.

"Your *face*." he held back a laugh. "It's like you're a completely different person."

"Well, I mean," I raised an eyebrow. "I'm not going to wear my glasses to a bikini contest, you know?"

He pointed it at me again and started clicking. I brushed the blonde hair out of my eye then tied my short pink hair up in a bun, letting the long brown hair hang down in pigtails.

"What are you even doing?" I put a hand on my hip. "Clicking it over and over again isn't going to make it suddenly do all that stuff you said earlier. Face it, Daniel, you got ripped off."

"I can't decide." He tilted his head and stepped back, taking in the whole of me in with an appraising eye. "There's just so many options."

"Can't decide what?" I tapped my foot. A little girl with a mohawk ran past.

"Nothing!" He had that mischievous look on his face. Then our eyes locked and it was like he was looking at me as though for the first time. "Wow. You really do look amazing, you know that? You're like everything I could have ever dreamed."

I blushed. Sure he said that sort of thing all the time, but it was still nice to hear. Still, if he thought he was getting out of it that easy he had another thing coming.

"Baby," I put some sternness in my gravelly voice. "You've been staring at that tv remote thing for like, ten minutes. Come on, we're at the beach. It's time to spend some quality time together, not fiddle around with a remote control."

"I'm almost done with it, uh, babe." he pointed it back at me. "I just want to fix your-" I snatched it out of his hands.

"Hey!" His eyes went wide in panic. "Daniel, please, that's not funny! You need to be very careful with that thing. Give it back!"

"Later." I put a finger to his nose and winked as I nestled the thing into the bright pink band of my straining side-tie string bikini bottoms. "Come on," I gestured, "look where we are! Let's go enjoy the sun!"

But he wasn't having any of it. His hand darted down and made a grab for the remote before I even had a chance to react. He got it alright, but he pulled out the knot holding that side of my suit together in the process.

"Really!?" I gasped, grasping for the strings as they fluttered away, my face turning red. I never thought I'd be thankful to my suit riding up my ass, but thank god the string had been nestled into my great big jiggling bubble butt or else it might have fallen away entirely. I clutched the strings with one hand.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" he held out one hand defensively as he cradled the remote in the other. "I just... this thing is too important. I can't risk anything happening to it."

"Wow." I pinched the bridge of my nose with my free hand. "I see how it is. You can't even trust your own boyfriend with it. Jesus, Dave, you really are obsessed."

"Wait," he froze. "Boyfriend?"

"Yeah, come on, you've only been my girlfriend since like, highschool. I thought I knew you better than this." I frowned. "That remote's got you acting legit crazy. Come on, give it here, it's time to put it away."

"No" he twisted away from me. I furrowed my brow, hurt that he'd think he couldn't trust me, but also angry that he was acting like such a child.

I stepped forward and made another grab. The device fired as his grip tightened. We struggled, but he had the advantage on grip and strength. I let my other hand go to try to get both hands on it, but that just caused my dick to flop out of my bikini as, still untied one side, my bottoms flew open. I squealed in surprise and let go of the remote, holding a hand to my crotch and trying to preserve what little modesty I could.

"No!" In my absence, he tumbled forward, the remote flying as he held an arm out to catch himself. He crashed down to the ground just in time to see the thing smash against a rock. It pulsed and fizzled. He ran forward to pick it up

"Oh no." he gasped out in his breathy alto "Oh no no no."

"Oh shit," I held out a hand. "Baby, I'm so sorry!"

"This is, like, terrible!" he cried. He held a hand to his throat in alarm, surprised at the bubble gum pep in his voice. "Like, oh my god!"

"Everybody is..." His eyes darted around the beach, the look of horror on his face escalating with each glance. "Everybody is..." I quickly shoved my dick back into position, then looked around. What was he seeing?

I followed his eyes to a dog walking past, tail wagging out of its swim trunks, the lead in its mouth leading up to the collar around its owner's neck. The woman was tugging excitedly, overexcited by all the people and eager to run off in every direction all at once.

Over by the lifeguard shed, a baby was leaning back to take a puff on a cigarette while her father - irresponsible parent that she was, sucked greedily on a pacifier. Not too far away a man that I can only imagine was the baby's mother was crawling over to a bottle of beer sticking out from a cooler, his butt scooting in her diaper as she wiggled her way over to it.

A little closer to us, a young boy was playing keep-away with his teenage sister's phone. The poor girl only came up to his boobs as he held it high above her head, she tried to jump for it but she just didn't have the height.

Near the candy shack, a squirrel that had been flying around finally made a pass to snatch the ice cream out of an old man's hand, she broke down in tears and cried for her mother, who was in a stroller nearby.

I turned my gaze back to Daniel. What was he freaking out about? It seemed like a perfectly normal scene at the beach to me.

Daniel had turned his attentions to himself, patting himself down, his hands roaming along the well-developed muscles of his lanky body like he was searching for a gunshot wound. He looked relieved at first, but then he got to his crotch.

"Oh my god." he shoved one hand down his swim trunks, then the other. "Oh. My. God. This can *not* be happening! "

"Baby!" I hissed, "What are you doing?"

"I- I... I've got a cunt!"

I rolled my eyes. Men and their pussies. Well - a smirk crossed my face – it's not like I didn't enjoy this particular one.

"Mmm, you sure do baby." I licked my lips. "Tell you what? I apologize about your remote, how about I try to make it up to you, huh?"

"What?"

"How about we head back to the car and I make you forget all about it?" I added a giggle and a bit of a wiggle.

"Huh?"

"Come on, baby, you've been staring all day. I know I can't help but look good in this bikini. What kind of boyfriend would I be if I got my girlfriend all hot and bothered and then didn't help her out?"

"Girlfriend? But - I'm, like, totally a man!"

"And I'm a woman, dude. Doesn't make me any less your boyfriend. Now come on, let's slip away to the car and see how I look with this bikini off." I gave him a big wink and lowered the hand holding the strings of my bikini bottom to give him a tantalizing look at my thighs.

Sure enough, his eyes roamed low, staring stunned at the sizeable bulge my little dick was making.

"You -" his eyes went wide. "You've got a..." he blushed. It wasn't like he hadn't seen my hard dick a thousand times. I was lucky that it was relatively small - only a foot long. Otherwise I'd have trouble fitting it into my suit.

He swallowed dryly then licked his lips. He glanced between me at the shattered remote and then to my crotch, then back to his own crotch. Finally he looked me in the eye. His eyeshadow really brought out the depth of his sparkling eyes.

"You know what?" he gave a shrug and then a laugh. "Fuck it. Why not?"

"That's the spirit!" I took his hand. "Come on!"

Hand in hand we made our way over to where we had parked.

"So, like, tell me," he asked, "are you, like, happy now?"

"What a weird question." I wrinkled my nose. I had been down because of Dianna sure, but being with Dave, well, it reminded me that there were still people out there that cared for me, that I was loved. That I could be myself.

Besides, honestly? It was probably for the best. I had been devastated by the breakup, yes, but it was inevitable. She was just no good for me. Not to mention – I frowned - we were both straight women,

and I'd been dating Daniel the whole time, how did that even work? I really don't know what I had been thinking.

But was I happy?

"Yeah. I think I am." I leaned down and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you, Daniel."

"Great." he blushed. "That makes me, like, totally happy too." He scooped up the broken remote and put it in his back pocket.

"I guess it worked after all, huh?"

"Like, huh?"

"You said it was going to get us laid." I laughed. "Now we're about to!"

I adjusted the strap of my bikini as we walked off towards the parking lot, his stiletto heels sinking into the sand as he struggled to keep up. Maybe today wasn't going to be so bad after all.

The End.