

Otterly Strong Lifeguard

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [Drako Draconis of FurAffinity](#)

Drako yawned and stretched, basking in the wonderful sun. It was a beautiful day, the first one in a while. The rain had been going on and on for what felt like weeks. It was finally time to get out of the dang house and enjoy the sunshine.

He relaxed his body and looked down at himself, frowning slightly. *Well, could be a bit better honestly.* He felt his flat chest and stomach. So scrawny.

He shook his head. Wasn't time to be all negative. He was out at the beach, enjoying the sand between his toes, the gentle waves crashing onto the shore, and more. Now was the time to enjoy himself and the experience.

Still could be fitter and have actual muscles instead of bone. He huffed, shaking his head again. Enough of that. He was fine with himself for now. Just walk and focus on something else.

Well, that walk didn't last long. The moment he did start moving again, his foot banged against something. He flinched, nearly tripping there.

What the hell? He looked down and sure enough, something was sticking out of the sand. It was red and looked to be made of plastic.

Curious, Drako got down on his knees and started digging in the sand. What exactly did he just hit? It seemed rather big.

A took a little bit, but, eventually, he pulled out a rather large item. He had seen one of these before. He didn't know the exact name, but it was a lifeguard board or something. They always had one of them when they were rescuing someone.

Brushing some sand off, the board looked pretty new all things considered. "Wonder how this got here." He glanced around. There weren't any lifeguard stations or chairs as far as he could see. He was sure there wasn't any he passed where he was walking earlier either. Where exactly did this thing come from?

Thinking a little, he stood up, holding the board tightly in his grasp. This thing was doing no good being buried in the sand over here. *Might as well find a place I can drop this off.* He brushed some more sand off. *Not like I'm going home anytime soon anyway.*

Grasping the item tightly, he couldn't help but notice it felt a little hotter. Did these things absorb heat quickly or something? Though, he couldn't help but feel warmer as well. He brushed his forehead, wiping the sweat starting to form.

"Phew... man, did the sun kick it up a notch or something?" It was probably that, right? Maybe he was just not paying attention and after having a little workout from digging something out, the heat finally felt like it was starting to get to him.

Either way, he brushed his head of sweat again. "Better find somewhere I can drop this rescue can off soon. I need to cool off for a bit."

Curiously though, as he wiped his forehead, the back of his hand grew fuzzy. The hairs on it started to thicken as more strands sprouted. More and more came in, the color slowly turning into a rich coat of chestnut brown fur.

His other hand didn't escape such growth either. As it held onto the buoy, brown fur grew up and over its backside. It then stretched out over his fingers and even along the tips and palm, giving his grasp a complete coating.

Even then, the changes seem to continue. His hand clenched tightly onto the can suddenly as it trembled. His fingernails darkened before pulling forward, moving to the tips of the fingers. They grew dense and thick, their shape cone-like as they pulled into stubby claws.

Upon the underside of his fingers and palm, fur spread open as the skin bubbled and swelled, pressing out into soft, black pads. Between his fingers, the skin seemed to stretch and attach the digits together, forming slight webbing.

Darko took a deep breath and let it out, the brushing hand gaining animalistic features too. Enough standing around and letting the heat get to him. Time to get moving and see where he can drop this thing off.

He began his walk again down the beach, the hunt for a lifeguard commencing. He walked and walked, his body starting to grow a little hotter by the second.

As he walked, his feet shifted with each step. They slowly stretched out and widened at the front, hairs sprouting. His toes twitched and swelled, some merging together little by little until there were only three digits per foot. Like the hands, his nails stretched to the ends, forming stubby claws. Black pads sprouted on his soles as brown fur engulfed his feet.

With his feet different, the way he walked shifted too. His movement and pace shifted into more of a strut with a lumbering, proud gait in it. His chest was pushed out a little as if he was proud of his figure and shape.

Yet, he didn't notice a thing. *Seriously, why was this rescue can buried? Like, such a bummer if it was. Some folks around here could use somebody with this.*

His pondering was short-lived. Looking ahead, a couple of ladies were walking by. A couple of furry, anthro ladies in tight swimsuits covering their generous curves. Darko took a step to the side to avoid walking into them.

However, a glint twinkled in his eyes now. He focused hard on the ladies, very hard. He took in their soft curves, breasts subtly jiggling within their swimsuits and how snug their bikini bottoms were on their backside. They were pretty, very pretty.

His body reacted before he could think of it. He smiled and winked at them, brushing his hair back with his free paw. His locks seemed to react to that, quivering. As the paw went through them, the purple hair dye seemed to melt right out. Beneath it, a bright blond took its place, hair now firmly slicked back and thicker.

Despite the obvious move, the ladies didn't notice, or if they didn't, gave him no attention. He didn't really care about that. He had stopped again.

What the hell? Where did that come from? I mean, those babes... they were cute and all, but why did I act like some kind of dumb, airhead?

Drako huffed, rubbing his face. He struggled to think of an answer to where that came from, pouting a little. His lips reacted, their color draining and darkening. They slowly turned black and gummy, the bottom lip swelling just a tad while the top shrank.

Whatever brought that attitude, he had no time for it. He continued his march, unaware of yet another addition. Right above his rear and shorts, a small bump had appeared. It stretched out from his tailbone, gently pushing against his shorts and gaining hairs over it.

Drako walked along without any more interruptions. Though, an odd, annoying sensation came to him. He scratched at his sides, then his face, then his arms. His claws gently went over his skin as he scratched away, thankfully not hurting a thing.

He scratched his face again, huffing a little. Around his cheeks, some thick, individual strands sprouted. They grew long, forming cute whiskers.

He scratched again. *Uuuugh, why am I so itchy? Oooof, I don't need any of-*

Splash! “H-h-help!” Draco stopped in his tracks. His ears twitched, soft brown fur growing over them. He turned his head to the left, his ears turning round and moving to the top sides of his head. His ears twitched again.

“H-help me!” Off in the distance, far from shore, Drako could see something. Someone was flailing about in the water. There was trouble!

“Whoooooa bro!” He gasped, “That ain’t good! Somebody’s gotta help the lil’ dude!” He looked around furiously as fur started growing in. Dark brown covered his sides and back, a lighter, sand tone covering his chest and stomach.

However, looking around, there was a problem. No one seemed to notice! Everywhere he looked, everyone was just having fun or chilling. No one saw the guy off in the distance drowning! Someone had to step up.

Drako huffed, nodding. *It's my duty! I gotta help!* He turned towards the person, his shoulders broadening. *Well... not my duty or anything but... I dunno, sounds like it is, like I should be doing it.*

Regardless, he shook his head and took off. He dashed towards the water faster than he should be able to. His body was gaining definition. What once was thin had quickly expanded and reshaped itself into something lean, but fitter. Muscle mass took the place of what was scrawny, his figure on par with an athletic runner now.

And run he did. He dipped and dodged around the surprisingly large number of people on the beach and in the water when he reached it. He especially had to dodge around a rather large, buff canine man who wasn’t looking where he was going.

Just as Drako spun around him, his nose twitched. Its color blackened, skin turning bumpy as his nostrils flared up. His nose tip pulled up as his nose reshaped into an animal snoot. With said snoot, he took in the dog’s rather tempting, attractive scent and musk.

He shivered. *Mmmm, maybe I should ask the dude for some digits and-*

Drako smacked his head. *No, bro! Focus on the job, duh!*

He trudged along until the water was nearing his hips, stopping then. The person was still pretty far out. The ocean must have really washed him out there.

Either way, Drako took a deep breath and focused. He bent forward somewhat, wiggling his bottom. The nub above his rear grew rapidly, stretching several feet as brown fur covered its top, light sandy fur coating its underside.

With a push, Drako dove into the deeper water like an Olympic swimmer. Swimming only a few feet, he instantly understood how the guy had been dragged out. The riptide and waves were powerful that day, threatening to pull him under just as well.

Drako swam with all his might, struggling to hold the rescue can during all of this. It slowly became harder after a while, fur beginning to spread from his hands and feet onto his limbs. It was an extra layer that wasn't helping.

Need to... help him. Drako pushed harder, his body growing longer and firmer. *Need... need to reach him!* His muscles pulsed and expanded, his arms and legs ballooning. *I can do this!* He smirked and pushed harder, his speed picking up as his chest widened.

In no time, he had reached the drowning man, who had stopped flailing and started sinking. "Hang on, lil' dude!" Drako huffed, "I'm comin'!"

He dove under the water, the riptide no longer an issue. The small guy slowly sank until he was scooped right up. He carefully brought him to the surface, making sure the guy grabbed onto his can.

The rescuee gasped and gasped, looking like he was still having difficulty breathing and focusing. "**Come on, lil' dude!**" Drako gasped too, helping paddle them back, "**You just hold onto my board there, and I'll get you back ta shore!**"

He wasn't sure if he fully heard him, but the guy did at least grab onto the rescue can tighter, so that was good. Drako helped paddled and swim them back to shore, fighting any more currents that fought back. Part of him wondered why he thought the board was his.

But that part quickly vanished as he focused on the task at hand.

"**And there we go,**" Drako chuckled, pulling the man to his feet, "**CPR done and finished checkin' ya out. I say you're all totally good to go!**" He smacked the guy on the back, a tiny bit of seawater spitting out of him.

There were cheers and applause. A small group had gathered around when they saw him bring the guy to shore, curious and wondering if everything would be alright. However, Drako had saved the day, a small smirk crossing his mug.

And with a small group huddled around, he felt a certain need surge up. He playfully stretched and pushed his chest out, wanting to show off. There wasn't much to show off though until but his body corrected that. His chest widened and bulged, developing into nice pecs. His stomach developed washboard abs, even visible underneath his fur.

He chuckled, eyeing some of the anthros around. **“No prob’ at all folks. Just a dude with a job ta do here~.”** He winked at a few of the handsome and cute anthros, who smiled and looked back appreciatively.

Drako soaked in all of those looks. It made him feel warm, fuzzy, and happy on the inside. On the outside, the warm and fuzzy part was definitely spreading. The rest of his fur was growing in, spreading up his neck and to his face. Dark brown covered most of his mug, except for sandy brown fur that covered his mouth and cheeks.

“Hey!” A sudden voice brought him back down to earth. It was the dog anthro that smelled good from before. He held out his paw to him. “I think you dropped this when you ran out into the water? Seems like yours.”

In his paw was a silver whistle with a chain. Drako stared at it. After a moment, he took it and put it around his neck. **“Thanks, bro~.”** He winked at the anthro, who smirked and winked back. Maybe he could get this guy's digits later. He loved his job's little bonuses.

But he still had to do the rest of his job. He looked back to his rescuee, who seemed to be doing better. **“Doing alright?”**

The man nodded, rubbing his forehead. “Y-yeah... I'm alright now. Thank you so much for helping me.”

“Not at all!” Drako looked back to the crowd one last time and took a deep breath. His torso widened a bit more, his shape more muscled and fit. He put the whistle into his mug and blew it. Everyone around flinched in surprise. **“Alright folks, time to head on out. Nothin’ more ta see around here. Need you to stop crowdin’ around the poor dude.”**

There were some mumbles and disappointed sighs, but everyone started to leave and return to what they were doing. The guy thanked Drako one last time and headed off. Drako himself smiled and reached down, grabbing the rescue can off the ground.

With one final bend over, his tail grew one last time. It widened a little bit more, fur more bristly, and an extra foot or two added onto it. His otter tail was now almost half as long as him.

Drako cracked his shoulders and resumed his walk. He walked and walked, passing by grateful beachgoers and other lovely anthros. Part of him didn't remember why exactly he was walking, but it didn't matter. On he went.

On he went until he spotted a lifeguard station off in the distance. He smiled and started over to it, his stride growing more confident and prideful. He pushed out his chest, making sure people could check out his peccs. He worked so hard on them, and it would be a shame if no one really appreciated them.

He walked by a few more anthros, giving them a wave and a wink. God, everyone was just damn hot today! If only he could cut early to hang with some of them.

His groin stirred at the thought. His own shorts shrank and shrank as the bulge in them grew. The shorts became short shorts, tight and form-fitting as spandex, highlighting the bump in the front and the tight buns in the back. His bulge only grew more until it was far bigger than a cantaloupe, protruding out proudly.

He eventually reached the lifeguard station and sighed, stretching a little. His face pushed forward, teeth sharpening slightly. A few cracks and pops followed as his cheeks slightly widened, his nose sliding to the front of his extending face. Eventually, it pulled fully out into a strong, but small muzzle.

The otter yawned. He was finally back at post. *Probably should hang around this spot some more in case people need help. Heh, can't keep fussin' over every hot hunk and babe that comes walkin' this-*

"Hey there, Mr. Hunky Lifeguard~." Drako flinched and spun around. A rather pretty wolf girl is strutting over to him, swaying her hips temptingly.

"H-hello, Ms. Wolf," Drako gulped, **"How may I help you?"**

"Oh, I just wanted to get you alone for a sec," she cooed, walking straight up to him and pressing her chest against his own. He felt his shorts tenting.

"I've always admired lifeguards and had a thing for handsome otters like you." She licked her chops. "And see you rescue that poor man out there... well, my appreciation and "interest" in you has only increased."

“S-so... what do ya need, babe?”

With a sly grin, she reached into her cleavage and pulled out a napkin with something very enticing on it. “Here’s my digits. Perhaps you can give me a call sometime. My friends and me would love to spend time with a big, hunky hero like yourself. Maybe you could even “save” us in your own special way~.”

“Heh, I’ll be sure to keep that in mind~.” Man, he looved this job.

THE END