**Naked in a Swimsuit Shop**

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This is an erotic experience that I had some years ago while vacationing with my wife Denise on the island of St. Martin. It would surely qualify as the most erotic experience of my life which did NOT actually include a sexual act.

We stayed at the Esmeralda, a very nice bungalow complex located on Orient Beach about a half mile down the beach from Club Orient, the noted nude resort. Back then the entire Orient Beach was substantially more nude-friendly than it is these days. The section of Orient Beach at Esmeralda was called Coco beach, which saw occasional nudity and topless was prevalent. And yes, Denise and I enjoyed using the beach there nude.

One day we took a drive in our rental car to visit Cupecoy nude beach on the opposite side of the island. Later in the afternoon while driving back, Denise thought it would be a good idea to do some shopping. The place she had in mind was this ramshackle group of folding tables, tents and sheds at Orient Beach that peddled various T-shirts, souvenirs, etc. This glorified flea market was located near Club Orient, just beyond the famous Pedro's ribs & chicken joint, and basically in a parking lot just beyond the beach.

While browsing the various vendors, we found ourselves at a shop that sold beach attire. This shop was a walk-thru, one side open toward the other shops and the other end was open onto the beach. It was about the size of a two-car garage. I believe it had a real roof, but the walls were canvas. The normal bathing suits, sunglasses and hats were on display. But since this is Orient Beach, French St. Martin, more prominently displayed were G-strings, thongs, sheer cover-ups, etc.

What immediately caught my attention was the shopkeeper. She was a 40ish French woman, pretty, slim, nicely built and nearly naked. She was wearing one of the items that were for sale. It was a tiny loincloth, which was simply a thin leather strip around the waist with a small piece of suede hanging in front which was fringed at the bottom. She wore no top at all and of course, had a deep bronze all-over tan.

She looked great in that little fringed loincloth which showed anyone who cared to glance down that she was either totally shaved or had the tiniest of landing strips. And her perky "A+" breasts were standing right up there. She was a sight to behold.

This little shop was fairly busy while we were there. There seemed to be at least half-dozen women in that shop at any given time. I guess it shouldn't have been a surprise that there was no changing room whatsoever, since the shop opened out onto a clothing optional beach. At the time, I was the only man in the shop, and I told Denise that I felt a little out of place. But Denise pointed out that they also sold men's swimwear. But I was still uncomfortable being in there.

Uncomfortable was an understatement; realizing that I was witnessing a woman and two teenage girls stripping off whatever they happened to be wearing and trying on all these teensy bikinis right before me. Then I noticed other women doing the same. I found it extremely erotic watching these women peeling off their swimsuits and trying on others knowing but not caring that I was standing just feet away. During the time we were there, a few women walked in off the beach topless, as well as one totally nude. How odd, yet exciting it was to see those women putting things on over their naked bodies.

Denise found a skimpy thong and bikini top she wanted to try on. Standing near the front of the shop facing the parking lot, she just whipped off her shorts, pulled her T-shirt over her head and handed them to me. Denise was standing there totally naked, trying on the tiny bikini, right where any passerby could, and in fact did see her changing. Strangely enough, I found that watching my wife, naked and changing right then and there, was just as erotic as watching the other women changing.

I said strange, because you would think that seeing my naked wife would not be a big deal since we had just spent all afternoon at a nude beach with my naked wife beside me. But this was very, very different. This was a place where you never expect to see women getting naked.

Denise asked how the thong and top and looked on her. I told her that she looked fabulous. But she wanted to try a G-string and different top. As Denise was striking a pose for me to evaluate that set, the shopkeeper came to her aid and led Denise over the only full length mirror in the shop so she could see for herself how it looked.

After changing into a few more items, she decided on just a thong and a wraparound thing she liked. Then Denise tried to convince me to try on a man's thong. I was a little skeptical, first thinking that I'd never wear it. And secondly, with all the "activity" in the shop I was definitely a bit aroused, and was definitely a getting a little "chubby". And without a changing room, well, it was simply not a good idea.

But with Denise insisting, I found a spot behind a clothing rack, and I slipped off my baggy shorts, and quickly pulled on a thong that Denise had chosen. The shopkeeper immediately came over to us, and said how great I looked in it. She took me by the hand and led me right over to the open area in the store by the mirror so I could see for myself. I was sweating bullets, knowing that I was getting harder by the second.

Then the shopkeeper suggested I try on a different style and color thong. Denise chimed in also, insisting that I try one that she just found. The shopkeeper took the thong in hand, held it up before me saying it was a very popular item and was sure it would look great on me. Unlike the other thong, the material on this one looked very thin and light. But as always, I tried to make my Denise happy and nodded in agreement.

I reached out to take the thong from the shopkeeper, but she pulled back and motioned with her hand for me to take the other thong off. I hadn't expected her to stand right there while I changed!

I hesitated just a moment and wondered what her reaction would be seeing me in such a state. I was obviously beyond just chubby; and still growing by the second. Then she again motioned for me to give it up while saying something softly in French. Oh God, I had no idea what she said, but it sounded so sexy! That did not help the situation.

So with her standing there again motioning "gimme" with her left hand, I pulled off the thong as quickly as I could and handed it to her while grabbing the other one from her right hand and pulling it on making sure "junior" was completely tucked in.

My immediate reaction was wow; this thing is really, really, thin. It felt like I wasn't wearing anything. The material seemed to be the same material as Denise's favorite sexy semi-transparent panties except maybe more elastic. Denise and the French shopkeeper were both just standing there looking down. Smiling and nodding.

I said OK, its fine, we'll take it. But it wouldn't be that easy for me, Frenchie first had to inspect it, motioning for me to turn around, tugging at the thong to make sure everything was straight, patting me on my bare butt, signaling me to turn back toward the mirror. As I was turning, I glanced at Denise, my eyes begging her to save me. Denise was just smiling and nodding in approval.

Frenchie then insisted I look at myself in the mirror to make sure I was happy with the choice. I was actually afraid to look, because what I suspected was then obvious to me. And yes, it was also obvious to anyone else that I had an erection. I told her thank you, it was a good choice. Then she nodded in approval, and stood there with her hand out again. What? She was waiting for me to take it back off.

By now, I hard as nails and just a heartbeat away from popping right out of the next-to-nothing thong. I quickly said that it was OK, that I would just wear it, reaching out to Denise for my shorts. But Denise protested telling me not to be silly, and to just to take it off.

I quickly looked around the shop; no one seemed to paying particular attention to us except two younger women wearing regular bathing suits had just walked near to us. They were standing just a few feet away and holding straw hats and were apparently waiting to use our mirror.

Oh well, I thought. This situation isn't going to get any better, and I just turned slightly away from them and yanked off that thong. Sproing! Yes, there I was sporting 7 inches of hard cock with the shopkeeper standing directly in front of me and checking me out. Just moments ago I was trying my best not be caught in such a situation and dreading the moment. But there I was, now feeling a rush like never before!

I stood there frozen, looking eye to eye with the shopkeeper, who glanced down at my cock and looked back up to make eye contact, then looked down again, a broad warm smile growing across her face as she looked back into my eyes. A moment later, she began to drop down in front of me! In a flash my head about exploded! I envisioned her dropping to her knees and taking me in her mouth!

But no, she was merely stooping slightly to take the thong from my hand. Was it just another tease? Or was my imagination running wild? It was probably both.

Then, purposely I'm sure, she gently and slowly dragged the thong over my erect cock as she turned to walk away! Luckily I didn't blow a load right then and there.

Denise was now waving my shorts in front of me, breaking my trance. I slipped on my shorts and as we turned to walk away from the mirror, there were those two younger women standing there bug-eyed, both with huge grins. At that moment it occurred to me that while I turned away from them, I was standing in front of a full length mirror. I don't know about anyone else in the shop, but those two certainly didn't miss that show.

We paid for our stuff got out of there as quick as possible. Once outside, Denise burst into laughter. My only response was to practically drag Denise back to our bungalow for much needed sexual release. Whatever that was that transpired in that shop, it made Denise just as horny as me. It was a great afternoon for sure.

In retrospect, I realized that the shopkeeper and Denise, without speaking a word, had somehow conspired to tease and humiliate me. I'm not sure who enjoyed it more, the French shopkeeper, Denise, or me.