**Naked in the Bikini Shop**

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After my divorce last year I decided to take better care of myself. I started watching my diet and exercising regularly. Now at 35, I think I look pretty hot! My tummy is flat, and my 34C boobs are still quite perky. My ass is also nice and round again and tight from all the running I do, so when I picked out a bikini to wear in Mexico this year, I didn't think twice about picking one that showed off my body nicely.

Walking down the beach however, I was noticed all the young girls wearing even skimpier suits than me. Many of them had low-rise suits that revealed a little bit of butt-crack. I continued walking when I saw a bikini shop just off the beach. I decided to go inside for a look. I thought something more revealing was in order!

The place was crowded. Mostly girls, but some guys too. I pushed my way through the crowd and began to sort through the suits hanging on the wall or displayed in bins. I picked out a blue two-piece suit that looked like it would sit quite low on my hips. I made my way to the back of the store and found the change-booths. All of them were occupied so I waited until one became free.

I entered the booth and closed the door. I looked at myself in the mirror on the back of the door. I did in fact like the brown bikini I was wearing. The top was a typical bikini top but the bottom was cut high in the back, showing off my cheeks a little. It certainly wasn't "modest" but it didn't grab anyone's attention either.

I stripped off my old bikini and put it beside my wallet on the small seat beside me. I turned to look at the mirror on the door, and admired my body. "Not too bad," I thought. I ran my hands over my soft tits. My skin was still very cold and my nipples still stiff from the swim in the ocean earlier. My skin was already tanning and by comparison my tits looked milky white. I looked down at my pussy. I traced my fingers over the small strip of brown pubic hair I had left unshaven. I decided to focus on the task at hand, lest I start playing with myself!

I picked up the blue bikini and unfolded it. I put the top on first. "Wow," I thought. It offered less support than my brown one and no wonder - it dipped so low it came close to exposing my areolas! I'd have to be very careful coming out of the water that my big tits didn't spill out! The bottom was dramatically smaller than my old one. It sat low on my hips and showed off a lot more butt-crack than I thought it would. The front was cut a lot lower too. Honestly, it dipped so low it barely covered my little strip of pubic hair. I have to admit I started to get a little turned on. I imagined myself walking down the beach, my big boobs bouncing in this little top, while men admired my little round ass.

I decided to leave this one on and go get another one to try on. I opened the door and carefully stepped out. I still felt quite self-conscious wearing a smaller suit and showing off more of my body than usual, but the store was filled with people, many of whom were wearing bikinis also, and that made me feel a little more comfortable. I looked down at my chest. I hadn't noticed how thin the material was. My hard nipples were easily visible under the material, and not just that they was hard, and poking out, but you could literally see my dark nipple. I smiled. This was exciting.

I walked through the store, watching men turn their heads as they noticed my hard nipples under the small top.

I walked over to another bin. The sign read "Wear if you Dare!" I smiled and picked up the small package. It was wrapped in plastic so I couldn't tell what it looked like, other than it was white. I turned and returned to the change room with it.

I slipped out of the blue bikini and set it aside. Standing there naked I began to open the package when I heard a voice from over the door which made me jump.

"Excuse me," the voice said, "are you done trying on that blue suit?" I assumed the voice belonged to one of the staff who wanted to offer the suit to someone else to try on.

"Yes, hang on," I said. I scooped up the suit and handed it over the top of the door.

I continued to open the package and unfold the most bizarre bikini I'd ever seen. It was mostly white string. The bottom had a single small triangle of fabric. I laughed out loud as I unfolded it. It was truly ridiculous. I decided to try it on anyway, knowing that in a million years I wouldn't wear it in public.

I started to tie the top piece on. The bottom string across my chest disappeared under my breasts. I pulled each "cup" around my breasts and then tied it up behind my neck. I then adjusted the small string that ran down the center of each cup. I imagined this string was supposed to cross each nipple, but my nipples sit high up and point slightly outward.

I picked up the bottom piece and tied it on. This was odd. The tiny triangle in front didn't cover my pussy. In fact as I put it on, the string passed between my pussy lips. The tiny triangle of white fabric simply covered my little square patch of pubic hair, just above my lips. I turned around and looked at my ass in the mirror. The white sting was all but invisible. I was essentially naked from behind! Even the young girls I'd passed on the beach wouldn't dream of wearing this thing in public no matter how fit they are!

I decided I'd had enough fun with this suit and decided to return it to the package. I turned to pick up my original bikini and change back into it when I got the shock of my life. My old bikini wasn't on the seat anymore. My heart jumped into my throat. In horror I realized that I had walked back into the wrong change-room. I had handed the only other suit I had to the sales girl. I stood there in shock. I had nothing to wear except this pornographic bikini!

"Oh my fucking God," I said to myself.

I started to panic. Even with this "bikini" on I was still naked, and how was I going to get into the next change booth to get my clothes?

I opened the door a crack. The salesperson who took my blue suit away was nowhere to be seen. I closed the door. I looked at myself in the mirror again. I was as much as naked. Worse really. The white "top" merely outlined my bare boobs. The bottom was just a string that split my pussy. And from the back I was, well, naked.

What the hell was I going to do? I could slip out and into the next booth quickly and grab my clothes, or I could dash out and...

I shook my head. Any way around it I was essentially walking out of the change booth into a crowded shop, next to naked!

I opened the door a crack and peeked out. The store was full of people. The sales-girl was nowhere to be seen.

I pictured myself dashing over to the bin of bathing suits, grabbing one and dashing back. I imagined my tits bouncing every which way while people watched my bare ass run across the floor. No. I could walk out slowly and calmly, pretending I wasn't naked, pretending I was wearing this invisible bikini on purpose. At least I wouldn't be jiggling all over the place! At least I'd have some dignity.

The more I thought about it the more I got upset, so I took a deep breath and opened the change room door.

I stepped out of the change room and walked onto the floor. It took every ounce of willpower I had not to wrap one arm over my bare chest and clutch my pussy with the other hand. I thought if I act like nothing is wrong, I might go unnoticed if only for a few moments.

"Oh my God," I heard someone whisper from behind me. I could see heads turning everywhere. I saw men smiling and woman gasping. I felt like I was moving in slow motion. Each step away from the change room brought me further into the crowd. With each step I could feel my unrestrained tits bouncing. I felt the cool air of the room on my unconcealed pussy. I felt humiliated as I pushed passed each person, knowing that they got a free look at my naked body. My face was turning red.

I grabbed the first bathing suit I could reach in the first bin that presented itself to me. I turned and, just as quickly walked straight back to the change room. This would all be over in a minute. When I got to the change room I put my hand on the knob and pulled. I felt sick. I pulled on the handle but it did not open.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck," I muttered. I moved to the next booth. It was also locked. I tried the next and the next. All the change rooms were occupied. This was a nightmare!

"Are you ok?" I heard a voice say. I turned my head to see a young man standing there. "Are you ok," he asked again, "You look.. frazzled."

My heart still pounding, I had the presence of mind to fold my arms in front of me, hiding if only a little, my bare tits from view.

"I... I left my wallet.. my bikini in, um," I stammered. I heard another voice. I looked over my other shoulder. It was a young woman.

"Wow, that's a wicked bikini!" she said. "I couldn't... I mean, I'd be too self conscious to..." her voice trailed off.

I was only half-listening. My eyes scanned each change room waiting for the door to open so I could rush in and end this humiliation. Another moment passed. I considered running from the store. I suddenly began to process what the girl had just said to me. She spoke again.

"You've sure got the body for it," she said. I turned to look at her. I could tell she was being sincere. I would have been flattered if I my mind wasn't racing.

I couldn't take it any longer. I saw a curtain in the corner of the store and dashed over to it. Behind the curtain was a well-lit stock room. Two young men were stacking boxes on a shelf. Their jaws dropped when they saw me. I didn't care at this point. I just wanted to cover my body and get out of that store. I untied the top and pulled it off my chest letting it fall to the floor.

"Whoa," whispered the first young man.

I pulled hard on the ties on each side of the bikini bottom. Instead of falling off, each string became a tight knot.

"Shit!!" I exclaimed. The two young men exchanged looks. They were smiling from ear to ear. I tried in vain to untie the first knot. I stood there furiously pulling at it. My big bare breasts shook and jiggled with every pull. I finally realized I just had to push it off me which I did in one quick motion. I unwrapped the other bikini I had in my hand. I stood there naked again for a moment fumbling with the bikini. I learned how difficult it is to get into a bikini when your hands are shaking!

Just then the manager, a woman in her early twenties, walked in. She looked me up and down. She saw the white bikini on the floor and the blue one in my hand.

"What is going on here?" she asked.

I froze. Words caught in my throat. A tear formed in my eye and rolled down my cheek. I was so utterly humiliated I couldn't speak.

The manager picked up the white bikini off the floor and inspected it. She then took the blue bikini from my hands and looked it over as well. Is stood there, naked and motionless, unable to articulate what I was doing there.

"Come with me," she said, and with that she pulled open the curtain leading to the rest of the store.

"This can't be happening," I told myself. I stepped forward out of the back room and into the bright light of the store. I was now slowly marching completely naked through the store, making my way up to the cashier, followed by the store manager. Anyone who hadn't noticed me before was now watching me walk through the store from the back all the way up to the front.

I finally reached the desk at the front of the store. I stood there while the manager described to the two men at the front how she found me in the back with two un-paid-for bikinis.

The men looked me up and down, studying my naked body. I finally caught my breath and explained what had happened. Suddenly a woman came up behind me and said "Is this yours?" She handed me my wallet and brown bikini. The managers, realizing their error, apologized profusely. The woman who had led me up to the front, parading my naked body told me I could keep the white bikini for my trouble.

I turned and walked back through the crowd, this time, a little less embarrassed. I had already been seen naked by everyone anyway, I told myself. When I reached the back I found an available change-booth and went in, locking the door behind me.

I sat down in the little stool and thought about what had just happened. I'd never been so embarassed and so excited in my life. The more I thought about it the more I realized that I was very turned on. I slipped two fingers between my lips and was surprised to discover how wet I had become! I double-checked the lock on the door, then spreading my legs as far as I could in the small room and began to masturbate. The mirror on the back of the door gave me a perfect view of my completely naked body. I ran my fingers quickly in small circles over my hard clit. My orgasm was coming quickly. I stared at my bare tits in the mirror. I braced myself with my other hand so as not to fall off the stool. When the orgasm came, it came hard. I shut my eyes tight. My body tensed up and I shuttered. Slowly, I exhaled.

After a minute or two, I collected my thoughts. I looked at the white string bikini on the floor. "Fuck it," I said to myself. I picked it up and put it on. I picked up my brown bikini and my wallet and opened the change-room door.

People stared and some even whispered as I walked past them. I walked out of the store with my head held high and back onto the beach, as next-to-naked as one could be.