**String Bikini**

by alice 371

**STRING BIKINI 1**

Julie is both my best friend and enabler, if I wear anything that can be untied while poolside I can always rely on her to loosen a few bows or spirit away a towel. Unfortunately, she can’t always be with me when the urge strikes but I have over the years came up with several creative solutions to help me lose an article of troublesome clothing.

The bikini itself was quite substantial both front and back and when tied it properly it was even suitable for swimming and diving, but the designers had tied some rather elaborate bows for the showroom which when undone meant the strings were far longer than usual. I first realised the potential of this as I crouched down to pick up my sunglasses and the string briefly caught under my heel as I stood up, this set my mind racing and I started experimenting the moment I reached my room.

After a productive half hour in front of a mirror I had learned that I could easily make the bow come apart as I stood up by trapping one of the strings under my heel, leaving the front of my suit hanging open or with locking knot end up with the suit left around my ankles. The only difficult part for me was deciding which option to try the following day at the pool.

My first attempt by the poolside was not however successful, after a very distracted swim and sunning session I finally clambered off my sunbed and crouched down to collect my belongings… only having to flick the string a little to make sure it ended up under my heel. Taking a deep breath, I looked straight ahead and stood up quickly awaiting for the look of shock or amusement from the couple near me. Unfortunately, on the wet tiles I was standing on the string just slid straight out, even with the weakened knot. I dropped my sunglasses so I could try once more but if anything the string just came out even faster than before.

I was to be honest a little disappointed, once back at my room and standing on carpet it worked straight away, since I really needed a little naked time anyway I walked out onto the balcony before removing my top and hanging it out dry. The balconies were quite low risk but enjoying an ice cold coke while exposed to the elements helped to ease my tension somewhat. A little later that day while shopping I noticed several places selling cheap plastic charms to hang off bracelets and figured out the solution to my problem.

My anticipation built slowly over the next day until finally after having swam and sunbathed for the best part of an hour I knelt down next to pack my bag. The small netsuke cat now firmly wedged under my heel was not particularly comfortable but I had made sure to choose one without any sharp edges. This time as I stood the cat remained in place as the knot fell apart exposing my other kitty to the people on the sunbeds next to me… however since it was trapped under my foot this pulled the other half of my bottoms down to my knees. So instead of a 5 second flash followed by an embarrassing readjustment they ended up watching my exposed behind for a prolonged time after I quickly turned around to preserve my modesty and attempted to pull the suit back up with cat firmly trapped under my foot. Finally, I took my foot off the charm and pulled my bikini bottoms in place, holding the strings in one hand.

Blushing and apologising profusely I quickly gathered my things and dashed off to the elevator. The combination of laughter from those who saw and clapping ensured that I certainly hadn’t offended anyone but I was glad to find refuge as the doors slid shut in front of me. I was on fire by this point and feeling a little reckless, so instead of retying the bikini I placed it in my bag which I then used to cover my modesty while standing at the back of the elevator. My heart was racing as I finally reached the 10th floor, the odds of somebody going up were low but if anyone was waiting on the other side to go down it’s fair to say the bag wasn’t that big.

Without even checking to see if the coast was clear I sprinted out of the elevator as soon as the doors opened, naked barring my bikini top. A wolf whistle at my departing bottom indicated I had at least some company but there was nobody around by the time I’d reached my room. I paused by the door with my knees shaking but not wanting the experience to be over quite yet.

On a whim I stood in the middle of the corridor and removed my top placing it in the bag with everything else and forced myself to walk back along to the far end of the corridor by the fire escape jumping at every sound… then I decided to walk around to the stairs at the other end of the corridor. I’d almost reached the corner when I heard two laughing couples talking about a streaker who’d sprinted past them few minutes ago.

The voices were getting closer but the adrenaline kicked in and I was back in my room in record time. After a short time when I regained full control of my legs I stood naked on my balcony once more reliving the past 20 minutes in my mind.

**STRING BIKINI 2**

One of my better habits is keeping a gym bag with my workout and swimming kit in the back of my car at all times, so I can exercise whenever the inspiration hits me. This was especially useful while travelling the country as it was not unusual for me to pass a gym, pool or beach to work out at. One thing that some people may consider unusual was that the bag always had two swimsuits in, one practical (though without any lining) and one string.

The opportunity for the string bikini arose when I visited a small swimming pool in the south of England, the changing rooms were mixed and consisted of 30-40 floor to ceiling cubicles with one or two attendants around. It was a very well designed setup that ensured everyone’s modesty was preserved, which on that particular day was far from what I wanted. The one thing in my favour was that the door locks were just below the height of my hips so I quickly undressed and changed into the string bikini with netsuke charm.

While waiting for the sounds of a larger group passing the door I carefully looped the string with the charm on it behind the latch and gave it an experimental tug, as expected the side of my bottom came undone exposing my fluff and the charm fell free behind me. It did not take long after retying the string before I heard a group chatting as they walked towards the pool, so I took a deep breath, looped the string behind the latch and opened the door.

As soon as the group was only a few cubicles away I picked up my bag and walked out letting the door close behind me. The charm was held tight by the latch and as I stepped forward the tie came undone leaving the front of my bottoms to fall towards one side exposing my fluff to the group. They burst out laughing and acting shocked I dropped by bag and quickly turned to face the cubicle while attempting to make myself decent, unfortunately it seemed the charm had actually managed to pull the door latch rather than falling free… so both the door and myself were quite firmly stuck.

After pulling on the string for a moment or two (probably making things much worse) I paused and turned back to the group holding the front of my bottoms in place with one hand though everything to the left of my fluff from toes to boobs was still open to their gaze. Blushing red I simply stated the obvious in that the string was jammed in the door, they were still laughing but the men in the group politely departed while one of the women stayed behind to help.

She tried to release the string by pulling gently from the door, but the string was taunt and it is possible her help actually made things worse. We tried moving me closer to the door and when that did not work she had the bright idea of me turning 180° so my right hand side would be closer to the door freeing up some more of the string. This of course meant twisting the bottoms around my right leg which meant that for a short time I was standing there pretty much naked from the waist down, it would have been easier to simply take the bottoms off at this point but I just blushed a deeper red and stood there with my bottom exposed and covered my fluff with both hands… until the next group walked by seeing me in that state, most laughed one whistled.

I quickly spun back around to face the locker but all that did was let them see my see bottom as they walked slowly past, the bikini now being more of a garter by this point. Once they had passed I turned around again pressing my bottom firmly against the door while covering my fluff with both hands. My companion apologised while commenting it seemed pretty stuck and left me standing there while she went to get an attendant. At least 2 or three groups passed me in that state and all found it funny as blushing from head to toe I would apologise for my current state (though nobody minded) and declined any offers of help as the attendant was coming.

I really should have asked to borrow a towel or simply took my own out of the bag at my feet, since everyone seemed to find it funny it never seemed to occur to them to offer me any sort of cover. After about 10 minutes my helper returned with a young male attendant who was trying very hard to look as professional as possible and most notably had also failed to bring a towel to help me cover up. Having brought the attendant, she said good luck and disappeared to re-join her group and from the smile on her face I did wonder if it had taken so long just so she could find a male attendant.

The attendant took a bunch of keys from his pocket and found one that was really just a flat piece of metal to turn the outer screw on the lock. He then pointed out I’d need to move away from the door in order for him to reach the lock, at first I just shuffled a little to my left which while maintaining my modesty simply made the string more taunt. He tried the key in the lock but it would not turn, he asked if I could move any further away and it was clear that it wouldn’t be possible so still blushing and not making eye contact I moved forward as I turned around again, letting him see my bottom for a brief moment before stood facing him once more.

Another group wandered by the top of the row, likely having heard of my predicament by now since they were laughing before they arrived, the attendant looked over and urged them on telling them to use the cubicles on the other side. Trying the key again it was still tight so he said looks like we might have to just cut the string, I’m really sorry about this. I had no intention of letting that happen unless it was truly stuck so I had a moment of inspiration and said there’s one more thing we can try.

While he watched I took one hand away from my fluff and tried to untie the remaining knot, it had become rather tight in the struggle so I paused took a deep breath then removed the hand covering my modesty. He really should have looked away but I was having fun, after a minute or so of undignified struggle I finally managed to release the knot and the suit fell away towards the door.

It took me a seconds of standing there with everything on show before I covered up again with one hand and tried lifting the bikini bottoms upwards, the attendant had stepped backwards as I walked towards the door so they were standing behind me as I fiddled with the suit. One final group passed the top of the row and I pretended no to notice as they walked past, at least one person quickly peeked back around the corner for a better look at my front. After a little jiggling I finally felt the charm come free so holding the bikini in position I asked the attendant to try the lock again.

I held my position with both hands holding the bikini above the lock, he could probably have just reached over but instead went down on one knee before placing the key in the lock and turning it. As the door opened he smiled and turned his head without thinking “saying, job done”, at this point he was no more than a foot away and realised he had pretty much been speaking to my fluff. He quickly stood up and blushing himself stepped back, I had not covered up but thanked him for his help, he told me to have a good swim and walked past me smiling.

The show was over but since I heard his footsteps stop before passing the end of the row I decided to put the bottoms on in the aisle and let him enjoy looking at my bottom for just a little longer. Now decent again after almost 20 minutes of exposure I picked up my bag and walked over to the lockers, rather happy that not a single person had suggested I put the clothes in my bag back on… and of course there were always the open showers for when Id finished my swim.

**STRING BIKINI 3 – SKINNY DIP**

I was on holiday with Julie and towards the end of the holiday I mentioned to her I really wanted to skinny dip in the hotel pool, at first she thought I meant at night as we had already visited the beach after an evening out for that very reason… but grinning I said more 12pm than am. I was already in the minority walking around topless while poolside, which was one of the main reasons the idea appealed to me.

Simply stripping off and jumping into the pool would soon get me (possibly us) kicked out of the hotel but I had a plan and showed Julie the long stringed bikini with kitty charm.

Whenever we went swimming that week it had amused me to see how many people suddenly felt the need to put on goggles (or snorkel masks) and watch me from under the water. While I’d been topless pretty much the whole time there was clearly something magical about watching the girls glide through the water, after a few laps we would sit on the side at the far end of the pool for a chat before diving back in from the same position.

After a few laps Julie was to either keep hold of the kitty charm or stand on it as I dove off for another few laps. Each time we stopped to chat the suspense was building and to make matters worse Julie was teasing me with several false starts, playing with the cat each time. Finally, she pushed herself up and stood on the edge of the pool and asked if I was coming, this was a chance to back out if I wanted since her foot was firmly atop the charm. Instead I said “A few more laps then I’ll be out too” and pushed off hard with my feet to ensure the bottoms would be left far behind only slightly aware of Julie laughing as the feeling of freedom washed over me.

It didn’t take long before people already in the pool noticed and many were now swimming under the water for a better look, while others found positions around the edge to watch me from above. On the return journey I switched from crawl to gentle breast stroke specially for my underwater voyeurs, as I got closer Julie was still at the edge of the pool laughing she asked “sure you’re okay there Ali, the waters not too cold or anything?” I just acted confused and “no problems, I’ll meet you by the sunbeds in a bit, and pushed off the edge into a backstroke which caused her to almost choke as I let everyone above the waterline see my fluff.

I pretended not to notice her casually pick up my bikini bottoms as she wandered off to the sunbeds red in the face, in all honesty I’d expected someone to call me out on my nudity by this point but it seemed that everyone was just enjoying the show. I managed another 10 laps alternating between breast and backstroke before I decided it was probably time to leave the pool. So this time when I reached the edge I pulled myself out of the water and stood tall as I looked around for Julie, it took a little while as she had moved our bags quite some distance away.

So I walked naked past a wide assortment of groups on their sunbeds who all grinned, said hi or tipped a glass in my direction as I passed acting oblivious to my state of undress, but not one of them thought to let me know how exposed I was having clearly decided to be in on the joke. When I finally reached Julie she was pretending to read a book while stifling her laughter and I just looked at her as though confused, for a brief moment I thought I might get away with sunbathing nude but it seemed she had thoughtfully placed my bikini bottoms neatly atop my lounger.

I froze in place for a moment acknowledging the gazes of those around me for the first time as my cheeks slowly turned bright red, and Julie lost control. I hadn’t planned what I was going to do so the first thing I did was cover my breasts with my hands to which Julie said “not sure that’s the bit you need to be covering there!” It only took a moment but I dashed around to the far sunbed, exposing myself again to pick up my bikini bottoms, the people around me were all laughing now.

I hurriedly tried to pull my bottoms on but it seemed Julie had been rather more ingenious than myself and retied them far too tight, something I only realised while bent over and the bottoms stuck just above my knees. Giving up I let them fall to the floor and covering my breasts as I ran back past everyone to the stairs leading to our room. I uncovered my breasts again as I ran up each level while the other guests watched me through the glass, Julie almost doubled over laughing was gathering our things and by the time I’d reached the top floor was heading towards the elevator.

My heart was once again racing as I stood peeking out from the doors at the top stairwell, for obvious reasons I did not have our room key so since the coast was clear I tried my best to hide myself as I stealthily moved closer to the elevator. It felt like an eternity standing naked in the corridor watching the light above elevator show how close my salvation was, I stood off to one side as the doors finally opened and pretended to ignore Julie making shushing noises.

She asked allowed “Are you out there Ali? I’ve brought your stuff up… I’m really sorry about what I did in my defence it was funny”, I responded I was there and guessing what she had planned uncovered myself once more as I stepped in front of the open doors to see she had encouraged a few guests to join her. As before I stood frozen as the other occupants of the lift took their time looking me over while grinning widely, after a few moments I covered myself once more and Julie said “Sorry, I tried to explain why I was laughing in the lift but I thought it would be better to just show them” before stepping out of the lift placing one hand on my shoulder as she guided me away towards our room, letting the lift occupants watch my departing bottom as the lift doors closed.

Once it was just the two of us again I uncovered and started laughing myself, it’s a wonder nobody opened their doors to see what the commotion was but by that point I was past caring. We walked to the room and Julie correctly guessed I would probably want the first shower and left me to it while she settled on a siesta. Julie did get in a little trouble for that one as the hotel manager was waiting for us in the lobby that evening, but he was struggling to keep a straight face as he informed Julie this was a family resort and her behaviour was unacceptable… it was all we could do to remain suitably chastised until out of earshot where we broke down laughing again too.

I remained clothed for the rest of the holiday, but it was fun to watch how many people paid attention whenever I sat on the edge of the pool and Julie was next to me.