

The Bikini

By mickthetrick1

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My wife made her own bikini, to reveal more, then wore it to the beach

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The Bikini A couple of years ago, my wife and I were going through an exciting phase in our sex life. We had tried out various ideas, most of which involved my wife exposing herself to me, and to a lesser extent, other people. Various things happened, a couple of which I have already written about. This event took place one afternoon, after having decided to go to the beach. A while before this, my wife and I had decided that she needed a new bikini; and as she couldn't find one that showed her off enough for our liking, she decided she would make her own. For the material, she used some scraps of white material that you could almost see through when it was dry. When wet, it became totally see through. For ties, she used very thin white shoelaces, so there wouldn't be any sides or back to speak of, just three small white triangles. The top two triangles covered her nipples, and reached down about halfway between her nipples and the bottom edges of her breasts, exposing all the lower portions. Because the material was so thin, and the ties almost non-existent, her breasts jiggled about unconstrained when she walked. The lower part consisted of just a small triangle in the front, which she had cut so that it covered about half of her pubic mound (which was shaved smooth) and a tie which went around her waist, and tied at the sides, and another piece of the shoelace, which went from the bottom of the triangle upwards between her cheeks, to fasten to the waistband. The overall effect was astounding. When she walked towards you, her breasts moved as if they were not covered, with her nipples pointing proudly forward, easily visible. Because her pussy was totally shaven, you couldn't see any hair down below, but if you looked carefully you could make out the lines of her pussy lips, quite prominent, and not quite escaping from the edges of the lower triangle. Off we set for the beach, taking with us a light snack and two bottles of chilled wine, my wife wearing a thin beach coverall over her new bikini; me wearing a pair of shorts over the small black thong I liked to wear when we went to the beach (not very trendy, but made sure I showed my wife a fair view back in return.) We drove to a beach which was a decent distance from home, and entailed a long walk down an overgrown pathway, winding its way down to the beach, which still had some sand dunes left, almost a novelty nowadays. There were a couple of people quite a distance away, kicking a football about. Apart from them we had the beach to ourselves, so we placed some towels on the sand and proceeded with the picnic we'd brought. As I was driving, I couldn't partake of much of the wine, but as I didn't want my wife to feel as if she was drinking alone, I sipped at one glass

occasionally. My wife however, once she'd taken off the beach wrap, was really enjoying the freedom the bikini gave her, and was stretching out on the towel, enjoying the sun, freely having one glass of wine after the other. I was more than happy for her to get intoxicated, as she loses even more inhibitions than ever, once anywhere near drunk. For my part, I had removed my shorts, and also was enjoying the freedom of movement the thong gave me. Before she got too drunk, I suggested we go for a dip. I couldn't wait to see what the bikini looked like when soaked through. We entered the sea slowly. My wife's body was so exposed anyway, wearing the three scraps of material, that I was permanently semi-erect, filling the pouch of the thong to overflowing. To remain anywhere near to decent, I had to make my penis lie sideways along the top edge of the thong, which kept most of it under cover, but a thong being what it is, it will never cover an erect penis totally. You could see a line of flesh above the top edge of the thong, where my penis was trying to break cover, ending where my knob-end poked about half its head out above the material. My wife on the other hand had by now fully submerged herself and was swimming around quite merrily. Until you try swimming in the sea wearing so little, you can't imagine the freedom experienced. There is no drag from clothing, and it feels as if you are naked when technically you aren't. We gradually stopped swimming around, and stood together just over waist height in the water. My wife's swimsuit was now totally transparent. You would swear she was naked. Her breasts were basically in full view, with the material doing nothing to hide that, not even colouring her skin white. Just totally transparent. We held each other close, my cock now having burst from its cover, the material no longer able to withstand the pressure. We kissed and caressed each other, me eagerly squeezing her lovely breasts and putting my other hand down between us to rub her shaven pussy. At the same time, my wife was squeezing my cock and jerking it slowly up and down, my thong having disappeared below my balls, which in the water, again is a lovely feeling. As the lower portion of my wife's bikini was so small, it didn't take much effort for me to put one, then two, fingers into my wife's eager pussy. I fingered her whilst she wanked me, and after a short time we both exploded; me cumming into the sea in a series of spurts; she soaking my fingers in warmth. When we had caught our breath, we tried to reassemble our miniscule clothing as best we could and slowly walked hand in hand back to where our towels lay on the sand. My wife continued to enjoy the chilled wine, whilst I continued to enjoy looking at her body. Her bikini still wet, she was virtually lying there naked. Her breasts stood up proud, the slight breeze keeping her nipples fully aroused. Her cunt was in full view; the wet material seeming to emphasize the lips wide open, engorged with blood, soaked with passion. What a view! I had never seen her looking sexier. There was still no-one vaguely near us, so I started massaging her breasts with my hand. She was thoroughly enjoying this treatment, as well as still enjoying the wine, by now into the second bottle. I kissed her on the lips, while reaching behind her to undo the ties to her bikini top, slowly slid it from her, leaving her breasts truly out in the open, and then continued my massage. I was slowly allowing my hand to wander lower down her body, until I was finally rubbing my fingers against the wet material covering her cunt lips. My wife was in heaven; she was pushing her tits into the air, arching her back, letting her legs open wide to aid my kneading of her pussy. By now most of the second bottle of wine had gone, and my wife was seriously intoxicated. I didn't regret this in the slightest. All it

meant to me was that now she definitely wouldn't object to what I now had in mind. Even though my wife had been in rapture when I was feeling her pussy, she just couldn't stave off the effects of the wine. She became increasingly drowsy, and gradually fell into a deep sleep. This suited my purpose perfectly. I gently untied the shoelaces at the sides of my wife's bikini bottoms, and slipped them from between her legs until they were right off her, baring her wet gash to the world. Her cunt looked magnificent! Lips wide open; glistening with inner and outer moisture; almost looking as if it was trying to turn itself inside out. I couldn't keep my fingers off her; or out of her! I gently rubbed my fingers along the length of her slit, spreading the moisture evenly from one end to the other. I then pressed two fingers into her and moved them in and out slowly, making sure that all the surfaces I could reach were equally wet. I then lowered my head to her pussy and licked along the length of it, savouring the familiar taste that I loved so much. My cock had been erect for some time, with my knob end sticking proudly out of my tiny thong. I occasionally ran my fingers along the length of my rigid cock, teasing it into full hardness, and now and again gripped it and pulled my foreskin up and down. Surely days didn't come better than this? Whilst looking around me to ensure we shouldn't be disturbed, I saw that the two people at the far end of the beach seemed closer than before. This made me want to try something else. I made the unfinished bottle of wine stand up in the sand, opened my wife's legs to really expose her pussy, and crawled away into the nearby dunes to see what might happen, if anything. As the two people got closer, I could see that they were youngsters, about 16 or 17 possibly, wearing trunks, and kicking the ball to each other whilst moving along the beach. At every moment I expected them to turn and leave the beach in some other direction, but they kept walking our way. They could obviously see by now that someone was lying on the beach, and walked in the general direction of my wife, who was fast asleep and motionless. As the boys got closer and closer, they must have been increasingly able to see that my wife wasn't wearing much. They started to look around them the closer they got, presumably to see if she was alone or accompanied. This action continued until they were in line with my wife, when they could obviously see all that was blatantly on show. My wife hadn't moved since I'd left her side and her gaping cunt was staring the two boys in the face. They continued looking quickly around, whilst walking closer all the time to my wife's prone body. I couldn't hear what they were saying to each other but imagined it in my head. Although I was far enough away from them not to be seen, I could plainly see by now that both boys had erections pushing at their trunks. I was just sorry my wife couldn't see them. I'm sure she would have loved the view. The boys by now were standing at my wife's feet, still looking around furtively. One of them was rubbing his cock through his trunks. Some comment passed between them and they seemed satisfied that they were alone with my wife. They sat down on the edges of our towel; when one of them reached out slowly and clutched one of my wife's breasts, quite timidly at first, then when no reaction came, more confidently. This seemed to act as a catalyst to the boys' behaviour. The first boy gripped both of my wife's tits, and fondled them. The second boy reached forward and tentatively touched her pussy; gently, then more firmly, until he slid his finger, then fingers, into her extremely wet cunt. This boy then started to finger my wife with obvious excitement, to which I'm not sure, but I thought I saw a shudder from my wife's body. This response brought an immediate reaction from him. He straight

away pulled down his trunks and, lying down on my wife's body, attempted to (and succeeded to) enter her pussy with his, I must say, formidable erection. He then proceeded to fuck my wife most vigorously. I'd forgotten that people could fuck that quickly. His rear end sticking up into the air, he banged away as fast as he could. This sight made his mate also pull down his trunks and proceed to wank away merrily, whilst still squeezing my wife's tits. During this activity, my wife was stirring slightly. She'd moved her arms out from her sides, opened her legs even wider, raising her knees in the process. She was I think starting to enjoy the action of fucking even though not fully awake. Something about the fact of my wife joining in with the act of fucking, caused the first boy to increase his speed, believe it or not, and, arching his back, ram his cock deep into my wife, and bellow out loud as he obviously had a huge orgasm, making him freeze as it were until he could move again. His mate, seeing him orgasm so loudly, pushed him out of the way and swiftly took his place between my wife's legs. He then proceeded in a similar fashion, to fuck my wife to his best ability. He rammed it in as hard as he could, as fast as he could. During this fucking session, I had been wanking myself to a frenzy! The sight of these two young boys fucking my wife so energetically, was as exciting as anything I'd ever seen. When she began to join in the action, obviously enjoying it to the max, this sent me over the top. Trying my utmost not to make a sound, I splashed huge jets of come all over myself; from my chin, down to my waist. The second lad, within about two minutes, copied his friend and had an obvious orgasm inside my wife; her pushing against him for all her worth, trying to get his cock further into her cunt. A few seconds later, I couldn't believe my eyes when the first young lad pushed his friend to one side, and positioned himself between my wife's legs, sporting another formidable erection. I'd forgotten how fast you can recover when young. He then entered my wife's cunt again, slower this time, and started fucking her at a slower pace than before. Although slower than before he seemed to fuck her harder this time. His thrusts looked harder, the reaction from my wife larger. She was calling out for the boy to fuck her again, harder and harder. This was an amazing scene to watch. Even I was getting hard again. I couldn't keep my hand off my cock. I'd removed my thong and was wanking like mad with my right hand, and squeezing and tickling my balls with my left. I only regretted not having a camera with me (something I bore in mind on subsequent occasions.) The lad was now on the vinegar stroke, and with a howl, came again, deep into my wife's pussy. As had happened earlier, he was quickly replaced by his friend, who again started to fuck my wife with vigour; almost as if he was trying to ram his arse right through to the other side of her. He lasted for another few minutes, when he too came, with a screech that was just about drowned by the scream my wife made as she exploded also. It seemed as if the three of them had at least temporarily had enough sex for the time being, as my wife turned over onto her side, and the boys, not seeming to know what to do next, pulled up their trunks, and sidled away, again looking around them, partly I think to see if they'd been noticed, partly I think because they just couldn't believe their luck. Being much older than the lads, I hadn't come the second time yet, and when the boys left, I scurried down to my wife to make sure she was ok. I needn't have worried; she was lying on her side, and when I lay down beside her, she immediately said "You took your time; fuck me, now!" Well what can you do? I try my best to please. We fucked on the beach then. It had been a long time since we'd had sex

on the beach, and I'd never fucked her while she was so full of other people's come! So that was nearly two records broken! As always this escapade will always stay with us, and its retelling has excited us to orgasm, many times over the years. It has always been as enjoyable to us in the retelling as in the original actions. It obviously isn't as frightening, if that's the right word, as when it takes place. You get a type of trepidation inside that almost makes you stop what you're doing sometimes, but you don't stop because you know how excited you will both be later. This has always been the case with my wife and myself, and I hope always will be. Until next time.