**A New Bikini for Wendy**

by lexdepenny

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“I think I’m going to scream”, Wendy announced.

I dragged myself up from my sun-induced doze. Lunchtime in France when you’re on holiday tends to have an alcoholic element that I’m not used to. I rolled over on my towel and looked at my wife. She waved a tar-covered hand at me, then pointed to the black streak on her white bikini bottoms.

“I can’t decide whether to scream or cry,” she said.

There wasn’t much I could do but sympathise and point out the obvious solution. So the following morning we set off into the little seaside town in search of a new bikini for her.

I watched her get dressed, which I’m happy to do as often as she lets me. At five feet four and a hundred and twenty-five pounds, with short dark hair and grey eyes, Wendy gets appreciative looks wherever she goes. Her 34B bust measurement doesn’t hurt, either.

It was another sunny day, hardly surprising on the Mediterranean coast in July, so nothing too heavy-duty. Teeshirt and shorts for me. I was delighted to notice that her pink bra showed through the fine white linen of her shirt, and that her white shorts allowed just a hint of her lacy white thong.

We were staying with Laure, who was Wendy’s penfriend at school and as they head into their early thirties, they’re still friends, capable of reducing one another to hysterical giggles at the drop of a hat. Mostly in French, too, which left me struggling to get the joke ... if there was one. I can pass for French for transactional and business purposes, but two women friends chatting? I’m lost! Laure is very slim, as tall as me and, although I’m not supposed to notice, very attractive in the Mediterranean way, dark hair and eyes and a permanent tan. She’s an office manager and has two cars. I borrowed the spare, and drove us into town.

In the third boutique Wendy dragged me into, there was apparently a significant selection of potential swimsuits. Wendy disappeared behind the curtain of the single changing cubicle and stripped off. She closed the curtain firmly, so all I could see was her pink bra hanging from a hook just inside.

I got to see the second and third bikinis she tried, though, which was fun. The second one had a top that was a bit small for her and I enjoyed seeing her boobs overflowing. She caught me looking and shot back under cover.

“This one,” she declared from behind the curtain. “But I’m not letting you see it until I’m at the beach and ready.” An arm emerged, holding out the rejects.

“Can you give these back to the salesgirl for me?”

I took the unwanted items and took a chance, too. Banking on her being occupied with admiring the chosen bikini, I added her bra to my collection. I stuffed it into my little rucksack, handed back the rest and stood back to wait for the fury. She managed to hold off until I’d paid and we’d left the shop, then:

“You’ve got a bloody nerve! Just look at me!”

I didn’t need to be invited. Wendy’s nipples were obvious through her shirt, both colour and, I was pleased to notice, shape, because they were definitely erect. I tried not to stare for too long, but the idiotic grin on my face said it all.

With the new, as yet unseen bikini safely wrapped and in a carrier bag, we set off back towards the car. We were almost there when:

“Coucou! Wendy!” Laure waved to us from across the street. She was with a tall, thin, red-haired woman of our age, and an older man of a certain type, with a greying ponytail, jeans and cowboy boots. She introduced them, her colleague Giselle and Julien, Giselle’s husband.

“You told us Wendy was pretty, Laure, but you forgot to say how sexy she is,” Giselle said. Quite calmly, as if it had been a totally normal gesture, she reached out and tweaked Wendy’s right nipple. Wendy squeaked, but didn’t object. Neither did I. Wendy has tight nipples that are very noticeable when she’s turned on. I felt a twitch in my shorts.

“Very pretty,” Giselle said. “Pleased to meet you both. Maybe we’ll meet up at the beach before you go home. Julien would look forward to that, wouldn’t you?”

“Wendy looks great and I’m sure she looks even better on the beach.”

Julien checked out Wendy from head to foot with obvious approval. It always does something to me when I see another man admiring my wife. The twitch in my shorts was developing into a hard-on that I hoped Laure and her friends wouldn’t notice. That hope vanished immediately. Laure stepped in close and said:

“See you both later”.

The kiss that she planted on each of my cheeks was warm and soft, and she took advantage of her closeness to me to give my dick a good, hard squeeze. She’d never shown anything but friendly interest in me up to that point; after all, she was Wendy’s friend rather than mine, and I know I blushed. Laure laughed and turned to follow her friends. She took a few steps, then stopped and turned.

“Actually Frank, would you lend me Wendy for an hour or so. There’s a dress I fancy and I’d like her opinion”.

“No problem.” I pinched the carrier bag with the new bikini out of Wendy’s hand. “Have fun,” I said and turned to get into the car. In the rear-view mirror I could. see Giselle had linked her arm through Wendy’s and was marching her off down the street as I drove away.

At a fortuitous red light, a thought struck me. Wendy had been embarrassed to be walking bra-less through town with me. How would she react if I wasn’t there? That thought had me pulling into a car park and leaving the car there. It’s a small town and there couldn’t be too many boutiques. It took me ten minutes to spot Wendy in conversation with a salesgirl. I moved back a few paces among the other pedestrians and waited. Giselle joined them, wearing a dress that caused amusement from the three of them, then vanished again.

Wendy and Giselle came out a few minutes later, empty-handed. I did my best Sherlock Holmes act, always keeping people between me and them. At the corner of a narrow almost-alleyway, they stopped and had an animated discussion. I had to dive behind a van to avoid being seen. When I peeped out, they were nowhere in sight. I crossed the street at a run, got to the corner and was just in time to see them disappearing ... into a sex shop!

My heart was pounding and my mouth was dry. What was going on? I’d had vague suspicions about Laure’s leisure activities, which had only been reinforced by her actions earlier, but as far as I knew, visits to sex shops weren’t usually a feature of Wendy’s shopping expeditions ... rather to my regret, when I gave it a little more thought. I walked briskly past the blanked-out window, casting a furtive glance at the door. By good fortune, a man was coming out at just the right moment and I had confirmation that Wendy and Laure were indeed inside. I walked back past again, but the door stayed closed. If I wanted to find out more, I’d have to take the risk of going in. So I did.

I was half-relieved and half disappointed that there was no sign of them inside the shop, but a sign at the back said Video Cabines. My French stretched far enough to understand it. An icon showing one and five euro coins was pretty self explanatory. I pushed the curtain aside and entered a short dark corridor with two doors on each side. Only one door was open, so I went in and closed it behind me. I had a one in three chance that they were in the one next door. I held my breath and listened.

Success! I recognised Laure’s distinctive throaty purr. Trying to hear what was being said, I leaned my head against the partition.

My dick, already half-erect, was suddenly grabbed by an unseen hand. I almost squawked. I looked down, and now that my eyes had grown used to the gloom, I could see a hole in the wall, and the colour of the nail varnish told me the hand belonged to Laure.

“Hey, big boy,” she said. “If you want it sucking, you’ll have to give it some air.”

She was offering me a blowjob? I shook my head in incomprehension. Still, who was I to refuse? I dug my dick out; it was fully erect by now, and pushed my hips towards the waiting hand.

Laure stroked it, scratched it, played with it and then wrapped her hand around it and began a slow masturbation. I let it happen. My head was confused, my dick wasn’t. It still came as a surprise when I felt her breath on the sensitive tip, followed by warm soft lips enclosing it. Wendy will suck my dick if I ask nicely, but it’s rare for her to offer, and it was clear that Laure was an expert.

She paused for a moment to murmur something to Wendy. Time to take another risk.

“Two of you there?” I growled, trying to disguise my voice.

“Yes”

“What’s your pal doing?”

“She’s watching.”

“No. It’s her turn now. Tell her.”

There was a pause. I could hear them murmuring and I knew Wendy wasn’t going to volunteer. Her tone of voice never leaves me in any doubt when she’s not convinced. Laure was insistent, though. I nearly shot my load when a hand wearing a wedding ring that I had placed on one of its fingers took hold of my throbbing erection. I breathed deeply, trying to keep control.

I nearly lost it again when, after some very insistent words from Laure, it was Wendy who now took me into her mouth. She sucked me gently, then with greater pressure. I was deeper in her mouth than ever before, but then I heard her gagging as Laure pushed her head forward so her forehead bumped against the partition. It felt as if Wendy’s face was being held in position, inviting me to fuck her mouth, so I did. It felt fantastic and I knew I couldn’t last out.

“Ready?” I grunted. “Gonna cum.”

Wendy was protesting, trying to get away, but Laure had to be holding on tight as I released a flood into my wife’s mouth. She’d never done that before, always insisted that I pull out early, and complained loud and long if I splashed her, especially if some landed on her face. Now I could hear her gurgling, not wanting to swallow, but unable to spit, with my shrinking dick still in her mouth.

“Stand up!” Laure ordered her. “ Now kiss me!”

I only got the audio of the next minute, but it was hot enough for me to be as erect as a minute earlier. The idea that Laure and Wendy were sharing a mouthful of sperm ... my sperm, what’s more ... had me close to coming again.

“I swallowed. Your turn now. Go on. I know you can.” Laure said.

“Aah. I did it.” Wendy’s relief was evident.

“Oh, sorry,” Laure said. “I got a splash on your shirt. Let me lick it off. Oh, lovely.”

The show was clearly over. I zipped up my shorts.

“Hey, mister!” Laure again. “Forty euro because you got both of us.”

I took my emergency fifty euro note from my back pocket and pushed it through the hole.

“Keep the change,” I called over my shoulder as I opened the cubicle door and went quickly through the shop and out.

There was a tobacconist just opposite, with a rack of postcards outside, so I slid behind it and waited. My pulse was racing and my head was spinning. Were they going to stay and suck other strangers’ dicks? How would I feel if they did? More excited or more concerned? Was this a one-off or a regular event for Laure? Had Wendy done this before? What about their sloppy kissing? Was I married to a closet lesbian?

The questions were still churning when, five minutes later, they emerged and headed back towards the main shopping street. I set off in the other direction. I’d nearly reached the car when my mobile went. Wendy.

“Frank, can you pick me up in half an hour?”

“Sure. Where?”

“The pâtisserie we went to at the weekend. I’ll be sitting in the window.”

“Ok. Half an hour. I’ll be there.”

I sat in the car with a stupid grin on my face. Her sitting in the window reminded me of my most recent birthday present from her. She’d walked, wearing nothing under her short dress, from her work to the cake shop where I was the one waiting in the window, then she’d pretended that she had a problem with her shoe. She’d played with the buckle for at least a minute, while I enjoyed the view all the way down the front of her loose dress, past her bra-less boobs with their sticking-out nipples, to what was left of her close-clipped rug. A happy memory. Nothing like as thought-provoking as today’s performance, though.

She was where she’d said, when I went to collect her.

“Successful shopping?” I asked, all innocence.

“N ... no,” she stuttered. “Euh ... Laure decided against the dress, so we just did some window shopping.”

I thought about calling her out, but my attention was distracted by a little off-white stain on the shoulder of her shirt. My erection started up all over again. She finished her tisane and we went back to the car and to the house. Claiming she was hot and dusty from shopping, Wendy went to have a shower. I sat on the terrace to relax and to reflect. I’d been there a couple of minutes when my phone went. Not a number I knew.

“Frank?”

It was Laure. Her sexy French accent took me straight back to the sex shop.

“I hope you enjoyed that,” she said. “I certainly did. Don’t ever take a job as a private detective. I spotted you straight away! You didn’t think I’d let Wendy suck a stranger’s dick, did you? Let alone make her swallow! Good flavour, by the way. I’ll do it again any time. She doesn’t know, at least, not yet. Once I’d checked that it was you in the cabin next door, my mind went wild with the possibilities. I’ve always wanted to kiss Wendy properly, but I’d never taken the risk, in case she did not like it. I wasn’t sure how far I’d be able to push her, but from her reaction, I think she, and I could be entering a new phase in our friendship, don’t you? And I just know that you’ll want to join in the fun, too...”

She was right about that…