**Bikini Babe**

by[Bungaku](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3822167&page=submissions)©

*Huh*, Robert Tannen thought, as he descended the stairs in his bathrobe, coffee mug in his hand. *That bikini babe is new*.

She was leaning against the kitchen island counter, idly flipping through a swimsuit edition for a magazine he didn't recognize. Out of pure reflex, his eyes flashed downward, taking in her tits (incredible D cups, oh my God) and her ass jiggling slightly above thick, firm thighs. Snapped into a skimpy polka-dotted number, she was an absolute treat on his eyes, and points below. Robert was about to call out to his wife and ask who the unexpected visitor was when said visitor turned her blonde head and looked him in the eyes.

*Oh*, he thought. Right. He's not supposed to say anything about her. Just pretend she isn't here, though his eyes should still dart unconsciously to her luscious, youthful body from time to time, to nurture his half-erect cock.

That sounded like a good idea. Robert set his coffee mug on the counter, and embraced his wife, Emilia, whom he only now noticed had been flipping pancakes on the griddle, her back to the visitor. She spun around in the early Saturday morning sunlight streaming through the windows, planting a quick kiss on Robert's cheek.

"You'll pick up Jessica from her soccer game, won't you dear?"

Robert was in a rare good mood, for some reason, though he still thought his eighteen-year-old daughter was too old to still be playing with the local neighborhood team. She wasn't even involved in her high school sports program, sticking with the local association she had joined at the age of eleven.

"Sure," he said, patting Emilia on the bottom. "She needs picked up by eight-thirty, right?"

"Yep," his wife replied, turning back to flip another pancake. "You want one of these before you head out?"

"You betcha," he said, seating himself at the counter, directly across from the visitor he shouldn't be thinking about. He pulled the paper towards him, and noticed someone had slipped a magazine into its folds.

"Huh," he said, as he opened the paper, the swimsuit edition slipping out. He looked up at the bikini-clad babe in surprise, then back down at the magazine.

The message was clear. He should be reading the magazine, not the boring paper.

He shrugged as he complied, eyeing the scantily clad models perched upon various sandy vistas throughout the glossy pages, their eyes all boring into his own instead of enjoying the scenery. His fingers reached down to pinch his now fully engorged cockhead through his bathrobe.

"What're you reading, dear?" Emilia looked down at the magazine, a disapproving glare mounting behind her eyes. Robert saw the visitor snap her fingers at his wife, then, and Emilia glanced over, her eyes resting on those bountiful tits.

The glare softened into a glaze, which then brightened into genuine interest as she looked back at the magazine. "You like those swimsuit designs, huh?" Emilia said, the barest hint of lust in her voice. "Well, why don't you tell me which one's you like best, and I'll see about getting mine and our daughter's tight little bodies into them."

Robert thought this was a wonderful idea. College summer vacation was only a few weeks away, and it was best to get swimsuit shopping out of the way early.

He told her he'd think about it as he wolfed down the pancake, then rushed out to the garage to pick up Jessica.

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The soccer ball ricocheted off the windshield of the minivan, startling Robert and causing him to drop his half eaten donut into his lap. He glanced around, met the eyes of the most likely offender, and honked his horn in protest. He considered flipping the punk-ass kid the bird, but thought better of it.

In the backseat, his family's strange visitor was lounging, her legs spread as she seemed to be taking an impromptu nap. Well, at least she seemed to be enjoying herself. Robert still hadn't found Jessica, and was beginning to wonder if he had parked at the wrong field.

The games were held at Wild Born Junior High, right? That's what his wife had said.

Right?

He leaned back into his seat, watching his visitor stir out of the corner of his eye. She brought her legs together as she stretched her arms, crossing her legs as she leaned forward. Her perfectly manicured nails brushed Robert's shoulder as she began whispering something in his ear.

Oh, dear. That *was* concerning. He turned his head to see Jessica jogging toward the minivan, her soccer ball clutched under her arm as her cleats casually uprooted a small patch of grass.

The visitor was right, it seemed. Robert clicked his tongue disapprovingly as he looked over his daughter's chest. Though, to be sure, it would be rude to bring it up with her directly.

She reached the passenger side door, pulling it open as she stepped inside. "Hi, Daddy," she said, as she wiped a line of sweat from her brow, the few strands of naturally red hair she had failed to capture in her ponytail now matted against the side of her face.

"Morning, angel wings," Robert said evenly, putting the car in reverse. He saw Jessica's eyes flicker to the visitor sitting in the backseat, the momentary glazed expression on her face mirroring that of her mother.

"You have a good game?" Robert looked over, noticing that the visitor was whispering in his daughter's ear this time. She delivered her message, then bit at the senior's earlobe amorously. He waited patiently for her to finish.

"Yeah . . ." Jessica said finally, her tone indicating she was thinking hard about something. Then, she said, "You know, I just had the thought." Her hands went burrowing under her soccer jersey. "I read online, uh, somewhere, that wearing a brassiere isn't actually healthy for the, um, health. Of the breasts, I mean."

Robert nodded. He had heard this particularly vague fact as well, though he couldn't point to the source right at the moment.

"So, I was thinking, I probably shouldn't be wearing them anymore. Since I'm, you know, starting college in a few months. Gotta start looking out for my own health however I can."

"Hm," Robert said. "But won't it be uncomfortable running, or playing your soccer games, if you're not wearing any, ehhh, support?"

"Oh, I think I'll enjoy the sensation," she said, as she unclipped her sports bra then and there. It fell into her lap from under her loose jersey, and she tossed it to the backseat.

The visitor caught it deftly, slowly palming at both cups. The expression on her face was unreadable.

"Ah, that's better," Robert said, as his eyes caught two telltale nubs protruding from his daughter's shirt. It was good to see she was starting to learn a little responsibility. "Hey, you didn't hear this from me, but your mother wanted to take you out shopping for swimsuits in the next couple of days. I got the feeling she wanted it to be a surprise, but I didn't want to leave you without fair warning."

"Thanks," said Jessica, as she adjusted her shirt. All the pulls and tugs she made seemed only to emphasize her lack of bra, however. Not that Robert was complaining. She gave her father a kiss on the cheek, then, and whispered, "I think I'll actually enjoy picking out a swimsuit, though. But thank's for the heads up."

He failed to mention that he, himself, would be choosing the swimsuits for her. He would let his wife encourage her to try certain ones on, and let her believe *she*was the one surprising *him*.

His wide smile remained on his face all the way home, as the visitor claimed the forgotten half-eaten donut still resting in his lap.

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"Guess who's home early!"

Robert led his daughter into the house, having made sure to catch every crest and bounce of her breasts as she mounted each stair in turn up to the front door. He looked across the front room into a pair of aviators perched over the eyes of his eldest son Chris. The twenty-two year old was grinning, a fair amount of stubble on his chin.

"Hey, good to see you dad!" He took Robert's left hand in a strong handshake, slapping his back. "I finished all my exams early, so I skipped out of college a few days ahead of schedule."

"That's great to hear!" Robert said. A tap on his shoulder indicated he was blocking the door, so he moved aside to let the family's visitor step in.

Chris's eyes drank in her scrumptious figure, glazing over in a now familiar way. The visitor dispensed with her usual subtleties, however, as she planted her hand on the back of Chris's neck, kissing him deeply with open lips.

Robert stood aside, his hand moving to his daughter's shoulder unconsciously. Chris's hands pressed against the visitor's scarcely clothed ass, pushing her crotch against his undoubtedly hardening penis. The rest of the family seemed drawn to the sight, Emilia even sighing in satisfaction as her son's tongue continued its careful waltz with the visitor's own.

Then, the visitor pulled away, still looking deeply into Chris's eyes. Her hand gripped his balls through his thick jeans, tugging on them playfully as she stepped away.

Chris was silent for a long moment, seemingly not processing what exactly had happened there. Then, his eyes snapping back to the present, he said, "Oh, it's summertime. No need to wear the full school dress code, I think!" And he stripped off his shirt, then and there, tossing it up to Emilia.

His mother caught it deftly in her hand. She then beckoned to her son, a now familiar swimsuit magazine rolled in her grip. "Come here, Chris, I almost forgot. I wanted you to pick out your favorite bikini from this catalog, for me and your sister to wear this summer."

Chris simply grinned, following his mother to the counter as he straightened his shorts. Jessica herself shot Robert an amused look, and she ambled over to her mother as well.

Robert watched them from a distance for a long moment, noting his son was surreptitiously rubbing his erection against the counter as Emilia paged through the magazine for him. Then, he shrugged his shoulders and turned to his own bedroom.

He had to get ready for the rest of the day. His cock throbbed, and he decided to rub a quick one out while he was at it.

He left his shirt draped across the sofa, deciding to mirror his son's decision. It was gone by the time he re-emerged from his room.

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He tried to cum for at least a solid twenty minutes, but found that he couldn't quite reach the edge. Frustrated, Robert abandoned his attempt, stuffing his still-quite-erect cock back into his boxers. He buttoned up his pants, and looked at his topless reflection in the mirror, noting his chest was sweating from his exertion.

He toweled it down, and stepped into his work shoes. Lots of yardwork needed doing today, and he intended to give it an early start, before the sun rose too high in the sky.

Re-emerging in the family room, he saw his wife still paging through the swimsuit magazine on the counter. She looked up as he approached, and smiled as she saw his bare chest. Robert noted with satisfaction that she, too, had abandoned the unhealthy habit of wearing a brassiere.

"Here," she said. "You haven't picked out your favorite swimsuit yet."

"Ah." Robert joined his wife's side as she flipped to the beginning of the magazine.

"I was thinking we could get her something like this," she tapped a white string bikini, the model's breasts held in check by small triangles of cloth alone. Robert jumped as he felt slender arms encircle his waist. Fully present bikini clad breasts pressed into his naked back.

The visitor kissed his neck, and unzipped the front of his pants, fishing out his very erect cock as Emilia looked on. The visitor began to stroke it, her index finger teasing the head. Robert groaned.

"Not this one, then?" Emilia continued, flipping a few pages before stopping at another candidate. "We could get her one of these, in red, if you wanted." Robert nodded as he felt the approaching orgasm that had eluded him when he was alone in his bedroom. His wife ignored his nod, however, focusing on his tightening cock.

The orgasm hung so close, but yet it did not come. The visitor's expert grip kept him right on the edge.

"Right," Emilia said. "Not this one either, I guess."

She flipped through the pages again, stopping about halfway through the magazine. "How about this one?"

Robert groaned as he laid eyes on a bright orange bikini filled out by a deeply tanned beauty. The top was actually a full tube top made of a partially translucent material, with a large heart cutout planted dead center, revealing more than a little areolae. ("Mmm"). Down below, the same orange material barely covered the model's camel toe, and he realized whomever wore this would have to shave down there to remain decent.

And . . . was that a dark spot, right at the tip of her pussy?

This sent Robert over the edge, and his cum coated the full two page spread Emilia had opened before him. She grinned as his ejaculation continued.

"Well, I think we have a winner." She wiped most of the cum off the page, methodically licking it from her fingers. Then, she flipped through the pages again, stopping at a similarly cum-coated spread.

This one depicted a bikini fashioned entirely of scarlet quarter-inch-thin strips of cloth, cleverly positioned to cover, and yet accentuate, the most important bits. "This one was Chris's favorite," she said, tapping the largest stain on the page which centered on the model's right breast.

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Robert and Emilia Tannen fucked like animals that night. For hours after midnight, he pistoned in and out of her pussy, as she cried out from the pleasure of multiple orgasms.

The few glances towards the door revealed the visitor watching, still fully clothed in her bikini. As he continued to check back over the course of their sex, he noticed Jessica, and then Chris, join her side, silently watching through the half opened bedroom door. The visitor idly stroked his children's crotches, creating damp spots in both their pyjama bottoms.

This sight alone nearly drove Robert to cum right then and there, but he managed to hold onto his semen. For the moment, anyway.

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The following Sunday morning, Robert was woken bright and early by the visitor's moans.

He rolled out of bed, still naked from his activities the night before. Next to him his wife stirred, her finger caressing her bare nipple even as she continued to sleep. He pulled on his boxers, slipped into his loafers and threw on his bathrobe, though he didn't bother to tie it.

He walked out into the living area. The source of the visitor's moans turned out to be the kitchen table. Chris was pistoning his cock in and out of her, having pulled aside her pink polka dotted bottoms to reveal an also-pink, perfectly polished pussy.

Her arms were at her sides, hands clasping and unclasping the empty air beside her gently rocking breasts as her gaze was trained on a point at least a thousand miles distant. Chris's hands moved up her midriff to her breasts, pressing them together and groping them violently through the thin bikini top.

"Morning, dad," he said brightly as Robert walked into the kitchen, pulling out a box of cereal and pouring himself a bowl as he watched.

"Your mother wants to buy those bikinis we picked out yesterday," he said, caressing his own cock through the strained material of his boxers.

"Here, let me," came a delicate voice beside his ear. He turned and saw his beautiful Jessica, her red hair hanging down in curls above perfectly framed cleavage. The tank top she wore was partially translucent, clearly showing her covered, hard nipples and pink areolae, and leaving her navel bare.

Her black frilly miniskirt rode up as she pulled out his cock, and Robert noticed she wasn't wearing any panties.

"Watch her face, Daddy," said Jessica, as she began to stroke his rock hard cock. Robert grunted in obedience as his eyes trained on the visitor's orgasmic o-face. Though, his gaze did wander down to her heavily-worked tits from time to time, as he himself came to the edge of cumming.

The visitor's legs rocked in her final orgasm, as she coated Chris's chest and crotch in her clear pussy juice. Chris himself pulled out right at this moment, his own ejaculation covering her in long lines of semen, from the waistband of her bikini bottoms up to the polka dots stretched against her tits.

Gritting his teeth through his own o-face, Robert felt his daughter's breasts press around his arm, as his balls began to tighten in ejaculation, a low moan coaxed from his throat. "That's it, Daddy," his daughter whispered in his ear, and she directed the copious streams of his own semen into his dry bowl of cereal.

Then, once he had been thoroughly milked, she claimed the bowl for herself. Emilia emerged into the room at that moment wearing nothing but her damp panties, and taking in the scene, she crossed over to the visitor. She began to methodically lick up her son's cum.

As Emilia's ministrations turned to mounting mutual pleasure, Jessica poured milk over her spunk-covered cereal while she watched, setting it down on the table beside the visitor's quaking shoulder as she dug in. She relished every bite.

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"They've sat their cunts in there for a while, don't you think?"

Chris paced up and down the aisle at the surf shop, his eyes constantly returning to the dressing room door behind which the women of the family were trying on their bikinis.

"Those perfect cunts will be worth it, son," Robert answered. He was getting antsy as well, however, particularly since the visitor had joined his daughter and wife in their dressing room shortly after they had claimed it.

The sounds coming from behind the door did little to calm his libido. Among them was the occasional "oh, yes," followed by a smattering of giggling, and once or twice the pronouncement, "Oh, lord, they're going to go crazy for that!"

Chris and his father were shirtless, sporting their own swimsuits which served as poor cover for their thick erections. They were lucky the surf shop was practically empty, only a few other customers milling around the various t-shirts and other articles of clothing hanging throughout the small store.

Then, Robert heard the click of the dressing room door latch, and his eyes snapped to it instinctively. It opened a crack, and he could see two delicate, bare legs step around it.

Jessica emerged a drop-dead sexy babe, appearing in a familiar orange bikini, her smile teasing her father's cock from ten feet away. Her hair fell down over her shoulders in those familiar red curls.

She was, somehow, wearing the exact swimsuit pulled directly from the now soiled magazine, her heavy breasts filling out the tube top as they stretched the heart-shaped cutout to breaking point, rock hard nipples poking at the thin material. Traveling downward, he saw the landing strip she had once sported now entirely gone, leaving only smooth skin approaching the orange-clad camel toe her thighs rotated around.

She turned, and he saw his daughter's nearly bare ass in profile, the bikini bottoms pulled up high in the back, framing the cheek he could see perfectly.

She stepped aside, and then his wife Emilia emerged in her turn. Robert wasn't surprised to see her dressed in his son's chosen bikini, the scarlet strips covering the legal minimum, her own landing strip shaved and waxed like her daughter's. She shot a wink at Chris, who was cupping his balls through his swimsuit at the sight, erection straining.

Behind them emerged the visitor, clad in her usual polka-dotted number. Robert noticed she was breathing heavily, however, long lines of sweat running down her midriff and legs, with a dark spot at her cunt.

Then Jessica was embracing him, rubbing her nearly bare pussy against his leg.

"Watch, Daddy," she said, her tongue teasing his own nipples before she drew away. Then, she pulled the tube covering her breasts away from her body and rotated it around her an eighth turn, centering the cutout over her left nipple.

With a flick of her fingers it snapped back against her, sending a delicious jiggle through both globes.

Robert's eyes widened, his smile deepening in approval. "Fuck yes," he murmured, and then his tongue was at her bare nipple, flicking it as he applied a good deal of suction with his parted lips. His daughter shivered against his ministrations, and he felt her hands rake through his hair.

He pulled back from the breast, his eyes meeting his daughter's own. Over the shoulder, Emilia was masturbating furiously to the sight. Wait, no. He corrected himself, as his eyes flickered to her. Both her hands were at her breasts, mashing them together under crisscrossing lines of thin material. It was Chris's hand that had found its way inside his mother's bottoms, bouncing in a steady rhythm against the scarlet bands as he pressed his erection against her ass.

Robert returned to his ministrations at his daughter's breast, though his right hand trailed down to her own pussy, his fingers slipping beneath the orange band hanging low above it. His left hand pressed against her bare back, and he felt goosebumps raise along her skin there.

"Oh, Daddy," she moaned, barely pronouncing the words. His fingers had begun their work down south in earnest, feeling her liberally lubricate around them in response.

It was only a few short moments before her quivers graduated to violent shakes, as she experienced a loud orgasm. As she screamed out his name, he bit her nipple, pulling it away from her with his teeth, then letting it slip between them and snap back against her heaving chest.

Pulling back, and placing an arm around her shoulders to steady his still orgasming daughter, Robert straightened and turned about. He saw the few customers in the shop, and the cashier, standing around them cheering. The visitor was standing among them, though she kept her smiling silence.

They walked out of the shop that way, Jessica and Emilia not bothering to change out of their soaked bottoms, and Jessica proudly displaying her abused red breast. The cashier counted the Tannen family's loving display as payment enough for the merchandise.

They drove straight home, stopping only when a police officer pulled them over after Robert's daughter proudly displayed to him her still-red bare breast pressed against the window glass. As the visitor devilishly whispered in the officer's ear, he opted to splatter his own cum across Jessica's heart-framed bare tit, afterwards letting them off with just a warning.

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Robert opened up the grill to check the hot dogs, still in his swimsuit, as the girls emerged from the house.

Chris whooped as they rolled their hips with every step, still wearing the newly-purchased bikinis, though Robert noticed his wife had adjusted the straps covering her tits so her nipples poked through. He pinched one as she walked by, and she leaned in to kiss his neck in response, then pulled away to join her son as he lounged under the setting sun.

Robert turned the hot dogs on the grill, noting that most were almost ready. He communicated this to his family as Jessica slid next to him, her arms wrapping around his midsection as she leaned into him. He looked down, noticing her heart cutout had jumped to reveal the other breast, as yet unmarred by his abuse.

He would gladly remedy that state of affairs.

He closed the lid of the grill, turning the burners down so the hot dogs were kept warm without burning. The visitor lifted it as his daughter pulled him away, pulling a dog from the grill and wrapping it in a bun.

He looked over to his wife, who was currently straddling his son as she pulled out his cock. Both men had not cum since that morning, and he could see his son's full balls bouncing between his legs as his wife teased the cockhead.

His balls were similarly full, and he longed to empty them into his daughter.

Jessica seemed to be on the same wavelength. She picked a bare grassy area to lie down in, spreading her legs and presenting her pussy, still covered by the slight orange fabric. The sight maddened Robert, who knelt before her quivering form and hooked two thumbs under the waistline of her bottoms. Then, with a powerful tear, he rent the new bottoms in half, the rip travelling directly through the cloth covering her perfect cunt. He let the remains of her bottoms fall against her legs, and dropped his own swimsuit to his ankles.

The display had garnered a gasp from Jessica, whose breasts were rising and falling in anticipation. Robert stroked his cock a few times, then dropped into a push-up position, his cock slapping directly against her clit, which drew from her to jolt.

He spread his own legs, then, pushing his cock finally into her waiting pussy as her hands balled into fists, quivering under her chin. Her mouth opened, but no sound came out, as he pushed into her, ploughing her in full.

His hands grabbed fistfuls of grass as her pussy massaged his rapidly accelerating cock. He pulled his right hand over to cover her bared breast, and she reached down to pull the left side of her top down to expose her still-raw left tit. Their lips were both parted, breathing heavily against each other.

Then, a determined look igniting in her eyes, Jessica threw her arms around her father's neck, lifting up and pressing her lips against his own. Their tongues met, and as this caused him to only quicken his already rough pace, her teeth clamped down on his lower lip, drawing blood.

They were now both moaning into each others' throats. Or screaming. It was hard to tell. The tightening of her thighs against Robert's waist signalled her orgasm was near, and his was not too far off either. The first spasm that tore through her pussy nearly sent him over the edge simultaneously. Nearly. He pulled his bleeding lip from between her teeth, his eyes never leaving her.

Her petite naked shoulders shook under her splayed red hair, as she broke eye contact first, rolling them up into her head as the orgasm continued to race through her. Then, she rolled out from under Robert, his cock dislodging from her pussy with a wet pop. She was on her feet, racing toward the grill, and she returned within seconds with a bunned hot dog in her hand.

Robert had transitioned to pistoning his fist from cockhead to base in the meantime, standing on unsteady feet. His daughter knelt before him, pressing her lips against his head as she held the hot dog underneath her chin. She was smiling brazenly, her eyes widening as she sensed his cum building in him.

Robert exploded against her lips, spraying cum over her face. Jessica only broadened her smile as she saw the pleasure glaze his eyes. She pulled back, letting his cum coat the perfectly grilled hot dog, as her father's knees nearly gave under him.

Then, as the last of his cum was coaxed onto her dog, she stood up and bit into it, savoring the salty condiment as more cum dripped down her chin. Robert, overcome with amorous feeling, embraced his daughter.

Behind him, he saw Chris bent over his wife, slowly pressing his dick into her now bare ass, as she groaned.

The visitor sat on the picnic table, calmly observing this whole display as she finished her hot dog. She smiled, liking what she saw.

#

The visitor was no longer there when the Tannen's woke up the following Monday. It was no matter, however; new bikinis were obtained, and just as soon destroyed. The family settled into a loving stay-cation for the summer, Robert spending his nights in his daughter's bed, as Emilia soon found herself waking up beside her son each morning.

They went through hundreds of bikinis over the course of that summer, with not a dollar spent on a single one.