**Microkini Fan Bikinis**

by[**MicrokiniFan**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1226614&page=submissions)©

It's been a great year. I graduated from the University of Texas and I moved to the Houston area for my new job in the chemical industry. After a few months of apartment living to try and get a feel of the area, I was able to purchase my first house this spring. One of the basic requirements of house search was for it to have a swimming pool. The long and hot summer months in the south Texas area definitely require frequent dips in the pool to keep cool.  
  
I grew up in a small town in northern Arizona outside of Flagstaff, so I knew what hot summers feel like. My family only had a small above-ground pool back then and we spent all of our time playing outside in that little pool. My real dad left us when I was a little kid and my mom soon re-married. My new dad already had two kids of his own so I was happy to have an instant family to play with. Living way out in the middle of the desert we didn't have many neighbors around us so the three of us kids became close out of necessity. My older step brother was the leader of the pack and always seemed to be just one step head of getting into trouble. He was a cool role model to me and took me under his wing growing up. He was six years older but seemed much older than that, not always interested in playing with me, but always supportive. My step sister Erin was a year younger than me. We became close friends, probably best friends during that time. We have never been far apart since.  
  
It was no surprise to me that Erin would also attend college in Texas. I actually kind of expected and hoped that she would. I got my engineering degree from UT in Austin and she was finishing up her nursing degree at the University of Houston. Even during those college years in different cities we kept very close and probably talked a few times each week. Every now and then I would travel to Houston to party with her or she would come to Austin. We were inseparable and all of our friends knew of our close relationship. We would talk to each other about our girlfriends and boyfriends and usually conclude that things weren't going to work out. She dated a few guys that turned out to be jerks and I had a girlfriend for a few years mostly out of convenience.  
  
So when I got settled in my new house, it was just like old times again having Erin around. She stayed at her apartment near campus during the week and would head over after classes were done on Friday. She took over one of the guest rooms that had some of my old furniture. We would have pool parties with our friends on the weekends and cookouts in the evenings. It was really fun having my best friend Erin around again.  
  
Over the years growing up together I watched her develop from a rough tomboy into quite a lady. The progression over time is so gradual that I have never really thought of her as woman, but just as my grown up sister. Stepping aside and taking an objective view, she grew into one attractive young woman. She has managed to keep herself fit by working out often. Her blond hair has changed lengths and styles over the years with it currently being short.  
  
When it was just the two of us in the house, we were really casual. I'd notice that Erin would wake up in the morning wearing a T-shirt with no bra and shorts. I would eat breakfast in only my boxer shorts before getting dressed. I think it was unavoidable that we would occasionally catch a glimpse of each other. Maybe a little nip slip here or the curve of her butt cheeks bending over would make me stop and think - "Wow, that's nice!"  
  
I've never thought of Erin in any overtly sexual way as we've known each other all our lives. The only time I can recall that anything ever happened was a few months ago. It was late one night after a party and we were watching a movie together on the couch. We both had a few drinks and were probably a little horny. Just for fun, we started to kiss a little. To our surprise it didn't seem awkward at all. We made a comment about us being in an incestuous relationship together and laughed.  
  
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Yesterday was Saturday and we had some friends over for a pool party, a few beers, and some hamburgers on the grill. We had no plans for Sunday, other then probably getting the grass cut and relaxing at the pool. After lunch, Erin announced that she was going to lay out for awhile and I started to mow the front yard. About a third of the way done, I ran inside to get my sunglasses and I noticed that she was lying on the pool deck wearing a new yellow thong bikini. She had talked about getting it last week and apparently did so without making any big deal of it. I must admit that she looked good. I finished cutting the grass, changed out of my sweaty clothes and into my swimsuit and joined her at the pool. I pulled one of the chairs onto the deck beside her and sat down.  
  
"New bikini," I said, not so much a question as a statement. "Looks nice."  
  
"Do you think so?" she replied. "I can't decide if I like it yet."  
  
"What do you mean? It looks good."  
  
"Yea, It's OK, but I don't think I'll win any contests," she stated.  
  
"So you're thinking about those contests again?"  
  
A few weeks ago, Erin raised the topic of entering a bikini contest at one of the local clubs. She has always been up for a little fun and has never been ashamed of her body. We watched one of the bikini contests recently and she stated that she looked better than most of the girls on stage. I agreed.  
  
"Yea, I'd like to give it a try. It looks like harmless fun. I need to work off these tan lines from my regular bikini, so I bought this little thong online."  
  
I have always been a fan of women's swimwear and I immediately recognized it as one of the more moderate styles of a Wicked Weasel bikini.  
  
"I'll work my way down little by little until a feel comfortable wearing one of those micro thongs," she said. "I think that's what I'll need to wear for a bikini contest. The winning girls usually seem to wear little G-strings."  
  
I immediately pictured Erin wearing a tiny microkini while lying here next to me. Man, what a sight that would be.  
  
Then without skipping a beat, she added "I've already ordered one of those tiny Wicked Weasel micro thongs, it should be here sometime this week." She smiled.  
  
"Oh, I can't wait to see it," I told her. "You'll be a knockout wearing one of those."  
  
"Do you really think so?" she inquired with a grin. "I'm still not sure I can pull off something like that in public."  
  
"Sure you can, you're pretty and have a nice figure."  
  
"We'll see," she replied.  
  
Sure enough, on Thursday, a little padded envelope arrived in the mailbox from Wicked Weasel. Inside a little bag was a tangle of blue strings with three tiny triangles of fabric. Erin immediately went to her room to try it on and returned a minute later wearing the microkini. It was magnificent on her. Her perky C-cup breasts were enhanced by the under-sized top and they appeared to be larger than when wearing her regular bikini top. The tiny thong fit her body perfectly and the single string between her ass cheeks looked awesome. She has the perfect body for a tiny thong.  
  
"I love it!" she exclaimed. "What do you think?" she asked as she posed in the kitchen.  
  
"Wow, now that is a nice bikini" I gasped. I couldn't believe that my step sister was flaunting herself before me in a tiny blue microkini.  
  
"It feels so light, like I have nothing on at all," she smiled. "And I think that this fabric becomes a little sheer when wet."  
  
Oh crap, I thought. I'm not going to be able to keep from staring at her little pussy all the time if it's true. But I couldn't resist the temptation to verify. "Really? Let's jump in the pool and check it out."  
  
"OK!" Erin agreed and she dashed out the door.  
  
I hurried to my room and changed into my swimsuit as fast as possible. I could feel my dick starting to stir with the thought of seeing her in that tiny wet microkini. I grabbed a towel and went out to the pool to find her floating in the water. She swam over to the stairs and walked out of the pool as I approached.  
  
To my great satisfaction, I said "Yep, it's definitely a little sheer when wet." Her firm tits were held tightly by the narrow triangles of fabric. Her small nipples were somehow just covered but were be protruding nicely from the taught material. The bottoms covered just her tiny curl of pubic hair and her smooth pussy lips. I couldn't believe that she was obviously showing off in front of me in such a tiny bikini. Was she trying to tease me or something?  
  
"This microkini makes me feel soooo sexy," she laughed. "And it also seems to be having an affect on you too." She pointed at my increasingly obvious bulge.  
  
Oh shit, I thought.  
  
"Come here, incest bro," she motioned me closer.  
  
I can't believe that she remembered our little incest joke. This was exactly what I wanted to do. I stepped in close and grabbed her hips. We looked at each other for just a moment and then she pulled me firmly against her body and we began to kiss. I could feel her firm breasts against my chest and her warm pussy right on my dick. She was slowly grinding her hips, using her pussy to feel my hardening dick. After a long moment together, we separated and grinned at each other.  
  
"Love that body and the bikini on it." I said.  
  
"I'm especially glad that you like it. I kind of got it for the both of us, since I know how much you like tiny bikinis," she said." I still plan on wearing it Saturday night for the bikini contest, if you're OK with that."  
  
"I'm definitely OK with it," I said. "I want to see you win."  
  
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It appeared that we created a monster together. Erin won the first bikini contest that she entered that next Saturday night, and started winning other contests too. Her self confidence and cute looks went a long way, but the tiny blue Wicked Weasel microkini didn't hurt her chances either. In the area, there are a few clubs with weekly bikini contests during the summer, so we would see the same handful of girls entered in the competitions. They were becoming aware of Erin's success and started to copy her formula by wearing smaller thongs. It got to the point that almost the girls competed with tiny thongs. The girls seemed to have more fun on the stage and it was great for the guys watching in the audience.  
  
To break out of the pack, Erin purchased a sling thong online. Those were popular in the 90's at many south Florida bikini contests, but had not been seen much recently. Her metallic gold sling was in instant hit again with the crowd. Once again the group of bikini contestants caught on and then sling thongs were becoming a common sight.  
  
Watching Erin from the crowd of horny guys made me laugh. She was having so much fun up on stage teasing them with her sexy body and tiny bikinis. I'd catch her glance at me every now and then with a knowing look between us. I had the feeling that she was sometimes going overboard just for me. I would watch her from a distance after the contest as one dude after another would buy her drinks and try to pick her up. She would continue to flirt with them but would ultimately leave with me at the end of the night. We would make comments and laugh all the way home.  
  
One of the huge benefits to Erin's bikini contest successes is that she started tanning in the nude. What's the point of wearing a microkini if you still had tan lines? Whenever there was no one around, she could be found naked in the back yard, swimming, reading, or just sleeping in the sun. I never got tired of seeing her body. After awhile, she convinced me to tan naked with her too.  
  
The sexual tension was building slowly between us ever since she started coming over to the house on a regular basis. Maybe it had been there before and we chose to ignore it. But being in closer proximity to each other made us more aware of what was starting to develop. And as I had always believed, a man and a woman cannot usually be friends for long before thoughts turn to sex.  
  
Without clothing, it became harder for us to pretend there was no attraction between us. I would be dozing in the sun and feel her fingers touching my limp dick. She seemed to be fascinated by my dick and liked to play with it, just to watch it harden. It was like an evolving game with her, to see if some new stimulation would have an arousal effect. Of course I didn't mind.  
  
Likewise, I liked playing the same game with her too, to see what subtle thing I could do to turn her on a little. She would be reading and I just couldn't resist gently touching her smooth tanned pussy. She'd giggle.  
  
One day after work I arrived home and found Erin lying nude in the late afternoon sunlight. She heard me enter the house and motioned for me to join her outside. I grabbed a drink and went outside.  
  
"How was your day?" she asked. She had the look on her face that something was on her mind.  
  
"Not too bad, just glad to be home." I replied. "I can't wait for this week to be over"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I really look forward to the weekend. I really have fun when you're around." I stated.  
  
"Tell me about it?" Erin asked.  
  
"You're just so cool to be around. You're funny and always happy." I said. "Plus I never get tired of watching you in your tiny bikinis. You look hot."  
  
"Do you truly think so?"  
  
"Yes, I really do"  
  
Erin stepped close to me and said "I think you're hot too, and I've been having some thoughts."  
  
"About what?"  
  
"About us having sex." she stated.  
  
Wow, I thought. Now it's out on the table, so to speak. I can't say that the thought had never crossed my mind, but I couldn't imagine how to broach the subject. Now she did. Erin looked a little apprehensive, as if I was going to laugh or be turned off by the proposal, but that was furthest from the truth.  
  
"Me too," I simply replied. "I've thought about it too. Actually, I've been thinking about it a lot recently."  
  
"How come you never mentioned it to me?" Erin asked.  
  
"Well obviously it's a touchy subject. We've known each other for years, and I've never thought of you than more then just my step sister. But now look at us. We always have fun when we're together, we understand each other, and now were finding out that we are both really attracted to each other. We're in a relationship"  
  
"That's almost exactly what I've been feeling too." Erin replied.  
  
I continued, "But obviously, no one can know about this. Almost everyone we know thinks that we are blood brothers and sisters, and it would appear incestuous."  
  
"But we're not related, so that makes it OK?" Erin asked.  
  
"It's OK with me, sis." I agreed. And that was all that needed to be said.  
  
Erin had already assumed this conclusion and was ready. She went to the picnic table where a folded blanket was left and walked to the grass next to the pool where she spread it out. I started to undress and joined her on the blanket. She took control.  
  
Pushing me gently down on my back, she knelt beside me and took my dick into her hand and started stroking. With the anticipation of fucking my step sister now a reality in front of me, it didn't take long at all for me to become hugely erect. Lowering her mouth, she ever so softly began to kiss my hard dick all over. Wrapping her lips around the head of my dick and continuing to stroke my shaft with her hand, she somehow managed to rotate herself so the she was straddling above me in a sixty-nine position.  
  
Just mere inches from my face was her beautiful little pussy. I pulled her close and gently kissed it as she softly moaned with pleasure. The tip of my tongue separated her lips and was met with a tiny drop of her moisture inside. As I dug my tongue deeper into her slit I could feel the rush of her juices into my mouth. As she continued to give me a blowjob, I sucked her hardening clit deep into my mouth and caressed it with my tongue. We both were ready.  
  
Erin got up, turned around and straddled me. Staring directly into my eyes and smiling, she positioned my dick into her awaiting pussy and every so slowly lowered herself into me. It was the most incredible feeling as her tight pussy slowly enveloped my dick. When our bodies met, we just stayed in that position for a long minute as I was deep inside her.  
  
On the blanket in the afternoon sun, Erin slowly began to fuck me while on top, the slower the better. Erin worked herself up to a growing orgasm, tensing her body around my satisfied dick as she came. We would then change positions drive her to anther orgasm over and over as we made love together for almost an hour. I couldn't believe that was lasting for so long (I usually don't), but it just felt perfect and both of us wanted to last forever. Eventually we finished with me on top and I pulled out at the last possible minute and blew cum on her sweat covered belly and breasts. She rubbed my cum across her chest and continued to stroke my dick still slick with cum as I fell next to her in complete satisfaction and exhaustion.  
  
I kissed her and said "That was the best, ever"  
  
"I can't believe that we just had sex that long," Erin said. "I couldn't stop coming, it was incredible"  
  
We cooled off in the pool and held each other tightly, her legs wrapped around my body as we continued to kiss.  
  
Drying off after the swim, I sat down next to Erin while she finished brushing her hair. She turned to me and asked "Do you know how to thread mom's old sewing machine? I have it in the closet."  
  
"Yea," I replied. "It's simple". In high school I worked at a custom auto body shop that restored classic cars. I had an old Barracuda that I was trying to restore, without much luck on my own. The owner put me in the upholstery shop to learn to create custom seat covers for his client's restorations. I could sew pretty well.  
  
"Why? You need something fixed?"  
  
"I want to try creating my own bikinis," she said. "There aren't many differences any more between what all the girls are wearing. I want shake things up a bit."  
  
"Cool idea," I said. "It wouldn't be hard to make something. What are you thinking?"  
  
"A combination of a microkini and a sling. Somehow the top and bottoms would be connected."  
  
That evening we got out paper and began to sketch some ideas together. It wasn't hard to come up with some radical designs. Later Erin brought over the sewing machine and picked up some cheap Lycra at the fabric store. We also found some elasticized thread that we would use to tie it all together.  
  
Our first model was just a plain sling bikini with a teardrop shaped bottom and two teardrop shapes over the breast. It actually didn't look too bad for a first try. And working with Erin a as nude mannequin was a treat.  
  
For our second design, we rotated the top segments so that they crossed the breasts at an angle, narrow on top, wide below. This seemed to fit a little better and allowed her to move without her breasts popping out of the tops whenever she twisted around.  
  
The third design consisted of triangles to cover each breast, but rotated inward. We added a small metal ring between the breasts to tie it together and a loop around the neck. This was our best fitting model so far and looked like it might work. Once the geometry was established it was just a matter of making it fit well. We realized that for bikini contests, the flashier the better, so we decided to use metallic fabrics in different color combinations. They were not very durable but would work for just a bikini contest.  
  
We had the design for our new sling style bikini, but it wasn't really a microkini yet. I started the process of removing little fabric here and there. Time after time, Erin would try on the new model and confirm that it still fits, but would reply "Make it smaller, still."  
  
I had reduced the top triangles to less than an inch in size, with them now barely covering her little nipples, and not much more. The bottom teardrop shape was even more challenging. We wanted to make it narrow enough just to cover her tanned pussy mound, but not so small that it would just get "swallowed up" between her lips. She wanted the bottom to start at the top cleavage of her pussy slit, not all the way to the top of her pubic area. I couldn't imagine needing to do this, but we ended up with her lying on the floor with her legs spread and I used a small tape measure to take detailed measurements of her pussy. Fun!

With the sizes finally set specifically for her body, we cut metallic silver fabric as the border material and used metallic purple for the center sections of the top and bottom. Tied all together with the elasticized silver thread, it looked great. Erin walked around and performed her teasing bikini contest moves and it all pretty much stayed in place. For a contest, we would use some Bikini Bite adhesive spray to keep it from sliding around. We looked at her standing in front of a mirror and it looked like nothing we have ever seen before.  
  
Time to try it out in public.  
  
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The end of the summer was rapidly approaching. Erin was tanned to a deep bronze on every inch of her body and her short blond hair contrasted magnificently with her darkened skin. After competing all summer long, she was a popular contestant and was voted into the finals at the end of the season. Armed with a handful of our home made microkini slings, she set out to win it all.  
  
The first club had both a prelim and final bikini contest. Erin downplayed herself during the prelim competition and wore "just" a G-string bikini. Looking good as usual. As the announcer worked the crowd, she changed backstage to our little silver and purple metallic microkini sling, and then quickly covered it up with a T-shirt. In a sly move, she discretely let the announcer peek at her new microkini and convinced him to let her go last during the final round. As the rowdy crowd cheered the parade across the stage of girls in their tiny bikinis, the announcer finally called her name.  
  
With a quick wink to me in the back, Eric smoothly walked onstage wearing her T-shirt. After one pass across the front of the stage to encourage the crowd, she walked to the center stage and removed her shirt. There was an audible gasp from the crowd as both men and women gazed upon her, wearing quite possibly he smallest metallic microkini sling that they had ever seen. The crowd then erupted and roared with approval. I have never heard anything like that in my life and Erin looked to be the most confident and satisfied woman on earth. She walked slowly back and forth across the stage as cameras flashed and recorded it all.  
  
When the contestants were re-announced and lined up on stage for the final review, Erin once again received the loudest applause and cheers. It was no surprise to me that she won the bikini contest, and also the five hundred dollar prize!  
  
After each contest, she was often approached by other women, and a few timid men, asking where she got such an amazing microkini. She would introduce me as her "business partner" and told them that we had designed and created these ourselves.  
  
This same series of events played itself out across the city, with Erin taking the top spot at many of the contests and winning a little prize money here and there. By the end of the summer, we had amassed a few thousand dollars.  
  
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It wasn't the first time that the idea had crossed our minds. It appeared that we might have discovered an untapped market need for extreme microkinis, and nothing at the time seemed to fill that niche. Once people saw her wearing one, there always seemed to be someone interested in buying one for themselves, their wife, or their girlfriends.  
  
Using the prize money, we decided to start our own small business to create and manufacture some new styles of microkinis. Since we were both now huge fans of this type if swimwear, we named our company "Microkini Fan Bikinis".  
  
We continued to receive requests from all over the Internet for versions of our radical microkinis. Business was been picking up at a great pace and there is a huge profit (charging $29.95 for a dollars worth of Lycra and thread).  
  
We wonder if we can quit our regular jobs and do this full time?

**Microkini Fan Bikinis Ch. 02**

Over the past few weeks I have been working on our new business venture - the Microkini Fan Bikini Company. It all started this summer with my step sister Erin and some local bikini contests. We designed a created an ultra tiny sling thong just for her and it became a crowd favorite to win quite a few contests. Too radical to be worn in public, it basically was just two small patches covering the top of the breasts and a narrow strip of material just covering her pussy. After a few of the contests, we would be approached by curious girls (and a few guys) asking where we got such a suit. After many inquiries, we realized that we may have found an untapped niche market for ultra tiny microkinis and began discussing the possibility of making and selling some of these original creations.  
  
Creating a small business is easy these days. There are plenty of incentives to get one started and a filing a few simple forms got us on our way. I had a little money saved up for a rainy day and I invested it into our fledgling company to buy three commercial sewing machines, a serger, and a moderate amount of fabric from which our first designs would come from. We set this up in my spare bedroom and started to work.  
  
We had four initial designs of some microkinis that we created for Erin last summer, so these were our starting templates. We spent a few days checking and modifying these designs to make them work on what we referred to as a generic body. (Erin's is well above average). Using various color combinations that we carefully selected, we assembled about twenty initial microkinis. If we could sell these, then we knew we were onto something.  
  
Next we had to advertise. So far the only people to have seen the microkinis were the crowds at the local bikini contests in the Houston area. The response was usually extremely positive, except for a few prudes that though they were inappropriate. (Usually these comments came from larger girls that probably could never wear such an erotic suit, so I think that they were really just jealous.) We plunked down a few dollars to reserve our own domain name and began to design a retail website to advertise and hopefully sell our bikinis.  
  
Erin selected one of the more moderate micro sling bikinis and we went outside by the pool to take some high definition photos for the website. They turned out OK, but not enticing enough for us. The photos looked just average, like we were taking them in our backyard (which we were). We found one that we liked, cropped it down to just her body, rendered it in false colors and posted it on the start page of our new website with an "Under Construction" banner and a hit counter.  
  
Later that evening we prepared for our usual Friday night activity after a long work week. We saved our Netflix DVD for the weekend and over the past few months; we developed quite a fun little evening routine for ourselves. Earlier in the summer we finally admitted to an ongoing sexual attraction between us and since have become very active fuck buddies together. Nobody else knew that Erin was my step sister. They all thought that she was my real sister, so we kept this little secret to ourselves. On most Friday (or Saturday, or even Sunday) evenings, I would grab a few beers and a bag of chips and she would get a glass of her favorite wine and we would snuggle on the couch in front of the TV. I'd start massaging her shoulder and work my way across her body as she rested on top of me. As she became hornier, I'd help her to remove her clothes as she would also remove mine. Usually half way through the movie, we would be naked together and obviously getting quite aroused. The trick was to then try to please each other through the rest of the movie, without having sex until it was over. Kind of like a tantric sex ritual.  
  
Erin has been stroking my dick while watching the DVD and finally put her empty glass aside to give me a slow blowjob. After about ten wonderful minutes, I was starting to get that deep arousal so we traded places. Erin lay down across the couch and I softly kissed her soft breasts, working my way slowly downward. When I reached her awaiting pussy, I paused with my warm breath just above it and she purred with delight. I gently explored every inch of her with the tip of my tongue until she couldn't take it anymore and we traded places again. This back and forth went on for another hour as we (mostly) tried to watch the movie and continued to pleasure each other.  
  
When the final credits roll, that was our permission to eagerly fuck each other. Erin liked starting out on top of me and impaling herself on my erect dick. Sliding into her warm pussy the initial time was always the most satisfying part for me, and I think for her too. We would remain together silently for a minute or two. I loved the warmth of her pussy as it engulfed my dick and she also enjoyed when I was within her body. We would slowly begin to fuck and work our way through our favorite positions.  
  
I would imagine that most people have sex relatively quietly, with the occasional "Oooohhh" and "Aaahhhhs" throughout. But we would just talk as of nothing special was happening.  
  
"I've been thinking about our website photos a little bit," I said as I watched my cock slide into her wet pussy. "I think we need a little more than backyard photos."  
  
"Me too," Erin replied. "I want a cool looking website, not one of those generic template sites. High Def photos and video too." She was holding my ass and was pulling me into her over and over.  
  
"Should we hire a photographer?" I asked.  
  
"Naw, we can do these ourselves.  
  
I pulled out of her and she turned over on her hands and knees. I entered her doggie style and reached around to fondle her clit.  
  
"How 'bout some photos at the beach?"  
  
"That would look better. Give it some real-world feel. Not contrived like being indoors in a studio," she stated.  
  
"We still going tomorrow, aren't we?" I asked. "Do you want to try a photo shoot there?"  
  
"Sure, it would be fun to wear the micros in public again."  
  
We continued to fuck doggie style a little longer. We were both getting pretty worked up and were ready to finish. Erin rolled onto her back and raised her legs in the air as I slid in between them. With my hands squeezing her tanned tits, we worked ourselves faster in harder until I came hard inside of her and she came shortly after. I pulled myself out and continued to rub her clit causing her to climax three or four more times in a row. We finally fell together in a sweaty heap and laughed together.  
  
Being fuck buddies with my step sister has been awesome.  
  
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Bright and early Saturday we packed up our standard beach gear: chairs, drinks, snacks, etc. But this time we also brought along six of our microkinis along with our cameras. It's only a twenty or thirty minute drive to the beach and we wanted to get there before the afternoon crowds. Forsaking our usual spot, we decided that it would be better to drive a little further down the beach, away from the family areas. We picked an isolated spot that was both close to the water's edge and the dune grass. There were a few people around, minding their own business a few dozen yards away, but that was all.  
  
We spread out our beach gear and settled down for some sun. Erin took of her T-shirt and shorts to reveal a tiny orange WickedWeasel bikini, one of my favorites. I was wearing my navy blue thong but had a pair of "normal" swim trunks when I was up and walking around. These beaches aren't known for lots of thonging.  
  
Erin applied a light layer of suntan oil, not the heavy stuff that makes her skin look wet but just gave it a light sheen. I put a little on too since we would probably be here awhile and I didn't want to burn.  
  
Erin dug through her bag and extracted six zip lock bags containing the microkinis. We decided to start with a simple slingshot thong in green. Erin discreetly pulled off her bikini and put on the sling, adjusting the tiny patches of fabric over each breast and over her pussy lips. We didn't bring any Bikini Bite with us to keep the sling from slipping off, but we weren't going to be dancing around either. Erin stood up, adjusted it again and looked mighty fine.  
  
I had the camera ready and we decided to start near the dune grass. Erin posed and moved around as I started filling the memory card with as many pictures as I could take. We could choose the best ones later. Kneeling and then lying she became covered with sand. We then moved near the water's edge to wash off the sand and get some pictures while wet. We probably got about a hundred good shots and moved back to our chairs.  
  
Sitting down, I passed her a bottle of water. "Those turned out good," I stated.  
  
Erin sat down in her chair and her left breast popped out. She made no attempt to cover herself. "Yea that was fun," she replied.  
  
"You were definitely drawing some attention. Just about anyone within sight was watching you," I said. "It's not every day that they see a hot girl in a tiny slingshot thong."  
  
"Aw stop it!"  
  
"Ready for another?" I asked, pointing to another baggie with one of our microkinis.  
  
"OK - I'm feeling sexy out here in public. Let's go!" Erin exclaimed. Right then and there, she easily stepped out of the sling bikini she was wearing and reached for another microkini, fumbling with the bag as she stood naked on the beach. The next sling microkini she had chosen was a blue metallic with fluorescent orange strings. It contrasted nicely on her tanned skin. Once positioned carefully to just barely cover the top of her breasts and almost her pussy lips, we went back over to the dune grass for the next photo shoot.  
  
By then others in our vicinity had noticed what we were doing and began to watch our sexy photo shoot. Both men and a few women were watching Erin pose in these miniscule sling bikinis and most were enjoying the free show. I believed that some single guys would have moved closer to watch and maybe strike up a conversation with her, but with me present, they all kept their respectful distance.  
  
We continued through the noon hour with our photo shoot, eventually getting some great shots with all six of the microkinis that we brought along. When the final shot was completed, Erin was standing next to me inspecting the recent images on the camera. Behind us, someone was approaching.  
  
"Wow! That was quite a show!" a female voice said. "I think I saw most of it."  
  
We turned around and found that a young woman was slowly walking towards us, looking a little shy but smiling broadly.  
  
"Hi, I'm Keyla," she introduced herself. "I love those bikinis, if that's what you call them," she said with a thick accent.  
  
Erin replied "Hi, I'm Erin and this is Mike." She made no mention of me being her brother.  
  
"We've started our own company to make these little microkinis, and we're taking some photos for our new website," I added.  
  
"Well, they're certainly like nothing I've ever seen before," Keyla said.  
  
"Would you like to join us here on the sand?" Erin asked to my surprise.  
  
"May I?" Keyla smiled. "I'd like to see more of these little things," as she motioned to the pile of microkinis that Erin had previously been wearing. She spread out her towel next to Erin and sat. She was still wearing a light yellow sundress from her way to the beach.  
  
We told her our story of designing and creating an ultra tiny bikini for Erin's entry in the bikini contests, and our idea to try and sell them. Erin offered her a bottle of water and told her to make herself comfortable. Keyla obliged.  
  
Removing her sundress, Keyla exposed a tiny floral thong on her true bikini body. She was a small and thin girl - couldn't have been more than one hundred pounds, but had truly magnificent huge breasts. Tanned on every visible piece of skin, she must have been out in the sun all summer long. I did my best not to stare directly at her chest as she adjusted the tiny bikini top.  
  
"Where are you from?" I finally asked.  
  
"Caracas" Keyla replied.  
  
"Venezuela - that's a long way from Texas," I said.  
  
"I've been visiting my aunt and uncle for the summer, but I'll return in a few weeks to start school."  
  
"I like your bikini," Erin told her.  
  
"Thanks, these are made locally in Caracas. They're a signature design of a company named Johnnie Team bikinis. Everybody always assumes that the Brazilians wear tiny bikinis to the beach, but our bikinis are tinier." She sat up straight and posed a little.  
  
"In Venezuela, most girls get boob jobs," she said proudly. "I just got these last year when I turned eighteen." Keyla pushed her chest out and moved side to side to display her monstrous breasts.  
  
"I've heard that Venezuela is the plastic surgery capital of the world," Erin said.  
  
Keyla smiled "Yes, we are!" Everyone laughed.  
  
"How would you like to be a model for our microkini company?" Erin asked. I was shocked since we had never yet talked about our new company with anyone else, let alone a cute stranger that we just met on the beach. But just imagining Keyla wearing our microkinis was enough to convince me to immediately agree.  
  
"Oh, that would be fun!" Keyla exclaimed. "I've always wanted to be a model, and these designs are like nothing I've ever seen!" "You want me do it now?"  
  
"No, we'll have to customize some of these suits for you," I said. "These were made to fit Erin's body, so we'll have to take some measurements and size them just for you."  
  
"Doing anything tomorrow?" Erin asked. "Can you come on by our house?"  
  
"Nothing, I'd love to visit."  
  
Erin scribbled our address on a piece of paper and handed it to Keyla. The two girls continued to talk, as I imagined her soon to be wearing the tiniest of bikinis.  
  
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It was Sunday evening and Keyla called and said that she was on her way over. Erin and I had spent the afternoon by the pool and we were both still wearing our swimsuits. Around 7PM there was a knock on the front door.  
  
Erin opened the door and greeted Keyla with friendly hug. "Ready to model?"  
  
"Yes, I've been looking forward to this all day," Keyla replied. Erin led her into the living room where she dropped her bag in the corner and walked over to where I was arranging some of our micro bikinis.  
  
"Are these all for me?" Keyla asked.  
  
"We can try on as many as you'd like," I said. "I'll have to make some adjustments for your body." I pointed to her huge chest with a grin.  
  
"Let's get started." And with that, Keyla took off the little blue dress that she was wearing. I was amazed. She wasn't even wearing a bra, only some tiny blue panties. Her large D-cup breasts were sitting high and very perky on her chest. I had assumed she was wearing a bra under her dress, but her figure was just naturally firm and tight. Her breasts had nice large flat nipples that were perched on top. She noticed that I was checking out her body and came next to me under the guise of choosing the first microkini. She leaned across to select a pink slingshot and intentionally pressed her breasts against me. This was going to be fun.  
  
"I like this one," Keyla said.  
  
Erin selected a similar purple slingshot. "I'll model this one too," she said. "We'll take a few photos together."  
  
Erin took off her bikini and stepped into the slingshot and adjusted it on her body. Without any hesitation, Keyla did the same right in front of us. The tiny slingshot had no hope of containing her larger breasts.  
  
I offered to adjust the small patches of fabric and to figure out what needed to be modified. Keyla stood still as I moved around the top patches to center them across her nipples. I estimated that I probably would have to double them in size for her, but it would still be a very tiny slingshot thong by any measure.  
  
"How does it feel?" I asked.  
  
"Very sexy," she replied. "Like I'm not wearing anything at all."  
  
"You do look incredible," Erin stated. "I wish I had a set of tits like that." Both girls laughed.  
  
Because of the additional strain on the slingshot from her large chest, I noticed that the tiny teardrop shaped bottom was beginning to slip between her pussy lips as she moved around to create a pretty camel toe.  
  
In the meantime Erin had moved closer to us. "Can I feel your boobs?" she asked Keyla. "They look so natural." "I can't believe that they are fake."  
  
"Feel them." Keyla allowed Erin to fondle her.  
  
"When I saw you two on the beach yesterday," Keyla continued with a smile, "I could tell that you would probably be fun to fool around with. My feeling was right."  
  
Our offer for her to model our microkinis was just the invitation that she was looking for. Erin was having a little fun with her. I grabbed the camera and starting taking photos of the two girls acting silly. Erin was grabbing Keyla's breasts and started to over-act with fake pleasure like in a cheap porno film. The three of us simultaneously laughed out loud. Just being silly again, the two girls starting posing in all kinds of suggestive positions together, pulling the microkini tops aside to kiss a nipple or lick a breast.  
  
Taking pictures as fast as I could, I began to notice that the playful teasing was starting to get serious. It looked to me like Erin and Keyla we genuinely getting turned on by each other's playful actions. A minute later, both girls were sitting together in the middle of the room and slowly kissing each other. I was truly surprised and a little turned on, seeing Erin like that. I had no idea that she was ever interested in being with another girl. She had never mentioned anything like that to me.  
  
The viewfinder in the camera turned blue and blinked "Memory card full".  
  
"Aw crap!" I exclaimed. "Just filled up the memory card. Let me grab another one"  
  
I hurried down the hall to our computer room where I kept our camera equipment. I opened the desk drawer and dug through the mess to find one of my spare SD memory cards. Walking back I was concentrating on swapping the memory card in the camera when I re-entered the living room. I stopped and my jaw dropped.  
  
Erin was leaning back on her elbows, sitting on the floor with her legs spread wide. Keyla was between her legs and softly kissing Erin's pussy. I was stunned. First Keyla, then Erin smiled at me to acknowledge my presence, but then continued onward.  
  
I raised the camera and started taking pictures of my sister getting her pussy licked by this girl we had only met the day before. Erin's eyes were closed and her head dropped back while she enjoyed the moment. I zoomed in close and got the most fantastic shots of just Keyla's tongue gently separating Erin's moist pink pussy lips.  
  
I noticed that Keyla's tanned ass was raised in the air while as she continued to pleasure Erin, so I maneuvered myself behind her with camera in hand. I captured the beautiful sight of the pink slingshot material which had disappeared almost completely between her tanned little pussy lips. Got some good close-ups of that. Keyla knew that I was behind her taking pictures and she playfully wagged her ass at me. I reached forward and gently pulled the pink fabric from within her lips and moved it aside. Her pussy had just a hint of moisture as I guess she was becoming aroused by being with Erin.  
  
With just my right hand now holding the camera, I took my left finger and gently placed it between her soft lips and she quietly moaned with pleasure too. Taking that as a signal to proceed, I slid my finger into her pussy and felt her warm juices start to flow. I fingered her while she was licking my sister's clitoris. Erin was in heaven and Keyla was enjoying herself sandwiched between us.  
  
I was starting to become aroused, more from watching my sister getting her pussy licked. I finally realized that the camera was becoming a nuisance to our little game and I put it aside. I situated myself directly behind Keyla and replaced my finger with my tongue in her cunt. The quiet moaning deep within her started to increase. I rose back up to watch my sister some more and caught her eye as he smiled at me.

Without making a sound, Erin mouthed the words "FUCK HER!" to me and gave me an obvious look. I grinned and nodded back to her.  
  
I pulled down my swimsuit and my hard cock sprung straight upwards out of the confinement. Drawing closer, I grabbed the camera for one last shot of my dick head just touching Keyla's wet pussy. I put the camera back down and held her hips as I inserted just my tip into her.  
  
"Oh my god! Please fuck me!" Keyla exclaimed. "I can't stand it any longer."  
  
With that permission, I slowly pushed myself into her. Being such a small girl, her pussy was nice and tight for my hard dick. Fully inserted, I just remained there with my groin smashed against her firm ass and enjoyed the feel of a woman engulfing me. I must have had a look of pleasure on my face because Erin was smiling right at me.  
  
"How does he feel?" Erin asked.  
  
Keyla could just muster an "OHHAaaaa" in response.  
  
"I want some of that too." Erin added next. As far as Keyla knew, we were in some sort of relationship together, but still didn't know that relationship was step brother and sister. Erin rose up and crawled around beside Keyla with her ass towards me.  
  
"My turn" she said.  
  
I couldn't believe this was happening, but who was I to complain. I pulled myself out of Keyla, moved over to Erin and slid my dick into her wet pink pussy. My sister's hole felt similar, but familiar and better, like home. I fucked her for a few minutes and my finger stroked into and out of Keyla's cunt.  
  
Keyla got up and knelt beside me. She was concentrating only on the motion of my dick as it slid into Erin's pussy. She probably had never seen a good fuck before from this angle, and couldn't stop watching. Another good ten minutes later and I was ready to cum.  
  
"I'm getting close".  
  
"Oh, I want to see you cum all over Erin's ass!" Keyla exclaimed.  
  
"How about on your chest"? I asked.  
  
"YES!" she replied.  
  
I pulled out of Erin and barely stood up before Keyla grabbed by wet dick and stroked it vigorously with her mouth open in anticipation. The first surge of cum hit her chin as she angled my dick down at her tits. I released my load all over her perk tanned breasts. "Oh my god, that's so hot", She said. She wiped it across her chest like it was suntan lotion, completely covering both.  
  
"Next time, it's your turn", Erin told Keyla.  
  
"Will there be a next time"? I asked.  
  
"You bet there will be!" Keyla answered. "I want to hang out with the two of you and have more three ways until I leave for home in a few weeks. The two of you are awesome. I wish we would have met earlier so we could have fucked all summer long".  
  
"Let's jump into the shower and get cleaned off", Erin said. "Then how about a night swim in the pool nude".  
  
Which was immediately followed by "and then another round of sex!" Keyla added. "I am already imagining your cock inside me"!  
  
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It was a damn shame that Keyla had to leave just three weeks later and return to school in Venezuela. She practically lived with us at the house that entire time. I don't recall how many times the three of us fucked, but it seemed to be a constant activity around the house. It seemed that someone was always getting their pussy eaten or my dick sucked.  
  
After Keyla left, we finally had some spare time to finish the Microkini Fan Bikinis website. I poured through hundreds of microkini photos that we had taken and we selected the best ones.  
  
If you look through our website, now you'll know that the two models shown there are my sister Erin and our friend from Venezuela, Keyla.