**Molly Unbound, Chapt. 16**

by Molly

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“Is the game over?” I asked innocently in my “Misti” voice. On the big-screen TV, the winning touchdown was being replayed in slow motion, but the three guys in Jaye’s apartment only had eyes for me.  
  
Having just stepped out of my panties and abandoned them where they fell, I stood in front of everyone wearing only my four-inch high heels.   
  
Jaye’s friends Jason, Eli and Raj were sunken in overstuffed chairs and couches, so my newly unveiled pussy — shaven except for the tuft of red at the very top — was directly at their eye level as I stood only a few feet away across the width of the coffee table. I was in position to sit down on the couch next to Jaye, but I was putting it off because I wanted to be on display. I had to admit, this was different. Exciting-different. Although I got plenty turned on prancing around naked in the company of rowdy lesbians, there was a different kind of arousal doing it in front of men. Maybe it was the erections in their pants, I don’t know, but it was definitely a thrill and I wanted to soak in every watt of their rapt attention. I stood there with one hand on my hip and casually sipping my drink while I looked at the TV as if I gave a sh1t who just won that game.   
  
“I told you guys they’d come back to win it,” Jaye was crowing. As she laughed and rocked her body on the couch, she reached one arm around my leg and put her hand against the inside of my thigh to hug my leg against the side of her head. She made it look like an innocent motion, but her fingers were very high on my leg and as she “rested” her hand there I felt her fingertips migrating upwards.   
  
Back at the House, I might have smacked her hand or twirled teasingly out of her grasp, but Misti would not resist, so I didn’t. I wasn’t sure how far Jaye would try to take this, and I couldn’t trust either one of us, so I turned my body sideways to at least block the guys’ view.  
  
I bent low over the coffee table and then looked up at the guys. “Is everyone done with the nachos?” Misti asked, punctuating the question with an adorable little wiggle that set our boobs a wobbling as we remained bent over the table awaiting their reply.   
  
The guys were slow to answer and I patiently held my position as each managed to mumble his assent. Meanwhile, Jaye’s hand had reached the top of my thigh and her fingertips were tracing a path along my labia wanting to come in. I wasn’t sure if I was going to let that happen, but I definitely wanted to draw out the moment a little longer.   
  
Fortunately, men are messy eaters so I could easily find something to do to pass the time. Grabbing some paper napkins, I began mopping up little spills and crumbs from the table top. Although my breasts are small enough to be well-behaved in most circumstances, in this position they leaped madly in all directions as I Misti put her boundless enthusiasm into a job well done. I moved one foot slightly widen my stance and Jaye took the invitation and got her fingers wet.  
  
“Goodness,” Misti declared. “There’s something on the table here . . . something that I . . . better . . . scrub!” I began vigorously cleaning an imaginary spot on the table while Jaye simply held her hand steady and let me wiggle myself against it. I figured I could keep the guys preoccupied with the physics of boob movement for a while, but I didn’t want them to notice what was going on elsewhere. I most certainly did not want to have an orgasm in front of them. A girl’s got to draw the line somewhere.  
  
Jaye wasn’t helping matters because she had begun pointing out other spots on the table that Misti should clean. “You didn’t get this one all the way,” Jaye insisted, pointing to a spot where I’d probably already rubbed the finish off the table.   
  
Summoning my will power I stepped to the side and Jaye slid her hand wetly down my leg as I stepped out of her reach. “Golly, I’d better get some cleaning supplies,” Misti panted and staggered off.   
  
In the kitchen, I made myself another drink and consumed it entirely as I dried myself with paper towels and tried not to masturbate. I had enjoyed this little outing far more than I ever thought I would, but it was time for those boys to leave so Jaye and I could get down to business. Enough with the foreplay already.   
  
I was also getting tired of those damn shoes. I do enjoy the experience of wearing high heels when I am otherwise naked, but these were starting to hurt my feet and they were so tall I was having trouble keeping my balance. That may have had more to do with the alcohol I had consumed, but whatever the cause I was unsteady as I came back to the couch. I brought with me a bottle of spray cleaner and a paper towel so I could pretend to finish what I started. However, I didn’t want to give Jaye too much access to my backside so I worked my way around on the guys’ side. This required me to put my butt in their faces as I cleaned imaginary spots on the table and excused myself along among their feet.  
  
When I worked my way around to Jaye, I was just going to sit down next to her, but I lost my balance at the last moment and fell directly onto her lap. She spread her legs and my butt slid between them onto the cushion, my legs draped over her knees and unintentionally spread wide. Instinctively, I started to lift one leg to bring them together, but Jaye grabbed my knee to stop me and said, “I’ll bet you’d like to get those shoes off, wouldn’t you, Misti?”  
  
“Um, may I please, ma’am?” Misti asked warily, knowing from experience (as I felt sure she did) that Jaye had not actually granted permission simply by asking that question.  
  
“Let me help,” Jaye said, putting her hands under my knees and bending my legs so my feet came off the ground. Before I realized what she was up to, Jaye had grabbed both of my spike heels in one hand and pulled back, sending my knees in opposite directions and putting every bit of me on display. “I’ll just . . . undo these . . . buckles,” Jaye was muttering, as she pulled my heels in tighter to spread me open farther.  
  
“Um, you don’t actually need to unbuckle them,” Misti offered in an attempt at being helpful. “The straps just slip off the back.” Jaye completely ignored this input and kept fiddling with the buckle as she tugged tighter on my heels. I knew, of course, that my legs were plenty strong enough to break her grip, but the guys were now leaning in so close I might put someone’s eye out.   
  
I was conflicted. I may be an exhibitionist, but I would not normally spread my legs anywhere near this much. On the other hand, I wasn’t the one making it happen, and besides it was Misti doing this not me. As I pondered this, I saw one of the guys getting out his phone. Jaye noticed too, and warned, “I told you guys no pictures.”  
  
“Just hear me out,” Raj said, keeping his phone in his lap. “You told us no pictures in which Misti could be identified, but couldn’t we just . . . take some close-ups?”  
  
“No, you can’t!” I insisted without trying to sound like Misti.  
  
“Wait, Misti. Raj has a good point, “No one would see your face in this shot.”  
  
“But . . . ma’am,” I said, trying to get back into character. “How do we know they won’t cheat?”  
  
“Raj, Misti has articulated a reasonable concern,” Jaye said in her lawyerly way. “How can you assure her she won’t be identifiable in any of your photos?”  
  
“I’ve got it,” Jason offered, holding up his own phone. “We each take a few shots and then put our phones down here on the table. You can then examine each of them and delete any pictures you don’t like, but please PLEASE let us do this.”  
  
“Okay, okay,” Misti said. “But can we please hurry up? This isn’t a super comfortable position.”  
  
I covered my face with my hands and peeked through my fingers as the guys aimed their phones at my wide open womanhood from six inches away. When they were done and each man had set his phone on the coffee table, Jaye slipped the straps off of my heels and my bare feet found their way to the floor. I wiggled off of her lap and was sitting beside her in a much more ladylike posture as she flipped through the photos on each camera.   
  
As promised, every photo was a close-up showing my intimate orifices in more high-resolution detail than I had even seen before. Jaye playfully zoomed in on one of the shots until my pink anus filled the screen framed by the arches of my shoes. “Jesus Christ!” I exclaimed, picking perhaps the least appropriate moment to call Divine attention to myself.   
  
After telling the guys to each email her their best shot, Jaye brought the visit to a close and Misti hugged each guy exuberantly as they went out the door. When we were finally alone I started ripping Jaye’s clothes off of her and wanted to make love to her right there on the couch. I wanted HER to have an orgasm, and I wanted ME to give it to her, but I was so turned on myself that I didn’t resist for long when she started maneuvering me into a different position where she was making love to me.  
  
I tried again and again that night to get my face between her legs, and each time she let me do it just long enough for me to start thinking she was going to let it happen, but she always managed to turn things around. I’m not very good at keeping my brain functioning during sex, and Jaye was at the opposite extreme so over and over again she was able to control what happened and I went along with it because I kept forgetting what my plan was.  
  
In between orgasms, I tried to at least get more emotional intimacy. “Tell me about the first girl you ever fell in love with,” I said. That’s my favorite question to ask someone, especially someone you are in bed with.  
  
“I’ve never been in love,” she said, “and I probably won’t fall in love with you. No offense.”  
  
“None taken,” I said, “because I don’t want you to fall in love with me.” Then what did I want? I just wanted to make her feel something. As I lay my head on her chest listening to the beat of her inscrutable heart, I told myself I would figure out what really turned her on and then by God I would make her feel something.

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Somewhere about this time, the rent came due again and this time I could pay it all by myself. Yay! My piece-of-crap car was being uncharacteristically dependable — Yay! - but that also meant my enforced nudity requirement was . . . over.  
  
I ignored it, and everyone let me for about a week, but then one of the Honorary Roommates had to mention it, breaking the spell. “Technically,” Jaye said, “the nudity requirement remains in force as long as the official notice remains posted, and the only person with standing to remove said notice is Molly herself.”  
  
This, she later admitted, was based on absolutely no legal precedent or principle, but it sounded good. I continued to undress in the entranceway, following the rule to the letter even if no one was home but me, and as I stepped over the threshold naked I would put my hand on the Post-It note and press it firmly against the wall.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Jaye was a lawyer, but not the courtroom kind. She specialized in business contracts between small businesses, and a lot of her clients were Internet startups. These tended to be male-dominated, informal workplaces with Star Wars decorations and beer at staff meetings. Within this ecosystem, Jaye had made a reputation for herself as an inspired matchmaker who could bring together two small companies that needed each other but didn’t know it yet. She was also notorious for “team-building” parties that involved strippers or topless bartenders. Because she was a woman, she could get away with things considered sexist when done by men, and because these were small private companies there were no human resource managers to advise against it.  
  
After Misti’s successful debut in front of three guys in her apartment, Jaye started pitching something bigger. “It will be practically the same thing,” she was saying. “But instead of in my apartment it will be in a hotel suite, and instead of three guys there would be . . . a few more.”  
  
“How many more”  
  
“Probably no more than eight or ten. Maybe 15?”  
  
“Fifteen? I can’t—“  
  
“Did I say 15? I meant no more than 12. Or ten.”  
  
“And what exactly would Misti be doing in front of these 10-to-15 guys,” I asked. “Getting stripped and spanked for buying the wrong brand of salsa?”  
  
“Stripped most definitely, but maybe not spanked. I was thinking of something a little . . . different.” She reached into her jacket pocket and pulled out a pair of silver handcuffs.  
  
“Absolutely no freakin way!”   
  
“Now don’t jump to conclusions. Things aren’t always what they seem.” She put the handcuffs on herself and showed me the little button she could press to release them. “So you’d just be putting on a little show, Molly — and I KNOW you like to put on a show.”  
  
I tried them out on one wrist at a time about ten times in a row to make sure the button always worked. Then I tried both wrists together — my heart racing when I snapped the second one in place — but it was always easy to get my thumbs on the buttons. I tried it with the cuffs behind my back and stood looking at myself in the mirror, naked except for the handcuffs.  
  
“It is kind of a sexy visual, isn’t it?” I admitted.  
  
“Very, VERY sexy. “  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
That Friday, I showed up at a hotel suite reprising my Misti outfit, but this time Jaye had also insisted on one additional detail — pigtails. The suite was set up with some folding chairs, a really big TV and a serving table on which caterers were setting up drinks and finger food. I could see at least a dozen people milling around— all but one of them male. Jaye was in one of her flashier vintage suits — a peach-colored double-breasted with wide-lapels and pinstripes.   
  
“There’s the adorable Misti now!” she cried.   
  
I got myself into character, sashayed over in my four-inch heels and proceeded to giggle at everything everyone said.  
  
Jaye gave an introductory speech about how cool these two little companies already were, and how fantastic they would become by joining forces. Gesturing to the gigantic TV screen and some kind of gamer setup, she announced the activity she had planned for the event. The participants were to play a game in which two players from each company had to coordinate their actions — rather than compete — in order to defeat the game.   
  
As the team reached each difficult milestone, Jaye explained, the adorable Misti would remove one article of clothing! Furthermore, she went on, IF the players cooperated sufficiently to achieve the highest score, “Misti will remain entirely naked for the rest of our three-hour reception . . . wearing these!” Here, she held aloft the handcuffs. The men all cheered this news and quickly chose their best gamers to take the controls and get me naked.   
  
As play began, Jaye introduced me to a guy named Anders who did not seem to belong to either of the two companies. And though she’d introduced me as “Misti,” Anders said — with an English accent — “At last I get to meet the amazing Molly. Jaye told me you were absolutely adorable and you are all of that and more. Love the pigtails.”  
  
“Anders here is part of my cabal of venture capitalists,” Jaye explained. “He’s putting together a package for these guys.”  
  
As if responding to having been mentioned, the guys playing the game gave a cheer. They had reached the first milestone and everyone looked at me. “Pardon me a sec,” I sang out cheerily to Anders in Misti’s voice, pulled my dress up over my head and tossed it aside to much applause.   
  
I mingled throughout the room dressed like a Victoria’s Secret model — with pigtails — and the guys playing the game knuckled down with new resolve to get to the next milestone that would cost me my bra.   
  
“Allow me to take this moment to remind you, gentlemen,” Jaye said as the scoreboard approached that number, “NO touching and NO photography.” When the big TV showed they had hit the magic number, everyone paused to watch as I slowly took off my bra and cast it aside. Woops and cheers welcomed my breasts to the party, and my nipples made it clear that they were happy about it too.  
  
The uber-gamers went back to their controls and I mingled among the guests wearing only panties and high heels . . . and pigtails. There was music and I let Misti put a little dance in her steps so that our boobs would bounce.   
  
Anders was off in a corner talking on his phone most of the evening, but he was always watching whenever I glanced his way. I let our eyes meet once in a while (I’m a sucker for an English accent), but I mainly had my eye on the lone female in the group. She was way over in a corner and I was surrounded by guys trying to chat me up. The girl was cutely plump and wore baggy cargo shorts and I guessed she was gay. (My personal gaydar, is generally reliable in these matters).  
  
When the next level came, I played with the waistband of my panties, teasing them down until my red pubic hair started poking out then I pulled them back up and took off my shoes instead. The guys groaned in disappointment and determinedly went back to their task. They were getting good at this game and got to the next level fast. I took off those panties slowly and was now completely nude but the game was not yet over.   
  
“The finish line is in sight, boys” Jaye said, “but that final level is tricky. If you can’t get past it, Misti will soon be wearing clothes again, but if you succeed she will only be wearing these.” Here she held up the handcuffs. As the men chuckled in anticipation, Jaye whipped her silk handkerchief from her jacket pocket. “And with her ankles bound as well!”  
  
Wait — what? This detail had not been discussed, and now I didn’t have much time to think about it. I looked up the TV screen and watched as the score blasted through the final goal   
  
Everyone looked at me. I drained my champagne glass and put my hands behind my back and tried to giggle. I felt Jaye put the cold metal on my wrists. The cuffs were on me and I desperately wanted to test the buttons again just to be sure, but I couldn’t do that when any of the guys could see it. But Jaye turned me around so my back was away from everyone and I did a quick test and the cuffs unlocked. I quietly snapped them back in place and looked down where Jaye was kneeling in front of me tying my ankles together with her handkerchief.   
  
“You’d better not let me fall,” I whispered.   
  
“Trust me,” she said, and I did. As all of this was going on, the caterers were bringing in more food, drinks and lavish desert options. “Well c’mon everyone,” Jaye said in her role as grand host, “Let’s celebrate your future.”  
  
Everyone made their way to the food and drink table, but they all had their eyes on me. Jaye held my arm securely and I hopped beside her towards the table. I looked down to watch my boobs bounce and then looked up at the faces of all the men watching my boobs bounce. No matter what else they were doing — eating, talking, taking sips from their drinks — everyone watched me hop and bounce towards the table. Jaye followed at my side, spotting me but barely having to hold on.  
  
When we finally made it to the table I, of course, could not feed myself or even sip my drink so Jaye had to help me with all of this. She poured too much champagne into my mouth, forcing me to gulp what I could and let the rest spill over my chin and trickle down my body. She knew I liked doing that so she made it happen almost every time she gave me a sip.  
  
The girl programmer was at the end of the line, having hung back to let all the men go first. I whispered in Jaye’s ear and she pulled her phone out of her pocket pretending to have gotten a phone call. She told the nonexistent caller to hold and then motioned to the girl, who seemed startled to have been singled out and came forward awkwardly.  
  
“Tess, I have to take this call someplace quieter,” Jaye explained. “Would you look after Misti? Be careful she doesn’t fall.” Without waiting for an answer, Jaye put her phone back to her ear and walked away.  
  
“Hi, Tess!” Misti sang out brightly. “Could you help me with some champagne?”

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Tess clearly had no idea what to say or where to put her eyes. “I’ll go get you a glass,” she said to the air next to me.  
  
“It’ll be more fun if you just help me get down there,” I said, grabbing her arm and hopping in the direction of the drink table. She followed by my side and I leaned towards her in an intentional wobble. Before she knew she’d done it, Tess had one hand on my back and the other on my rib cage, catching my pretend fall.   
  
“Thanks,” I said. “You’d better hold onto me while we do this so I don't fall, ‘kay?” And so I hopped my way back over to the wine table, my breasts dancing happily all the way. “So you’re programmer?” I asked, pretending to stumble again so she’d have to grab me. “That is so cool!”   
  
When we got to the table, I had her hold my glass so I could drink. “Do you have a girlfriend,” I asked between gulps, making the assumption she was lesbian.  
  
“No! I . . . I . . . don’t.”   
  
“I’m surprised, cause you’re so cute,” I said, making her blush. “I know some girls who would love to meet you. Ooh, let’s go back to the desert table. Hold me so I don’t fall, kay?”  
  
I hopped and bounced my way back across the room, intentionally falling against Tess and brushing my nipple against her bare arm. She gasped and almost apologized, but then I did it again and our eyes met and I winked at her. Along the way one of the guys approached.  
  
“Excuse me, Misti,” he said. “I know we’re not supposed to take pictures, and we haven’t been, but could we take just one picture of you with our good friend Tess. We can avoid showing your face if you want, but we totally need to get a shot of you and our Tess.”  
  
I looked at Tess and her face was radiant. I wanted to do this for her so I hopped my body sideways and leaned against her, burying my face in her neck as everyone took photos.   
  
I saw Jaye making her way back toward us, apparently having concluded her important imaginary phone call. “Tess,” I said. “Would you like to come to a party sometime?” I gave her the address and my phone number and she punched it into her phone. Her co-workers weren’t close enough to hear us, but they could tell what was happening. “Do NOT share this with those losers you work with.”  
  
She grinned and whispered, “I promise.”   
  
“And you’ll come?”   
  
“Yes, but you haven't told me when it is.”  
  
I laughed and considered saying “every night,” which was true, but decided it would be better to be specific. “Next Saturday,” I said. “Around six.”  
  
Jaye was back so I kissed Tess on the cheek and watched as she went back to her co-workers, who mobbed her wanting to know what had just happened. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but I liked seeing her become the center of attention.  
  
We had barely touched the desert table, and there was almost too much to choose from. I normally gravitate to whatever contains the most chocolate, but for this occasion I picked the messiest confection on the table — a mini cupcake with frosting piled up precariously on its top. Jaye teased me with it, holding it close to my mouth so I had to grab at it with my mouth, getting frosting on my chin and nose. Jay started to clean me up with her finger, but I whispered, “no hands.” She kissed me wherever I had icing on my face.   
  
The cupcake still had plenty of frosting left and Jaye held it near my mouth again, teasing me, but before I could make a grab for it she lowered her hand and smooshed the icing against my right breast.  
  
“Yeah!” everyone cheered, startling me because I had almost forgotten we were surrounded by a dozen men and one cute lesbian.   
  
“No hands,” I said again, pushing my chest out.   
  
“Yeah! Woo-hoo!” Everyone in the room was cheering us on.   
  
Jaye lowered her head to my chest and I could see her scalp reddening through her blonde flat-top as she wrapped her Angelina Jolie lips around my nipple and sucked the icing off.   
  
“Do it again!” someone yelled, followed by more cheers.  
  
I rotated on my hips, presenting the other, as-yet-untouched breast. Jaye held the cupcake an inch from my nipple and held it there a few seconds so everyone could get their eyes focused on it. Then she slowly wiped the remaining icing onto me and tossed the naked cupcake over her shoulder.   
  
“No hands,” I said again. Guys were making drumroll noises as Jaye brought her mouth down wide and enveloped half of my breast, sucking just hard enough to hold me in there while she slid her voluptuous lips down to the tip of my nipple. The applause was thunderous.  
  
“Again!” everyone yelled. “Do it again!”  
  
Molly would have told them one suck per nipple was way more than any of them deserved to witness in their lifetimes, but Misti just giggled and said, “I need to go to the ladies’ room.” I took several hops away from Jaye and into the scrum of men crowded around us. They gave ground grudgingly, making me brush against them before they moved. I stopped midway through and turned myself around to look back at Jaye.   
  
“I’m gonna need some help, ya know.” Every guy in the room volunteered.  
  
“Not from YOU guys!” Misti giggled fetchingly. Jaye was by this time coming after me, collecting back slaps and encouragement along the way, but I didn’t wait for her, hopping away toward the bathroom to the beat of the music.   
  
“Dance, Misti!” someone yelled, and I called over my shoulder, “find me some Beyonce and maybe I will!”  
  
Jaye and I had had earlier agreed it would be okay for me to remove the cuffs in the bathroom since no one could see me there. But I didn’t. I sat down sideways on the toilet, my hands still locked behind me. “You’re going to have to wipe me,” I said, looking up at her. “Because I can’t.”  
  
“Happy to assist,” she said, tearing off a few squares of toilet paper. I raised myself up high enough for her to reach between my legs and pat me dry. She washed her hands and opened the door and I heard Beyonce. Not wanting to disappoint, Misti hop-danced out of the room and into the welcoming crowd.  
  
I was sweaty and out of breath when the music ended and Jaye was launching into her business speech, thanking everyone for coming and rhapsodizing over the magnificent work the two little companies were going to do together. She praised me effusively and everyone cheered and called out my name (well, Misti’s name). I was in that moment the most beautiful and enticing woman on the planet. I was a goddess. A sweaty, handcuffed goddess.  
  
As all the men watched, Jaye came up to me and swept me into the classic Life Magazine VJ Day kiss — except in the updated version the girl is naked and handcuffed with her ankles tied together. When she set me on my feet again, I hopped to the door and invited everyone to hug me since I couldn’t hug them.   
  
“I hope you don’t mind that I’m a little sweaty,” I kept saying apologetically. No one minded at all and I felt their hands on my back and my hips. When it was Tess’ turn, I kissed her full on the mouth and said loudly enough for her co-workers to hear, “I’ll see you next weekend, Tess!”   
  
Anders was the last to leave and he said, “may I kiss your hand, Molly?”  
  
I turned around and bent over, presenting my butt and hands in a curtsy-inspired pose, looking over my shoulder as Anders had to put his face so very close to my butt in order to kiss my hand.  
  
“Enchanted,” he said to me, standing up, and then to Jaye he said, “I see you used the fakes.”  
  
Jaye shrugged and told me, “Anders has seen most of my tricks before.”  
  
“It doesn’t matter that they’re fake,” I said, finding myself coming to Jaye’s defense. “These are staying on until Jaye takes them off of me — preferably after several sensational orgasms which I would like to get started with if you don’t mind.”  
  
“Ouch!” Anders said with an exaggerated flinch. “You were also right about her being feisty.”  
  
I hopped a step towards Jaye, put my face close to hers and said, “you called me feisty?”  
  
“Well, I should leave,” Anders said, backing towards the door, “but before I do, Jaye PLEASE tell me you have invited Molly, Misti or both to the luncheon tomorrow.”  
  
“I have and she said she’d love to.”  
  
“I did not.”   
  
“I believe you did.”  
  
“When?”  
  
“Well, we were being rather intimate at the time and I invited you and you said yes.”  
  
“I did? Dressed like this?”  
  
“Well . . . one might postulate it was implied.”  
  
“I’ll see myself out,” Anders said, his hand on the doorknob.  
  
“Nighty-night, Anders!” I said in my most Misti of Misti voices. “And thank you I would LOVE to attend you luncheon. Jeepers!”  
  
That last utterance sent Jaye and Anders into convulsive laughter during which Anders finally made his exit, leaving Jaye and me alone.

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As the door clicked, I said in my own voice, “I meant what I told him. I’m not going to undo these handcuffs myself, so I’ll stay like this until you decide to free me.”  
  
“That might take me a while,” Jaye said, striding toward me. “I have a few things to do first.” She fell to her knees in front of me, put her hands on my butt cheeks and gave my pussy a long, deep and passionate kiss. I wasn’t sure if I could keep my balance having an orgasm like this, and besides, I reminded myself, I wanted HER to be the one having the orgasm.  
  
“Let’s go to the bedroom,” I said, trying to take charge though I was the one bound, “and take off your clothes before you touch me again.” I hopped into the bedroom and Jaye followed, efficiently shedding articles of clothing as she went. I put my knees on the foot of the bed and balanced myself there. “I’m going to fall face first into your pussy,” I declared.  
  
“Hmmm, that might be a little dangerous,” Jaye said as she tossed aside her underwear and jumped naked onto the bed and spread herself for me. “It’s part of my job to assess and mitigate risk.”  
  
“Then I’ll aim my face for your belly, and you catch me as I fall.”  
  
Jaye positioned herself accordingly and held out her hands. “I’m ready. Do you trust me?”  
  
“I do.” I leaned forward and let myself fall. She caught me by the shoulders, slowing me just enough but not too much. I turned my head a little sideways to protect my nose and — SMACK! — my face slapped hard against her belly.   
  
I wiggled my body downwards until my mouth was between her legs, imagining what this must look like from above — my hands handcuffed behind me and my ankles tied together with her silk handkerchief as I made love to her. I felt certain that THIS was going to be our breakthrough moment and that she would finally have an orgasm with me.   
  
For a while it seemed like it would be, but then she closed her thighs around my head and rolled me over onto my back. I felt a moment of panic because my face was so smooshed into her pussy that I couldn’t breathe. She lifted her body up a couple inches and I lifted my head to keep making love to her, but she began crawling down over me so that her stomach and then her breasts were above my face. My hands were not only cuffed, but pinned beneath me and all I could do was kiss whatever body part passed by, now her neck and then her lips and we kissed deeply while we ground our pelvises into each other. She kept moving her body down over mine, kissing my breasts and my belly and then between my legs. Though my ankles remained bound, she pushed my knees apart enough to get her face between my thighs and she kissed me and kissed me until I forgot about my plan.  
  
Afterwards, she rolled me over onto my stomach and I waited for her to release me. She gripped one hand around the chain so that I could no longer reach the buttons if I tried, while with her other hand she pushed me to orgasm again in a manner that made the notion of a penis seem quaint.  
  
When she finally released the handcuffs, my hands fell to the mattress limp and she kissed her way down my legs to my ankles where she untied the handkerchief. I did not even try to move until she helped me roll over onto my back. She held me and I must have fallen asleep because now the bedroom was dark and I realized I was alone. I got out of bed and went looking for her. The bathroom door was closed and I heard a faint buzz coming from inside and then the sound of her voice. She was moaning. I had never once heard her moan. I sat on the cold tile floor and cried as she masturbated with the bathroom door between us. I found my clothes, put them on and left.   
  
The next day I woke up sad and conflicted, and I remembered we were supposed to go to Anders’ stupid “luncheon.” I had definitely agreed to go to — maybe not the first time, but of my on volition the second. It was a Saturday and Jaye came over to the house at 2 p.m. to pick me up. I was in the kitchen wearing only pigtail bands and too much makeup. My Misti clothing was hanging in the entranceway and I went in there to put everything on. It takes a lot longer for Misti to get dressed than me, and I was in the middle of it when Shelly and Elle came through the front door and jostled past.  
  
Jaye’s car was out front and we chatted superficially on the ride to the hotel. I waited until we were getting out of the elevator and on our way to the suite and then asked, “is there anything else I agreed to do while I was in the middle of having an orgasm?”  
  
“I’m tempted to improvise a list, but no, there’s nothing else.”  
  
“Good,” I said, choosing my words, “because I don’t want to do this anymore.”  
  
“Uh, do which part exactly?” Jaye asked, her pace slowing.  
  
“Anders!” Mitsi squeaked as we approached the open doors of the suite.  
  
Inside, it was like the previous suite, but everything looked more expensive, including the suits worn by the venture capitalists for whom Misti was going to put on a show. Why was I doing this again?  
  
Before introducing me to anyone, Jaye said, “take off your dress, Misti.”  
  
“Already?” Misti asked. “Isn’t there gonna be a contest or something?”  
  
“No, and stop questioning your instructions. Take off your dress.”  
  
Great. Not only was she rushing me into it without the first drink, but she was going to do the hardass domme routine. “Okedoke!” Misti said cheerily, and I pulled the dress up over my stupid pigtails and tossed it on the floor, not even aiming at a piece of furniture. Our eyes met and I gave her a warning look.  
  
Anders closed the door of the suite as Jaye led me around the room and started making the introductions. I have not wasted brain cells remembering their names, but they were rich white guys of various ages. Actual behavior-wise, they did nothing wrong. Nobody took my picture, nor misbehaved. There was no specific reason for me to feel this way, but I really wanted this to be over.  
  
“Bra and panties now, ma’am?” Misti asked.  
  
Jaye seemed surprised I was rushing it, but went along. “Yes, Misti, bra and panties,” she said with a tone of annoyance, as if I should have known the answer without asking. Had I liked these guys, I would have given them a nice Taking Off My Bra Show, but instead I shucked my bra and panties with no more ceremony than a person getting in the shower.  
  
“Shoes too? I asked, wishing I’d included them earlier.  
  
“No.” Damn. My disrobing had taken place so soon after our entrance that I was still carrying my little red purse, so I stepped over to the bar. “Vodka tonic,” Misti told the bartender, as I opened my purse prepared to pay.   
  
“She’ll have champagne,” Jaye corrected, taking my purse and tucking it under the bar. The waitress (good girl) looked at me for confirmation.  
  
Misti said, “I’ll have champagne, please.”  
  
Jaye only let me drink half my glass before she got out the cuffs and said, “put your hands behind your back, cun— cutie-pie.” I gave her a slow, steady look — long enough for everyone to wonder if I would obey. She knew that had the C-word come out of her mouth, Misti would have vanished and been replaced by a very angry Molly.   
  
I threw back the rest of my drink and allowed Misti to say, “okedoke!” I put my hands behind my back, cringing anew at the feel of the handcuffs clicking shut, reminding myself that I could open them if I truly needed to. If I felt panicky, I could just hop into the kitchen or the bathroom and give myself a break. As before, I felt for the buttons, not to press them yet but just for the security of knowing they were there, and . . . they weren’t there.  
  
I looked down at Jaye in alarm as she was tying the silk handkerchief around my ankles and when our eyes met she said, “trust me.”  
  
I yanked one foot upwards as the knot closed around the other and roared “NO!” like a lion that just found itself in the body of a 110-pound naked girl. In pigtails.   
  
Jaye looked dumbfounded as I put my escaped foot against her chest and pushed her tumbling backward into the makeshift bar, sending open bottles of expensive liquor collapsing like bowling pins. The force of the kick sent me backwards as well and I fell onto a couch in full panic mode, unable to think of anything but freeing my hands. I pulled my hands as far as they could go into the metal bands and squeezed the chain over my butt and my feet to get my hands in front of me. My left hand was farthest through and I put all my effort into forcing it, scraping a layer of skin off my knuckles as I pulled my hand free.

**Molly Unbound, Chapt. 20**

Jaye was still struggling to get to her feet, liquor dripping on her from the table above. Some of the men were helping her while the rest stared at me in shock. Anders stepped towards me wanting to help, but I snarled, “you don’t even know me!” He froze where he stood as I grabbed my purse from behind the bar and ran around the room snatching up my clothing. A guy held out my panties, apologetically. “Keep them,” I growled, whirled around and headed for the door — Jaye now running up behind me calling my real name.   
  
She caught up to me outside the suite in the hotel hallway where two food service employees looked up in surprise a few doors down where they had been pushing a room service cart. Their expressions reminded me I was still naked, and Jaye was in front of me jabbering an apology.  
  
I let everything fall except my dress and pointed my finger at her — my arm outstretched perpendicular to the floor, the handcuffs swinging from my wrist. “You betrayed my trust!” I screamed. Wanting only to escape, I started pulling the dress over my head, but one of the straps got caught on one of my stupid pigtails and having no patience left I yanked the dress violently downward, snapping the strap. Jaye was still talking but my brain no longer bothered to process her words. Scooping my belongings off the floor, I stomped down the hallway towards the elevator, my free hand tugging out one of the pigtail bands. The two food service guys watched me go by and one of them said to the other, “welcome to America.”  
  
The elevator doors opened as I approached, as if they too were afraid to cross me just now. Inside, I jabbed the “L” button violently and as the mirrored doors closed in front of me I saw what I looked like. I had not realized my left wrist was bleeding from the scrape, and while undoing my pigtail I had smeared blood on my forehead and the left side of my face. Half of my hair was still in a pert pigtail while the other half went wild. In my left fist, I held the vanquished hair band, along with many tangled strands of my own distinctly colored hair. My right breast was half exposed because of the broken shoulder strap and under that arm I cradled my purse, bra and only one shoe. The clinking of the handcuff chain was the only sound as my eyes drifted away from my own reflection and noticed for the first time the reflections standing next to my own.  
  
Two little old ladies were in the elevator with me. Blue haired, less than five feet tall and perfumed with lilac, they were looking back at me through the reflection. “Are you alright, dear? one of them asked, in a grandmotherly tone that assured me she only cared about my well being, whatever poor decisions I may have made.   
  
“I’m okay, thank you,” I assured her, looking directly at her face now. Her moist eyes were still young inside her shriveled body. “I . . . just broke up with someone.” That didn’t seem like a good enough explanation, even to me, but before I could say anything more the elevator came to a stop and opened into a bustling lobby. I wanted to find the ladies’ room to at least get the blood off my face so I didn’t look like I was in a “Carrie” remake, but I saw no hint of restroom signs. Immediately to my left was a dark lounge with no one at the bar except the bartender. I ducked inside, hearing behind me one of the old ladies say, “oh, to be young again.”  
  
“Do you have a restroom?” I asked the bartender, and then I waited while he took me all in. I was patient because I knew that could take a while.  
  
“It’s over there,” he said, pointing back out the way I’d come. “Are you injured? Do you need me to call 911?”  
  
I looked out the doorway and finally saw the restroom sign, but it was way over on the other side of the lobby. “A glass of water and some paper towels will do,” I said, taking the stool farthest from the door. “That and a double vodka tonic.”   
  
I dropped my bra and shoe on the bar and dug through my little purse for my compact. Dipping a napkin in my glass of water, I started cleaning the blood off my forehead, inspecting myself in the tiny round mirror. The bartender put a slice of lime in a nice tall bubbly glass and set it in front of me.   
  
“Bless you!” I sighed, sucking a long gulp through the straw and making eye contact with him for the first time. He was attractive in a very boyish way and did not look old enough to be tending bar. I guessed he was either a Mormon or an Eagle Scout. No, not Mormon or he wouldn’t be tending bar. A straying Mormon perhaps, or an Eagle Scout. His name tag said “Chad.”  
  
“If you don’t mind me asking,” Chad said, “what . .. how did . . .?”  
  
“I broke up with my girlfriend,” I said as if this explained it all, and continued washing the blood off my face.   
  
Chad surveyed the evidence — a bra and one shoe on the bar, handcuffs, bleeding knuckles, one strap of my dress broken . . . and one pigtail. “But—“  
  
“Did I get it all,” I asked, leaning forward and turning my head from side to side so he could inspect me up close — and also giving him an opportunity to look down my front.  
  
“I . . . I think so.”  
  
I had lifted my butt slightly off the stool to lean forward and when I plopped back down I felt my dress slip down a little farther, but I didn’t want to acknowledge it.   
  
“I think . . . we have a first aid kit,” Chad was saying as he opened a drawer under the bar while looking at my chest. “Let me bandage that hand for you.”  
  
“So are you a medic as well as a bartender?”  
  
“No, but I learned first aid in Scouting.”  
  
Called it. I extended my left hand to him and raised my right to show the handcuffs. “I don’t suppose you got a merit badge in lock picking also?”  
  
“They don’t, um, give merit badges for that,” Chad stammered, and I could tell from his eyes that by raising my arm to display the handcuffs I was displaying some nipple as well. Good. I decided now would be a good time to take out that remaining pigtail so I started digging at it, the cuffs jangling against my ear and my boob jiggling its way all the way to freedom.   
  
Chad apparently was pretty good at first aid because he managed to bandage my hand without actually looking at it. His eyes were on my breast the entire time as I made a big production out of that hair tie. “All done,” Chad he said, applying a final crooked strip of white tape, “but, um, you . . . your . . . it’s . . .” He was gesturing at my chest and I had to look down and pretend to realize for the first time that my right boob was entirely exposed.  
  
“Darn it,” I said casually, but made no immediate move to correct the situation. “Do you have a safety pin or a needle and thread or something? And a cab. I could use one of those too.” The distance home would normally be walkable, but I didn’t feeling like doing it with one shoe. Chad ransacked all the drawers and cabinets looking for a safety pin while I left myself exposed and even gave him some extra bouncing as I reached over my shoulder to grab for the shoulder strap.  
  
“All I can find are paperclips,” Chad said apologetically. “Will that work?”  
  
While Chad called the front desk to order me a cab, I made a vaudeville act out of trying to attach the paperclip to my strap and then connect it to the dress. I kept pulling up my dress and letting it fall again, flashing him over and over. Finally I had it precariously attached.  
  
“Five-to-seven minutes,” Chad said, hanging up the phone.  
  
“Perfect,” I said, sucking up the dregs of my drink until the straw gurgled air. “Just enough time for one more of these.”  
  
When he turned his back to reach the vodka bottle, I quickly dislodged the paper clip and tugged down my dress to show some nipple again.  
  
“So Chad,” I said, “do you have a girlfriend?”  
  
"Yes. Her name is Allison.” He finished the drink and slid it over to me, and I took a long drink of it, watching his expression change as he noticed my renewed exposure. He opened his mouth and then seemed to think better of it. Good boy.  
  
"And you respect Allison's 's preferences, right?”  
  
"Sure . . . You mean like—"  
  
"So if she explicitly told you that she didn't mind you stripping her naked in front of strangers at a party, but that she absolutely didn't want to be tied up, you'd respect her wishes on that, wouldn't you?”  
  
"Well, yeah, but she would never—"  
  
"And if she told you she was willing to wear fake handcuffs and have her ankles tied together so she had to hop around naked with her boobs bouncing all night, you wouldn't try to trick her by putting real handcuffs on her, would you?”  
  
"Of course not, but Allison— “  
  
“And I’m sure you don’t refuse to let her give you oral sex.”  
  
“What? No, of course I don’t,” he said, finally getting a question he could answer from experience. “Actually, um, I shouldn’t tell you this, but we recently—“ The phone rang, startling him. He picked it up. "Your' cab's here.”  
  
I sucked down the remains of my second double vodka tonic and paid up with my debit card. While I had the pen in my hand, I said, "so Chad, would you like to come to a party next Saturday? With Allison, of course." I scribbled the address on the back of the receipt. "You absolutely cannot come alone, and you cannot bring any other males. Allison has to be with you, okay?”  
  
"Um, I'll . . . talk to her . . . about it.”  
  
I gathered up my purse, my one shoe and my bra and hopped off my stool, feeling my breast bounce its way to freedom. I turned to show him. “I’m looking forward to getting to know Allison,” I said.   
  
“I think . . . that would be awesome,” Chad said with a grin and then pointed at my chest. ”You should probably . . . fix that again.”   
  
I looked down and pretended to be surprised that my boob was again fully exposed. "Oopsie!"   
  
“Do you want another paper clip?”  
  
“No need,” I said, tugging up my dress and hugging my possessions against my chest. I blew Chad a kiss and padded barefoot through the hotel lobby and down the front steps to my taxi.

**Molly Unbound, Chapt. 21**

At the House, I came in the front door and undressed in the entranceway as usual, hanging my little dress by it's surviving strap and tossing my shoe aside. It was almost dinnertime on a Saturday and the kitchen was packed. Although everyone present was accustomed to seeing me naked, the handcuffs and bandage were conversation starters. I told them the whole story, acting it all out with great drama.  
  
The tale was barely finished when, as if on cue, Jaye showed up. She came into the kitchen carrying my missing shoe and doing her best to smirk nonchalantly as everyone else fell silent and waited to see how I would react.  
  
I refused to look at her and just stood with my left hand on my hip and my right arm outstretched towards her, the handcuffs dangling from my wrist. She had her keys out and came over to me and unlocked the cuffs.  
  
“I’m sorry,” she said. “Those guys have seen fake cuffs before, and the way you were acting last night I thought you just needed a little push to try the real experience. ”  
  
I glared at her for five seconds and said, “it wasn’t your place to decide that. You ASK me, and if I say NO then you accept that from me. You do not ‘push’ me. You can entice me, woo me, convince me, and do whatever to win me over, but if the last thing I said on the subject was ‘no,’ then it’s still a f#cking no.”  
  
I said all of this in a hissing whisper with my back to everyone else, and then in a louder voice I said, “I see you have my shoe.”  
  
She remembered the shoe under her arm and dropped to one knee wanting to slip it on my foot. I suppose under the right circumstances that could have been a romantic moment, but this was not that moment. Instead of presenting her my foot to try on the shoe, I took a half-step forward, crowding her so she had to lean backwards to keep her face out of my crotch.   
  
“I always wondered,” I said, looking down at her through my pubic hair, hands on my hips, “how come Prince Charming needed to do that shoe bit at all. What, he spent all evening with Cinderella at the ball and the next f#cking DAY couldn’t remember her face??”  
  
“I don’t know,” Jaye sighed. “It was a fairy tale.”  
  
“Uh-huh,” I said, and threw one leg high to step over her head, so close that I felt the tips of her spiky hair tickling my crotch. I almost said that’s the last time you’re touching me there, but I held my tongue and strode through the doorway to the living room. Jaye followed and everyone else stayed in the kitchen to give us privacy.   
  
When the time came for me to speak, I surprised myself by choking up with emotion.   
  
“Let me start,” Jaye said, flopping down on a wingback chair and crossing her legs on the ottoman, showing her expensive Italian socks worth more than my car, “I think we should break up.”  
  
“What??” I cried, surprised and oddly hurt. “Why do you want to break up with me?”  
  
“Because you’re about to break up with me so I thought I’d beat you to it. You are breaking up with me, aren’t you.”  
  
“Well . . . yes.”  
  
“That’s why I’m breaking up with you.”  
  
“Fine. You’re breaking up with me, but it’s still over.”   
  
“Okay.”  
  
We sat in silence a minute and tears ran down my cheeks. “I’m sorry.”  
  
“Why? I’m the one who brought this on with my stupid handcuff trick. But that was just the catalyst, I suppose. You were ready to break up anyway, weren’t you?”  
  
“Yes. That’s the part I feel sorry about. I’m being selfish, but it’s what I need to do right now.” My nose was running from crying and Jaye whipped out her silk handkerchief and gave it to me.  
  
“But we’re still friends?” she asked.  
  
“I want us to be!”  
  
“Kissing friends?”  
  
“Well, no. Not like we’ve been doing. That kind of kissing is almost like having sex. But normal friendship kissing, sure.”  
  
“Hmm. Could you demonstrate ‘normal friendship’ kissing so I have a point of reference?”  
  
Now she was making me laugh and I really did want to kiss her, but I also wanted to be sure I would hold my resolve and do what I had decided to do. Her lips were really hard to resist, and I told myself I could have just a little kiss once in a while as long as I could control myself.  
  
I leaned forward, not daring to put my arms around her. Her lips were parted and mine wrapped softly around her oh-so-poofy lower lip. We kissed for four seconds (I counted), and I leaned back, dizzy but proud of myself for not regressing.   
  
“Do you have those fake handcuffs?” I asked.  
  
She pulled them out of the inside breast pocket of her suit and gave them to me. I made sure the buttons worked and then put one cuff on my right wrist where the real ones had been. “I like these,” I said, “as a fashion accessory.”  
  
“Then by all means, keep them. But can you still call something an ‘accessory’ when you are otherwise naked?”  
  
“They’re an accessory to my nakedness. And I’ve always worn bits of jewelry; that was never covered by the rule.”  
  
“I saw that the notice is still up. Those Post-It notes are good.”  
  
“I put tape on it.”  
  
Jaye laughed. “So if there’s only friendship kissing there would seem to be no spank points. Does that mean no more spankings?”  
  
“I don’t know. I do like them. Is there such a thing as friendship spanking?”  
  
“If not, let’s invent it.”  
  
“Jaye, are you okay with all of this. I don’t mean to hurt you.”  
  
“Molly, we’ve long ago established that I don’t have a lot of feelings to hurt. As long as we’re still friends, I’m fine. And if I can get an occasional kiss and give you an occasional spanking, that’s a bonus. I have to admit, I’ll miss your pussy.”  
  
“It’s right here,” I laughed, pointing down it it. “You can see it anytime you want.”  
  
“But not kiss it.”  
  
“No.”  
  
“And never, ever suck on those nipples.”  
  
“No.”  
  
“However . . . I can spank you.”  
  
“Yes, but of course you wouldn’t get to pick the time and place anymore. No more spanking me in the kitchen unless I decide I want that.”  
  
“Ah, so now I’m just your spank bitch? Is that it? You call for me when you feel like being spanked and I come running?”  
  
“Well, I can’t force you to—“  
  
“I’ll take the job. I will spank you whenever and however you want to be spanked.”  
  
“Should we kiss to seal the deal?” I asked.  
  
“That’s entirely up to you.”  
  
I leaned in and gave her another kiss, but this one lasted a little longer.  
  
“In the old days, I would have earned a point for that,” she said afterwards.   
  
“These are the new days.”  
  
“I’m sure they’ll be good too.”  
  
I took her left wrist and clasped the other cuff on her and stood up. When we walked back into the kitchen and the Roommates saw us handcuffed together they cheered and raised their beer bottles to us, assuming this meant we’d made up.   
  
We walked to the kitchen counter where Shelly was mixing some kind of new drink. I unclasped the cuffs from Jaye’s wrist but left them attached to my own. “I shall call for your services when I require them,” I said in my old movie rich lady voice.  
  
“Yes, ma’am,” Jaye said, winking at Shelly.  
  
I went off and chatted with others, including Ken who had arrived during the Cinderella routine. Ken was the only male permitted to visit the House on his own, though he had to ring the bell and wait to be let in.  
  
I let a half hour or so go by, during which Dee sat me down at the kitchen table and served me blueberry pie with ice cream. “You okay, kiddo?” she asked.   
  
“I’m fabulous. Say Dee, where’s that little bell you showed me once? The one the Victorian ladies used to call their servants.”  
  
Dee stood on a chair to open one of the higher cabinets and put the little bell on the table. “I’m as curious as a three-headed cat what the f#ck you’re fixing to do with that,” she said.  
  
“You’ll find out soon.”  
  
A few minutes later I took the bell and stood in the middle of the kitchen and started ringing it. Everyone looked at me, but Jaye was the only one who picked up on what I meant by it. She dashed over. “Yes ma’am?”  
  
“I’m not a ma’am, I’m a miss,” I admonished.  
  
“Yes, miss. Of course, miss,” she said, grinning and winking at our audience. “A pox upon me, I am at your command.”   
  
“I should like my spanking now.”  
  
“Yes, miss, right away. And how hard would my lady prefer to be spanked?”  
  
“I should like each of my spanks to in the four-to-six range,” I instructed, “but please conclude with a stinging eight!”  
  
“Excellent choices, miss. It shall be done. And shall there be butt caresses between spanks, miss?”  
  
“Of course, you silly girl. There must always be butt caresses between spanks. Gracious, it’s so hard to get good help these days.”  
  
“A thousand pardons, miss.”  
  
“Very well, come along then.” I whirled around and marched out of the kitchen and through the maze of mismatched chairs and couches in the living room — watching myself in the antique mirrors that lined the walls. I stood at my favorite leather couch until Jaye took her assigned seat. I stretched out across her, the leather cool against my breasts. Everyone had followed in from the kitchen and took their places on the couch and love seat facing us. I looked back at their faces and also past them to the mirror on the opposite wall where I could see Jaye raising her hand above my bare white butt.   
  
“You may begin,” I said.  
  
SMACK!  
  
Jaye was right about one thing.  
  
SMACK!  
  
I do like to put on a show.