**Molly**

by[**SZENSEI**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)©

**Molly Ch. 01: Class Dismissed**

"My name is Molly Indrabooty. This is my adventure."  
  
"My Father "Sahseej" is from Mumbai, India. My Mother "Marjorie Lovett- Indrabooty", was born in Miami, Florida of the U.S.A. I laugh knowing that both cities begin with the letter "M" and end with the letter "I". There is karma within my name, "Molly Indrabooty". Again the letters mimic the cities of my parents."  
  
"I liken myself as any normal eighteen year old student. My father is a Surgeon. My mother a Botanist. Both of them want me to become an academic. I hate school. Yet I endure. As an only child I obey as best I can. Yet, my own needs are becoming evident."  
  
"Relocating to Miami has been a culture shock. I love it here. The beaches are beautiful. The city intoxicating. So much so that I find myself pondering school."  
  
"I just want to fit in. Beginning school here in Miami is strange. Half the school year already over. The other students look at me funny. Only because of my heritage. I take after my Mother and her stellar beauty. Yet, my skin favors my Hindi birthright. I know I am a goddess reborn."  
  
"Boys fall all over themselves as I pass them by. Girls feel threatened and make fun of me. I am uncertain what to make of this new life. My shyness contains my arrogance. Yet, I like to be worshipped. My Senior year of high school will be anything but boring. I insist."  
  
"Behind my parents back I have purchased books and magazines to perfect my beauty. Having wealthy parents offers me the chance to hide my creative freedom. Such as shopping. I have clothing that I could never wear around my family. Very sexy clothing. Well hidden sexy clothing."  
  
"I wish to be desirable. Yet, I find it hard to wear them in public. Fear will need to be conquered."  
  
"Even make-up is all new to me. My complexion is nearly perfect. This allows me to forego buying unneeded masks. My body is heavenly if I must say. I must admit this too myself."  
  
"At the height of "5'3" I have exceptionally long toned legs. Keeping fit I adore my tight stomach, and perfectly sculpted bottom. My best trait are my vibrantly aggressive 36D's that demand to be noticed. Thank you Momma for your genes."  
  
"I am a changed woman. I will be what I need to be. Whatever it takes."  
  
Molly Indra, as she prefers to be called, exits her Father's SUV on her sixth day of classes. Each day she suffered the Miami heat by wearing two sets of clothing. One for her Father to be customarily proud of, and one that Molly needed to express herself by.  
  
As her Father drove away Molly races into the school and heads straight to the restroom. Quickly changing into a tight grey mini dress with low cleavage, she packs up her overwhelming wardrobe in a book bag and places it in her locker. Free at last she primped at her long raven curls and began her day.  
  
Shutting her locker she turns on her left heel and finds herself face to face with a tall young man in a football jersey.  
  
"Molly, right?" He grinned leaning a shoulder on the row of lockers.  
  
"Yes, Hello." She warmly smiles with a hint of shyness.  
  
"Welcome to Dolphin Town. My name's Caleb. Quarterback the last two years. I'm not bragging, just saying. Mind if I ask you a personal question?"  
  
His brown eyes were dreamy to match his golden skin. Blond hair tied back into a short ponytail.   
  
"How personal?" She shyly giggles.  
  
"Why do you dress twice every day?"  
  
"Oh, I'm afraid my Father has a different opinion than you might. He would keep me conservative forever if he had his way. My Mother is less bothered but would still side with him. I must make my own decisions."  
  
He nods puckering, "Nice decisions. You're sexy as heck. Hope you don't mind my saying."  
  
"Not at all. Thank you Sweet Charmer."  
  
"Am I wrong in thinking you're not American?"  
  
"I am from India. My mother is American. Is that bad?"  
  
"Why would it be? Kind of cool actually. Word of advice though, that cleavage is a monster. Might be a dress code violation. You might want to hide behind me around teachers, especially Principal Chavez. He can be a ballbuster."  
  
She looks down at her burgeoning breasts, "Too much? Should I wear more?"  
  
He raises a brow and grins, "Never too much. Keep it coming until you get hassled for it."  
  
"I intend to. I must admit I like the attention." She bites her lower lip.  
  
"Oh, you're certain to get plenty of attention. Not for just that cleavage. If you don't mind my noticing your legs and ass they have my thumbs up too."  
  
She fans herself with her hand, "To be honest, you are the first person to offer any compliments. I'm new to this type of clothing but I cannot lie. I love the feelings I get when I wear them."  
  
"I can tell. I see goosebumps on your arms. Are you sure you're even going to be able to sit down in class?" He chuckles.  
  
Molly fidgets looking down at her dresses hemline, "I hope so. That would be quite embarrassing."  
  
He glances at the clock on his cellphone, "Bell's about to ring. History, 1st period right? Same here. I noticed you the first day of school. Every day after."  
  
She blushes, "I think all the boys have. Look behind you."  
  
He tilts his profile and shakes his head. Behind him gathered six other boys. Most of them insecure about themselves and not exactly as handsome as Caleb.  
  
"That's anywhere you go with looks like yours. Only the beginning Molly. Boys will be boys."  
  
She takes a deep breath and waves at the gathering. Every single one of them were too numb to return the favor.  
  
With a shrug between Caleb and herself they heard the 1st period bell ring.  
  
"Walk you to class?" He smiles timidly.  
  
"I would be honored to walk with you. Lead the way."   
  
"Always do." He chuckles turning.  
  
As they walked Molly took time to look over her shoulder at the gathering of boys, now watching her wiggle down the hallway. She held her breath and flared her big brown eyes. She lived in the moment.  
  
Entering the classroom she found all eyes on her. Including the girls. Some smiled, some sneered. The Teacher had to stop writing to find the source of sudden silence.  
  
The short balding Teacher noticed Molly immediately as she took a seat toward the back. Caleb left her side for a chair two rows ahead of her. As she settled in she found her hemline in distress. As stretchy as her dress was it was demonic and resisting her efforts to maintain it.  
  
She swallowed noticing Caleb looking back at her with a humorous grin. She forced a giggle and smiled back as she clenched her knees together.  
  
Molly noted Caleb shaking his head then offering a wagged index finger in her direction. It confused her. What was it for?  
  
Across from Caleb sat a fellow Jock who discovered Molly by following Caleb's gaze. He was awe struck in seconds. So much so that he began whispering to Caleb without removing his eyes.  
  
Again Caleb wiggled his finger then pointed at her. She began to stress. Offering a dumbfounded look toward Caleb. Then she noticed the other boy wag his finger too.  
  
Her hands outstretched to her sides she mouths, "What?"  
  
A third boy caught on by eavesdropping and turned to look at her, dropping his jaw. He too began pointing at her.  
  
Finally, she felt the overwhelming urge to part her knees, this made the boys examine her more intently. She surmised that they were looking up her skirt. Was this what they wanted?  
  
Eying them she moved her knees even wider. Her black panties slipped into view. She grew wet knowing that was what they wanted. It shocked her that she was willing to offer them a peek.  
  
Clearing his throat the Teacher "Crandall" began asking a series of questions while moving about the room concerning the "Battle of the Bulge". The term made all the guys chuckle and nod toward Molly.  
  
Her eyes grew huge at their teasing. She loved it. Every time he mentioned Bulge, Molly crushed her tits together feigning a series of blushes. This made the guys in class crazy. Even a few girls. Those that weren't amused bit their tongues and groaned.  
  
After 45 minutes the bell rang, the students rising from their seats and moving toward the door. Molly joined in the crowd movement as Caleb and his friend smothered up to her.  
  
"Molly, this is Wyatt."  
  
She looked up at the giant of a lad, "Hello Wyatt."  
  
"We saw your panties." The giant winked.  
  
She shivers, "Oh no."  
  
"Bulge!" He glares commandingly as she crushes her tits again laughing.  
  
"You can't help yourself can you?" Caleb grins.  
  
"I am just having fun. Is this so wrong?"  
  
"No, what would be wrong is if you wore panties tomorrow." Wyatt sticks his tongue out at her.  
  
Again her eyes bulge at his hopefulness.  
  
"No promises. I am still a quite shy. New school and all."  
  
"Don't push her Wyatt. Let her fit in."  
  
"Yeah, yeah." He groans.  
  
She smiled and clutched her books tightly over her cleavage. The thought of teasing them was appealing. But, she was terrified just the same. Caleb was being so nice to her. Defending her honor in a way.  
  
As Wyatt moved away leaving Caleb and Molly she stops to look up at him, "Would you have been mad if I had not allowed you a peek?"  
  
He smirks, "Hell no. I was just testing the waters. I wanted to see first hand if you were a tease. So many girls here are sluts. It's nice to be teased by innocence."  
  
"I am very innocent. Almost a virgin." She giggles then bites her nail for opening up so easily to a stranger.  
  
Deciding to take the risk she continues, "If my Father knew I was not I would be punished severely. I have only been with one boy. Back in Mumbai. He was the son of my Father's medical partner. He was French, "Pierre."  
  
"Our secret. Would he really punish you?"  
  
"It would be dishonorable. I would be disowned. Literally."  
  
"Wow! That's crazy. So, can you even date?"  
  
She frowns, "Not without Father's blessing. I broke that vow in Mumbai. Father would have killed him. I hope I am not scaring you away."  
  
"Naaaa! If you ever get bold enough to defy Daddy again, I'd love to take you out on a date."  
  
"Really? I would have to be very sneaky." She perks up excited by the offer.  
  
"You think about it. My offers always open."  
  
"You are very sweet, Caleb. We shall see." She shies away to head to her next class.   
  
On her own again, she reaches English 2nd period.  
  
Entering the class she finds a seat, again all eyes were on her. Including the scrutinizing eyes of "Mrs. Garibaldi", a frumpy middle aged teacher. She keeps her thoughts to herself as she brings her class to session.  
  
Beside Molly sat a fit young man who eyed her legs intently. She offers him a gentle grin as he acknowledges her with a nod of approval.  
  
Jotting down a note on his notebook he writes, "Love your legs."  
  
Reading it as shown between them she fidgets mouthing the words, "Thank you."  
  
Again he scribbles, "I'm Nathan. What's your name?"  
  
She writes, "Molly" on her own notebook.  
  
"You must work out." He etches.  
  
"A little. Yoga with my Mom."  
  
"Flexible. Awesome." He jests.  
  
She sheepishly grins and whispers, "I can put my legs behind my head."  
  
He response was a giant, "WHOA!" in bold letters.  
  
Trying to contain her laughter brings a verbal interruption. Mrs. Garibaldi snaps with a fevered echo, "Would the two of you like to finish this class in the hallway?"  
  
Molly cringes as Nathan stands up curling an arm for Molly to join him. She shakes her head and tries to maintain order. Finally, Nathan shrugs and walks out. This made Molly sad.   
  
"Are you staying Miss Indrabooty?" the Teacher scowls.   
  
Pouting Molly holds her ground until she spots Nathan at the door window acting like he was putting his legs behind his head but using his arms. She couldn't contain herself and burst into laughter. This caught up with Mrs. Garibaldi.  
  
"Please leave, Miss Indrabooty. Some of us are here to teach and others to learn."  
  
Molly drops her jaw and gathers her books shyly abandoning the class room. Outside the hall was desolate save for Nathan and herself.  
  
"I have never been kicked out of class before. That was quite exhilarating." She sighs with her fingers hiding her lips.  
  
Nathan high fives her awaiting her hesitant response, then chuckles, "Let's see it."  
  
"See what?" She looks confused before realization, "Oh no. Not in this dress."  
  
"Chicken." He makes fun of her.  
  
"I am not chicken. I am wearing a dress. That would be a little too inappropriate. I should not have made mention of it."  
  
"I'll do whatever you want me to do if you show me. I dare you."  
  
Shaking her head she feels the urge to be free once again. The thoughts of earlier in History made her more open to suggestion. Her upbringing just made decision's lengthy.  
  
"If I do this nobody must know." She points at him untrustingly.  
  
"You had better hurry then. Before anyone comes out."  
  
Sitting her books down she looks around in all directions. Releasing stress by shaking her arms at her side she once more points at him, "Tell no one."   
  
Taking a deep breath she sits down on the tile floor and swiftly grabs one ankle after another placing both behind her head. In doing so her dress rode up to her waist revealing her lacey black panties. The garment tightened up on her thighs narrowing over her vagina.   
  
Gazing up at him over her brow Molly smiles, "This is silly of me. I do not even know you."   
  
Before she could release her legs, Nathan took a picture with his cellphone. In all her glory.  
  
Her jaw dropped as her legs uncoiled and she sat looking up at him, "HEY! Delete that."  
  
"No fucking way. That was HOT! I'm going to make a poster for my bedroom wall."  
  
Standing rapidly she tries to retrieve his cell as he chuckles and evades her.  
  
"Maybe I'll show this off to all the guys."  
  
She pouted heavily, "I trusted you."  
  
"Bad move. Welcome to Miami."  
  
Suddenly, the thought of him showing other men made her wet. Her reputation was off to a very bad start.  
  
"I will just have to live with my mistake. It was not nice meeting you, Nathan."   
  
Grabbing her books she bends over in front of him. Another picture was taken of her ass as the hem crept up to her cheeks. With a saddened look she turns and heads toward her locker. Nathan suddenly felt invincible.  
  
"Hey, I'll delete these if you're nice to me."  
  
"Nice? I will not be doing anything else. I am just going to wait for next class. Go away, Nathan."  
  
As the bell rings ten minutes later, she runs into Caleb. Looking upset she reacts to him with a scowl. Before Caleb can say anything Nathan barges up and extends his cell to show Caleb the photos. Caleb's eyes erupt at the panty shot. He then looks over at Molly.  
  
"Wow! I never envisioned that you could do that."  
  
"Awesome, isn't it, Bro?" Nathan nodded at her expense.  
  
Caleb places an arm around Molly, "It's okay, Molly. I got this. This is my brother Nathan. He was adopted. I'll get those deleted."  
  
"Really?" She shivers.  
  
"Yep. Just remember you owe me." He winks.  
  
"Thank you, Caleb." She cowers trusting in his charm and sensitivity, "Maybe I can surprise you tomorrow."  
  
"You don't have to Molly." He takes the time to pull her into a brief comforting hug. Nathan merely expressed the humor of his brothers actions.  
  
She sighs heavily into his ear, "I know."  
  
As another bell rang Caleb and Nathan watch Molly walk away. Once out of range Caleb plants an arm around his brother, "Good job, Lil Bro. Send those pics to my cell. Wyatt's too. Delete them after you save those to e-mail. I have a feeling Molly is going to be loads of fun even if she doesn't realize it."  
  
"You like her, Caleb?"  
  
"Sure! She's hot. I'll be her best friend in no time." He rolls his eyes and heads to class.  
  
The next day, as Molly's father dropped her off in the circle drive of the school, Caleb was exiting from the car ahead of them. Her father noticed him wave at Molly brilliantly, then offer yet another friendly wave toward her father "Sahseej".  
  
"Do you know this young man?" he narrows his eyes.  
  
Shyly, Molly nods, "We have two classes together. He is very respectful, Father."  
  
"As it appears. His Father I presume has money? He drives a BMW."  
  
"I do not know. Have a wonderful day, Father."  
  
Shutting the SUV's door she darts away in her black pants and button down grey blouse buttoned to the neckline.  
  
"Sahseej Indrabooty", took a moment longer to glare at his daughter who united with the waiting Caleb by the turnstyle of the security entrance. Expressionless he drives away.  
  
"Your dad looks mean." Caleb sighed at her beauty.  
  
"He can be quite intense if upset. He thinks your family is rich because of the car you own."  
  
"We aren't poor. My Dad works for an Offshore Oil Refinery. My Mom's into Real Estate. What about your parents?"  
  
She eases through the turnstile , Caleb following behind her, "Father is a Brain Surgeon. My Mother is a Botanist employed by the University."  
  
Once inside they merge into the cluster of students. As they reach her locker she turns to Caleb looking up at him with puppy dog eyes.  
  
"Did your Brother delete those pictures?"  
  
Caleb shyly smirks, "He did. But..." He then shows her the wallpaper on his cellphone. It was the photo of her with her legs behind her head. She looked pale and disappointed.  
  
"Slow down and breath. I'm the only owner of this pic. I tried to delete it all night but I couldn't. Molly, you're too sexy. Please don't be mad at me. I really like you."  
  
Her eyes almost form a tear, "You are so sweet. I give you my blessing to keep it. I trust you. Let me go change in the restroom before I run out of time."  
  
"Can't wait to see what you have hidden in that book bag."   
  
Watching her wiggle away he lifts his cell texting a mass text, "PERFECTION!"  
  
Molly wore yet another dress similar in hem and cleavage as yesterday, this time burgundy colored. The thrill of eyes on her made her insane inside as she prowled amongst the masses in the hall. Returning to her locker she deposits her bag of clothing.   
  
"Daaaaaang! Look at the eyes this time. I may need to fight off all these guys to keep them from attacking you."  
  
Patting his cheek she flutters her lashes, "My bodyguard. I am glad you like it. This might be the last time I wear a dress like this. I am terrified my family will get a call from the school."  
  
"I have your back, Molly. My Dad has pull with the school board. With all of the donations he's given this place they would bend over backwards to zip their lips. Trust me, I get away with murder."  
  
"Just my luck. The handsome charming ones turn out to be killers. Let us walk to class."  
  
Walking with Caleb to History class she enjoyed his company and comforting tone. Even as he opened the door for her.  
  
Seated as before she squirmed to contain her hemline. This time the Teacher "Nelson Crandall" eyed her more closely. He nodded and rubbed his goatee while trying not to appear obvious that he was checking her out.  
  
As the bell rang the Teacher closed the door and paced about the room. Offering an interesting speech about the Civil War and Paul Revere.   
  
During the distraction , both Caleb, Wyatt, and the third boy, Justin turned and wagged fingers once again. She fidgeted before grinning evilly. Each time her knees parted more and more. Finally, she boldly shows them her freshly shaved snatch. Their eyes bulged out of their head. Sticking her tongue out she closed them again. She would torment them all class.   
  
At a midway point Mr. Crandall sat on his desk looking directly at her. At that point Caleb while looking forward lowered his index finger wagging it in her direction. Seeing it she froze and placed her hand in her lap. What was the purpose of Caleb's finger? None of them were looking at her. Still he selectively persisted.  
  
Finally, she winced and lowered her gaze as she took the risk of opening her thighs one last time. As she did Mr. Crandall's voice paused. He had seen her.   
  
Eyes bulging she waited until his voice continued. Taking in a deep breath she looks up at him while closing her knees together. His eyes locked on to hers and smiled as his hand poised higher as if expressing himself for a better speech. As he did he wagged his index finger at her the second he finished. Dramatic as it was.

She merely stared at him with unblinking eyes.  
  
Molly felt all squishy.  
  
Toward the end of class the bell rang and the students once again clustered together. Tightening in to her sides and behind, Caleb and Wyatt were ready. Justin had been coaxed into lifting her skirt from behind letting both Caleb and Wyatt snap cell pictures of her bare ass and pussy. She fought with them feeling very betrayed.  
  
Out in the hallway she darted away from them and pulled her dress down before she bolted for her locker. There stood Nathan.  
  
"Why are you all being so mean?" She shivered at their arrival about her. She found her back against her locker.  
  
The others joined around her as Caleb smiles devilishly, "I told you, you would owe me."  
  
"Yes, and I just gave in to you because I liked you enough. I trusted you, Caleb."  
  
"And, I like you Molly. So much so that I'm going to be your new boyfriend."  
  
"I do not think so." She resists sternly with a glint of disappointment.  
  
"Hi, Mister Indrabooty?" He uses his cell as if calling and talking, "Do you know your daughter's not a virgin? It's true. Lost it in Mumbai she said. A boy named Pierre. Oh, you know him?"  
  
Her jaw drops, "Please, do not do this. " She shudders.  
  
"I will without an ounce of regret. You're going to do anything and everything I say from now on or I destroy your family. I can only imagine what the Hospital would say if your pictures were sent to them. I bet Daddy wouldn't have a job long. Same goes for your Mommy at the University. Imagine the humiliation you will cause them. They might disown you. Right? Where do you go then?"  
  
"Noooo! Caleb please."  
  
"Mister Crandall saw you. He could either get you expelled, or keep it between you two. He knows my Dad too. They play golf. So, the choice is yours. Should we make this adventure bad for you?"  
  
She shivers intensely as Caleb caresses her cheek with the back of his knuckle. All she could do was tremble and offer sad eyes that fail to blink. Even as Caleb lifts her chin to kiss her passionately on the lips. In her distress she melted at the warmth of his lips on hers.  
  
"Yes or No? Obedience or else."  
  
She weeps then whispers, "I will obey."  
  
"By the way. You're a good kisser. We can practice more over the next few days. Sound good?" Caleb winks at her.  
  
Nodding cautiously she found herself murmuring, "You kiss well too."  
  
After she realized that she had offered him her thoughts she wanted to cry. What was she thinking?  
  
"Nate? Carry her books to class. Treat her respectfully. No more pictures. This is my girl." He again hugs her this time rubbing her back.  
  
"Keep your emotions together, Molly. Things will be fine."  
  
Easy for him to say she thought.  
  
Second bell rang.  
  
She gave up her books and stepped between the boys. As she did Caleb took the initiative to quickly lift her skirt in back and slap her ass. She jumped but found herself biting her lower lip. A faint smile across her face tried to hide.  
  
No such luck.  
  
"Yes. The remainder of my Senior year will be beautiful. I insist."  
  
The smile remained.

**Molly Ch. 02: Self Help**

Molly Indrabooty nibbled at her dinner with a succulent fear. Hidden within her expression she chose to remain silent as her parents Sahseej and Marjorie communicated quite vividly. Finally, her Mother decided to include Molly.  
  
"How was your day Sweetheart?"  
  
Molly attempted a perky smile and shrugged at her beautiful Librarian like Mother.  
  
"It was fine."  
  
Unacceptable to Marjorie she continued probing, "Make any new friends?"  
  
Her father eyed his daughter with scrutiny, curious if she would mention the boy who waved at them.  
  
"Yes, I guess so. Casual acquaintances at best. The boys at this school are trying very hard. The girls seem intimidated by me."  
  
Marjorie warmly smiles, "Of course. You are a beautiful young lady. Boys are always intrigued by beauty over brains. You have both. This will always create jealousy among other girls. Just be yourself."  
  
Sahseej leers at Molly, "How are your Instructors?"  
  
"My Teachers are very nice. Helpful when I am confused. Our cultural differences makes learning more challenging."  
  
He nods, "America. Confusing to say the least."  
  
Marjorie frowns, "Behave. It is America that signs your paychecks. Quite handsomely I might add."  
  
"Goldigger." He jests with a slim smirk to show his whit through a dry humor.  
  
"You know me well, Darling." She pats his hand.  
  
Molly feels her cellphone vibrate in her pocket but does not let on.  
  
"May I be excused? I have school work I need to finish."  
  
"Two more bites. I worry because you barely eat." Marjorie points out.  
  
Quickly she finishes her carrots and wipes her mouth with a napkin.  
  
"Thank you for your concern. I merely try to keep my figure. A girl's prerogative." Molly winks before standing up and taking turns hugging her parents. With kisses goodnight she retreats to her bedroom.  
  
Once her door is shut she pulls out her cell and reads a text from Caleb.  
  
"Hi Molly. I'm sorry if you think I'm cruel. Have some faith in me and learn to enjoy yourself. I'm not all bad. You will see. Just obey as you agreed and I'll treat you like a princess. Try not to fear the worst. Even if it should be crazy I expect you to be obedient. And to trust I will always keep you safe."  
  
She pouts and recalls the end of the school day when Caleb and Nathan claimed her cell and all of her important contacts. Her Mom and Dad's personal cell numbers. Their jobs. Even her Grandparents back in India. This distressed her beyond belief. Caleb had the ability to destroy her life. Her entire family. Yet, why was she not bawling her eyes out?  
  
Texting him back she writes, "I will obey as promised. I will trust you to be the true Gentleman that I see hiding within you."  
  
After moments of pause he texts back, "Just as I see something hiding within you. I will reach in and drag it out. You will thank me Molly. Now I have a command."  
  
"I await." She replies.  
  
"Remove all of your clothing. Lay in your bed and take selfies of every part of your body. You have twenty minutes to send them to me. If it goes over twenty I will take pictures of you totally naked at school tomorrow. Do you understand me?"  
  
She bulges her eyes at his revelation, "Quite clearly. Let me get busy."  
  
Scurrying to her bed she lays her cell on the covers to undress. In moments she chilled at her nudity. Goosebumps rash up all over her. Reclaiming her cell she gets the camera ready. A simple face shot began the pictures. Then she boldly held the cell over her to capture a shot of her massive chest. Her nipples were aroused at her challenge. A second photo crushing them together tightly made her form a smile. Why? She pondered. This would most likely add fuel to her inferno. Caleb might not be as trustworthy as he let on.  
  
A set of thigh shot revealed her moistening labia. A photo of her toes was a simple reward. She was proud of them and their pink nails.  
  
Finally, she does her best to capture her stunning butt cheeks. It was an awkward angle but she did what she could manage.  
  
At the sixteen minute mark she began sending pictures. One after another went through to Caleb. As she awaited his reply it crossed the twenty minute marker. She lay there shivering for long moments.  
  
Then her reply came, "That was fun wasn't it?"  
  
"It was. May I get dressed now?" She types.  
  
"Spread your pussy lips wide and take one more picture."  
  
She creases her brow then moves her free hand down to pry her hole open. The shot revealed a juicy pink entrance that glistened.  
  
After sending it his reply returned with, "My dick will fit in there perfectly. I expect you to invite me in."  
  
Molly's entire body led to spasm at the sheer thought.  
  
"Oh my gosh. Is this what you intend of me?" She bites her nail.  
  
"An invitation would be much better than any devious command. Don't you agree?" He recites.  
  
"Do I have a choice?"  
  
"No. However I prefer to hear that you want me inside of you."  
  
She finds it hard to type. She wants to touch her clit and play.  
  
"The thought of that is indeed appealing. Finding the time and place is impossible. My father drops me off and picks me up. If not he then my mother."  
  
"Let me figure that out. Please answer me."  
  
"I would allow this if it means keeping my family from knowing. Yes."  
  
"I expect you to invite others too."  
  
She tenses up, "Others?"  
  
"Nathan. Wyatt. Anybody I allow to feast on you. Would you tell me no?"  
  
Curling up in a fetal position she huffs loudly.  
  
"No. Caleb? Please do not make me do this."  
  
"Resist further and I will force it upon you. Am I understood?."  
  
"Yes, Caleb." She pauses before sending to add, "Why do you do this to me?"  
  
No reply for five minutes. She frets at no answer.  
  
Finally, "Because you want me too."  
  
Her jaw droops low as she reads his reply multiple times. How could he insinuate such a thing?  
  
"I do not. This terrifies me."  
  
"You change your clothing twice each school day. From proper to sexy. You, yourself have said that you like the attention." He returns.  
  
"Yes. But, not to be a whore. I am a good sweet person. I do not deserve to be treated badly."  
  
"Can you deny that you liked coming to class without panties on?"  
  
She shivers, "No. It was quite liberating."  
  
"Can you deny that you liked showing us that pussy of yours?"  
  
Her shivers become quaking in her limbs.  
  
"I only intended to do such a thing once." She defends.  
  
"If that were true you would not have showed us off and on during the entire class."  
  
He was correct, knowing that she pouted.  
  
"Yes, but not in letting Mr. Crandall see me."  
  
"Bullshit! Stop lying to yourself. You wanted him to see it or you wouldn't have taken the risk."  
  
"I only did that to make you happy." She whined as she typed.  
  
"Keep making me happy. You will show anything to whoever I tell you to. Wear whatever I tell you to. AM I CLEAR?" His bold letters scared her.  
  
I only have those two dresses. Some cute bras and panties. That is all I have hidden away from Father. I cannot buy too much or he will notice."  
  
"Text me your measurements and sizes. I'll buy you things and bring them to school each day. Whatever I bring you change into. Am I clear?"  
  
She smiles brightly, "You would buy me nice clothes?"  
  
"Only sexy clothes. Nothing proper."  
  
"It cannot be too revealing or I will get in trouble."  
  
"No you won't. I'll take care of you. I promise." He confides.  
  
"If you say so. I will obey. Here are my sizes."  
  
She texts him her dress sizes, bra size, shoe size. Favorite colors even.  
  
"Got it. Do you feel sexy?" He asks.  
  
Puckering in thought she couldn't resist, "At the moment yes I do."  
  
"Do you want the attention of every guy in school?"  
  
"I like to be noticed. Much further scares me."  
  
Have you noticed that all of your male teachers drool over you?"  
  
She bulges her eyes, "A number. It is quite strange."  
  
"Tomorrow you will flirt with them. Nothing extreme immediately. Each day forward you will continue."  
  
She gasps then grins, "How do I do that?"  
  
"You will figure that out. Every class I will have someone watching you. If you fail and that watcher gives me a bad report I will punish you in some fashion. Am I understood?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Good. I'll meet you when Daddy drops you off."  
  
"Good night Caleb."  
  
"Night Sexy." He compliments.  
  
Sleep would prove difficult.  
  
The next morning Her Father took her to school. Again, Caleb, and this time his brother Nathan met her. Their Father took the time to wave at Sahseej himself as he pulled around beside him. Sahseej merely nodded then proceeded to drive to work.  
  
Inside the school Caleb handed Molly his own book bag. She opens it to look inside and finds a pale Orange t-shirt and a pair of white shorts.  
  
"These look harmless." She grins.  
  
"Go change. You have five minutes." Caleb prompts.  
  
Nathan watched her walk away, "You raid Kayla's closet?"  
  
Caleb smirked, "They look almost the same size. Sis won't miss them. Hell she might have out grown them." He chuckles.  
  
"Yea. Kayla's 120 pounds wet. I'm guessing Molly is about that. The twenty is all in those fat Titties."  
  
"36D's. Can you believe that shit? She's inhuman."  
  
"Shorts have to be tight on her. I think Kayla has a thinner ass and legs."  
  
"We'll find out Bro."  
  
Six minutes pass before Molly returns shyly. The shirt was entirely too snug and short. Her belly button peeked out as she walked. Her chest lifted the hemline higher than it should have been on her waist.  
  
The white shorts were second skin. Her deep tan was easily noticed behind the material.  
  
Both boys whistled under their breath.  
  
"Daaaaaaaaaaamn!" Nathan squinted in admiration.  
  
"The clothing does not fit me." Molly pouted.  
  
"Looks perfect to me." Caleb nodded, "There's only one thing out of place?"  
  
Her eyes flare up, "What?"  
  
"The bra has to go." Caleb stressed with a stern look.  
  
Molly dropped her jaw, "Please Caleb, No."  
  
He turns her around and reaches under the back of the t-shirt and unclasps her bra even as students pass by. She feels it loosen over her breasts. Finally, he turns her to face him.  
  
"Do the rest. It goes in my bag here until school gets out."  
  
Glancing around her she notes boys watching intently. Mostly the usual gang of geeks that eye her each morning. After too much hesitation Caleb grips her chin to force her gaze. She stares into his eyes intently.  
  
"If that bra isn't off by the count of five I'll take your shirt off and remove it myself."  
  
After biting her lower lip she hears his countdown. At two she pulls her arms through her sleeves and peels the bra straps off and lowers the cups to her hem. Finally, Caleb snatches the bra and tucks it into his bag.  
  
As they watch Molly pull her arms back out the sleeves her chest line emerged magnificently.  
  
Molly crosses her arms over her chest self consciously and looks around her. She notes the geeks whispering and looking over at her in awe.  
  
"The natives are restless. Why don't you go say hi." Caleb nudges her after dragging her arms back down to her side.  
  
"You do NOT cover yourself up. Am I clear?" He growls.  
  
"What should I say?" She frets with a creased brow while nodding at his command.  
  
"Use your imagination." Nathan chokes up.  
  
Hesitantly, she turns and walks over to them.  
  
"Hello." She shyly strikes up a conversation with the six of them.  
  
Silence at first as all six ogle her bulging chest.  
  
"Nice T." One chatters.  
  
"Nice three T's as in TiTTies." Another found amusing as he snorted at his own humor. It worked as two others laughed also.  
  
She fidgets, "I notice all of you staring at me every day. Am I doing something wrong?"  
  
They all raise their eyebrows and shudder a unified "Nooooo!"  
  
This made her smile, "That is good. I have been worried. Being new to this school it is hard to fit in."  
  
Another stutters, "You fit in that shirt. So awesome."  
  
"Shorts too. Whoa!"  
  
Their careful study of her chest combined with their quips made Molly tremble. She felt her nipples increase in size and held her breath.  
  
Jaws drop all around as the nipples stab out toward them like missiles.  
  
She felt faint yet exhilarated at the same time.  
  
"My name is Molly Indrabooty."  
  
Several honorary "Hi Molly's" greeted her.  
  
Somehow they seemed to forget their own names.  
  
"Thank you." One of them named "Eric" stammers.  
  
"Thank me for what?" She beguiles them warmly.  
  
"For dressing like that."  
  
"Like what?" She finds curious.  
  
"Girls here dress all Preppy. You dress casual but slutty too. Nice contrast." One boy, "David" expresses.  
  
She puckers, "Would you rather I wear more?"  
  
"NO!" Once again they spoke as one.  
  
She grins, "Would you rather I wear less?"  
  
Caught off guard they grow silent and merely nod a vivid "Yes."  
  
"Really? I am glad that you notice me. The bell is about to ring. I hope we can all be friends. Have a good day in classes."  
  
She walks back to Caleb who had been abandoned by Nathan.  
  
Caleb places both of his hands around Molly's throat tenderly and looks down at her, "How bad was that? You made new friends."  
  
She finds his grip on her to be stimulating as she warmly smiles.  
  
"Rather fun actually. Was this a lesson of some sort?" She pouts.  
  
"Absolutely. You need to feel comfortable like this. You just know all six of those bastards are heading to the pisser to jerk off now."  
  
She giggles, "I hope so."  
  
Taken back by her comment Caleb grins, "There's what's hiding. Little Miss let Me Out."  
  
Offering him a confused look the bell interrupts their moment.  
  
"We can talk more later. Let's go tease Crandall."  
  
She says nothing and merely follows Caleb into class.  
  
As the seats fill Molly blushes heavily at the eyes stabbing at her. She looks forward at Caleb who turns using his own posture to inform her not to slouch. Stick that chest out he motions.  
  
She settles back into her chair and lets the room gawk at her monstrous breasts.  
  
She notices Wyatt beside Caleb panting with his tongue out which made her giggle and blush even more.  
  
Finally, Teacher "Nelson Crandall" enters his class shutting the door. He doesn't see Molly at first as he gathers his notes on his desk.  
  
"POP QUIZ, KIDDIES!" He blurts out turning to pass out sheets of questions. As he made his way down the aisles he reaches Molly and stops to glare down at her. She opts to look directly up at him with puppy like eyes. Right beside her she senses his arousal as he lowers papers over his crotch.  
  
"I hope you studied up Miss Indrabooty."  
  
"I have indeed." She swallows hoarsely.  
  
Handing Molly her quiz he winks at her then moves on. Once everyone gets a copy Crandall spouts, "Bring your quiz to my desk when you're done."  
  
She instantly began answering questions that she found easy. Upon finding ones more difficult she chose to look around. Caleb cautiously looked back at her and smiled. He was very handsome she thought. Then his cruelty made her fidget. So conflicted she thought.  
  
She then noticed Crandall sitting on the edge of his desk from the side. He winked at her yet again which made her blush. Then, she caught him adjusting his crotch with confidence that only she had witnessed it. Her eyes bulged and lowered to complete her quiz.  
  
With only one question left she bit her fingernail and again looked up. This time Crandall had seated himself to glare out at his class. She noticed that his right hand was under his desk in his lap. It looked as if he was scratching. Then, it dawned on her. Was he rubbing his manhood?  
  
Students began stepping forward with completed quizzes. During that time his hand was removed. As Caleb stood up he looked at her stretching then drops his pen. He bends over facing away from her and lets her view his ass. Afterwards he stood up and pointed at her then toward Crandall.  
  
She understood she thought as she awaited to be almost last to return the quiz. Finally, she stood up and moved toward the desk. Crandall's eyes were glued to her gently bouncing breasts and piercing nipples. Hell, every guy in the room noticed.  
  
At the side of his desk she faked dropping her paper watching it glide behind the desk. She whined and huffed playfully as she moved into position to pick it up off the floor. Bending over in front of Crandall her tight white shorts crept dangerously deep within her butt crack.  
  
Taking her time she managed to snatch her paper up and turn to face Crandall. His hand was back under the desk. From her angle she saw him rubbing the girth of his cock under his slacks. He was enormous.  
  
He realized that she had seen him and stopped. As she rests her quiz on his desk she smiles at him shyly before returning to her seat.  
  
She caught glares from other girls that would kill any normal person. She chose to merely smile at them with pressed lips.  
  
"All the quizzes in? Good. Let's go over the answers."  
  
He reads out question after question. The students vocally reply answers. Knowing after each question if they were correct or not.  
  
"Battle of the Bulge? When and where?" He ventures a glance toward Molly.  
  
Caleb and Wyatt had already wagged index fingers as before. This time it was all about showing off.  
  
Molly acted as if she had a chill and jiggled her tits before crushing them together, her hands tucked between her knees.  
  
The answer given Crandall sat silent before realizing his quietness.  
  
"That is correct. You all seem to have done well. I'll grade these and pass them back tomorrow. For now, open your textbooks and read Chapter six."  
  
Once all eyes were buried in their books Nelson Crandall returned his hand to his crotch. Cautiously, he rubbed at himself without their knowledge. If he could he would have his dick in hand and squirting like a fountain. Of course that was not in the cards.  
  
Molly felt the urge to look up and notes Caleb with his arms to his sides using his hands like pinchers. She could only imagine what he meant. When she saw Crandall looking at her with almost a strain in his expression, she swallowed and bettered her posture. trying not to look him directly in the eye she reached up and pinched her nipples forcing them more erect than before.  
  
Finally, she chose to risk looking at Crandall while she was pinching them. His face looked pale as his arm again made it look like he was scratching.  
  
It amazed her his boldness. He was taking such an enormous risk. Even though she found Crandall unappealing, she did find his infatuation with her stimulating.  
  
Suddenly, he had both hands under the desk. Was he getting ready to pull it out of his pants? Did she have that much of an effect on him?  
  
She bites her lip watching him as he struggles slightly in his posture. His mouth opens as if exhaling lightly. One hand returns to his desk gripping the edge before him. The other remained scratching.  
  
Molly was mesmerized yet took the time to examine the other classmates. Most of them were deeply reading. Others lost in thought but looking down or out a window.  
  
Another glance at Caleb she finds his hands using a gripping motion as he yawned .  
  
She took that hint and returns her gaze toward the never ending eyes of Crandall.  
  
She raises her hands and squeezes her tits jostling them about as she pouts in his direction. Another round of tugging at her nipples she witnesses his face turning red and his eyelid fluttering.  
  
Her heart raced at knowing what he was doing right here in class. She had her own thoughts suddenly. Divorced of Caleb's direction she looked around for safety just before choosing to lift her shirt briefly to expose her tits to Crandall. She had faith that she would not get into trouble. After all it was obvious to her he was masturbating.  
  
He see's them and nearly falls backwards in his chair. Catching himself forced the notice of other students. He chuckled, "I really need to fix this chair."  
  
He cautiously grit his teeth and zipped up without finishing. This made him unsatisfied and tense. Regaining his composure he glanced toward Molly.

She felt bad for him suddenly and offered him a look of sadness. Puffing her lower lip at him she winked back at him.  
  
Nelson nodded and shrugged it off. He knew she was a worthy tease. She took her own risk to show him her perfect tits.  
  
Out of nowhere the time passed by and the bell rang. As the students filed out Molly waited. Caleb realized her delay and motioned for her to approach Crandall. He then left the classroom.  
  
Molly stood up and strolled to the side of Nelson's desk. He remained seating.  
  
"Can I help you Miss Indrabooty?"  
  
She smiles warmly, "I am sorry, Sir."  
  
He fidgets, "Just as well. Fun while it lasted right?"  
  
She giggles, "It was indeed. I am shocked I did that myself. It was a first."  
  
"We should just chalk that up to stupidity on both our parts. Thank you for your temptation and your discretion. I'll zip my lip if you do."  
  
She frowns nervously tapping her toe on the tile floor. Biting her lip she looks to make certain nobody had entered the class. Hopefully Caleb was keeping them at bay.  
  
"May I see him?" She continues biting her lower lip.  
  
Shocked he swiftly unzips and drags out a seven inch cock. She marvels at it and continues to dart her eyes from his dick to the door.  
  
"It is quite purple."  
  
He grits his teeth and starts stroking himself, knowing his next class was minutes away. It takes him less than two minutes to detonate a mass of cum on his knuckles.  
  
She drops her jaw, "Thank you. Another first for me."  
  
As he starts to put it away she blurts, "Wait!"  
  
She then reaches down and uses a finger to gather cum from his crown. In a burst of adrenalin she smiles holding her finger up in front of him. She then lifted her shirt to expose her left tit. Circling her wet finger around her areola she rubbed it in. With a smile she lowers her shirt.  
  
"No more Battle of the Bulge. I won." She jests unlike her usual self.  
  
"You are an amazing young lady. I look forward to the rest of the year."  
  
"A good Teacher I hope." She winks once more and scurries away.  
  
Nelson luckily had a wet wipe in his desk.  
  
In the hallway Caleb and Wyatt waited. As she stepped out avoiding new students entering behind her, she marches up to Caleb and gives him a hug.  
  
Caught off guard he shrugs toward Wyatt.  
  
"What's this for?"  
  
She grimaces, "I thought you said you were my new boyfriend. Can I not hug him?"  
  
Taken back Caleb puckers, "Sure you can. We need to get to next class. You up for more later?"  
  
She sighs, "Why would you ask me this? I thought you were the leader here."  
  
He nods arrogantly, "Damn straight. Let's get that shirt off before the end of the day."  
  
She lifts her shirt briefly to show He and Wyatt. Wyatt huffed and took the chance of reaching under the shirt and squeezing her tits. She flared her eyes brilliantly.  
  
"Goddamn those are nice." Wyatt growls.  
  
"Be careful. My boyfriend might get jealous." She giggles.  
  
Caleb shakes his head, "Nope."  
  
Pouting she races away to her next class.  
  
Both boys had serious wood.  
  
"You've created a monster already." Wyatt nodded.  
  
"She was already a monster. She just needed a healthy does of "BOO"."  
  
"Dude! You're scaring even me."  
  
Caleb chuckled and slugged Wyatt in the shoulder.  
  
"HEY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"  
  
Wyatt would never catch his assailant.

**Molly Ch. 03: Physical Education**

Molly was still high on the events of earlier today.  
  
Not only did her delicate mischief cause a Teacher to secretly masturbate in class but that was only the beginning.  
  
Her second class led to Caleb's brother Nathan into drawing naked pictures of Molly in crazy positions on his notebook. Each time he showed her she couldn't stop laughing. Before long her Teacher the bitch cracked down on them yet again. This time Molly was not only asked to leave the class but to cover herself up. The grisly older Teacher "Mrs. Garibaldi" found Molly's braless nature distracting, disturbing, and despicable. She was the only one who thought that way.  
  
Nathan chose to follow Molly into the hall catching her walking away.  
  
"Twice in one week. You're breaking my record."  
  
She frowns, "I did not intend to get evicted. I just could not stop laughing."  
  
He nods chuckling, "I hear that."  
  
She sheepishly grins, "I have never seen yoga positions such as you draw."  
  
"We can act those out in the Men's room if you want."  
  
"I cannot. You are not Caleb. If I am to obey it will be only him."  
  
"Hey! It would be just as easy for me to swipe all those phone numbers and addresses Caleb's got."  
  
"You could. Yet, I believe Caleb would like to be in charge. I will obey only him."  
  
Nathan shakes his head, "Crazy! My brothers got you on a leash."  
  
She winces at him then walks away. She needed to use the restroom anyway.  
  
She spent her entire class hiding in a bathroom stall until she heard a bell ring. Her third class of the day was Gym. Luckily, she loved sports and staying fit. Gym was right in her wheel house. Not to mention she knew that the gymnasium was a shared course. Guys and girls coed.  
  
She headed for her locker room to change yet again. She had a uniform she had to wear for Phys Ed. What she had forgotten was the fact her shirt was a simple white t-shirt with no sleeves. Having no bra she nearly panicked. The other girls in her class eyed her braless changing. Finally, one girl a thin strawberry blond with a healthy chest of her own crept up behind Molly.  
  
"I have a sports bra if you need it. Going out like that is going to get you into trouble."  
  
Molly creased her brow at the girl, "So kind of you. I was not thinking when I left my bra at home."  
  
"In Caleb Houser's locker, don't you mean?"  
  
Molly dropped her jaw speechless.  
  
"It's okay. I saw him take it from you earlier. Crazy stuff girlfriend. By the way my names, "April".  
  
"Hello April. I should feel quite embarrassed ."  
  
"Don't be. I like the freedom you exude. Not many girls take the risks you do. Of course, we all know Caleb's charisma. He could get any girl in this school. He chose you. Wonder why? No offense, you are beautiful."  
  
"I do not know why. We get along quite well. He is handsome and charming. Unlike his brother."   
  
"Yeah, Nathan Houser. The Dork King! That's what people call him. Here's that bra."  
  
Molly claims it then fidgets, "Caleb will be on the other side of the court. I think I might like to shock him."   
  
April wisps her hair and shakes her head, "Shock him? Shock the whole gym. Coach Ryder and Coach Macy might not like the scene you could cause."  
  
Molly lowers her gaze then hands April back her extra bra, "I do thank you. I will take this risk."  
  
"Hoookay! Caleb must be pretty special."  
  
Molly smiles brilliantly, "As am I."  
  
April smirked, "I'll watch your back. We all need a friend."  
  
"Thank you, Friend April."  
  
Leaving the locker room together April chuckled at the eyes trailing Molly. Her shirt was almost transparent and those nipples spoke highly of it.  
  
"Here goes Champ. There's Coach Macy."  
  
Coach Mary Macy to be precise. Butch in all her glory. The lesbian eyed Molly the second she and April stepped on to the court. Scrutiny at first. Interest the second.  
  
"Well, well. Aren't we all flashy today. Indrabooty right?" Macy needled.  
  
"This is me." Molly grit her teeth smiling.  
  
"I can see that. Everyone here can. Including the freaktards over there."  
  
Molly heard the girls whispering behind her about all the boys watching. Coach Dale Ryder had insisted his young men run laps around the half court. Anything to kill time the Coach thought.  
  
The girls eyed the athletes and the nerds trying to be, as they jogged by them. Flirtations were abounding. Molly even heard the girls talk about Caleb. How hot he was.  
  
As Caleb approached he blew a kiss at Molly. This made her blush. It also made the other girls resent it.  
  
"Maybe he might notice us more if we lost our bras." Spat a freckled redhead with a thin frame.  
  
April stepped up, "And your connect the dot face, Shawna. If Caleb likes Molly that's his choice."  
  
Making faces at each other only made Mary Macy shake her head.   
  
"Young adults if you please! Tantrum's aside or do you want laps yourselves?"  
  
"We know you do rugmuncher." Whispered Shawna to a friend.  
  
"What was that?"   
  
"Nothing Sir! Ma'am! Can we play some basketball today?"  
  
"You read my mind, Red." Mary threw the ball at her brusquely.  
  
"Who wants to be Shirts and who wants to be Skins?" Shawna chuckles looking at Molly.  
  
"That's enough, Miss Bruce. Ten laps."  
  
"Only if you can catch me, Sweet Tart." Shawna had all the girls clamping hands over their mouths to avoid laughter.  
  
Mary Macy grumbled under her breath wanting to lash out at the harassment but knew better. The School policy forbid so much as even a grip on an arm.  
  
"Run the court Spruce Bruce. Pass the ball to someone who wants to participate in class."  
  
Shawna rolls her eyes then hurls the ball at Molly, "Catch Booty!"  
  
The basketball slammed into her chest bouncing off and forcing Molly to catch her breath. Molly strained to find the courage to remain calm. Unlike her new friend.  
  
April Hines took offense and began chasing Shawna around the court. Shawna merely laughed at her and darted away, "Can't catch me, Hines. Hey, I just realized Booty and Hiney. Butt buddies."  
  
Molly turned red as the other girls laughed. Finally, Molly chose to stop April as she passed her, "It is okay. Let her have her fun."  
  
"Says you. I want to knock her freckled ass out." growled the blond.  
  
As Molly pleaded with her eyes April groaned and gave up. They instead watched Shawna jogging around chuckling at winning the battle.  
  
Instead Molly chose to glance toward the boys, locating Caleb who gave her a thumbs up. He was actually proud of her actions. This made Molly faintly smile in response.  
  
"Let's get it together girls. Choose teams and let's play ball." Macy snapped.  
  
Molly and April stuck together as the remaining girls were selected until it became uneven. Those girls left joined Molly and April with disgruntled sighs. They were forced to part ways.  
  
Two girls from each team jumped to see who got the ball first. Once caught the girl "Heather", dribbled the ball and danced around other girls before passing it to another named "Jaclyn". Jaclyn charged in and laid the ball up for a basket. Cheering, the girls awaited April to hurl the ball to a teammate named "Sammy" who dribbled until the ball was stolen by Heather. In her thievery she took advantage of charging into Molly who stood in her way. The charge knocked the tiny Molly over as if nothing. Falling directly into Shawna's running path. Shawna in her mischief stopped and extended her hand to help Molly up.   
  
Molly hesitated but accepted it. Once on her feet she began to thank her. Before any words came out Shawna leaned in and yanked Molly's baggy shorts down to her ankles. An unexpected nudge made her lose balance. Again on the floor Shawna pulled the shorts away leaving her naked from t-shirt down.   
  
Racing away swinging the shorts over her head Shawna tossed them up at the net trapping them. Laughter became hysterics.  
  
Molly froze in her seat knowing that everyone there saw her bottomless. She had not worn panties due to Caleb. April ran to her side as both Coach Macy and Coach Ryder tried to maintain order. On Ryder's side the boys were all whistling and making rude comments. This pissed off Caleb who went about slugging arms as a form of justice.  
  
April and Mary crouched around her to hide the girl's nudity. Mary shamelessly enjoyed the view but tried not to show it.   
  
Shawna jogged by once again, "See? She's on the Skin's team. Nice booty Indrabooty."  
  
Coach Ryder stepped in front of Shawna without her looking and let her literally collide with him. The impact made her topple backwards. As she hit the floor on to her back April leaped up and raced over to her. Wrestling she managed to pull Shawna's shorts off of her and dart away. She gave Molly the shorts to put on. Shawna screamed knowing her own pride was humiliated. She was wearing granny panties under her shorts.  
  
Coach Ryder had to chuckle, "Are those my Grandmothers?"  
  
Shawna turned blue and jumped up running for the locker room. Her friends chased after her out of loyalty.  
  
Caleb bolted over to Molly as she sat tugging the shorts on.  
  
"You okay Molly?" He voiced his concern.  
  
"I am fine. Her shorts are far too large."   
  
Mary Macy had to chuckle, "Next time wear some clothing. I can't take all this. I'll see that Shawna gets a few days off."  
  
Molly perks up, "No. Please do not punish her. I do not wish to be her target any further."  
  
Caleb grunts, "Don't you worry. I'll be talking to Shawna. Best friends here on out or else."  
  
Mary Macy grins, "I'm going to have to call my Priest. The Devil's loose."  
  
Caleb sighs as Molly stands up to face him holding the shorts tightly to keep them from falling.   
  
"Here!" He removes his jersey revealing massive muscles from working out. He then tells her, "Arm's up."  
  
She does so which meant her shorts hit the gym floor yet again. Mary Macy covered her eyes exhaling loudly.  
  
Once the jersey went over her head and arms the hemline reached her knees.  
  
Molly smiled brightly, "I am swimming with the Dolphins."  
  
The leftover girls chuckled at her humor as well as swooned over Caleb's honorable move. This gave them the chance to marvel at his six packs and biceps.  
  
"I'll get that back after class. Meanwhile I'm going back over there to beat up on the perverts." He excuses himself winking.  
  
Mary Macy places an arm around Molly, "If you want to go change now you can. I'll get a broomstick and fetch your shorts down from the rim."  
  
"Too late. I got them down." April stood pinching them between her fingers in a dangle.  
  
Macy eyed her then looks at the rim, "You jumped that high? How come you're not on the team?"  
  
With a shrug April lets Molly claim her shorts, "I don't like to sweat that much."  
  
Class was over for the day. Mary dismissed them and headed for her office. Under her breath she spat, "Dammit! I wanted to sniff those shorts."  
  
Nearing time for the bell Molly had put her white shorts on and just Caleb's jersey. She tucked her orange shirt in the waist of the shorts. As she and April walked out of the locker room they met Caleb who had his hand out.  
  
"Hand it over." He chuckles.  
  
Molly lifted the shirt off and shocked him by being topless. Her tits were perky and jiggling slightly.  
  
She stood there in the hall smiling sheepishly as he ogled her. As did the boys who stepped from the men's locker room.  
  
April covered her eyes, "Oh boy!"  
  
Molly tilted around Caleb and waved at them with fluttering fingertips.  
  
"How do you say it? Now I know you have seen it all?" She giggles.  
  
Caleb nods and snaps a angry glare at the boys behind him. They jumped and ran away.  
  
April patted Molly on the back, "I'll just give you two a minute." She then proceeds to leave.  
  
Caleb quickly reaches up and squeezes her breasts while her eyes glistened.  
  
"To your liking?" She bites her lower lip.  
  
"I guess I did say your shirt comes off before school got out, didn't I?" He continues his fondling using his thumbs on her nipples.  
  
"You did. My pants was an added bonus."  
  
"You're liking this aren't you?" He muses.  
  
"I like you. Added bonus?"  
  
"Maybe. You're still going to obey me. So don't think all of this sweetness is getting you off the hook."  
  
He lets her tits go and reaches behind her for the tucked in orange Tee. He helps her put it on as the bell rings.  
  
"Caleb?"  
  
"Yea?"  
  
"You might like to wash your hands. Mister Crandall's stickiness was on my booby."  
  
She giggles and races away playfully.  
  
Caleb looked at his hand grossly.  
  
"Mother fuck!"

**Molly Ch. 04: Private Tutor**

Like every other morning Molly Indrabooty had her Father drop her off at school.   
  
As Molly opens her door to get out her Father notices something missing, "You do not have your book bag."  
  
"I left it at school yesterday. I had no homework to bring home."  
  
He nods, "I see. Your young friend is not here today?"  
  
She blushes, "You need not worry Father. Caleb is a very nice boy. His brother, not so much."   
  
"Perhaps you should invite this Caleb to dinner."  
  
Her jaw drops from shock, "Really?"  
  
He reveals a devious grin that she knew meant yes.  
  
"I love you Father. I will ask him. Should we not ask Mother?"  
  
"It was her idea. Saturday if he is free."  
  
Leaping back into the car she hugs and kisses him on the cheek. He merely hisses with a thin smile.  
  
On her way inside, Sahseej drives away.   
  
His invitation meant the world to Molly. She knew that he was suspicious and this was his way of protecting his child. Yet, he also knew that she was hardly a child anymore. If he only knew how much she had grown. That would be bad.  
  
At her locker she leaned against the row awaiting Caleb and her attire. He was running late.  
  
With less than ten minutes before the bell Caleb sprints up to her.  
  
"Last second change of plan. Sorry. Dad was stuck in traffic too."  
  
"What have I to wear?"  
  
He opens his bag and reveals a pink camisole that was clearly thin in material. Along with it was a pink mini skirt and pink pumps.  
  
She grabs the bag from him and goes to change. In minutes she returns with eyes bulging.  
  
"I can see my areolas through the material. These spaghetti string straps barely hold the shirt up. My boobies are too large."  
  
"Bet ole Crandall busts a nut again. Today you get your fingers wet. AM I CLEAR?"  
  
He shows her two fingers held together and twists.  
  
"Is that my signal?"  
  
"Yep. Rub your clit in class too. Every class. Don't get kicked out today either."  
  
"Mrs. Garibaldi might do that after looking at my clothing. What do I do then?"  
  
"Trust me. She won't be in class much today." He winks.  
  
Shivering she hears the bell. Caleb walks her to class. At the door he pulls her aside and leans down kissing her on the lips passionately. As their lips part she sighs heavily, "You make hating you quite difficult."  
  
"You don't hate me. All I'm doing is making you do what we both want in the long run."  
  
She ponders that reply as his fingers lift and drag one of her camisole strands off of her shoulder, falling to her bicep. Molly feels the camisole loosen ever so slightly.  
  
"I might hate you just a little."  
  
He chuckles and heads into the classroom. Taking seats she notes Heather from the gym in the class. She had paid little attention until yesterday. Recognition came easier.   
  
Heather raises an eyebrow at Molly for her choice of attire. Finally, out of no where Heather smiles and gives her a thumbs up. Molly faintly grins then looks away. It was possible Heather was baiting her for Shawna.  
  
Class intact Nelson Crandall enters and immediately steps behind his desk to the chalkboard. He writes, "Declaration of Independence".   
  
"When? Where? Who? Why? How is with pen and ink, self explanatory."  
  
As students chuckle he points at individuals for answers. Wyatt chokes up, "Independence Missouri?"  
  
"Not quite. Let's put your attempts at humor out of it's Missouri."  
  
Another bout of laughter the answers come along rapidly. With each answer Nelson glances at Molly. He finds his hesitation toward the students troubling and tries his best to avoid her.  
  
His ignoring of her made Molly uneasy. She actually liked teasing him. As Caleb glanced back she immediately spread her legs revealing her pussy to him. She then looked around her to see a number of boys looking up her mini skirt. She grew wet almost instantaneously.   
  
Nelson turned and caught a glimpse as he said, "In-deep-in-dence. I declare!" He tries to jest feeling his dick grow at an uncomfortable rate for standing up. Back to the class he journeys again to his desk and sits down.  
  
Composure regained he commits to the class furthering the Founding Fathers ideals.  
  
As he spoke Caleb motioned her with his sly fingers. She complied and began at first rubbing her leg with her left hand, then after scanning around the room made her way to moistness.  
  
She rubs her clitoris gently then through her labia. The sensations made her exhale a whine, barely audible. Nelson discovered her touching herself and had to lower his gaze to his own lap. Gritting his teeth he eyed his monster coming alive.  
  
"Who can name some of the Men who signed the Dicklaration?" He hadn't realized his error until laughter built up. It stunned him and he rolled his eyes, "You all know what I meant."  
  
Caleb blurted out "John Handcock!"  
  
A riot of laughter corrupted the moment as Nelson turned pale. He began to sweat as he encouraged with his hands for more answers. Then he saw Molly place two fingers up inside her pussy. Her eyes closed and fluttering at the insertion. Then, she pulled them out to shyly look around her. Boys had noticed and were staring. Girls barely paid attention. Save for Heather.   
  
She was mesmerized by Molly's boldness. Swallowing hoarsely Heather spouts, "Samuel Adams! Love his beer."  
  
More laughter as Molly shifts her gaze toward Heather. In response she winks at her. Molly returned her shivering gaze forward to Caleb who again finger gestured her direction. This time however he had shown her three fingers. Her eyes shook at the sight. Yet, she complied.  
  
As her hand lowers she dips three fingers inside herself with gentle difficulty. To do so she had to stretch her body into a slouch. More than a few classmates noticed her maneuver and grew intrigued. As did Nelson Crandall. His mind couldn't stay focused. Finally, he was forced to get their attention.  
  
"Eyes front. Who else signed the Declaration?"  
  
"John Adams."  
  
"Ben Franklin."  
  
Molly had probed herself in and out numerous times until finally she whimpers. The class became fully aware of her act and reacted to it.  
  
"Holy shit. Indrabooty is playing with herself." A boy erupted.  
  
Nelson bulged his eyes as she kept touching herself against the overwhelming inspection. He was obviously in a predicament. He had no choice but to punish her before the students to save his own reputation as a teacher.  
  
"Miss Indrabooty! That will be quite enough."  
  
The boys began offering encouragement and negative hisses against her stopping. This made Nelson's job more difficult.  
  
"BEHAVE! ALL OF YOU! Miss Indrabooty please exit this class immediately." He stands up unwittingly showing his erection in order to escort her out.  
  
"Come along!" He nudges verbally as the class chuckles and claps at her bravery.  
  
Eying Caleb he insists with his hand signals to continue. She didn't know what to do, choosing to remain seated and continue fingering herself. Her next attempt brought a rash of moans. In her slouching her breasts crushed together like giant melons. Her only holding camisole strap was slipping down over her shoulder.   
  
Nelson had no choice. He had to manhandle her. Moving through the class he snatched up her available wrist and pulled her to her feet. Dragging her away against the booing of males and females alike he watches her camisole glide over her breasts until both tits were revealed. The class cheered and stood up in her defense.  
  
Wyatt and Caleb moved in front of the classroom door blocking their exit.  
  
Mr. Crandall stopped, "What the hell are you doing? Let us out!"  
  
"Relax Nelson. Nobody here wants her to get into trouble." Caleb commits.  
  
Wyatt calls out, "Quiet down people. We don't need Principal Chavez barging in here."  
  
"Are you people insane? My job will be on the line if I don't remove her."  
  
Behind Nelson he hears, "Our secret!" beginning to chant. This was disturbing to say the least.  
  
Caleb looked Nelson in the eye, "Do I need to call my Dad?"  
  
Nelson shrinks at the thought.   
  
"Caleb, be reasonable." He whispers.  
  
Caleb leans in to whisper further, "Let her finish. End the class early and you can have ten minutes alone with her. I'll make certain today never happened."  
  
Nelson looks back at his class who had silenced.  
  
As he stares Heather quietly opens up, "I won't say a word."  
  
Then, student after student adds similar sincerity.  
  
Caleb claims Molly's wrist and looks down at her, "Get back in the ring, Slugger."  
  
She swallows and looks back at the students each giving her a warm smile and their approving thumbs up. She starts to walk to her desk when Crandall clears his throat, "My desk has more room."  
  
Caleb pats the Teacher on the back for his bravado. As Molly looks back at Caleb he nods toward the desk.  
  
Making her way she stands in front of the class facing them. She removes her camisole and lays it on the desk. She then playfully clutches her tits and tosses them around before their eyes. As she hears muffled encouragement she wiggles out of her mini skirt to stand naked. She bites her lower lip then turns around to wiggle her ass at the class. More muffled praise excites her enough to sit on the desk and spread her legs wide. Molly's fingers bury deep inside her, digging and twisting. Her other hand rubs her clit vigorously. As her moans echo throughout the room it makes Nelson queasy. She was a work of art he thought.  
  
After five minutes she cums on her fingers and lets out a quivering, "Caleb!"  
  
Caleb joins her at the desk and leans down to warmly kiss her lips. As he breaks away he points at the class and whispers, "Nobody talks!"  
  
Out of respect each student gets up and files behind the desk and caresses Molly gently for support. Nelson was blown away. Once the students vacated Nelson looked at his watch, "Twelve minutes before the bell."  
  
Caleb leaves Molly and heads toward the door. Exiting he looks at Molly and points at her sternly. She trembles.  
  
As the door closes Nelson approaches her quickly and stands between her legs. She peers up at him puppy like then lifts her legs to place her ankles behind her head. Nelson marveled at the sight.   
  
He chooses to kneel down and lick her pussy. It tasted delicious. Her moans tasted even better. Finally, he stands up and unzips his pants pulling his dick out. He drags her contortioned form to the edge of the desk. Once in position he glides his monster through her labia and slaps his crown on her clitoris.  
  
Molly loved the feelings he evoked in her. Moan to whimper, back to moan.  
  
"I'm going to stick it inside. Are you okay with that?" He stammers.  
  
"Please do not cum inside me." She chokes under her contorted strain.  
  
Guiding it inside he fucks her a total of thirteen thrusts before pulling out and ejaculating over her pussy. His cream painted her thighs vibrantly. Once done peppering her he zips up and helps her release her legs. He then leans over her carefully and kisses her warmly on the lips.  
  
"This was unexpected. I'm sorry." He sighs.  
  
"You have nice lips. Thank you for your tenderness."  
  
"I really want to fuck you long and hard. Just not here in school."  
  
Molly gently nods, "I would like that."  
  
He smiles and looks at his watch, "One minute until that bell rings."  
  
"I will wear you the rest of the day."  
  
"Get dressed. Fast!"   
  
Swiftly she pulls on her mini skirt and camisole. Streaks of cum trickle down her legs. She would let them fade on their own. As the bell rings all is back to normal.  
  
Outside in the hall Caleb awaited with a number of other students.  
  
"Pretty darned incredible." Caleb nodded with a squint.  
  
"I am, am I not. I do not know what to say. I pray that nobody tells on me. I would be dead by morning."  
  
"Nobody will say a word. Everyone's on board." Spoke Wyatt.  
  
"How can I be certain?"  
  
"Easy enough, every guy in that class fucks you. Every girl in that class I fuck. It's a win, win situation."  
  
"I must fuck them all? Oh my."  
  
"Do I need to dial your Daddy?" Caleb grimaces.  
  
She pats his cheek, "Of course not. Just buy a lot of condoms if you please."  
  
He nods, "For sure."  
  
"Caleb?"  
  
"Yep?"  
  
"Can we skip gym today? I want you to fuck me very, very badly."  
  
"Sounds good. But, why don't we just do that in class?" He winks.  
  
Her jaw drops.  
  
"Oh, by the way. Father invited you to our home for dinner on Saturday. We should work up our appetites."  
  
Caleb grins, "If I do I'm spending the night."  
  
"Caleb, No!"   
  
"Shut the fuck up and get to Garibaldi's class."  
  
"Yes Caleb."  
  
She was horny as hell.

**Molly Ch. 05: Sloppy Seconds**

Mrs. Garibaldi watched attentively as her students poured through the door. For the last hour her stomach had given her fits which made her stay seated behind her desk. As the class filed in her focus on particular students remained concealed. Before entering, Nathan Houser instructed a number of male lads to block the entry of Molly Indrabooty. This made Molly nervous. Too many shadows looked equally obvious.  
  
Luckily her stain streaked legs had dried of Nelson Crandall's cum. Her newfound friend Heather's perfume at least masked the odor. Regardless she felt dirty. She hoped that nobody noticed and became appalled.  
  
Taking their seats "Madeline Garibaldi" barely noticed Molly today. The rumbling in her belly disturbed her just enough to decide on a swift revelation. Getting up carefully she channeled her last bit of energy toward her class.  
  
"Forgive me class. I need to go to the office for a spell. Please remain in your seats and look over yesterdays notes. I shall return."  
  
As the elderly woman darted away on her mission it was obvious to the students that her office was instead the bathroom. Someone had spiked her morning coffee creamer with laxatives. She would unfortunately be occupied the entire class.  
  
Once satisfied of no return Nathan Houser looked over at Molly and leaned close.  
  
"Caleb said you put on one hell of a show. He's really proud of you."  
  
"As shameful as it was, I too am proud of myself. I only hope that my Father hears nothing of it. You will never see me again. I might get shipped off to Mumbai."  
  
"Caleb's a genius. He won't let anyone tell on you. Even if the entire school knows and see's. Our family is very influential."  
  
"I see. What of Shawna? She does not like me."  
  
"Already taken care of. Just you wait and see."  
  
Molly looks around her and realizes that twelve students in this class were in Crandall's room to witness her. The remaining students knew nothing.   
  
"I will trust in Caleb. There are many here from last hour. Many who were not."  
  
Nathan nods, "Does it matter? You're on a roll. Today you become the most popular girl in school."  
  
Her eyelids flutter, "I do not wish to be popular."  
  
"Too late." He looks to her right, "Hey Milo? Get a load of Indrabooty's nipples here. They're like rockets."  
  
A burly boy with a crew cut and glasses stares her down.  
  
"I already noticed. Nice! Mind if I pinch 'em?"  
  
Molly takes a deep breath and postures herself better for viewing.   
  
"No. Please do." She smiles.  
  
Without a second to waste his arm launches over and pinches her right breast. She quivers at his touch. Suddenly, the entire class was observing. Jaws were dropping everywhere.  
  
Nathan adds fuel to the fire as he reaches over and fondles her other breast. He began a challenge with Milo to see who could squeeze them the hardest and toss them about.  
  
"These babies are massive."   
  
There was no laughter this time, merely awe. For some that awe meant pleasure. For others it resembled disrespect. Molly not only allowed them to play with her tits she took the time to study reactions. Those that saw her earlier enjoyed her boldness. Any newcomers either grew attentive of her submissiveness or tried their best to ignore it.  
  
Nathan decided to remove his hand long enough to slip it under her shirt and grip her bare tit. Milo seeing her smile attempted the same. Eventually her shirt was lifted to reveal her tits to the whole room.  
  
Molly giggled, "Hey! Who gave you permission to free the ladies?"  
  
"You did!" Nathan chuckles then looks around, "Who wants a squeeze?"  
  
Many boys from earlier chose to feel her up by gathering around. She let each of them take turns. One boy even decided to lean down and suck on her nipple. She sighed heavily then took the initiative to take her camisole off. Topless she greeted six boys to take turns sucking on both breasts.  
  
Nathan stood up and nodded holding her shirt over his head.  
  
"Ok, shitheads. Anyone here spills the beans and you answer to the Houser's. Molly is too cool to get into trouble. Besides you can't tell me you guys don't want to join in. Girls welcome."  
  
As if jumping at the chance two girls who admitted long ago to being bi-sexual crept in to nibble at her breasts. Molly was in shock. She had never imagined herself with women. Nathan snuck up behind Molly and whispers, "Take the girls here up to Garibaldi's desk. Let them have fun."  
  
Molly caresses the girls hair and leans forward to say, "I'm not wearing panties."  
  
The girls both looked up chuckling as Molly guides them upward allowing herself to stand. She wiggles out of the pink mini skirt to again stand naked. She then steps out of it and grabs both girls by the hand.   
  
Leading them to the desk she sits up on it laying back. The girls rubbed her legs and decided to split up. One girl returns to her tits sucking on them, the other buries her face into Molly's shaved snatch. Only a fuzzy little strip of pubic hair was evident to tease her nose.  
  
Moans escalated as the entire room stood up and surrounded the desk. Nathan and Milo even took the chance of rubbing the two girls asses. Their attention was so focused on Molly they didn't mind. Nathan took the chance and ran his hands up the shirt of the blond eating Molly out. Both palms caressed the girls back.   
  
Milo had similar intentions but instead just chose to squeeze the brunette's tits as they dangled over Molly and the desk. She let it happen as well.  
  
Molly quickly orgasms at the blonds tongue. As the wagging seized she chooses to finger Molly for a new set of thrills. The blond looks back at Nathan and smiles, "Fuck me later, Houser. Let me have my fun."  
  
Nathan puckers his surprise and removes his hands from "Gina Stewart's" shirt, "I'm the man!"   
  
Milo found his hands busy until the brunette stood up and strayed away from Molly and into the burly boys chest. "Tracy Jacobson" merely enjoyed his roughness and patted him on the cheek.  
  
Others replaced the brunette to get their share. When the bell rang everyone jumped and ditched the scene. As Molly laid on the desk in a spasm of nerves Nathan pulled her up and helped her to her feet.  
  
"Come on we have to get you dressed. Caleb is waiting in the gym for you."  
  
She whimpers, "Will he really fuck me in front of everyone?"  
  
"Ohhhhhh, yea! Don't let him down."  
  
He dresses her carefully as she leans on him.  
  
"I will not. I like obeying Caleb."  
  
Nathan smirks, "Tell him that when you get gangbanged."  
  
Her eyes bulge, "What?"  
  
"You know! Twenty guys taking turns fucking you. Ramming their cocks down your throat. In your ass."  
  
She freezes up offering a glint of fear, "He would make me do this?"  
  
Nathan lifts her chin, "God I hope so."  
  
Her eyes quiver and dart from side to side.  
  
"That would terrify me."  
  
He offers a stern glare and breaths in her face, "Live with it."  
  
Wincing, she pouts, "I must."  
  
"Damn straight. Now get that sexy ass to the gym and make us all proud." He lifts her skirt and roughly smacks her ass leaving a red impression on it.  
  
"For Caleb." She whines.  
  
Nathan huffed, "For the whole fucking school."  
  
She wanted to cry.  
  
Were they of hurt or joy?  
  
She couldn't decide.

**Molly Ch. 06: Slam Dunk**

Scurrying to the gym Molly Indrabooty made it to the girl's locker room just in time to change. Her friend April kept her distance this time. Molly feared that she knew of everything and hated her. Regardless she opened her own locker in order to change. To her shock she found that her white t-shirt was cut clear up to her chest. Her shorts had been replaced with a thin white G-string.  
  
"Oh my!" Molly whined holding up the G-string. Was it Caleb who left these or was it some cruel trick of Shawna?  
  
As if on cue the rebellious redhead approached Molly.  
  
"Hey there Booty. I just wanted to say I was sorry. I was jealous of you is all. I've liked Caleb since Freshman year. He wants you. I can see that now. I'm going to behave. Maybe we can grow to become friends?"  
  
Molly suddenly has a brilliant idea, "You will have to earn my friendship."  
  
Eye brow raised Shawna frowns, "I'll do whatever that requires. I need to be on Caleb's good side. Not just yours."  
  
April slams her locker and struts toward the two girls.  
  
"In that case." She snatches the G-string from Molly, "You should wear this thong out on the gym floor. It's a surefire way of Caleb noticing."  
  
Shawna's jaw droops low, "No way. That's obviously Caleb's gift to Booty here."  
  
Molly grins at April, "No. I wish Caleb to see you. It will be sexy."  
  
Shawna growls, "Okay. You wear that shirt. I'll wear the thong."  
  
"Good. And, April can wear..."   
  
"April can WEAR her usual. I'm not part of this porno. Whatever you freaks do for Caleb is your thing. Not mine. Just know I'm not turning on you Molly. I'm your friend. I don't even resent Shawna right now. Friends? Not so much. Yet." Miss Hines relates.  
  
Shawna holds the thong up and cringes, "I don't have the hips for this."  
  
Molly winks at her, "You have a very nice body. Do not put yourself down."  
  
"Yeah, I agree. Even though I'm not checking you out. Those granny panties you wear have got to go. Burnt even. This thong will breath new life into you. Especially when the boys start howling." nods April.  
  
"Howling? Are you saying they think I'm a dog?" Shawna whines.  
  
"You are no dog. But, when you give them the puppy eyes they will melt." Molly jests with a timid grin.  
  
With that Molly takes her top off and pulls the t-shirt over her head. The bottom of her tits peek into view with every move she made. A good stretch and her whole chest would be visible.  
  
"Wow! That's sexy." April rolls her eyes trying not to laugh.  
  
Shawna turned pale as she changed out of her shorts and hesitantly removed her grannies. Bare assed she shyly hides herself knowing it was impossible. She kept her pussy hidden as she put the thong on. Once in place firmly she dares to face the girls. Their eyes bulged at her bravado.   
  
"Ummm. Shawna dear? Have you ever shaved those pubes?" April chuckles.  
  
"What?" The redhead leers down at herself and realizes her mound of pubic hair was seen riding over the top of the thong. As well as to the sides.  
  
Molly stops her from removing the thong.  
  
"Do not be embarrassed. Caleb might think it very beautiful."  
  
"Oh my God! I can't go out there like this. I need a razor." Shawna frets.  
  
April holds her stomach laughing, "Try a lawnmower."  
  
"Do not be so cruel. She needs our support." Molly frowns.  
  
"A treehouse needs support from trees." Again April rolls in laughter.  
  
"That's it. I can't do this. Not until I shave." Shawna starts to lower the thong.  
  
Molly in frustration stops her and cries, "Wait! I'll wear the thong. You wear the shirt. Shave tonight then we can switch off tomorrow. Is this fair?"  
  
Shawna shivers and hesitantly pulls the thong back up on to her hips, "No. I can't believe I'm doing this. I'll prove to you my sincerity. Even if I humiliate myself for life."  
  
Molly's smile beams, "We will be great friends."  
  
April merely smirked, "Good luck out there Sascrotch."  
  
Both Shawna and Molly squinted between the other. Shawna groans at her misfortune.  
  
Molly however turns to April, "If you are my true friend you will stop treating Shawna like this. Prove yourself to me you can change."  
  
April raises a brow with an expression of "Excuse me?"  
  
"White tank top. No bra. The least you can do is show us support by not wearing support." Molly leers at April.  
  
Rolling her eyes April growls, "Unbelievable!" She then took her shirt off and removed her white bra exposing her 36C's.  
  
"Quit gawking. I'm not gay." April then pulled her tank top back on. The chill and unexpected exhilaration forced her nipples to rise to the occasion.  
  
Molly giggled and teased her with a pinch to April's left nipple then suddenly retracts her hand for fear of getting hit.  
  
April held her boob with an, "Owww! Meanie!"  
  
"I could not resist. Consider it a pinch to let reality set in." Molly jokes.  
  
Shawna jumps at the joke risking her own pinch to April's other nipple. Pulling away just as fast as Molly had with an embarrassed giggle.  
  
April drops her jaw out of awe, "Now you I'd love to punch."  
  
The girls chased each other out of the locker room and up the stairs to the gym.   
  
Cautiously the three girls entered the gymnasium. Once out on the floor they merged with the other girls. Shawna had managed to hide behind Molly and April enough not to be so easily caught. As Shawna's friends Jaclyn, Sammy, and Heather realize their friend coaxing them to her side they drop their jaws.  
  
Coach Mary Macy luckily had been distracted dealing with a medical slip given to her by a student favoring a weak wrist.  
  
Molly hid less and looked over toward the boys to locate Caleb Houser. His Coach Dale Ryder held a huddle and had his back to the girls. Caleb spotted Molly who waved at him with fluttering fingers and a beguiling smile. He returned a smirk along with a nod of approval when she fanned her shirt up to show him her tits.  
  
Giggling Molly crept over to Shawna and her friends. Shawna had already filled the trio in on her challenge. The girls shivered giddily at Molly at how easily she manipulated Shawna after her stunt before. They discovered a newfound respect for the Hindi beauty.  
  
Molly quietly guides Shawna out from within her camouflaging cohorts. Beet red Shawna dared to eye Caleb who noted the thong on her instead of Molly. Her fears dispelled as he gave her a thumbs up and a whirlwind motion with his fingers. In response Shawna twirled in step allowing him a 360 viewpoint.   
  
Suddenly, she grew confident and began strutting about like a trooper. Her butt shook about and she took the time to twerk her cheeks at Caleb. He tried not to laugh as the other boys discovered her maneuvers. Within minutes even Coach Dale Ryder had to turn and fixate on the boys target.  
  
He covers his eyelids with his hand, "Holy Christ. What the hell's become of this school? It's becoming a strip club."  
  
Caleb nudges next to his Coach, "Let it go, Dale. She's harmless. Two hundred bucks in your pocket if you leave this alone."  
  
Ryder narrows his eyes, "Two hundred doesn't save my job, Kid. Word travels."  
  
"Five hundred make you take the risk?" Caleb encourages.  
  
Ryder turns away and heads down to his office in favor of escaping the sight intimately. The rest could unfold as it intended.  
  
Once out of sight Caleb leads his classmates that were interested enough toward the girls. As the boys approached ,Coach Mary Macy turned to her girls. Her eye brows raised quickly at the oncoming group.  
  
"What the hell?"  
  
Caleb reached Molly and Shawna pulling them into his arms. His hands creeping down to clutch Shawna's bare ass. She was in heaven immediately.  
  
"Nice ass Red." Caleb hisses into her ear.  
  
"Oh my God. I love you." She whines barely audible.  
  
"I know." He arrogantly pats her ass before turning his attention toward Molly in his other arm's embrace.  
  
"Nice strategy." He winks at her.  
  
"I am glad that you approve. I will wear the thong tomorrow."  
  
Coach Mary Macy shakes her head and approaches Caleb slithering through the mixture of boys and girls now sharing space.  
  
"Twice in one week? What the blazes are you up to?" Mary reaches Molly.  
  
"What am I up to?" She shivers and clutches her right breast beneath her shirt, "The challenge."  
  
"Challenge?" Macy tries to comprehend.  
  
Caleb chuckles, "Blame me. I challenged the girls to wear this stuff."  
  
Macy frowns, "Where's Ryder?"  
  
Nodding toward the exit Caleb squints, "Had other things to do. How about you?"  
  
"Me? What are you up to here?"  
  
"Eight inches. But, of course that wouldn't interest you." He grimaces.  
  
Macy rolls her eyes at his comment, "Look! I give you credit for getting results. While I can't truly appreciate the excitement of all this, I have to put an end to it."  
  
Caleb removes his arms and steps over to Mary, "Don't sweat it. I won't put an arm around you. I do have an offer though."  
  
"Offer?" Mary hisses with a dull smirk.  
  
Caleb proceeds to whisper into her ear a conversation that creates a flared gaze of curiosity over his shoulder at the girls. She stands erect and puckers in thought. With a finger she points at him with a bitter unheard reply. A moment later Mary Macy departs leaving the students alone.  
  
Caleb triumphant throws his arms to his sides gathering the attention of all of the students.  
  
"Are we ready to party?" He chuckles to a muddled response of fear.  
  
He then proceeds to stroll about looking at each of the lesser trusted kids. He trusted most but certainly not all of them.  
  
"I need secrecy here Guys." He struts his stuff amongst the girls. All of them fawned at his attention. He was a God in their eyes after all. Charming and suave, warm and soothing. The devil himself.  
  
Reaching April, Caleb eyes her perky nipples shining through her tank.   
  
"Dang, Hines. I never would have expected you to join in."  
  
She shakes her head and leans in to him, "Good as it gets, Jock strap! Don't get too friendly with my girls."  
  
He nods with a devious grin and moves on.  
  
Moving from the girls to the boys Caleb huddles with the lesser known group.   
  
"Intimidated? Don't be! We're all friends here Fellas. See those girls over there? They want to tease you. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if they did more. Any one of you afraid to see some skin?"  
  
Only one boy of insecure sexuality struggles to conform. He merely eyes Caleb himself. Caleb allows him to even though he wanted to shove him. He needed to keep peace.  
  
With a gifted hand he motions for Molly to his side. Standing behind her he squeezes her shoulders.  
  
"Molly? What should each of these boys do to you?"  
  
She shyly smiles and lifts her shirt over her breasts revealing them.   
  
"They may touch my boobies."  
  
Caleb rolls his eyes, "And?"  
  
"Kiss them."  
  
"And?"  
  
Molly's eyes flutter, "Pinch my nipples?"  
  
"And?" He lowers his hands to her shorts and slithers them down to her ankles. With no underwear on she stood nude in front of the boys who drooled like crazy. Her cutoff Tee vacated in one swift movement.  
  
"Whatever they want?" She shivers at their eyes.  
  
He then guides her to sit down on the floor and lay back. A simple whisper leads her to call boys over to join her.   
  
As Caleb stands up moving away, three boys ease in and crouch around her. They immediately begin touching her all over. Leading to kisses. Fingering.  
  
Satisfied that the lads were engrossed enough for others to eventually join in Caleb turns his attention to Shawna. A luring finger brings her to his side. His arms surround her neck and he looks her directly in the eye.   
  
She feels faint as he leans in and kisses her on the lips. She melts instantly. All of the girls crooned wishing it were them.  
  
The kiss intensifies as his hands glide over her body reaching her thong bands. In her fever she doesn't even feel them slip off. A much needed assist from one of Caleb's friends the thong drops to her shoes. She stood bottomless and uncaring suddenly.  
  
Caleb's hands molded over her cheeks and clutched them tightly. Prying her cheeks apart revealed things of hidden beauty.  
  
Lips parting Caleb winks at Shawna, "No more Grannie's. So hot."  
  
Shawna huffed and whined at his scalding exhale upon her face. She was lost.  
  
He crouches down in front of her as she follows him with her eyes. Then, she noticed the thong lying on her feet. Her eyes bulged. She nearly panicked until his lips kissed her pubic region.  
  
Legs went limp and he had to catch her. His cradling led her to the court. A gentle thud found her ass on the floor. His hand removed the thong and tossed it away. He then spread her legs for a better view.  
  
"I need to shave." She winces expecting a distasteful look from Caleb.  
  
"I see what I need. I see what they need." He leers toward his friends standing idly by.  
  
"You do?" She trembles.  
  
"Yep." His fingers rub her clit making her crazy inside.  
  
As she quakes he looks up at Shawna's friends and fellow girls. They were all entranced with awe. Most wished it were them on the floor with Caleb. Other's wished they could lick Shawna head to toe.  
  
Caleb rubs his visible erection with his free hand as he admires Shawna.  
  
"Please fuck me." Shawna pleads toward the stud.  
  
"You want this?" He ushers as he hears nearly every girl above them share a "Yessssssssssssss!"  
  
His ego inflates at the girls shared responses. He decides then to bring his dick out for a test run. The gathering of girls nearly fall over themselves at the sight.  
  
He crawls forward and gracefully smothers his crown in Shawna's labia. Sly timid slides over her made her touch herself. He then whispers into her ear.  
  
"Soon. Not this moment. I WILL FUCK YOU."  
  
Shawna whimpers loudly as he pulls away from her and stands up. The torture of his loss led Shawna to begin fingering herself.   
  
Standing over her Caleb moves away. His friends move in to replace him. She would find four sets of hands and lips caressing her in her playfulness.  
  
Caleb then moved toward Jaclyn, Sammy, and Heather. He stroked his cock in front of their glued eyes. Amid them he removes his hand.  
  
"Feel free to help me out."  
  
Jaclyn couldn't resist jumping at the opportunity to stroke him. Heather dropped to her knees and rubbed his balls. Sammy found Caleb's hand reaching to her. She took it and followed him into a kiss. All three girls were lost.  
  
As the remaining students merely watched, April Hines chilled at the excessiveness of Caleb's powers. She had never imagined he could be this persuasive. Her nerd like appearance made her keep to herself at most times, but today she felt needy. That need led her to sneak away back to the locker room.   
  
Molly who was consumed by the attentions of others found herself being eaten out by a boy she had never seen before. Pleasurable, but her mind drifted over to what Caleb was doing. He had left her to others. She had assumed he would fuck her today.  
  
Instead, her craned gaze found Jaclyn kneeling and sucking Caleb's dick. Heather was playing with his balls. Sammy was being kissed and fondled by Caleb.   
  
She felt left out.  
  
With a bit of strain to escape Molly sat up and pushed the boys around her off. As they growled having to lose out the boys let her crawl away. The view of her crawl was stunning.  
  
Molly never stood up. She continued her journey on her knees passing Shawna who was now being eaten out herself. She was lost to the world.  
  
Reaching Caleb she made sure that she was in his line of sight, His kissing of Sammy fading at Molly's vision. Molly stretched out naked on the floor. Her eyes never left Caleb's. His never left hers.  
  
In an effort to regain his interest she pulls her legs behind her head and reaches around to pry her pussy wide open. The strain bearable she awaits him.  
  
Caleb suddenly nudges Sammy aside and steps from Jaclyn and Heather's feeding frenzy. He walks over to face Molly below him. Without a word he drops his trunks and straddles Molly. His dick vanishes within Molly's gaping hole. Snug, warm, and wet.  
  
He fucked her like a madman. She cried out like a cheerfully agonized child. Their actions and echoes made the whole gym stop and take note.  
  
Even Shawna's crew of admirers stopped to watch. This made her sad.   
  
Eyes tearing up at Molly getting fucked by Caleb before she got him hurt. Still, he did promise her. She would hope he kept his word.  
  
For ten minutes Molly endured his pounding hips and gushed time after time. On his final throes he pulls out and torpedoes all over Molly's contorted body. In her cramped state his jizz touched every part of her full frontal and suspended ass.  
  
He stands up exhausted and turns to face the classmates in all his glory. A simple point at Jaclyn, Sammy, and Heather led them to kneel in front of him and taste Molly all over his body. They consumed him without waver.  
  
A final glint toward Shawna on the floor leads Caleb to her side. She looks up at him with yearning. He drops slowly to his knees and spreads her legs. A quick insertion inside her pussy made her cry out, "I LOVE YOU CALEB!"  
  
He laid there and whispered into her ear, "Of course you do. You feel me inside you now. I'll do this again. Anytime I desire. Understood?"  
  
She trembles and caresses his cheek, "Yes. I can't wait."  
  
"You WILL wait. When I want you I'll take you. Until then show patience."  
  
"I will, Caleb. I will."  
  
He creeps out of Shawna and finds his trunks getting dressed. She rolls over and crawls to Molly still laying back breathing heavily. They would hug each other.  
  
Molly exhales on to Shawna's shoulder.  
  
"He did not care about your jungle."  
  
Shawna giggles, "Guess not. Yay me. I'm still shaving though."  
  
"April and I will help you."  
  
Jaclyn and Sammy approach them with clothing, "Sorry. We couldn't resist Caleb." Jaclyn states.  
  
"I saw that. Traitors." Shawna chuckles.  
  
Molly looks around as Caleb chats with his classmates, securing their confidences. As Caleb finishes he returns to the harem below.  
  
Eying Molly he drags her up by her arm. Standing there naked he grabs her clothing as given to her from Sammy.  
  
"Find Coach Macy. She wants to talk to you."  
  
All of the girls widen their eyes as Molly walks away naked.   
  
Molly herself was clueless. She merely obeyed.   
  
Caleb then took the time to warmly kiss each of the girls.  
  
They were obsessed.  
  
He would whisper to each of them, "I WILL FUCK YOU."  
  
Their sighs believed him.  
  
He knew so.  
  
Horny bastard.

**Molly Ch. 07: Chin Strap**

Entering the locker room Molly Indrabooty scanned about looking for Coach Mary Macy. Reaching her office the door was closed so she took the initiative to knock.  
  
After a few minutes Mary Macy opens her door to see Molly standing there in all of her glory. The young Hindi beauty merely looked up at Mary with her big brown eyes awaiting a reply.  
  
"Get in here." Mary steps aside to allow Molly in before shutting her door again.  
  
"Caleb said that you wished to speak with me."  
  
"Yeah? He's a ballsy bastard I'll give him that. Just so you understand me, you were never in my office naked. Understood?"  
  
"I am not here." Molly smirks trying not to giggle.  
  
"Yes, you are. That's some body you have there. Some darn good genes in your family."  
  
Molly looks down at her chest, "I take after my Mother."  
  
"Good for you." Mary wipes her mouth with her palm.  
  
Molly returns her gaze up at Mary without expression. She felt it safer to just let the Coach talk.  
  
"I'm not sure what kind of hold Houser has on you but it's something that can't be overlooked. He left you in quite a mess."  
  
Molly realizes that she meant all of Caleb's cum splatter that was left on her from head to waist.  
  
"Does it offend you?" Molly questions.  
  
Mary Macy frowns, "Let's clean you up."  
  
Going to her desk Mary finds a box of wet wipes and proceeds to wash away the cum spots and trails from their descent. Molly merely watched her hands pausing in certain areas.   
  
"Looks much better." Mary grew nervous.  
  
"I liked the way it was. But, thank you." Molly whispered.  
  
"You just don't strike me as the type to let a kid like Houser treat you this way. What's he got on you?"  
  
Molly tries not to think the worst of Caleb. She would instead defend him.  
  
"Caleb treats me very well. It is my choice to do as I do."  
  
Mary palms Molly's right cheek warmly, "You probably need to get to your next class."  
  
"It is only English Literature. You can write me a note if I am late." Molly continues to appear expressionless.  
  
"I can actually do that." Macy grins.  
  
Hesitantly, Mary Macy lowers her hand to trail her knuckles over Molly's neckline and to her shoulder. The nomadic softness led down Molly's left arm to the elbow. Molly had a rash of goose bumps instantaneously.   
  
"Love your complexion. You're of mixed heritage right?"  
  
"My mother is Caucasian. My father Hindi."  
  
"Right." Mary reaches back up to play with Molly's raven curls. Molly remains well composed.  
  
"Am I spooking you?" Mary senses guilt.  
  
"I am fearless." Molly softly expresses.  
  
"I doubt that. Give the actress an Oscar." Mary chuckles.  
  
Molly tries not to blink as she stares up at her Coach. Mary in turn finds her hands trembling as they drift away from Molly's hair and gravitate in front of Molly's chest.  
  
Mary's eyes drift to Molly's calmly perky tits. She wanted to squeeze them but her nerves were getting the best of her. Ever so slowly Mary began to move in for the kill.  
  
A mere breath away from touching them a loud knock rattled the office door.  
  
"Coach Macy? Can I speak with you?"  
  
Mary grimaced and winked at Molly, "Just as well. I like my job."  
  
Mary quietly turns and opens her door to find April Hines holding her books and fully dressed.  
  
"Have you seen Molly?" She feigns then eyes her friend behind Macy, "Oh there you are. We're going to be late for Lit."  
  
Molly flutters her fingers at April, "We will both be excused for our tardiness. Will we not Coach Mary?"  
  
Macy chuckles, "Yeah, yeah. Go get dressed. I'll write you two a note."  
  
As Molly leaves the office to join April she smiles at her sheepishly.  
  
April leans in to whisper, "Seriously? You were going to let "Hail Mary" paw you up?"  
  
As Molly obtains her clothing from the small locker and begins to get dressed she stops and quickly gives April a kiss on the cheek.  
  
"What was that for?"  
  
"You rescued me. And, yes I was. For Caleb."  
  
April glares at Molly, "I figured he might be blackmailing you. The more I see and hear I think you're getting off on all of this."  
  
Molly pulls on her shorts that were far too tight.  
  
"Does this change your opinion of me?" Molly pauses.  
  
Squinting, April groans, "Nooooo! We're buds. Just try not to bring me into all of this. The braless thing was liberating, but I'm not the type to go around flaunting my stuff. As awesome as it is."  
  
Molly winks at her, "Awesome indeed. And, no I am not gay either. Unless Caleb tells me to be."  
  
From behind them they hear a clearing throat.   
  
"Well, some of us are Gay. Gay also means "Happy". I'm happy this didn't go as far as it could have."   
  
Molly steps over to claim their notes From Macy's extended hand. After doing so Molly grabs her hand and molds it around her left breast.  
  
"You may squeeze now."  
  
Macy does. She enjoyed it's playfulness. Just as quickly Mary removes her hand and shakes her head.  
  
"Get the hell to class."  
  
"We shall see you tomorrow. Have a good day." Molly smiled shamelessly.  
  
In the hall April shivered, "Ewwww!"  
  
"Be nice. I have your note. I can eat it."   
  
They both laughed and headed to class.  
  
As lunch hour approached Caleb and his friend Wyatt enjoyed the triumph of Caleb's mission. Wyatt hated himself that he didn't share the same gym class. He missed out.  
  
"Dude! We should get all those girls naked at one time. I'd love to fuck Jaclyn and Samantha."  
  
"All in good time, Bro. I got it covered." Caleb began texting on his cell.  
  
"Who are you texting?"   
  
Caleb pauses to look up at Wyatt with a raised brow, "Do I ask you what you do every second of every day?"  
  
Wyatt rolls his eyes and scoffs, "No."  
  
"You'll see at lunch."  
  
"Mystery meat? My favorite." Wyatt chuckles.  
  
Caleb merely smirked and finished his class. Once the bell rang both boys stood up and headed out into the hallway. Separating, Caleb drifted away and found Molly at her locker alone. He creeps up behind her and wraps his hands around her neck and leans in to nuzzle her ear.  
  
"I am ticklish." She giggles and sighs.  
  
He releases her and plants his back noisily against the locker next to hers.  
  
"I loved your pussy."  
  
She offers a sheepish grin, "I loved your dick."  
  
"We need to do that more often."  
  
"I will obey whenever you insist."  
  
"That's my girl. How did it go with Macy?"  
  
"Not as far as I presume you told her to go. I waited. She changed her mind."  
  
"Damn! I was hoping to hear she tapped you with her strap-on." He chuckled.  
  
Molly pouts, "Perhaps, tomorrow."  
  
"Sooner or later. By the way, I loved how you got my attention away from the girls. That was pretty damned sexy."  
  
"I was told you were going to fuck me in gym class. I did not want you to fail."  
  
He laughs and looks at his feet, "I never fail. I get what I want. Any way necessary."  
  
"Yes. You need not bribe me anymore. I want to obey you."  
  
He looks her in the eye studying her for the truth. Finally he nods, "All school year long."  
  
"As you wish." She knew the school year was almost over.  
  
He believed her.  
  
"Let's grab some lunch."  
  
She follows him into the cafeteria where all eyes attack them in hopes for something to happen. After a stint waiting in line to be served they carry their trays to a table where Wyatt, Nathan, and three other young men sat. Wyatt moved over and let Molly sit next to him.  
  
Caleb sat down opposite of her and nudged her closer to Wyatt until she was snug in between them. She could barely move to drink her carton of milk.   
  
Nathan and two others moved closer together in front of her blocking a view from the other students.  
  
"Get under the table and suck Wyatt's cock. Count to 100 slowly as you do. When you reach 100 turn around and suck Nathan off. Count again then move over to both Jim and Kev. Eat your lunch."  
  
She flares her eyes without looking at any of them then slithers down to their feet. Wyatt had his dick wagging and ready for her. Molly marveled at it's girth as she held it in her hands. Just before swallowing as much as she could fit in her mouth.  
  
Above her Wyatt made faces at his dinner party and expressed every bit of friction she offered. The others laughed and got ready for the change off.   
  
Nathan was stroking himself nervously as he felt Molly pivot on her knees to face him. His own expression made the table know her valiant efforts.   
  
Her rounds were graceful as both Jim and Kev enjoyed her attention. Not one of them nuts. Bad situation.  
  
Molly crawled back up for air in between Wyatt and Caleb. She wiped her chin with a napkin before looking at Caleb.  
  
"Would you like 100 of your own Caleb?"   
  
He grins at her, "Not this time. I had the full meal deal earlier. Did you like your lunch?"  
  
"It was quite tasty." She licks her lips, "I worry that none of them were satisfied."  
  
Caleb scowls and looks around at his buddies. All of them had a look of need still in their faces.  
  
"Get back under there and don't come back up until your face is glossy."  
  
"I will be back." She giggles and disappears once more.  
  
From under the table she strokes two at a time and sucks another more intensely than before. In minutes Nathan, Jim the luckiest, and Kev shot loads that she captured quite remarkably. Once coated she turns back to Wyatt as he jerks like a beast. His snarls were heard tables away. After a lengthy burst splatters her face she giggles and slides back up into her seat. She sits proudly and offers a look toward each of them.  
  
"Much better." She adds.  
  
Caleb plants his arm around her shoulder.  
  
"Milk does a body good."  
  
She lifts her carton of milk, "Look. My face is on the Missing Persons label. I was only under the table."  
  
The group had to laugh. She was too cool.  
  
She refused to clean her face. Even as people eyed her grossly.  
  
Caleb squeezed her leg under the table.  
  
She squeezed his.  
  
Molly was happy.

**Molly Ch. 08: Clothes Pen**

Another day of School began at the lockers.   
  
Caleb Houser had passed off his bag of today's attire to Molly. He waited for her return with his friend Wyatt and brother Nathan.   
  
Finally, the Hindi goddess Molly Indrabooty stepped out of the restroom wearing a flowered dress held up by spaghetti strap laces. The upper hemline rode low on her bulging cleavage. Its sides displayed her breasts even more. The lower hem of the skirt hugged her thighs and barely hid her ass cheeks.   
  
"If we get away with this dress we can get away with anything." Nathan offers his Brother Caleb.  
  
"We get away with everything anyway. Money talks my filthy rich brother."  
  
"Yeah, but Principal Chavez doesn't let Dad rule him as much as the other teachers do."  
  
Their conversation halts as Molly shuffles over to them.  
  
"I feel very sexy. This dress is beautiful."  
  
"You're beautiful and sexy." Wyatt adds.  
  
"Thank you." She blushes.  
  
Caleb uncurls a paper bag under his arm and hands it to her. She accepts it opening it up to look inside. Her heart beats faster, "Oh my."  
  
She decided to remove the unexpected toy from it's sack and place it in her book bag for less noise later.  
  
"Use it all day long. In class in front of everyone. Let people use it on you. At the end of the day you will kneel before me in the hall and hand it back up to me like an offering to the Gods."  
  
She giggles, "Might that not look as if I am offering it to you to use?"  
  
He rethinks her comment, "In the bag first."  
  
Everyone chuckles at Caleb who shakes his head. He felt stupid suddenly. It wore off fast.  
  
"Let's get to class."  
  
They file into History class and take their usual seats. Molly takes the time to look around at all of the students. They were still high from her antics from the days past.  
  
She takes the time to wave at each of those that took note. Kisses were blown her way which made her smile.   
  
As her favorite teacher Nelson Crandall entered the room he shot a glance in her direction. She warmly smiled back at him.  
  
Caleb took the time to look back over his shoulder at her. She greeted him with pouty brown eyes. His first command led to her slipping the strap on her right shoulder down over her upper arm. The loss made the dress droop even lower on her breast.  
  
She sat that way for the first ten minutes of Crandall's class discussion.   
  
Nelson responded as he paced the room and noted her barely contained tit. He coyly smirked at her and moved on.  
  
Caleb then motioned for her to lose the other strap which made her grin with exhilaration. Once that strap slipped low her dress crept down in front. Her tits were dangerously close to falling out.  
  
Crandall turns to spot this new exposure and quickly turns away returning to his desk chair. He needed to hide before his erection dominated his slacks .  
  
Thinking quickly he finished his Revolutionary War story and opted to have them read a chapter in their school book.  
  
As the class accepted their fate Caleb glanced back at Molly and mouthed, "Use it."  
  
In response Molly leaned over to grab the dildo from her bag. As she did her tits literally fell out into the open. Blushing suddenly she looked around her and found secret smiles and encouragement from her classmates. She decided to let her tits feel freedom. Slouching silently she shows Crandall her dildo and wags it at him. He bulged his eyes and motioned her not too with a slash of his hand against his throat.   
  
She shook her head negatively and lowered the dildo to her parted legs. Without panties her pussy came into vibrant view. Wetting her fingers she moistens her pussy before inserting the dildo. Her mind reels at the entry and her head tilts back for a moment. After a few dry thrusts she lubes the toy in her own juices.  
  
Her expressions changed dramatically after each thrust.   
  
Caleb motions for her to go faster.  
  
Molly eyes Crandall and punishes her pussy harder. In doing so her moans escalated. Now the entire class caught on and began watching her actions and reactions.   
  
Crandall was so mesmerized that he failed to notice his students silently laughing at him. He was lost in the moment.  
  
Her leg hikes up higher as the boy next to her offers to hold her ankle as support. As one hand plunges the dildo her other hand squeezes her tit.   
  
Nelson lost reality. His own hand was unzipping his fly and now palming a monster cock hard on. Hidden from view he jerked like a madman. Regardless his students knew. At Caleb's request nobody reacted to his abuse.  
  
Molly had an orgasm right then and there.  
  
The room quietly applauded her with rounds of approval.  
  
Slipping the toy from her trickling pussy Molly sucks on the dildo tasting herself lovingly.  
  
Nelson unwittingly nuts all over himself and snarled. As soon as he realized his error he panicked and turned white.  
  
Caleb stood up and began clapping at Crandall for finishing himself off in front of everyone.  
  
"Bravo! No reason to sweat it Mister C. Nobody here will say a word. Same for Molly here. We love her. Don't we people?"  
  
The room in unison whispers their affections.  
  
Crandall zipped up and dropped his head on his desk out of shame.  
  
As he lay there Molly stood up and let her dress fall to the floor. Stepping out of it she slithered toward Crandall's desk and stood beside him. Her hand caresses his hair. Lifting his head he looks up at her sweating bullets. She then leans over and kisses his forehead. A second later she returns to her chair fully dressed.  
  
Caleb now decides to step up and kneel beside Crandall.  
  
"Seriously. Your secrets safe with us. Just keep our secrets and give us all at least a B-."  
  
Nelson frowns, "B+. Now take your seat and read that chapter."  
  
Nodding Caleb hisses, "On it."  
  
After class Molly stops by Crandall's desk. He was over it already. His fate was sealed someday.  
  
"I apologize if I embarrassed you."  
  
He chuckles, "I'll live."  
  
"Yes you will. As will I. Besides, have we not already had sex?"  
  
"Yeah, but the students don't know that. They knew I jerked off."  
  
"Indeed so. Caleb will keep you safe."  
  
"I hope so."  
  
"Have faith in him. I do."  
  
He prayed she was right.  
  
"I will tease you more tomorrow." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
He scowls, "I don't know how much more I can take."  
  
"I must go."  
  
With a flutter of fingers she leaves him to his regrets. His next class would be extremely awkward.  
  
Awaiting in the hall Caleb hugged Molly and lifted her dress in back for students to view. She felt casual brushes of hands as they passed by. She shivered within Caleb's grasp.  
  
"Feels good doesn't it?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
He lowers her skirt and turns her around to face a gathering of the nerd herd. Some of them she had spoken to before. Others were faces she had only seen in passing.  
  
After claiming her book bag he nudges her forth, "Go over to them and lift your skirt. Let them touch you."  
  
She sighs softly and strolls over to them.   
  
"Hello again."   
  
Mumbles were heard as they grew shy.  
  
"My tushy needs rubbed. Would you all help me?" She twists and raises her skirt while slightly bending over. Her bare butt was remarkable.   
  
One of the students that had spoken to her before reaches out and boldly caresses her left cheek. Another boy braves the same move to her right cheek. Together they squeeze and pry her cheeks apart. She bulged her eyes toward Caleb who stood amused.  
  
A third boy slid between the other two and puts his finger up to her ass hole and teases it. This made her jump and giggle. Looking over her shoulder at them she smiles.  
  
"I think your friends are afraid of me."  
  
The boy on her left cheek frowns, "More afraid of Caleb."  
  
She stands erect and turns to face them. She then lifts her skirt again to show off her pussy.   
  
"You may touch it."  
  
The same boys rub her pussy and force her to close her eyes at the sensations.  
  
"That feels quite nice. You may all touch it if you like. Do not fear Caleb. I allow you too."  
  
Two newer boys step up and risk touching her. One chooses to slide his hand upward under her dress to find her right tit. She decides to lift her dress higher and reveal her breasts to them. That coaxed them in. Now she had six boys total touching her from all sides.  
  
Suddenly, a laid back student ushers dramatically, "Here comes Chavez."  
  
The gathering disperses quickly and Molly pulls her dress down. Walking toward her was a large hulking Hispanic man with a goatee. He hadn't seen her display but knew there was a gathering.  
  
"Is everything alright here?" Chavez stops to face Molly and Caleb.  
  
"All good, Sir." Caleb smiles.  
  
"How are you adjusting to the school, Miss Indrabooty?"  
  
"Very well. I am liked by all."  
  
"That's good. Your dress is lovely."  
  
"Are you flirting with me?" She giggles.  
  
His eyes narrow, "That would be rude of me. No. Had you both not be getting to class?"  
  
"Heading out now, Sir." Caleb pats Molly on the back, "See you at lunch. Outside by the oak tree."  
  
"I will be there."  
  
As Caleb abandons her Principal Chavez holds a hand up to stop Molly.  
  
"That dress is rather short."  
  
She tugs at her hips causing the upper cleavage to bulge more. She grits her teeth at Chavez.   
  
"I like my dress." She pouts.  
  
"Be careful how you sit." He nods without smiling.  
  
"I shall. Thank you for your concern."  
  
He watches her intently as she walks away. Her book bag keeping her from adjusting properly. She was afraid to look back. When she did, Chavez was gone.  
  
Lunch arrived and Molly had ditched her books in her locker for better freedom. She left the building and prowled the school yards to the east side of the school. There stood the only large tree on the property. Awaiting her was Caleb and Wyatt.  
  
"I am here."  
  
"Where is your dildo?"  
  
Her eyes grow large, "In my book bag. In my locker. I am so sorry Caleb."  
  
"Real dick it is then." He scowls.  
  
"I like that much better." She smiles.  
  
Wyatt looks around for onlookers before unzipping his jeans and pulling out his meaty beast.   
  
"On your back in the grass." Caleb points at the ground.  
  
Without being told Molly slips out of her dress into full nudity. She then lays down and spreads her legs.  
  
"I am ready." She smiles.  
  
Wyatt scanned about once more before dropping to his knees between her legs. He then leaned over and penetrated her. For the next five minutes he fucked her senseless. She couldn't contain her screams.  
  
Caleb loved that. Let the world hear it.  
  
That they did. The Nerd herd were strolling in their direction.  
  
"Here comes the herd. Tease them." Caleb nods picking up her dress and walking away with it. Wyatt zipped up and chuckled before following his buddy.  
  
Molly rolled to rest on her left side, cradling her head on to her left hand for support.   
  
The Nerds stopped to talk amongst themselves before risking their journey forward.   
  
"Come sit with me in the shade." Molly smiles.  
  
Eventually the herd of seven surrounded her in the grass. Sitting there to protect her if nothing else.  
  
"Why do you let Caleb do this too you? You're too nice for this kind of crap." Questions the boy who had clutched her ass in the hallway earlier.  
  
"At first I was hesitant. Caleb has grown on me I must say. I am liking my body. I hope that you may like it also."  
  
"Your body is perfect. Playboy magazine perfect." Another adds.  
  
She sits up Indian style and leans back on her hands. Her chest lifts proudly for their attention.  
  
"You do not need to be nervous around me. I am adoring your attentions. What would you want of me?" She offers a beguiling wink.  
  
"A kiss?" Speaks up a shy one testing his bravado.  
  
"It will be my pleasure." Molly crawls forward to lean in and kiss him on the lips.  
  
He offers an expression of awe. Suddenly, lips pucker all around her.  
  
"Oh my! Will my kisses turn any of you into Prince's?"  
  
A few rolled their eyes as if offended. She realized her mistake.  
  
"I would mean frogs. Please forgive me I am from India. My understanding of English often is misinterpreted. Instead of kissing each of you, you are welcome to kiss me."  
  
Two of the herd moves in quickly and kisses on shoulders and neckline. Observing them led three more to crawl forward and kiss her chest. Nipples tugged and suckled.  
  
The final two held back to watch nervously.   
  
Her eyes flared at the five nuzzlers and she opted to draw one of them into a full on lip lock. Her own hands probed their scalps. Moments later she toppled to the grass and enjoyed their lips all over her body.  
  
As the boys entertained themselves she blew kisses at the remaining two.  
  
"Join them. No need to be shy. My body is quite kissable."  
  
Finally coaxed the resistant duo crawled forth and kissed on her belly. She began giggling and exposing her ticklish nature.  
  
After a round of laughter one of the boys quietly snarled, "It's Chavez. He's heading this way but not looking yet."  
  
All of them crowded over her to hide her body from the oncoming Principal. One of the boys swiftly removed his leather jacket and offered it to her. She accepted it and pulled it on zipping it up without haste.  
  
Her legs and hips were disguised by the herd leaning back over her.   
  
Nearing the herd Chavez squinted at their behavior.  
  
The herd waved at him forcing him to return the favor. Each of the herd swallowed out of fear but held their posts. Chavez stopped in his tracks and decided to approach them at a distance.  
  
He notices Molly behind them and frowns.  
  
"Making new friends I see. Smartest thing you ever did young lady. Much nicer group than Houser's bunch."  
  
She grins at him, "I like meeting new people. I feel so at home here."  
  
Nodding with a squint Chavez notes her leather jacket.  
  
"Going steady with Rudy there? Wearing his jacket in this heat?"  
  
"Yes. Our first date is after school."   
  
Before another word could be spoken Caleb walked up behind Chavez. He had Molly's dress in his hands. The sight made Molly hold her breath.  
  
"There you are. We're going to be late for class." He then leers at Chavez, "Hey Mr. Chavez."  
  
"Is that Miss Indrabooty's dress?" Chavez observes.  
  
"Yea it is." He waves it about.  
  
"Why do you have it in your possession?"  
  
"Oh, you know me. The girls in gym class thought they would be sneaky and swipe her clothing right off of her outside here. I intercepted them and got it back for her. I had the guys here keep her covered until I returned. Gentlemen I say."  
  
Molly pouts toward Chavez, "Such mean evil girls."  
  
Chavez rolls his eyes and shakes his head.  
  
"Please stand up young lady." The Principal growls.  
  
She begins to rise when all of the boys stand in unison to maintain her cover.  
  
Hidden behind them she ducks her head under the arms of Rudy.  
  
Caleb moves in and hands her the dress. Once more she hides while discarding the jacket and handing it to Rudy. Swiftly she pulls the dress on before making the journey around them.  
  
Chavez eyes her shyness.  
  
"Forgive me Sir. I am modest after all." She then twists to face the herd, "My heroes. Thank you for coming to my rescue."  
  
Chavez offers a look of bewilderment, "Give me the names of the girls involved."  
  
Molly peps up, "Please do not punish them. I am certain Caleb has set them straight."  
  
"I'm sure he has. Get to class. All of you." Chavez barks.   
  
Caleb places his arm on her lower back and guides her away. Knowing Chavez was still watching he trails his hand to her hem and raises her skirt. Chavez most definitely spotted her bare ass.  
  
Growling under his breathe Chavez looks to the herd who shrug at him before sprinting away.  
  
Chavez would keep his eyes on this Molly.  
  
He knew trouble when he saw it.  
  
Trouble by the name of Houser.

**Molly Ch. 09: Tangled Webcam**

Toward the end of the following school day Caleb Houser had made Molly Indrabooty use her dildo once more. In Biology whom she shared with Wyatt, Shawna, and April. Putting it away for another day he now led Molly to Study Hall held within the library right this very second.   
  
The library was quite large to accommodate the entire student body. Over thirty tables were surrounded by desks that contained computers. Caleb had things well planned as always, skipping his own class to be there for this. He had arranged the students of age to horde around a certain area. Others were scattered about to maintain order.  
  
Sitting Molly at one of the computers he told her to sit tight. He then went about moving even more of his entourage of friends at other desks and tables as safety precautions. They were told to not look back at them unless they felt their cell buzz at his text. The only other reason was to keep them from being caught.  
  
Caleb returned to Molly who was wearing a pale yellow mini dress he had given her. This dress like most of her wardrobe of late had spaghetti string straps. Her cleavage barely contained. Just the way Caleb liked it on her. Just the way Molly loved it that Caleb liked it on her. Just the way every boy in school liked it on her. Most every girl for that matter.  
  
"What are we doing here Caleb?" Molly wiggles in her seat leering over at him as he crouches beside her."  
  
He glances around him twice before removing a tiny webcam from his bag. Hooking it up to the computer in front of them was swift. He had already installed software weeks earlier that nobody had complained about. Once plugged in he opened the webcam up into a small window that showed Molly sitting there.   
  
"I see myself." She giggles.  
  
He refuses to look at her as he tells her, "In a few minutes lots of people will see you."  
  
"Students in the library?" She questions.  
  
"Anybody that wants to view you in the whole state of Florida." He chuckles.  
  
For a moment her eyes flare and she turns pale. She worried who might see her.  
  
"What if someone I know should see me?"  
  
He still fails to look at her as he huffs, "Worried your Dad watches porn?"  
  
The thought made her tremble and whine, "No. My father has no interest in such things. He loves my Mother."  
  
"Then, why should you worry? You're new to Miami right? How many people do you really know here?"  
  
"Not many. Of those I know outside of school are neighbors where I live."  
  
"They watch porn?" He smirks.  
  
"I do not know. I do have very creepy neighbors in our condo. Many of the older men stare at me in the halls. Or the elevator. Even at the pool."  
  
"Condo?"  
  
"Yes. We live in a twelve story condo. Hundreds of neighbors."  
  
He puckers, "Interesting. Guess I'll see that when I come over for dinner tomorrow."  
  
"It is a very nice Condo. You will like it."  
  
Nodding he opens up a chat room for Miami residents. Immediately upon entering the room dozens of boxes pop up on the screen after seeing that she has a camera on.   
  
"So many say hello." She shivers.  
  
"I'm going to scoot over a little. Don't look at me. Let everyone who messaged you view you. Type whatever I tell you to."  
  
"Okay." She rubs her upper arms at the sudden chill of her mission.  
  
"Tell everyone in the room Hello."  
  
She types her greeting quickly as viewer requests pop up by the dozens. As each one does she allows them. Before five minutes expires she has 28 viewers.  
  
"They all say I am beautiful." She whispers.  
  
"Blow them kisses." He instructs.  
  
She does so and smiles warmly.  
  
"Stretch and show them your chest."   
  
She lifts her arms in the air and leans back in her seat for a vivid display of her monster breasts. Her nipples shredding at her thin yellow dress.   
  
"Everyone loves my boobies." She grins sheepishly.  
  
Caleb chuckles, "Use your hands to jostle them playfully. Then blush."  
  
Doing so she blushes brilliantly. It wasn't so much an act.  
  
"Some of them are asking me to show them my tits." Molly squirms.  
  
"Act shy. Tell them you are in a library. If they want proof lift the webcam up and show the room. I'll scoot over further and look busy on another computer."  
  
Complying she acts skittish and bites her nail before picking up the webcam to show the viewers the entire library. As she shows them Caleb who had moved over two seats he looked unaware of her venture. Returning the webcam to the desk she centers herself in it.  
  
"They are daring me to show them my tits."  
  
"Act cautious then show them quickly. Don't look obvious."  
  
Her inner actress utilizes her index finger to make the watchers wait. After looking about her and behind her at an aisle of books she nibbles her lower lip. Her hands move up to dangle her spaghetti straps over her shoulders. Another glance about she quickly folds her dress down to reveal her bare breasts. They remained visible for thirty seconds before she acts nervous and covers up.  
  
"Perfect!" Caleb chuckles.  
  
She ignores his confident remark favoring her performance. She was enjoying this too much.  
  
"They want me to stand up."  
  
"Stand up and walk back into the row of bookcases. Flash them your tits again and your bare ass. Then return to your chair."  
  
""Okay." She mutters before using her index finger again as a stalling motion. Molly looks about her and slowly rises and walks away from the desk. In the distance of twenty feet behind her seat she takes time to look nervous while checking out her surroundings. Seconds later to be convincing she again lowers her dress to her waist this time and squeezes her tits together. Releasing them she twists in step and hikes her skirt up to reveal her perfect ass. Patting it with one hand she blows a kiss at the camera with the other.  
  
"Beautiful." Caleb waves her back to her seat.  
  
Lowering her dress into place she returns to her keyboard.  
  
"They are all demanding more. What should I do next?" She barely moves her lips while asking.  
  
"Do whatever they tell you. You're doing great." He puckers.  
  
"They want to see my pussy now." Her eyes refuse to flutter.  
  
"It's your show now. I'll sit back for now and watch. Don't worry about getting into trouble. Old Lady "Markoff" got this job due to my Dad. She never looks for trouble. Trust me."  
  
"I will."  
  
"Just make it look convincing that you need to be careful."  
  
"Here goes."  
  
She again looks around before moving her webcam to the edge of her desk. She then tilted it down at her lap as she lifts her skirt. Her legs widen and she offers them a swift view of her pussy. It was quick to make it look as if she might have been caught. Pulling her dress down she returns the camera in a blur to the desk. To her viewership she feigns as if somebody was watching her there in the library. She reacted as if studying for a moment until the onlooker obviously left. Molly then held a hand to her brow as if tossing sweat. Her viewers all sent "LOL".  
  
"I am being dared to step over to you and act like I'm asking you something and show my ass."  
  
"I'm waiting." Caleb snickers.  
  
She tilts her index finger yet again before turning her webcam to face Caleb. She then stood up and approached him. Leaning over his shoulder she fans her skirt up to reveal her left hip and gets his attention. Caleb looks up at her with an expression of being caught off guard. Her cleavage in his face he was forced to stare between her tits and his monitor. She then moved to block him entirely as she too points at his monitor while showing off her ass cheeks. Twisting again in step Caleb's face comes in to view. Her tits dangling on his shoulder. She loved tormenting Caleb. Still he acted shy yet offered a moment of bulging eyes. Another minute she left his side to again sit down and return her cam toward herself.  
  
Typing to some of the men she giggled and recited her words aloud, "He turned beet red because my tits touched him. I might have trouble keeping his eyes off of me now."  
  
"They want me to tease you some more."  
  
"Your show. I'll play along."  
  
Again she nibbles her nail mischievously. Getting up from her seat she returns to the aisle behind her and looks as if exploring the books. Deciding to make a mess she stretches to reach books two shelves up and clumsily drags seven books crashing to the carpet. The noise attracted a number of students as she appeared embarrassed. Caleb rushed to her side as she knelt to pick the books up. Her knees fanned wide and her pussy exposed brilliantly to the camera. Caleb stood at an angle so as not to block her. He then crouched to help her pick up her books. Her balance shaky she toppled backwards on to her ass and began laughing. Her dress rose even higher.   
  
Caleb grit his teeth and gazed around them for eyes. He then acted as if blushing and chuckling. Molly in turn tried to look convincing that she didn't do it on purpose. The two of them put on a good act.  
  
She closes her legs and accepts his hand to help her stand. After that Caleb bent down to pick up the books. He tried not to look up her skirt but failed. After the books were put away she kept one and thanked him. He hesitantly stepped away and out of view. She made it appear as if they were flirting off camera.  
  
Returning to her seat she read what her admirers had to say.  
  
"Oh my goodness! They want me to tease you even harder." She twists the camera again to show her audience the full spectrum of the library's residents. People were walking around more as well.  
  
"Do it." Caleb smirks devilishly.  
  
Cam returned to her she pauses them to wait. She feigns talking to Caleb with whispers. Distracted by multiple messages she poses the thoughts, "They want me to ask if you liked what you saw."  
  
Offering a stressed expression to the camera she turns to Caleb and asks him, "So DID you like what you saw?"  
  
"Duh!" He chuckles.  
  
In turn she types to her viewers, "Yes, he did."  
  
"They want to see you talking to me." She twists her cam toward him for a priceless reaction.  
  
Caleb looks stunned by seeing the webcam and points at it. He does his best acting yet by hand motion. He first points at the cam, then at her, then toward the aisle. He then shakes his head with an embarrassed grin.  
  
Molly turns the cam on herself as she waves him over to sit next to her. It takes more coaxing reactions before he moves in. As he sits next to her she pans the camera on both of them. She then points at her chat boxes. He reads some of them and drops his jaw. A look of amazement crossed his face.  
  
Two separate chatters asked him to make her show him her tits up close. He looks over at her as both of them act shocked and nervous. She finally sits sideways in her chair and expresses her willingness to show him. He appears wanting yet nervous of being seen. Both of them look around dramatically for false security.  
  
Convinced of no onlookers she peels her dress straps over her shoulders and reveals her tits to Caleb. He merely looked stunned and again looks around him.  
  
Her viewers pleaded for him to touch her.  
  
He glanced with her to read quickly as he grits his teeth. Hesitantly he holds his hands to hover over her tits but doesn't move in for the kill. She bites her lower lip then reaches up to pull his hands into squeezing her chest. She expressed a shiver and a glint of nerves.   
  
Caleb chose to continue tossing them about as she read her chatters response. He also made certain to look around him.  
  
"They want you to suck on my nipples." Molly sighs.  
  
Removing his hands he forces glances all over the library before lowering his lips to kiss her left nipple. Molly tilted her head back it felt so good. She was extremely turned on by this acting.  
  
Laughing he had to sit up straight and hold a hand over his brow as if totally embarrassed. She calmed him with a pat on his shoulder before pulling her dress straps up to contain the girls.  
  
Together they huddled as if giving the other confidence to continue. The viewers bought into their act hook, line, and sinker.   
  
"They want you to watch me rub my pussy. Hold the camera for me."  
  
He holds the camera down over the side of her desk to observe her lift her skirt. Her fingers immediately dig deep inside her. Caleb chose to reach other and rub her clit. He quickly showed the audience her facial expressions. She held her breath and refused to bat her eyes. A look of terror gazed about at the people possibly seeing or hearing her.  
  
He then returned the cam to her fingers. She pulled them out and showed the camera their gloss.   
  
The chatters were going crazy. They truly believed this wasn't a staged event. As she continued Caleb looked over his left shoulder then abused the camera tossing it out of focus as if in a panic. The insanity was added to by Molly acting as if they were caught.   
  
When the camera returned to normal their viewers noticed others talking to them. As planned Caleb had his friends Wyatt and Jim show up in the aisle behind them. They stood there talking to them from a distance. Caleb looked terrified for the chatters to witness. Molly sat forward facing her desk with a look of awkwardness. Still she typed replies to those watching.  
  
"Busted! These guys saw us."  
  
Viewer's return fire with "Ask them to watch you. Or, are they going to report you?"  
  
She replies, "I am not sure yet. My neighbor here knows them but I think he is still worried."  
  
Caleb stands up and goes into the aisle to talk with Wyatt and Jim. They did their best to make things not appear that it was planned ahead of time.  
  
Molly continued typing replies.  
  
Viewers were pleading her not to stop her show. In response she grit her teeth then palmed her cheek to listen behind her coyly. She knew it would go further but she played off her uncertainty well.  
  
Finally, Caleb returns to her side and talks to her silently. She looked concerned glancing back at Jim and Wyatt who remained stoic. After a moment more Molly lifts her index finger again for her viewers to be patient. Standing she joins Wyatt and Jim in the aisle. A discussion took place that looked as if boundaries were being set.   
  
She blew a kiss toward the camera then turned lifting her skirt up to pat her bare ass multiple times.   
  
Wyatt and Jim both peered around her to see her ass. This led to both men reaching around to rub her ass and pry her cheeks apart for the camera to see. Her anal cavity exposed beautifully.  
  
Returning to Caleb's side the men stood watch from the aisle. Molly sat back down and spoke to Caleb who appeared to sweat as he scanned about. She calmed him as low key as possible. He shook his head and nodded that he could and wanted to continue.  
  
Molly typed, "Everyone is in agreement to continue. I am so happy. Still nervous."  
  
Applause came through diction as requests began to fill boxes.  
  
"They want me to take my dress off." Her eyes brighten up as her fingers hide her smile.  
  
Caleb huffs, "The room has your back. Do it."   
  
Again she shows the span of the library to her watchers. Still packed by students. Returning it to she and Caleb, Molly stands up and looks around her cautiously. Slowly, she removes her straps and lowers her dress to her waist. After cringing low to look convincing she removes the dress and does a full in step circle to show off her body. She then sat down in a hurry to make it look sincere.  
  
Eying the messages she reads, "Walk back naked into the aisle with the two guys."  
  
Smiling with gnashing teeth she peers around for safety then stands up to dance her way back into the aisle. She moves between Jim and Wyatt hiding behind them at first. The men merely looked amused by her.  
  
Caleb reads the monitor and leers over his shoulder, "Let them touch you."  
  
Molly steps more into view and rubs up against Wyatt. Her back to him he reaches around and squeezes her tits. She shivers and lifts her leg to touch her toes against Jim's crotch. The move made Jim drop his jaw and caress her foot.   
  
Wyatt drops his left hand from her breast to roam down her belly. Reaching her inner thighs she feels his fingers enter her pussy. For camera effect she tensed up and reached her right hand down to pinch Wyatt's erection.  
  
Swiftly pulling away from them she races back to her seat and crouches low as if hiding. She giggles toward Caleb who looks stunned by her actions.  
  
Both of them read more posts.  
  
"Give the guy sitting down a lap dance. Grind it Baby." Caleb chuckles.  
  
Molly feigns blushing as she looks over her shoulder at the duo whispering to each other. She opts to act as if she needed to coax Caleb into it. His initial reaction was stress but finally scoots his chair away from the desk and lets her straddle his lap facing him. She throws her arms around his face and begins gyrating her hips. His hands roam her bare back and end in clutching her ass cheeks.   
  
Molly glances over her shoulder at the camera and blows the audience a kiss. She then offered a glint of pause as if she had been caught from the other direction. Her right hand covered her mouth and her eyes bulged.   
  
Caleb looked around her and reacted to her tensing up. His eyes also bulged. A swift glance back at Wyatt led to the friend manhandling the webcam to observe behind them. For the viewers there was a pair of girls smiling and waving. They both offered a thumbs up and a zipper over the lips motion. They waved for them to continue.  
  
Wyatt returned the webcam toward Molly who had turned her back to Caleb and lay back against him. His hands roamed her entire full frontal nudity. She palmed his cheek with a look of I can't believe I'm doing this on her face.  
  
Breaking away Molly sat in her own seat and laughed. She returned waves over her monitor at the girls. With a deep sigh she read more posts.  
  
"They dare me to walk over to the girls." Molly shook her head negatively. She typed, "There are too many others over there to see me. I can't risk it."  
  
She would of course but then it would most certainly look staged.  
  
"Jack somebody off." Caleb reads.  
  
Molly looks at Caleb who then whispers, "Both of the guys at once."  
  
Using the pause finger Molly creeps from her seat cautiously and returns to the aisle between Jim and Wyatt. There she kneels and palms both of their crotches. Her fingers rub the lengths of their girth. Smiling up at them she pinches their zippers and lowers them. However, it took both men to pull their cocks free for her.  
  
Gripping both dicks at once she strokes them. The men appear nervous and look around sporadically. Jim spots the girls who waved earlier and waves back.   
  
Their erections rock hard Molly smiles at the camera with a wink. She then lowers her mouth to swallow Wyatt's cock. A deep throat massage of ten thrusts leads her away from Wyatt to give Jim the same enjoyment. Once done she releases both men and crawls on all fours back to her seat.  
  
Wiping her chin on her wrist Molly laughs at her admirers. They gave her praise indeed. Still they begged for more.  
  
Swooning by the attention Molly felt dizzy. Her hormones were raging.  
  
"Oh my Gosh! They keep asking me to walk over there." She frets.  
  
Caleb looks around him and suggests a different approach. He now uses his index finger to point to his left. Showing with the webcam a pair of guys sitting with their backs to them he nods for Molly to crawl over behind them. Leaving the camera trained on her destination Molly shuffled cautiously behind the men and sat up on her knees facing them. She leers over her shoulder at the camera biting her lip.  
  
Risking it she lays on her back with her legs facing the men. Her fingers burrow into her pussy as her opposite hand squeezes her left breast. Arching her back for effect she continued masturbating.  
  
The two men whom she faced felt their cellphones vibrate due to Caleb texting them. Stirring as if sensing something Caleb's brother Nathan turns in his chair and looks down at Molly. With a look of awe he taps his buddy next to him to share in the sight.

Molly stopped playing and sat up quickly with her hands pleading silently for them not to report her actions. They glanced around and noticed Caleb, Wyatt, and Jim telling them to stay quiet. The young men nodded and merely admired her as she crawled away from them and back to her seat. Her expression of fear recorded on her journey.   
  
In her seat and the camera back on her she holds her face in her hands, slowly revealing her eyes to her public. She shivered and glanced at Caleb, then behind her.  
  
Finally, she looked over her messages.  
  
"Your admirers are loving every minute of this. Keep it going. Twenty more minutes before the bell rings." Caleb whispers looking as if consoling her nerves.  
  
"I don't want to stop. I love acting."  
  
Molly types to a few of her minions, "What do you want me to do next?"  
  
The consensus led to her being eaten out on camera.  
  
Pointing at Caleb she claims the camera and pans it on her pussy. She spreads her pink labia wide and winks at Caleb. With a smirk he drops to his knees and buries his face into her thighs. She held the camera at an angle which captured his every tongue lash. Her clit ravaged she moans faintly. It became difficult to conceal.  
  
Finally, Caleb lifts away and wipes his chin smiling. Quickly he snatches the camera before her twitching fingers could drop it. Violently Molly quivered and rubbed her body. Holding the camera steady he let her viewers observe her regaining her composure. Her eyes fluttered as she eyed the camera with a pout.  
  
Ping after silent ping her messages adored her show.  
  
Sitting up slowly she fans herself dramatically. Even as she read her boxes it all boiled down to one thing.  
  
"Someone has to fuck me on camera." She darts her eyes around her for any takers.  
  
Caleb stands up and drops his pants to his ankles. A fast positioning of the webcam at full cords length he gets ready. He then grabs Molly by the arm and stands her facing her desk. Bending her over it he moves around her and penetrates her pussy from behind. Both hands gripping her hips at first he pounded her hard. The moans were impossible to hide. The sheer echo attracted the attention of every single person in the library.   
  
His left hand raced up her spine and snatched her hair in a yank. She loved it.  
  
Her facial features gave her viewers a beautiful emotional showcase. Every wince, every nerve reaction, every eyeballs dance. Her hands gripping the other side of her desk she held on for dear life.  
  
In a brash move Molly grabs the webcam and lifts it into the air. Behind them Wyatt took the hint and rushed over to hold the camera down at Caleb's dick ramming in and out of her pussy. It was a work of art how her pussy stretched in and around each insertion and followed him out with each exit. So pink it was mesmerizing.  
  
Wyatt heard Caleb growl under his breath nodding toward the library. Looking up he realized his friend wanted him to show the viewers what was going on around them. With Molly crying out with shrill childlike whimpers the observers knew very well they had attracted more attention. Let them be satisfied.  
  
Panning the camera around the room at all angles verified their curiosity. Everyone was looking at the sexual display around them. People were glued to what was going on and murmuring amongst themselves. Some chose to look frightened by it, others quietly egging it on.  
  
Wyatt grew edgy as he spotted "Marion Markoff", the school's librarian. The elderly woman turned pale after bearing witness to the young girl being violated. Wyatt maintained the camera on her as she hobbled toward them with a stern look. She had a cane at her age of 68 due to bad knees, and a hearing aid to compensate her loss in hearing. The closer she got Wyatt chose to sit the webcam down facing Molly who had also noted her arrival. Regardless Caleb continued his assault. Molly bit her lower lip and squinted at Marion. The girls tiny body subjected to quaking at his maddening thrusts.  
  
Marion tapped her cane on the floor for them to stop. Molly merely looked up at her wth a saddened look on her face. Caleb was ignoring her.   
  
In Caleb's defense the pair of girls that had observed and waved at Molly earlier stepped up to calm Marion down. The woman was led away by the girls who were also joined by yet another group of young ladies.   
  
Molly eyed the webcam and blew a sweaty kiss at it. She then picked it up to let her viewers see what was going on behind her. Caleb noted her movement and smirked toward the viewers offering a thumbs up just before he slapped Molly hard on the ass.  
  
In response she squealed and almost dropped the cam.   
  
Jim stepped from her blind side and reached over her to claim the camera. As he did he took the time to show off his hand as it crept under her swaying breasts to squeeze her left tit. Wyatt joined in on her opposite side to grip her right tit. The camera captured it all.  
  
Included were the risky appearance of Wyatt looking around him.  
  
Jim yet again panned the camera around to locate the residents of the library. The inhabitants were still watching in awe.  
  
Hearing Caleb snarling Jim cast the cam angle back upon him. He released Molly's hair and moved his hand down to pull his dick out of her. Planting it between her ass cheeks for the camera to see his meaty crown he ejaculated. In moments a splatter of white spewed forth in large amounts. Coating her ass and up her spine. Again and again his cock spit more cum out and on her.  
  
Once the glory of it was expelled Jim turned the camera back on to Molly's face. She now cradled her right cheek on to her folded arms upon the desk. She had a breathless glint of contentment. Eying the camera she barely fluttered her fingers at her audience. A warm smile of pressed lips was all she expressed. It was enough.  
  
Her message boxes were going crazy.  
  
The city of Miami loved this girl. Tiredly she turned her monitor toward her stretched out angle to read her notes.   
  
Keyboard eased toward her by Wyatt she typed. Webcam on her features.   
  
"Yes, I loved letting you all watch me. It went far more than I intended. Would I give you all more shows? If I can yes. I would love to. Add your names to my Messenger. When I am online I will bless you all."  
  
Batting her eyes at them she reaches behind her and gathers droplets left of Caleb's detonation. She brings her wet fingers around to show her viewers. Then, dramatically she licks her fingertips of the glossy white cum.   
  
She awkwardly stands up with cam trained on her and faces Caleb. He looked exhausted. His reaction to the cam was priceless. He opted to let the watchers see his nerves still in play.   
  
Fully dressed now Caleb offered her a hug and shared a thumbs up with the camera. With that he bailed on Molly. As did Wyatt and Jim.  
  
Alone now she sat down with her admirers and merely chatted.  
  
"I need to go my friends. That Librarian will possibly return with the authorities. I feel badly for her."  
  
Molly darts behind her for her dress. It was missing. A glance all around her left her speechless.   
  
"Oh my! Someone stole my dress." She types nervously.  
  
The boxes adored her misfortune. Some of them offered to come save her. She felt very loved.  
  
Gritting her teeth she waved goodbye then shut her computer completely off to erase any evidence of her use. Once the screen was black Molly stood up and walked away from her computer desk. Without concern or care that she was streaking.  
  
Book bag in hand she marched right through the gathering of students. Everyone admired her bravery. At the door to the hallway she stopped and looked around for Caleb.  
  
Spotting him at the far end of the hallway she huffed. He dangled her dress out in front of him.  
  
"Caleb! You are so mean to me." She could only smile.  
  
Students everywhere in the hall watch as she casually walks toward Caleb. Cell phones recorded her from every angle. She overlooked them valiantly.  
  
Reaching Caleb he handed her the dress and accepted her bag to let her put it on. Molly was in no hurry. She stood there in front of him grinning sheepishly.  
  
"That was much fun. Can we do that again?"  
  
"Sure! We can do that on Monday.   
  
"Thank you, Caleb. I hope the Librarian is alright. How did we get away with that?"  
  
He shrugs, "Retirement package! My Dad took care of it. He was one of your viewers."  
  
Her eyes erupt at the revelation.  
  
"Your Father? Oh my!" She shivered dramatically and folded her arms at the cold chills crossing her flesh.  
  
"He's out on the oil rig this week. I called him and told him to be in that chatroom when we opened it."  
  
"He would watch his own son have sex?"  
  
"I'm not shy. He's caught me with girls at home too. He likes watching girls."  
  
"What of your Mother? Does she know what you do?"  
  
"No way. Mom's a drunk. Doesn't care about much but her booze and her friends. She's only sober when she shows houses on the market. She's a Realtor."  
  
Molly looks around her as the bell rings.  
  
"Perhaps I should get dressed now."  
  
"Probably. Chavez might come out into the hall."  
  
"Do you not have the Principal on your Father's retainer?"  
  
"Obviously not. Chavez isn't so easy to bribe."  
  
"I will work on that." She giggles while pulling her dress on over her head.  
  
Caleb smirked at her and pulled her into a hug. A very tight hug. His rubbing her back made her feel his sincerity.  
  
"We should talk about dinner with my parents. You must behave or Father will pull me out of school."  
  
"'I'll be a gentleman. I promise."  
  
"Very good!" She pecks him on the cheek.  
  
Nodding as they turned to walk away Caleb clear's his throat, " Oh, by the way. My Dad asked me to invite you over for dinner next weekend."  
  
Her eyes flare and she stops to face him, "What should I wear?"  
  
"Does it matter? Will your Dad let you come?"  
  
She fidgets, "Make a very good impression tomorrow. I believe he might."  
  
"I'll have him eating out of my hand."  
  
She giggles, "Will your Father behave after seeing us on web camera?"  
  
"Probably not!" He laughs.  
  
"What of Nathan and your Mother?"  
  
"Or, my sister Kayla. She graduated last year. Still lives at home though."  
  
"You have a sister?"  
  
"You've been wearing her clothes all week long. Things she grew out of."  
  
"I see. Will they be there?"  
  
"Probably." He winks.  
  
As they begin walking once more Molly looks over at Caleb cuddling under his arm.  
  
"At dinner with your Father. Will I be the main course?"  
  
Wagging his brow at her left her speechless.  
  
All she could do was smile.

**Molly Ch. 10: Dinner Reservations**

Molly was a nervous wreck.  
  
Storming from room to room holding her cell phone and looking at it every two minutes. In the Kitchen her Mother "Marjorie" was preparing dinner. She was running slightly behind.  
  
In his den her Father, "Sahseej" was looking over medical files on his computer.  
  
Darting in to the den Molly wore more than she had all week long. Black clothing from head to toe. Spandex pants with a long button down satiny shirt to accent them. Black pumps on her feet.  
  
"He will be here soon Father." She fans her face which was flushed, "It is not too late to cancel."  
  
Sahseej glances at his daughter with a bit of scrutiny, "This is for you to decide. However, I would educate to say that you might regret doing so."  
  
Molly fidgets, "He is very nice."  
  
A thin smile creases the face of her Father, "I am certain he is. If not I would not allow this."  
  
She pouts then shuffles over to hug him tightly from behind his seated position. He pats her arms, "Let me finish my work."  
  
With a peck on his cheek she leaves his den. Outside the room her cell vibrates. Opening a text from Caleb she smiles brightly.  
  
"I can't wait to see you." He writes.  
  
Dancing in step she stops quickly to type, "I am terrified."  
  
"Don't be. I'll charm their pants off."  
  
Frowning she returns with, "That would be even more terrifying. Seeing them with their pants off."  
  
They share a responding, "LOL".  
  
"I'm almost there. Dad let me borrow his Corvette."  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Father might think you are showing off."  
  
"I can park it a block away and walk over. If that makes you feel better about it."  
  
"No. There is a parking garage in our Condo's lower levels. We will not tell him you drove unless he asks."  
  
"Let's not lie to him. He sounds like a smart man. Just keep calm."  
  
"You are correct. Thank you Caleb."  
  
"No problem. Now let me stop texting before I wreck Dad's car."  
  
She doesn't even reply after reading that. Instead she heads to the kitchen.  
  
"Do you need help Mother?"  
  
Marjorie puckered her lips in thought, "I think it's almost ready. Tandoori chicken, Makki ki roti corn bread like your Father likes and Kheer rice pudding. I made the Tandoori chicken with a not too spicy yogurt and curry sauce. We shall see how it all turns out. I basted it over the grill on our balcony. This was my only source of using coals. I hope your young man likes Punjabi."  
  
"I am certain he will. Thank you for cooking dinner for us. And, for convincing Father to let me grow up."  
  
"He loves you Dear. It did not take as much convincing as you might think."  
  
Melting to her Mother's side Molly hugs her. Marjorie lays her chin on top of her daughters hair.  
  
"I think it's time you were allowed to grow up even more." Marjorie sighs.  
  
Taking Molly by the hand she leads her into her parents on suite. There Marjorie had a variety of perfumes neatly resting on a mirrored tray. Fanning her fingers over them in thought Marjorie decides upon a bottle.  
  
"Escada Magnetism. A lovely scent that will make your young man smile. Adore this fragrance. Not too much patchouli. Just enough."  
  
Spraying her wrist she guides it up to Molly's nostrils. A vibrant grin appeared.  
  
"Yes. I adore this scent. May I?"  
  
Molly claims the vial and sprays behind her ears and her throat. The maneuver makes Marjorie study her daughter.  
  
"Did I do something wrong?" Molly stares without blinking.  
  
"No." Her mother smiles before spritzing it into the girl's shirt carefully so as not to make her too pungent.  
  
"I think Caleb will like this." She shivers with excitement.  
  
"I'll never hear the end of this from your Father." With a frown Marjorie unbuttons Molly's top two buttons on her shirt. In doing so Molly tilts her chin to see a hint of cleavage which was bulging through the cups of her black bra.  
  
"Father will scold me." She frets.  
  
"Let me worry about your Father. His old world views are gradually changing. You just enjoy your first date. After dinner I will encourage your Father to give you some alone time."  
  
Her smile said it all. Molly was exceptionally happy.  
  
As they stood there primping Molly's cell vibrated. Looking at her message she darts her gaze toward her Mother.  
  
"Caleb is here. He is on his way up."  
  
"Then, you had better go greet him. I'll get changed real fast and join you."  
  
"What of dinner?"  
  
"It's ready Sweetheart. Merely in the oven to stay warm. Go!" Marjorie waves her away.  
  
Molly sprints through the massive Condo until she reaches the living room. Once there she walked more casual. After all her Father stood in the living room nurturing a glass of wine.  
  
"He is on his way up Father." She looks haunted by his glare.  
  
"I see your Mother has given you spirits." He inhales the air.  
  
"She insisted. Please do not be angry with me."  
  
He forms a smile and motions to the door. As if on cue the doorbell rang. Molly nearly fainted. Fanning herself she shuffles to the door and opens it. On the other side stood the handsomest boy ever.  
  
Caleb wore pair of gray dress slacks and a short sleeved white pullover dress shirt. A gold watch was on his left wrist. He carried a decorated bag with handles. From behind his back he brought forth an orchid with a lavender hue.  
  
"You look very nice Molly. I hope this is alright. I stopped by an Indian florist. They suggested an orchid."  
  
She cautiously claims it placing it to her nose, "It is very lovely. Thank you."  
  
Caleb eyes her Father staring at him, "I hope that was alright to do Sir. I really don't know much of your culture. If I have offended you I'm really sorry."  
  
Sahseej merely offers a wave to enter allowing Molly to close the door beside them.  
  
"Your orchid needs a vase." Sahseej motions.  
  
Molly lowers her gaze and excuses herself to locate a vase. Once departed Caleb stands quietly with a confident smile. He then realizes he holds the bag still.  
  
"Oh, this is from my Father. He insisted I bring you a gift."  
  
Stepping closer he passes the bag to Sahseej who looks down at the contents.  
  
Leering over his brow at Caleb he winces, "Your Father allows you to carry wine at your age? While driving?"  
  
"It was in the trunk. There's a note inside the bag in case I got pulled over. For you as well."  
  
"Chateau Lafite Rothschild Bordeaux. I would guess it to be quite expensive." Sahseej examines it.  
  
Caleb shrugs with a bewildered expression, "To be honest I really don't know. I don't drink. My parents are the big wine tasters. They like to visit vineyard's all over the world."  
  
"I see." He ignores the note for now.  
  
"Please sit. I am Molly's Father, "Sahseej". My wife will join us shortly."  
  
"Thank you Sir." Caleb steps toward a sofa after clasping his hands. Once seated he places his palms on his legs.  
  
Sahseej excuses himself, "This deserves to be chilled. Molly will return momentarily."  
  
Once gone Caleb exhales his nerves and leers toward the kitchen. Molly returned swiftly to avoid her Father. She rests her vase on the coffee table in front of the sofa.  
  
"You look beautiful Molly."  
  
"It is because I am." She giggles faintly.  
  
"Brag much?" He chuckles.  
  
"Was my Father nice to you?"  
  
"Yeah! Actually he doesn't seem as bad as you made me think he was."  
  
"He is very nice. I am still his only child though. He will be very observant."  
  
"Love your perfume. I think this is the first time I've caught a hint of any on you."  
  
"I sneak some occasionally. But, my Father would know. I would tell him a mean girl at school sprayed me." She hides her laughter.  
  
"Sneaky." He admires.  
  
Looking over the back of the sofa Molly points out her unbuttoned shirt.  
  
"I noticed that." He whispers.  
  
"My mother unbuttoned them. Father has said nothing. I am certain he has noticed."  
  
"Thank your Mom for me." He wags his eye brows flirtatiously.  
  
As if on cue Marjorie enters the room. She wore a conservative pair of jeans and a yellow button down shirt. Her own cleavage faintly expressed.  
  
"You must be Caleb. Welcome to our home."  
  
Caleb stands quickly and reaches out to shake her hand.  
  
"It's nice to meet you Mrs. Indrabooty. Molly talks about you all the time. Both of you actually."  
  
"Good things I hope."  
  
He shrugs playfully then points at Molly chuckling, "Only good. I was just making her sweat."  
  
"Well Caleb, I'm Marjorie. Mrs. Indrabooty is such a mouth full. First name basis is fine."  
  
"Awesome!" He smiles as Sahseej rejoins them.  
  
"You've met this charmer correct?" Marjorie cradles her husbands arm.  
  
"You would say Snake Charmer in time." He jests.  
  
Caleb didn't know how to respond. He chose to offer, "Something smells delicious."  
  
"That would be me." Molly abruptly belts out without thinking.  
  
A lowered flare of her eyes made her shrink in her seat.  
  
Sahseej shakes his head gently, "I am certain he meant your Mother's cooking."  
  
Marjorie pats her husbands arm coaxing restraint.  
  
"Dinner is ready. Grab a seat at the dining table and I'll bring it out." Marjorie tugs Sahseej along behind her.  
  
Once gone Caleb looks down at Molly, "Smooth move Sexlax."  
  
She pouts but even with trembling lips she adds "It's true though."  
  
Caleb reaches down taking her hand and pulls her from her cushion. Without a thought he yanks her into a sweltering kiss that made her feverish. The risk paid off.  
  
"You will make me dizzy." She stares into his eyes.  
  
"I was thinking more like horny as hell." He flicks his tongue on the tip of her crinkled nose.  
  
"That as well." She giggles quietly.  
  
Sighing he motions toward the dinner table, "Behaving again. For now."  
  
They reach the table and Caleb pulls a seat out for Molly. Marjorie enters at that same moment to witness his respectful gesture, a rice bowl in her hands.  
  
"He's off to a good start. Well done." Marjorie winks at Caleb.  
  
"I was brought up to show respect." He sits after Molly does, beside her.  
  
"I can tell. Your parents raised you very well."  
  
Sahseej enters the scene wearing oven mitts and carrying out the chicken.  
  
A bowl of veggies in his other hand.  
  
Once the oven mitts are returned to the kitchen the parents take their seats.  
  
"Fix your plates. Don't be shy." Marjorie points at the food.  
  
Sahseej digs in immediately, as does Molly. Molly opts to prepare Caleb's plate for him. He allows it but fidgets as she does. Both parents eye their daughters behavior.  
  
Once his plate rests in front of him Caleb thanks her.  
  
She merely smiles warmly and offers a shy eye contact.  
  
"I would say our daughter is smitten." Marjorie winks at her husband.  
  
Molly blushes and hides her smile.  
  
Caleb hesitates before adding, "I'm liking her a lot too. I really hope that's alright to say."  
  
Sahseej feels a kick to his toes under the table and he decides to enter his opinion.  
  
"You may say so. As long as you show our daughter respect and treat her well. If not, you will not see her again."  
  
Stunned Caleb nods, "I totally understand. Thank you Sir. For this chance to prove myself to you."  
  
Marjorie beams, "Try the chicken. It's an Indian dish I learned from my Husband's Mother. I hope it's not too spicy for you."  
  
He nibbles at the chicken, "Not that spicy. Now the chicken wings they serve downtown are so hot they burn your tongue."  
  
Molly giggles, "You should not burn your tongue. You might need it."  
  
Again her words were not chosen wisely. Swiftly she sticks her tongue out at him playfully as if razzing him.  
  
"Show your age my dear." Marjorie raises her brows.  
  
"I apologize. I am nervous."  
  
Sahseej actually decided to chuckle, "My daughter does have manners, Young Caleb. At times."  
  
Marjorie finishes her bite of food then changes the subject.  
  
"Tell us about yourself. Your family."  
  
Caleb ponders a moment, "My Mom is in High End Real Estate. All of the really expensive houses in Miami. Dad is an Engineer for an offshore oil rig. Big money. Hardly ever home these days. He's actually off this month but he goes out to the rig for weeks at a time. I have one younger brother Nathan. An older sister Kayla." He continues after taking a breath and a bite of chicken and rice, "We live on the beach. A private stretch. I have two dogs, "Rottweiler's" named "Crocket and Tubbs" after Miami Vice."  
  
He chuckles but only Molly giggles lightly. Her parents had no idea what Miami Vice even was.  
  
"Do you have plans for college?" Sahseej studies him.  
  
"Absolutely. While Sports is what I'm good at. I want to explore Film. Maybe a cameraman for Hollywood movies. If I'm lucky that is."  
  
Sahseej finds his answer disturbing, "You will make a good living with this occupation?"  
  
"Once I reach my goal. Yes. There's loads of money in camera work."  
  
Molly recalls her online actions yesterday as he speaks. The thoughts made her rub herself under the table. Her spandex was damp over her pussy.  
  
"That sounds interesting Caleb. What do your parents think of your choices?"  
  
"Honestly, my Mom just wants me to be happy. Dad? He thinks I should go into Big Business. Oil business. That's just not me though."  
  
Her parents nod and respect his sincerity.  
  
Simple topics end their meal. Dessert was excellent. Caleb offered his compliments to the chef.  
  
After they vacated the dinner table the kids relocate to the living room once more. Molly made certain her parents were not close by before she reaches over to take Caleb's hand. She guides it to her crotch to let him feel her wetness.  
  
"Nice." He whispers.  
  
"I cannot wait until Monday. I want you to fuck me again."  
  
He winks at her, "I told you I'm staying the night."  
  
Her eyes erupt, "That would be impossible. My Father will see you out."  
  
"I'll sneak back in. Trust me."  
  
"They would hear us. Their bedroom is on the other side of my room. Please Caleb."  
  
"Do I need to show Daddy pictures? Tell him what I know about Pierre?"  
  
She pouts then slugs his arm, "You will NOT! Do not make me change how I feel about you."  
  
"I'm fucking you in your bed tonight. Go ahead and defy me." He glares at her without smiling.  
  
With a loud sigh she caves in, "As you wish. I will never be allowed to see you again if we are caught."  
  
"Trust me!"  
  
"I will." Again she slugs him playfully.  
  
He readies to pounce on her for a tickling session until he hears Marjorie and Sahseej coming from their room.  
  
"Molly? Your Father and I are going to walk off our dinner. You have one hour before we return. Our gift to you."  
  
Molly leaps up from her seat and races around to hug both parents. On their way out Sahseej looks directly at Caleb. His eyes could tear him apart. Caleb merely offered a respectful nod. With a wave the couple left them in peace.  
  
Once the door sealed Molly raced to the door to listen. She heard the elevator down the hall open and close. Suddenly, she felt Caleb standing right behind her. She turns to feel his breath on her cheek. He was leaning over her with her back to the door. In seconds his lips found hers and he lifted her up by her waist. She wrapped her legs around his hips and let him carry her around the room kissing. It was extremely steamy.  
  
Hands on her ass he marches them over to the French doors leading to a railed balcony with glass walls. Out there he rested her against the railing facing her neighbors balcony.  
  
Her senses clouded by his attentions she failed to notice her neighbor outside smoking. Caleb noticed looking right at the burly man.  
  
The neighbor, "Claude Romero" was a sturdy fellow of age 54. Standing at 6'2 in height and a frame of 280 in weight. His thin red hair was balding but flat on top. He took a deep interest in the two as they pawed at each other. Smugly he stepped over to his own balcony's rail across from them to finish his cigarette. There was only a gap between balconies of possibly ten feet.  
  
Caleb continued kissing her and running his hands down the back of her spandex pants. Squeezing her ass cheeks made her cling to him that much harder. Caleb kept one eye open and winked at Claude. The big man merely grinned and lowered his gaze to her ass cheeks. In response Caleb lowered her pants down over her ass and peeled her thong strap aside to reveal her anal cavity to Claude. Nodding his approval Claude cast his cigarette butt to the wind.  
  
Caleb slowed both of their emotions down by easing her feet to the balcony floor. Looking up Caleb recognized Claude with a wave of his hand. The reaction made Molly turn around slowly. Her eyes bulged wide, "Hello."  
  
"Hello yourself. That was some show just now." Claude smirked.  
  
"I think he saw your bare ass Molly." Caleb knew he did but kept it to himself.  
  
"Oh hell yes I did. A thing of beauty. Does your parents know of your exhibitionist tendencies?"  
  
"What do you mean?" She swallows hoarsely.  
  
"Not just now neither. I recognized you instantly. From yesterday. Online."  
  
Her feet buckled under her and Caleb had to catch her. All they could hear was a nasally, "Nooooooo!"  
  
Caleb grins, "You were one of our viewers online yesterday?"  
  
"Yep. Porn star's for sure. I had a hunch it was staged. Good acting job though. Until the end. Looked a little too organized to me."  
  
Molly hugs the railing with a tear in her eye, "Please do not tell my parents."  
  
"I don't even know them. I've lived here six months now and never said hi once. Your Dad looks like a sour puss."  
  
"You won't tell them?" She huffs drying her eye on a sleeve.  
  
"Depends. What's in this for me?" He chuckles dryly.  
  
Caleb steps forward, "Maybe we can help each other."  
  
"I'm listening." The man hisses.  
  
"Caleb? Nooo!" She tugs at his shirt.  
  
"I need to sneak back in here later without her parents knowing. Mind if I jump over from your balcony?"  
  
"Only if you fall to your death."  
  
"I won't. I've jumped further." Caleb looks over the edge to peer nine stories to the ground.  
  
"A regular Jason Bourne, huh? Like I said, what's in it for me?"  
  
Caleb glares down at Molly who fought her tears breathlessly. Lifting her chin he asks her, "What are you willing to do to keep our secret safe?"  
  
Haunted she sheds a tear then looks straight at Claude, "I will do anything you tell me on webcam on Monday."  
  
"Probably would have even if you didn't know I was watching you. Do better."  
  
Her jaw droops and she looks to Caleb for advice. He merely shrugs.  
  
"Save me Caleb." She whispers bouncing in step.  
  
"What if she came over to your apartment and stripped for you?"  
  
"Keep talking."  
  
"Caleb?" Her tears flow more openly.  
  
"She's eighteen. I'll let you do what you want with her. Within reason. Tell her parents if you need to. They won't believe you."  
  
"My video camera says differently. Once I recognized her I recorded every second of your fun and games. How do you think her parents will take it seeing you having sex like that? In school even."  
  
Caleb puffs his cheeks at Molly, "I guess you fuck him. Sorry Molly."  
  
She begins to bawl then runs into the house and toward her bedroom.  
  
Outside Caleb chuckles, "She's okay. I'll bring her over if I have to. You can fuck the shit out of her."  
  
"Pretty cold there Kid. I like that."  
  
"Keep recording her webcam sessions. I'll buy copies off of you." Caleb laughs.  
  
"I'll be awake. Buzz my apartment I'll let you in. 906!"  
  
"Thanks man. See you later."  
  
Caleb enters the Condo closing the French door behind him. He then looked at his watch. He had thirty minutes left before the Indrabooty's returned. He had some damage control to do.  
  
Locating her room he raps on her door, "Open up Molly. I'm sorry. What choice did I have?"  
  
He opens the door but doesn't enter, choosing to lean on the threshold.  
  
"I trusted you Caleb. That man will use me for as long as he can. I warned you my neighbor was creepy."  
  
"How was I to know he was one of the webcam watchers? That caught me off guard too. I'm just trying to protect both of us. I need you Molly. I DO really like you. We make a great team."

"Do we? Are you just using me as your play thing?"  
  
"At first Yes. I won't lie to you. I fell for you though." He bluffs convincingly.  
  
"I want to believe you. I have grown very fond of you, Caleb. Please do not hurt me."  
  
"You swore to obey me Molly. If that means having sex with Creepy dude then you do it."  
  
Pouting she gives up, "Yes Caleb. He may fuck me."  
  
"Good! I'll talk to him later when I sneak back over here. You need to stop crying before your folks get back. They will think I hurt you somehow."  
  
As if on cue they hear the front door open. Molly quickly jumps up and pushes into Caleb backwards. She grabs his hands and plants his fingers on her ribs.  
  
She feigns laughter, "Quit tickling. I can't help it if I like Justin Beiber. I'm not taking his posters down."  
  
Sahseej steps into the hallway facing her bedroom and stands with a firm gaze.  
  
"Please stop tickling. I will pee my pants." He hears and frowns.  
  
Backing into the hallway entwined Caleb spots her Father and immediately lets go of her.  
  
"Sorry Sir. We were only joking around I swear."  
  
Molly steps out wiping her eyes while stomping, "See? You made me cry. I hate being tickled."  
  
She runs to her Father hiding behind him, "Don't let him tickle me Daddy."  
  
Sahseej frowns at her demeanor. He raises an eye brow toward Caleb. In response the boy puts his hands in his pants pocket, "Okay. I can take a hint. Beiber still blows though. Pardon my French Sir."  
  
With a moment of thought Sahseej nods at the sentiment, "I must agree with Caleb. Beiber does indeed blow."  
  
"Daddy!!!!! You didn't just defend him. Grrrrrr!" She attempts to tickle her own Father. Her actions bring him to merely shake his head.  
  
"It was nice meeting you Caleb. You are welcome to join us for dinner again if you wish."  
  
"Thank you Sir. That is very nice of you. By the way, My Father offered to return the favor. He invited Molly out to our beach house for dinner. If you will allow it. Next Saturday he will be back in the city."  
  
Marjorie joins them in the hall. Holding Sahseej's hand she mentally asks him to consent.  
  
"As long as she is home by 10:00. We would like to meet your parents should this relationship go further." He prompts.  
  
"I'll arrange it. That sounds awesome. Thank you both again. Dinner was great. Time with Molly is always fun." He looks to Molly, "Walk me out Molly?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
She guides him through the house and to their front door. Opening it Caleb exits but kisses her on the cheek. A quick whisper into her ear he tells her, "Leave the French doors unlocked. I'll come in once you text me they're asleep."  
  
"Yes Caleb. Please do not fall."  
  
He winks at her "Already have."  
  
He turns away leaving her speechless. Her heart fluttered at his words. Was it a good sign or doubt creeping in?  
  
Uncertain she eases the door shut and leans against it.  
  
Marjorie senses her daughters troubled thoughts. A well deserved hug made Molly weep.  
  
Sahseej watched with concern. He was fearful of her heart being broken.  
  
Time would tell.

**Molly Ch. 11: Cat Burglar**

Molly sat numb in her bedroom. In the dark she fearfully awaited a vibrated text from Caleb. Her mind raced a mile a minute about how this night would end. They would be caught by her parents. Caleb would be arrested. She would be punished and sent back to India to live with her Grandmother. Her future was over.  
  
So why was Molly constantly wet?  
  
Her parents had gone to bed shortly after Molly had retired to her room. That was thirty five minutes ago. She could hear the faint Hindi music her Father always played to help him relax. Molly knew the music was their idea of not letting Molly know they were having sex. That alone made her more at ease. If they were preoccupied then Caleb might actually succeed at getting into their Condo safely. That is, if he didn't fall to his death jumping from the neighbors balcony. That would be bad. Devastating even.  
  
At 11:05 PM she received her first text.  
  
"Buzzed up. Is the balcony door unlocked?" He wrote.  
  
Silencing her vibration mode Molly replied, "Yes. Please be careful."  
  
"I will. I can't wait to kiss you again. All over."  
  
The accompanying Smiley face made her melt. She just hoped they could trust neighbor Claude Romero. She could tell he was evil.  
  
A final text on her part, "Come and get me.", left her shivering.  
  
Caleb Houser made his way upstairs by elevator. He had sat in his Dad's Corvette in the parking garage for the last two hours. He had changed clothes into black sweat pants and a navy blue t-shirt. Comfortable in his quest. He thought of himself as a Ninja.  
  
Reaching Condo number 906 he knocked lightly. He didn't want any of the other neighbors being woke up and spying to see who was there at this hour.  
  
Claude Romero cautiously opened his front door and hurried Caleb inside. Once in, the door quickly eased shut.  
  
"I'm keeping my end of this bargain. You better keep yours." Claude growled.  
  
"Dude! Stop worrying. I have your back. Molly will do anything I tell her to." Caleb looks around the Condo to see a simple man's life. Desk with computer. Big screen television. Recliners and a sofa. Looked normal Caleb thought. Except for the artwork on his walls.  
  
Claude chuckled, "What did you expect?"  
  
Shrugging Caleb fidgets, "I don't know. Maybe a dungeon or something."  
  
With a smirk Claude motions for Caleb to follow him. The boy was in a hurry but decided to see what the chubby creep had to show him.  
  
Leading Caleb into a spare bedroom Claude has to literally unlock it with a key. As he turns on a light switch Caleb leered inside.  
  
"Can't just let people walk in here of their own volition. Dungeon it is."  
  
Caleb smirks at all the items he had in the large room. Cases with whips and bondage equipment caught his eye. However it was a larger device with a tarp covering it that made Caleb point. In response Claude stepped over to it and peeled the tarp away. The boy dropped his jaw.  
  
"Is that a fucking machine?"  
  
"Something like that. The girls love it. Might use it on your little girlfriend." He glares for reaction.  
  
Puckering Caleb adds, "As long as I get to watch."  
  
"I can live with that." Claude hissed.  
  
Using his thumb in the air to point behind him Caleb nodded, "I better get next door. While I still can."  
  
"Don't get yourself killed. That's at least a ten foot jump. There's no room to build up momentum." Claude shakes his head, "Hang on! I'm not so heartless that I'd let you fall. I don't want to have to explain things to no cops."  
  
From the room Claude unwound a long length of bondage rope. A good twenty feet in length.  
  
"Tie this around your waist. I'll tie the other end to a pillar. At least if you miss you won't die. I can pull you up."  
  
Caleb looks at the portly man strangely, "Are you that strong? I'm a good 220."  
  
"I'll manage. You might need to help climb along the side of the condo."  
  
Caleb was confident in his ability. Determination to succeed drove him. Still he took the rope and knotted it around his hips. Following him out on to the balcony Claude did as he suggested and made certain the other end of the rope was taunt around a pillar.  
  
Climbing over the rail Caleb refused to look down. He focused on the task ahead of him instead. Deep breathes filled his bravado. Even with Claude palming the rail beside him he stared straight ahead.  
  
Both of their hearts were racing. "You never said. Are you coming back the same way?"  
  
Huffing to garner his nerve he grunts, "Nope. Out the front door in the morning. Here goes."  
  
The jump was pretty spectacular. Claude was shocked by the boys feat. Caleb had reached the rail on the other side without losing his grip or his footing. Still Claude shook his head at the stupidity of both of them. At least it was said and done.  
  
Caleb stepped quietly over the rail and untied his waist. A toss of the rope back toward Claude to reel led to a salute goodbye. He then twisted in step to stand in the shadows before peeking into the French doors. With no sign of life he decided to text Molly of his success. Silently he sent the message and waited.  
  
"Walk naked out into the living room. I'm ready to come inside."  
  
Seconds later she typed back, "On my way. Please be quiet."  
  
Eying the darkness of the interior he held his breath. As bold as he was there was still a huge risk in attempting all of this. He thrived on danger though. Adrenalin was his best friend.  
  
Molly eased her bedroom door open with a faint creak. Waiting to see if it brought attention to anyone she slipped out of her pajamas and tip toed through the hallway, past the kitchen. Cautiously she finished her trek through the dining room and living room.  
  
Seeing her approach in all of her sexiness glory he began opening the French door. It let in a draft that swept through the room. He had to grit his teeth entering quickly. Once inside the door hushed shut. A lively hug met him as he turned to face her. The tenderness made him wonder what he was doing to this girl. As fun as he was having controlling her he did kind of like her. Not love but she was pretty awesome.  
  
With a finger to his lips she stands on her toes to kiss him lovingly. For long minutes they shared the others tongue. Then they heard a door open. Hearts stopped instantly.   
  
Caleb dove quietly behind the sofa and held his breath. Molly would have to think fast. She chose to freeze in her step and fake sleepwalking. She had been known in the past to do so. Although, never naked.  
  
A light comes on in the hallway.  
  
Molly moves quickly to the French door and stands there in the shadows. It was here she would make a stand.  
  
"Honey? What in the world?" Marjorie Indrabooty shuffled out in her robe. A short robe at that. Molly's Mother was a beauty in her own right. Taller but thin and well built. She did keep fit as much as possible. Her hair unpinned and flowing over her shoulders. Luckily she had left her glasses in the bedroom. This gave them an edge.  
  
Molly was close enough to the French door that she could touch it. Remaining still she merely slapped her right palm on the window for effect. Last year she had a similar sleep walk where she had literally opened a door and stepped outside. A relative had caught her before wandering off.  
  
Marjorie calmly surmised that this was one of Molly's episodes. However, she had never before been naked on her jaunt. Approaching her softly Molly's Mother took her robe off to cover her daughter. She herself was topless and wearing only a thong. Caleb managed a view that made him smile. Marjorie at age 36 was still a mighty fine looking woman. Perky breasts possibly bigger than Molly's pointed directly at Caleb in his hiding place.  
  
Observing Marjorie coddle Molly to reverse her direction, she guided the girl back toward her bedroom. Caleb found himself aroused by both of the women. Unexpected for sure.  
  
For the next fifteen minutes Caleb remained behind the sofa while Marjorie put Molly to bed and sat beside her to make certain she wouldn't get back up.   
  
Convinced Molly was safe, Marjorie decided to step back out into the dining room. In a hutch they kept an arrangement of bottled wines. Including the bottle Caleb brought to dinner. Lighting a candle that also rested on the ledge of the hutch she carried it and a glass of wine into the living room. Shocked, Caleb was forced to stay put while Marjorie sat in nothing but her panties across from him. Relaxing alone she studied the candles flame next to her on a stand. Mesmerized.   
  
In her bedroom Molly jumped up and listened through her door for any signs of movement. Nothing! Fear was creeping into her soul. She took the risk of sending a text to Caleb.  
  
Caleb luckily had his cell in his pocket blocking the light of it. Still he noticed it illuminate his pants. Gritting his teeth he cautiously took it out and hid it under his shirt in order to read it.  
  
"Where are you?" Molly had frantically typed.  
  
He softly typed back, "Behind sofa. Mom sitting on loveseat across from me. Trapped. Stay there."  
  
Molly would panic in her room but obey.  
  
Caleb was fortunate to be able to leer toward Marjorie from behind the sofa by using the darkness beneath an end table. She couldn't see him but he could see her.  
  
As she sips her wine she takes the time to touch her breasts. Caressing her areolas. Off in thought. Living in the sensation. This was her alone time to meditate.   
  
Caleb watched with amazement at her stimulating herself. Her nipples were rigid and aroused. He had to take a risk. Turning his cell video on he held the glare against his body and aimed it directly at Marjorie.  
  
Sitting her wine glass aside Marjorie stretched out her left leg while curling her right leg up under her. Without worry she tugs her panties aside at the crotch revealing a well trimmed snatch. To Caleb's amusement she began rubbing her clit. Followed by finger insertions.   
  
For the next ten minutes he watched Molly's Mother get herself off. Settling in through the woman's silent orgasm he observed her body spasm. After a moment of contentment she blew out the candle. Caleb in response ended his video and blanketed his cell. He had captured the entire show.  
  
Restless now Marjorie decides to retire. Shuffling with her wine she returned to her bedroom after shutting off the hallway light. Once he heard the door close he carefully stood up and stretched. Step by silent step he made his way to Molly's bedroom door. Opening it he put a finger to his lips to be quiet. Another finger curls for her to follow him.  
  
Crawling from her bed she sheds the robe and trails behind him. She felt faint, praying her Mother wouldn't return. As they prowled into the darkness Caleb took her hand.  
  
Reaching the dining table Caleb lifted her tiny body up to sit on it. He then encouraged her to lay back. Sitting down where her Father had sat earlier he leaned forward and nuzzled her thin pubic strip. With a simple flick of his tongue on her labia Molly whimpered. She had to immediately clamp her hand over her mouth tightly. Then came the true test.  
  
Fingers enter her pussy as he fucks her while nibbling her clit. Molly convulsed a very quick orgasm. A nasal moan at eruption laced the air.  
  
Cradling her he carries her into the living room and sits her directly where her Mother had sat. There he stood in front of her and lowered his sweats. Dragging her loosely into position he penetrates her with his mighty eight incher.   
  
This time she used a pillow to mask her shrill moans. It was just absorbent enough to keep her vocally at bay. Teeth gnashed Caleb nuts inside her. A risk he prayed he wouldn't regret.   
  
Finally, he carries her to her room and lays her down on her bed. Returning to shut and lock her door he pivots to undress. She watches his silhouette abandon his clothing and crawl up between her legs. Another penetration fed her pussy. This time it was tender. Caleb Houser was making love to her.  
  
Her emotions took over and their lips locked. The kissing was feverish and intoxicating. Both of them felt the desire to enjoy the moment. Moans were muffled and genuine. Grunts were barely audible but granted.  
  
They would climax together twice more. Molly could not say no. Her heart soared at his attentions. If regret would show up it would be another day.  
  
After a moment of cuddling Molly took the initiative to crawl to his side and lick his balls. Her tongue slid succulently up his shaft to visit his crown. She then engulfed his cock and sucked on it for a well defined ten minutes.   
  
The surge of adrenalin made Caleb change position and plant her on her knees and elbows. He would fuck her doggy style until he nutted a final time. Her face was buried deep in pillows. As her body trembled she felt him pull out of her and stand away from her bed. Lifting her face to watch him she turned pale. Caleb had gotten up and unlocked her bedroom door and opened it wide.   
  
Returning to bed he tossed her on to her back and entered her yet again missionary style. Her ankles gripped in his knuckles. As he fucked her he brought her legs over her head and slammed into her harder and harder. There was zero chance of her holding in her moans. This would be the end. Her parents would hear them for sure. Her bed was even jarring on the floor. Even with the music playing in their room it would not be enough to cancel out the racket Caleb was creating.  
  
One final orgasm led her to scream at the top of her lungs. Sweat drenched her entire body. Her hair matted up gave her a terrifying look.  
  
Caleb heard a door open. Swiftly he jumps off of her and heads to close her door silently. Molly snatches up her Mother's robe and puts it back on.   
  
Seconds later her bedroom door eases open once again. Caleb was forced to hide behind it in the darkness as Marjorie checked in on Molly.  
  
"Sweetheart? Are you alright?"  
  
Molly whispers in the dark, "I had a nightmare. It was horrible. Please don't turn on the light."  
  
Marjorie still only in her underwear made her way over to sit with Molly. It was then that Molly realized her Mother was still nude. Right in front of Caleb. It dawns on her that she left the robe on Molly when she guided her to bed. Caleb must have seen her Mother. It made her ill.  
  
"I do not feel very well Mother." Molly coughs.  
  
Pressing her right knuckle on Molly's forehead she feels her daughter drenched in sweat.  
  
"You are wringing wet young lady. Are you coming down with something?"  
  
"Possibly. I am sorry I woke you."  
  
"Never apologize Sweetheart. Did you know you were sleepwalking again?"  
  
Molly pauses, "Did I?"  
  
"Yes. You were trying to get out on to the balcony. I caught you and brought you back to bed. That could have been very dangerous."  
  
"Oh my! Thank you for saving me."  
  
"Why were you undressed Molly?" Concern sinks in.  
  
"I think I fell asleep after my shower before bed. So unlike me. Please forgive me."  
  
"Well! I'm one to talk. I gave up my robe to blanket you and look at me now. So, please forgive me also."  
  
As they cuddle footsteps approach from the hall. Caleb freezes having been stroking his still vital cock at seeing Marjorie again.   
  
"What is going on in here?" Sahseej had awakened to a lonely bed after feeling Marjorie race away to check on their daughter.  
  
Standing in the dark doorway he could not see them in the room except from the moonlight seeping through curtains.  
  
"Go back to bed Husband. Our daughter had one of her sleepwalking spells. Followed by a nightmare. I'll be there shortly. You need your rest with Church in the morning."  
  
"As do we all." He frowns.  
  
"Mother? Father? May I stay home from Morning Mass? I do not feel well."  
  
"We shall see in the morning. If you do not go I must insist on locking every door and barricading the balcony."  
  
"I understand. May I rest now?"  
  
Marjorie stands up and journeys toward the door reaching out to grip the inside knob. Easing the door toward the jam as she prepared to vacate she turns to face Molly. Stepping on something on the floor she peers down. It was a hair brush. Bending over to pick it up her ass poises mere inches from Caleb's erection. The boy literally arches his hips and touches her crack at the base of her thighs. Marjorie didn't even notice it was so lightly touched. His ego was soaring.  
  
Sahseej exhales loudly and returns to his room.  
  
"Pick up after yourself. I might have broken your brush." Marjorie sits the brush on a dresser next to the door and closes the door behind her.  
  
As it latched Caleb was still stroking his cock. Molly crawled from bed and went over to face him.  
  
"How could you do that to my Mother?" She whispers.  
  
"Do what? Hide?"  
  
"I saw you when Mother bent over. You moved closer."  
  
"Whatever. Your Mom is hot."  
  
Molly pouts, "I am hotter."  
  
He smirks and snatches her closer to him. In his grip she melts.  
  
"Stop already. So, I went a little too far there. Don't hate me."  
  
"I do not hate you. I am just afraid now that you have seen my Mother almost naked you will want her."  
  
"Maybe." He sticks his tongue out at her.  
  
Molly narrows her eyes, "You are so mean."  
  
"Speaking of that. If you stay home I can get out of here easier. You can also go next door and tackle the creepy dude."  
  
With a look of despair she pleads, "Must I?"  
  
Leaning down to face her forehead to forehead he kisses her nose.  
  
Without another word of defense she whispers, "For you, Caleb."  
  
"I'll be there with you. I won't leave your side. Promise."  
  
"That helps. Thank you."  
  
"Your Mom has a sweet ass."  
  
Molly slugs him in the stomach playfully then turns to take the robe off. Bending over she rubs her own butt.  
  
"Mine is sweeter."  
  
He moves in and guides her forward on to her bed. On her knees bent over he admires her perfect ass and caresses it. Guiding his dick in he gravitates over her anal cavity. Touching it makes her jump and hiss slowly.  
  
"No Caleb."  
  
Against her wishes he enters her ass gently and lingers.  
  
"You're right. It's much sweeter."  
  
Her whines persisted for ten minutes.  
  
She pleaded for ten more minutes.  
  
"How sweet it is!"   
  
Molly could not believe Caleb would be so bold.

**Molly Ch. 12: Sunday Best**

Caleb Houser hadn't slept a wink. He was too pumped up by having effectively succeeded in staying the night where he certainly shouldn't be. The challenge of not getting caught constantly sent his thoughts reeling. So far so good.  
  
Snuggling under his left arm lay Molly Indrabooty. The young goddess of perfection slept like a baby after all the sex they had managed to have. Caleb was glad she was resting so well. It gave him time to think about the day.  
  
At 7:00 AM he heard an alarm clock go off. The parents were gearing up to start their new day. He became aware last night that they intended to go to Church. He didn't really know about that part of their routine until last night. The subject never came up at dinner.  
  
Listening intently he heard them talking. They had decided to let Molly stay home while they went on to Sunday service. They trusted her.   
  
"Foolish Mortals.", Caleb thought as he grinned, his fist clenched at his good fortune.  
  
Up and about Sahseej had made the comment about going for coffee and croissants to start their day. His wife Marjorie made mention that she would shower and get ready while he was gone. Hearing this peaked Caleb's curiosity.   
  
He just hoped they wouldn't come in and check on Molly before he could hide. There was not many options. With it being daylight the shadows were no longer available to get lost in. He knew her closet was too full to duck into. The bedroom door was impossible to blend behind. He was too big to get under her bed frame. His only option was to slip to her bed's blind side and bury himself under blankets.  
  
Carefully, he pulled his arm out from beneath Molly. He didn't want to wake her just yet. Mischief was on his mind.  
  
Standing ready in case he needed to hide he piled as much as he could on her floor and set up his disguise. To his nerves he did hear them discuss checking on Molly but Marjorie told him to let her sleep. They would leave a note for her in the kitchen.  
  
Another ten minutes he hears Sahseej step out of their bedroom and head for the front door of the condo. Keys jingling he then heard the door open and close. Silence in the outer rooms made him feel more at ease.  
  
Marjorie had turned on the water in the shower and obviously had entered. Humming was heard while she cleaned up.   
  
Caleb felt he had his opening. Still nude he opened Molly's bedroom door. Tip toeing out he latched Molly's room. He had brought his cell along in hopes for another chance at Marjorie. The woman might be older but she was one hot Milf.  
  
Sahseej had left their door ajar when he left. This made it easier for Caleb to take the risk of entering without being heard. Tension kept him on his toes as he moved toward their on-suite. Marjorie herself had left the bathroom door open so as to not steam up all the mirrors. Caleb could only think, "Too Easy."  
  
Carefully he peeked around the door and noted Marjorie in the hot steam, her backside facing Caleb. She was using a wash cloth to suds up her body. All he could do was stare. Her body was perfect. A slightly taller version of Molly, only 100% Caucasian. Her flesh lightly stuck between lily white and a timid tan.  
  
Priming his cell camera he recorded her movements. One hand holding his cam steady, the other stroking his cock. He was one ballsy fucker stepping into the bathroom where she could easily see him if she turned around.   
  
She bent over to wash her calves and feet. Her anal cavity and clam shell pussy vibrant to his exposure. This made him shuffle closer still. He was less than four feet from her.  
  
Once enjoying a rinse she began readying to shampoo her hair. Lathering up her long deep brown locks she somehow managed to get soap into her eyes. Blinded she turns around to face Caleb forcing him to retreat to the door. Still he recorded her full frontal nudity. His awkward stance had succumbed to being at arms length around the corner.  
  
Having cleared her vision she claimed the removable shower head and stealthily began torturing her clit with a vivid spray. Her moans echoed making for a good show. His hand joined her symphony. He was nearing his own ejaculation.  
  
As she pressed her back against the wall squeezing her perky breasts she whimpered loudly at her finishing touch. Caleb nuts all over her bathroom tile as he pumped his fist to shed lasting droplets  
  
He looked over to see a hamper just inside the bathroom. It contained the panties she wore the night before. Inspiration struck and he snatched them up for an inhaled treat.  
  
As her showers faucet was twisted silence returned. He took the underwear with him as he hurried quietly back to Molly. Marjorie was completely oblivious to her admirer.  
  
Molly was still asleep. At least he didn't have to explain his absence. She would never understand this sudden attraction to her Mother. Part of him felt guilty, the other portion triumphant and smug. Caleb just lived for the moment.  
  
Getting dressed he stood around listening for anything he needed to worry about. There was really nothing until Sahseej finally returned with coffee and breakfast fifteen minutes later. The aroma smelled awesome.  
  
Caleb heard Sahseej move from the dining area to his bedroom. A compliment was given about how beautiful Marjorie looked. Caleb could only imagine.  
  
Hearing the two move about the condo more openly he decides to hide himself away into his blanketed fort. Curling up in a fetal position kept his height from risking exposure. A knock at Molly's door led to it creaking open. With a brief glare inside the parents left well enough alone. They allowed her to rest. Another ten minutes Caleb heard the front door open and close. Silence!  
  
Waiting to be certain Caleb left his prison and hurled himself into bed to hug the curled up Molly. From behind he awaited her to stir. It didn't take long after his launch and land to impact her senses. As her eyes open and squint she feels his arm around her waist and sheepishly grins.   
  
"You have a hard on already?" She giggles softly.  
  
He smugly huffs, "Always. I can't stop thinking about you. It was hell laying here trying to be quiet while your folks were getting ready for Church."  
  
Her eyes bulge and she rolls over under his arm, her bare breasts uncovered from her sheets.  
  
"Are they still here?"  
  
"Nope! I heard them say let her rest. They mentioned leaving a note for you."  
  
"So, we are all alone?" She shivers.  
  
"Yep. Let's shower together then get you over next door to creepy Claude's.  
  
"The shower I would love. The other I will not."  
  
He frowns, "You worry about MY blackmailing you and not about that sick Fucker doing it? He's got shit on me now too. We need to do some serious damage control. I figure while you take care of him I can erase his video files on his computer."  
  
She cringes, "What if he catches you?"  
  
"I have a plan. Don't you worry. You just pretend to enjoy his company."  
  
"That will be impossible. He is quite repulsive." She points out.  
  
"True. I guess now that I think about it I could face a nasty case of rape. Even though we both know you enjoy everything I had you do."  
  
"I do indeed. There is a difference Caleb. I like you. I like what I do for you. In most cases. Not this one however."  
  
He releases his arm and sits up, "I know. Really I do. Do we really have a choice? We call the cops that incriminates me too. Your parents will find out. EVERYTHING! Without my intentionally doing it. I go to jail. As the videos are viewed Wyatt, Jim, others. We all go to jail."  
  
She pouts, "And, I return to Mumbai."  
  
"Exactly! So let's just get this done and over with. If I can erase that crap he won't be a threat."  
  
"And, if you cannot?"  
  
"Let's try not to think negatively. We deal with this as it happens."  
  
Without an expression to read Molly crawls from bed and stands up. Moving to her door she opens it and carefully peers out. After a moment to insure they were indeed alone she walks out into the hallway. As naked as she was since Caleb's arrival. Followed by a fully dressed Caleb.  
  
"They left you a croissant." Caleb locates it in the kitchen.   
  
Moving to his side she breaks half and shares it with him. She then reads her note.  
  
"We decided to let you sleep in. Hope you feel better Sweetheart. We might be late getting home from Church. Your Father wants to talk with the Priest and then shop for a new suit. If you need us just call. We love you."  
  
She reads aloud.  
  
"Lucky us. Plenty of time." Caleb nods with his mouth full.  
  
Setting her note aside Molly turns to Caleb placing a palm on his chest.   
  
"I think I would like to shower alone. Please give me room to prepare myself for what I must do."  
  
Puckering his lower lip he shakes his head affirmatively, "I'll wait in your room. Just in case they decide to change their mind."  
  
"Thank you. I will not be long." She takes the time to sniff at her Orchid in its vase on the counter next to the note. Molly then marched away to the hallway bath. Once her door sealed and Caleb heard the water start up he stealthily snuck back into the parents bedroom. Evilly he drops his pants and decides for certain which side of the bed Marjorie slept on. Not too difficult considering the feminine night mask and hand lotion resting on a bedside stand. Chuckling to himself he stretches out on his belly and literally acts as if he was making love to Marjorie. Going so far as to use his cell to mimic the event. He played her masturbation video for effect. So evil!  
  
Talking to his cell he mumbles, "You like my dick in that pussy don't you Mrs. Indrabooty? I knew you did. You just wait until I nail that ass hole. Dream come true."  
  
For long minutes he fakes his imaginary quest before realizing his cell battery was running low. Getting himself together he pulls his pants up and leaves the room. His journey led back to Molly's room. There he discovers and pockets Molly's cell. In case he needed it later. It at least had a 70% charge.  
  
Molly ends her shower and dries off. Exiting the bath she discovers Caleb going through her closet.   
  
"What are you doing?" She asks with her towel draping over her front.  
  
"Looking for something you can wear next door. You weren't kidding. Your wardrobe looks like an old woman's."  
  
"I told you my Father is quite conservative. Only my Mother gets away with dressing in more revealing clothing. In his eyes I am still his little girl. In a few months I may become an adult. Not until then."  
  
"He let you get away with last night. Your shirt was unbuttoned low." He addresses.  
  
"My mother's doing. He was most unhappy inside. I could tell."  
  
"That shirt is what you wear next door. The shirt ONLY."  
  
"If I must."  
  
He tosses her the shirt as she drops her towel to catch it. Pulling the shirt on she buttons it up to her throat. In response Caleb groans.  
  
"Really?" He moves in and unbuttons all but 2 buttons. Her cleavage fanned openly all the way down to her belly button.  
  
"Caleb, please. What if the other neighbors see me like this?"  
  
"Hide behind me if that happens. Are the neighbors all like Mr. Creepy?"  
  
"There are only four condo's on this level. The other two are lived in by a married couple. Both gay men. The fourth condo by another single man. He is quite handsome. A businessman I believe. He has many young women over. I have noticed how he looks at my Mother. She flirts with him sometimes."  
  
"So, Mom's a diva!" He chuckles.  
  
"She is faithful to my Father." She fidgets, "At least I hope so."  
  
This gave Caleb food for thought. For now he had to get things moving along. Time was ticking away.  
  
"Let's go wake the creep."  
  
Taking her hand he leads her barefooted out into the hallway of the complex. Looking in all directions they shuffle toward Condo #906. It was here Caleb rang the doorbell. It only took three minutes for him to answer.  
  
As the door opened Claude Romero stood in only a pair of sweatpants. His upper half was a ball of body fur and bulge. The appearance made Molly turn pale.  
  
"Have a good night Kid?" He smirks.  
  
"Sure did. Thanks for the help. Here you go, just as we promised." Caleb moves Molly in front of him and holds her by the shoulders.  
  
Claude's eyes drift down her cleavage as he rubs his bearded stubble.  
  
"Oh that's nice! I didn't expect you to come through this fast Kid."  
  
Caleb winks above Molly's knowledge, "I want this over with. You promised to delete that video."  
  
"That I did. I'll keep my bargain. AFTER I get what I want." He puckers while parting Molly's shirt to adore he breasts. Disgusted as she felt her nipples were saying differently.  
  
After his attention turned, his judgment took over. With a nodding motion he led them inside and closed his door. Fun was about to begin.  
  
Entering the wolves den made Molly want to hurl. All around her the vibes felt bad. Pictures on the wall. Perverted artwork he undoubtedly had to sneak in past the other residents.   
  
"Alright Kid. Here's my rules. If you expect me to take risks, so do you. Both of you."  
  
"I thought that was what we were doing." Caleb coughs.  
  
"If I delete that video what do I have to insure I'll never have troubles with you two later?"  
  
Molly darts her eyes from Caleb to the creep as they bargain.  
  
"Same goes for us. What's to keep you from having copies and telling us you deleted everything? For that matter you can easily find us on another chatroom and record us all over again? You yourself said you wanted to watch more of our webcam sessions."  
  
"Hell! Do you think I'm the only guy who probably taped that? Not even." He chuckles.  
  
The thought never occurred to Caleb or Molly.  
  
"Yeah, but they might never bribe us like you. Maybe they aren't as cruel Dude."  
  
""Maybe. Maybe not. You do realize it wasn't that hard to write down every chatter's ID in that room right? Easy enough to message them and compare thoughts."  
  
Molly whines nasally.  
  
Caleb holds his grip on her shoulders more firmly and whispers, "Relax."  
  
"Dude, come on. This is a one time thing. If you bribe us afterwards I'll just bring my Dad into this. You WON'T like him. He has pull in pretty big places."  
  
"I'm shivering in my boots. If I were wearing any. You think this artwork is cheap? I think I might know a few folks myself. Now, if we're done threatening each other with testosterone let's get down to business." He grips the waistband of his sweats and drops them to the floor. Standing upright he was totally nude. Under his overhanging belly dangled a six inch hard on.  
  
"Take that shirt off." He growls.  
  
Molly quakes under Caleb's grip. She wanted to resist and run.  
  
"Please Caleb. No."  
  
His grip twists her in step to face him. He then cupped his hands around her throat, his thumbs lifting her chin to face him.  
  
"You have to do this Molly. He's right. We don't have any options. He wins."  
  
She lets tears fall. In a bold move Caleb leans down and licks the salty streaks from her face then kisses her forehead. She loved his emotion. Then she felt her shirt glide off of her shoulders and down her arms. Claude had claimed it from behind her.  
  
Caleb winked at her to be brave and offered a whispered, "I got this."  
  
She then felt Claude step closer and drag her away from Caleb by her hand. She reluctantly followed behind him stepping out of her fallen shirt at her ankles. He took her into his bedroom and escorts her in. Claude then turned to eye Caleb. He quickly points in three directions. Caleb had failed to notice that Claude had surveillance cameras all over his condo. Caleb's heart sank. He would know his every move.   
  
Chuckling Claude shut the door and locked it.  
  
Caleb would need another strategy to beat this guy.  
  
"Such a beautiful body you have." Claude tenderly trails his fingertips down Molly's arms.  
  
Shivering dramatically at his touch, she realized she was also battling her ticklishness. It felt wrong, very wrong. Yet, she did like the sensation.  
  
"Turn around and face me." He instructs.  
  
Doing so Molly lowered her eyes shamefully. His right hand lifts her chin forcing her gaze.  
  
"I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to satisfy me."  
  
His words were stern yet warm.  
  
"If I must." She trembles.  
  
"You must."  
  
Pointing at his feet she takes the hint and drops to her knees. His hand then graced her hair.  
  
"Lick my balls."  
  
Cringing she builds enough courage to lower her mouth to wearily reach into his scrotum. Her tongue touches his flesh and a tear forms. She knew she had no choice, just get it over with. This led to her tongue fully engulfing his sagging balls. His dick wagged on her forehead as she did his bidding.  
  
Claude eyeballed his ceiling at her tongues activity.  
  
"That feels wonderful. You have talent Young Lady."  
  
She nibbles at him while whispering, "Thank you."  
  
"Trail that tongue up my cock and suck on it."  
  
She doesn't feel like resisting any further. It needed to be done so she could go home and vomit. Or commit suicide. Or both.  
  
Lifting her face her tongue glides along his foreskin until it reaches the crown. After a warm nuzzle to gather her nerve she deep throats his cock and feeds on it like a warrior slut.   
  
"That's the way to do it. Good girl." His hand returns to her head long enough to force guide her throat to claim him even deeper. He then face fucked her. Her hands gripping his hips without digging nails in. She went along for the ride while Claude smirked at a well placed camera above his bed. It captured the entire room.  
  
Feeling the need to move on he let go of her and nudged her from her quest. She withdrew in a spatter of coughed up saliva. Her eyes betrayed her.  
  
"Well now! An unexpected look of loss. Were you enjoying yourself?"  
  
Molly tries to lie by lowering her eyes. He creased his brow at her behavior.  
  
Motioning her with a snapped finger to gain her eye contact he mentally orders her to her feet. Crawling to catch balance she faces him. He pulls her into a gentle hug. This too was unexpected behavior. The big Meany was showing tenderness. She reluctantly hugged back. His belly was a nice pillow she thought. Molly again felt like throwing up. Not at his gross body but at her consideration that this was actually fun.  
  
"To the bed. Lay down on your back. Spread your legs. Play for me."  
  
She turns and shuffles to his king sized bed and lay flat at the edge of his mattress. Eying him she took steps further and pulled her ankles behind her head before rolling her palms toward her vibrant pussy.  
  
"Now that's something. Very special in did. You wanted to impress me didn't you?"  
  
She merely pouts and teases her clit with her right hands index finger. Her opposite hand tantalized her hole peeling it aside to share its inner pinkness.  
  
Claude became mesmerized.   
  
Outside the bedroom Caleb sat on a sofa and pulled out his cell. As dead as it was he looked up the numbers of Wyatt, Jim, and his brother before it went dead. Entering them into Molly's cell. Then he put his own cell away before beginning to text. It was obvious he needed his friends.  
  
To his surprise the cell lost signal.  
  
"What the hell?"  
  
Standing he stepped toward the French doors of his balcony. Outside he should get a better signal. The door was locked. It needed a key to be unlocked. Caleb was feeling trapped. How in the hell could this guy anticipate his every move? Claude was too smart for his own good.  
  
Even his computer desk was empty of the computer he saw there the night before. A note read, "Nice try Kid."  
  
Growling under his breath Caleb walked over to the bedroom door to listen in. He heard Molly moaning. It was a symphony of delight.   
  
"Fuck! She sounds like she's loving it." His thoughts ran rampant. For a rare moment he actually felt jealous. It faded fast.  
  
Inside the bedroom Claude dipped his erection inside her coiled body. Her ankles held firmly by the girl under him. He observed his dick slipping in to hide then slither back into the light. Each entrance made Molly whisper, "Again."

He was glad to oblige. With each insertion she continued her request. It wasn't until Claude took over and fucked her hard that her "Again" became, "Thank You."  
  
Her switch in persona made Claude cum quickly. He barely pulls out before peppering her stomach in her still entangled position. Molly appeared disappointed. He just couldn't risk cumming inside her. Bad enough his allergy to latex falters his judgment.  
  
"You are certainly something." He huffs as his heart rate forces his breathing to be difficult.  
  
Molly releases her ankles and turns her palms to her belly. There she rubs his cum into her flesh like waxing a car.  
  
Standing away from the edge of his bed he reaches over and grabs her by the wrist. Dragging her to her feet he opens his bedroom door to find Caleb leaning on a wall facing them.  
  
"Done already?" Caleb tries to look cold.  
  
"Not even close." Claude reaches behind his bedroom door to a tray on a dresser to procure something. He then shows him a set of keys tossing them at him.  
  
Catching the keys Caleb knew he was meant to unlock his special room. Fumbling as if he had no idea what this meant Claude snickered, "Blue coated key."  
  
At the knowledge Caleb raises it up while Claude points toward the locked extra bedroom door. Caleb paused long enough to glance at Molly. She merely fidgeted and hurried Caleb along with her eye movement darting back and forth.  
  
Taking note he unlocked the room and pushed the door open.  
  
Claude escorted Molly inside and intentionally left the door open wide. Within Molly's eyes flared at all of the strange toys and terrible things. She whimpered lightly as Claude guided her up to a large metal "X" with jointed segments resting against a wall. Facing the cross she allowed him to cuff her raised wrists to the cross above her shoulders. Arms outstretched he then knelt to cuff her ankles until she was spread eagle. Molly shook dramatically. A rash of goosebumps flooded her entire body.  
  
After her containment Claude turned to Caleb, "Choose your weapon."  
  
"What?" Caleb looked haunted.  
  
Snarling Claude located a sturdy flogger and snapped it on the floor. He eyed Caleb who found it enticing enough to claim it.  
  
"Make her squirm Kid." Claude steps out the doorway with his keys.  
  
Caleb fell for his challenge and primed his arm back. With a hesitant swat he lashed Molly's ass cheeks. It wasn't so much painful as it was to watch. Molly whined loudly peering back at Caleb as best she could.  
  
Caleb stopped and looked at her with a spooked expression.  
  
"Did I hurt you?" He quivers.  
  
"You did not." She huffs.  
  
Settling his nerves Caleb looks toward Claude who motioned him to continue.  
  
With a deep breath Caleb exerts his strength and slaps her ass harder this second motion. Still she reacts the same. He became quickly convinced that Molly liked this torment. This led to five more swathes that made her ass cheeks bright red.  
  
"Fifty shades of Kid." Claude chuckles, "Now stop and gently rub the redness. Let her know you adore her torture as much as she respects you for the torment."  
  
Caleb does as instructed, "Are you seriously liking this Molly?"  
  
"I shall live." She hides her timid grin.  
  
"Now back away from the cross." Claude orders as he produces a remote control.  
  
At the push of buttons the cross comes alive. Molly had not realized it was motorized. She rides along as it moves away from the wall to stretch her body out horizontally. Facing the floor she is now centered in the room. Awaiting what came next she whimpers, "Caleb?"  
  
"I'm right here."  
  
Claude uncovers his mechanical Fucking Machine behind her and slides it's rollers toward the suspended Molly. Once in position and locked from movement he tilts the ten inch dildo toward it's trajectory. Easing it up to her pussy Claude rubs her wetness until she moans. Then the dido it poised ready and guided into her.  
  
Molly cries out, "What are you doing?"  
  
Caleb feigns panic, "Dude? What the fuck is this?"  
  
"You're not that na茂ve Kid." Claude is amused by the boys act.  
  
A trigger pushed and the dildo slowly slides in and out of her drenched pussy. Molly's reaction was priceless.  
  
"OH MY GOSH!" She stiffened up.  
  
Watching her body quake Caleb nods his approval toward Claude. He then motioned Claude to speed it up. Instead Claude handed him the remote and again stepped from the room. This gave the young man a chance to shine.  
  
Pushing the trigger to a faster setting the hydraulic arm sent the girth of the dildo into her more rapidly. Molly began to moan erratically. Her body tightening every muscle. Her neck craning upward to show Caleb her struggle. The sheer intensity made her scream. This was when Claude shut the door.  
  
Caleb crouched in front of Molly to make her look at him. The eyes spoke. Caleb loved to see her predicament. Molly loved her predicament.  
  
"Faster Caleb." She grits her teeth.  
  
Amazed Caleb shows her the remotes buttons. She offers a helpless glint in her eye.  
  
"This speed? Or this one?" He tempts her.  
  
"As you wish." She bites her lower lip.  
  
"All the way up it is."  
  
Pushing the limits Molly orgasms at the top of her lungs until it sounded like agony. Still Caleb withheld turning it off. Merely down. Until she spasms a final time. Then he shut it down permanently.  
  
Claude re-opens the door to witness a steady trickle coming from Molly's thighs.  
  
"I do believe she pissed herself." Claude tossed a towel at Caleb to clean it up.  
  
Claiming the remote Claude moved the machine back then guided Molly's cross upright. Dangling lifelessly Claude lift's Molly by her chin to force her gaze.  
  
"Admit it." He spoke sternly.  
  
Hesitantly Molly exhaled, "I did indeed enjoy that."  
  
Claude twists to peer at Caleb, "How about you Kid?"  
  
Uncertain Caleb shrugs.  
  
"He liked it as well." Molly smiles faintly.  
  
Claude nods, "Me? Hell yes, I loved that."  
  
Claude motions Caleb over to support her while he untied her limbs. Her body was putty and she toppled into Caleb.  
  
"Still feel like I'm the enemy?" Claude grunts.  
  
Caleb didn't know, "I'm not sure Dude."  
  
Molly raises her head clinging to Caleb, "If Caleb wishes me to do this again I will obey."  
  
Caleb is caught off guard.  
  
Claude holds his hand up for silence.  
  
"I'm NOT going to erase any videos. However, I want a peace pact. I won't abuse the video as long as you don't harass me in any way."  
  
Caleb smirks, "I can live with that. Peace works. Can we come by and use that again?"  
  
Claude uses a single index finger to lift Molly's limp chin.  
  
"As long as I get to do what I want with this exquisite creature."  
  
Molly shivers resisting a smile that craved to be seen.  
  
"Take me home Caleb."  
  
"Is that a yes?" Claude holds her gaze.  
  
Molly nods, "As Caleb wishes."  
  
Concurring the young man winks, "Agreed."  
  
Caleb is escorted to the front door, Molly hugging his side.  
  
Claude drapes her shirt over her shoulders until Caleb peels it off of her. He lowers her to the floor.  
  
"She doesn't need it. She's crawling to her condo on all fours." Caleb nudges her to her hands.  
  
Faithfully, she risks the nosey neighbors.  
  
Shuffling along she reaches her door. Just before Caleb could open it they heard the ping of an elevator rising and opening up.  
  
In a mad dash they entered the condo and raced inside. Molly still on all fours.  
  
Through the peep hole Caleb winced, "They're home early."  
  
Molly jumped up and bolted to her bedroom.  
  
Laughing made her realize Caleb was just bluffing her.  
  
"I hate you Caleb Houser."  
  
He cozies up to her and yanks her into a kiss. Tongues rolling for long minutes. As their lip lock failed Molly exhales into his face.  
  
"Does Mr. Creepy taste good?"  
  
Caleb froze in features. Grossed out all he could think of is, "You bitch."  
  
They both laughed long and hard.  
  
Caleb would leave ten minutes ahead of the Indrabooty's coming home.  
  
He would set in his Dad's car until they returned and headed upstairs. His eyes needed to see what Molly's mom wore to Church. A clingy red dress that was just below her knees.  
  
Watching her walk to the elevators he played her masturbation video on his cell. Now plugged in to his car charger. He jerked off until she was gone.  
  
But not forgotten.  
  
Not by a long shot.