**Molly**

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**Molly Ch. 13: Risque Business**

Monday morning was always exhausting.   
  
On their way to school "Sahseej Indrabooty" remained silent as his daughter did all of the talking.  
  
"May I ask what you thought of Caleb?" She begs.  
  
He remains quiet but offers her a glint of eye contact.  
  
"Please Father."  
  
With a timid sigh he opens up, "He was...nice."  
  
"He is. Very nice." Sometimes she hid away her true opinion.  
  
"Time shall tell. I will give this boy a chance. Your Mother informs me that I must."  
  
Molly giggles and tauntingly wags a finger toward him, "She has you where she wants you."  
  
"You would do well to be less sassy." He winks before turning a corner.  
  
"Did I tell you Caleb's Father invited me to dinner this Saturday? To return our generosity."   
  
"He himself spoke of this at dinner."  
  
"He did. I had forgotten. I am so nervous."  
  
He forms a smile, " Of course you are. Breath daughter. We have arrived."  
  
Pulling forward in a long line of parents dropping off their children Sahseej notices Caleb getting out of a silver Audi. Puzzled that it wasn't his Father he deemed to follow the vehicle due to his suspicious nature. Waving goodbye to Molly as she vacated his SUV he accelerated to keep up with the car.   
  
As he trailed the Audi to a four lane street he cruised up beside the car. A stoplight held them up side by side. Looking down into the car he spotted a woman with blond hair flowing over her shoulders. Dark sunglasses hid her eyes.  
  
Frowning he wasn't certain what to make of her. She was far too young to be his Mother. Was this Caleb's girlfriend that Molly had no idea existed? No. He must be expecting the worst.  
  
Still looking he realizes the woman's legs were long and silky. The hem of her black dress riding up to her inner thighs loosely. Without trying he caught a hint of her powder blue panties as she sat, her legs gently apart. Her cleavage massive and bulging. Sahseej hated himself for staring. It took her noticing him to avert his gaze.  
  
The woman fluttered her fingers at him as he dared to look over once more. A warm smile met his. Then, she stuck her tongue out at him playfully. As the light turned green she sped away.   
  
Sahseej winced yet knew he needed to head to the Hospital.  
  
At school Caleb met Molly at her locker while holding his backpack out in front of her.   
  
"What have I to wear today?" She jumps in step.  
  
"Look and see."  
  
She reaches into the bag and pulls out a garment. It was a lacey red bra. A second dig supplies a matching thong. Finally, looking into the bag she finds only books. Her jaw drops.  
  
"Am I to wear only these?" She wheezes.  
  
"Only those. Go change."  
  
"But, how will I get away with my classes? Principal Chavez."  
  
"Let me deal with that. Go change. NOW!" He orders sternly.  
  
Stomping her foot she begins to change right there. She takes off her long shirt, pumps, and leggings. Placing them in her locker she peels off her own white bra, she was not wearing panties. Standing naked in the hallway for over two dozen students to witness her metamorphosis. Putting on the new bra and thong was just as appealing to their eyes.  
  
The bra was a size too small for her bust so the bulge was extraordinary. The lacey material sheer enough to reveal half of her areolas.  
  
Her thong was just a tiny triangle of cloth with a micro strap between her butt cheeks. A thin sliver of her well groomed pubic hair exposed above the patch.   
  
"I am sure to get into trouble today." She shivers.  
  
Caleb turns her in step admiring her as well as showing her off to everyone looking. She smiles shamelessly at each and every one of them.   
  
Gripping her shoulders Caleb leans down whispering, "Go make friends."  
  
Wiggling away from his grip she sachets down the hall. She wanted to meet new people. Deciding upon a boy with glasses that was borderline geek with a Clark Kent vibe, combined with being a well toned stud she slithered over to him. Pressing her back against the locker next to his.  
  
"Hello." She beguiles with a flirty grin.  
  
Looking over at her he turns pale, "Uh! Hi."  
  
"I am Molly. What is your name?"  
  
"Brody." He offers looking over his shoulder at onlookers. Most of them found the nerve to give him a friendly thumbs up.  
  
"You are quite handsome Brody. If I may say so."  
  
"Th-thanks. Why are you in your underwear?"  
  
"I will most likely be wearing less much later. Do I offend you?"  
  
"Nahh! I just don't understand why you would do this. Aren't you afraid of getting kicked out of school?"  
  
"Sometimes. I have yet to be. I enjoy my freedom. There are those who watch over me. If I get into trouble I am saved."  
  
"School Mafia?"  
  
"I do not understand." She expresses with a dim appearance.  
  
"Nothing. You look nice though."  
  
As Molly beams her friend April trudges down the hall noticing Molly in her undies. Her eyes erupt and defense mode takes over. Racing to her side April grabs Molly by the arm covering her with her body.  
  
"Are you crazy?"  
  
"Good morning April. This is Brody. My new friend."  
  
April glances over at Brody who reacts, stunned by her beauty. Both of them stammer until April turns red and tugs Molly away. Escorting her back to Caleb, April gives him the evil eye.  
  
"Why do you insist on ruining this girls life?"  
  
"Am I ruining your life Molly?" Caleb raises a brow.  
  
Molly shrinks, "I ruin my own life. I do not have to obey. I choose to."  
  
"See?" Caleb smirks.  
  
April rolls her eyes and points at Caleb, "If she gets busted I'm kicking your ass."  
  
Caleb returns his own eyeball roll, "As if. Put up or shut up Hines."  
  
Molly leans forward to whisper at April, "I think Brody is looking at you."  
  
"Who? Oh, Clark Kent?" She leers over her shoulder then turns back wide eyed, "Oh my God!"   
  
"You must fan yourself." Molly giggles.  
  
"Is he really looking at me?" April counters.  
  
Caleb coughs, "More at Molly though."  
  
"Maybe you should wear my underwear?" Molly teases April hugging her arm.  
  
"Not gonna happen." The girl shivers.  
  
"Yo Brody!" Caleb blurts out to get his attention.  
  
The boy acknowledges the voice and journeys cautiously toward the trio. April whimpers and hides Molly even harder, thus hiding herself.  
  
"Yeah?" The boy reaches them.  
  
"April here likes you." Caleb smugly embarrasses her.  
  
April in turn breaks away and darts off humiliated. Brody felt bad for her.  
  
"You should go catch her and tell her it's ok. No need to be embarrassed." Caleb ushers.  
  
"I'm good. I have to get to class." He looks to Molly, "Don't get into too much trouble."  
  
"She will." Caleb smirks evilly.  
  
Molly brightens up, "I will."  
  
As the bell rings, their first class is with teacher Nelson Crandall. He would be easily swayed to let her stay dressed as she was. He had already had some fun with Molly. More couldn't hurt.  
  
As Caleb's group of friends merged to surround Molly she made her way into class and took her seat. She felt invincible. Impossible to not notice now that her entourage had dispersed. Tensed nerves yet joyous of spirit. Molly had grown to love her escapades.  
  
The students were divided on how they felt about her. Most of them accepted her warm smiles and energy. The fact that her ego was in check made a difference. She knew she was a goddess amongst them but refrained from over exuding her sexuality unless Caleb encouraged her. Regardless of her mission, she was there to learn as well.  
  
Glancing about her she found eyes glued to her. Chills run down her spine as she wondered what everyone was truly thinking. Were they faking their smiles? Their thumbs up? Their admiration?  
  
What she did notice of late was that the other girls were changing their attire. With all of the attention Molly was getting they were obviously seeking the same. While most of the girls stuck to the traditional dress code, others opted to take similar risks as Molly was getting away with. Only on less extreme levels.   
  
Button down shirts were becoming less restraining. Cleavages were more evident. Push up bras worn to accent their assets. Skin tight leggings hugged their hips like a second skin. She could even spot a few camel toes on those girls forsaking underwear entirely.  
  
Only one other girl dared to wear a mini skirt. Pink of all colors.   
  
Heather! Shawna's friend.  
  
Making eye contact with her Molly expressed a facial reaction of surprise. Heather in reply turned in her seat and moved her knees apart just enough to let Molly see up her skirt. At a well groomed and totally exposed pussy.   
  
Heather beamed with pride then mouth motioned, "I can't let you have all the fun."  
  
Molly tilted her head smirking and wagged a finger at her. It was now a competition.  
  
Teacher Nelson Crandall huffed as he returned from the front Office to begin his work day. Getting situated he grumbled and glanced out at his students.   
  
"Morning people! Who were the Redcoats?"  
  
Molly immediately raised her hand for him to notice.  
  
"Mo---lly!" It took a breath to realize her attire.  
  
"I am a Redcoat." She leaves her seat to improvise a 360 turn on her bare heel.  
  
Laughter embraced her boldness then turned to silence to see Crandall's expression.  
  
"Why yes you are. Please be seated." He then clears his throat, "Mr. Houser? A word please."  
  
Encouraging Caleb to leave his seat, the boy met him with their backs facing away from the students.  
  
"You know I can't let her remain dressed like that. As beautiful as she is. I leave it up to you how best to deal with this before I get into any trouble for not calling the Principal."  
  
Caleb nods with a wink, "Sure! I'll take care of it."  
  
Turning Caleb motions Molly to their side. He then turns her toward the class and unfastens her bra removing it. Her bulging breasts toppling out with a jiggle. Nipples full on bullets.  
  
Crandall grumbles, "That's not what I meant. Be reasonable."  
  
In turn Caleb sighs, "Fine!" He reaches down and slithers the tiny thong off of her hips and down to her toes. Stepping out of the bands Molly was free.   
  
The Teacher was speechless at his defiance, as Caleb tucks the thong into Nelson's shirt pocket.   
  
Molly shivered and grit her teeth tightly as the students were vibrant in their expressions. They were amazed and thankful for her unexpected joy.   
  
Caleb slaps her ass hard forcing her to squeal and choke up in laughter. She raced back to her seat at his whispered order.  
  
Gripping her desk top tightly Molly glanced over at Heather. The girl smirked with a well read expression. Molly knew she was thinking, "Show off!"  
  
Responding Molly used her right hand to motion Heather to do something. The brunette beauty took a deep breath then stood up while Nelson had turned away. Heather chose to unbutton her shirt down to her waist and let the students ogle at her 36C's. Most of the boys had a crush on Heather. While not a cheerleader she could be. She was a young "Olivia Wilde".  
  
Caleb took note as he returned to his own seat and offered Heather a devilish grin. He recalled her giving him a blowjob in the gym last week. Heather blushed but stood her ground. The encouragement of eyes around her made her even bolder. Her shirt left her shoulders and arms. Dangling it over her chair back she sat down.  
  
Nelson after slyly sniffing the thong, went to his classroom door to look out. Nobody was in sight. With a deadly inhale he turns back to his class. He was going to risk letting Molly stay nude.  
  
Eying Molly he failed to notice Heather at first.   
  
"Not a word of this day." He directs to his students.  
  
As each student expressed their allegiance to the security of Molly, and now Heather, Nelson noticed the new arrival.  
  
Heather fluttered her fingers at her Teacher.  
  
Turning pale Nelson strolled over to hover above Heather.  
  
"Are you certain you want to take such risks, Miss Forrest?"  
  
Eyes glistening the girl nods, "I can't let Molly have all the fun."  
  
"I see! More than I should. But, I see."  
  
Whispers are heard in a chant, "SHOW MORE. SHOW MORE."  
  
Heather had a chill as she looked around her. Every boy there was expressing interest. Her fingers cover her laughter.   
  
A needed glance at Molly revealed her friend to be cupping her breasts and dancing them about at her. She offered an expression of "I DARE YOU."  
  
Heather bit her lip then whispered, "Fuck it!"  
  
Reaching behind her back she unclasps her bra and removes it. Her breasts were lily white with a dull pink set of hardened nipples. Her bikini tan lines showed terribly. Regardless the boys loved them.  
  
Nelson still standing over Heather admired her fullness. The girl looked back up at him then dropped her bra at his feet. Silent claps and whispered cheers gave her confidence.  
  
Nelson reached down and picked up her bra and placed it in her book bag opened next to her desk.  
  
"Are we done? I have a class to teach." Crandall raised a weary brow.  
  
Shaking her head Heather offered a negative motion. Another glance at Molly for confidence displayed the young Hindi beauty now standing. She was letting Caleb's friend Wyatt rub her ass.   
  
Another deep breath Heather stood up and unzipped her pink mini skirt and guided it to her feet. Bending over her bare ass showed off yet another nasty tan line from her bikini bottoms. Nobody cared.  
  
"Two in one day. I don't know if my heart can take it." Nelson thought feeling his erection increase.  
  
Heather danced in step feeling free. Her tits bouncing madly. With a bold move she walked over to Molly and gave the girl a hug.  
  
"OH MY GOD! I DID IT." She rejoiced.  
  
Molly pouted playfully, "I knew you could. We can be so much fun together."  
  
Caleb motioned Heather between he and Wyatt. Heather took the needed adrenalin and ran with it. Turning in his seat Caleb pulled Heather down to sit on his lap.  
  
"Now that was unexpected. Good job Forrest." Caleb huffed as she trembled.  
  
"I have wanted to do that since last week. For nobody if not myself. I needed to know I could do it."  
  
Wyatt leans over and rubs her left leg at the knee, "Nice tan lines Heather. You need to lay out naked more often."  
  
Heather whimpers at his examination, "I know. I'm so embarrassed by them. I'll work on that this weekend."  
  
Molly steps in, "You are beautiful just as you are."  
  
Blushing, Heather blows her a kiss for her compliment.   
  
Crandall had broken into a cold sweat. His nerves were shot. Now he had two young beauties to worry about. His future at this school was looking grim. Sooner or later either a student would complain or start bragging. That or another Teacher, better yet Principal Chavez would walk in unannounced. His career would be over.  
  
"What made you decide on doing this?" Caleb adores the scent of Heather's perfume.  
  
She wiggles lightly in his lap to look back at him.  
  
"Attention I guess. Molly gets so much I felt left out. I used be the center of it all. Me and some of the other girls. More so than the cheerleading squad even. When you created Molly we all started to look like slackers. I like being sexy. I like being noticed. Not so much these days though."  
  
Wyatt caresses her legs even higher, "I don't think you have to worry about that anymore. You know I'd fuck you Heather."  
  
She blushes faintly and frowns at the boy, "You would fuck anybody Wyatt."  
  
Caleb chuckles as his right hand reaches out for Molly. He felt the Hindi beauty feeling jilted. Holding her hand gave her hope. Caleb was a quick thinker.  
  
"I'm not sure what to do now." Heather shivers.  
  
"Walk around the class. Let everyone touch you. Wherever they want to. It's a start." Caleb patted her hip.  
  
She crawled off of his lap and stood up to dart her gaze around at the students. There were certainly a few prime candidates that she would want attention from. As she started toward a stud named "Craig" Caleb cleared his throat. Hearing that made her stop and twist in step. Her hands crushing her chest out of nerves.  
  
"Start with those less fortunate. I hear "Stewart" over there has had a crush on you since last year."  
  
Placing the nail of her right index finger between her teeth she twisted her attention around in search of poor Stewart Whalen. A chunky geek who had no hope whatsoever of getting the luscious Heather on his own. Still he drooled like a starving dog over the change in her persona. Locating him in the back of the room she slipped between desks feeling hands caress her along the way. The sensations gave her goosebumps.   
  
"Is that true Stewart?" She smiles warmly. She told herself, no matter how repulsed she might be she needed to try and make everyone feel liked. Stewart was a challenge.  
  
The portly boy could only nod without blinking. Not even while Heather bent over and kissed his cheek. Both of them turned beet red.  
  
"Thank you for liking me Stewart. I hope we can become fast friends."  
  
Caleb coughs loudly.  
  
Grinning with a light fidget Heather batted her eyes, she knew why Caleb cleared his throat so abruptly, "With perks. Would you like to kiss my nipple?"  
  
As Stewart bulged his eyes he could hear those around him gasp and recite, "I would."  
  
Hearing at least six boys admit their lust for her made Stewart want to be the first. He had to be the first.  
  
Heather leaned forward and lifted her breasts toward Stewart's face. Trembling he opened his mouth and swallowed her right nipple. He sucked on it while reaching up to squeeze her left breast. She caressed his hair and tilted her head back. This was fun she admitted to herself. If it just wasn't Stewart. So be it.  
  
"Save some for everyone else Stew." Wyatt chided laughing.  
  
Stewart chuckled while still devouring the nipple. He could only shake his head negatively. All his he thought.   
  
Heather sighed. For someone so unappealing his mouth knew what it was doing.   
  
Molly while watching relocated to Caleb's lap. He had tilted his cheek to rest on her petite shoulder. She adored his admission of "MINE!" without words.  
  
Crandall took his seat behind his desk and laid his head on his arms. He had to hide his fears. This was all making him gain an ulcer.  
  
Heather finally palmed poor Stewart's chubby cheeks to lift him away from her breast. She swiftly kissed his forehead and stepped away. There were others to treat. After another three lucky boys and one lucky girl Heather found Molly standing next to her. With a warm smile Molly took her by the hand and led her to the front of the class. Reaching Crandall's desk Heather realized that Nelson was drained mentally. Their antics were obviously making his blood pressure rise.  
  
"Mr. Crandall? I'm sorry if my decision has made you upset." Heather stood next to him.  
  
As he lifted his head to see her so close he began to sweat. Molly stood on the other side of his desk and reached across it to pat his calendar pad. She then moved the pad aside. Heather observed her actions and trembled. Here it came. She needed to show the world how dedicated she was to being the cutest girl around.   
  
Edging between Crandall's legs she sat up on his desk where he had earlier rested his head. Sitting back she planted her feet on the ledge, knees wide to vibrantly show off her pussy. Her right hand slipped down to tempt her clit.   
  
Nelson eyed the pinkness of her labia as she parted it for an opening that was very inviting. Behind them the class whispered, "Eat her. Eat her."  
  
Mesmerized by her beauty Nelson looked up into Heather's eyes. She offered a glare of yearning.  
  
"Taste me Mr. Crandall." She mumbled softly.  
  
Nelson Crandall growled and went in for the kill. He devoured her pussy like a beast. In reply Heather whimpered and ran her fingers through his scalp.  
  
To their side Molly danced in step clapping softly.   
  
Heather bit her lower lip and juiced all over Nelson's chin. A loud yelp made the class rant about her sound effects. She decided to give them better. She wanted them to imagine that it were they whom were eating her. More moans. More whimpers. More convulsions. More hip thrusts of demanding thighs. Her upper body fell back to lay on his desk. She crushes her tits and pinches her nipples taunt. Her show was magnificent.

In her second orgasm she used her palms to end Crandall's feast. Quivering madly she sat up slowly.  
  
Molly admired the girl, "Yay!"  
  
Heather sighed heavily and sticks her tongue out at her.  
  
"Top that."  
  
"A challenge?" Molly's eyes brighten.  
  
Without a thought Molly pranced away and went to her book bag. Within it was her trusty rubber dildo. She pulled it out and wagged it in the air.  
  
Caleb glanced at Wyatt with a shrug and a grin. What was she going to do?  
  
Marching to the classroom door Molly opens it. Looking out in both directions Molly stepped into the hall and walked away.  
  
Instantly, Nelson Crandall wiped his mouth and had a panic attack.  
  
The other students charged the door quietly. They had to see what was going to happen next.  
  
Caleb and Wyatt shoved their way to the hall and saw Molly round the corner. Everyone evacuated except Heather and Nelson. She had gathered her clothing and gotten dressed. Nelson just sat there staring into space licking his lips.  
  
As the students tip toed through the hallway and turned the corner they spotted Molly laying on the tile floor directly in from of the office of Principal Chavez. The door was closed but still the fact she would take such risks was insane.  
  
Her dildo inserted she raised her feet into the air to fuck herself. Moans found the ears of all in range. Caleb merely watched with his heart pounding.  
  
Heather reached the audience and stepped up to Caleb. Awestruck.  
  
"Is she crazy? If Chavez catches her she's expelled for sure." She predicts.  
  
Caleb throws an arm around Heather's shoulder.  
  
"As hot as you are Forrest, you don't have her skills. Yet. I'm still going to fuck you tomorrow. So is Wyatt here."  
  
Her eyes match her smile, "Can't wait."  
  
After five minutes Molly in her throes of ecstasy literally kicked the door she faced. Jarring it made the class quickly race back to Crandall's room.  
  
Caleb grabbed Wyatt's shirt dragging him behind him as they raced to save Molly. Reaching her Caleb snatched her up and ran to the other end of the hall darting around the corner.  
  
Just before the corner Chavez opened his door. Wyatt stood like a deer in head lights.  
  
"You need something Miller?"  
  
"Sorry! I was headed to the bathroom. Tripped and fell against your door. Clumsy me."  
  
"Well, don't relieve your bladder here. Go on Son." Chavez saw droplets on the floor. He would call the janitor to mop up.  
  
Charging away Wyatt really did need to take a leak.  
  
Heather busted a gut.  
  
Caleb made out with Molly hard against the lockers.  
  
Crandall needed to go home sick.  
  
The day was far from over.  
  
Caleb had plans.

**Molly Ch. 14: Foot Locker**

As instructed Molly Indrabooty left her own locker room and stepped down the hall to the boys hangout. Totally nude she bit her lower lip and cautiously stepped inside. Closing the door she crept up to the Coaches office and carefully leered inside. He was on his phone with his back turned. Perfect she thought as her boldness walked right past his open door.  
  
Rounding a corner she found herself in paradise.  
  
"Oh my!" She pondered.  
  
There they were. Over twenty showering boys. All seniors. Caleb himself amongst them.  
  
Knowing he would demand bravery she took a deep breath and marched right over to the showers and stepped into the den of piranhas. All eyes immediately noticed her entrance. The gathering parted so that she could reach Caleb. His back turned to her he felt her fingers creep around his waist. Her bulging 36D's crushing against his spine. Everyone grew jealous instantly.  
  
"I am here." She whispered.  
  
Caleb continued his shower. After a moment of her fondling his balls he claimed her wrist and pulled her around him and pinned her against the wall. She looked up at him with eager anticipation. With a controlling gaze he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips.   
  
She melted into his breath. His hands squeezing her tits for all to see. His kiss escaping to roam down her throat. She moaned without effort.  
  
As his hands left her tits he gripped her waist and lifted her tiny frame as if nothing and allowed her legs to wrap around his waist. Without much effort his erection found her pussy and entered it with a warm gentle friction. She gasped and followed his lead. In and out of her cunt his dick devoured her, as her back pressed against the brick shower wall.  
  
Her hands roamed his shoulders and through his blond hair. She was in Nirvana.  
  
Her golden brown flesh glistening wet was admired by the seventeen boys that stayed in the shower room watching. The rest hovered on the outskirts fearful of losing their virginity against their will. Mostly her friends in the Nerd Herd. Yet, they still couldn't resist the spectacle.  
  
Compressing her moans for safety she sealed off her thoughts. It was best to just live in the moment.  
  
Hoisting her in his arms Caleb brought her toward him and then turned in step to let his friends watch her backside. Caleb winked over her shoulder at the entourage encouraging them to participate.   
  
Suddenly, Molly felt hands all over her.   
  
Her eyes met Caleb's as he dipped her backwards. Her hands fell free of his shoulders and she arched her spine. Dangling at waist level her eyes found the gathering closing in to squeeze her breasts and roll palms over her belly.   
  
A promised jock named "Delroy" slid his monster cock across her face. In response her mouth widened and she graced his touch with her tongue. Playfully he guided his cock in a trail that allowed her to lick the full length of his shaft. All eight inches of it. Then, back across her tongue once more. Until his balls razed her lips. He felt her mouth surround his sack and suck on it.   
  
Delroy tilted his head back, "You're the Man, Houser."  
  
"Of course I am. Now ram that beast down her throat."  
  
Molly heard his offer and she greeted the black man's cock with feasting lips. She had no control over his thrusting into her throat. It fed her to the point of strangulation. Saliva drowned his girth. She moaned relentlessly.  
  
Caleb continued fucking her as two mouths found her stabbing nipples. She was helpless. And loving every second of it. As Caleb felt like nutting he carefully pulled out and passed her legs off to another member of the basketball team, "Cornelius". These were Molly's first black men ever. Huge men at that. Both stood at 6'3 in height and were muscularly lean.  
  
Penetrating Molly, Cornelius gleamed his pearly whites around the room, "Damn this bitch feels good around my cock."  
  
Suspended in the air lifelessly Molly accepted their pounding at both ends. Caleb mercilessly jerked off out of harms way. He then stepped between the two black players to push aside the nipple diners. Leaning down Caleb whispers into Molly's unfocussed ear.  
  
"Only seventeen more fellas to go. You love this don't you Molly?"  
  
She could only nod with a muffled, "Yes".  
  
Delroy had sympathy and pulled his dick from her mouth. Eying Cornelius he motioned to switch places. Together they lowered Molly to her feet as Cornelius slipped out of her pussy.  
  
As soon as Molly cleared her throat of saliva she ran into Caleb's arms.  
  
"Yes!" She clung to him before kissing his chest and pushing away to rejoin the brothers.  
  
Delroy bent her forward and slid his cock in snugly. Cornelius in turn pushed his crown past her teeth and face fucked her to a symphony of throat gags.  
  
Three more minutes Delroy pulls out and splatters her ass with cum. The shower's watery decent cleaned her quickly. Cornelius was more evil. He exploded in her throat and kept her in place until she swallowed him.  
  
Finally, releasing her to Caleb's hand grip on her throat he backs her up into three more men. "Carlos, Drake, and Trey". In their custody they forced her to kneel and take turns sucking their cocks. She became a savage and moved between the three men in unison. Before long her face became a coat of white. The three spewing over her gaping mouth.  
  
Caleb returns and grips her hair dragging her face under the shower's spray to cleanse her. Once rinsed she's twisted in step and thrown at four more. Two of them braced her against the wall and one penetrated her pussy. That man pulled her against him and turned her to face the second man. That man was much taller and stood behind her. He tempted her asshole before pressing his cock in slowly. She was being deep penetrated. The maneuver was tedious but eventful. Her ass filled with his cum as she had her own first orgasm of the mission during it. A rather noisy one at that. A hand over her mouth became necessary.  
  
Trading off with the other two of the four she met the same fate. She was convulsing hard enough to set off the Rictor scale. Cum graced her ass and belly this round.  
  
Again passed off forcefully she endured ten more cocks. Every hole used. She was a trooper. Once completed she was exhausted and showered with ice cold water. Caleb then picked her up in loving arms and carefully carried her out into the locker room where he laid her on a bench. The audience was still there.  
  
Standing away from her Caleb turns, "Nerd Herd! Jack off over this whore. Don't be shy."  
  
He then steps away to dry off and talk amongst his conquering friends.  
  
The Nerd Herd consisted of six. Each of them liked her and found her friendship worthy. Respect was there making them hesitant.  
  
Molly weak but coherent lifted her head to greet them.  
  
"If you are virgins you may use me to end your dilemma. Even if you only try. I will not bite. Unless you wish me too."  
  
The herd chuckle nervously amongst themselves. Finally, one of them "Nate" risks it and straddles the bench edge and challenges his nerves. Entering her pussy gently he thrusts awkwardly for the count of six times before pulling out.  
  
Stepping away he grinned at his friends, "That was awesome."  
  
"Dumbass! That was only like six pumps. Get out of my way." Hector hisses.  
  
The Puerto Rican boy tried to look badass and grips her ankles spreading her legs as he penetrated. Mad thrusts of twenty he had to pull out and run away to jerk off.  
  
Laughter filled the air. As two more took the bait they took their time to be tender. Kissing her forehead and cheek to thank her.  
  
"You may do this again in private. I will find time for you. All of you." She whispers into their ear.  
  
Caleb finished his dealings with the basketball team and fellow friends. Returning to her the Herd dispersed and got dressed. Only two of the Herd lost out.  
  
"One more and then you're done for the day."  
  
"Day? I have done enough for a month." She giggles breathlessly.  
  
He pulls her to her feet and makes certain of her balance. Once she stood on her own without waver Caleb points away from them.  
  
"Who am I too satisfy?" She is unsure of her target.  
  
"The Coach." He snaps a glare of strictness at her.  
  
Her eyes erupt, "What if he refuses? He might call Principal Chavez."  
  
Shaking his head with a groan he grabs her wrist and drags her along. Reaching the office door Caleb stands her in the threshold and knocks on the door. He quickly moves away of being seen.  
  
Coach Dale Ryder was still on his cell when his attention turned to his doorway. Jaw dropping he realized by her appearance that he had been negligent. Obviously she had been through hell before now.  
  
"Mildred? Let me call you back." He hangs up.  
  
Dale moves toward her and nudges her carefully aside to step out into the locker room.  
  
"HOUSER! What the hell are you up to?" He bellows.  
  
Shrugging as he gets dressed Caleb looks over his shoulder, "Pay off Dale. My allowance is tapped for the week. Go have fun."  
  
"Not going to happen, Houser. This shit has to stop."  
  
Ryder twists in step and realizes Molly was gone. Growling he throws his hands in the air defeated. He returns to his office to witness a thing of beauty. Molly was on his desk with her ankles behind her ears. Her trademark position with her fingers prying her pink labia wide.  
  
"You may close the door." She pants.  
  
Dale turned pale. The girl was so perfect visually. Flawless complexion. Big beautiful brown orbs that stared at him like a pleading doe. Even her toes were tilted and inviting. He did have a foot fetish.  
  
Defeated. Not by Houser. By Indrabooty.  
  
Door shut and locked.  
  
Caleb fist bumped his fellow students. With each echoing moan out of Molly Caleb grinned at his friends. The guys all patted him on the back. Except for the Nerd Herd. They bailed before it got ugly.  
  
Uncontrollable laughter broke the tension.  
  
Ten minutes later the door opens and Molly steps out. Ryder behind her hugging the girl from behind.  
  
"No more tickling. I will wear socks next time."  
  
Molly turns within Ryder's clutches and hugs him properly. With a kiss to his cheek she breaks away and joins Caleb. Ryder hissed and slammed his door.  
  
"Sounded like ole Dale fucked you pretty hard." Caleb chuckled.  
  
"No. He did not. But, he did indeed love my toes." She grins sheepishly while using her hand to do a stroking motion.  
  
Caleb and his friends look down at her toes. There were still droplets of cum on them.  
  
"Cool." Houser puckered.  
  
Escorted back to her own locker room Molly was allowed to get dressed.   
  
The red bra and panties were still in fashion.

**Molly Ch. 15: Oil Slick**

The days seemed to run together for Molly.  
  
Each day began and ended the same way. Her studies would normally suffer if she wasn't as intelligent as she was. Homework was minimal but she did keep caught up from home. Luckily of late Caleb had left her alone during off hours.   
  
Ever since Caleb had snuck into her condo and had the best sex ever with her, she grew bolder even at home. Her Mother noticed more than her Father. He was oblivious unless it was blatant. Luckily her Mother had encouraged her husband to be more open minded with Molly. She was an adult now that she was 18. Even if he refused to acknowledge her adulthood.  
  
As Tuesday began her Father as ever dropped her off in front of the school. Today was no different. At least in Molly's eyes. For her Father "Sahseej" however, he had his eyes peeled for any reason to decide that Caleb was no good for his daughter.  
  
Just as the Friday before he noticed that Caleb and his younger brother Nathan were driven to school by a young woman in a silver Audi. He knew that she was not much older if at all than Caleb himself. This gave him reason to presume that the woman might be another girlfriend. He had concluded that Molly had no idea whom was dropping him off.   
  
As parents moved back into traffic Sahseej once again sped up to keep behind the Audi. Just as on Friday he managed to pull up beside the young woman at the very same stoplight as he had met her before. Again he leered over to check her out.   
  
She had noticed him coming up on her in the mirror and predicted his arrival. This gave her a moment to adjust her skirt to reveal her black lacey thong. Slightly pulled aside for more flesh. She was pure evil.  
  
As he gazed down at her she lowered her sunglasses and offered him a brilliant acceptance of crystal blue eyes. Followed by a perfect smile. Just before the light turned green she fluttered her fingertips at him flirtatiously. He couldn't resist smiling back. Even if it was a surveillance mission. He needed to know who the girl was.  
  
When the light turned green the two continued three more blocks before reaching another forced red light. This time she flirted harder. Pinching her skirt she lifted it higher right before his eyes to reveal her complete thong save for it's spaghetti strap. She stuck her tongue out at him just as her fingers pinched the thongs top hem and tugged it outwardly.   
  
Sahseej fidgeted before tilting his own sunglasses down to express his brown eyes targeting her movement.  
  
The blond then wagged her finger at him to inform his naughtiness. He smirked yet attempted to maintain his composure. Once their light turned green again he continued to follow her. Choosing to run late in getting to work this day.  
  
The girl giggled to herself that he was still keeping up with her. This was becoming fun.  
  
She could have turned anywhere to get where she was going but continued straight. She would keep up this game as long as he would.  
  
At a third light traffic behind them was non existent. Idling there eying each other she made a bold move. She put her car in park and stepped out to race around her front end. Stepping up to Sahseej made him nervous. She smiled at him with a pout.  
  
"I think you need these more than I do." She speaks with a sigh while wiggling her thong down her legs to step out of them. Once in hand she reaches through his window and drops them into his lap. He was stunned by her boldness and refrained from smiling.  
  
Before he could give them back she had abandoned the street for her drivers seat. Just as the light turned red. With a flutter of fingers she blew him a kiss and crossed the turning lane without warning to vanish left.  
  
Sahseej did not follow. Instead he headed for work. He was uncertain what to make of the garment in his hand. Setting it aside until he reached the Hospital and had parked in his reserved parking space. Engine off he gathers his briefcase and starts to get out of his SUV. Before closing the door he reaches over his seat to claim the thong. Sniffing it for the first time he shivered. Why did he just do that? He stuffed the garment into his pants pocket. He would carry it with him all day.   
  
Back at the High School Molly awaited Caleb as every day at her locker to witness what she would wear. It could never be as skimpy as the bra and panties she had managed to get away with last week.  
  
As Caleb and brother Nathan approached Nathan decided to leave them alone. Still Molly waved goodbye.  
  
"Morning Beautiful." Caleb expressed leaning down for a breathless kiss.  
  
"It is now." She exhales as his lips leave hers.  
  
Molly then points at his bag.  
  
"Clothing of the day. I figure after last week you earned real clothes. The bra and panties were a one time thing. I don't want you wearing underwear at all most days."  
  
"I am not complaining." She blushes.  
  
He reaches into his bag and produces a peach colored mini dress. Spaghetti straps and high hem line. Similar to a yellow one she had worn before.  
  
"I love this color. It brings out my eyes."  
  
Gathering it she strips down right there in the hallway for all to see. Admirers as ever stop in their tracks to enjoy it. She then locks up her regular clothing and spins in circle for everyone. The Nerd Herd especially loving her outfit. Having lost their virginity to her they were all smitten.  
  
"Let's get through classes normal for a change. Meet me in the Library Study Hall like last time."  
  
"More online shows?" She claps softly with an eager zest.  
  
"You knew it was coming."  
  
She bats her eyes, "Of course. I so adore acting. Will your Father be watching today?"  
  
"Hell yes. He called me from the Rig Sunday after I left Claude's. Wondered if we were going to do that again. I told him today. So I'm sure he will unless some emergency prevents him."  
  
"Did he praise you for conquering me in the library?"  
  
"Damn straight."  
  
"Did he wish that it was he instead of you fucking me like that?" She teases him.  
  
He stops cold and turns to face her, his hands gripping her shoulders for a stern glare.  
  
"When you come to dinner Saturday. You WILL fuck my Dad. Understood?"  
  
With a pouty glint across her expression she nods, "I will make him very happy."  
  
"Good. By the way he wants your parents to come to dinner."  
  
This was when her eyes bulged, "How will I get away from my parents to do this for your Father?"  
  
"We figure it out on Saturday."  
  
When the bell rang they had no further time to discuss it.  
  
As the last few hours of school were ending Molly made her way to the Library. Reaching it before Caleb she stood against a bookcase waiting. There was someone already at the computer they had used last week. She had no idea what to do.  
  
While fidgeting she spotted the School Librarian , "Marion Markoff" eying her closely. Instead of shying away Molly chose to approach the elderly woman.  
  
"Hello." Molly brightened up awkwardly.  
  
Marion shakes her head, "Let me guess. Another girly show."  
  
Molly pauses, "I am sorry you do not approve."  
  
"Approve? Who needs a job. I'm retiring at the end of the year. Do what the hell you want."  
  
"I do not wish to cause you distress." Molly pouts.  
  
Marion sneers at her, "I wasn't warned before. Houser's a piece of crap. You need to straighten up before you get hurt."  
  
"I wish to do this. Not only for Caleb. For myself."  
  
Marion growls, "Slut!"  
  
"Thank you for the compliment." Molly would not be offended.  
  
"I'm curious. What are you going to do when your luck runs out? Houser can't buy off everybody."  
  
"I will be protected." She believed in Caleb. He had shown her his guardian side more than once.  
  
Shrugging at Molly, Marion waves her away. She didn't want to be bothered any further.  
  
Outside the Library Caleb met with his friend Jim.  
  
"How did those hidden camera's we had in the locker room record? Too much steam?" Caleb whispered.  
  
Jim shook his head, "Mostly perfect. Caught almost every single guy who tapped Indrabooty. A few blurred spots but not terrible. Little editing and it's the perfect porno."  
  
Caleb pats his buddy on the shoulder, "Awesome. Let's keep this moving along. Camera's hidden in the Library ready?"  
  
"Yep. Four of them from all angles. Not including the webcam. That's your job."  
  
"Okay. Let's go."  
  
Caleb enters the Library and searches for Molly. There were over fifty students in the massive room. More than he expected. Word however was getting around. This was why he had friends posted at the doors to run interference in case of Chavez or any form of authority getting in the way.  
  
Something unexpected did arise.   
  
"Hey Caleb."  
  
He looks over his shoulder. Behind him stood "Heather Forest". The brunette bombshell who risked everything to join the fun during Crandall's class yesterday. He hadn't even had time to talk to her further about her bold moves.  
  
"Heather. What's up?"  
  
"I heard you and Molly were planning another exhibition. Can I be part of it?"  
  
"Wow! Sure you can. But, only when I let you know when and what. My rules! Agreed?"  
  
"Sure! I'll do my best."  
  
"Rule number one! We're trying to make this look genuine not staged. So acting needs to look real."  
  
"I've been in school plays before. Love it."  
  
"Rule number two! This won't just be streaking. If I tell you to do something sexually you must do it."  
  
"Will you be fucking me?" She winks giggling.  
  
"Maybe. Maybe not. It doesn't matter who. Even if you don't like who it is that fucks you. If you can't accept the worst possibilities then you're out."  
  
Her eyes erupt at the thought, "Just as long as they're clean. No STD's please."  
  
He rolls his eyes and waves for her to leave. The action haunts her.  
  
"Seriously? I'll fuck anybody. Would you want Herpes or worse?" She reacts.  
  
He turns back and points at her, "MY RULES! Take it or go away."  
  
Heather offers a discouraged look then turns to walk away.  
  
Negative thoughts had crossed Caleb's mind in the past, today he wasn't worried.   
  
He was born a dick.  
  
Ignoring Heather, Caleb located Molly and motioned her to a table with two guys and two girls. He sat Molly on the end in front of a lonely computer. The webcam had already been set up by his brother Nathan.  
  
Of the girls was Jaclyn and Samantha. Friends of Shawna. Caleb had requested their help on this video. Arranged the night before when he called both of them and had phone sex.  
  
The boys were newcomers that the girls had coaxed into joining.   
  
"You know the girls already. The guys are Elliot and Pete, right? Named after Pete and his Dragon go figure." He chuckles.  
  
Eyes roll as Molly takes her chair. Caleb leans over her to set up the same internet chatroom as before. He noted his Dad's ID on there as well as Claude's.  
  
"Our friends are here." Caleb winks at Molly.  
  
Once prepared Caleb looks around the table.  
  
"Realism kids. Be shocked. Be curious. Be helpful. Jacklyn? Did you bring what I asked?"  
  
The busty brunette smiled, "I did."  
  
Pointing down at his bag Caleb adds, "Toy inside. Use it when you feel ready."  
  
Molly acknowledges the bag.  
  
"Alright. We have forty five minutes. Ready?" Caleb awaits then turns the webcam on.  
  
Request after request Molly lets the room view her. She had no idea whom was who. So she just let everyone eyeball her.  
  
Once boxes began popping up she easily figured out Claude's ID when he said, "Missed you Kiddo. Drop over soon I'm always home."  
  
"I will as long as my parents are not around." She types back.  
  
Others she had no idea until one of them said, "There's my lucky boy's girl."  
  
Brightening up she types back, "Daddy?" then giggles.  
  
"That be me. My son's an asshole but he has good taste."  
  
Giggling Molly types shamelessly, "Thank you for inviting me to dinner on Saturday. I will ask my parents to join us. I will find a way to make you smile."  
  
He returns with, "Can't wait."  
  
"I need to get on with my show. Any requests?"  
  
He hesitates then types, "Just do something you didn't do last time. By the way there's five of my buddies hovering over my computer watching. So make it good."  
  
"Five? Only five?" She wiggles in her seat.  
  
"My office ain't that big." He laughs back.  
  
With a finger motion to wait Molly looks around her. She was in the middle of the entire library this time. She took time to lift the webcam and scan it around her to show off it's seated capacity.   
  
Caleb was no where in sight.  
  
Once her camera showed her table mates the four friends offered her a bewildered look. Keeping with the act they tried to ignore her and returned to their books.  
  
Molly panned the cam back on her and adjusted it. Then she went to work.  
  
Looking around first she then pulled her thin shoulder straps off of her shoulders and held her dress from falling. It was incredibly loose without support. Her 36D's bulged like melons under her forearms compression.   
  
As if studying her tablemates for just the right time she finally yanks her dress low over her breasts revealing nipples and the full circumference for all of five seconds before swiftly pulling her straps back up.  
  
The viewers erupted with requests. Claude remained silent.  
  
She sat anxiously and decided she had no choice but to add help. Another timid release of her breasts later she bulges her eyes and reacts as if caught. A finger to her lips toward the two boys made it look as if she was asking them to remain quiet. Talking was made easy when her mic was off. She returned her dress to normal.  
  
"Elliot? Pete? Act as if the girls did not see. You two encourage me to show more as I put the webcam on you."  
  
They agree.  
  
She then twists the camera their direction and they notice the webcam. Terror crossed their faces and at first they wave her away cautiously. Then, their eyes watch Jaclyn and Samantha who play ignorant. Finally, Elliot motions Molly to show him more. Pete blushed and hid under his arm save for watching Molly through his long hair.  
  
Molly eased the camera back toward her and feigned caution while looking at the girls. Finally, Molly chose to include the girls this time. She speaks to the girls on cam normally. During the conversation she lets the left shoulder strap fall off of her shoulder. Her cleavage drooping she played ignorance.   
  
It wasn't moving along fast enough for Caleb. In his hiding spot he chose a new tactic. Spotting Heather he moves in to talk to her.  
  
"Change of plan. You up for this?" He sits next to her at her table.  
  
"I'm open. I just don't want anything nasty." She whispers.  
  
"Fine." He agrees then fills her in on what he needed from her.  
  
He then stood up and called his Dad as Heather moved into position.  
  
"Dad? Type this to Molly. Tell her to go into the bookcases like last time and take her dress off. Tell her she has to toss her dress through the bookcases into the next aisle then go get it. Challenge her."  
  
His father's words heard only to Caleb he did as requested.  
  
Molly reads the text and nods. Standing up she quietly moves to a set of bookcases facing her webcam. She quickly disrobes to stand totally nude. Looking about she crumples her tiny dress and tosses it through the books into the adjoining aisle.  
  
Giggling she dances in step and pats her ass while bending over in front of her webcam. She then waves at it and the table of four. Once convinced she needed to proceed she tiptoes around the back side of the bookcases and emerges into the other aisle.   
  
"Where is my dress?" She reacts shocked.  
  
Looking about she decides Caleb had been mischievous. Shrugging she boldly returned to her table naked. Suddenly, claps were heard all around her. Jaclyn picked up her webcam and gave visual to all of her admirers. Once the viewers saw that they were participating Molly feigned stress.  
  
Elliot took the initiative to stand and move behind Molly and massage her shoulders. Molly blushed and fought laughter. Eying her monitor she read the messages saying, "GO WITH IT."  
  
She did. Reaching up for Elliot's hands she pulled them lower to squeeze her breasts. Then out of left field Jaclyn produced a bottle of baby oil and dribbled some over Molly's tits. Glossing up immediately Elliot had fun tossing them about. Molly merely pouted as if losing control.  
  
On her monitor Caleb's Dad typed, "Let them oil all of you."  
  
Molly patted Elliot's hands and gazed around the Library. Every eye was on her. She wanted to do it all suddenly. She stood up and moved around the computer to the left of the table. She motioned everyone to remove their books. Molly then crawled up on to the table stretching out. Elliot was then asked to point the camera at her.  
  
As her internet viewers followed along they saw her sprawled out on the long table rolling her hands over her body. Jaclyn applied more oil on her from head to toe.   
  
Elliot held the camera higher for an over the body view to capture the beauty of Molly's shape. Pete had moved in to run his hands over her. In her adoration of the moment Molly sat up slightly and coaxed other boys to rub her. In minutes she had ten hands prowling her. Squeezing her. Teasing her clit. Pinching her nipples.  
  
Caleb approached to be her voice on the computer. He typed to various people including his Dad.  
  
"Finger her pussy." He told Pete.  
  
Easing two fingers inside her at first Pete began twisting and probing. Then came the assault. Faster and faster he thrust in and slid out. She was an echoing mess. A third finger added. She was held down by the boys glossing her entire body. A fourth finger crept in carefully. She accepted it but whined.   
  
Elliot panned the camera down on Pete's fingers. In and out. Out and in.   
  
"Thumb." Caleb ordered as Molly raised her head fearfully.  
  
Pete took a deep breath and did his best. She was too tight to insert a fifth digit. Still he tried. Molly squirmed in her ecstasy and suddenly gushed a flood over Pete's knuckles. Squirting like a fountain. Something she had never done before.  
  
"Now try. Thumb." Caleb dictated.  
  
Pete succeeded due to the additional lube she had created. Her pussy was becoming jelly.  
  
"Deeper." Caleb insisted.  
  
Pete's fingers vanished inside her to his knuckles.   
  
Molly froze and tightened her body. Arching her back and holding her breath.  
  
"Deeper." Pete heard Caleb inform him.  
  
It was a messy strain but Pete luckily with a smaller hand than most men pushed deep. Soon his thumb disappeared too.  
  
"Deeper! All the way in." Caleb growled.  
  
Molly was pale and her eyelids fluttered uncontrollably. Caleb moved away from the computer and stepped around to Molly's head. He leans in and whispers, "My Dad says the whole fist."  
  
She snivels breathing heavily suddenly. She nods to Pete her affirmation. With her approval he pushes his whole hand inside her. Deeper until only his wrist could be seen. Then he twisted his hand within. Again and again. She squirted in a scream of scalding cum that soaked the table and Pete's forearm.   
  
Like a trooper Molly raised up on her elbows to admire his insertion. In the process looking up at Elliot dangling the webcam.  
  
Caleb felt like making a crazy move. He steps behind Samantha and wraps his arms around her waist. She was wearing a t-shirt over stretch pants. Her reddish blond hair tickled Caleb's nose as he brushed his cheek against hers. His breath on her neck made her eyes roll back.   
  
As Pete continued fisting in and out with less effort Molly watched Caleb pawing up Samantha. His fingers raced down the front of Samantha's pants to rub her pussy.   
  
Elliot poised the camera on Caleb's intentions.   
  
Having dipped his fingers up inside Samantha he removes his wet fingers. Then he purposely reaches it out toward Molly. Right up to her lips.   
  
Molly licked his fingertips of Samantha's juices.  
  
Caleb then brought his hand back up to Samantha's chin. He turns her face toward him and kisses her hard. She melts into his grasp.

Molly seeing this remained calm. The men holding her down released their grip. She then eased over to the edge of the table and tugged Samantha's stretch pants outward. Inserting her own hand Molly located Samantha's wet pussy and rolled her fingers in it. Once coated she returns her fingers to her mouth for a yearning expression toward Elliot's dangling webcam. Licking her fingers she eyed the camera like a child scolded.  
  
Every guy in the room was rock hard.  
  
Fist removed Pete brought it up to Molly's lips. She then tasted herself. Every inch of his fist was licked until clean. It was then Molly rolled over on to her stomach. More oil was applied. Hands return to grace her body.  
  
Caleb breaks away from Samantha to journey to his bag. From it he produces a string of black anal beads. Leaning over Molly's ass he begins to insert the beads one by one. Molly remains vigil. Acceptance of all things coming more and more natural to her.  
  
After six beads he looks over at Jaclyn.  
  
"Pull them out slowly."  
  
Jaclyn winces at the idea but does as she was told. Her fingers pinch the string when Caleb stops her.  
  
"With your teeth."  
  
Her eyes flare up as she mentally copes with her new mission. With a deep breath she clenches her teeth around the string and pulls each bead out of Molly's anal cavity one by glossy one.  
  
Applause was met as the last bead found escape. Not just for Molly but for Jaclyn.  
  
Caleb returned to the keyboard.  
  
"Times up people. See you next time."  
  
As the camera declines everyone but his Dad and Claude, Caleb turns the webcam toward a row of bookcases. In plain view they were treated to Heather Forest on her hands and knees doggy style. She was getting fucked from behind by Caleb's adopted brother Nathan. Heather looked square at the camera and expressed her own orgasm as Nathan pulled her hair to maintain her face being seen.  
  
Caleb pulls Molly up from the table and steadies her trembling legs on the floor before waltzing her over to face Heather.  
  
Molly sits down in front of Heather and slides her thighs under her. Caleb then grips Heather by the back of her head as Nathan loses his clenched locks. Forcing her down, Heather's face is smothered into Molly's pussy. Heather licked Molly dry. Moans were joyous indeed.  
  
Caleb left them unattended as Nathan nuts inside Heather with an expression of egotistical conquest.  
  
Returning to the keyboard Caleb types.  
  
"It's good to be Me." Toward Claude, "Got all that recorded?"  
  
Claude types back, "You know it."  
  
Caleb then types his Dad, "She's amazing isn't she?"  
  
"I want to fuck all those girls. Make it happen." His Dad types back.  
  
Smugly, Caleb smirks, "How about all of them at once?"  
  
"I can handle it. Arrange it. See you on Friday after school."  
  
"Later Pops."  
  
He finishes his last typing session toward Claude.  
  
"Can you plant hidden cameras inside Molly's house?"  
  
Claude replies, "Sure. But, don't you get her when you want her?"  
  
"Not for her." Caleb winks.  
  
"Awwww hell. You want her Mother don't you?" Claude chuckles by emoticon.  
  
"Yup. Saturday they should be at my house for dinner. I'll get you into their condo. Anything you want in return I'll figure out."  
  
"Threesome with Molly and that chick eating her out." He grunts.  
  
"Done. Be ready."  
  
Caleb gives him one last look at Heather devouring Molly while surrounded by people.  
  
It was a thing of beauty.  
  
Caleb sat back in a slouch watching.  
  
It was good to be King.

**Molly Ch. 16: April Showers**

April Hines sat by herself at lunch. Choosing to get caught up on her homework for Biology. She was a straight A student and preferred to stay ahead of things. Instead of eating in the cafeteria she welcomed the Florida sunshine of the school's front steps. Peaceful only for short periods but enough to concentrate. Only half of her assignment would get done.  
  
A shadow looms over her from behind. Noting the shade she wisps the red strands of hair blocking her vision behind her ear to look over her shoulder. The sun blinding her she can only make out a silhouette.  
  
"Want some company?" Asked a familiar voice that made her lower her gaze shyly. Her face blushing.  
  
With a bit of difficulty she scoots closer to the railing beside her, "If you want to sit. I'm just doing some homework."  
  
Brody Dolan moved down two steps then sit down with his books placed between them. He felt the need to give her room. This was the first real time he had talked to her. Having both somewhat been humiliated by Caleb Houser yesterday it had nagged at him how embarrassed she was. Probably more so than he.  
  
"About yesterday. Houser put us both in an awkward situation. I think it was pretty cool how you defended Indrabooty. For some reason I don't think she wants a guardian. Seems to like the bullshit Houser is making her do."  
  
"Sad isn't it? She's a sweetheart. It's a shame Houser's name has the whole school spooked. His Dad must be some kind of monster if the Teachers are so afraid of him." "Big Oil I hear. Engineer but I hear he also has ties to the Mob. If that's true I can see why. All we can do is let things play out and hope she comes to her senses."  
  
"Doubt that's anytime soon. In a morbid kind of way I think she's in love with him. What I hope is that he falls hard and decides to stop hurting her." April enjoys Brody's eye contact. He seemed really nice. Concern made him even more appealing.  
  
"Oh, hey. I saw you that day in gym class when you grabbed Indrabooty's gym shorts from the basketball net. That was one heck of a jump."  
  
He had noticed her before yesterday? April stares at him with awe. Then, it dawned on her that she was suckered into going braless. Her boobs must have been bouncing like crazy. She knew her nipples were hard that day behind a white shirt. No way that he didn't see them. She turns beet red and looks away.  
  
"Worried I saw something?" He chuckles, "Don't be embarrassed. I noticed your jump more. You should have been on the girls basketball team all these years."  
  
She shakes off her reluctance to look at him. Returning her gaze she decides to test him. "Come on! The girls were doing lay ups on their own. No way you didn't look."  
  
His eyes never once look down at her breasts. She respected that. Still it disappointed her equally as much. Was she ugly? Of course not. She knew she was decent. Sweet figure just never expressing it like some girls.  
  
"Want me to lie?"  
  
"No. Spill it. I'm ready."  
  
"I was more worried for Indrabooty. Shawna was being a total --you know. " He didn't call her a bitch. That was nice of him. Even though April would have easily called her that on her own.  
  
"Yeah. She chilled out though. Houser probably called her out for it. She was sweet on him a day or two later. Were you there the day Houser took over the gym and made it a brothel?"  
  
"No. Skipped school that day because my Mom needed help moving out of her Apartment. She got evicted short notice. I live with my Dad. Emergency kind of thing." "Brody the hero. That's cool. I can respect that."  
  
"Glad I wasn't there. I heard it was crazy how all the girls threw themselves at Houser. How did you react?"  
  
"Oh, I was all over Houser. Dick in my--" She rolled her eyes, "Can't believe I'm joking about that. I took off and headed to the locker room. It made me nauseous seeing it. Molly fucked him on the gym floor. If she wasn't so adorable I would toss away our friendship. I know deep down she needs me."  
  
"April the hero." He returns her own words, "I can respect that."  
  
"Don't make me like you." April flips him off then sheepishly curls her fingernail as if to mentally apologize. Brody stares at her a moment then makes a fateful decision. He leans toward her in hopes she wouldn't back off. Too both of their shocks their lips met. One simple tender kiss and they separate. Equally blushing.  
  
"Too late." He chuckles faintly.  
  
The bell rang catching them unaware. Looking around as students were filing back indoors to finish off their day. Brody grabs his books and stands up first. She gazed up at him with awe. That was her first kiss ever. Like a true gentleman he offers her a hand up.   
  
She closes her books and accepts. Face to face he rubs the back of his neck nervously, "I'll try and look out for Molly too."  
  
They were both heroes in their own right.  
  
Too bad spying eyes were on them.   
  
Indoors the Houser Boys returned from their own lunch. Caleb and his adopted brother Nathan had just watched Molly Indrabooty jerk off two of their friends as they ate lunch. Sitting between them casually awaiting her own lunch to fill her belly. Namely the liquid kind that looked like skim milk. Caleb had decided that each day at lunch her meal would consist of cum. Nothing more. She luckily rarely ate anyway. She hardly objected.  
  
Pulling Nathan aside Caleb let him in on the weekend at Molly's. Including watching her Mother masturbate in the living room of their condo. He went so far as to show him the video. Chuckling together as the Mother moans, fingering her pussy. Nathan praised his brother laughing.  
  
"Indrabooty's Mom is smoking hot."  
  
"Hotter in person Bro. Keep this between us for now. Don't tell anyone or I'll beat your ass." Caleb points.  
  
"I won't. Does Molly know about this?"  
  
"No. But, she did see her Mom almost catch me in her bedroom. I was hiding behind the door when she entered. My dick barely touched her ass. Never even noticed. She was naked accept for her panties. So insane, Dude. I'll show you her in the shower after school."  
  
"Mother fuck. I worship you."  
  
"Of course you do. I rock." Caleb brags.  
  
As the boys prepped to head for class they note Brody and April walking side by side. Shyly sharing glances at one another. Caleb nudges Nathan pointing them out.  
  
"What am I looking for?" Nathan was dumb, "All I see is Hines. She's kind of cute. You going to play her too?"  
  
"You're an idiot. She's against me and Molly. Trouble. I humiliated her in front of Brody. Now they're chummy. I'm thinking she needs humiliated again."  
  
"What do you have in mind?" Nathan winces smirking.  
  
"Probably still a virgin. Both of them. I say, "April showers, also deflowers."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Just keep your yap shut. I'll do the planning. Go to class."  
  
Caleb needed help. While he recruited he got wind of the couples first kiss. Even better he thought. Evil bastard that he was.  
  
Molly Indrabooty sat in her Algebra class trying to comprehend what her Teacher was writing on the chalk board. Equations that were so foreign to her. She was smart but these were hard to understand. Maybe it was because her mind just wasn't on her studies. She was in such a hurry to get to class she didn't bother to wash her hands. She could still smell the scent of Damon and Bryce on her fingers. Their odor making her hungry all over again.   
  
To her left sat her friend April. They hadn't had enough time to talk before class. Molly in her dilemma tried to keep her hands away from her face. She enjoyed the boys immensely. As she squirmed she tucked her hands into her lap between her upper thighs. Her black stretchy mini skirt brought to her by Caleb barely hiding her pussy. She in her own evil thoughts touched herself. She wanted the scent of her hands near her inner thighs to fantasize of Dale and Bryce being close to her. Fingers lightly enter as if ready to fuck herself. Imagining their cocks scent leading Dale and Bryce inside her. Before enjoying herself too much April reached over the aisle and slugged Molly in the bicep.  
  
"Chill out." She mouthed before smiling. April then wrote on her notebook, "I sat outside at lunch with Brody." Accompanied by a tiny heart beside his name.  
  
Reading it Molly brought her hands out with wetness on her fingertips. She clapped silently at the news. As messy as that was April overlooked it. She was rather squishy in her own right. The thought of the quick kiss made her giddy.  
  
Molly mouths quietly, "Are you going on a date?"  
  
"Not yet. Just talking." She writes, "He kissed me."  
  
Molly's eyes bulge with another round of applause. She then wrote on her own notebook her own news, "Caleb stayed the night with me Saturday. My parents did not know that he was there."  
  
April rolls her eyes then mouths, "Are you crazy?"  
  
Nodding Molly agreed with her. Yet she couldn't stop smiling. Adding a note of, "He snuck out on Sunday."  
  
April sneers at her for letting him even stay. Her fears for the girl intensified. She would scold the Hindi beauty after class.   
  
Hearing a healthy clearing of a gruff throat. Both girls paid closer attention. The class went by relatively fast. Molly had learned nothing this day. Only that she refused to wash her hands the rest of the day. As disturbing as that was.  
  
Brody Dolan was called to the gym over the Intercom in what sounded like Coach Dale Ryder. Yet, he sounded off. He had no clue as to why. His gym class was over hours ago. Thinking that maybe he had forgotten something he headed into the locker room where the Coach's office was connected. The Coach was no where to be seen. Unexpectedly he was swarmed by four guys that overpowered him. All wearing hats and handkerchiefs over their faces. More boys forced him toward the locker area. Muffled by a mouthful of tube sock he was stripped naked against his will. Brody wasn't the strongest guy in school.  
  
Once he was nude and blindfolded by a handkerchief they duct taped him to a wooden chair. Wrists tied behind the chairs back. One that had no arms, swiped from a storage room. From there it was a matter of waiting on what these guys intended to do. He struggled but was strapped down tight. He knew he would lose some body hair once this was over.  
  
Caleb stood in front of Brody. Sadly his attention was drawn to Brody's dangling cock. It was easily bigger than his own. Growling for even studying it he scoffs and charges away. He certainly didn't want his henchmen to think he was into guys. It was just a moment of insecurity. He considered himself the hottest guy in school. If girls knew that fucker had a python between his legs he would lose his rep of biggest dick on campus.  
  
Faze one complete.  
  
Leaving her Chemistry class April Hines was stopped by a younger student with a note. Written on the paper was a hand written message. It read, "Meet me by the boys locker room right now. I need to talk to you. It's about Molly." Signed Brody.  
  
Her heart leaped in her chest. That would mean skipping her last hour class. Her world was moving way too fast. The kiss alone had her dizzy. Now he wanted to talk privately? Yet, it ended with it being about Molly. What did he know that seemed urgent enough to pull her away from class in such a hurry.  
  
Puffing her cheeks she crumples up the note and takes the chance. Heading into the gym she realized that no further gym classes were scheduled for the day. At least she and Brody wouldn't be eyeballed as they met downstairs. Still, her emotions were jittery. Would he kiss her again?  
  
Travelling down into the bowels of the school she walks past the girls locker room and toward the boys. Brody was no where in sight. In passing the girls locker area she didn't hear the locker room door open. Out of nowhere shadows grabbed her from behind. Dropping her books in the hallway. She was a small girl. There was no fighting back. Hauled like a rug by four guys, one holding her mouth to prevent a scream they carried her into the boys locker room. Once inside Caleb shuts the door and locks it.   
  
Blindfolded and gagged roughly they strip her naked laughing like muffled Hyenas. Sadly, every guy there realized how nice her body really was. Caleb had to snap his fingers to get them to do their jobs. Hauling her through the room they reach Brody. His muffled voice heard by April. Hers heard by him. Both were weirded out by hearing the other.  
  
Guiding her into his lap they straddle her legs over his. She felt Brody's balls touching up against her labia. All she could think of was that she was being raped. Duct taping her legs to his she grew immobile. Her hands forced to surround Brody's cock and taped where she could move her hands away. She felt his throbbing blood flow on her palms. She was horrified.  
  
Laughing all around them made Brody tense. He too had never had another touch his manhood. He wasn't totally certain it was April but he had a strong suspicion. April herself uncertain yet knew that Brody sent the note. Or did he? She had never seen his handwriting before the note. It might not have even been him. This could be anybody. She wasn't being raped. At the very least molested.  
  
Squealing at her predicament she tried to remove her hands from Brody's cock. In doing so the minimal friction made him harder. She could feel him growing in her grasp. Her nasally words were simply, "Noooo."  
  
Brody felt embarrassed by his increasing girth. He knew if this was April that she would never talk to him again. Not even after finding out he had nothing to do with this. Miserable he tried to think about something other than her fingers around his cock. Yeah, that was no help.  
  
Weirdly he felt a dampness over his balls. Warm and slick. That didn't help. Her writhing to get free must have rubbed her hormones out of hiding. Damn that feels good he thought. Then rambled random thoughts in his head.  
  
"Giraffes. Greek Philosophers. Microwave popcorn. Parking tickets. Jell-O. George Washington. Baseball dugout. Skydiving. Kittens." Kittens reminded him of pussy. Back to square one.  
  
Caleb circled their resistance like a vulture. Forming ideas. He stops behind Brody's back and reached over his shoulders to squeeze April's tits. She couldn't help but moan. Especially when he pinches her nipples taunt. Tugging. He abandoned them noticing the increase in arousal size. She liked that.  
  
Backing away he pats Brody on the cheek. A snapped glare at his posse he notes their interest. Caleb then strolls behind April and kneels behind her with a grin toward his buddies. With his palm he rubs her left butt cheek. It was tight and cute for certain. His right hand raises and taunts her anal cavity with his pinky. Not inserting merely tickling it with the possibility. He just wanted to get her worked up. It was working. A deafening moan expelled through her gag.  
  
Standing once again He leans around April and grips her taped wrists. Deciding to remove the tape covering Brody's crown exposing it. From there he again clasps April's hands without himself touching Brody and forcibly makes her jerk him off. She fought to no avail.   
  
Brody tilts his head back at the sensations, "Elevators. Pokémon. Carman Electra. Peewee Herman." He groans in thought, "Dangit! Peewee Herman was busted for public masturbation.  
  
April Hines feels her assailant remove his hands from her knuckles. Mind reeling she continues stroking Brody without thinking. Once her mind catches up to her she stops and attempts to remove her grip. Seeing this Caleb allows it but grabs her hands and escorts her forward to encircle Brody's neck. Nudging her forward crushes her breasts into Brody's chest. In his lap her tummy feels Brody's cock slipping about over her abdomen.   
  
Brody compensates this new set of sensations. Her flesh on his beast was exciting him even more. She too felt a heated rush at his cock swelling on her belly. His ballroom mushing against her labia. Warm, wet, snug.  
  
Caleb motions his friends to help hold Brody as he peels the tape around his wrists. Taping his right hand to the chair back, Caleb forces Brody's left arm around to at first rub April's back. When Brody fights back Caleb drags the arm up and forcefully closes Brody's fingers around April's long red hair. With an assist Caleb tugs her head back. April moans and whimpers.  
  
Hand allowed to release her hair Caleb guides Brody down to squeeze April's right butt cheek. In the insanity Caleb stops his restraint and observes Brody continuing to leave his impression over her cheek. Realizing his hand was moving on its own he pulled away and brought it around him to try and pull his gag off. Caleb stops him.   
  
With help they again tie Brody's hand behind the chair back. Once convinced he wasn't escaping Caleb steps away and whispers to his henchmen. Telling them to step out of sight. Just beyond the locker area they hid until needed. Caleb didn't want any faces to be recognized.  
  
Returning to April, Caleb cautiously unties her blindfold but holds her head tightly to keep her from turning. He allows her to see Brody in his own blindfold and gag. Her confirmation was true. Brody was a prisoner as well. Seeing this made her cry. Fighting forward she wanted to hug Brody in his torment. Caleb held her firm but allowed her to hug him. Her chin on his neck.  
  
Once establishing who she was straddling Caleb tugged her blindfold back on. Forcing her to stay further from Brody. He then moved behind Brody and did the same. Offering him a tense revelation that April was his lap partner. Caleb quickly blinds him again. Safe now of being recognized Caleb chose his next move. He could hear both of them mumbling how sorry they were. For a second Caleb felt bad about what he was doing. His thoughts picturing Molly. He had to shake it off.  
  
With no restraint Caleb let April resume hugging Brody. He could hear her crying. Brody was saddened by her emotional state. So why was his erection still fierce. She had to know he was rock hard. No amount of diversionary words would stop his beast compressed between their bodies. Smothered tightly.   
  
The scent of her hair. Her perfume. The feel of her nipples stabbing his chest. Crushed against him tenderly. Her every shiver exciting him. With a strange groan Brody lost his mind.  
  
April feels a warm slickness shoot across her abdomen. Her mouth tightens up over her gag. She mumbles, "Oh my God."  
  
Brody mumbles non stop a verse of "So sorry. So sorry."  
  
His overstimulated sensations had forced him to cum. His spew trickling between them and pooling up around her labia. She quaked at its warm flood touching her. His emotions destroyed by this unexpected outcome. She felt empathy through his muffled apologies. In their predicament she chooses to hug him tighter and offer him a strained, "It's alright."  
  
Caleb and his crew were caught between laughing, recording them on their cells, and feeling their own empathy toward the couple. Once Caleb senses their uneasiness he takes charge. Whispering, "Let's give these two a cold shower."  
  
In force they peel April off of Brody's lap and hold her firm. They winced at the amount of cum all around her snatch and now trickling down her upper thighs. A picture had to be taken.   
  
The rest of the henchmen lift Brody in his chair and literally carry him into the shower. His beast dancing about under their struggle. The group had to hurry or throw up at the sight. It was still frothing around the crown.  
  
Sitting Brody under a shower head they stepped back to allow April to be repositioned with her back laying out over Brody. Her thighs now feeling Brody's beast erect and standing tall over her. His girth smothered along her labia and over her cute red pubes. His crown literally touching her belly button.  
  
Her taped arms were brought over her head to corral Brody's neck. They left her feet without tape. She could easily try to escape but chose to not leave Brody. He was weeping. Or, at least sounded miserable.

Caleb admired her beauty in that moment. Part of him wanted to fuck her sometime in the future. The other part of him suddenly feeling like a matchmaker.   
  
"What the fuck, Houser?" He shook it off and took a cell pic of her full frontal pose. Nodding at the impressive photo he switched to video and reached to his left. Turning the valve a cold wave of water cascaded across the couple.   
  
Reacting to the cold they screamed through their gags. Video took Caleb jumped out of the way of the water. He rushed to his buddies and hurried them out of the locker room. Staying put in the shower for three minutes April took a chance. Dragging her suspended arms away from Brody she reaches behind her drenched hair and removes her blindfold. Glaring about she realized their captors had abandoned them. Leaving April in a position to rescue them.  
  
Removing her gag she tilts forward slightly and looks down between her legs. The sight brightened her eyes pondering her vision, "Holy Shit. Brody's huge. Still." She swallows and begins to rise when something stopped her. Acting as if she was being forced back against him she mumbles. He had no idea she was ungagged.   
  
"Cold. So cold." She slurs. Throwing her arms over his neck again she enjoys her own tender moment. Her labia still smoldering around his girth. Wiggling in his lap felt really good. Too good. April Hines took advantage of her situation. After today she might never talk to Brody again. He might quit school and seek counselling. Feigning struggle she gyrates around his beast.  
  
"Noooo!" She mumbles.  
  
Brody in turn offers a muffled, "Don't hurt her."  
  
She smiled at his concern. Feeling awful. Not that awful. Removing her arms from his neck she launches her body into a false resistance as if being pulled away forcibly. Standing up in front of him she stares at his monster. Not even the cold water was bringing that bay boy down. Grinning she drops to her knees on the shower floor between his imprisoned legs. Putting her gag back on from around her neck she mumbles and leans forward. Her shoulders wrestling with his inner thighs as if being pressured to be there.   
  
Smothering her face across his balls she rolls her cheeks side to side as if being punished. Rolling her face straight up his foreskin to the crown. There she creates another spasm of resistance . She wanted to suck this cock. Badly. Gag peeled away from her mouth by chin movements she gasps with a shrill, "Noooo! Please don't make me."  
  
Her mouth engulfs his beast and she changes her vocal mumbling to panic. Acting as if the back of her head was being pushed down violently. Swallowing his cock long and hard. Brody moaned and attempted to fight his bonds. She deep throats him time and time again. What she didn't take into account was her blindfold. He could feel it moving around over his pubes.  
  
Suddenly, Brody stopped resisting and enjoyed the blowjob. Tensing up and detonating into her throat. She chokes on the flood and looks up at him suddenly. Her jaw still filled with his girth she froze. In her fever of enjoyment Brody had managed to get one hand free and his blindfold up to see against the rainfall. Gag peeled low. He had admired her cock sucking ability. Also noticing they were alone.  
  
Pulling her mouth away from his cock she grits her teeth with a guilty smile.  
  
"Fancy meeting you here."  
  
He winces down at her then leans to his right to unwrap his left hand from the chair. She offers a look of fear as he stands up over her.  
  
"While you're down there." He points at his ankles.  
  
She whimpers but unwinds the tape from his ankles. Her own hands still bound. Once freed Brody reaches down and grabs her biceps dragging her to her feet. He hoists her bound arms around his neck. With every ounce of strength he kisses her hard under the chill of H2O. April was back to being a prisoner.  
  
Swiveling them in step he shoves her back against the shower wall. Tossing the chair across the stall. Gripping her legs she is guided to wrap them around his waist. His hands free again he shocks her by blindfolding her again. Squealing she storms his mouth with her tongue.  
  
Brody relocates his beast toward her labia and nudges inside her. It was too big. With a moment to pause their kiss he had to ask, "You're still a virgin?"  
  
"Better take it while I'm willing." She hisses then drags him back into a kiss.  
  
The fight took minutes but Brody forges deep amid a cascade of blood. She screams into his mouth her agony but holds on for dear life. Luckily the water rinsed away the red. For the next twenty minutes April Hines clung to Brody tightly. Feeling his every forced entry. His every missed departure. Her moans turn to cries. Cries into deafening screams. April lost her mind. Her hands clawing his back. Up his neck. Fingers through his hair.   
  
Lips parting he swarms her throat with kisses. Leaving hickies. She returned the favor. Leaving a bite mark on his right shoulder.   
  
April Hines had two dramatic orgasms.  
  
Brody Dolan barely pulls out before cumming hard. Her feet dropping to the floor as he shoots her belly with a friction of rapid knuckle jerks.   
  
As the mood faded their embrace slipped away.  
  
Emotions took over.  
  
"I'm so sorry Brody. When they took off I couldn't help myself. Please don't hate me."  
  
"Hate you? Wanna go steady?"  
  
Her eyes tremble at his request.  
  
"Please don't be talking about studying for a test."  
  
"Guess we should thank Houser for getting us together." He grimaces.  
  
"Caleb? Are we certain? I never saw a face or heard a voice."  
  
"Idiot showed me his class ring. Peripheral. Besides who else is this cruel?"  
  
"Good point." She looks down at the floor then between her legs, "I think I'm bleeding to death."  
  
"Keep rinsing I'll find some towels."  
  
For the next ten minutes Brody cared for April. She adored him for standing by her. It meant way more than she could ever admit. Once she feels ready to dry off and get dressed they comfort one another with another hug.  
  
A bell rings in the distance.  
  
"School's out." He acknowledges.  
  
Trembling she steps face to face looking at him with watery eyes, "Were you serious?"   
  
"About going steady?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Up to that kind of commitment?" He takes her by the hands.  
  
"Promise to always shower me with affection?"  
  
He looks back at the shower, "Off to a good start."  
  
April and Brody kissed for another fifteen minutes before leaving the gym.  
  
At her locker she hears her cell ringing within. Rummaging through the combination she catches the call just in time.  
  
"Molly?" She answers while Brody returned to her from his own locker.  
  
"It is me. Tell me about your kiss." Molly asks from the front of the school. Caleb had just left her for home, and she was awaiting her Mother this time to pick her up.  
  
"Which one?" April giggles at Brody flirting with her eyes.  
  
Molly lets out a gasp, "There are more?"   
  
Walking together toward the front exit the couple see Molly in her traditional clothing dancing in step giddily. Brody points her out chuckling.  
  
"I see you. Be right out." April hangs up dragging Brody with excitement. Down the outer steps, across the sidewalk she drug Brody hand in hand. Seeing them Molly grew even more joyous.  
  
Reaching each other April threw her arms around Molly clinging to her while dancing in step along with her Hindi friend. Brody stood amused.  
  
Breaking away Molly grabs April by the hands. April lost her resistance to hold her tongue.  
  
"We're going steady." She squeals.  
  
Eyes bulging Molly looks at Brody then at Aprils hand, "I see no ring."  
  
"Too soon." April rolls her eyes blushing.  
  
"Is it?" Brody smirks.  
  
He takes his own class ring off and retrieves April's hand. Poising it before her finger he winks at her then escorts it into place. It had a new home for now.  
  
"It's really loose." She rolls it around her ring finger smiling ear to ear.  
  
"Might still have some duct tape on me somewhere." He chuckles.  
  
She pouts then slugs his bicep, "Hush. Let's keep that between us."  
  
Molly narrows her eyes at them, "What is this I am missing?"  
  
Before they could consider filling her in Molly's Mother Marjorie pulls to the curb with a toot of her horn.   
  
"You must tell me more. Text me later." Molly departs and jumps into her Mom's car. Waving goodbye Molly looks at her own ring finger. Maybe Caleb would give her his class ring. For now she held her fingers to her nose.  
  
She would settle for the ring her hands placed around Damon and Bryce earlier. She had still not washed her hands. It was probably better that she had not told Caleb when he kissed and held her hands earlier.   
  
Molly was happy for her friend.  
  
"How was your day Mother? Mine was joyous."  
  
Marjorie smiled at her daughter.  
  
She was growing up so fast.  
  
Too fast.

**Molly Ch. 17: Evil Genius**

"Mother? May we go shopping for something to wear when we dine with Caleb's family?"  
  
Molly broke the silence as her Mother read the daily mail. She felt it safer to ask her Mother while her Father was in the shower.  
  
Discarding the junk mail Marjorie Indrabooty took time to examine her daughter's hopefulness. It had been awhile since they had done anything Mother and daughter. What better timing than to allow her to grow up the right way. The American way.  
  
"I'll pick you up from school today. I'll leave the campus early and we can have a girls day out. Sound good?"  
  
Molly bursts into a giggling hop right into her Mother's arms. She had expected a harsh "Ask your Father."  
  
"Thank you Mother. You have made me so very happy."  
  
"Wonderful. Now go get dressed for school. Your Father should be ready to take you to school in about fifteen minutes."  
  
"I shall."  
  
Before pulling away Marjorie whispers, "Look in your top dresser drawer. There is a tiny vial of perfume. Keep it at school in case you need it."  
  
Giddy with awe Molly squeals and races away. She knew she could wear it all day. With her Mother picking her up she could make excuses with her Mother as an alibi. Her Father not wanting Molly to be too much of a woman so soon.  
  
Gracefully escaping Molly heads to her room. Marjorie sets aside her mail and sips at her morning coffee. While she was dressed and ready she still had a daily mission to perform. Shuffling to her own bedroom she pilfers through her Husband's clothing walk-in closet. Each morning she set out his attire. She knew he so well that his choices were fairly routine. Suit, tie, dress shirt, socks, boxers, wristwatch. Carrying each and lining them side to side atop a fully made bed.  
  
Beginning to move away she captures an odd scent in the air. It strangely smelled like perfume. Yet, none that she herself owned. She knew quite well her arsenal of seduction. Fidgeting she presumes it to be a combination. Then, it dawned on her Molly had a new perfume. Yet, again she did know the brand. This scent was not one of hers. Although quite curious she chose to give up and read the morning paper. It should be delivered by now. Her Condo gave each tenant the luxury of a daily paper in front of their door each and every morning.  
  
Walking through the condo Marjorie unlocks the front door and looks down at the hallway carpet. Suspiciously their paper was across the hall instead of on the threshold as usual. Easing her door behind so that it does not latch she struts over to obtain it. Bending over in her short white skirt Marjorie felt sexy. She herself was allowed by her Husband to wear shorter skirts or cleavage. Today Marjorie boasted both. Marjorie was faithful after all. It was merely a confidence boost. Most days.  
  
The second she bends over to obtain the paper a door down the hall opens. She had a strong hunch who it was and chose to linger in her stance for a moment longer. As faithful as she was Marjorie-Lovett Indrabooty often liked to become aware of what others thought of her. Call it ego. Her skirt rode higher in back than normal. Her butt cheeks not quite revealed but mighty close.  
  
"Look's like our paperboy was in a hurry today." Came a suave voice from behind her. She lingered only long enough to curl her fingers about the paper and hold it in both hands before standing and turning to face her handsome neighbor Ryan Grissom. She knew him to be quite the womanizer and often wondered what he was like in person. Out of respect to her husband Marjorie seldom spoke to him.  
  
"Good morning, Mr. Grissom. Yes, our paper is never this far away from the door."  
  
"Ryan, please. Mr. Grissom is my Dad. His Dad. So on! You look very nice today. If you don't mind my saying so."  
  
Marjorie faintly blushes and awkwardly holds her paper straight up and down in it's rolled state. Subconsciously she lets her nervous hand stroke it like a big cock.  
  
"Good morning again, Ryan. Thank you for the compliment. You are quite dapper yourself."  
  
He admires her hands and flirts with his eyes. She notes his gaze then realizes her unintentional display. Blushing harder this time she waves the paper at him as if pelting him on the head. Her smile shy yet playful.  
  
"Have a good day, Ryan."  
  
"Better now I believe." He winks.  
  
She hurries back inside closing her door. Taking a deep breath she presses her back side against the barrier and huffs at her hair. Why was she flirting back? What brought that on?  
  
Her thoughts swiftly alter as her husband Sahseej steps from his bedroom. Tugging at his suit coat for a less constrictive fit. He eyes her down the hallway with an expressionless glare. He too knew his wife well. She appeared flustered.  
  
"Are you alright?" He questions.  
  
Marjorie swiftly regains her composure. Leaving the doorway she strides with confidence toward her husband. In passing she uses the paper to swat him on the behind. The action made Sahseej raise an eye brow. Had he forgotten something that she remained silent over? Something that she expected him to remember on his own?  
  
Returning to their bedroom Marjorie goes to her closet and switches her shoes into higher heels. Today she felt very sexy. Moving out of her own closet she finds Sahseej in the doorway staring at her.  
  
"When I went to get the paper it was across the hall. I bent over and move show felt weak in the heel. I thought it best to switch shoes to avoid issues later."  
  
"I see." He nods barely.  
  
"Oh, I'll pick Molly up from school today. I promised to take her shopping. For something presentable when going to meet Caleb's parents."  
  
Sahseej fidgets his lips, "Spend well. Of this I will not put my foot down. Buy new shoes for yourself."  
  
Marjorie eases into her husbands arms hugging him about the waist, "Of course. Already planned on that you Charmer. Now kiss your wife goodbye."  
  
In the doorway they passionately made out for two full minutes. Behind them Molly stepped out ready for school. Book bag in hand. Her eyes lowered out of respect. It was good to see their love for one another.  
  
Parting at Molly clearing her throat the lovebirds smirk at each other. Smile becoming a frown Marjorie looks over her shoulder sniffing at the air.  
  
"I swear I smell a perfume I have never owned. How strange."  
  
She steps around Sahseej and joins Molly. Sahseej then retrieves his briefcase from beside his dresser. Eying the case he looks at it with flared realization. She had smelled the thong given to him by the girl on the street. The one who dropped Caleb Houser off at school. He had forgotten it was still locked away inside. Why couldn't he get rid of them? He knew he should. Today he would. Possibly.  
  
Gathering up his car keys he journeys into the condo to meet with his family. The ladies were giggling by the front door. Sahseej merely motioned for them to break it up and take their leave. He had a surgery to perform in under four hours.  
  
The elevator ride was fairly uneventful and another round of kisses led everyone off into the parking area to leave their own directions. Molly joining her Father in his SUV as per usual. Engine started Sahseej left their home and into traffic.  
  
"Your Mother tells me she will pick you up from school."  
  
"Yes. We are going clothing shopping. I am very happy today. Thank you for allowing me too Father. Would you like a new tie?"  
  
He smirks at her jubilation, "I do not need a new tie."  
  
"May I buy a bathing suit? Caleb's home has a beach." She grits her teeth awaiting a disappointment.  
  
After a moment of thought he decides to be favorable toward her, "Buy what you wish. You are an adult your Mother keeps insisting. Please know I am trying."  
  
Molly unhooks her seatbelt in a blur and throws herself toward her Father's right arm. Hugging it tightly with a squeal of happiness. This led to a switch kiss to his right cheek. "Thank you Father. I love you so very much."  
  
"Please to put your seatbelt on. I love you too."  
  
Latched in Molly mentally makes a shopping list. The rest of the ride in silence and smiles. She couldn't wait to tell Caleb.  
  
Reaching the circle drive of the school Sahseej remained in procession. His attention more active than usual. He was searching for the car driving Caleb to school. Curious to see if it was the same girl as twice before. He still worried that his daughter might be for a better word used. If he only knew the truth.  
  
"I can get out here Father. Have a good day at work. Save lives." Molly vacates swiftly before he could even react. Walking backwards on the sidewalk she waves at him vibrantly before turning away. He fidgets then pulls from the procession carefully to move onward. Toward the front he spots Caleb and his brother Nathan getting out of yet another car. This one he had not recognized.  
  
Slowing beside them he waves at Caleb who does his best to appear happy to see him. Caleb didn't care less it was all an act. However, he did choose to make a bold move. Deciding at the last second to wave Sahseej down. In response he carefully pulls in front of the car.  
  
"Sorry to hold you up, Mr. Indrabooty. I just wanted to introduce you to my Mom." Caleb quickly motions for her to join him at the window.  
  
Sahseej notes a healthy young woman with long blond hair and golden tan get out of her car and walk toward his drivers side. Leaning out his window he greets her with a timid smile. Her eyes sparkling blue drew him toward her warm smile.  
  
"Mr. Indrabooty?" She pats his upper arm through the door, "Caleb has told me so much about you and your family. He is quite taken by your daughter."  
  
"He appears a good boy." Sahseej acknowledges.  
  
"Oh, he is. My name is Dayna Houser. It is a pleasure to finally meet you."  
  
He shakes her hand which lowers his gaze to her massive cleavage. The woman for such a small stature of 5'7 most certainly had a breast implantation. Her tits were gigantic yet perky. Braless too boot behind a bright blue dress. Her nipples pointing at him with dedication.  
  
"The pleasure is mine. You may call me Sahseej, " He smirks trying not to stare. She knew he had though. It delighted her that he took notice.  
  
"Sahseej?" She fans herself with a flirtatious smile. Immediately moist between her thighs at the idea of "Sausage". A definite omen she though. The man was definitely handsome in his own Hindi George Clooney way.  
  
"We cannot wait to get together this weekend with you and your family. Do you like sailing? We thought about taking out our boat for this special occasion."  
  
Sahseej raises an eye brow, "It has been awhile. I shall speak of this with my wife."  
  
"Wonderful. Oh, look. Is this your daughter Molly?" She points to the curb to see Molly and Caleb talking.  
  
"Yes--!" He begins to say just before Dayna storms around his SUV to greet Molly. The smiles led him to regret his fears. Perhaps they were not so bad. Still, who was the young girl who had given him her thong?  
  
"I must prepare for surgery." Sahseej calls out to distract them.  
  
Dayna swiftly returns to the drivers door, "Forgive my excitement. Of course you must get to work. I have a house showing in 40 minutes myself. Do have a wonderful day Sahseej. I love your name." She giddily shakes her chest.  
  
"You as well." He toots his horn at the kids then proceeds onward.  
  
Moments later the kids stood alone on the sidewalk. Walking ever so slowly.  
  
"My Mother is taking me shopping after school. Would you like selfies of what I try on for your approval?" Molly grins sheepishly.  
  
"Absolutely. Only sexy stuff though."  
  
"I must be gently conservative in my purchases. I do not wish to offend Father before this weekend."  
  
"Sexy only. You're meeting my Dad remember?"  
  
"And, having sex with him. I do recall."  
  
"Exactly. He see's sexy or don't bother coming."  
  
"I will figure this out Caleb. Do not threaten me. It makes you quite ugly."  
  
Receiving a text he motions her onward to change into what he allowed her to bring in her bag. The bell wasn't far away. Once alone he reads his text and discovers a photograph attached to it.  
  
"Claude!" He opens the picture to see the beefy man who lived next door to the Indrabooty's holding up lingerie he had pilfered from the Indrabooty bedroom. It was obvious he was in their home setting up surveillance cameras. Supposedly, Claude Romero was a genius in the tech department.  
  
Chuckling Caleb clenches his fist in triumph.  
  
"Awesome Dude. " He types, "I'll check in with you during lunch."  
  
No reply was good enough.  
  
After changing into her burgundy mini dress Molly stashed her belongings in her locker. Awaiting Caleb she runs into her friend April and new boyfriend Brody. They were in heaven just to be near each other.  
  
"Burgundy again?" April frowns.  
  
"Caleb told me to wear what I own. My Mother is taking me shopping today. I shall buy something new. Something sexy. Caleb insists."  
  
Hearing the word Caleb put Brody on edge. After he and April had been brutally manhandled his best guess as to who was obviously the Antichrist himself behind it. Uncertainty though kept he and April quiet about it. Although the worst possible way of getting these two together in a sense he did do them a favor. Otherwise they might have taken all school year to reach the goal they now relished in. Boyfriend and girlfriend. April turns pale, so wanting to sway Molly from Caleb's control. She knew it would only ruin their friendship. The young Hindi beauty was blinded by her own desires. All April could do was support her when she fell from grace.  
  
"New clothes? Sounds fun." She alters her perspective, "Still going to Caleb's house Saturday?"  
  
"Yes." Molly becomes giddy at the thought, "I cannot wait to see how he lives."  
  
"Aren't you afraid of your parents finding out what he's capable of?" Brody had to ask.  
  
"I worry. Yet, I have faith that Caleb will keep me out of trouble."  
  
"We hope so. We love you Molly." April pouts.  
  
"I love you both. I love everyone." She loudly squeals.  
  
The guys congregating around her loved her too. Every freaking inch of her. Their lusts becoming more and more evident each time Caleb Houser would share her with the world. That insight alone made Brody and April uncomfortable.  
  
Molly waves at the boys about them and smiles, "They love me too."  
  
Caleb had finally made it inside the school and approached Molly with a sharks smile. "Hey Brody. April. I heard you two are going steady now. Awesome."  
  
Brody sneers at Caleb who expressed naivety.  
  
"Something I said?" Caleb played coy.  
  
Brody takes a deep breath clenching his fist. He wanted to strike but he also knew that he would get his ass beat. Brody wasn't a fighter. Not even an athlete. Just in shape. Deciding it best for everyone he nods, "Nah! We're good. Come on April."  
  
April peels away from Molly and joins Brody on their journey to class.  
  
Once alone Caleb lifts Molly's skirt checking to see if she was wearing panties. Finding none he rubs her bare bottom softly. Circling her he points to the twelve boys hovering about.  
  
" Let them all cop a morning feel."  
  
She greedily lifts her skirt to her waist and walks down the line up letting each rub her butt. With each caress she thanked them. They in turn praised Caleb for allowing it. With a smug reaction Caleb recalls Molly and lifts her chin with his index finger.  
  
"Letting you off easy today. After school I expect pictures of what you try on. Buy lots of skimpy clothes."  
  
"If My Mother allows it. I cannot force her Caleb."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "I'll take care of that situation. Text me where you shop. You will know when to buy things. Try on everything and what I approve of, you set aside. I'll get someone to buy them and bring them too me."  
  
"You would buy me clothing?"  
  
"Only what I need you to wear for me and all the guys."  
  
"A whore's wardrobe, then."  
  
"Right." He laughs, "A Whordrobe." Mixing wardrobe with whore thinking it funny.  
  
"I will buy very little then." She giggles.  
  
Bell ringing Caleb twists her in step and slaps her hard on the ass. It stung. She loved it. She would think about his hand all day long. During the day she would treat boys of choice with subtle flashing. It kept her boredom to a minimum. She knew Caleb would be impressed.  
  
At 3:00, Molly ducked into the restroom and switched her clothing back to what she had worn to begin with. Stashing her dress she had totally overlooked the tiny perfume vial her Mother had given her. Depressed that she could have worn it all day long she began to pout. A mere spritzer of it made her smile. At least she could wear it for a couple hours. Leaving the restroom she runs back into Caleb and his friend Wyatt. Sniffing the air both boys locate her oncoming greet.  
  
"Damn! You smell delicious." Wyatt leans in and licks her neck. She giggles as the licking led to his suckling of her earlobe.  
  
Caleb grins and reaches over to grab her by her shirt collar. Dragging her away from Wyatt he shoves her back against a locker. Eying her she melts within his gaze. Seconds later he devastates her with a kiss that made her squeal with delight.  
  
"Nice." He mutters, "Tell your Mom I said Hubba Hubba."  
  
Pouting suddenly she shivers, "You want my Mother."  
  
"If I decide on that then you help me get that. Am I clear?"  
  
Her eyes bulge, "You are serious?"  
  
He narrows his eyes stabbing his gaze into her like a knife.  
  
"Answer me." Caleb growls.  
  
Squirming at his decision she nods with a lowered voice, "Yes, Caleb."  
  
Suddenly, Caleb grins brightly, "God you're so gullible. I want you not your Mom."  
  
Her breath once held exhales with relief. She was glad he was teasing. Yet, in that held breath she had convinced herself she would give him her Mother if she could. Molly was beyond in control of her own decisions.  
  
"I will sneak a picture of my Mother in her underwear. For you."  
  
Caleb raises a brow, "I dare you."  
  
"I will. She will be waiting outside. I must go."  
  
"Go have fun."  
  
She waves goodbye to both boys and scurries out the front door of the school.  
  
"Dude!" Wyatt shook his head, "She's going to let you fuck her Cougar Mom."  
  
"As if I need her help." Caleb rolls his eyes, "Hey! There's Heather Forest. I need a blowjob. Meet me by your car Bro. We have a mission afterwards."  
  
"What if I wanted one too?" Wyatt threw his arms to both side, "Greedy bastard."  
  
Marjorie Lovett Indrabooty parked her car outside of a large Shopping Mall. This mall was in the Richer districts and had a finer quality of selections. After her husband gave her the approval of spending she certainly wasn't going to waste the chance.  
  
"Let's break your Father's Gold card."  
  
Molly and her Mother literally danced their way inside. Marjorie feeling her inner youth rushing to the surface. It was nice to bond with her daughter. Long overdue.  
  
"Let's see. We need dresses and bathing suits. Correct?"  
  
Molly nods, "Very pretty underwear that does not make me look really old."  
  
"Oh really? Why are you thinking along those lines? Is there something I do not know? About Caleb perhaps?"  
  
"I want to be a grown woman. A sexy woman. Please Mother?"  
  
"Of course." She winks, "Let's get our nails done too."  
  
Excitement was never ending. After going from store to store they come upon a lingerie outlet called, "Lingering". Within Molly locates numerous items and gets the thumbs up of her Mother on some. Others of barely no material whatsoever not so much. It was those that Molly hid away for whomever Caleb was sending to buy. A secret stash was forming quickly.  
  
The dressing rooms were tiny cubicles with merely a curtain. If not closed properly the inhabitants could be seen either briefly or within a mirror on the interior wall. Molly waited on her Mother to try on a dress before texting Caleb the store's name. She then crept silently to her Mother's room and slips her cell within just enough to capture her Mother in only her thong. From the backside. She was a gorgeous woman. Her shape near perfect yet showing of her inactivity. Hourglass with a bit more sand.

Busted by an accidental flash Marjorie turns around facing her daughter, "What are you doing?"  
  
Molly thought quickly, giggling, "I was going to send Father your picture."  
  
"Undressed? He would have a cow. A sacred one at that."  
  
"I am only trying to get Father excited. This way he will not be as mad at how much we spend."  
  
Smirking Marjorie set aside her dress and stood holding her breasts sensually, "Hurry it up."  
  
Molly snapped the shot, just as Marjorie stepped into another pose. She was feeling playful. Molly took advantage. Her Mother even went so far as to touch her toes while looking back with a fingernail between her teeth. Neither of them could stop laughing. "Okay. Enough. Go try on clothing." Marjorie waves her away.  
  
Turning around to save her pictures to text she strolls head on into Caleb and a young woman. This woman was a petite blond who eyed Molly with a glint of admiration. Dragging her out of the sight of the dressing rooms he introduces them.  
  
"Molly? This is my sister Kayla. She's going to buy you everything you set aside."  
  
Awestruck by Kayla's beauty she smiles shyly, "Hello Kayla."  
  
"So you're my Brother's little slut? I likey." She eyes Molly's curves.  
  
Molly instinctively showed Caleb the pictures of her Mother. Kayla winces at his interest.  
  
The woman was like Old. Kayla instead went shopping on her own.  
  
"Wow! You really did take pics of your Mom. Nice nipples."  
  
"I will send them to you, later. I must go back to changing before Mother steps out. You should go."  
  
"Right. Make sure Kayla finds what you set aside."  
  
"I will."  
  
Caleb cautiously nods at Kayla then leaves before being caught. Molly in turn went back to hunting attire. Pointing out a stack of undies, dresses, and jewelry. Kayla waited until she abandoned the pile then looked over the sizes. Inspired she imagined Molly wearing even more stuff and adds to her stockpile. This was becoming fun.  
  
Thirty minutes later the Indrabooty girls congregate at the checkout. Buying the garments they approved of. Molly was beyond happy. Eying Kayla in the back of the store wagging her tongue at the girl. Molly's eyes grew large. Was Kayla interested in Molly too? Molly chose to wag her own tongue and blush.  
  
"Shoes. I need shoes." Marjorie gushed.  
  
"May I shop alone for awhile? I do not need shoes."  
  
"Oh! Alright. Just don't go far. Here!" Marjorie opens her wallet and hands her $200.  
  
"Thank you, Mother."  
  
"So much fun. I'll be over there at "Bootie Calls". What a name. So seductive though." She giggles toward her daughter.  
  
Separating outside the store, Molly watches her Mother to be certain she was free of her. She then returns to Kayla's side. She was at the counter paying for her items. In a bold move Molly steps directly up to Kayla and pats her on the bottom. Which meant beneath the girls short frilly skirt. Amazed by her boldness Kayla hissed.  
  
"Oh, you're going to be loads of fun."  
  
"Thank you for helping us."  
  
"Not helping you. I'm helping Caleb." She pays the final total and accepts the bagged clothing. Together they walk out of the store and locate Caleb hiding behind some Massaging chairs in the aisle.  
  
Reaching he and friend Wyatt who had tagged along, the group formed their next plan. "How much more do we need?" Kayla grew impatient.  
  
"Go buy something sexy for yourself. I'll text you in a bit." Caleb told his sister.  
  
"Already bought my lingerie for the weekend." She sneers at Molly, "I needed to replace a thong."  
  
As if Molly understood her. She had no idea that Kayla had teased her Father on the street. Removing her thong and smothering his face with it. Kayla shivered at the memory. So hot!  
  
"Bikini. Go buy the skimpiest you can find. Hell buy ten of them. Kayla will grab them from the store."  
  
"Okay. Where do I shop?" Molly looks around.  
  
"Follow Kayla over to, "SEE SIDE!" It's by the Surfer Shop." Wyatt chuckled pointing. He had been watching Kayla wiggle away like a Goddess in heat. He had pined over the Houser girl since 8th grade.  
  
Molly gives Caleb a peck on the cheek then rushes away. She knew she had very little time to shop. In a mad dash she enters the store with bulging eyes. Everything was so revealing. A quick trial run of a bikini top she liked found her size. She then went about grabbing multiple colors that she liked. Eying the aisle way to be certain of not being caught by her Mother she paid for one bikini. A grey one with a thin black threading. The rest she nestled in a bundle for Kayla. Of her other private purchases she bought a belly chain and ankle bracelets. And a pair of sunglasses.  
  
"I will take these." She hands the bundled bikini's to Kayla. Kayla adds a bottle of sunscreen to her purchases. Kayla herself buying a white bikini so thin it was transparent. Molly admired her choice, "Wait! I want one just like that."  
  
Retrieving her size she again pats Kayla on the butt before darting away. Kayla shook her head, yet smiled sheepishly. Molly was pretty cool.  
  
Rushing to Caleb still in hiding she hugs him tightly, "You make me feel like a Princess."  
  
He held his breath admiring her glistening eyes. Swallowing dryly he nudges her back.  
  
"Go meet up with your Mom. Text me later. Pics."  
  
"As you wish. Goodnight Sweet Prince."  
  
She darts away toward the shoe store. Both boys admiring her cute dance.  
  
"We done here Sweet Prince?" Wyatt chuckles.  
  
Kayla joins them and stares her brother down.  
  
"What?"  
  
"You're an idiot."  
  
Kayla grabs Wyatt by the arm and makes him go with her. She wanted to go home. Caleb rubbed the back of his neck at his sister's comment.  
  
He didn't get it.  
  
Over his head.  
  
Late that night after a round of pictures of both Molly herself and those that she had taken of her Mother, Caleb had jerked off numerous times.  
  
Before falling asleep he received one final text. This from Claude Romero.  
  
"Deed's done. Look up e-mail. I sent you a link to download."  
  
Caleb hops from bed and fires up his desktop at the corner of his bedroom. Opening mail he discovers the link. In it he downloads a desktop icon for a secret set of cameras. Every room of the Indrabooty condo had a perfectly positioned camera. Tiny. Unsuspecting. Impossible to find.  
  
Caleb bumps his own fist at each room available to him. The sound quality even was vibrant. He could hear the soft Hindi music from Marjorie and Sahseej's bedroom. Amid candlelight he observed the married couple making love. Marjorie's soft succulent moans making him hard as a rock.  
  
He was impressed by Molly's Father. The man devoured his wife's pussy for twenty minutes straight. One orgasm later he fucked her missionary. A second orgasm followed by her riding him. Her breasts bouncing madly as her hands frolicked in her long hair. "Fucking "A"." He was able to zoom in on detail. His cock moving in and out of his wife with a sturdy guidance. She was so freaking beautiful.  
  
Caleb gripped his cock again.  
  
After a rapid fire eruption while watching her ride, then cry out at her husband's interior detonation, Caleb let them rest. Turning his attention on Molly as she slept. Adapting to a night vision mode he found her smiling in her sleep.  
  
"Yeah. Maybe I am an idiot."  
  
He then hid his face behind his palms. Homicidal laughter exuded through his fingers. His evil plans were all over the place. A swift text back to Claude he types.  
  
"Let me get through this weekend and I'll settle my debt with you. Three girls at once sound cool?"  
  
Romero chuckles in the distance, "Make it four."  
  
"Five it is."  
  
It was good to be evil.

**Molly Ch. 18: Humble Abode**

"Are you certain this is the right direction?" Molly Indrabooty ushered from the back seat of her Father's SUV.   
  
"I have programmed the GPS. Be patient or I shall turn back."  
  
Sahseej winks at his wife across from him in the passenger seat. She was proud of her husbands behavior in this situation. This was not only good for Molly but it would be like a vacation for they themselves. Since coming from Mumbai they had only been to the beach once. Their careers taking up every ounce of their lives.  
  
"According to the GPS we should be there in five minutes. Calm yourself Darling."  
  
Molly fidgets eying her cell for texts. All morning Caleb had sent her messages of adoration. She was in Heaven. This would be her first time seeing him outside of school or in their own home. Although he was putting her through hell she had fallen for the evil bastard. Hell in the sense of sexual control. To an ordinary person a nervous breakdown would be on tap. Molly however seemed to relish in her torment. She adored sex. She worshipped Caleb. She literally gave up any thoughts of running away.  
  
She knew today would challenge her. Caleb had ordered her to make love to his Father. She would see it done once she figured out how to avoid her parents long enough.   
  
Caleb had told her to let him handle it. She would merely bide her time and obey Caleb. He knew what he was doing. Even if in truth she didn't.  
  
"There's the drive." Marjorie points out a gated path toward a massive three story beach house, "Oh, my. Can we buy a home such as this Sahseej?"  
  
He rolls his eyes, "I knew you were only after my money."  
  
"Our money. I make a sizeable contribution. Something to consider?"  
  
"We shall see." He frowns. It was only the three of them. He knew they did not need anything quite so extravagant. It would pass over he predicted.  
  
At a wrought iron gate Sahseej pulled up and lowered his window. Before he could say anything he hears, "Hey Guys. It's Caleb. I'll buzz you in. Pull over behind my sister's car. The silver one."  
  
As the gates hush wide Sahseej had a vague shiver suddenly. Regardless he let it fade and drove onward. Finding the car he settles in behind it and parks. The hair on his neck rose at realizing something. This was the car that had dropped Caleb off at school. The one with the cute young woman who gave him her thong. Suddenly, he froze in his seat. Haunted by the possibility of humiliation. Would she even remember him? Would she bust him in front of his family?   
  
Molly had jumped from the SUV already while Marjorie eyed her husband, "Are you okay?"  
  
"I am. Merely feeling out of place. I will get past it."  
  
"Of course you will. Let's make our daughter proud."  
  
He nods unclasping his seat belt and the married couple exit together. Walking hand in hand toward an opening front door. Molly wiggled her way ahead of them to greet Caleb and Nathan at the door.   
  
Caleb immediately noticed her cute outfit. Her cleavage more open than normal around her parents. Her dress black with white brick like rectangles chaining all across her. The skirt barely over her knees. She looked stunning.  
  
"Wow! You look great." Caleb holds his breath trying not to pop a boner so soon. Nathan behind him whistled out loud forcing Caleb to sneer at him. His brother loved to agitate. "Thank you. It is new. You are quite a looker as well." She eyes his polo shirt and white pants. She had never seen him dressed so neatly. Normally in blue jeans, Cargo pants, or t-shirts.  
  
Following closely behind Molly's parents joined them.  
  
"Your home is beautiful Caleb." Marjorie stresses with a warm smile.  
  
"It's too big. But thanks." He chuckles trying again not to lock eyes on Marjorie's own bursting cleavage. She wore a white and lavender evening dress. Shoulder less but with a sheer netting shawl for accent.  
  
Shaking hands with Sahseej felt like the right thing to do. Offer respect even though he truly had none to give. His expression could make the Devil doubt his sincerity.  
  
Behind them in the doorway came a shrill, "Welllllllcommmme!" via Dayna Houser, the busty blond model with big blue eyes, "Invite them in."  
  
Sahseej fidgets nudging his wife and daughter ahead of him. He was feeling uneasy. "You must be Marjorie. Welcome to our home. My name is Dayna. My husband Martin will join us shortly. Business call. Oil rig." She frowns.  
  
"It's so nice to meet you Dayna. Thank you for inviting us to dinner."  
  
"Oh, we owed you one. Caleb speaks so highly of you all. Great first impression I think."  
  
"You've raised a nice young man." Marjorie grins at Caleb. His crotch increasing in size. He chose to blush and step aside with Molly.  
  
"Go on. Show Molly the home. We will join you shortly." Dayna motions them away.  
  
He made his move. Grabbing her hand he leads her away and out of their sight. The second nobody could see them Caleb walks her back into a wall and kisses her long and hard. She lost all rhyme or reason in that moment.   
  
"Oh, my! You may kiss me like that more often."  
  
Nathan chuckles moving next to his brother. Eye contact later Caleb steps back and lets his brother kiss Molly just as feverishly. His hands squeezing her breasts. Going so far as to pelt her throat with tender kisses. After a few minutes Caleb breaks it up. Was it jealousy?  
  
Molly fans herself knowing her parents were heard talking just on the other side of the wall. Still, the excitement of their desires made her wet as hell.  
  
Dayna had escorted the Indrabooty's to a formal living room and had offered them a glass of wine. Relaxing back the chatter became about careers and children. At least that made Sahseej feel more at ease. He loved talking about his occupation and its rewards. As Sahseej finishes his career move from Mumbai to Miami he hears a clearing of a very masculine throat. Sitting forward to look behind them Sahseej notes a tall broad shouldered man in a white polo shirt similar to his son Caleb's.   
  
"Didn't want to interrupt you and have to tell it all over again." The charming man with a flat top hair cut chuckled. He made his move from the staircase down and extended his hand toward Sahseej. Standing quickly they embraced a hand of friendship.  
  
"Martin Houser. So, you're the Indrabooty Family I hear so much about. Strong handshake there Indrabooty. For a brain surgeon correct?"  
  
"Yes. I am very cautious of my hands. Strong yet they are my bread and butter as you American's say."  
  
"All good. This must be your lovely wife." Martin towers over Marjorie as he dares to peer down through her cleavage. The notice of his gaze made her shy a bit before raising her hand up. Martin in turn bends over and faintly kisses her knuckles.  
  
"Marjorie." She hisses with a sudden burst of adrenalin.  
  
"Pleasure indeed Beautiful lady."  
  
"Martin! Stop before you scare the poor family away." Dayna tilts her drink with a devilish grin. Fanning her long legs from side to side nervously. In her short skirt Sahseej captured a very quick view of what appeared to be crotch less panties. He began to sweat.  
  
"No reason to fear us. Just welcoming our guests here to our humble abode. If I have offended you please accept my sincerest apologies."  
  
"You are fine. We are just--well--not used to entertaining I suppose. Since coming back to Florida in my case I have not established many friends. My husband here works numerous hours. My tenure at the University of Miami pretty much secludes me from anyone other than Botanists and students."  
  
"Which leaves so little time for family." Dayna slips in, "We can so relate. Martin here is the Chief Engineer for an oil rig out in the Gulf. One of the few left in operation. I am a Real Estate Agent for Greater Miami. Including some homes in the Keys. Both of us are constantly on the move."  
  
"Speaking of on the move? Where are the kids?" Martin sits on the sofa arm beside his wife looking about.  
  
"Caleb and Nathan stole young Molly away immediately. He wanted to show her the house. They make such a darling couple." Dayna reports before fanning her hand toward Marjorie, "I hope you don't mind my saying so. As a Mother I am sure you look for the best for your child. As I do."  
  
"Absolutely. We find Caleb a very fine young man. You raised him well." Marjorie pats her husband on the knee. Informing him that he needed to speak.  
  
"Yes. Caleb tells us he wishes to become a cameraman for the movies." Sahseej responds.  
  
Martin scowls, "Pipe dream. The boy needs to grasp reality. Big money in oil. Soon as he graduates I'm arranging a job on the rig. "  
  
Sahseej narrows his eyes, "This would mean that he would be at sea for weeks as he tells us that you perform?"  
  
"Yep. It will be good for him. If you're worried about your daughter never seeing him I would presume you have intentions of Molly going on to college? This would give them space should they pursue a lengthy relationship. Correct?"  
  
The Indrabooty's eye each other as Marjorie takes her husband by the hand.  
  
"Whatever the future holds we can only support our children." Marjorie softly smiles.  
  
"Speaking of supporting our children? Where's our daughter?" Martin scowls.  
  
"By the pool of course. Where she always is."  
  
Dayna points out a set of French doors leading to a massive veranda with an in ground pool that appeared to be merging with the ocean.   
  
Marjorie brightens up, "I was unaware of a daughter. Molly only spoke of two sons."  
  
"Our oldest. Kayla. She's twenty. She and Caleb are our biological children. We adopted Nathan. I was done giving birth after Caleb. Thank God for Plastic surgeons." Dayna pats her tummy.  
  
"Molly is all that we ever wanted." Marjorie adds.  
  
"Cheaper. That's for sure." Martin huffs.  
  
Dayna concurs, "Our kids blow money faster than we make it. Soon, we will need to buy the boys cars of their own. A graduation ritual. Kayla had to wait as well."  
  
"We have actually never discussed buying Molly a car." Marjorie sits up shifting slightly to acknowledge her thoughts toward Sahseej, "She did take drivers education."  
  
Her husband merely scowls. Now was not the time to discuss such financials. She took the hint quickly buttoning her lip. Both Martin and Dayna notice her shy nature once her husband asserts control. Even through a simple reaction. Martin found her submission intriguing.  
  
Before another word was spoken from either side the French doors to the left of them hissed open. In walked the Houser's ravishing blond daughter in nothing but a string bikini of white. In its wetness her bikini was slightly see through. Nipples loud and proud. "There's my baby girl." Martin motions Kayla over.   
  
Upon seeing her Sahseej turned pale and his eyes trembled. She was extraordinarily beautiful. Even more so than the two days he had checked her out. Prancing toward them Kayla suddenly recognized Sahseej and smiled brightly. Her stride becoming more seductive suddenly.  
  
"Kayla? These are Molly's parents. Caleb has told you about them." Dayna directs her to shake their hands.  
  
Stepping between their legs and the coffee table Kayla greets Marjorie with a mere "Hello." Once their hands release Kayla turns her attention toward Sahseej. "You look so familiar. Have we met?"  
  
Sahseej felt his stomach cramp as her waist stood a mere two feet from his eyes. Her body still dripping slightly from pool water. Her bikini bottoms sinking up inside her camel toe. He had to force his eyes higher or let Marjorie become suspicious.  
  
"I do not believe we have had the pleasure." He chokes up raising his hand to shake hers.  
  
While time stood still Dayna leaps up and offers a shrill, "My pot roast."  
  
Marjorie distracted by her panic jumps to her assist, "I'll help you."  
  
The two women vanish into the kitchen leaving Sahseej holding Kayla's soft right hand. He wanted to release her but something kept his grip. She nibbled her lip at his roving eyes.  
  
"We need a refill, Sahseej." Martin grunts grabbing his wine glass and stepping away. Leaving He and Kayla to flirt.   
  
As Kayla eyes her Father disappear she swiftly turns her attention toward Molly's Father. Without warning she straddles his lap and throws her arms around his neck. Sahseej nearly panics at her boldness.  
  
"So, how are my panties?"  
  
"You must get off of me. Please."  
  
"Only if you get off over me. Please." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Gyrating over his crotch he nearly faints before she hops up and down on his twice before climbing off. She knew he liked her mischief because his crotch was tenting up to his discomfort.  
  
As Martin returns Kayla giggles, "It was nice meeting you Mister Indrabooty. I'll be down later for dinner. Need to shower and shave." She slyly tugs her bikini bottoms down to offer a glimpse of her finely tuned pubes.  
  
"Don't pay my daughter any mind. She's a flirt." Martin hands Sahseej his glass of wine, "Get upstairs and don't come back unless you're presentable."  
  
"Yes Daddy."  
  
She winks at Sahseej before strutting up the stairs behind him. Sahseej had to close his eyes and hide his crotch behind his hands and wine glass.  
  
This was going to be a stressful night.  
  
In the back room of the home Caleb had Molly bent over with her skirt hiked over her ass. He stood fucking her from behind. Only two rooms away from the Kitchen. Molly was terrified yet loving this risk.  
  
"They might hear us." Molly confesses trying not to moan.  
  
"Open that door Nathan." Caleb nods at his Brother watching them fuck.  
  
Jumping up from a recliner Nathan opens the door leading out into the rest of the house. In opening the door they heard Dayna and Marjorie laughing from the Kitchen. In hearing her Mother Molly attempted to bite her lip.  
  
"Oh, no. Moan louder." Caleb growled.  
  
Whimpering Molly releases a shrill moan that pierced the air.  
  
"Louder."  
  
She creases her brow then obeys, "Ohhhh, Caleb."  
  
"LOUDER." He roars.  
  
It was quite possible that the women heard his bellow. Even Nathan had to look out to watch for any prying curiosity.  
  
"You must fuck me harder Caleb." Molly intensifies her tone.  
  
Caleb shakes his head and reaches over her back to grip her curls. He then nudges her to walk forward toward the open doorway. At the doors threshold he snarls, "LOUDER."  
  
"Harder Caleb." She attempts yet fails to satisfy his needs.  
  
Slapping her ass he fucks her ten more thrusts before again nudging her out the door into the next room. Now only a wall obscured them from their Mother's. Nathan felt mischievous and steps around them going to the doorway into the Kitchen. At the door he looks back at a haunted Molly. Heaving back and forth at Caleb's dick pounding her thighs.   
  
With a flipped bird toward Molly, Nathan opens the door to the Kitchen and holds it wide. Seeing his Mother Nathan sniffs at the air, "Something smells delicious."  
  
Dayna looks up from the oven holding a casserole dish in her oven mitts. Beside her leaning on an island bar stood Marjorie, her back to Nathan displaying a tight ass of her own.  
  
"Dinner is almost ready. We were discussing going sailing. Doesn't that sound like fun?" Dayna beams.  
  
"Sure. Tomorrow right?"  
  
"It might prove too late to set sail today. We will need to talk about this over dinner." Beyond the open doorway Molly is forced forward to peek around the corner. Caleb's hand still in the back of her hair. He revealed Molly to her Mother while standing behind her still thrusting, although slower.  
  
"Hello Mother." Molly smiled.  
  
"Are you having fun Sweetheart?" Marjorie stands up admiring her daughter's demeanor. She was glowing, yet troubled.   
  
"Oh yes. I love their home Mother." She whimpers lightly as Caleb caressed her G-spot just right to give her shivers.  
  
"So do I. Let's talk your Father into buying a house."  
  
"Okay."  
  
Nathan chuckles, "Mom can find you a lot of cool houses. Right Mom?"  
  
Dayna smirks, "But, of course."  
  
Caleb nears detonation behind Molly as she leans around the doorway at a strange angle. Holding the threshold for dear life as he manages to escort her further into view. Molly was ready to piss more than cum. Still her hormones were screaming for release. It was extremely difficult not to let on in front of their Mother's.  
  
"Are you alright Molly?" Marjorie eyes her daughter's composure. The girl was pale and trembling.  
  
"Yes Mother. I am quite hungry. Perhaps my sugar is low."  
  
"Almost done Sweetheart. Why don't you kids get cleaned up." Dayna prepares them. On the other side of the wall Caleb grunts, "Yup! Almost done Sweetheart." He whispers into Molly's ear. Leaning over her shoulder to wink at his Mom. Molly nearly lost her balance. Seconds later right in view of her own Mother she felt Caleb cum inside her. The shooting jizz made her squeal.  
  
"Do not tickle me, Caleb." She rushes to their rescue. His cum trickling down her thighs.  
  
"Isn't it nice the sounds of our children getting along so well?" Dayna nudges Marjorie with a toast of wine glasses.  
  
"I do believe my daughter is in love." Marjorie's whispers giggling.   
  
Caleb swiftly pulls out of Molly's drenched pussy and pulls her dress down. Zipping up he nudges them further until their entire bodies were in the doorway. Caleb planting his hands on Molly's shoulders and showing himself to the women.   
  
"Worked up an appetite. I showed Molly our fitness room. We worked out a bit."  
  
Molly quickly lifts her right bicep, "I think I am much stronger now."  
  
Nathan had to chuckle. This girl was something else.  
  
In the living room Martin and Sahseej were getting along quite well considering Kayla Houser's flirtations. It appeared her Father was oblivious to her actions. Sahseej felt comfortable suddenly. Of course Kayla was no where to be found. It remained to be seen how dinner might go.  
  
Having mentioned a hobby of Nascar Martin Houser took Sahseej upstairs to a private room dedicated to car models and driver memorabilia. While Sahseej wasn't really into such a hobby he did believe in being sociable for his daughters sake.  
  
On their journey through the upstairs Sahseej found his eyes peeled for any potential run ins with Kayla. Sure enough after hearing her Father's voice Kayla eased her bedroom door open by two inches. Expecting them to pass by Kayla raced to her bed and lay naked on top of her covers. Rubbing her clit facing the door she hoped that Sahseej would look inside.  
  
In passing she got her wish. Sahseej had to stop and look at her. Pausing only to stare before being forced to abandon the visual. Martin waited for him to join in his rambles of racing. Kayla knew they had to come back through at some point. In a bold move she jumped from her bed and opened her door even further. Four inches wide now.  
  
Returning to her bed she reaches to her bedside stand and breaks out a purple vibrator. Laying back she teases her clit and awaits them to tire of the Nascar chamber. Hearing them leave the room she listens to her Father's words.  
  
"Go on back down. I need to use the head." Then, hearing her Father step into his room.   
  
Sahseej made his way cautiously toward Kayla's room. Stopping in her doorway he watches her imbed her vibrator inside her sweet little pussy. Her moans soft and alluring. She locks eyes upon his and arches her back.  
  
"You can come inside if you want to." She whimpers hopefully.  
  
Shaking his head no he reaches into his pants pocket and produces her thong which he had carried with him. It was time to give it up. Dangling it from her door knob he smirks at her then takes his leave.  
  
Kayla pouted and gave up on her mission. For the moment. Her devilish deeds far from over.  
  
Sahseej headed down to rejoin his wife in the living room. The boys and Molly sitting with her.  
  
"There you are." Marjorie notes her husband on the stairs.  
  
Caleb sat right across from Marjorie staring up her skirt as Molly hugged his side. He was obvious and didn't care. Even Nathan sitting beside Marjorie eyed her muscular legs. Molly sat numb to the situation. She had just had sex in front of her own Mother. Barely unseen. She was proud of her achievement but concerned for the rest of the night. She knew she still needed to bed down Caleb's Father. Would there even be time?

"You failed to mention Dayna's offer to go sailing." Marjorie directs toward Sahseej.  
  
"Forgive me. It slipped my mind."  
  
Martin returns hearing sailing as the topic.  
  
"Hell yes! Let's set sail bright and early in the morning. I know a tiny little island in the Keys that has the best Margaritas and the finest Masseuses. Our treat."  
  
Marjorie flares her eyes, "I could use a deep massage." Hugging her husbands arm tightly she pleads with her eyes.  
  
"We will set our alarm early and drive back in the morning."  
  
Martin frowns, "Nonsense. We have a guest house, you can stay overnight. Fully stocked with anything you might need. Just say yes."  
  
Marjorie pouts dramatically, relaxing her legs enough to offer Caleb a birds eye view of her lavender panties. She hadn't even realized her positioning. Maybe the wine was altering her perceptions.  
  
Molly jumps in knowing this could be her opportunity to obey Caleb's wish for her to have sex with his Father.  
  
"Yes, Father. May we stay?"  
  
Sahseej struggled to say no. His final thoughts swayed as Kayla races down the stairs in a stunning pink dress with massive cleavage. The skirt barely covering her ass and thighs.  
  
"What's going on?" Kayla grins.  
  
Martin clasps his hands together, "The Indrabooty's are staying the night. Sailing tomorrow."  
  
Kayla plops down beside Caleb on the sofa and primes her legs toward Sahseej. Without anyone noticing except Sahseej she fans her legs wide. Zero underwear. Her pussy moist and vibrant. He could even see her hole casually winking at him.  
  
Sahseej began to sweat.  
  
"I believe I am outvoted." Sahseej sighs.  
  
Before another thought a loud message is sent via Dayna Houser.  
  
"Let's eat."  
  
Kayla liked that idea. Going so far as to point at her pussy for Sahseej to read her mind.  
  
Sahseej Indrabooty nods. He was hungry indeed.  
  
Famished in fact.  
  
It wasn't his belly growling.  
  
It was the tiger within.

**Molly Ch. 19: Table Scraps**

The Housers and the Indrabooty's congregated around a large oak dining table as Dayna Houser brings the finishing touches from the kitchen. On one lengthy side sat Caleb Houser with Molly to his left. His brother Nathan to her right.   
  
Across from them sat Marjorie in front of Caleb. Her Husband Sahseej to her right and young Kayla Houser to his right.  
  
At the ends sat Martin and Dayna once finished setting the table of food.   
  
"There! One big happy family." Dayna prides her arrangement, "Martin? Would you like to say grace?"  
  
Daddy Houser clasps his hands leading everyone to join him in lowered eyes. As Martin begins his prayer Caleb reaches his hand over and slips it under Molly's skirt. Fingers rubbing at her pussy right in front of her Father across from her. Molly opens her eyes carefully to watch her Father. He was a deeply religious man yet even he appeared uncomfortable.  
  
Of course that might have been due to Kayla caressing his leg without being caught. Kayla was fascinated by Sahseej. He hid his lap with a large napkin to avoid his erection being spotted. Perhaps his wife would never notice.  
  
"Bless you Father! For this meal my loving wife has slaved over. For new friends joining us. Long may we know each other and share in beautiful moments." Martin opens his eyes to wink at Molly. She winks back even as Nathan to her right rubs her leg under the table.  
  
"Give us wonderful weather as we set sail tomorrow for the Keys. This weekend is our time to bask in your glory. Amen."  
  
"Amen." Heard all around Martin swiftly digs in. The pot roast was tender. The potatoes and carrots melting in their mouths. While normally Sahseej would object to eating beef today he compromised with his wife. Allowing her to fill his plate while frozen in his seat. Kayla had managed to reach his tented crotch. Teasing him with light pinches to his girth. He could only look away from her to be certain nobody was paying attention. His own reaction would give her away. Her hands felt amazing.  
  
Wine poured for the adults Martin winces, "We have a room full of adults it seems. Shall I let everyone imbibe?"  
  
Marjorie eyes Molly who shivered with excitement. While presuming it was for her chance to drink wine Marjorie sighs, "One glass for Molly."  
  
"T-thank you Mother." Molly flares her eyes. Not from her opportunity to share in the grape but of Caleb's fingers digging up inside her pussy. As well as Nathan's hand rolling just shy of touching his brothers knuckles. Both so very intimate. Right in front of everyone. Yet, nobody was noticing.  
  
"How about you boys? Want some wine?" Marin is generous.  
  
Both boys jumped at the chance. Caleb was heard to murmur as he hovers next to Molly, "Whine louder."  
  
"Mmmm!" She dramatizes as her glass is set in front of her to claim. Her eyes wide and trembling at Caleb and Nathan's touch. Using the wine offer too her advantage. Everyone admired her brilliance.  
  
"Isn't she darling?" Dayna winks at Marjorie.  
  
"That she is. She takes after her Father." Marjorie pats her Husband's left leg. Mere inches from Kayla's tempatious fingers taunting Sahseej's arousal. In her scan about the table Marjorie becomes clueless as to the girls mischief.  
  
Sahseej felt superior suddenly. Between two beautiful women this was something unmistakably intoxicating. Regardless his nerves were on edge. How long could he let this endure? Sooner or later somebody would grow curious of the girls attention to this new man in their home. If not his wife then one of her parents. This could go horribly bad. Finally, Sahseej pats the girls fingers and removes them with a dry wince to inform her to behave.  
  
Kayla winced back playfully but honored his silent request placing her hands in her lap. They immediately stormed her skirt peeling it upward to offer Sahseej a glint of her teasing her clit. The girl was shameless.   
  
As dinner progressed Caleb decided to cool out digging up inside Molly. Vacating her made Molly feel his loss. Having sipped her wine rather quickly she was borderline tipsy. Pouting at Caleb she ignored Nathan's continual caress upon her leg. In the confines of their necessity to sit rather closely helped them achieve their attentions. Nathan swiftly slithered fingers in to replace Caleb's departure. Keeping Molly's hormones escalating. Martin Houser had gone into detail surrounding their boating adventure in the morning. He needed to head down to the boat after dinner and get things well oiled up. Making sure the sails were in shape. It had been a few months since his last tour of the Atlantic coast.   
  
Caleb turns behind him looking out at the daylight, "I'll help you Pop."  
  
"Good man." Martin reached over squeezing his son's shoulder. "Nathan? I need you to help your Sister dust off the Guest house for the Indrabooty's stay. Freshen it up a bit. Your Mother can entertain Sahseej and Marjorie a bit."  
  
Molly finishes her wine holding her glass up, "May I have another glass?"  
  
Dayna puckers her lips looking at Marjorie, "Have we started something?"  
  
"One more. You're not used to alcohol Dear." Molly's Mother agrees as Dayna pours Molly another glass. The wine taking the edge off of Molly's deeds.  
  
"Can I help you and Caleb on the sailboat?" Molly brightens up.  
  
Martin nods his approval, "I don't see why not."  
  
Sahseej narrows his eyes at Molly. He worried her intake of alcohol might corrupt her judgment. Innocent though she may be he did note her eye contact with Caleb. She was mesmerized by the lad. Still, the more he let her become an adult the better his wife would relax her own scrutiny. He preferred this weekend go along without family tensions.  
  
"Your pot roast melts in your mouth." Marjorie compliments Dayna. Dayna having finished her fourth glass of wine squints with a sheepish expression. Her thank you offered through a wink.  
  
Belching out loud Martin pats his belly, "Fit for a King."  
  
Kayla giggles under her breath and slips her wet fingers over to caress Sahseej's hand in his lap. The slickness making him look down at her fingertips. He couldn't agree with Martin more. Delicately, Sahseej slides his hand to his right and touches Kayla between her legs. A single finger dipping through her hole. The sensation giving Kayla the shivers. He was actually responding to her taunts. Her face brilliantly grinning.  
  
As fast as he applied his middle finger he takes his leave trailing her wetness over her upper thigh until he placed his hand on his own belly. He too offered a verbal burp that made everyone chuckle.  
  
"My husband has never once burped out loud." Marjorie rolls her knuckle over her husband's forehead checking him for a fever. Sahseej merely scowls then winks at Martin.  
  
"We're going to get along great Sahseej." Martin nods with respect.  
  
"Indeed." Sahseej smirks.  
  
Across from them Molly had polished off her second glass of wine and was feeling incredible. High on her situation her demeanor was changing. She wanted to not play victim. She wanted to instigate. As Nathan tickled her clit Molly caressed his knuckle. Her opposite hand slipping over to rub Caleb's crotch. The contour of his cock making her giddy. She toyed with his zipper until it slipped open. Once allowed to enter her fingers dug in for substance. His boxers easy to bypass she grips his beast and guides it out. Caleb slid his chair closer as if to be near his new girlfriend. Even though in reality she was only a pawn. At least he admits that to himself.  
  
Marjorie eyes his tenderness as he reluctantly places an arm around Molly. Caleb was being a shy gentleman. Molly cooed at his arm draping around her. She had to look to her Mother with a glimmer of awe. Marjorie smiles at her innocence and shares a tender thumbs up.  
  
Caleb felt Molly slowly jerking his cock. As Marjorie admired their behavior unaware of their erotic behavior Nathan gave up on Molly and decided to help his Mother haul dishes to the kitchen. In preparation for dessert. This allowed Molly more freedom to snuggle closer.  
  
Martin observes his son's suave appearance. He had a hunch something was going on under the table. Letting it continue was amusing. He would run interference for them. "So, Marjorie. Ever been down to the Florida Keys before?"  
  
"No. We truthfully haven't been anywhere. This is rather overwhelming but your gracious offer is too juicy to ignore. This is like a mini vacation."  
  
"Great. We can all use a bit of that. Hope you brought a bathing suit."  
  
Caleb perks up hearing of Marjorie and a bathing suit. Although having seen her nude without her knowledge he certainly wanted to view her up close in person more often. Molly in her tipsy state stroked him harder below the table. He loved the duo inspiration. She wanted to watch her hand movements but knew her Mother and Father were attentive.  
  
"I'm afraid I didn't bring a bathing suit." Marjorie frets, "I had no idea we would be staying overnight, nor sailing tomorrow."  
  
"No problem. My wife has an arsenal of swimwear. She can set you up."  
  
Hesitantly, Marjorie looks to Sahseej for his reaction. Sahseej merely nods his approval. "I guess I cannot say no then."  
  
"Great. It's always good to get some sun." Martin points out.  
  
"I'll probably get burnt." Marjorie giggles.  
  
Caleb in response offers, "We have plenty of sunscreen to apply."  
  
Her reaction led to a blush as she catches Caleb lower his gaze to her breasts. She smiled faintly and overlooked it.  
  
Kayla is obligated to help her Mother and Nathan clear the dinner table to serve the strawberry shortcake forthcoming. Her vacancy made Sahseej scoot closer to his wife and place his own arm around her. This made Marjorie smile and snuggle up to him. It had been awhile since he had shown public affection.  
  
"What kind of spell have you good people put on my family?" Marjorie sighs, "It's been ages since my Husband has been so open. And, look at how happy my daughter is. Thank you Caleb."  
  
Martin winks at Caleb who smiles, "Thanks for making me feel like a part of your family. I really like Molly."  
  
"We can tell." Marjorie gleams.   
  
Molly slurs her own jubilation, "I adore my sweet Caleb."  
  
Caleb feigns a blush as everyone chuckles. His right hand lowered to hold her knuckles as they jerk him off ever so tenderly. It appeared as if they were holding hands under the table. So very cute Marjorie thought.  
  
In the Kitchen Dayna Houser and Kayla were portioning out the strawberries and the shortcake. Nathan leaned on the counter watching them. Eying both women with interest. He knew for a fact Kayla had been toying with Molly's Father. He knew his sister enough to know her nympho traits were in overdrive.  
  
Too top that off he saw how drunk his adopted Mother was getting. She was literally teetering in step. Mother or not he always admired her. She was picturesque in beauty. Model pornstar quality. Breasts heaving through low cleavage. Long well muscled legs that she achieved through daily cardio and personal trainers.   
  
Money had gotten her every benefit she ever desired. Was it wrong for Nathan too lust over his adopted Mom? He didn't think so.  
  
"There." Dayna sways, "Kayla? Grab the whipped creme can from the fridge. Nathan? Help take the desserts to the dining room please."  
  
"On it." He perks up thinking, "I'd like to be on you."  
  
The trio ajourn to the other room bearing gifts. As they arrive the chatter ceased in favor of the fruit before them. Kayla stepped about offering whipped creme. Taking time to squeeze the can to top off the dessert as each person requested some.   
  
Moving between Martin and Caleb she looks down at Caleb's lap noting his cock out and Molly glinting up at Kayla with a devilish grin. Kayla had to smirk.  
  
"Want whipped creme Brother Dear?" She giggled.  
  
"Almost there." He jests without anybody realizing his meaning.  
  
Kayla rolls her eyes, "How about you Molly?"   
  
"I would rather have more wine." She giggles.  
  
Marjorie nibbling at her strawberries winces at her daughter, "Half a glass more. I can tell you're feeling it."  
  
"I love the feel of it." Molly sighs tightening her grip on Caleb's cock. She could feel him throbbing hard beneath her palm. He was nearing detonation.  
  
Her Mother hesitates, "Yes. But, you won't later. Too much wine and you might get sick." Molly whimpers with a pout toward her Mother. Sensing her desire Marjorie frowns, "One more glass. If you get sick you only have yourself too blame."  
  
Caleb uses his free hand and slides his own glass toward Molly, "Here. You can have mine. I'm not big on wine."  
  
"You are very big." Molly huffs then realizes her mistake, "I love your muscles."  
  
Caleb blushes knowing she meant his main muscle. He eyes Marjorie thinking how much he wanted it to be Molly's Mom's hand instead of Molly. The mere fantasy of it made him tense up. His reaction making Marjorie take note of his expression. He needed to mask the situation.  
  
Help came in the form of Kayla who stood behind Sahseej leaning over his back to spray whipped creme on his strawberries. Her breasts crushing on his shoulder. He eyes her stretching and literally looks down her shirt at her loosening cleavage.  
  
Rearing back Kayla holds the can to her chest and intentionally sprays creme on to her left breast. Squealing she feigned embaressment and lifted her tit to her tongue to lick the creme off. Only Sahseej, Dayna, and Martin had witnessed her deviousness. Dayna scowls but in her groggy state couldn't care less. Martin winked at his daughter who playfully lifted her tit higher until her areola barely emerged. Sahseej sheepishly looked.   
  
"Delicious." Martin breaks the silence.  
  
Sahseej swiftly averts his gaze at Martin's words. Fearful that he was caught. However, Martin Houser only eyed his strawberries.  
  
Too his left Caleb nibbled at his strawberries. Spoon to his mouth just as he grits his teeth cumming under Molly's grip. Molly brightens her eyes as her knuckles feel his lava flowing over them. In a rare move Caleb drops his spoon into his lap and reacts as if disappointed.  
  
"Awww Maan!" He growls.  
  
"I shall get your spoon." Molly eases aside enough to duck beneath the table. Everyone shocked by her sudden demand.   
  
Under the table Molly swallows Caleb's cock devouring every drop. Her left hand stretching out to grip Martin Houser's crotch. This caught the Father off guard as he looks down with curiosity. Lifting the tablecloth and tilting his gaze he captures Molly looking at him as her tongue glides along Caleb's beast. She grins up at him with desire. Martin Houser was impressed.  
  
Below Caleb motioned her to get up. In response Molly retrieves the spoon and hoist her hand right up in front of Caleb. It was obvious to everyone that she was directly in front of Caleb's lap.   
  
Claiming the spoon he watched Molly emerge from the floor and back into her seat. Unknown to her Molly had a tiny spatter of cum on her cheek. Nobody even noticed until Kayla. In response the Houser sister clears her throat pointing at Molly first then her own right cheek. Caleb took note of the warning and found amusement in it. He didn't bother to warn Molly.  
  
As dessert finished Marjorie chose to assist Dayna clear away the dishes. Fattened by dinner Martin stands tall and ignores the fact his own slacks were taunt by his fantasy of young Molly. He paces about proudly as Sahseej excuses himself. He needed to use the bathroom.  
  
"Forgive me. Would you show me the washroom?" He prompts.  
  
"I'll show you." Kayla leaps up.  
  
"You do that. Caleb? Molly? The boat needs our attention." Martin takes the opportunity to get Molly alone. Leaving her parents with Dayna, Nathan, and Kayla.  
  
Caleb takes the time to zip up and wait for Kayla to lead Sahseej deeper into the home. Dayna, and Marjorie in the kitchen. Once certain of his freedom Martin turns to Molly and pulls her to her feet. The wine making her giggle at his roughness.  
  
He yanks her to his chest then pulls her hair to tug her chin up to look at him.  
  
"You are one fine piece of work Young Lady. That was perfect what you just did."  
  
"Thank you, Sir." She whimpers. Her eyes dancing at his stern expression.  
  
Martin looks between Caleb and Nathan.  
  
"Let's get down to the dock before they come back. I want time with Lil girl here. Nathan? Run interference. Neither parent comes down to the boat or I'll beat your ass."  
  
Nathan frowns, "Gotcha."  
  
With a mad dash Martin nudges Molly into Caleb and they exit the home through French doors. It took them five minutes to reach the Marina and board the sailboat. Caleb helping Molly on to the swaying boat.   
  
In her inebriated state she was dizzy. Falling into Martin. He in turn cradles her in his muscular arms and carries her below deck. Once hidden from sight Martin turns to Caleb.   
  
"Keep watch."  
  
Caleb would. Like a hawk.  
  
Martin then turns to Molly and forcibly turns her back to him. He unzips her dress and guides it off of her shoulders. Admiring her smoky flesh as the dress drifted over her hips and bare ass. As the garment hit her toes he picks her up and carries her to a cabin with a queen sized bed. Laying her on the mattress he watches her settle back and observe as Martin undresses. She begins touching her clit while squeezing her right breast. Her nipples oversensitive.  
  
"As his pants depart he lowers his boxers to reveal a meaty eight inch antagonist. Nurturing it over her toes he tightens his cock until it couldn't possibly get any bigger.  
  
"You must fuck me now." She giggles and uses her toes to tease his scrotum, "Caleb insists. I insist."  
  
"My pleasure Sweetheart. I've looked forward to this."  
  
Martin Houser crawls on his knees between her legs and slaps his crown over her clit. Having abandoned her pussy in favor of touching him as he lowers over her. His cock presses into her for a deep penetration that arches her spine slightly.  
  
"Fucking beautiful fit." Martin huffs.  
  
"For a King as you say?" She whimpers as he thrusts slowly. Martin Houser wanted more than a mere fuck. He intended to make love to this tiny young woman.  
  
His lips found hers and he kissed her long, hard, and steamy. Ignoring her breath that tasted like his son's release earlier. He didn't care. Kisses move from her lips to her throat. Her head moving from side to side giving him the options of either side of her neck. She cooed at his feverish lips.   
  
Hands squeeze her tits as he lowers just enough to suck on a nipple. Her sighs bordering on squeals and tender moans.  
  
"I think I'm in love Little Girl." Martin grunts as his rythym increases.  
  
"You may love me." She exhales with eyes that melt his soul.  
  
Martin Houser continued on his emotional journey.  
  
Within the Houser home Sahseej had been shown the restroom. Kayla leading him to a lavatory in the back of the house. Secluded to a point. Reaching the restroom Kayla turns to Sahseej and storms into his arms. Catching him off balance he collides with the bathroom door.   
  
Kissing him hard on the lips she bites him. Tugging at his lower lip forces Sahseej to kiss back. His balance caught he nudges her backward into the wall behind her and plants both hands to each side of her. Kayla in turn raises her own hands up to palm his cheeks. The kiss scaulding hot and stimulating.  
  
In their flurry of emotions Kayla lowers her right hand to grip his erection through his slacks.  
  
"I want him." She huffs again tugging his lower lip. Her eyes failing to blink at her neediness.  
  
He snaps a glare to his left at the direction they had come from. Nobody in sight. Marjorie might presume he had joined Martin and the kids at the boat. If he was intending to do this he would need to do so now.  
  
Utilizing his hands he unzips his pants, dropping them to his upper thighs. In a maddening display he hoists Kayla up against the wall and guides his cock under her short flowing skirt. Locating her pussy he plunges deep and holds it there.

Kayla gasps into his ear before suckling on his lobe.  
  
"Fuck me." She whispers.  
  
Sahseej didn't need to be told twice. He pounded the poor girl hard. Her moans soft and seductive. Pleading into his ear in whispers of encouragement.  
  
"Did you fantasize about me?" She needed to know.  
  
"Indeed."  
  
"I thought of you as well. I'm glad you are Molly's Dad. I might never have met you otherwise."  
  
"Do not ruin this moment." He decides. Storming her lips to avoid further words. Kayla was quickly cumming. Her juices trickling down into his lowered boxers. A mess quickly ensues.  
  
During their sensual escalation they failed to notice Nathan skulking about. Hidden within his Father's study just ten feet from them. Smirking he raises his cell and records them making love in the hallway. Video capturing his sister's increasing vocal reactions. Sahseej Indrabooty was tearing her up. Too the point her moans were becoming far too loud to let go unchecked.  
  
Sahseej took them into the bathroom. Door closing with a kick.  
  
Nathan chuckles and shuts his cell off. He would just listen in.  
  
Down at the boat Caleb Houser was bored standing guard. Looking through a porthole wasn't much fun. Instead, his attention drew next to him as he observed his Father making love to his girl. He winced at the thought. She wasn't his girlfriend. She was just pussy at his disposal. He wanted the Mother. Hell, he wanted both of them.  
  
Molly began to moan loudly. Martin rearing up over her now to watch his beast enter and exit this smoky pink pussy with interest. He grew mesmerized by her interior flesh pulling along with his cock's retreat. It was a thing of beauty.  
  
Her tits bobbing about as if alive. Her gaze begging to be loved. Sweat beads upon both of them in their exersion. Martin decides to pull out of her in a web of juices and roll her over on to her stomach. He then claims her pussy from behind. Molly in turn muffling her moans into the matress. Her nails digging at the sheets.  
  
Martin clutches her heart shaped ass gripping them and prying the cheeks apart. His thumb sinking into her anal cavity. The girl trembling hard at his brusque nature.  
  
"Christ. This little slut is breathtaking." He huffs back at Caleb.  
  
Caleb nods opting to chuckle, "I told you. I say we fuck her non stop all weekend."  
  
Martin sighs, "Once more this weekend. Down in the Keys. I'll have your Mom take the Indrabooty's for massages. How about some Father and son bonding this weekend? The two of us tag teaming Molly here. DP?"  
  
"Hell yeah. You get the anal though." Caleb chuckles.  
  
"I can deal with that. How's that sound Molly?" Martin yanks her face from the mattress by her hair.  
  
"If Caleb wishes it. I obey."  
  
Puckering at her desire to please his son he nods, "Welcome to the family Kid."  
  
"I feel very welcome indeed." She hisses as Martin strains. He was prepared to cum hard. Barely escaping her interior Martin jizzes all across her backside. Breathing heavily the elder Houser collapses to her side. On his back he lay there sweating.  
  
Molly needed more. Impression was everything. She rolls over dizzily and sucks Martin's cock while squeezing at his balls. Her eyes watching Caleb.  
  
Martin in turn found the energy to caress her hair. Tangling his fingers amid her curls. Her tongue gliding along his shaft as her left hand stretches back to frolic through Martin's chest hair. As his cock twitches back to life Molly rears to her knees and crawls over Martin. Reaching under her she guides his cock back into her pussy. From there she raises up and rides Martin hard. Her breasts clutched as Martin revives enough to enjoy their adventure.  
  
Molly moans at the top of her lungs as her hormones rile into a ferocious vent. So loud she echoed. Caleb stood back amazed. In her gyrations Caleb found his own cock storming high. With a loud huff he drops his pants and scoots in behind Molly, between his Father's legs.  
  
Martin chuckles at the eager son, "Couldn't wait?"  
  
"Shut up." Caleb growls as he lines his cock up to Molly's ass. Nudging her forward to steady an awkward penetration he eases in. Molly cries out at the double insertion. Both men manhandling her body.  
  
Martin gripping her left arm and her throat. Caleb gripping her raven locks tugging at her hair while holding her right bicep. The two men discovering an almost impossible rythym in their thrusting.  
  
Molly screams multiple times. Two orgasms endured before both men cum inside both of her holes. Molly was ready to pass out.  
  
Easing away they lay her carefully to her side and get dressed. Leaving her to rest the men move about checking the boat for its readiness.  
  
Martin on the deck puts an arm around his son.  
  
"We should do this more often."  
  
"More girls next time. Remember?" Caleb snickers.  
  
"Oh yeah. That other gal from the Library shows. We can do that."  
  
The Houser boys stood proud.  
  
Inside the back bathroom Sahseej had nutted into Kayla's mouth. Choosing to fuck her face for his own amusement. Kayla Houser had cum hard before hand and fell to his feet beside the shower. In his needs he adored the youth of the situation. Still, his regret led him to consider Marjorie's feelings. This was his very first affair. He felt a nagging shame even though he rammed his beast deep into her gagging throat.  
  
Cumming hard in her mouth Sahseej pulled away in a spatter of webbed saliva and cum mixation. Quieting he caresses her long blond hair as she licks his cock with a puppy like expression.  
  
"We should get back." He nods whispering.  
  
"More." She pleads caressing his thighs lovingly.  
  
"Another time. We cannot be caught like this."  
  
Agreeing the two get dressed. Sahseej grimacing at his dampened slacks and boxers. He chose to wash up quickly. Giving Kayla time to sneak out.  
  
Returning to the dining area Kayla found Marjorie sitting alone. Sipping wine and thinking quite vividly.  
  
"Where is everybody?" Kayla trembles. Her body odor due to sex lingering. She chose to keep her distance.  
  
"Your Mother is in the Kitchen. Molly is with your Dad and Caleb on the boat. Nathan I'm not certain. Where is Sahseej?"  
  
"I showed him the restroom. I figured he would be done by now." Kayla ran interference.  
  
"He is not used to eating beef. Being Hindi the cow is sacred. I'm ashamed of myself for letting him do that."  
  
"Oh. I didn't know that." Kayla sighs, "I'm going out to the Guest house to get it ready for you. I'm glad you're staying the weekend. I think you guys are really nice."  
  
Marjorie smiles brightly then notes something. Pointing at her cheek leads Kayla to discover a droplet of cum. Without looking fearful Kayla merely dabs her cheek then licks her fingertip. Marjorie had no clue.  
  
Seconds later Sahseej returns freshened up.  
  
"There you are. Did the roast disagree with you?"  
  
He eyes his wife as Kayla flutters her fingers goodbye.  
  
"Yes. I purged myself."  
  
"You look pale. I'm sooo sorry you felt compelled to eat the roast."  
  
"I will pray over it."  
  
Marjorie stood up and hugged her husband tightly.  
  
Down at the boats, Martin and Caleb stood talking about the future when Molly stepped from below deck. To their surprise the young woman was still nude. She shuffles behind them and lays down on the deck. In a bold move she takes her ankles and pulls her legs behind her head. Peering up at the Houser men she pries her pussy lips wide as an invitation.  
  
"Very nice." Martin admires.  
  
Caleb chuckles, "Signature move. She's showing off."  
  
Molly fingered herself until they had no choice. Both men whipped their cocks out and milked themselves another time.  
  
Molly loved the sunshine.  
  
Molly loved the rain.  
  
The Houser's?  
  
They loved her.

**Molly Ch. 20: Anybody's Guest**

Marjorie Lovett- Indrabooty tolerated the company of the tipsy Mother of Caleb Houser.  
  
Dayna Houser had imbibed upon one glass of wine after another as they lay out sunbathing on the veranda. While uncertain of how much more she could deal with the busty supermodel she was likeable. Beside that it was nice to have made a new friend.   
  
Ever since the Indrabooty clan relocated from Mumbai to Miami they had isolated themselves between careers and raising their daughter Molly. It was enough. Now, however it was becoming evident that their lives needed an upgrade. Their daughter Molly was a woman. Caleb seemed like a really good boy for her to date. His family appeared equally as nice.   
  
The pampering of late made Marjorie even more open to their invitation to spend the weekend. Why not? Even her husband Sahseej had grown to enjoy himself this weekend. She was wary of how he might react to others. He was so self absorbed normally. Yet, he and Martin Houser were getting along fabulously. Talking about even a round of golf the following weekend before Martin had to return to his job at sea.  
  
Their sunbathing was late in the afternoon but enjoyable none the less. Marjorie's biggest tension led to her borrowing a swim suit. Normally choosing a one piece Dayna insisted that she live a little. Challenging her new friend to wear a bikini. A pale yellow bikini that expressed a bit more than she was accustomed to. Cleavage was one thing. Entire torso another. Even though she was still well built there were ever so gentle traces of stretch marks eighteen years lingering. Not enough to worry over but it came with the self esteem.  
  
Oiled up and baking the ladies giggled and talked about their children throughout the years. Each proud of them in some fashion. Bragging over their good points. Frowning over the bad. That led to discussing how they met their mates. Two hours passed quickly. Laying there drinking their conversation became interrupted.  
  
"Guest room is ready Mom." Spoke young Kayla Houser. Dressed sensually in a white Tee that was cut off two inches below her chest. No bra evident her nipples pointy and strict. Grey spandex shorts hugging her thighs skin tight. Camel toe expressed.  
  
"Thank you Kayla." Marjorie smiles up at her.  
  
Dayna raises her wine glass, "Fill us up Dear."  
  
"Slave driver." Kayla snickers and claims their glasses. Disappearing into the house. Inside as she pours more chilled wine she crosses paths with her Brother Caleb. Leering out the French doors to watch Marjorie Indrabooty laying out. Caleb had left Molly with his Father and her own Dad for a bit.  
  
"Quit drooling over Molly's mom." Kayla chuckles.  
  
In response without looking at her he growls, "Quit fucking Molly's dad then."  
  
Her eyes flare at his knowledge. He quickly lifts his cell phone up showing her a video of she and Sahseej outside the back restroom.  
  
"How did you?" She narrows her eyes, "I'm going to kill Nathan."  
  
"How was he?"  
  
Kayla smirks holding the wine glasses in front of her, "I am so fucking him again and again."  
  
"Awesome. I want to fuck Marjorie too. So..." Caleb reaches into his pocket and produces two very tiny pills which he drops into each wine glass.   
  
"Rufey? Seriously?" Kayla frowns, "Drugging Mom too?"  
  
"Can't have her aware of what I'm doing. Besides she's fucked up already. Let her sleep it off."  
  
"Get those from Dad's stash?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Have fun." Kayla uses her foot to slide open the door.  
  
"You too."  
  
Closing the door for her Caleb nods watching her delivery lead to the women drinking the wine. It shouldn't be long before both women were out cold. Then, it was game on. Kayla would distract Molly's Dad and Molly would be told to seduce his Dad again.   
  
Mastermind! The villain rubbed his palms together.  
  
"What's the plan, Bro?"  
  
Nathan Houser ruined the moment. Caleb had overlooked his adopted brother. Groaning at Nathan being in his way he turns and looks toward the lankier boy.  
  
"I don't give a shit what you do but do not get in my way."  
  
Shocked Nathan winces queerly, "What? I gave you that video of Kayla and Molly's pop. What did I do wrong?"  
  
"Nothing." Caleb settles down with his palms poised before him in a calming motion, "I gave Molly's Mom a mickey. Once she's out cold I'm going to strip that bikini off of her. Have a little fun."  
  
Nathan props a brow, "What about Mom?"  
  
"Dropped her too. She's ten shits to the wind anyway. Probably pass out before the rufey takes effect."  
  
"Dad okay this?"  
  
"Not Mom but he knew I grabbed a couple of his stash. Molly will keep Dad busy. Kayla can keep Molly's Dad out of sight. Perfect timing. Like I said don't fuck this up for me."  
  
"I won't. Give me some credit. I'm family."  
  
"Adopted. You're not blood."  
  
"Thanks for reminding me. I guess if I'm not blood then I can strip Mom then?"  
  
Caleb drills a glare at his adoptive sibling and growls, "That's ate up."  
  
"Any worse than what you pull off? If you go down over any of this crap, we all do."  
  
"Fuck it. Do what you want. Just help me take pics and video once I get Marjorie naked."  
  
"Always glad to help." Nathan smirks, "Return the favor with a family photo of Me and Mommy?"  
  
Caleb slugs his brother in the arm. A quick wrestle they break off laughing. Name calling persisted.   
  
Upstairs of the Houser residence Father Martin Houser sat with Sahseej and Molly. Molly on her best behavior after cleaning up in the boats shower. Refreshed and smelling like the tender perfume her Mother had given her. Sahseej still had reservations over her growing up. Yet, he relaxed his tone. His mind was elsewhere.  
  
As Martin rambled about politics in the White House Sahseej reflected to the encounters with his sexy young daughter. The girl seducing him then later he taking control. He had never once cheated on Marjorie yet now Kayla had obsessed his thoughts. He wanted more. He needed this adventure. He just worried about being caught. So far he had been lucky.  
  
His wife attaching herself to Dayna Houser's hip wearing a bikini for the first time since he had married her. He chose to act as if he needed space to overcome his principles. His upbringing alone concerning his wife and children were restrained. To continue that act meant his safety. As long as Marjorie and Molly were allowed a bit more freedom they would gravitate toward themselves.   
  
Molly however felt obligated to hug her Father's side to keep him motivated to stay the night as he had agreed to. She didn't want him to change his mind. Molly even attempted to chat about Donald Trump's cabinet. Her thoughts way off and laughable by both men. Still, Sahseej had to place an arm around his daughter for her words of wisdom. It was enjoyable to hear her lack of knowledge.   
  
Head cradling in her Father's armpit Molly smiled brightly. She knew she was right. Although wrong. Martin Houser had difficulty not looking up Molly's skirt. Her dark bronze flesh from toe to upper thigh delicious. He couldn't resist getting another hard on.  
  
During their lengthy discussion Martin Houser refreshed their drinks. Moving away from their earlier wine to a Man's drink. Pouring glasses of Jack Daniels and offering an added safety measure. Dropping a Rufey into Sahseej's glass. He wanted safety in bedding Molly again. His son Caleb's idea. He would only feel tired and adjourn to the Guest House for a nap.   
  
"Here you go." Martin passes off the drink. Sahseej was not much of a drinker but he intended to be social. The more he accepted the more he could potentially get away with. Toasting each other both men downed their drinks in one good swallow. The fire of the whiskey going down made Sahseej express his overheated throat. Molly had to giggle. She had never seen her Father act this way.  
  
"Should I locate a fire extinguisher?" Molly taunts her Father sitting forward to admire his flushed face.  
  
His tongue numb he wags it in hopes to cool it off. He too then shakes his head at the offer of a refill. Martin chuckled. It was just a matter of time now.  
  
Kayla Houser sat with the women awaiting the Mickey to take effect. Listening to her Mother jabber about lost sales in the Housing Market. Mumbling about possible choices she might show the Indrabooty's another day.   
  
Eying Marjorie adjust her bikini bottoms she could tell the woman was self conscious over her body. Even Kayla had to admit that for her age the woman still had a lot of sex appeal. Squinting at her Kayla smiles. She knew the woman's husband found her hotter. Kayla loved knowing that fact. She was bedding down her Hindi George Clooney.   
  
Minutes from now she would head inside and stalk her target like a wolf in heat.  
  
Yawns persisted from both elder women. Kayla notices her brothers standing outside the French doors awaiting their chance to create mischief. It was only a waiting game. Kayla would babysit until bed time. Looking to the sky she worried though. The women still had hours of sun. If the brothers overlooked them too much the women would burn. That would be horrible.   
  
As Dayna drifts off Kayla grabs her wine glass before she dropped it to the pool's edge. Shattered glass would be a telltale sign. Standing she moves around the chase to Marjorie. Molly's Mother still slightly aware.  
  
"Here I'll top off your wine again." Kayla assumes control. Peeling the glass from nearly useless fingers. Standing above her she witnesses Marjorie drift away. A snap of her fingers Kayla knew she was gone. She almost felt sad for her. With a scowl it dawns on her. Kayla had bought a new nightie at the mall. Sahseej might like that.  
  
Walking toward her Brother's Kayla sighs, "Don't let them burn. Be nice and apply suntan lotion."  
  
Caleb realized her point. Nodding he reaches over and pats his sister on the butt. Kayla rolls her eyes and flips him off trying not to drop her wine glasses. The second she disappears inside Caleb grabs Nathan by the shirt.  
  
"Let's go play."  
  
Easing toward the women Caleb felt ill that he had done this to his Mom. Not enough to change his goal but still. She did give birth to him. Groaning as Nathan eyed his Mother like a shark circling made it even worse.  
  
"Stop checking Mom out. Gross."  
  
Nathan sits down next to Dayna grabbing the suntan lotion bottle beside her. Lifting it to show Caleb he sighs, "You do your thing. I'll save Mom."  
  
"Whatever Freak."  
  
"Takes one to know one." Nathan dribbles lotion on his adopted Mother's chest. In her slumber she feels nothing as his palms coat a smooth gloss across her chest and belly." Caleb tried to keep his attention on Marjorie going so far as untying the bikini top and carefully folding it up to reveal her stunning breasts. He had to whistle under his breath. He remembered those from the shower. When he had snuck back into their Condo. His mouth immediately devours a nipple. Sucking on it tenderly. So as not to leave a potential Hicky. Snapping selfies of his own as he did. To his surprise Marjorie flinches on a barely notable reflex. Even under the mickey she captured sensations.  
  
Pausing to observe her further before risking more he darts his gaze toward Nathan. His brother still oiling their Mother. His fingers dipping beneath the bikini bottoms over her inner thighs. In response Caleb picks up a towel and tosses it at the younger sibling. If only by a month.  
  
"Hey! Knock it off Towel Boy. This is a porn come true."  
  
Caleb glares at Nathan then raises his cell, "Get over here."  
  
Nathan grimaces and pats his Mother on the upper thigh, "Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back."  
  
Rising from his knees he makes the journey around Dayna and claims Caleb's cell. Utilizing it's video mode he films the older Brother as he unties Marjorie's bikini bottom. Lightly peeling the front section down over her pussy. In view popped a well groomed snatch. Both boys had to take a deep breath and admire the beauty of Molly's Mother.   
  
Leaving the bottoms under her ass so that Caleb could retie it without a struggle later he merely tugs her legs apart for a more intimate view of her labia. Looking up at his cell camera he wags his eyes and lowers his hand down over her pubes. Fingers delicately probing through her pussy lips to show off a succulent hole. Rubbing it made Marjorie react yet again. Almost as if she wanted to wake up but couldn't. The drugs effects varied between the two women. Dayna Houser out cold.  
  
"Dude!" Nathan whispers, "She's not out."  
  
"Close enough. This just makes it more fun."  
  
Risky but thrilling Caleb dips a finger up inside Marjorie. Pulling it out to inform the video of her wetness. He then relocates it back inside, along with a second finger. Fucking her tenderly.   
  
Freezing as she expels a thin exhale the boys grin between each other. Caleb choosing to increase his insertion speed. With his added stimulation Marjorie moans ever so faintly. Her lips distorted by her inner thoughts beyond deciphering. Her expressions amusing to the guys. Pulling his fingers free Caleb stands up and moves to her feet. Nathan switching spots with him.  
  
Kneeling Caleb lowers his face and hands. Fingers prying her lips apart so that he could lick her clitoris. Again she twitches and moans. Eyelids fluttering slightly. Fingers indulge within her beneath his wagging tongue. Nathan recording his every despicable move. After a few minutes Caleb stands up and unzips his cargo pants. Dropping them and his boxers he grips his erection and straddles Marjorie's upper thighs. It was awkward in stance but he presses his cock down to tap her clit multiple times. Each impact harder than the last. Creating a wave of emotional sighs from her muddled comprehension.   
  
Impossible at his angle to effectively fuck her he backs away and tries to decide his best move. In his biggest risk yet he shuffles around her outstretched body and stands beside her head. Leaning over he gently tilts her head and parts her lips. Mouth gaping with trickles of drool Caleb arches forward and nudges his cock between her glossy lips. He huffed at her tongue curling as his dick entered her mouth. Pressing forth as far as he could before strangling her in her near unresponsive form.  
  
"Crazy!" Nathan whispers.  
  
Caleb smirks, "Warm, wet, and juicy."  
  
His balls mash lightly on her chin. He wanted to fuck her hard but decided better of it. Instead he pulls from her mouth and moves in to trail his crown around her right areola. "Damn I want to fuck this Cougar." He growls.  
  
"Better not. This could go south real fast. She senses something you can tell by looking at her expression."  
  
Just as Nathan had whispered his viewpoint Marjorie murmurs.  
  
"Sahseej!" With a barely revealed smile.  
  
Caleb froze in step then narrowed his eyes. In a bold move he mimics the Indian tone of her Husband's voice as best he could. Fairly close in his performance.  
  
"I am here Wife."  
  
She smiles warmly without even understanding why. It was remarkable. The boys staring at each other in awe.   
  
"Shall we make love Wife?" Caleb tries not to laugh. Her reaction merely a slurred gasp. She had zero muscle control over her limbs. As much as she tried she couldn't even touch herself. Caleb had a brainstorm. He claimed her arms and moved them over her torso to apply her fingers to her clit. Nathan caught on and from his side of her encouraged her other arm upward. Positioning her left hand over her breast. Together they poised her as if playing with herself.  
  
Too much fun.  
  
Indoors Kayla went upstairs to join her Father and Sahseej. Entering the upstairs Study she found Martin Houser kneeling in front of Molly on the loveseat. The girl giggling and upset at the same time. Her Father right beside them only asleep in a slouched position.   
  
"What have you done to Father?" Molly whimpered. Kayla immediately ducked out of view. Observing at an angle behind the threshold. She felt badly for Molly suddenly. Her Father was becoming ruthless in his desires. She listens to her Father calm the young Hindi Goddess.  
  
"He's just sleeping. Don't panic. He won't know what we do."  
  
Molly whimpers nudging her Dad to confirm his response. Sahseej merely scowling and toppling to his right a bit more. Knowing he was breathing Molly settled down yet looked terrified. Martin running his palms up her legs and under her skirt. Raising her legs and dragging her hips forward he guides the skirt up to her waist. He then lowers his face in to eat the girl out right in front of her Dad. A bold move indeed.  
  
Kayla pouted. Seeing her Father so evil made her realize that the apple didn't fall far from the tree. Caleb was just like his Dad. Maybe Kayla took after them too. All she could think about was that she was cheated of time with Sahseej. He was incoherent and lifeless in his positioning. Her thoughts ruined. So much for the nightie. He would have to see her in it another time.  
  
Kayla Houser quietly shuffled away. Her bedroom three doors away.  
  
Martin had Molly moaning at the top of her lungs. As hard as she tried to keep quiet his tongue and fingers wouldn't allow it. He had three fingers burrowing deep as his tongue tortured her clit. She nearly bawled at doing this beside her Father. Why were the Houser's so mean? Concluding that her Father would not know what she was doing she gave in. Tears and all she bites her lip and makes matters worse. Reaching behind her she unzips her dress. Martin looking over his brow while feasting saw her daring move. Easing away he lets her pull the dress over her head and set it over the arm of the loveseat.   
  
"That's a girl. Finally realizing how much fun this is aren't you?" Martin winks.  
  
"I wish to impress you and Caleb. My life will end if Father awakens or Mother comes looking for us."  
  
"Oh, I'm impressed. Don't worry about the parents. You just worry about taking good care of my cock."  
  
"Of this I will do."  
  
"Course you will. My son adores you. Therefore I adore you."  
  
"I will then adore you." She recites.  
  
"Good." He stands up and lets her watch him strip naked. Darting her gaze nervously toward her comatose Father. She hated herself for choosing sides. Yet, she loved the risks being taken. Her life over as far as she was concerned. She might as well enjoy the moment.  
  
Once nude Martin cradles her tiny body and hoists her into the air. She pouts with alluring eyes as he steps to his left between her Father's legs. With a devilish grin he lowers her into her Father's lap. Her eyes bulging at his treacherous move. Forcing her to lay back against her Father, Martin stands away and admires her beauty. Her breathing heavy, chest bobbing ever so lightly.   
  
"Picture perfect." He reaches behind him for his cell to snap a photo of her risqué lap dance. Eying his interest Molly reaches her palm upward and caresses her Father's cheek. Offering a glint of desire to her act. Martin got harder right before her eyes.  
  
"Video. Gyrate on your ole man's cock." He orders.  
  
Molly eases forward and whimpers as her ass crack rubs over her Father's contours. It made her queasy but she continued. The insult and disrespect would eat her up later. So, why did her soul beg to make this beast happy? Martin was cruel to be certain.  
  
"Show me how much you like giving your Dad a ride. Turn around and face him. Dance on him with your tits in his face. He won't know."  
  
Molly swallows dryly yet maintains her composure. She slips from her Father's lap then pivots to face him. Again straddling his legs. Sitting up straight she gyrates her thighs across his massive yet timid cock. Feeling her pussy lips smother around his girth she feels him twitch. Her eyes trembling. Worried he might revive during her performance. He would beat her long before disowning.  
  
"See. He's in a deep sleep. Keep going. Lift his face and bury it between your tits."  
  
Molly slides forward and hovers her chest over his guided face. Leaning in she feels his warm breath on her sternum. It gave her the chills. Crushing her tits around his face she rolls her eyes back in terror. Suddenly, her eyes pop wide. It felt almost as if he had puckered his lips and kissed between her cleavage. Pulling away carefully she studies his expressions. Grimaces yet a thin smirk to one side.

"Place a nipple to his lips."  
  
Hearing the suggestion Molly gradually lifts her right tit while her left hand coaxes her Father forward. As his jaw droops she takes a deep breath and slips her areola into his parted lips. Weirdly he closes his lips around her nipple then drools. Mouth fanning wide again. She shivered and looked over her shoulder at Martin with a mortified expression. Martin had moved closer to her. Caressing her ass as she sat there over Sahseej. He crouches slightly and uses his free hand to guide his crown toward Molly's pussy. Wet as hell he nudges deep penetrating her. Fucking her over her own Father.   
  
She wept and palmed her Father's face, "Please forgive me Father." Which led into throwing her arms around his neck hugging him. Her heart breaking.  
  
Martin videoed the entire penetration. Her moans soft and succulent. Eventually cumming on her Father's lap. Her body tensing up to tightly clutch him to her chest. Martin Houser pulling out to pepper her ass with his own delicacy.  
  
"Now wasn't that fun?" He leans over her, his cheek tickled by her raven curls. He kisses the corner of her lips and awaits her reply.  
  
"I would not say fun. I am happy you are happy." She whispers.  
  
"Noooo! You need to learn that whatever we Houser's make you do is fun."  
  
She shivers easing up to sit on her Father. Her juices had flooded over his crotch. He would know something happened.  
  
"I will have as much fun as you ask of me."  
  
"Ask? Try again." He growls.  
  
"I will have fun at what you expect of me."  
  
He grabs her arm and drags her to her feet. Discarding his cell on the loveseat he pulls her into a kiss that she melts into. Long and feverish. Her hands racing all over his body. In his grip she sighs. Her eyes bulbous and wanting to be desired.  
  
Molly Indrabooty was helpless. Saying no was not an option. Not only had she given the Houser's enough evidence to ruin her own life. She had now offered up her own Father's demise. Regret nagged at her but she also felt so very alive. She liked being the subject of ownership. The blackmail would pale in comparison to her future deeds.   
  
A promise once made. This would be her best year yet.  
  
Getting dressed Martin hears footsteps and chuckling. Turning as Caleb and Nathan walked in he eyes his boys. Caleb smirking at Sahseej drooling all over himself. Pointing at his Dad then to Molly he whistles.  
  
"Dang Molly. That's some bold shit."   
  
She stood naked and loved how Caleb smiled at her. Nibbling her lower lip she sits beside her Father and hugs his arm. Placing her temple on his shoulder.  
  
Caleb produces his cell and turns the speaker down. He then plays the video of he playing with Marjorie Indrabooty. The three Houser's enjoyed their malice. Finally, Martin pats Caleb on the shoulder.  
  
"Carry Molly's Dad out to the Guest House and put him to bed. He won't wake up for another hour." Martin then retrieves his whiskey bottle. Tilting it over the lap of Sahseej. Too mask his daughter's cum.  
  
Molly sat up straight and watched as the Brother's hoisted her Father into the air. His weight nothing to the boys. Still, she worried for his safety.   
  
Once the boys had him downstairs Kayla Houser leers around the corner of her bedroom door. She pouted at their departure. She had put on her sexy nightie. Shying away as Martin and a now dressed Molly stepped from the Study, Martin looks her way. Judgment call he escorts Molly to Kayla's room. Finding her standing just inside.  
  
"She sleeps in your room tonight. Give her parents time to themselves."  
  
Kayla nods her affirmation. Molly smiled even though Kayla could sense her pain. They would talk the next few hours. Molly convincing her that she was fine. Kayla knew better. Martin trudged downstairs then out the French doors shutting them behind him. The boys in their struggle had left it wide open. Eying his wife and Marjorie sunbathing unconscious he shakes his head. He couldn't leave them out there to burn.  
  
Reaching them he looks over Marjorie. She still had cum droplets on her chest. It was easy to tell his boys had pelted her well. He then eyes his wife. With a narrowed gaze he notes droplets on Dayna's face.  
  
"What the fuck?" He thought. Toweling his wife off he picks her up and carries her inside. Laying her on the living room sofa. He then returned to Marjorie and did the same. Huffing at his overtaxed muscles he cradles Marjorie and hauls her to the Guest House.  
  
Nathan held the door for his Dad. In passing Martin winces.  
  
"You're grounded."  
  
"For what?"  
  
"Your Mom's facial. I know Caleb didn't do that Sherlock."  
  
Nathan bolted away. He would stay in his room the rest of the night.  
  
Laying Marjorie beside Sahseej in bed he and Caleb snuggled them up together. A tangled work of art. The Indrabooty's would wake up and think nothing of it. Chalking it up to getting drunk in the heat. The hangover forthcoming.  
  
"Was there any more strawberry shortcake left?" Martin squeezes Caleb's shoulder as they step outside.  
  
"Work up an appetite Old Man?"  
  
With a stern glare toward his boy Martin growls, "Son? Don't you ever let that girl go."  
  
Caleb froze in step. He didn't know what to say. He did manage his words.  
  
"Yeah, shortcake does sound good."  
  
His thoughts on Molly.  
  
Coated in whip crème.