**Molly Ch. 22: Hot Tropic**

"Rise and shine Neighbors."  
  
The cheerful exuberance of Dayna Houser exploded upon the scene of her unlocked guest house. Being the owner she was a bit too open for most people. Without any warning whatsoever she barges into the house and pushes a cart full of wonderful breakfast foods of freshly baked muffins, scrambled eggs, and diced fruit. Looking at her guests the lovely Indrabooty couple making love on top of their sheets seemed a bit too intrusive yet she merely smiled at them. Rolling over in shock allowed her to witness a Sahseej sausage to go along with her breakfast items. Fanning her face as if flustered they knew very well Dayna was eating this up. Covering her eyes as Marjorie's body exposed itself just long enough to reveal a dancing bosom and a slightly hairy bush Dayna turned her back to them.  
  
"I so should have knocked. It's so wonderful having new friends that I could not help but spoil you. I'll just leave breakfast for you two to build up an appetite for. Just a notice, Martin says we shove up in an hour so you two kids make it fast. Oh Marjorie, I placed a selection of bikini's under the cart. I'm afraid it's a no go concerning swimwear for Sahseej. All of my men are larger in waist. I guess he will have to go skinny dipping." With a giggle she fans her right knuckles waving goodbye, "Have fun kids."  
  
As the door closed behind her the Indrabooty couple stared at each other in awe, which led to laughter. Marjorie snuggles up to her husband and quietly whispers, "It feels like my college dorm room all over again." He halts his chuckle to sneer at her, "Relax Prince Charming that was in the past. Only with Jonathan Worley, he's a botanist in New York these days. Shall we finish then shower together really fast?"  
  
"The muffins smell quite flavorful." He grimaces then rolls on top of his beautiful wife sucking on her left nipple. Her squeal was enough to know he was referring to her muffins. She loved her man. He loved her. If only there was not this young vital girl named Kayla nagging at his fantasies. Sadly, he was thinking of her.  
  
Inside the Houser home Kayla had just finished showering in her private on suite. Stepping out of her steamy stall she finds Molly Indrabooty staring at her with her hands held captive behind her back.  
  
"Don't scare me like that." Kayla bulges her eyes at Molly's inquisitive stare, "What?"  
  
"My Father left a hicky."  
  
Haunted Kayla rushes to her mirror and wipes the fog away enough to inspect her throat, recalling where he had kissed her neckline. Finding none she twists in step leaning her bare backside against the sink, "I don't see any..."  
  
"Of course not. I merely wanted to confirm my theory."  
  
"Wait! You already knew what happened in the pool. Why bust my chops now? It's just a fling. I find your Dad cute."  
  
"You will pursue my Father still?"  
  
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"Maybe. Who knows? Things happen. You better get cleaned up I'll find you a new bikini."  
  
"It must be very conservative or my Father will be cross."  
  
"What's conservative?" Kayla snickers with a wrinkle over her nose, "I don't wear anything conservative. Besides we both know my Brother wants you to be sexy as hell."  
  
She nibbles her lower lip before offering, "You...really are sexy without any help on my part."  
  
"Am I?" Molly blushes.  
  
"Would I lie?"  
  
"Of course you would, but I will not hold it against you."  
  
"Right, I'm not lying about this though. If I were bi-curious I might be all over you. I'm not."  
  
"You question your own lie. As I said I will not hold it against you."  
  
"Wait! What? Are you calling me gay?"  
  
"No. I am calling the cat curious."  
  
"Curiosity killed the cat. You were close."  
  
"No I was quite on the spot. If you hurt my Father and Mother I will most assuredly skin you alive. I will shower my sexiness now." She turns grinning from ear to ear then wiggles her butt at Kayla. Her eyes immediately drawn to Molly's smoky flesh dancing about. Looking over her shoulder Molly notes the girl's lowered eyes, "You see? Quite curious."  
  
Tossing a towel at her the girls laughed. As Molly stepped in under an already running spray Kayla ducked in turning the hot water off. The cold stream made Molly scream laughing, "You are most cruel."  
  
"Just getting even for calling me gay. Cat's do not like water."  
  
"I will get even." Molly turns the hot back on and finishes her cleanse from top to bottom. She made certain every inch was squeaky clean. She was indeed a finicky puss.  
  
Out on the docks Martin Houser and his two yawning sons prepped everything for last minute necessity. Going over provisions including snacks, wine, and bourbon to life preservers, inflatable dinghy, and signal flares.  
  
"All here Pops." Nathan Houser the adopted son checks his list to give his Dad upstairs. Pulling brother Caleb aside he shows him a hiding spot for condoms, oils, and mischief. Caleb nodded his approval.  
  
"I got the mickey's." Caleb lifts a vial of tiny pills from his tan cargo pants.  
  
"Dude this cruise is gonna rock."  
  
'Rock the boat you mean. We have to get the Mom's groggy at least. Not unconscious just so loopy they don't know heads from tails. Dad needs his time with Molly again. I wanna toy with Molly's Mom more."  
  
"If we strip her there's no way we can get her dressed just right for her not to suspect anything." Nathan fidgets.  
  
"I'll risk it. Her Mom is too fucking hot not to."  
  
"What about Molly's Dad?"  
  
"Come on Dumbass! You know Kayla's gonna keep him occupied. I think she's infatuated with the Brain Surgeon."  
  
"No brainer." Nathan chuckles, "Her not him. You know what I mean."  
  
"You're gonna be the one getting the lobotomy if Kayla hears you say that. Better yet Man Overboard."  
  
"I hope Dad lets us have our fun. He gets too bossy somedays."  
  
"Watching our backs Bro. He's the moneymaker. I for one like my allowance."  
  
"I'm shocked he hasn't made us get part time jobs."  
  
"Don't give him any ideas. I like my Sports."  
  
Hushing his brother as Martin steps below deck to look things over on his own Caleb decides to break the ice, "All good Dad."  
  
"Good job. Now let's get on the same page before the others get here." Pointing at Nathan he scowls, "Hands off your Mother." Then too Caleb, "Let me have Molly off and on between your own shenanigans. That little girl is something else. Makes the old man feel young again."  
  
"Wait until I get you those other girls to play with." Caleb fist bumps his Dad.  
  
"Can't wait. I got some ideas concerning your harem, but they're risky. We'll talk about those another day. Let's just have fun in Key West and get home without anything going wrong. Weathers perfect, no storms just blue skies and calm water."  
  
"So if you two get Molly and Kayla gets Mr. Indrabooty, who do I get?"  
  
"Your hand." Caleb elbows his brother teasingly.  
  
"Fine! You can toy with your Mother a little. Just don't," Martin winces at allowing even that, "go too far."  
  
"I can't help it I think Mom is hot."  
  
"Don't make me beat your ass Boy." Martin had to turn away, he was hearing voices approach and the creaking of dock planks. A swift finger to his lips to hush the brothers he heads up to greet everyone.  
  
"We're here." Dayna goes giddy while hugging Marjorie's arm. Marjorie wore a sundress over her bikini but it was sheer enough to reveal curves. Curves that Sahseej had not seen in public since before he courted her. Back when Marjorie was shall we say more liberated. He had to reel her flirtatious side in over the years and had molded her into quite the lady. Until today. He might have regretted his actions.  
  
Helping the ladies on board gallantly Martin couldn't resist a healthy glance at Marjorie's bulging cleavage and the low hem of her bikini bottoms. Marjorie herself although flattered by his gaze felt insecure. She was not used to wearing such revealing clothing around others. The thoughts of her past came flooding back. Stepping on the boat the ladies settled in on the front deck in lounge chases. Reclining back to enjoy the sun and the breeze.  
  
Martin motioning Sahseej to come aboard struck up conversation, "I call the Cruiser here Crude Awakening. Oil stock bought these beauties. The sailboat over there is Crude Bess. My Mother's name was Bessie. They say you should name a boat after your Mom because she made life smooth sailing."  
  
"I see. I wondered about the names when I looked them over yesterday."  
  
"I should have mentioned the names then. Never occurred to me. Too busy making a good impression. You two sleep good in the Guest house?"  
  
"We did..." He leaves out Dayna's intrusion.  
  
"Great. Wonder what's holding up the girls? I wanna set sail shortly before the coast gets cluttered."  
  
Looking back at the main house Sahseej spots Kayla and Molly leaving the French doors. Eying their journey Martin pulls out his cellphone and sets all home security while they're gone. Making certain all lights and water were off before their departure.  
  
"Hurry it up Ladies." Martin yells loudly. This made the girls burst into a giggling sprint, "Looks like your Molly and my Kayla are getting along. Sister's in no time."  
  
Hearing that made Sahseej grit his teeth. He needed to behave himself. If his daughter found out of he and Kayla she like her Mother would be devastated. Reaching the boat Molly confronts her Father wearing a football jersey, "Kayla insisted I wear Caleb's football jersey. I hope that is alright Father?"  
  
"You are fine. Join your friends." He lets her pass as Kayla steps up. She slyly smiles at him as he assists her aboard.  
  
"Let's weigh anchor Sahseej." Martin rubs his palms together pointing Sahseej to ropes tying the boat to the dock. Nathan grabs a third giving Martin time to fire up the engines from the wheel house. Within the enclosed house were all nautical devices needed to take on a voyage safely. Backing the boat out he turns it toward the sea. Heading out rapidly at first he finds a safe distance to avoid the surf and sets a course South. From there on he sets the boat on auto pilot. The waters were deep and unless another boat drifted too close they would be safe.  
  
"The water is so beautiful." Marjorie sits up in awe of the majestic Atlantic. They watched a pair of dolphins swimming and jumping within the hour. Drinks and simple conversation kept the group centralized at the moment. As the adults focused on themselves Caleb pulls Molly behind everyone and hugs her from behind. She melts into his embrace and sighs.  
  
"I sense mischief." She giggles reaching up to caress Caleb's cheek.  
  
"Time for you to sunbathe."  
  
"Right here beside our families?" She shivers.  
  
"Right here where they can see me rub oil into your gorgeous body."  
  
"I fear the bikini Kayla insisted I wear. I should have worn the one Mother and I purchased. It is less revealing. If Father turns and objects I will be forced to get dressed."  
  
"Worry about that if he does. Until then let's have some fun."  
  
"As you wish." She reaches down to grip the lengthy hem of Caleb's jersey and lifts it up over her luscious body. Nathan Houser had to bite his fist at how skimpy her bikini was. Kayla had chosen a black string bikini with no patch in behind. Her entire ass was in fll view. Risky she knew but she wanted to prove to herself she could get away with it. Nerves were present as she casts the shirt to Caleb. Nathan handed her a towel to stretch out on the deck. While bending over Caleb rubs her ass cheeks right in front of her parents. One glance over they would see just how risqué her bikini was. Even her breasts were bulging at the sides. Her nipples concealed yet barely. Martin Houser was first to admire her as Molly knelt on the towel. Seeing his gaze she flutters her fingers at him before stretching out.  
  
Kayla not wanting to be outdone removes her own shirt right in front of Sahseej and Marjorie. To prevent suspicion Sahseej reached his wine glass over for Dayna to refill it. Marjorie joined him doing her own best to ignore the girl's next to nothing bikini. Dayna noting her daughter frowns but says nothing. She was young once. Still, in her mind.  
  
Racing below deck Nathan snatches up his hidden oil bottle and sneaks back upstairs without question. Passing it off to Caleb with a devilish grin the brothers sit around Molly strategically. Nathan chose to play a hand held video game while covering for Molly. Her lower body masked by his large form. Good thing as Marjorie dares to look back at the kids. Seeing Molly wave at her Marjorie smiles and doesn't really suspect a thing. She wanted to be supportive of her daughter becoming a woman. Still, if she had seen bare butt she might have had second thoughts. She had not even noticed the different bikini she was wearing. So far so good. Martin coaxed Sahseej into talking about brain surgery. That alone kept Molly's Dad entertained.  
  
Oil sprinkled all across Molly's back she cooed at Caleb's warm hands gliding over her flesh from neck to shoulders to spine. Finally reaching her bare ass Molly's eyes flared at his fingers slipping beneath the tiny threads referred to as strings. It was as if she was wearing nothing. Molly grew really wet at his probing fingers. His thumb grazing her anal cavity gave her goosebumps. As he continued glossing up her darkening flesh he chose to be daring and drags the strings along her hips down over her butt crack. All the while Nathan kept a peripheral enjoyment, torn between her sexiness and having to provide warnings from nosey parents.  
  
Kayla laying out on her own towel to Nathan's right felt lonely. Molly was getting the royal treatment. She literally rolled her eyes as Caleb moved into position to lick Molly's ass hole. The sensitivity made Molly cringe as she wanted to whimper at the sensations of his flicking tongue. He kept doing it which led Molly to bury her face inside her folded arms beneath her head. Caleb kissed her bare bottom then tugged the bikini bottoms even lower. From there he oiled her butt a bit more and made it shiny. Just when she thought she was in Heaven his fingers dug deeper within her wetness and fingered her pussy. Two fingers in and out slowly. Molly wrestled with her emotions as Nathan shook his head trying not to laugh. A nudge from Kayla told him to chill. She then snatched the oil bottle and crawled to her feet. Walking around the parents Kayla chose to shock everyone by sitting in Martin's lap.  
  
"Rub some oil on me Daddy. I am so not letting Caleb and Nathan do it."  
  
Dayna scowls with a tsk, "Come over here Sweetheart. I'll rescue your Father from humiliation."  
  
"Hey! She's my kid too. I'm not mortified. It's not like I'm groping her." Martin claims the bottle pointing it at Dayna, "Get that sundress off, now you I'll be groping."  
  
Jaw drooping Dayna shares a playful pucker toward the Indrabooty's, "Well now! Perhaps I'll be offering you two a returned favor after earlier."  
  
Marjorie blushes and glances at Sahseej for support, his eyes were glued to Martin oiling up Kayla's back. Kayla had boldly untied her top and held the cups over her breasts as the strings dangled. Marjorie winced at his attentiveness, "Maybe you could oil me up Sahseej?"  
  
He turns his wavered attention toward his wife, "If you would like."  
  
"Really?" Marjorie removes her sundress to sit in her bikini. The undressing claimed Sahseej from his curiosity toward Kayla. In a flurry Dayna stood and stripped her own sundress off. In doing so Nathan grips his brewing erection at the sight of his adopted Mother's breast enhanced monsters. Caleb too slowed his massage on Molly to observe Marjorie who stood up and sat on her Husband's lap. Molly sensing his lingering reaches behind her and unties her top. Strings dangling she rolls over on her towel and reveals her nipples to Caleb. That brought him home. Grinning from ear to ear he nudges Nathan to see her courageous move. Rolling her own hands of oil on her hips she glosses up her chest. That led to Caleb squeezing them after swatting her knuckles. She loved his touch. The risk was exhilarating. With the parents busy this gave her the freedom to get her man nice and hard. Caleb's hands roamed over her belly glossing up her abdominal area and closed in on the tiny patch wrinkled up over her pussy. Fingers slipping under insert yet again to finger fuck her right in front of everyone. This was amazing.  
  
Molly took it further, "Nathan? Can you get me a cool beverage?"  
  
Puffing out his lower lip Caleb motioned his cloaking device of a brother to go below deck and bring her a bottled water. Once his frame left the picture Molly and Caleb were in plain sight. Molly watched her family intently as she arched her hips and toyed with her nipples. Caleb's fingers were delightful. Over Kayla's shoulder Martin Houser watched his son and Molly play. This made him hard as hell. His daughter felt his erection beneath her butt cheeks and flared her eyes. Then, she saw a nearly nude Molly. Impressed by the girl Kayla felt compelled to up her own game. Accidently dropping the oil bottle between her legs she reaches down to retrieve it. Squealing as she rose up her top was lost. Her breasts in full view for Sahseej and the women to ogle. Covering up quickly she apologized as Martin chuckled.  
  
"I think that's enough to keep you from burning. Go stretch out and get nice and tan. Might help hide your embarrassment." As she rises from Martin's lap the sight of trickled oil stains covered his cargo pants. Claiming the oil bottle from Kayla he slaps her on the ass chuckling, "Fly on your ass." That led to the discovery of an erection. He laughed it off even as Dayna replaced her daughter to hop up and down on it. Leaning back on her Husband Dayna whispers, "I think that was your fly on her ass." He merely surrounded his Wife with strong arms.  
  
Holding the Indrabooty's attention Kayla scurried around them to sit on her towel becoming Molly's new wingman...girl. Just in time to prevent Sahseej from seeing Molly's tits and her brother's active fingers. Returning Nathan drops beside his sister touching her hip with the ice cold water bottle. That led to a loud squeal and a slug to his arm. Her still untied top lost in the battle. Sahseej instead of spotting Molly zeroed in on Kayla's bouncing breast from the side. In her boldest move yet Molly sits up and pulls Kayla on top of her as a human shield. Bare breasts colliding with one another led to laughter.  
  
"I came to your rescue." Molly whispers.  
  
Caleb pulls drenched fingers out of Molly and shows them off carefully, "You came to her rescue more than once." Molly had secretly contained her mini orgasm by using Kayla. Smart girl indeed. Caleb tugs her bottoms back into place as Kayla hugs Molly tying her top back on. Molly adjusting her cups made for a fully attired body. It was then she drank her water waving at her Father. Sahseej simply stared at her without a smile. He knew something was up.  
  
Looking over at wine glasses sitting beside their lounge chairs Nathan quickly spikes Marjorie and Dayna's wine. Martin alone saw him and grinned. Nathan winks at his Dad which led to a scowl. A shrug later Nathan returned to his video game.  
  
Dayna returning to her chase stretches the backrest out and laid back, "Time to put those big ole hands on me Martin." She reaches to sip her wine before sitting it back down. Marjorie did the same. She however downed the remainder of her glass. Motioning for Sahseej the oil bottle flowed freely. Within twenty minutes both Mother's were left to toast under a harsh sun. Well oiled on both sides. Martin and Sahseej scowl at one another.  
  
"I guess we do good work. Maybe we should start a massage parlor." Martin grins.  
  
"We should let them rest. It will be good for them to sleep off the wine."  
  
"Sounds like a plan." Martin nods then lowers his gaze to the kids, "Molly? How would you like to learn how to navigate a boat?"

Her eyes bulge at the thought, "May I Father?"  
  
"You may. I must locate the restroom."  
  
Motioning at the ocean Martin chuckles, "Hang it over the side Bucko. Who's going to see ya?" He then points at the stairs, "Below deck to your left. Nathan and Caleb can keep an eye on the lobster fest over here."  
  
"I'll show Mister Indrabooty the restroom. I'm getting good at playing tour guide." Kayla jumps up her breasts bouncing about. Halting their dance with her palms Martin gives his blessing with a directional motion of both hands. Hesitantly Sahseej follows Kayla, her ass swaying with enthusiasm.  
  
As they headed downstairs Martin reaches down and grabs Molly by the arm dragging her to her feet. Hand in hand he led her up to the wheel shack. Reaching it he turns her to face the old style ship's wheel and plants her hands around the ten and two o'clock spokes. Brushing up against her from behind Martin whispers, "Your hands do not leave those handles."  
  
"As you wish Captain."  
  
"Captain? I like that. Let's peel this skimpy ass bikini off you." He bends guiding her thong down to her ankles and lets her step out of it. He then dangles it over the forward controls. Bikini top untied he droops it next to the bottoms. From there he drops his cargo pants and fondles his beast to life. Taunting her by creasing his crown up and down her butt crack, "Might be some stormy seas ahead"  
  
"I will hold on for dear life."  
  
"Damn Kid I love your spunk."  
  
"You love my pussy more."  
  
"Could be." He nudges his crown deep between her legs and enters her slick pussy with very little struggle. Fucking her from behind he reaches around and grips both tits squeezing them. Smelling her raven hair sent him into a steady thrust, "You smell good Kid."  
  
"Your daughter's perfume."  
  
"Thought I recognized it."  
  
"She will keep my Father below deck."  
  
"That's the plan."  
  
"Caleb and Nathan are playing with My Mother and your Wife." She peers out over the deck through the plexiglass window.  
  
"You object to that?"  
  
"Yes, but I will not voice my opinion further. I find it disrespectful."  
  
"Any more disrespectful than you being our little slut behind your parent's back?"  
  
"That is quite different. I do this for Caleb."  
  
"You're in love with my boy ain'tcha?"  
  
"Something stirs within me yes. I have not known love to understand it. You feel quite lovely inside me Sir."  
  
"Call me Dad."  
  
"Should it not be Daddy?"  
  
"Sure go for it."  
  
"If you would please fuck me harder Daddy."  
  
"You're something else."  
  
"I am being me."  
  
He fucks her harder lifting her hips until her toes barely touch the floor. Her moans intensifying she watches Nathan sucking on his Mother's revealed nipple. It made her tense. Caleb however had gracefully fingered her Mother by pulling her bottoms aside. That made Molly pout.  
  
"Caleb likes my Mother more than he does me."  
  
"Naaa! He's just infatuated. Trust me he'd be a fool to let you go."  
  
"I rather like being his."  
  
"His plaything or his girlfriend?"  
  
"Am I not both? I am uncertain."  
  
"I guess so. I think you like being his toy. Getting to show off for him."  
  
"I do indeed."  
  
"You like Daddy's big ole cock in that darling lil twat?"  
  
"Yes. Will I be your plaything even if Caleb and I grow closer?"  
  
"Like being my future Daughter in Law?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I might fuck you on your wedding day. You okay with that?"  
  
"I will leave my veil on for Captain Daddy."  
  
"You're too much Sweetcheeks." He winces at the deck, "What the hell are those two freaks up too?"  
  
"I believe they wish to see our Mother's perform what is called 68."  
  
"69." Martin growls, "If they wake up we might as well head home."  
  
"They are drugged are they not? I saw Nathan slip something into their wine."  
  
"Yeah. Safer for us to play and not get caught. You mad?"  
  
"Your body is shaking. Will you be cumming soon Captain Daddy?"  
  
"Getting close."  
  
"I will await." She quivers at her own brewing orgasm. For now all she could do was watch Caleb and Nathan be despicable. They were now taking pictures with their cell of the women acting as if they were eating each other out. To make matters worse the women were somewhat aware. Yet, in such a drugged state they had no true understanding of their actions.  
  
Below deck Kayla had lured Sahseej into the sleeping cabins and made a bunk their personal playpen. She stripped his pants down to his knees and mounted the good Doctor riding his beast while planting her palms on his chest.  
  
"Did you really want to stop fucking me?"  
  
"This must be our last time. I love my Wife. My daughter would be crushed."  
  
"You can't stop looking at me." She leans forward playfully teasing her nipples on his chest. Further still to kiss him on the lips. He devoured her mouth and left her breathless. Her hips riding tenderly. As their lips part she whispers, "You don't want to stop making love to me." He growls and forcefully rolls her over while fucking her harder than she was him. Her emotions led to moans. Her palms caressing his chest and face at the same time.  
  
Snarling at her he concludes, "NO! I do not want to end this. Yet, I must."  
  
"Cum inside me."  
  
"I cannot."  
  
"Do it." She stares as if begging.  
  
"I CANNOT!" He counters a second time.  
  
"Mark your territory."  
  
He pounds her interior harder than ever before, her legs swaying to both sides of him. He was on a crusade it seemed. Lost in thought until the last possible second. A ball of sweat he pulls out of her pussy in a messy web to kneel atop of her and jerk off. A scalding pepper coats her tummy and chest. Squealing she rubs her clit with her left hand and smears his cum with her right. All over her she felt droplets shower her. Finally she cries out in a maddening orgasm that squirts over his emptied balls. It was remarkable. Exhausted he drops over to her left and lets her cuddle with him.  
  
"You marked a lot of territory there." She wheezes.  
  
"Why is it you wish for me to possess you?" He stares at the ceiling.  
  
"I liked it when you followed me that day. When I gave you my panties."  
  
"I must confess that I kept them very close to me at all times."  
  
"Smell me at work between patients?" She giggles.  
  
"If you must know."  
  
"When we met again I knew it was destiny. I was meant to be your slut."  
  
"My slut? Is that what you wish to be?"  
  
"Ohhhh yeah! Make me do it all Doc." She sits up and stares deeply into his eyes. For a moment he forgot his name let alone that he was married.  
  
"You would do anything I asked?"  
  
"Don't ask silly. Order me." She taunts his chest hair inching strands tight for a painful enlightenment.  
  
"I will consider this."  
  
"No. You will make me your slave. I know you want that." She hints with a wink.  
  
Nodding shallowly he stares deeply into her eyes before rolling her over him on to her back. Straddling her he grips her throat with both hands tightly claiming her breath. Her eyes flare at his aggression, almost begging him to take complete control. Her air fleeting, face turning blue she whimpers. Finally he releases her to catch her breath, "Fine! Get dressed. Wear my ejaculation. We must keep this quiet I will not lose my Wife and Daughter."  
  
"Anything you want Sir." She smiles with watery eyes. Choking she trembles until he reaches down gripping her by the hair and lifting her upper body in order to kiss her. He literally bit her lip before tugging on it until he decided release was imminent.  
  
"I must check on my Wife."  
  
Crawling from the bunk he pulls his pants up then his shirt down. Standing he leers down at her. Sahseej left her laying naked. As he headed upstairs she kicked her arms and legs triumphantly. Feeling her neck she smiled, "Not a hicky but definitely a bruise. I'll blame it on Nathan later."  
  
On the deck Nathan and Caleb had decide by their reactions maybe they needed to part the Mother's. Caleb hated to end things so quickly but nerves were making them panicky. If the Mom's revived too soon in their position all hell would break loose. Agreeing they guided their Mother off of Marjorie. Rolling her over on Molly's earlier towel they readjusted her bikini and left her to sleep it off. At least they placed her on her back face up to even her tan.  
  
Moving to Marjorie, Caleb's temptations became too great. He had to sample the product. Pulling her bikini bottoms aside to admire her gently hairy puss he looks around him for safety. He wasn't certain how long Kayla could keep Sahseej down below. At least nudging Marjorie on to Kayla's discarded towel she was in a good position once she revived. Nathan stood back waiting to see what his Brother would end up doing. Caleb unzipped his cargo pants and pulled a massive erection free, bobbing in the warm ocean breeze. Scooting on his knees between her legs he at least rubs his crown amid her labia. Strangely he found her wetter than expected. His fingering must have worked her up on a subconscious level. Tempted to enter her he feels her leg quiver. Startled he puts his beast away and turns to zip up. This left Nathan to crouch and pull her bottoms back in place. Enough was enough. Just in time too. Sahseej arrived on deck to observe the boys sitting looking out at the ocean. Both had bulging eyes praying he hadn't seen them.  
  
Suddenly a loud scream came from up above the deck. Sahseej turns to glare against the sun to see Molly and Martin. Molly had lost her mind with a maddening orgasm. Martin had just nutted inside her for a second time. Risky for sure but what was done was done. As Sahseej stepped back further for a better look. This time he spotted his daughter waving down at him smiling brightly. With a Captain's salute she reaches left to honk the ship's horn. Martin laughed as he pulled his cargo pants up. Another loud blare she laughed while standing there nude. Cum dripping down her inner thighs.  
  
"Better put your bikini back on Spunky, before your Dad decides to come up here."  
  
Hearing the horn Kayla joins Sahseej on the deck wearing his cum while walking over to her brothers. They note her speckled flesh and chuckle. Words unheard as Marjorie and Dayna both lift their heads groggily. Confusion at hearing the horn startled everyone. Feigning a headache from the sun both women ease back down to rest. The Boys bump fists at their fun.  
  
Martin realized suddenly that Molly's bikini was in plain sight dangling in the breeze. Snatching it up he hands it to her.  
  
"You told me to not leg go of the wheel."  
  
Growling he bends helping her put on her bottoms. He raced the over her feet and up her legs. Snapping the bands into place he pats her bottom. Dancing in step she yells, "I AM THE CAPTAIN." She certainly was. Martin even took his cap off and placed it on her head. Using it as distraction he did his best in cupping her breasts before tying her strings behind her back. Once dressed he grips her shoulders.  
  
"Better head down while he's shaking his head."  
  
"Permission to give up my post?"  
  
"I gave you my post."  
  
"I most assuredly made you give it up."  
  
"Looky there Cap'n, that's the first set of islands. Key West is just beyond. Fast three hours when you keep active."  
  
"May I be an Island Hopper?"  
  
"Oh you can bet you'll be hoppin' tonight."  
  
"On you?"  
  
"If I can arrange it."  
  
"On Caleb?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"On Nathan?"  
  
"Sure knock yourself out." He laughs.  
  
"May I wear a Lai?"  
  
"Wrong island chain but maybe a pearl necklace."  
  
"Yay! I will go hug my Father now."  
  
Bouncing down the small set of steps Sahseej realizes her attire for the first time. She grew shameless throwing her arms around him. Sniffing at his clothing she looks up at him with her chin on his chest, "You smell of Kayla's perfume." That saved the day.  
  
"Your bathing suit looks nice upon you." He was lying she could tell. Abandoning his waist she does a full circle on her toes letting him see he bands between her ass cheeks. She knew he would say nothing for fear she would question the scent further. Teeth gnashed he watched her slap her ass and dance away to drop down into Caleb's arms. She used him to cover her tracks. Those of Martin's as well.  
  
Joining him Martin puts an arm around the shoulder of Sahseej.  
  
"Key West Buddy. Time to party."  
  
Unsettled by the events Marjorie repositions herself on the towel. Nobody bothered to notice one side of her bottoms came untied. Half of her thighs were hanging out. She would discover it herself and swear off wine. Joining an aware Dayna the two head below to shower the heat away from their gentle burns. This was becoming a habit.  
  
Molly in Caleb's arms looks over at Kayla curiously, "I see a hicky."  
  
"Yep! That's a hicky."  
  
Kayla let her believe it.  
  
The Tropics were getting hotter.

**Molly Ch. 23: Key Chain**

"This here is Key Largo. One of the busier towns down her in the Keys."  
  
"I remember that old song Kokomo by the Beach Boys. It mentions Key Largo." Marjorie Indrabooty giggles tugging at her bikini bottoms while smiling at Martin Houser, their Captain for the day. They were rather twisted and she was fearful of exposure. Noticing Caleb Houser eying her activity made her flare her eyes before opting to hesitantly smile at the young man. Adolescent curiosity she presumed. Boy was she wrong. She had no idea that the Houser brothers had drugged she and their Mother putting them in very compromising positions. The entire family was evil incarnate. Sadly Marjorie still hadn't figured that out. For a college Professor she was pretty naive. Even though she had her own share of wild days in college long before meeting her Husband. This bunch would prove her deeds to be petty.  
  
"I love the Beach Boys." Dayna Houser joins Marjorie in leaving their boat to hop on to a wobbling dock in the Marina. Behind them Kayla Houser and Molly Indrabooty followed the elders. Both now wearing sundresses over their rather skimpy bikinis. Molly's Father winced with disapproval of his daughter's attire but maintained his cool. He had promised his wife Marjorie that he would allow Molly to grow up. His ideas of maturity did not include so much revealed flesh. Although he did indeed enjoy looking at young Kayla. A little too much. His smug expression needed to be checked before his wife suspected the worst. She knew him too well in respect to his thought patterns. However being from India he often seemed expressionless. That was in his favor.  
  
"Get a move on Boys. Make sure the boat doesn't drift away while we're gone." Martin Houser checks the moorings for snugness. This boat was his baby.  
  
Leaving the boat Sahseej Indrabooty catches up to his wife and claims her hand. She loved it when he felt a taste for intimacy. Loving her man she presses into his side and pecks his cheek whispering her love for him. He returned her love with his own gesture of a kiss upon her forehead. Kayla Houser fidgeted seeing their adoration until Molly nudged her from the side.  
  
"Get your mind out of the alley."  
  
"Gutter?"  
  
"That dilemma too. My parents are indeed in love. While you may have a crush I must remind you of that."  
  
"I hear you. We really need to ditch the adults and really have some fun."  
  
"What do you have in mind?"  
  
"Finding some Beach Studs and making them crazy."  
  
"There are surfer dudes in Key Largo?"  
  
"Probably bad surfers considering there's no waves." She chuckles, "Today is girls day. Follow me."  
  
"I will be on you like brown on rice."  
  
"You're so weird."  
  
"Yet you adore me as much as you do my Father."  
  
"Not even close." Kayla sticks her tongue out at the cute Hindi. Molly returned the favor.  
  
Following behind the girls Caleb and Nathan watch as Kayla drags Molly away. Thankfully the group knew the island fairly well. Martin Houser allowed the girls to depart on their own as long as the boys went with them. Sahseej although tempted to forbid Molly to leave his sight consented after Marjorie turns and waves her on. Hearing his wife coax him to let the kids have their fun at the beach. The boys agreed and took off after the girls but once out of sight changed directions. They had plans of their own.  
  
Now that the adults were alone Martin threw an arm around the shoulders of Sahseej, "Come on Surgeon Man let the Oil Man buy you a few rounds of Tequila. Let's get to know one another seeing as our kids are hitting it off so well. Up to it ladies?"  
  
Dayna continues hogging Marjories arm like a leech, "You boys go on ahead. I know your favorite bar. We'll find you in awhile. I'm going to treat Marjorie here to the best massage she's ever had."  
  
"You are?" Marjorie drops her jaw.  
  
"The male masseuses are to die for." She whispers.  
  
"Oh my goodness."  
  
Dayna continues her barely audible coaxing, "You cannot live without a full body massage by Juan or Carlos. They're brothers. They own a tent massage that onlooks the beach. The gentle breeze on the body as they coat you with warm oil is so relaxing."  
  
"I don't know. A full body massage sounds...almost cheating."  
  
"It's innocent enough unless you allow more. No means maybe down here in the Keys."  
  
"I-I don't know Dayna."  
  
"Trust me my new Bestie." Led away without a choice Marjorie didn't have time to get permission. Neither did Sahseej who found Martin commanding his decision to have drinks. The couples parted ways with a bit of separation anxiety but discovered it was rather liberating.  
  
A five minute jaunt to the beach Marjorie and Dayna reached the tent tables of the Mercado Brothers. Discovering the brothers sitting outside the tent sipping Margaritas Dayna approached them. They immediately recognized her.  
  
"Ola!" She greets the men.  
  
"Senora Houser. It is good to see you again. It has been awhile." Juan grins respectfully.  
  
"It's only been a month you handsome man."  
  
Juan and Carlos both were very fit men with chiseled abs displayed beneath open button down tropical shirts and shorts a bit too tight for their extremities. A bulge evident in both of their crotches even without erections. A selling point in their lucrative business. Marjorie could only blush.  
  
"Juan? Carlos? This is my good friend Marjorie. I want you to give us the best massages you have ever given a woman."  
  
"Welcome Senora Marjorie." Carlos kisses her hand turning her head to admire the ocean before returning with glistening eyes.  
  
"Hello. This is my first time getting a full body massage. Be gentle."  
  
Dayna's hand expresses a message to the men to not listen to her, "That's no fun. You boys know what to do. Money is no option today."  
  
Juan becomes a Gentleman and politely invites Dayna inside. Carlos the same with a hesitant Marjorie. Once inside they were escorted to a Vanity blind and offered towels. Claiming the towels Marjorie looks at how small it was.  
  
"This won't even wrap around my body. Maybe I should leave my bikini on."  
  
Dayna scowls at her, "Don't you dare. Live a little Bestie."  
  
"You are far more bold than I. Since I've been with Sahseej I've mellowed out on my expressive nature."  
  
"Fine. You go right ahead. I for one want the full effect." Dayna strips off her bikini and sandels and merely holds the small towel over her full frontal nudity. The corners of her bulging breasts were visible and her inner thighs barely covered. Awaiting Marjorie with a glimmer of hope Marjorie growls, "I'm so going to regret this." Seconds later she too strips her bikini away and turns beet red. Hands held Dayna leads them around the blind where the two Masseuses stood ready with an assortment of oils and tools of the trade.  
  
"I'll take Juan's table you get Carlos." Carlos was a handsome devil.  
  
"Alright." Carlos helps Marjorie up on the table and assists her in laying on her front side. A second towel is folded thinly and placed over her bare butt. Not much of a comfort but it all helped. The same position for Dayna on her table. The two women look at each other with vibrant smiles. Marjorie wanted to enjoy herself. She just hoped that the kids didn't walk by and look inside. That would be horrible. Shivering dramatically Marjorie notes Dayna being offered a sleep mask and a very tiny headset for soothing music. Her eyes bulge as Dayna winks at her just before implanting the earplugs. The blackout mask over her eyes Dayna settled in for a stimulating hour. Whimpering slightly Marjorie accepts her own blindfold and earplugs. The music was beautiful Hispanic tunes combined with Cuban Jazz. She realized the effect was meant to be lost in the moment. Terrified she accepted her fate. Their long hair brought forward the two men began their massage at the shoulders. The finesse behind their fingers was truly magical. Not too hard, not too soft. Muscles quickly discovered how good of an idea Dayna Houser had. Marjorie could easily have fallen asleep.  
  
From neck and shoulders their hands rolled warm oil down their spines and ribs. Fingertips casually graced the formation of crushed tits which Dayna grinned at. Marjorie tensed up but let Carlos do his magic. Long steady compressions up and down the spine culminated at the towel covering their butts. Inch by inch the towels lowered and hands began oiling nearly tight asses. Neither woman was perfect but not far off. Age and children spoke the curse. Regardless both men grinned at each other knowing they could speak and not be heard. Compliments were shared about their bodies. If only the ladies could hear they might thank them or run like hell. Juan was first to remove the towel over Dayna's backside. He knew quite well she expected it. Oil was then kneaded deeply into her cheeks and thumbs crept in between with precision strokes. Her ass lifted up with each journey within. After a good five minutes Juan moved down to her legs and feet.  
  
Uncertain how Marjorie would react to the same Carlos skipped the towel and headed straight for her legs. Her feet were quite ticklish and she giggled dramatically. Still she did enjoy it immensely. Her inner thighs were graced with a soft touch and tender compressions. Carlos explored her reaction as his fingers crept deeper up under the towel. Marjorie squirmed slightly the closer his fingertips drew to her vagina. Still she swallowed and held her breath allowing it. Finally Carlos took the risk and carefully stripped the towel from her butt. Marjorie was now like Dayna, fully nude. He heard Marjorie gasp and mumble, "Oh my God." Yet, she did not stop him. Her thoughts were all over the place.  
  
Long minutes more Marjorie enjoyed his squeezing at her butt cheeks and Carlos own detour of thumbs sinking between her crack. Light moans were heard from both women. It was then the two men stopped, hands on their lower backs to let them know to relax. The women merely shivered awaiting them to continue.  
  
What neither woman realized was that the pause was due to a certain pair of other Brothers. Caleb had planned ahead long before he left home, bringing money. Brothers paid well step away and let Caleb and Nathan take their place.  
  
"Greedy bastards." Nathan whispered.  
  
"Don't give them any ideas the real guys took off. Keep rubbing. You saw how they were doing it just repeat. They can't hear us or see us so you do your thing with Mom. This time they're not drugged up so they're lively."  
  
"I just wish their hands were tied so they don't remove the blindfolds."  
  
"Keep the hands moving they won't. Our hands are as big as theirs so they shouldn't notice any difference. Keep it cool."  
  
"Right." Nathan covered every inch of his adopted Mother. Hearing her sighs made him hard as hell. Knowing the real Masseuses did it all he he swept fingers in deep and let his thumb tease his Mom's anal cavity. A devastating shiver led to a giggle and a "Juan you naughty man." Nathan tried hard not to laugh. Carefully he guides Dayna's legs wider while applying more oil to keep her in her own fantasy world. With both hands sliding up and down her inside left leg he let his fingers rub at her pussy. She mumbled, "Oh yes massage there." That he did mesmerized by the gloss over her labia. She purred like a kitten.  
  
Caleb had better ideas. After his own tour of Marjories entire backside he slides a hand under her tummy while his other gently applies pressure on her lower spine. He was coaxing her to roll over. Hearing Marjorie whimper and tell him, "I cannot believe I'm going to do this." She did indeed roll over and settle back nibbling her lower lip. Marjorie Indrabooty was in Heaven. Grinning with confidence he trickles oil over her chest and sits the bowl aside. Gravitating over her heaving breasts he squeezes them lightly at first for reaction. A bitten lower lip showed him she was nervous. That made him move all around her upper body. Shoulders, neckline, then over each arm before returning to her chest for another round. Marjorie arched her spine slightly and whispers, "Lord I hope Sahseej doesn't look in and see how much I'm enjoying you Carlos."  
  
Caleb Houser caresses her right cheek with the back of his knuckles before daring to put his thumb up to her lips. Marjorie took a deep breath and without thought clenched her lips around his thumb. Caleb looked at Nathan who had managed to turn Dayna over as well and let him watch Marjorie's tender sucking. His opposite hand rolling its thumb around her areola before lightly pinching a nipple taunt. Marjorie was extremely aroused. Caleb meant to keep her that way. Reclaiming his thumb he went back to massaging her chest with both hands. Both nipples teased and lightly tugged higher sent Marjorie into an open mouth moan. Waiting for her to relax he moved south. Coating her belly with more dribbled oil bfore reaching her well groomed pubic hair. Fingers moving around it first for her reaction he noted her hand lifting up toward her face. Fearful of her lifting her blinder he swiftly grabs her hand and guides it back to her side. She complied without resistance. That made Caleb really happy.  
  
Nathan had been giving his full attention to Dayna's breasts. He even dared to lean over her left nipple and exhale on it. It rose up too meet his lips and he ery carefully touched the tip of his tongue to it. That sent shivers across her entire body, "You can do better than that Juan." She purrs shamelessly. Shrugging Nathan literaly opens wide and sucks on her nipple, "That's so much better. I am so going to tip you well." Than led to teeth gnawing at her nipple while his hand reaches over to roll the other nipple in oily fingers. She loved it.  
  
Now slipping his fingers amid Marjorie's pubes Caleb dares to taunt her clit with his index finger. That made her jump and expel, "Oh my!" His other hand on her belly pats it lightly to comfort her. Mrs. Indrabooty was feeling guilty but oh so shamelessly expectant. Moans made her hips rise. Seeing this Caleb slid his fingers lower and rolled three fingers amid a very wet labia. She whimpered at his fingers as tips frolicked looking for her hole. Gasping and breathing hard she accomidates him with, "Lower Carlos." As if he needed directions. Inserting two fingers he gently moves them deeper until she giggles almost begging, "Deeper." Nodding he did just that. One hand on her abdomin the other finger fucking her. His dream was half way there. He wanted to fuck Molly's mom so bad he could cry. He just wasn't positive that today was the right time to try that. He would wait until another day to pounce on this pussy. For now he would settle for fingering. That is until he heard his Mother moan loudly. Eyes bulging he spots Nathan leaning between Dayna's legs eating her out.  
  
"What the fuck Dude?" Caleb whispers.  
  
Nathan lifts a messy chin away just long enough to whisper back, "Let's duel Bro."  
  
Caleb eyed Marjorie and puckered at his lingering fingers. Shrugging he moved into a better position and joined in on the feeding frenzy. Both women were finger fucked hard and eaten at the same time. They were becoming so loud that Juan standing outside untied the tent doorway and closed it to the world. After nearly ten minutes both woman orgasm in a gusher of liquid lava. Knuckle bumping each other as they finish up both boys agree to vacate before it was too late. Scurrying from the tent Caleb dug his wallet out for another hundred to each Mercado brother to keep quiet. A wave of compliance the owners enter their tent and settle the women down. Puckering at one another the men sampled the drenched pussies for a second feeding. Dayna embraced it willingly but Marjorie exhausted noticed a difference. Lifting her blindfold she looks over her tits realizing Carlos had a moustache. Her eyes bulge at his gnawing at her clitoris. While it felt great her nerves took over and she expressed with a palm for him to stop. He did and stood up looking as if he offended her. She merely crawls from her table removing her music and goes to get dressed. Hearing Dayna scream at a second maddening orgasm Marjorie decided to wait outside. She needed a cigarette for certain and she hadn't smoked since college.  
  
Looking out over the beach she spots Caleb and Nathan walking alone. Spotting Marjorie both boys waved at her. She cringed and waved back. They were just a little too near a bad situation. If she only knew how near she would have a nervous breakdown. Regardless she hid a smile of contentment. She would wait until Dayna joined her. That was another ten minutes. Harlot.  
  
Further down the beach Molly and Kayla laid out on towels basking in the sun as guys surrounded them at a distance. Kayla sat up and leaned over Molly deciding to give them a show.  
  
"Let's not let you burn." Kayla winks breaking suntan lotion out of her small hand bag. Squeezing some over Molly's back she began rubbing it in. Untying Molly's top she removes the strings away for a stunning back. Guys were eating it up the whole girl on girl thing.  
  
"I am feeling quite frisky for a lobster." Molly giggles at Kayla's roving hands.  
  
"Me too. We have to be careful of Lifeguard's though. This isn't a nude beach."  
  
"I am very much enjoying our girls day. It is nice to be away from our Parents and your Brothers."  
  
"Definitely. I have an idea. I think we can get away with topless easy enough but the bottoms better stay on. Roll over and let me oil your chest."  
  
"You mean my boobies."  
  
"Uh huh. Boobies. Tits. Chest. Hooters."  
  
"I will if you let me oil yours."  
  
"Heck yes. Let's give these bastards a something to talk about. Seeing as the guy/girl ratio around here is 10-1. "  
  
Rolling over Molly lets her top slip from her tits revealing dagger like nipples. Guys point and the chatter instantly begins as she lays back to let Kayla toys with her breasts both squeezing and pinching her nipples even higher.  
  
"That's got their attention."  
  
"I would now like your attention." Molly sits up and throws herself at a laughing Kayla. They wrestle around on their towels as Molly manages to get Kayla's top off. Chest on chest Molly oils Kayla with her own greasy body. As they tussled giggling Molly took the intiative and kissed Kayla dead on the lips. With a moment to accept it Kayla kissed her back. Their lips locked and couldn't be broke. Hands race all over Molly's back as Kayla gets sneaky and unties Molly's bottoms. As the strings dangle at her hips guys drew closer, nvading their space. Most knew it would end quickly if a Lifeguard spotted them. Therefore word spread to create a human shield around them. Realizing shadows all about them Kayla rolls Molly over agressively and continued kissing her. Molly's bottoms were revealing everything now. Merely clinging to her legs. Knowing this Molly repeated Kayla's act until both of her bikini parts were pulled awry and expressing every private part she had. Their seduction fueled the guys into touching themselves. This was every guys fantasy to see two girls go at it. Both girls hid the fact they knew very well they were encircled by testosterone. No matter what the guys looked like.  
  
Molly found Kayla very tasty as they rolled over yet again. Molly parted lips and moved hers down over Kayla's neck where her Father had left a faint hicky. From there down to kiss Kayla's nipples and flick them with her tongue. Hearing guys murmur to eat her out Molly took the bait. She had never done this before but wanted to try. Between Kayla's legs Molly discovered something to her liking. Kayla was blown away by this girl. So much so that she began moaning. After a shrill whimper Kayla found a burst of energy and once again turned the tables. Forcing Molly over Kayla winked at the congregation of onlookers before moving into a 69 position on the beach. Guys crowded more in mass. This was going to have to be fast. Once a Lifeguard saw so many people this close together they would investigate. Kayla didn't want to get them arrested. That would be very bad.

Settling over Molly the two began eating each other out. Moans escalated as guys decided to tower directly over them. Once guys found their courage dicks whipped out of swimwear to be stroked over the girls. Kayla looked up briefly and grinned all around her before diving back in to a huffing Molly. Molly looking up between Kayla's thighs squinted against the sun to realize the gathering of masturbators. She was in awe until Kayla wiggled her bottom to inform Molly to chow down. That she did. As the girls cum at the others starvation they felt raindrops. A minimum of six guys fired jetstreams of jizz over Kayla's back that also peppered Molly on the forehead and hips. Seeing their acceptance three more guys moved in to drench them a bit more. As Kayla laughed looking up she found cum shot directly into her face. Above her was her adopted Brother Nathan.  
  
"You Motherfucker." Kayla snapped.  
  
"Not yet. Someday though." He put his pecker away and ran off thinking that was priceless.  
  
Molly was smothered by Kayla as she sat directly up on her face while wiping Nathan's jizz from her eyes. If she got pink eye over him he would be dead. Muffled words lead to hands patting Kayla's hips to get off of her. Kayla peels away and sits next to Molly as Caleb joins the gathering. Pulling his own dick out to release his pent up desires for Marjorie he fed Molly instead. Molly crawled beneath him with her mouth wide. Guys around them were envious if not too shy. After three long minutes Caleb drenches Molly's upper lip then shots torpedo down her throat. Smiling at him she reaches higher and swallows his dick deep. His molten cum webbing out of her mouth with each quick hunger game. Molly was fired up.  
  
Finally he ends her feeding with a grin. Taking his shirt off he calls down at Molly and Kayla, "Let's get wet. Last one in the water sits on the Lifeguard chair naked." He bolts away as both girls jump up and start to give chase when they realize they had left their bikinis on their towels. Laughing their asses off they return for them and attempt to get dressed mid run. It was hilarious. The water at least cleansed the girls. Now it was just time to relax. Molly ended up in Caleb's arms kissing while floating in the ocean. She was happy to be in his arms. He seemed to share the sentiment. Kayla tried to drown Nathan. It almost worked.  
  
At a small grass hut cantina Martin Houser and Sahseej Indrabooty were belting down shots of Tequila like champs. Sahseej found his groove and let his guard down with Martin's encouragement. Amused by their behavior Dayna and Marjorie found their men chattering away. Marjorie had never seen her Husband this liquored up and openy talking about life in America. Joining their men the girls sat in their laps and had the time of their lives. The day was young. Everyone got good and drunk. They would all call off work the next day to sleep in. They would sail home bright and early in the morning. All involved would worry about the future after their hangovers faded.  
  
It was time to return to normal.  
  
If that was even possible.  
  
Not likely.

**Molly Ch. 24: Dread Lobster**

I am so very sunburnt."  
  
Molly Indrabooty winces heavily at an aching rash of peeling skin. Within the confines of her bedroom she examines herself thoroughly in her dresser mirror. Completely nude at the moment learning swiftly that underwear or anything tight hurt like a bitch. She knew the possibilities when she and her family joined the Houser clan at sea on their yacht. Sex outdoors in the sun led to a darker complexion. Her skin nearly black at the moment. She was sorely tempted to call off sick from school and remain at home to ease her agony. Two days in a row looked bad, considering all of her family called off Monday to recover from their trip to Key Largo. It would not be in the cards.  
  
A knock at her door leads her to hold a towel in front of her as she answers. Opening it she finds her Mother Marjorie holding a curled tube of Aloe Vera, "You're so very lucky I'm a Botanist."  
  
"Enter Mother. I am in need of your caring hands."  
  
"Only because I know you can barely move. I think we've all learned a valuable lesson. I burnt badly myself on the way there. It really didn't feel horrible until the next day. How I got through my massage without bawling my eyes out is beyond me." She shivers at her shameless beach massage at the hands of a dashing Carlos. So she thought. What began with Carlos ended with Caleb Houser eating her out without her even suspecting it was him. Blindfolds and music to drown out exterior voices made certain of that. Still, something seemed off about Carlos. It didn't feel as if he had a moustache. Unless of course his brother ate her instead. Either way she was ashamed of herself for secretly enjoying it. It had been awhile since Sahseej graced her pussy with his loving lips.  
  
"Hurry Mommah, before Father checks on me."  
  
"You're lucky your Father went to work before you woke. Calling off yesterday meant pushing his intern's into performing lesser surgeries on patients with scheduled appointments. He cannot do that again. Being a lead brain surgeon means you cannot just do as he did. Outside of renting a seaplane to get home early we were all stuck with the Housers."  
  
"I had great fun until today. May I stay home from school for the rest of the week?"  
  
"Today yes. I'm staying home too. Campus can live without me a few days. We can both care for one another and soothe our wounds."  
  
"I must text Caleb and tell him I miss him."  
  
"You really like this Caleb don't you?" Marjorie ever so carefully dabs aloe on Molly's worst areas. Namely those she was unable to reach. Even the slightest pressure made Molly tense up. Poor thing.  
  
"Very much. At first I disliked him much. But, he has shown me how much he adores me."  
  
"I think all of the Houser's adore you."  
  
Molly winces both at the tenderness of her burns but at her Mother's observation. She worried her Mom might be picking up signals she tried to keep hidden. Namely Caleb's Father giving her too much attention. Unless confronted Molly would keep it too herself. Not only did she never want Caleb mad at her but she actually liked being told what to do. Caleb certainly had a spell over her.  
  
"I like them. Kayla even."  
  
"She seems like a sweetheart." Marjorie would not have said that if she knew the girl had seduced her Husband more than once. For now she was as blind as a dumbfounded bat.  
  
"We must need many tubes of Aloe." Molly lifts the tube to realize not much was left.  
  
"I know." Marjorie hisses, "I used some selfishly. If I have to I'll go out and buy more. There is a drugstore just down the street."  
  
"You must hurry Mommah. I cannot move."  
  
"I'm not even dressed yet. Do you think I like wearing clothes over my burns either?"  
  
Marjorie frowns at her daughters disappointed glare. With a huff from held breath she smiles. "Of course I'll go buy more aloe. I'll just wear something loose and silky. If only I could wear this nightie." She pinches the soft pale pink silk of her night gown. It was short and very sexy.  
  
"People would look at you and call you Victoria."  
  
"You think you're funny. How about I just let you snap, crackle, and pop?"  
  
"No Mommah. Call the school and excuse me if you please."  
  
"You want a lot from me this morning. You know I will. Give me time to find something to wear that doesn't hurt me. That is going to be a challenge."  
  
Leaving Molly expressing a grimace at her own agonizing burns Marjorie goes to her bedroom and first procures her cell. Dialing the University first she awaits a reply from her assistant Bella. It took five rings before her youthful ally answered.  
  
"Good morning Miss Kenwood. I hate to do this to you two days in a row, but frankly my burns hurt so badly I might not even be available tomorrow. We shall see. My daughter Molly is in agony, the poor girl. I think Sahseej was the only one lucky out of our mini vacation. Can you inform Dean Callahan I won't be in today? Thank you Sweet Bella. Carry on without me."  
  
Hanging up Marjorie then dialed Molly's school. "Hello. This is the Mother of Molly Indrabooty. I'm calling to let you know I'm authorizing her to stay home today and tomorrow. Pending on how she feels of course. Our entire family got very bad sunburns over the weekend. Thank you Henrietta. Give Principal Chavez my best."  
  
Once done she takes another moment to text Sahseej at work. "I'm daring to go get more aloe for our burns. We are both miserable. Have a better day than us my love."  
  
Text sent she pilfers through her closet seeking something to wear.  
  
Six miles away at the Hospital Sahseej Indrabooty preps for surgery. Before washing his hands he feels his cell vibrate. Not once but twice. Grimacing he chooses to look at the texts. One was from his wife. The other...Kayla Houser. Staring at both he fans his fingers indecisively. Sadly, he chose to read Kayla's text. What he found was not just words but a picture of her pussy up close. Her fingers prying her hole wide with an invitation. Her text read. "She misses you as much as I do." Glancing about he quickly closes it from prying interns. He would read his wife's text three hours later. Surgery came first.  
  
At home, Marjorie Indrabooty concluded that nearly everything she owned was a burden against her tender red flesh. Deciding that her nightie was her softest option she left it on but dared to wear a very thin silky coat over it. The coat draped only as low as her upper thighs. Even that felt miserable to her flesh. "Good lord! I look like a hooker."  
  
Wearing sandals on her feet she snatched up her purse and car keys. Passing by Molly's door she observes Molly laying nude on her tummy weeping as she texted Caleb.  
  
"Everything alright?"  
  
"No Mommah. Even my fingertips hurt."  
  
"Awww! I'll hurry back. Don't move."  
  
"I will be exactly as I am now." She whimpers.  
  
It hurt to move too fast so Marjorie crept a bit. Opening her door she steps into the hallway. Turning after locking her door she fumbles with her keys squealing as they slipped from her grasp toppling to the carpet. Eying them she just knew how badly it was going to hurt bending to pick them up. Using the wall as support she crouches low and grits her teeth every inch of the way. She hadn't noticed the elevator open until she was fully crouched and prepared for the stretch to pick up her keyring. Hearing the door open she looks up to see their neighbor Eric. For once he didn't have a different girl on his arm. She couldn't move.  
  
With groceries in his arms he eyes her predicament. What she hadn't even thought about was the fact her coat was open, her short nightie wide. Eric Champion looked right up into paradise.  
  
"Problem?"  
  
"You could say that. Nasty sunburn. Dropped my keys on my way out." She realized after looking at her knee span that Eric was admiring her inner thighs. Eyes wide she quickly closed her legs. The pain shooting through her made her lose balance and fall backwards. Hearing her shriek Eric swiftly sets his bags down and rushes to her aid. Directly in front of her of course. He wanted an up close visual of her puss. There was no hiding it.  
  
"Rather compromising isn't it?" She hisses tossing her coat over her front. Neither side covered her. There was no masking her loveliness.  
  
"Alright! As pervy as this might sound...very nice. Here let me help you up."  
  
She blushed but accepted his gentle lift to her feet. Marjorie tried to smile but knew he was now looking at her cleavage. Eric made a sudden, decent move and pulled her coat closed.  
  
"I know it can't be helped, but you do realize it's 95 degrees out already. Fucking Miami, what can ya do?"  
  
"I know but I can't wear anything more than this. My daughter's worse yet. You wouldn't by chance have any aloe?"  
  
"I don't." He really did but wanted to offer her help in other ways. "Can you even drive anywhere? I know you're not walking to the store."  
  
"I can barely keep my legs closed. Please don't make a crude comment. I am happily married. Even if it is nice to be noticed."  
  
"Oh I've noticed you. Ever since you guys moved in to 8-1."  
  
"8-A."  
  
"A guy can dream." He winks at her. "I suppose 8-1 does sound a tad cannibalistic."  
  
"I need to go Eric."  
  
"She remembers my name. I have to ask Margie..."  
  
"Marjorie."  
  
"I heard awhile back that your maiden name was Lovett. Marjorie Lovett-Indrabooty,"  
  
"Yes it was."  
  
"So do you?"  
  
"Do I what?"  
  
"Love it in the booty?"  
  
"At a time like this you're being a dick?"  
  
"Yes or no?" He charms her.  
  
With a tense glare that melted in his big blue eyes Marjorie sighs. "I recall enjoying it. I haven't done that since my college days."  
  
"Your hubby against that?"  
  
"I will not discuss my husband with you Eric."  
  
"Gotcha! Let me put my frozen goods in the freezer and I'll drive you wherever you need to go."  
  
"I'm sure I can manage once I get a good start."  
  
"Don't be silly. Give me five minutes."  
  
"My daughter is probably bawling her eyes out waiting on me."  
  
"Back in three. Hang tight."  
  
"Fine!" She watched him walk backwards looking her over from head to toe. His smile was intoxicating. Eric Champion was a Greek God. It was no wonder he had a different woman every day. Marjorie could never deny that she did indeed find him attractive. A minor fantasy kept to herself. As he grabbed his bags and unlocked his door she holds a hand to her chest. "Oh my lord! Eric saw my vagina." She fanned herself with her hand then panicked. Walking awkwardly to the elevator she hit the button whispering, "Hurry it up."  
  
Before the elevator rose to their floor Eric charged back out of his apartment. Locking up just as the elevator door opened. "See that didn't take long."  
  
She closes her eyes at her irritated flesh rubbing together. "No it didn't." Damn him! Into the elevator they went. He pushed the button for the underground garage then settled back beside her.  
  
"You're sweating up a storm. Sure you want to wear that coat?"  
  
"Eric, I'm in a nightie with obviously no underwear. I cannot possibly go without something to cover myself."  
  
"You're firecracker red everywhere. If I were you I'd ditch the coat. The material is scratchy."  
  
"I didn't have a choice. Maybe I should just call and have someone deliver me what we need."  
  
"Or, you can lean on me and I'll get you where you're going."  
  
"Or, you could be a gentleman and just go get it for me."  
  
"Stop being so nervous around me. I won't bite."  
  
'I never said you would." She rolls her eyes and confronts him, "Admit it Eric. You're only helping me because you've seen my..."  
  
"Sweet pussy?"  
  
She drops her jaw and stares without blinking. As he smirked back at her she took a deep breath and withheld a smile. Blushing she whispers toward him as if she had an audience. "I'm dehydrated enough without you making me wet."  
  
"What was that?"  
  
"Nothing." She was not going to repeat herself. He heard her quite well. As the elevator reached the garage the air conditioning of the building vanished like oxygen being sucked awat. She fanned her coat flaps at the heat.  
  
"I told you it was hot for 9AM. My car is over here." He hit his remote which beeped informing him where it was.  
  
"You're he tenant with the red Jaguar convertible. Me likey."  
  
"Top coming down." He uses his remote to send the canopy reeling back.  
  
She shivered imagining her own top coming down. "Damn it! Why does he have to be so gorgeous?" She kept to herself as he opened the passenger door for her. Seating so low it was agonizing to her flesh as it stretched. At the halfway point Marjorie cried out her pain. Between that and the long coat bunching up beneath her entry.  
  
"Enough! Take that coat off already."  
  
"I don't think I can argue with you Eric." He assists her in removing it and tosses it into the back seat. From there he carefully helped her inside one leg at a time. "Please stop looking up my nightie."  
  
"Not gonna happen Lovett."  
  
"I cannot possibly be that irresistible."  
  
"Nicest pussy I've seen in quite awhile."  
  
"I cannot believe you're speaking to me like this."  
  
"Gonna tell the Doc?"  
  
"Definitely not. His hands pay the bills. I do not need him breaking any knuckles on your chin."  
  
Eric laughs and eases the door shut. "I think it's more because you like my flirting with you."  
  
"Is that what they call sexual harassment these days?"  
  
"Sue me."  
  
"Don't tempt me."  
  
"I've been tempting you since the day you and I waved in the hall months ago."  
  
"HA! How do you fit that ego into this tiny little car?"  
  
"The same way I fit my big fat cock into tiny little spaces."  
  
"Oh my God! Eric stop." She blushes laughing. He starts the car with a cheesy grin and backs out. Squealing tires they jet through the garage and come out on to a relatively busy street. It was then Marorie felt naked. Covering her chest was a mistake. Both spaghetti straps on her nightie slipped down over her biceps. Her scarlet hued melons mashed together in a dramatic cleavage that made Eric swerve in traffic to catch a glimpse. "Watch the road, not me."  
  
"Damn those are beautiful."  
  
"Why did I agree to do this?"  
  
"Can't tell me you don't like the wind in your hair. Coolness on your sunburn has to feel good."  
  
:It does actually." She points at the Pharmacy that Eric just passed by exceeding the speed limit. "The drugstore was right back there. Where are you going?"  
  
"Cooling you off."  
  
"Not if my temper flares."  
  
"I'll swing back in a few. Enjoy the moment. Put those arms down." He reaches over lightly easing her arms away. Her pale pink nightie had developed very painful nipple erection stabbing through the silk. In lowering her arms one hand went to holding her hair from her mouth. The other in her lap. Eric smiled as her nightie slipped lower over her breasts. In her sudden enjoyment she hadn't given them a thought. He constantly darted his eyes from the road to those perky tits.  
  
"My daughter is suffering and we're joy riding. I'm a terrible Mother."  
  
"I'll head back."  
  
"No. Go out a few more miles."  
  
"Bad Mommy."  
  
"I know." She winced. "This is exhilarating."  
  
"Know what would be more exhilarating?"  
  
"What would that be?"  
  
Eric reaches over and gently tugs her nightie down revealing both tits. Her eyes bulge and look down at his bold move. "Those are fucking gorgeous."  
  
"Oh my God!" She flared her eyes at the traffic around her. Marjorie Indrabooty blushed heavily but did not cover up. "Five miles out, then the drugstore." Those college memories came flooding back. In her enjoyment she hadn't heard her cell vibrate in her coat in the backseat. Call waiting.  
  
Molly gave up trying to call her Mother and texted Caleb of her misery. She cried as she crawled from her bed and slowly moved toward the bathroom. She needed to pee, even sitting on the toilet hurt. Eying the bathroom tub she decided to run cool water and wait for it to fill. Not too cold, not remotely warm. Once the level was half way up she shut the water off, and defied her stretched flesh in order to drag her legs over the side. Crying out she sat in the tub very slowly and soothed the fire. The water did help.  
  
Hearing her cell ping she realized it was still on the sink behind her. "You are so stupid."  
  
She punished herself lifting out to reach for it. Drawing it closer with her fingertip until grasped she sat back down. Calming her pain she hears it ping a second time. An invite to face time Molly just opened it. She needed a caring smile. "Good morning Caleb Houser. How is school today?"  
  
He was sitting in class with his friend Wyatt waving at her from behind. "Hey Hottie"  
  
"That is not a name I approve of with such bad sunburns."  
  
"Dang! You look...darker."  
  
"This is what happens when I tan. You could not find me in the dark."  
  
"No but by the sound of it I'd hear you easy enough."  
  
"Do not make me laugh. I am a lobster in the sea."  
  
"Wyatt says hi."  
  
"Hello handsome Wyatt."  
  
"Lower the cam and show us your tits."  
  
"If I must." She pans down at her large breasts with very small nipples. She notes Caleb looking down quite often. "Are you keeping notes in class?"  
  
He chuckles, "Since when have you seen me take notes in any class?"  
  
"This is truth. What is it you are doing?"  
  
"Teacher left the class. I'm getting a blowjob."  
  
"Oh my! I wish it were me with your big wiener in my mouth."  
  
"Me too." He scowls at his caregiver, "Did I tell you to stop? I didn't think so. Swallow that cock you slut."  
  
"Such language. Who is this that replaces me?"  
  
Caleb turns his camera down toward his crotch. There knelt Heather, a recent addition to his harem that decided she could compete with Molly for Caleb's affections.  
  
"Hello Heather." With her jaw stretched wide and her eyes bulging without a single blink she waves at Molly. Molly winced as she moved a bit in the water for comfort. "Please be to take good care of Caleb until I come back to school." A thumbs up offers her a confirmation. Caleb turned his camera to let the other students around them wave at her.  
  
"Hurry the hell up and make me cum or I'll replace you with Jaclyn or Sammy." He shows Molly both girls across the room with yearning gazes, ready to leap on Caleb with the snap of a finger.  
  
"It must be lunch time. They appear quite hungry."  
  
"I might feed them later on. Depends on how I feel."  
  
"I wish I did not feel. I hurt badly Caleb. How is it you or Nathan are not burnt as I?"  
  
"We weren't naked on the beach." He chuckles.  
  
"How would be your sister Kayla? She too was naked."  
  
"Don't know. Don't care. Damn it Heather. Jaclyn get your fucking lips over here." He pushes Heather away. In a struggle of seconds Jaclyn Stewart had her mouth on his cock swallowing every inch. Her fingers palming his bulging scrotum. Silent cheers were heard. "Heather!" Caleb snaps. "You aren't done. Get back there and blow Wyatt." Caleb allowed Molly to see a pouty Heather kneel behind him. Wyatt stretched back in his seat and let her unzip and drag his beast out. A bobbing head confirmed her obedience. Wyatt nodded smirking like the Devil in heat. Another turn of his cam lets Molly now view Jaclyn.  
  
"She is doing quite well. Her face is turning blue."  
  
"Yeah! That's the ticket Jac. I can feel that cum rising. Hell yes!" He snarls and detonates in her throat. The camera jostles about uncontrollably until he finishes feeding the brunette. Panning the camera as Jaclyn reveals a mouth full of Houser froth. Her cheek rubbing sensually along the length and girth of Caleb's shaft.  
  
Hearing a boy usher, "Gorman is coming." Caleb closes out the facetime. The Teacher had returned to class. Jaclyn took her seat but kept his cum active. Showing it off as Gwen Gorman taught her class. Heather was glad to have escaped Wyatt. His dick tasted salty and unclean. She would sadly be forced to finish him off after class. At least his cum tasted minty.  
  
Molly pouted at her loss and attempted to call her Mother. She had been gone a very long time.

Hitting the interstate Eric Champion drove ninety miles an hour. The wind whipping Marjorie's hair. With an assist by Eric he had pulled her already lowered nightie further down to her waist. It bunched up just above her hem. His hand caressing her leg ever so slightly up beneath the garment. A pinky rubbed her labia.  
  
"How we doing Marjorie?"  
  
"This is incredible. I haven't done anything this crazy since college. It's keeping my mind off the burn for sure."  
  
"Don't mind my fingers." He winks before moving in for the kill. Eric Champion was rubbing her clitoris. Her eyes lower to her lap and offers a stunned expression. "Recline the seat."  
  
Stressed a bit she eyes his probing fingers while lifting her hem to witness his fingers amid her pubic hair. With a huff and squinted eyes she reaches beside her seat to the controls and guides the seat back. Laying stretched out as he fingers her at a very bad angle. Semi trucks lingered beside them and watched. Marjorie looked up at the drivers and melted. She never realized just how badly she had missed this side of her persona. Being the model wife to Sahseej altered her life entirely. In a bold move Marjorie cries at her movements but tugs her nightie off over her head and lifts her arm in the air. Her nightie billowing in the wind. She was free. Eric moved to reclaim her free hand and placed it over her pussy. She immediately began masturbating.  
  
"I need my hand back." He calls over, then switches gears and rockets away. He was now doing 120 and weaving in and out of traffic. Trucker after trucker watched her play. Lifting her nightie in the air again as she feels her juices brewing she discovers her grip on the nightie lacking. The wind ripped it from her hands.  
  
"Oh shit!" She looked at Eric with her mouth wide.  
  
"That's so inviting." He grins at her. She burst into laughter. "Pull over Eric. While I'm in a good mood." He did. Slowing and pulling off on the shoulder she leans over his shifter and unfastens his slacks. Digging him out she discovers a sleeping giant. "Geezus Eric. This must be ten inches."  
  
"Better get busy before a cop drives by." He lowers his own seat back.  
  
Marjorie Lovett Indrabooty sucked that lucky bastard dry. Truckers blared their horns in passing. She swallows a good six inches and feasts on his ball sack, while stroking him. Six minutes later Marjorie Indrabooty had a jaw full of jizz. Laughing at herself she sits up and smiles down at Eric.  
  
"I cannot believe I just did this. I should hate you Eric. How can I live next door to you knowing I've just cheated on my husband?"  
  
"Technically I don't call it cheating until you scream my name."  
  
She smirks then yells out loud. "FUCK YOU ERIC."  
  
"Next time. Let's get moving before we get arrested." She reels back swishing his cum in her mouth absorbing the taste. Looking at herself in the mirror on the passenger door she froze in time. Cum pressed between her lips.  
  
"Molly." She swallows the cum quickly and ignores her pain to reach back into the seat behind her. Snatching at her coat she locates her cell and checks it. Seeing five calls from Molly her heart sank. Tears welled up in her eyes. Not one from Sahseej. A pouty look toward Eric she reaches over palming his hand on the gear shift. With an uneasy look between each other she shares an answer to an earlier question.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes I love it in the booty."  
  
"Next time?"  
  
"I'll think about it. Get me to a drugstore please."  
  
"Going in dressed like that?"  
  
"No. You Sir are going in dressed like that. I'll wait in the car."  
  
"I can do that."  
  
Ten minutes later Eric pulls into a parking space out front of a Pharmacy. Knowing everything she needed he hops out of the car. She had placed the coat over her like a blanket. As he darted around the back of the car to head in he stops and races back to catch her off guard. Eric Champion kissed Marjorie on the lips. She embraced his kiss with a tender tug at his lower lip. Winking at her he swiped her coat and went inside. She curled up in her seat and laughed.  
  
"FUCK YOU ERIC."  
  
She would end up doing exactly that in the very near future.  
  
Calling Molly she made excuses of having to go to seven different drugstores. Molly still in the tub had masturbated using a water wand attached to the tub. At least she kept busy.  
  
Miles away at the Hospital...  
  
Sahseej had just completed a simple enough surgery and washed up. Back to normal he met with the patient's family and explained the procedure had gone well. The woman was resting peacefully. Once thanked he walked the halls taking an elevator down to his office. As the elevator opened a Nurse led a very familiar face his way.  
  
"Kayla?" He froze without expression.  
  
"Hi Doctor Indrabooty." She spoke in passing. The Nurse offering a strange expression at his recognition. Kayla wore a candy striper outfit. She told the Nurse that she was friends with his daughter. When she wasn't looking Kayla hikes the back of her skirt. Zero panties with words written on her butt cheeks in lipstick. "These miss you too." Luckily the skirt was long enough to hide it when down.  
  
Sahseej Indrabooty did not know what to do. He chose to go to his office and lock the door. Looking at his cell he spots two messages from his wife. He ignored both in favor of Kayla's earlier photo. Eying that delicious little hole Sahseej jerked off. Once jettisoning a healthy load he wipes off with tissue and sits back in his leather seat.  
  
An unsettling thought occurred to him. This young girl was stalking him.  
  
"She must be punished."  
  
He would destroy that young cunt in the back of his SUV, candy striping her ass in Hindi jizz. Working late his cover.  
  
Luckily Marjorie was able to sneak into her apartment in the coat. Molly was in her room sulking. A good aloe massage put her daughter to sleep. Marjorie? She went to her bedroom and masturbated thinking of Eric. For two hours straight. Unknown to her she was being watched. Concealed cameras had been recording all day long. Not only had they captured Molly in the tub, they now saw every dirty little detail.  
  
Right next door the portly neighbor Claude gets a text from Caleb Houser. "Dude! You're a badass. Your cameras are doing their job. I'm watching Molly's mom fuck herself. Sweeeet!"  
  
The man chuckled and texts back. "So am I Kid. So am I."  
  
Caleb and his brother Nathan enjoyed the show reminiscing of their time in Key Largo actually touching Marjorie. Caleb even ate her out. He really wanted to fuck her but the timing was bad. That goal was on its way to becoming reality.  
  
Eric Champion? He sat in his apartment drinking wine and watching video of his own. Marjorie hadn't even noticed the tiny camera attached to this rearview mirror. It had captured everything they did including losing her nightie on the interstate.  
  
"So going to own your ass Indrabooty."  
  
With fingers pinching at the air toward the video playing on his television, he switches channels to discover another live feed. He too had access to Claude's hidden devices. Smiling at Marjorie's constant yelping he actually hears his name. "Ohhh Eric." Music to his ears. Another channel switch he spies on Molly laying on her belly nude. Sleeping he admires her sweet heart shaped bottom.  
  
"I bet she likes it Indrabooty too."  
  
Three households were jerking off to the Indrabooty girls.  
  
This was going to get good.

**Molly Ch. 25: SHUDDER BUG**

"What is this you are watching Caleb?"  
  
Molly Indrabooty used her face time function on her cell to chat with her boyfriend, if you could call him that, Caleb Houser. He was obviously watching a porno on his laptop at home. Brother Nathan there beside him.  
  
"Porno."  
  
"I could be your porno if I were not so sore. I have blisters on my bum."  
  
"Not good. That's okay you just get better. Once you come back to school I want you to show up Heather and the others girls. We're gonna do something really big next week."  
  
"As long as my parents do not find out, I will do as you ask."  
  
"Not asking Molly." He extends a droll dedicated stare.  
  
Expressionless Molly immediately responds, "Yes, as you say."  
  
"Daaaamn! This girl is destroying her pussy with a dildo." Nathan chuckles wanting to show Molly the laptop, but Caleb resisted. Hearing her Mother on the other side of the wall Molly winced. She had never heard her Mother masturbating alone before. Least of all so loudly. What had come over Marjorie Indrabooty?  
  
"My Mommah is very loud today."  
  
"I know! We can hear her as if we're right there beside you." Nathan rants as Caleb slugs him from the side to shut him up. Unknown to Molly they were watching her Mother on the laptop. They couldn't let Molly in on the devious nature of her next door neighbor Claude's hidden cameras and microphones. All over the Indrabooty condo were secret devices recording their every move. Even in the hallway, and down in the garage. Not even Caleb knew of everything at the moment, Claude aimed to surprise the boy at a later date. Caleb wanted as much footage of Molly's Mom as possible. The boy had a serious infatuation with her. He was on a mission to build a better Pornstar out of her.  
  
A late night for Molly's Father at work allowed Marjorie time to enjoy herself. Since earlier in the day, when their other neighbor from down the hall Eric Champion took her to the drugstore, which led to a lengthy erotic tour of Miami, Marjorie's hormones were in overdrive. Eric was in her fantasy world suddenly. Not since her college days had Marjorie been so horny. A changed woman in such a short time. It would definitely get worse. Since marrying Sahseej even her innermost fantasies had been repressed. No longer. She loved her man but her needs were growing. Not good for her Hubby.  
  
Of course, if she knew of his own betrayal it might not matter. Her husband was having an affair with a much younger woman behind Marjorie's back. A girl not much older than their daughter. The very sister of Molly's boyfriend. Small world indeed.  
  
"Ohhhh! Do you like watching me play with myself Mister Champion?" Marjorie mumbles giggling at her sensitivity. Hearing her distinctly over his laptop Caleb frowns at her neighbors identity. In Claude's apartment the portly man chuckles swigging his beer, beside him the dashing Eric Champion himself. Man of the hour.  
  
"I think you have her hooked Champ." Claude clinks his bottle against Eric's.  
  
"Haven't even shown her my cock yet. She's in love." Eric smugly nods.  
  
"I'm making copies of this. We can sell them overseas and split the profits."  
  
"Sounds like a plan my devious Amigo."  
  
"Her kids even hotter."  
  
"Oh I know. If I have my way I'll be tapping Molly too."  
  
"Been there done that." Claude brags.  
  
"No fucking way." Eric expresses awe, "You fat bastard."  
  
"Hey now! Wanna see?"  
  
"Her yes. Not your wrinkled up ass."  
  
"Careful now. I can always set cams up in your place too." He chuckles.  
  
"You should. As much pussy as I bring home we could make a killing. Have you seen the hot bitches I get?"  
  
"Yep! I'm game as long as it don't come between our budding friendship."  
  
"I'm Pornstar material." Eric pats his crotch.  
  
"Don't ever do that when we're alone again. I have a stun gun."  
  
The two men laugh and agree to plant cams in Eric's bedroom and living room at least. With a privacy jammer should Eric need it. For now Claude switches his TV to a duel screen and observes both Marjorie and Molly naked in their beds. Easy enough to know who Molly was talking to as she refers to Caleb by name multiple times.  
  
"Hey!" Claude sits up, "Why don't you call Marjorie. Let's see her reaction to your voice stimuli."  
  
"Not a bad idea you sick Fucker." Eric snatches his cell from his pants pocket. "Shit! Three messages from three different girls. Might get some action tonight anyway. What you have a taste for? Chinese masseuse? Swedish stewardess? or, African American dancer? Don't give me that chocolate makes you break out shit. The Swedes make the best candy in the world." Eric chuckles.  
  
"YA! I vood like to watch za Swiss Miss."  
  
"You insensitive prick. Olga it is. Let me text her to come over at 10:00. How long it take you to set my place up?"  
  
"Thirty minutes?"  
  
"Got the parts?"  
  
"Do I have the parts? I could set up every condo in this building by morning."  
  
"Ooo! That cute redhead down in 3C."  
  
"Already got her." Claude laughs flipping channels to watch a stunning redhead taking a bubble bath by candlelight. Sipping red wine for an elegant relaxation."  
  
"Fuck Olga. Let's go take on Renee." Eric sits up mesmerized by her beauty. Muting her as Eric dials Marjorie's number he grins like the Devil. Channel sharing with Renee now the men observe Marjorie's cell ringing as she moans. Hearing her groan at its shrill annoyance Marjorie rolls over to lift her cell to see who was calling. Her dildo left inside her scalding hot pussy. A hand goes to her mouth as she reacts to his number.  
  
"Oh yeah! She's wanting to answer it."  
  
"She's only had my number for six hours." Eric Champion winks.  
  
"She's biting." Claude goes silent pointing at Eric.  
  
"Hello Eric." Marjorie whispers.  
  
"Hey! Just checking in to see how your kid's feeling? That aloe help?"  
  
"She seems to be alright. I haven't heard any dinner bell ring needing anything."  
  
"Great! I'm glad she's doing better. How about you? How are you feeling?" He smirks toward Claude. On the TV Marjorie lays back with her cell to her ear and slyly begins moving her dildo in and out.  
  
"I-I'm fine. Thank you for asking."  
  
"Good. I better go before your husband wonders who you're talking to." Of course Eric knew Sahseej was not at home.  
  
"He's working late tonight. You're safe this time." She stops plunging her toy to briskly rub her clit. Claude zooms in on her efforts. It was a thing of beauty.  
  
"I won't be a nuisance I promise."  
  
"You're not a nuisance. I-I'm happy that you cared enough to check on me."  
  
"Good to know. We should go for a ride more often." He chuckles.  
  
Her fingers remove the dildo in favor of inserting two fingers. Her legs lifting slightly made her sigh.  
  
"I might be up for another ride sometime." She huffs slightly.  
  
"You sound breathless. You working out?"  
  
"Yes actually." She giggles then holds her breath, "I should be careful that Molly doesn't hear me."  
  
"Hear you doing what?"  
  
"My...workout. Talking to another man."  
  
As Molly rambles in her bedroom to Caleb she doesn't see his reaction to Marjorie's caller. Caleb was overly curious as to whom the Mother was obviously flirting with. Nathan beside Caleb listened closer to the laptop speaker.  
  
"She called the guy Eric." Nathan whispered into his brother's ear. He hadn't heard of any Eric before. Caleb was somewhat jealous.  
  
"I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me Marjorie. We can just be neighbors. Your ole' man is a decent guy I'd feel bad if he thought..."  
  
"That we were fucking?" She whispers nibbling her lip awaiting his reaction.  
  
"Are we fucking?"  
  
"You asked me earlier if I liked it Indrabooty." She giggles lightly.  
  
"You said that you did." He laughs at her.  
  
"Truth? It's my favorite."  
  
"Really now? That almost sounds like an invitation to sneak in the back door."  
  
"We shall see." She smiles fingering herself harder. Her spine arching at how good it felt.  
  
Eric was certainly seeing. So was Claude. So was Caleb and Nathan Houser. She put on a very seductive pose, her toes pointing out into the air as if wings on an airplane.  
  
"Why do I get the feeling your workout has nothing to do with yoga pants?"  
  
"Oh Eric." Marjorie whimpers at being busted. "Yes! I'm playing with myself. Do you object?"  
  
"You know I don't. Go all out for me. Let's hear it."  
  
"My daughter is on the other side of the wall."  
  
"Can't tell me she hasn't heard you and Sahseej banging."  
  
"That's different. That is natural."  
  
"So is masturbating. Let's hear it Indrabooty."  
  
"I cannot believe I'm willing to do this. I should never have...NO! I'm glad I did. My pussy is so wet Eric."  
  
"Do NOT bite your tongue. If she questions you just say you're a grown woman and you missed your man."  
  
"Alright! She would actually buy that."  
  
"OH HELL NO!" Caleb snaps forcing Nathan to grit his teeth knowing Molly was watching them over their cells.  
  
"Is everything alright Caleb?" Molly looked concerned.  
  
"Fucking pop ups. These damned porn sites I swear." Caleb covered his tracks.  
  
Nathan chimes in with a brilliant idea. "Molly should masturbate for us too."  
  
"Right! Us too as in We two." He wanted to nut punch his little brother.  
  
"I can try. I am rather crispy even down there." She shows them her peeling thighs. Her pussy beautiful regardless. Hearing her whine at repositioning Molly gives it her all. Massaging her clit young Molly heard her Mother moaning louder than before. "Can you not hear my Mommah? She is much louder. I am quite embarrassed."  
  
"Don't be. She's just bored and lonely with your Dad at work. Right?" Caleb changes her tune.  
  
"I suppose that to be truth."  
  
"I dare you to get as loud as your Mom." Nathan jumps in.  
  
"She will stop and see if I am in pain."  
  
"DO IT!" Caleb commands her with a point.  
  
"For you handsome Caleb, I will risk my Mommah's wrath." molly begins playing with herself harder. Fingers digging in deep she offers the boys a view of her wetness. Just next door in Claude's apartment Claude had decided to check on Molly too. Shocked the men watched a threesome of hot ladies masturbating. The downstairs neighbor Renee Wood had discovered her bathwater the perfect place to cum. Fist bumps between men, between unsuspecting brothers. The guys were settling in for a show.  
  
Eric felt like antagonizing, "How's that pussy feeling Marjorie?"  
  
"Delightful."  
  
"Sure doesn't sound like it. Awful quiet over there."  
  
"Eric please, My daughter."  
  
"A minute ago you were more than willing."  
  
"I'm afraid I'll yell out your name." She giggles.  
  
"So do it. Just tell her you were watching reruns of True Blood. Remember Eric Northman?"  
  
"I LOVE that series. Alexander Skarsgård is sooo hot. Oh My God! Now I'll be fantasizing about him."  
  
"I look a bit like ole' Alex."  
  
'You're an evil man Eric."  
  
"FUCK THAT PUSSY!" Eric snarls.  
  
"I love your brusque tone. I'm going to use my vibrator. Hold on." She sits her cell aside and leans over her mattress to dig into a bedside drawer. Returning with a whopper of a vibrating dildo that looked life like in color all four viewers huffed. Dicks were hard, as if they weren't already.  
  
"Holy shit. That looks so fucking real." Caleb remarks.  
  
"You act as if you have not seen me play before." Molly trembles.  
  
"No I meant the Pornstar. She pulled out a massive dildo. She's sucking on it now."  
  
Marjorie Indrabooty licked her toy from base to crown then suckles it for her own inspiration. Turning it on it wiggles in her mouth. Laughing at herself she removes it in order to speak.  
  
"I just sucked your dick Eric."  
  
"I can hear it buzzing."  
  
"I think you should fuck me up the ass right now Mister." She rolls over in bed and positions her ass in the air, hands delicately probing the toys beastly head toward her ass. Excusing herself for a bottle of lube she fingers her anal pucker to prepare it for penetration. "Sorry! Needed some lubrication on this bad boy." They not only hear her introduction gasp but see her mouth widen in awe of its fit. "Sweet Jesus! It's been far too long. God this feels good. Fuck me Eric."  
  
"Hands on those sexy hips now. Slapping those cheeks. Tugging that long hair of yours."  
  
"YES ERIC!" She yells then buries her face into a pillow, looking up worried that Molly had heard her. Hearing instead her own daughter moaning at the top of her lungs.  
  
Pausing Marjorie laughs, "Eric? My daughter is masturbating too. She must be talking to Caleb."  
  
"Ignore it. Shake some windows Indrabooty." Eric sounded determined.  
  
"So foolish!" Marjorie pounds her vibrator in her ass then stops just long enough to snatch up her earlier dildo and double penetrates herself. Between vibe wiggling in her ass and a sturdy cock in her cunt the Mrs. was howling like a wolf. "OH MY GOD! ERIC I"M GOING TO CUM."  
  
On the other side of the wall Molly hearing her Mother stops cold to listen, "Mommah just called out to another man."  
  
"GET BUSY MOL. SQUIRT FOR US." Caleb attempts to get her back on point. Molly winced then devoted herself to her man. In minutes both Indrabooty girls were having insane convulsions. Sharing similar moments leading into a deafening pair of orgasms. Goaded further both of them continued on for the next hour. Lost in their hormonal urges neither of the Indrabooty girls heard the front door open.  
  
Entering Sahseej Indrabooty stops cold on the welcome mat. Listening to both sets of dirty talk and echoing moans he peaks an eyebrow. Silently shutting his front door he sets his briefcase on the sofa and untethers his tie. Absorbing their squeals of delight he first steps to Molly's door. It was not fully shut and her light was on. Shocked at the sight of seeing his daughter playing with herself on camera he nearly barged in to punish her. Sudden thoughts of his own misadventures kept him at bay. Kayla Houser, Caleb's older sister was his own play toy. He had nothing to say really. His wife had expressed to him that their daughter was an adult now. She was right. Shivering at how long he observed Molly made his stomach churn. If not for hearing his wife scream bloody murder for a third orgasm he might have stared at Molly a bit longer. The sickness of his sudden perversion made him leave her door. Slowly stepping to his own bedroom he turns the knob and peers within. There was Marjorie with two toys doing a devastating job on her holes. Entering silently he undresses watching her lost in her cries. This was rather impressive he thought.  
  
Next door Claude and Eric sat up straight, dicks in their hands from all the beauties on camera. Noticing Sahseej undressing the boys bumped knuckles then winced at the fact that those same hands were busy jerking off their perspective cocks. Eric fluttered a disgusting pubic hair from his fingers. It wasn't his own. Gross fucker.  
  
Across town Caleb and Nathan had similar disruptions in their own jacking off over both Indrabooty beauties. With baited breath the four viewers awaited the next move. Eric chose his words wisely as he whispers. "Say my name."  
  
"ERIC! OH MY GOD I WANT YOU INSIDE ME." Sahseej hearing that halts at lowering his boxers. A chill consuming his soul. "FUCK YOU VAMPIRE. STAKE THROUGH YOUR GODDAMNED HEART FOR RAPING ME." This contorted her husband's facial expression. Had his wife gone mad? Her face hidden by pillows to block the glare of her cell she hadn't so much heard Sahseej enter as having had planned ahead.  
  
"Who is this Eric?" Sahseej opens up startling her. She rolls over on her cell making certain he couldn't see it.  
  
"Sahseej! You scared the life out of me." She pulls her toys free of both holes looking embarrassed. "I-you will think I'm silly. I was fantasizing about that actor on True Blood. Remember Eric? We used to watch that series when Molly was asleep. I feel so very foolish."  
  
"Yes. I recall such a show. You used to make suggestive remarks about him to make me jealous." He pauses to hear Molly having her second orgasm. "Our daughter is feeling better? She shall go to school tomorrow then."  
  
"Wow! I hadn't even heard her until now. Our baby is growing up so fast."  
  
A snap visual in his thoughts of his beautiful daughter fingering herself. Her chest heaving breathlessly. Nipples hard as..."Yes she is indeed."  
  
"Get over here Mister Indrabooty."  
  
He lowers his boxers stepping out of them. "It has been a very long day." He yawns stretching. She knew that look. Disappointment made her pout. As she lowers her eyes he charges the bed and tackles his wife. She giggles as he tickles her sensitive spots. Minutes later he had her bent over fucking her from behind. His wife was in Heaven.  
  
Luckily, her cell went dead beneath her pillow. Sahseej would not see another caller.  
  
Four viewers nutted over the course of ten minutes. Molly in her final throes shreds the wallpaper. Her parents halting to listen.  
  
"Let us give her a dose of her own medicine." Sahseej whispers.  
  
"FUCK ME ERIC!" Sahseej leaned over and bit his wife's neck. She died laughing. She would have a hicky in the morning.  
  
Next door Eric Champion dropped the mic.  
  
As they watched the couple going at it they notice Molly get up from her bed having hung up with Caleb. Hearing her parents destructive sex she grew curious and tiptoed to their door. Unlike her Father to leave it open she discovered it ajar. As he had earlier she peered inside and found a fingernail between her teeth. She had never thought of watching her parents make love. Nor had she ever seen her Father naked. He was quite muscular. She found herself staring at his every ripple. Touching herself she trembled. What was she doing? Wild-eyed she shuffled back to her bedroom, switching the lights off and leaping into a wet set of sheets. Regardless she covered up her head.  
  
For two hours straight Eric was a lucky man. Molly didn't understand. Who was Eric?  
  
At 10:00 PM Eric Champion greeted Olga Svenson at his door. The woman was an easy Pamela Anderson. She was naked in his opened front threshold, leaving her uniform and undies outside. Leaping into his arms he carried the blond bombshell to his bed, offering Claude the show of his life, massive 40D's of playful silicone titties bouncing as she rode Eric. Her seductive moans forcing portly Claude to rub one off. Realizing her clothes were in the hall, he snuck out and sniffed Olga's panties, jerking his beast and cumming in them right there in the hall. He left them there wet, sick bastard that he was. Claude Romero was a piece of work.  
  
Heading back into his condo he finalizes his night watching the redhead in 3C eating a cup of pudding on her sofa naked, watching of all things...True Blood. That fucking Eric. The guy got around.  
  
Shutting everything off Romero sat back firing up a cigarette. In silence he hears Marjorie Indrabooty through his walls screaming a final time.  
  
"Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me Eric." He grumbles blowing smoke with the cigarette dangling from his lips. Not this time. This round she changed her partner. Her husband got the credit.  
  
"Now that's love."  
  
He knew when to butt out.  
  
Molly tossed and turned all night long, blaming the bed bugs that made her shudder. Images of her naked Father troubling her the bugs of her nightmare. In the peacefulness of early morning she heard her parents snoring, and beat up her pillow. Deciding her fate, she spreads her legs for another workout. Discovering herself really dry she pouts, when something suddenly dawned on the Hindi goddess.  
  
She realized that aloe made for a good lubricant. Ten minutes of silent fulfillment she cooed.  
  
"Night Poppah."  
  
Like a baby she was out.

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