### Molly in Suspense

Molly made sure the braided clothesline was knotted snugly around both ankles. She didn’t want rope burns; they’d be too hard to explain in gym class. She knew from past experiments that the two-inch section of slack between the makeshift cuffs would be adequate to allow her to get on and off the hook without scraping her ankles.

Satisfied with the fastenings, she stood up and eased her bare shoulders back onto the high kitchen stool, gripped the sides carefully with her long fingers, and kicked her legs gracefully upward until she could lift her weight in a shaky handstand. Her shallow breasts shimmied with muscular tension as she struggled to maintain her balance. She had always been good at gymnastics but now, at seventeen, she was too tall and long-legged for competition, though she was still slender and supple.

In a practiced move, she guided her pointed toes to either side of the strong metal hook that ordinarily suspended a large swag lamp from the exposed beam in the kitchen ceiling. The hook passed between her slightly parted ankles and snagged the rope.

Molly gently eased her weight onto the hook, which creaked once but held firmly. She had tested that, too. She would never be able to explain it to her parents if she pulled the whole kitchen ceiling down.

She pushed the stool carefully out of the way and let her arms dangle— the very picture of a naked, dead body hung up on a meat hook, swaying gently to and fro. The air conditioning vent, up above the kitchen cabinets, chilled her feet and bare legs but she didn’t care.

Her nipples hardened with tension as she imagined what a stranger entering the kitchen would see: Long, blonde hair suspended beneath a long, smooth body. Her breasts were small and firm, her ass tight and rounded. Her pubic hair was sparse and pale and the muscles beneath her flat stomach fluttered with increasing sexual excitement.

Molly waited a few minutes until the blood began to pound in her head. Then she flexed her body, swinging through a longer and longer arc. She felt the muscles in her thighs and back elongate. The self-illusion of naked helplessness was thrilling and nearly overpowering.

At exactly the right moment, she reached up to her crotch and raked the ball of her thumb across her tingling clit. She caught her breath, gasping as the surging climax rolled over her. Afterward, she hung quietly until her vision cleared and her respiration slowed.

Molly knew she was pretty weird, getting off by tying herself up and hanging herself head-downward from the ceiling, but she was convinced it was just a harmless perversion and she didn’t worry about it overmuch. She was still a virgin—though only because she hadn’t yet met a boy she wanted to screw. But she’d reveled in many a sweaty make-out session and there weren’t many square inches on her body that hadn’t been caressed by male hands.

Molly got her particular thrills from being pretend-helpless. One of the guys she dated regularly had discovered her kink early on. His response was to help her explore it—pinning her wrists high above her head while sucking her nipples or grinding his knee against the crotch of her jeans. She loved it—as long as the guy didn’t try to hurt her for real.

Another of her part-time boy friends liked to “force” her to flaunt her body in public places. He would strip off her knickers and order her to hoist her skirt and spread her legs in spots where there was a real chance of being observed by strangers. Sometimes, all on her own, she flashed people she didn’t know, too—flipping up the front of her short skirt or her tee-shirt—as long as she could do it in relative safety. (Being arrested for public indecency was far too real!)

So Molly truly enjoyed dangling naked by her ankles, but after a quarter of an hour she decided she’d had enough for the day. Her parents wouldn’t be home from the out-of-town wedding they were attending until late tomorrow, but her older brother, Greg, would be back from soccer practice before long. In fact, being caught by her brother was another of those dangers she enjoyed skirting the edge of. But she needed time to get dressed, rehang the lamp on its hook, and shove the kitchen table back into its proper position.

She wondered if she would dare pull a stunt like this in the back yard. She knew she could easily climb naked into the big live oak, where there was a conveniently placed branch stump at about the right height from the ground. And with the eight-foot privacy fence encircling the back yard....

Her mind occupied with the vision of displaying her defenseless body to the great outdoors, Molly fumbled her grab for the stool and felt it skitter farther away. Mom must have just waxed the floor, she thought anxiously. She got a little back-and-forth momentum going but she overdid it on her next grab and watched in openmouthed horror as the stool tipped over on its side with a clatter, completely beyond her reach.

“Shit,” she muttered and tried to swing up to grab her legs. She might have managed it ten minutes earlier but now too much blood had settled in her head and the effort almost made her vomit. Besides, her feet and ankles were growing numb from the clothesline. She tried to blink back the tears that trickled heedlessly into her eyebrows.

Now she really was helpless and it frightened her. What would Greg think when he got home? He was twenty, a sophomore in college, and his good opinion was important to her. He would give her that look of utter loathing he usually reserved for liver and onions. Then, if she was lucky, he’d only laugh himself silly and tell all his friends about his lunatic sister. Molly groaned at the thought,...but at the same time, she felt a renewed tingle in her clit. God, she thought, she really was perverted.

By the time another half-hour had passed, Molly had quit trying to get herself off the hook. She was so dizzy now, she could barely think. She simply hung there, motionless, and awaited her fate. The only strategy she could think of to handle Greg was to weep piteously and beg abjectly.

She flinched when the front door finally opened and slammed shut again. She steeled herself—but what was that sound? Who was Greg talking to in the living room? Oh, Christ! she thought in sudden panic—he hadn’t brought a bunch of guys home from soccer practice, had he?!

She heard her brother say “There’s some club soda in the refrigerator, Ellen. Help yourself while I jump in the shower—and be thinking about what movie you’d like to see!” And then the light tread of a pair of thin-soled sandals halted abruptly at the kitchen door. Molly heard a sharp intake of breath and forced herself to focus in that direction.

The fair-skinned girl frozen in the doorway wore blue short-shorts, very tight, a brief matching halter top, and bright red laced thongs on her feet. Her shiny black hair was short and bouncy and her bright blue eyes were bulging. Greg had met Ellen in one of his classes early in the year. They’d been dating for a couple of months now and Molly had reason to wonder if her brother was getting serious about this girl. She had insisted on meeting her and found she really liked Ellen, though she hadn’t expected to. She’d told her big brother that Ellen really was good enough for him. Greg had laughed but she knew he was pleased that she approved. Now, Ellen would probably drop him flat and Greg would hate her forever. Molly swallowed a sob of despair and shut her eyes again.

“G-r-r-r-e-e-e-g-g-g?!” The girl’s unsteady voice rose in pitch. “Get in here, quick!”

A moment later, her brother was standing in the doorway beside Ellen. He’d already removed his soccer shirt and he was barefoot. He stared at Molly in disbelief for an instant before he said “Somebody must have broken in! Ellen, go call 911 for the cops and an ambulance while I get her down!”

“No!” Molly burst out in panic. Jesus, no police! “Nobody broke in! I was—It was—I did it myself....” She closed her eyes tight again and covered them with her hands. The whisper of sandals and the muffled slap of bare feet cautiously crossed the tile floor.

“Molly? You did this to yourself?” Greg was baffled. Molly looked “downward” at his expression and nodded her head, which made it throb. “But why? Why would you--?”

“It’s sex, Greg. Don’t you see?” Ellen’s quiet voice was tinged with excitement. “This is how she gets off. Right, Molly?” The hanging girl nodded again, silently, almost relieved that someone understood.

“I don’t believe it,” Greg said flatly. “That’s sick.”

“No, it isn’t, Greg. It’s just a kink. Everybody’s got ‘em. Don’t act like she was a serial killer or something. Besides,” she added lightly, “who is it likes to suck my toes?” Molly looked up again, just in time to see her brother duck his head in embarrassment.

The two of them had stopped only a foot away from her suspended body and Molly watched as Ellen gave her a slow once-over, feet to face and back up again. The other girl’s interested examination produced a strange but not unpleasant sensation in the pit of her stomach.

“Sorry, Molly, I didn’t mean to yell like that, but you caught me off-guard. Or,...” She cocked her head and looked thoughtful. “Or did you want us to find you like this?”

“Jesus, Ellen,” Greg began. “Why would she want—“

Ellen touched her finger to his lips and smiled. “I’m the psych major, remember? Did I ever mention that my father’s a psychologist? He studied under Kinsey. So I know something about human sexual behavior.”

“You never told me about your father.”

“We haven’t had a conversation I could work it into. But I’ve read all his books and articles. Pretty fascinating stuff.” Ellen tapped her finger on her own lip and her expression became speculative.

“Would you like me to touch you, Molly? Is that what you want?” Greg stared at his girlfriend. Obviously, this side of her was completely new to him.

Molly stared too, but the other girl’s suggestion unexpectedly excited her.

“Well,... suppose I got you down from there first: What would you be prepared to do for me in return?”

Molly didn’t understand for a moment but then she saw the calculating smile on Ellen’s face, and the way the other girl’s eyes kept returning to her half-exposed cunt. She was going to have to pay for her freedom, and the thought was incredibly arousing.

“I guess I’d do just about anything you wanted, Ellen. You wouldn’t hurt me, would you?”

“No, I wouldn’t hurt you. But I think I’m beginning to get an idea of what you like.” The older girl placed a manicured fingertip on Molly’s hip and carefully rotated her a few inches. The touch was like a branding iron and Molly took a deep, shuddering breath as the rope slowly unwound again.

“Ellen...” Greg’s tone was pleading and bewildered. He was clearly out of his depth. “We have to get her down. Please, we have to.”

“Okay.” Ellen was suddenly the efficient straw boss. “Get your arms under her back, Greg, so the blood will stop flowing to her head.” Her brother couldn’t figure out how to help her without actually touching her naked body, but finally he spread his arms under her shoulders and lifted her to a more nearly horizontal position, while Molly reached behind and hooked her hands around the back of his neck. She decided she rather liked the feeling of Greg’s hands on her body.

While Greg was busy being awkward, Ellen retrieved the stool and climbed up, ready to unhook Molly’s feet. When Greg had a good grip on her, Ellen pushed the rope free of the hook and gently lowered the younger girl’s legs to the floor. Molly found she couldn’t stand upright; she had to let herself fold up on the tile for a few minutes while her blood moved the other way. Fumbling only a little, she managed to unwind the clothesline from around her ankles, and was rewarded with the exquisite tingling of feeling returning to her legs and feet. Ellen stroked her head and Greg seemed to be waiting for further instructions.

After a moment, he appeared to realize that his sister was still naked and he hurried from the kitchen, returning a few seconds later with the clothing she’d discarded in the dining room. As Molly climbed to her feet, he handed them all to her in a wad and she took them automatically, but Ellen immediately took the clothes away from her and piled them on the kitchen table.

“Not yet, Greg. I like her like this.”

“Now, wait a minute, she’s...” he protested, but Ellen cut him off.

“Are you ashamed of your body, Molly? Are you ashamed of her body, Greg?”

Greg’s mouth opened and closed a few times. “Well—no, of course not, but... I mean, she can’t...”

Molly leaned back against the table, stretching out her long legs. “I don’t mind, Greg. I like my body. Don’t you?”

He was getting red in the face and for a moment, Molly thought he was going to hit her. But Ellen derailed him again.

“Your sister has a very nice body, Greg. In fact, if we three went to a nude beach, she’d get most of the attention—don’t you think?” She was several inches shorter than Molly and she glanced up and down the younger girl’s body again. “In fact, I think I’ll join her.” And before Greg could object, the halter top and the shorts had been tossed on the table with the other garments. Then she paused to let Molly return the inspection. She hadn’t worn a bra with the skimpy top, of course.

Molly glanced down at her own shallow, athletic breasts, and her protruding nipples, and compared them to the other girl’s fuller, bouncier tits. They looked very soft and smooth and Molly wondered what they would feel like... and what they would taste like. She’d never been interested in girls before, except in a spirit of competition, and her own thoughts surprised her.

Ellen’s thumbs were hooked over an extremely sheer pair of knickers and her forefingers caressed the narrow elastic, drawing Molly’s eyes downward. Her pubic hair was an impenetrable black patch below her belly. Then her fingers slid under the thin material and the knickers worked their way over her perfectly rounded hips and down her smoothly tanned thighs. Greg swallowed audibly.

Still wearing her red-laced sandals, Ellen stepped closer and slipped her arm around Molly’s waist. Then both girls looked at Greg, who seemed overwhelmed.

“Aren’t you going to join us?” Ellen asked in an expectant tone. “You’re the odd one out, now.”

Molly put her arm around the other girl’s shoulders. “Yeah, Greg,” she said a bit breathlessly. “Take it off, why doncha?” She wondered why her brother didn’t just tell them both to fuck off and then leave the room, if all this bothered him.

Greg glanced back at the doorway, perhaps hoping the cavalry would show up to rescue him. He seemed to have lost the ability to think coherently. Finally, he took a deep breath and quickly pushed his soccer shorts down and stepped out of them. He didn’t seem to know what to do with his hands.

Molly inspected her big brother with genuine interest. She vaguely remembered having seen his equipment when she was about ten and had walked in on him in the bathroom. He’d yelled at her and pushed her out, but not before she’d caught a candid eyeful. He did have a pretty nice cock, she thought—and at this point, she’d seen enough penises to make a fair comparison. She tried to guess how large it might be in an aroused state....

Greg finally cleared his throat. “Look, I don’t think this is right. We shouldn’t all be standing here like this, looking at each other— especially not me and Molly.”

“Okay, you can just look at me, if you like,” Ellen purred. “But I think you’re missing out: Your sister is a very pretty girl.” She reached over and touched Molly’s nipple, and the spark made the younger girl catch her breath. “Look at these tits, Greg. How can you not enjoy looking at a body this lovely? Or...” She seemed to consider. “Maybe you have a little more of the homoerotic in you than most guys. Is that it?”

It took him a moment to figure that out. Then he flushed. “No! I’m not queer—gay—whatever the hell! Not one damn bit!”

Ellen raised an eyebrow. “Now, Greg, it’s well known that we all have a little of both sexes in us. Nothing wrong with that. Having a feminine side is what keeps boys from choking on their own testosterone.” She flashed him a perfectly reasonable smile. Molly grinned at her brother’s confusion. She was liking Ellen more and more.

Greg glanced around the kitchen and found his escape. “I’d better rehang the lamp,” he said judiciously. It wasn’t until he’d already gathered it up by its brass chain—looking like an ugly alien head being held by the hair, Molly thought—that it occured to him that he was going to have to climb the kitchen stool to complete the task. A glance at the two girls told him they’d already thought of that.

Ellen took the lamp-chain from his unresisting hand. “Go ahead, Greg; I’ll hand it up to you.” She smiled sweetly and stood very close to the stool as he trudged up the folded-out steps. Molly moved up beside her and watched with interest as Greg’s cock bounced upward past her gaze. She wanted to reach out and stroke it but was afraid her brother might flinch, or worse, and break his neck on the tile floor. She was surprised it was still so limp; he must really be nervous. Bet I could make him a lot more nervous, she thought. So Molly contented herself with checking out his ass, too. Very nice buns, she thought. From the corner of her eye, she saw Ellen smile up at Greg and lick her lips theatrically. His Adam’s apple bounced as he swallowed hard yet again.

Then the lamp was back on its hook and Greg started back down the two steps. But Ellen interrupted him by suddenly wrapping her arms around his thighs and noisily sucking his flaccid penis into her mouth. He gave a sort of gasping squeek, not at all the sort of sound Molly was used to hearing from her brother. It reminded her of a National Geographic special about owls and field mice.

Greg kept his balance by reflexively grabbing Ellen’s head and pressing it to his abdomen—which pushed his cock even farther into her mouth. She made a noise in her throat and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked at him, her nose buried in his curly pubic hair.

Molly stared at the older girl’s red lips encircling her brother’s penis, and at his balls jiggling against her chin, and at his fingers clutching her head. She knew what a cock tasted like, but she wondered if Greg’s was different. Her brother’s cock.... She turned that image over in her mind. Naked in bed with her brother. Fucking her brother. She said the words to herself, silently, waiting for her own reaction. No, she finally decided with an inward sigh, she didn’t think she could actually do that. It was a little too much. Looking at Ellen sucking her brother’s cock, though— that was different. That excited her a great deal.

Ellen’s eyes flicked to Molly’s and her hand reached out and pulled her closer, and deliberately placed Molly’s palm on her breast.

Molly had never touched another girl so intimately, had never even thought much about it, and would probably never have considered it, not even in this very odd situation. But having her hand placed on Ellen’s generous tit was, again, like being under someone else’s control. Ellen was definitely a strong personality and Molly liked being made to do things by her.

She stroked the smooth skin of Ellen’s breast, and let the ball of her middle finger move around and around the other girl’s nipple. Ellen pressed her tit against Molly’s hand and sucked even harder on Greg’s cock.

But she finally had to come up for air and Greg took the opportunity to nearly fall the rest of the way off the stool. His cock was much larger and stiffer, Molly saw, and that aroused her more than she could have imagined. It looked red and wet and alive. And her brother seemed incapable of coherent speech.

Molly watched intently as Ellen leaned against Greg, catching her breath, and her hand slipped between his legs and captured his balls. Molly’s own hand slid down her belly and lightly stroked the blond ruff at the top of her pussy.

“As I was saying, Greg, everyone has fantasies and there’s nothing wrong with that as long as no one gets hurt,” Ellen went on as if there had been no interruption. “I have my own fantasies, you know. I like to imagine having sex in front of other people. I’d like to have someone watch me being fucked.” She smiled up at him. “Does that give you any ideas?”

Ellen stooped and picked up the discarded clothesline. “Molly, I want you to tie my hands behind my back. Just a few turns around my wrists, okay?” She turned her back on the younger girl and crossed her wrists behind herself. Molly obediently wrapped the cord around them several times in each direction, not too tight, and tied a couple of loose square knots.

Ellen looked over her shoulder and caught Molly’s eye again. “Lay me across the back of the sofa,” she whispered hoarsely, testing her bonds.

Molly wrapped the excess clothesline around her hand and lifted a few inches. Ellen groaned and bent forward as her arms were forced upward. Molly prodded her toward the living room and looked back at her brother. Greg swallowed uneasily but his cock was twitching stiffer every second. He trailed the two girls.

The big, overstuffed sofa stood in the middle of the living room, the back reaching as high as Ellen’s diaphragm. She leaned across it and Molly pushed a bit and Ellen’s feet all but left the floor. Only the tips of her toes were still in contact with the carpet. Her upper body slanted downward over the thick cushions and her heavy breathing was muffled. She spread her legs farther and Molly saw the light reflecting wetly from between her thighs.

Without hesitating this time, Molly looked her brother in the eye as her own hand wrapped itself around his thick, trembling cock. She drew him closer to Ellen’s ass, squeezing the hotness in her hand and hearing her brother groan. She pressed the head of his penis against Ellen’s gaping pussy and rubbed it up and down through the wetness, watching in fascination as the other girl’s ass flexed and quivered. Then she aimed it dead-center and urged it forward. The head disappeared and Molly shifted her grip downward. After a moment, Greg’s instinct finally took over and he gripped Ellen’s hips and pushed all the way into her. They heard a wavering moan from the depths of the sofa cushions as Ellen bent her knees and pointed her toes.

Molly’s fingers slipped down into her own pussy again as she watched her brother’s cock plunging deeply into Ellen’s cunt, which seemed to be sucking it in at every stroke. It was hypnotic and she couldn’t take her eyes away. Her other hand slid unnoticed beneath Greg’s cock and she felt the soft weight of his balls in her palm. She began to feel dizzy as the wetness of her own arousal covered her fingers.

The smooth curve of the older girl’s ass over the sofa was lovely, Molly thought, shifting position so she could see Ellen’s asshole flexing above her brother’s rhythmically sliding cock. She’d had a finger or two in her own ass from time to time and she wanted suddenly to bury her whole hand in her new friend’s rectum. Or her tongue. One of her dates had explained about rim jobs to her once but she’d turned him down. Now, though....

She manipulated Greg’s balls in her hand, intrigued as always by the possibilities. Thoughtfully, she pulled them gently downward and squeezed, just a little. Her brother groaned in the back of his throat and closed her eyes. He doesn’t really want to know what’s happening, she thought, and squeezed a little more.

Molly released his testicles, stepped behind him, knelt, and quickly pushed her hand between his thighs to capture them again. He spread his legs slightly without breaking rhythm. Molly stroked her thumb across the soft, nameless area just behind his balls and contemplated the flexing of her brother’s ass muscles. He wasn’t the hairy sort, thank God. Neatly, she kissed his cheek, just beside the cleft, and wished she were wearing lipstick so she could brand him with it. Greg really did have an exciting butt.

With both hands, Molly spread his cheek apart until she could see his asshole, small and red and wrinkled. Sticking her tongue out as far as she could, she licked her way around the corrugated ring of muscle, then stabbed it dead-center. He tasted a little salty from the sweat, that was all. She stuck a slender index finger in her mouth and then slid it carefully into his ass until all three joints were hidden. His ass trembled and fluttered and he made a choking sound—and then she could almost feel the rushing of semen past her finger as he jerked and shot off into Ellen’s cunt.

Without even thinking about what she was doing, Molly jumped up and grabbed her brother’s cock tightly around its base. Then she squatted, knees spread wide, and stuffed the wet, come-smeared head into her mouth, milking the shaft with one hand while the fingers of her other hand strummed insistently at her clit. She was frantic to come again, frantic to taste her brother and Ellen both at once, frantic to do all this in front of them both.

Greg had no mortal choice but to grab his sister’s head and jerk a few more times as she sucked him and wrapped her tongue around his penis. He couldn’t have stopped even if their parents had walked in at that moment. Molly’s lips were tickling his pubic hair and he moaned as another orgasmic spasm rocketed through him.

Ellen had climbed awkwardly off the sofa, hands still tied behind her, and was kneeling beside the younger girl. Her eyes seemed feverish with unsated lust and she writhed there on her knees, unable to get a hand free to masturbate.

Molly came herself at that moment, thighs trembling and rigid nipples quivering. As she released Greg’s deflating penis, she became aware of the state Ellen was in and—again without thinking—she cupped the other girl’s breasts in her hands and drew her close. Ellen stuck out her tongue and Molly fastened her mouth on it, sucking and slurping in a wet, extremely erotic kiss.

As she slowly regained her senses, Molly saw that her brother was staring off unhappily into the distance, ignoring their nakedness, ignoring his own. As she tried to think what to say, Greg looked at her.

“This is wrong, Molly, it’s all wrong, we should never have done this.” He didn’t even seem angry.

Molly hurridly untied the other girl’s wrists and then rose and stood close to Greg. “It’s only wrong if someone’s been hurt,” she said, taking Ellen’s line. “I’m not hurt, Ellen’s not hurt, and you don’t look hurt, either.” She squeezed his bicep. “Nobody here is going to tell anyone else, Greg. Nobody is going to know except us. Besides—“ (she reached down and stroked a finger lightly along the shaft of his quiescent cock) “—you can’t tell me you didn’t enjoy this.”

Ellen took his other side and his other arm. “Greg, she’s right. Okay, we’re all a bunch of perverts—but so what? Who really gives a shit?” Greg glanced at her, apparently startled more by her language than by what they had just been doing.

The older girl shrugged. “Maybe we’ll do this again, who knows? Maybe not. Or maybe, this time next month, we’ll be fucking each other’s brains out. I don’t know, but I’m not going to worry about it, okay? Besides, Molly’s right, isn’t she? You did like fucking me just now, didn’t you?” She shook his arm a little. “Stiff cocks don’t lie, Greg.”

He glanced down at his crotch and nodded a bit sheepishly. “Yeah, I guess I did.” Ellen raised her eyebrows. “Okay, okay,” he admitted with a shrug, “I really got off, especially with what she was doing.” He looked at Molly. So did Ellen.

It was Molly turn to shrug. “I stuck my finger up his ass, just before he came. He seemed to like it.”

Ellen laughed. “I’ll bet he did! The old finger-up-the-ass trick, huh?” She let her hand glide down out of sight behind him and Molly saw her brother stiffen. She thought she knew what that hand was doing.

“Well,” Ellen went on, “maybe I’d like you to get acquainted with my ass, too. Think you’d like that little perversion?”

Molly saw the expression on her brother’s face. She knew that look. It was the look of anticipation he used to get just before opening a birthday present. She smiled to herself and thought about Greg fucking that little ass. And she watched thoughtfully as his cock twitched a little in anticipation, and she felt an answering tingle in her clit. She intended to be there when that happened.

END