Meeting Molly

By Jude

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Having to apologize to Molly turns out to be not so bad.

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The world was a shitty place. Not only was my sister on my case in the worst way, but I had a headache like someone had been testing nuclear weapons in my head, courtesy of a monumental hangover. The way Alice was going on at me it was hard to figure out which was worse.

“You insulted my friend,” my sister Alice was saying for the hundredth time, loud and angry. “You were pissed and you insulted her. You embarrassed me you cretin. Look at you… you can barely open your eyes you were so pissed last night.”

Alice wasn’t wrong. I was in a bad place. Way too much beer was taking its toll on my body and the pain only got worse when the sunlight crept between my eyelids. I was clinging to the small kitchen table in Alice’s apartment, wishing I could reach the coffee that was next to my hand.

Somehow my first weekend away from my new job had come to this – rather than a relaxing weekend walking the city streets and taking in the sights with my sister, I’d gone with her to her friend’s party, had no one to talk to and drank way too much. Apparently the really bad part was when I asked her friend and my host, Molly, if her tits were real. Which, probably wasn’t such a bad thing to do, or outlandish, considering Molly’s rack, had it not been the first thing I’d said to her all night beyond, “Hello, nice to meet you.” There it was - me, at my inebriated, tactful best.

“I’m sorry, okay.” I tried to quell the onslaught of a scorned sister. It was a small gesture that was received with more scorn.

“Sorry,” Alice shrieked, “It’s not me you should be sorry to, it’s Molly. You should go round there, right now, and apologize. She doesn’t deserve being talked to like that by her friend’s idiotic little brother.”

I sort of half-nodded, turned away from the volume and wondered how to make the pain go away.

“Have you got any Aspirin?”

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In the end it was just after lunch when I felt well enough to do something about the requested apology. I didn’t feel sober enough to drive round to the scene of the previous night’s party and Alice refused to drive me, so I tapped the address into my phone and set off on foot, happy to be out of Alice’s audible range for a while.

I knocked the door of Molly’s apartment and backed away, down a couple of steps, when I heard some movement behind the door.

Molly opened the door to her apartment and scowled down at me. Way to make me feel better.

“I… I just came to say sorry… for last night.” It was like I had a stutter now, another affliction to add to my broken head.

Molly gave a quick “humph” and then a thin smile spread across her face. “Yes, you were a bit of a dick.”

There wasn’t much to disagree with there, so I kept quiet.

Molly stood aside a little and motioned for me to enter her apartment. “Come in. It looks like you could use a few minutes to sit down and maybe some coffee.”

Again, there was nothing to disagree with; Molly’s assessment was totally accurate.

Molly had probably spent most of the morning tidying up the apartment because it looked a whole lot better than I remembered it. Not a single piece of glassware was left on view and there was no evidence of that big bowl of chips that someone had tipped over and then been stomped into the carpet. The air didn’t smell of alcohol and smoke, but was heavy with some kind of air freshener that she’d obviously used to obliterate the odors of the previous night.

I sat on her sofa and leaned back while she asked from the kitchen how I wanted my coffee. I managed a weak, “Great.” when she suggested straight-up black.

When Molly brought the coffee in she pulled up a small table to my side of the sofa and placed a

steaming cup on it for me. She got her own drink, sat sideways at the other end of the sofa and pulled her feet up in front of her. She looked content and, despite the circumstance, I didn't feel the least uncomfortable.

"I expect Alice made you come over." Molly sipped from her mug.

"Kind of," I admitted, "but I think I probably was a bit of a dick, and you do deserve an apology. I'm really sorry. I was really drunk."

Molly nodded. "Alice can be a bit prim and proper at times but, yes you were a bit out of line. I can't imagine where you found enough beer to get in the state you were in."

I sighed and recalled, "I'm pretty sure there was some wine involved too. It's hard to be sure. There was a lot of booze around."

As I had observed the previous evening, Molly looked spectacular to my strained eyes. I knew that she was a few years older than Alice, who was six years older than me, so that put Molly closer to 35 than 30, but she was looking good at whatever age she was.

The first thing you noticed about Molly was the huge bush of curly locks that she wore long and cascading around he shoulders. Her brown hair framed her young-ish features and ready smile but the casual observer might not get to those deep hazel eyes before the noticed her figure. While not exactly a stick insect, Molly was thin with a layer of latent puppy fat that filled out her jeans nicely and probably added to the impressive size of her breasts – the subject of my ill-advised comment the night before.

As I sat and cradled my coffee I glanced frequently over at Molly, trying not to let my gaze linger on her boobs, but knowing I was failing miserably.

Molly was more relaxed about the whole thing than I could ever have expected, but I guess that she'd lived with the "problem" every day of her adult life so maybe it wasn't so surprising. "It's not like I haven't heard it before," she said matter-of-factly. "Men, and boys, seem to be infatuated by breasts, and these are… noticeable, I guess." Her eyes darted down to the breasts in question.

They sure were that, I managed not to say it out loud. "We are a little… predictable, at times. Men, I mean." I managed a limp smile.

"Anyway," Molly reached around to place her mug on a table, "Consider yourself forgiven. It's not like I haven't made a few verbal mistakes in my time. It's nice to meet you by the way, Alice has told me

about you a little. She’s very proud of her little brother, so I hope she gets over her outrage soon.”

“She will,” I assured Molly. “She’s okay, just a little uptight at times. And not sympathetic to hangovers.”

Molly laughed and shared a few stories about when she first came to town and met Alice. It was obvious that they were good friends, but more and more I was realizing that they lived at the opposite ends of of the stress scale. The more time I spent with Molly the more relaxed she came across.

As an hour sped by my head started to clear and I found myself turning on the sofa to face her more and more. Molly continued to have her bare feet up on the sofa, her knees under her chin, almost like she was hiding her breasts, but the outline of her bottom and the soft mounding between her legs was easy to see between her ankles in the lines of her jeans.

“So,” she looked at me with a coyer smile than I’d been used to, “are you one of those guys obsessed by boobs, or was last night just an isolated incident?”

Suddenly I felt the heat of embarrassment and excitement as I took in the topic of her question. “I’m not obsessed…” I offered, trying to come up with an appropriate elaboration.

“So you just singled out mine for your attentions?”

“Well, not exactly…” I stumbled, “but they were hard to miss last night.”

“And you really thought they were fake?”

“Not exactly…” I felt like the moment was running away with me now, Molly was cornering me for some reason. “I guess I just wondered if they had been… enhanced.”

Molly smiled. “Do you still want to know?”

My mind raced, immediately thinking of a hundred different ways she might offer to prove their authenticity. “Yes.”

“Well, they are real.” Was all she said, dropping her knees a little to allow me to see more of their shape beneath her t-shirt and looking down at them herself. “All real.”

My mind had been racing and predominant among my thoughts was that Molly was going to offer to show me, or let me feel, how real they were. When she simply said, “They are real.” it was a deflating

moment. It had no right to be deflating, but the prospect of seeing her boobs was exciting. My mind had just been way ahead of the moment and I figured I'd misread Molly's intentions.

"Let me get you another drink." She stood up and took my mug.

"I should be going," I semi-protested. "I'm feeling a whole lot better now, thanks."

Molly dismissed my protestations. "Hang around," she insisted. "I have a few questions for you. Unless you need to get back to Alice, of course." Molly smirked.

I waited a couple of minutes and wondered what Molly could possibly want to ask me. I was enjoying her company now though, so an imminent exit wasn't something I wanted. Who didn't like having fun conversations in the company of a beautiful woman?

Molly placed my refilled mug on the table next to me and retook her position at the other end of the sofa. "So…" she began, giving her question a big verbal build up, "tell me… is that bulge in your jeans real?"

Before I could summon an answer I felt my face flush and was suddenly super-aware of the erection that had developed in my jeans. Molly's face wore a wicked grin now that I couldn't discern as playful or depicting revenge. She calmly sipped at her drink and enjoyed my discomfort as I shuffled a little, hoping to hide a little of the bulge.

I was left with nowhere to go. "It's real."

"All of it?" Molly's eyebrows rose. "Looks impressive. You sure it's not padded?"

I shook my head and gulped away the lump that had come into my throat. "It's real."

Molly didn't say anything for a few moments. I could kind of see now that she was having fun rather than being cruel, but she was an expert at raising tension. When she did speak it was after a sip of her drink and in a very measured tone, "Prove it."

I took a deep, involuntary, breath and let her words sink in. It was a moment when I could easily have made my excuses and leave, but it was also a moment that had suddenly charged with more sexual tension than I'd known in my life to that point.

"You mean…"

“Yes.” Molly was matter-of-fact and positive. “Prove it. Take it out.”

I could have simply walked out, no doubt about that, but I didn’t want to. The desire to stay and see what happened was overwhelming and I think that was exactly what Molly thought she had engineered.

I stood up from the sofa, my eyes fixed on Molly, and started to unbuckle my jeans. Pulling apart the snap, I then slid down the zipper and slid the jeans half-way down my thighs. The bulge in my underwear was impossible to miss. There was very little expression on Molly’s face and when I looked to her for confirmation she simply made a small nod of her head towards my crotch that said, “Go on.”

I pulled the waistband over the head of my erection and down to reveal my throbbing cock. The head was a deep red color, flushed with excitement and my shaft pointed straight up. My cock twitched as she started at it, her face inscrutable.

“Certainly looks like it’s all yours, I’ll give you that.” She conceded. “I guess you were telling the truth.”

“Were you?” I smirked and nodded at her chest. “Can you prove it?”

“I don’t need to,” Molly dismissed. “I’m not getting my boobs out just to appease your curiosity. You can sit down again if you like.”

I moved to put my cock away and she interrupted. “No need to put it away,” she advised. “It’s fine as it is. You might want to pull your jeans all the way off though. You might be more comfortable like that, and we don’t want you uncomfortable.”

By now I was happy to go along with whatever Molly said, despite her tease of refusing to show her breasts. I pushed my jeans down my legs, followed by my underwear, and then stepped out of them. I sat back down on the sofa, my cock standing to attention between my legs and up the front of my lower belly. Molly nodded. ”That looks more comfortable.”

“Comfort” was relative at that point – I was physically in no discomfort, but the tension in the air was stifling and my desire to know what happened next was enormous.

The conversation that followed – about my job and where I lived – was so mundane that I wondered if the whole situation wasn’t a strange dream. Molly was calm, and matter of fact as we talked, not paying any particular attention to my naked thighs and happy cock as it pulsed and occasionally

twitched. As the conversation moved around to Alice and her friendship with Molly I felt the pressure in my cock subside a little and my member start to deflate. Maybe it was me getting comfortable with the situation, maybe it was thinking about my sister that caused the deflation, but I was softening quickly now.

Molly noticed. I watched as her eyes switched down to my lap a couple of times, then she shuffled her position a little, presumable to get a better view of my shrinking manhood.

“That’s interesting.” She broke the thread of the conversation and from the way she was staring at my crotch there was no doubt what she found interesting. “Looks like you’re having a blood flow problem there.” She chuckled.

“I…” It was hard to know what to say, I was young and not used to relaxation like that in the presence of a beautiful woman.

“Shame,” Molly shuffled her leg out towards me, planting her bare foot in my lap. “I kind of liked seeing it standing up there.” Her foot started to gently massage the soft skin of my semi-hard cock. “You think we can do anything about that?”

“You already are.” I observed, the touch of her skin starting to revive my erection.

Molly looked on as her foot and toes moved along my shaft and then slipped further between my legs to rub against my balls. My response was almost instant, back to full strength in only a minute or so. I sat a little more upright as Molly continued her gentle ministrations. I could feel her toes as they tried to curl around my shaft and the sole of her foot as she rubbed along my length. She proved incredibly dexterous as she pulled down my foreskin with her foot, fully returning me to my “on display” state.

I watched intently, looking down as she moved and manipulated me and quickly started to wonder if anyone had cum as quickly as I was about to, just from the rubbing of a woman’s foot. Just when I was about to alert her to the imminent climax Molly withdrew her foot and smiled over to me. “Much better.”

“I hope you don’t mind,” Molly smirked a little now, “I do like being able to see a nice cock. A pleasing sight, to say the least.” She drew her legs comfortably up in front of her again and glanced back down at my crotch.

“Is that all you do?” I ventured, my voice cracking a bit in the tension of the room. “You just look?”

Molly shrugged and her bottom lip curled over her top one for a few seconds. “Sometimes. It’s a

simple pleasure. Sometimes I like to touch with my hand too.” She didn’t move, almost inciting my next comment, as though she was now reveling in the tease she had created.

I’m sure with maturity I would have been better at reacting but as inexperienced as I was back then I could do nothing but watch for her next move. Thankfully Molly was having fun with me, not trying to tease me to death.

“Would you like me to touch it a little?” She took her fingers off her legs, advertising their availability. “Would that make you more comfortable?”

I managed to nod.

Molly slowly unfolded herself from her end of the sofa and swiveled to be on her knees, next to me now. She looked down at my cock before gently taking her hand and sliding it down the side of my shaft, all the way down between my legs and against my balls.

On her way back up Molly’s fingers wrapped around my shaft and tugged my foreskin over the head of my cock, then she gently pulled the skin away again, sending wonderful sensations throughout my body as her touch began to register. I caught my breath as her hand pulled hard at the bottom of my shaft and Molly smiled at my reaction.

I opened my legs and let Molly stroke me a few times. I wanted to watch every movement but at one point I had to lean back in the sofa and sigh as the pleasure started to reach many more nerves than Molly’s hand was touching. “God, that feels good.” I breathed.

“Good.”” Molly sounded genuinely pleased. “You have a lovely cock. I like the way it sits straight up in your lap.” She stroked a couple of times. “It does feel a bit twitchy though. Do you need to cum?”

I knew I was getting worked up, but Molly’s deadpan-delivered sexy words quickly threw my excitement into a whole new realm. I barely had time to nod and open my mouth when I felt the first distant stirrings of climax. I tried to say something to warn her, but Molly was way ahead of me. She quickly brought her other hand over to me and pushed my legs wider apart so she could increase the length of her strokes by an inch and then cupped my balls in her second hand while she continued with her long, slow strokes.

The situation was so highly charged there was nothing I could do but throw my head back and groan as the climax started to burn in my thighs. As the white hot sensation of orgasm burst around my groin and swept through my body I shook with the intensity of the pleasure and felt rather than heard Molly’s soothing words for my orgasm. “There you go baby, just let it all come now.”

Her hands didn’t miss a beat, stroking me and squeezing my balls as I came. Even as the first rush of cum shot from the end of my cock and landed on my thigh Molly kept her movements consistent and firm. After I’d spurted three or four more times I felt Molly’s hand squeeze harder around me and push up, making sure that she had every last drop of my cum out and running over my cock head and onto her fingers.

Molly kept hold of my cock and reached behind me to pull a few tissues from a box. She carefully wiped the cum away from her fingers and my subsiding erection, then she wiped at my thighs and shirt until she thought she had all evidence of my ejaculation cleared away. I could still feel the last electrical pulses of the moment coursing through my nerves as I watched her work.

“I’ll bet that feels better.” Molly looked up from her handiwork and kissed me gently on the cheek. “Felt like you were ready for that.”

“You could say that.” I was still struggling for words and feeling the occasional twitch in my muscles as the last waves of pleasure tried to stir up every last nerve ending in my body.

“Well, it was nice to watch you cumming." Molly laughed, still gently holding my cock. “I have to say that it’s one of life’s little pleasures for me, watching a man cum. It always makes me feel good to be part of that. I take it you didn’t mind?” She smiled to me again, innocently, while she was holding my cock. It was an amazing spectacle – her beautiful, matter-of-fact smile and with her hand wrapped around me.

“I’m glad it was good for you,” I laughed now, realizing the role-reversal in her words, “but I think I got the better of that.”

Molly shrugged and gave my cock an encouraging little tug. “Maybe… but I have a feeling you might be able to do something to even things up pretty soon.”

She looked down at my cock as it twitched again, then she turned to face me. Her soft smile was an invitation I had no intention of ignoring and as she drew close to me I met her lips with mine and we slipped into an easy, deep kiss.

Molly’s tongue moved slowly inside my mouth, her experience slowing my eager passion down and her body urging me to relax and enjoy. Her hand still held my cock firmly, but now she started to stroke me a little, urging me back to hardness. I felt Molly’s other hand reach over and take my hand, then place it on her breast. As we continued the slow, sensual kiss I pressed my fingers against her shirt, feeling her bra underneath and just the faintest hint of a nipple.

There was a huge smile on Molly’s face as she ended the kiss and drew away from me a little. Finally her hand came off my cock but I loved her repurposing as she grasped the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head, her bush of hair pulled back momentarily before rebounding around her face. He had on a plain black bra that looked to be having some difficulty restraining her boobs. My eyes zeroed in and my hand reached out to touch her bra.

The bra was supple enough for me to feel the movement of her breasts as I pressed and pushed up a little. Molly sighed and closed her eyes momentarily. “Do you need any more proof that they’re real? Would you like to see them?” Finally!

“I want to kiss them,” I replied, feeling confident in the situation for the first time.

Molly reached behind her and unclipped the bra. It loosened at the front first and then fell away as her hands came around. She shrugged her shoulders and effortlessly the bra slid down her arms and was tossed aside. I was suddenly looking at her incredible breasts. They were large, round and peaking with perfect dark nipples. To me they looked heavy, but somehow they seemed to defy gravity and protruded outwards more than they sagged down. My instinct was to reach out and take them in my hands, but I was mesmerized for a few seconds before I finally was able to move my hand to her nipple.

“You look gorgeous.” I managed to look up to Molly’s smiling eyes.

“I’m glad you like them. I take it there are no more questions about them being real?” Molly didn’t dwell on the discomfort of my reason for being there. “Didn’t you say you wanted to kiss them?”

No further invitation was needed and I bent forward to take a nipple in my mouth. I felt, rather than heard, Molly gasp as I sucked on her and felt the nipple bulge slightly in my mouth. I used my hand to push her breast up and help me get more of her in my mouth as I sucked and gave her some small bites as I eased my mouth off her. Without looking at Molly’s face I repeated my actions on her other breast.

While I worked on her breasts Molly’s hand found its way back to my crotch and her fingers clamped around my, now fully erect again, cock. I felt her start to stroke me but managed to continue with my work on her gorgeous breasts.

I felt Molly’s hair come close to my head and she whispered, “I want you inside me.”

I swear I felt my cock jump and harden to a previously unknown degree as her words sunk in. I knew

that’s where our situation was headed, but something about her voice was just so sensual and her desire for me was the most incredible turn on.

Molly eased away from me and stood up in front of the sofa, her hand releasing my cock, almost reluctantly. Without delay Molly unzipped her jeans, pushed her thumbs into the waistband and eased them down her legs, panties and all.

Molly’s pubic area was covered in a short fuzz of hair that was trimmed but enticing. As she moved to get rid of her jeans I glimpsed her pussy lips, just sliding open slightly as her legs moved to kick her pants away.

Not as experienced as Molly, I wasn’t used to being with girls who really knew what they wanted and it was immensely exciting to be with her and not have to guess what I should do next. Molly immediately sat back on the sofa, swung her legs up and body round to face me. Her legs were open and her pussy the most inviting sight I’d ever seen.

“Come over here,” she invited, “I need you inside me.”

At first I wasn’t quite sure how to position myself, but Molly guided me by the arm and brought me to kneel in front of her. I looked down between her legs again and just caught a slight glint of moisture between her pussy lips. Molly reached and took hold of my cock, pulling me down towards her pussy. I leaned over and rested my weight on arms as she pulled me closer and closer. My face was next to hers. I could smell the toiletries she had used, see the intensity on her eyes and feel the warmth of her skin next to mine. I felt the tip of my cock touch her and immediately felt the heat of her pussy as she guided my tip between her pussy lips.

Molly’s hand left my cock and she leaned up to kiss me, her tongue working inside my mouth as she made a tiny wriggle and encouraged me to enter her. I pushed a little and felt the head of my cock slip inside. Molly was so wet there was no resistance and my cock effortlessly slid down deep into her heat.

When I’d settled inside her Molly kissed me more passionately. I felt her hands wrap around my back and pull in, just making sure I was as deep as possible. “God, you feel good.” She broke the kiss to whisper to me. “Think you can cum again for me baby?”

I answered by withdrawing a little and plunging into her again, then again. I started with a slow rhythm, slow and deep as I enjoyed the sensations of Molly’s heat, her welcoming wetness and the arousal of her words and hands as they urged me on. I felt Molly shift a little, ease her legs open wider and allow me to plunge just a little deeper as I started build up a faster rhythm with each deep

lunge into her. I felt Molly grind her pubic mound back into my strokes and pant a little as we got faster together.

The first indication I had that Molly was cumming was when she opened her eyes wide, looked into mine and urged, ”Faster baby. Faster… now.”

The area where our bodies met felt soaking as her wetness spread with the rhythmic movement of my cock in and out of her. I felt her reposition again so she could grind her clit against my body each time I slid into her. Molly groaned and pulled me harder and harder into her. Feeling her hands pull me, I kept thrusting as hard and deep as I could.

There was no mistaking when Molly came. She pushed her clit towards me harder and harder until I felt her hands pull me into her and not let go. She breathed, “Yes,” as she held me to her and I felt the contractions of her pussy grip and release my cock several times while Molly groaned and squirmed against me. It was a full minute before Molly opened her eyes and let her body relax. Her face broke into a huge smile.

“Good boy.” She almost laughed now. “That was so damn nice. Cum for me now. Fuck me baby.”

She eased up all her pressure to hold me into her and I started thrusting again. There was no slow build-up in my rhythm this time and I simply went about chasing my own climax with deep, satisfying strokes into Molly’s pussy.

I saw her watching my face and looking down to see my cock moving in and out of her. Her face was flushed and when she spoke her words were always soft but hot. “That’s it baby, cum for me baby. Cum hard for me, deep inside me.”

My climax started and Molly knew it immediately. Her hands started to make caressing movements all over my back, soft movements that fired touch sensors in my skin and seemingly turning my whole body into a live nerve ending. I closed my eyes as I felt the orgasm start. First my thighs and balls felt on fire as the feeling burned out from my core, then I felt a different heat as my cock started to twitch inside her and pump cum into her. Molly simply said, “There,” as my fluids flushed into her. I felt wave after wave of cum shoot from me to her before I could only collapse on top of her, both of us panting now.

After a few seconds of recovery I moved to roll off Molly but she stopped me. “It’s okay. Stay there.” She kissed me. “Unless you’re uncomfortable?”

I shook my head and settled back. I knew my cock was deflating, but I was still just hard enough to

stay inside her. I’d never known a more comfortable place.

“Well,” Molly sighed, “I guess we both know now.”

I looked at her face for a clue as to what she was talking about. “We know what?”

Molly smirked. “You know that my boobs are real and I know that your cock is real and fully-functioning.”

“I guess we do.” I conceded.

“Alice isn’t expecting you back anytime soon is she?”

I shook my head.

“Good.” Molly kissed me lightly on the lips. “Because… unless you have any objections… I’d like to check out a few more body parts. Just to make sure they’re real.”