Alice 120  
By Mollycoddles

“Pump that rump! Pump that rump!” called a passing student.

“Like, yeah! That’s me! Like, it’s so cool that I have so many fans here!” Jen beamed, a wide smile creasing her chubby cheeks. Her new Youtube channel had already gained so many fans! She was certain that Proud\_to\_be\_a\_pear.com was about to skyrocket her to real viral fame! Then she wouldn’t need Laurie’s stupid Cheerleader chunkers video to get recognition anymore!

Jen weighed over 500 pounds, most of her weight concentrated in her voluminous rump. She had been famous for her wide-load rear for years. How many students had desperately tried to sneak a glimpse of her luscious lobes straining the seats of her jeans or the pleats of her skirts? Over the past year, as Jen had gradually lost control of her appetite and started to balloon in earnest, her butt had kept pace with the rest of her… to the point that she looked like she was smuggling two inflated beachballs shoved down the back of her panties. Jen was enormous, a big blubbery waddling whale, but now she was famous as more than just the school’s resident big butt slut. After cheer squad captain Laurie had led Jen and her teammate Alice on a special cheer celebrating their sizes, the video went viral – and Jen found herself a local celebrity! That led to her appearance on Nikki Lake and then… all this other drama.

But now she was going to be famous on her own terms. And, more importantly, way more famous than Laurie!

“Isn’t that totally awesome? People totally know who I am now! And, like, not just from the Cheerleader Chunkers video! I’m, like, my own star now!”

Jen’s friend Gloria gave her a skeptical look, but Jen was not dissuaded.

“C’mon, Gloria, let’s show ‘em how booty gals do it! Booty bump!”

“What? Okay…”

Jen’s protegee Gloria had undergone a startling transformation over the past few months since she’d been taken under Jen’s wing. Gloria had long wanted to be a cheerleader, but the truth was that she was simply not cheerleader material – awkward, clumsy, chubby, with braces and coke-bottle glasses and braces. Gloria was, not to put too fine a point on it, a nerd. No cheer captain would give her a second glance if she applied to join the squad! Luckily for her, Laurie had reached a deal with her older sister. Gloria’s older sister Maggie was Alice’s boss at the Pizza-by-the-Pound restaurant in the mall food court, a serious-minded girl who constantly gave Alice guff for stealing ingredients to stuff her face. In exchange for getting Maggie to lay off of criticizing Alice, Laurie had agreed to accept Gloria as a junior member on the cheer squad. Laurie put Jen in charge of Gloria’s training, but didn’t expect much. The results, however, were astounding! Jen had encouraged Gloria to tame her hair, get contacts, clean up the zits that used to cover her face… in short, she’d turned Gloria from a total nerd into a cheer bombshell! The biggest change, though, was that Gloria had absolutely exploded in size. Already a pear-shaped cutie, Gloria completely idolized Jen for her vivacious attitude and her off-the-charts ghetto booty. And she wanted to be every inch the big booty queen that her mentor was!

Even so, she wasn’t yet as comfortable flaunting her outrageous new curves as Jen was. The two gaining girls stood next to one another, bumping their backsides together with enough sway that their cheer skirts lifted to reveal the spandex spanky pants struggling to cradle their two titanic tushies. The boys went absolutely wild at the sight, hooting and hollering and pulling out their cell phones to snap photos.

“That’s right, boys! Like, if you want to see more, you should TOTALLY check out my channel. It’s Proud-to-be-a-Pear! I’ve got, like, all sorts of beauty tips! Gloria here can tell you, it’s really good! Right?”

“Yeah… they’re good tips.” She wasn’t sure what Jen wanted to hear. They were good tips, sure, Gloria had used them to help plump up her own butt in preparation to take over as the cheer squad’s resident booty girl someday. (Jen was a firm believer in the idea that every cheer squad should have at least one pear-shaped hottie on staff to help form the base of pyramids and she was excited to prep Gloria to take over that role once she graduated.) But the truth was… those tips were meant for girls who were trying to fill out their curves. But it seemed like the primary audience that Jen was reaching was horny guys who just wanted to ogle her billowing ghetto booty!

“Uh, yeah, we’ll check that out,” said the boy. “Like, anything to pump that rump, lol.”

“Yeah! Totes!” Jen grinned and flashed a thumbs up.

“Jen!! What the hell is happening!?”

Jen turned in surprise when she heard a familiar voice. It was Laurie. The raven-haired cheer captain was waddling toward her as fast as her elephantine legs could carry her, her enormous sagging gut slapping against her fat-swaddled knees, her thick arms pumping at her sides to keep her upright, her chubby cheeks flushed red and drenched with sweat. Laurie was sweating like a hog, great sheets of perspiration sloughing down the slope of her gigantic belly. At almost 700 pounds, Laurie was the fattest girl in school now, no doubt the fattest girl in town… and considering that this town also included Jen and Alice, being the fattest was no small accomplishment! Laurie’s breasts flopped against the shelf of her gut with such tremendous force that they sent tremors through the soft blubber of her middle and constantly threatened to tear the fabric of her over-stretched tube top.

Jen could not believe her eyes. Jen herself was a consummate clothes horse who loved nothing more than buying cute new outfits, but her options had gradually dwindled as her weight ballooned to the point that she was now entirely restricted to stretch pants and sweats because of her outrageous pear shape. Even if she managed to find pants that could fit over her shelf-like butt, they would always then be too loose in the waist! Jen valued comfort more than style, though, so she didn’t react to stretch pants with the same horror that a more fashion-conscious girl might have. Besides, stretch pants meant that there was always more room when she was eating. She never had to worry about eating so much that she might pop a button or split a seam.

But Laurie? Laurie was always dressed to the nines. Even as she transformed into a gluttonous blimp, even as she grew so vast and heavy that she needed a mobility scooter to get around, Laurie never went outside unless she looked every inch the diva.

So Jen could not believe her eyes to see Laurie wearing a shapeless tube top filled beyond capacity with boobs (so tacky!) and ratty exercise shorts completely consumed between the folds of her thighs and hips. Laurie looked a mess! The fact that she was wheezing and gasping and sweating like a pig… that didn’t help at all!

“Jen… Jen… what the…” Laurie paused, leaning against a locker (which creaked and bent under her weight) to catch her breath. She inhaled deeply, slurping and sputtering with the effort, her titanic chest rising and falling so much that the stitches of her tube top creaked. The garment was completely inadequate and Jen could see her friend’s thick nipples tenting the fabric. She really should be ashamed to go out in public like that!

“Um. Like, where’s your scooter?” asked Jen.

Laurie grunted. Just earlier today, her scooter had finally given up the ghost, unable to keep lugging around Laurie’s extreme bulk. It gave the out-of-control porker a strange pleasure down in her loins to think that she had grown so outrageously fat that she was actually breaking mobility scooters specifically designed for outrageously fat people. What a rush! And while Jen seemed to be gradually catching on to the sick extents of Laurie’s desires, the raven-haired blimp preferred not to acknowledge them… at least not with anyone who wasn’t already her lover. Frank and Abida knew everything, of course, but that was to be expected. But Jen? Well, even if Laurie wanted to say something, she knew that Jen couldn’t keep a secret. The fact that she had blurted out all their dirty secrets during the Nikki Lake taping was all the proof she needed of that.

Laurie waved a flabby arm dismissively, her bingo wing jiggling. “That’s not… important… what’s important now is…”

“You, like, don’t look so hot, Laurie… like, are you gonna faint?”

Laurie slurped at the air, desperate to fill her aching lungs. Just the brief waddle down the hall under her own power had left her ridiculously winded. How could it be that she was THIS out of shape? Sure, she was almost 700 pounds… if she wasn’t already over 700 pounds. And, sure, she hardly got any exercise at all since she relied on her mobility scooter for everything. But still… she shouldn’t be this winded! Laurie felt like she was about to have a heart attack and she could feel her overworked heart pumping furiously in her chest, almost vibrating against her ribs. She heaved a massive sigh and shook her head.

“I’m… fine…” Okay. A few more gasps and she was feeling better. More in control. Good enough that she could talk again. “Jen, you’ve got some explaining to do! What the hell is this proud\_to\_be\_a\_pear bullshit?!”

Jen smiled smugly. “Oh, like, I’m sorry, Laurie! Do you not like it if other people have websites? I, like, didn’t know there was a law that only YOU were allowed to have a website! Guess that’s, like, another thing that’s soooo special about Laurie Belmontes!”

“That’s not what I mean…” Laurie was still gasping. She could feel the door to the locker sagging under her padded shoulder. Shit. She hoped it wasn’t about to buckle!

“Well, Laurie, I just, like, thought that if YOU could show off your body, then, like, I should too! Right, Gloria?”

Gloria gulped, afraid to get involved in this quarrel. “Er, yeah?”

“Like, I just wanna show gals like Gloria here how to pump that rump!”

“Oh my GAWD, Jen, you stupid bimbo!” snarled Laurie. “That catchphrase is terrible! You know everyone is just repeating it because it sounds like you take it up the ass? Everyone just thinks it’s funny that you’re asking to be butt fucked!”

“What?!? Like, that’s not right. I think you’re just jealous, Laurie.”

“Jealous?! Why would I be jealous?”

“Because now I’m getting popular! You always think you should be in charge, Laurie, but, like, maybe I’m sick of taking orders from you! Maybe I want to do stuff by myself.”

“You can’t do things by yourself, Jen! Look what happens when you try! You made a whole youtube channel inviting the whole world to do you in the butt!”

“I listened to you for too long,” sniffed Jen dismissively, folding her thick arms across her ample chest. “Like, I went along with that dumb plan and look what happened! Now Alice hates me! Alice was, like, my best friend in the world other than you… and now she thinks I’m total trash! All, like, because I let you convince me that we should fatten her up without her knowing. That’s so weird! Why did I let you do that?”

“I…I… okay… maybe that was a bad idea…”

“Maybe! Maybe it was a bad idea!? Like, it sucked, Laurie! That was a terrible idea! And ALSO: what’s your problem, anyway? Why did you hide that you were doing it with Frank and Abida?”

“That’s none of your business, Jen! Jesus!”

“Maybe it IS my business! We’re besties, Laurie, we’re not supposed to hide anything from each other! But you had a whole secret life that, like, you wouldn’t share with me! And then we go and make out and you pretend it never happened!”

“Shhh… shut up, Jen, keep it down! Goddamnit, Jen, I’m trying to apologize! I’m sorry about everything! I didn’t mean to keep stuff from you… I just… I didn’t know how to tell you!”

“And, like, what about the kiss?”

Laurie stiffened. “What about it?”

“Like, you just kissed me for, like, no reason? Um, earth to Laurie! I know you’re, like, a total lesbo now, you don’t have to hide it!”

“Oh my GAWD, stop saying that! I’m not.. I mean…” Laurie’s feelings were pretty confused right now. She had deep feelings for both Frank and Abida, did that mean she was bi? Probably. Well, whatever! She could be whatever she wanted to be. The point was she wasn’t about to let Jen tell her how to live her life!

“What are YOU saying, Jen? Oh my Gawd, did YOU think that kiss meant anything? We were drunk, Jen, it was just goofing around!”

Jen’s lip started to tremble. “Like… what the fuck, Laurie?? It’s not like I wanna, like, date you or anything! It’s just like, ya know, we’ve been best friends forever and, like, I just think, like, it should… I dunno… mean something to you! Like, if you were gonna do it with a girl, you shoulda at least asked me! I mean, it’s not like I wanna… there’s just a principle involved!”

Laurie stared agog. This was absolutely ridiculous! But at the same time… it was kind of a relief. She was so glad to hear that Jen wasn’t interested in anything approaching a relationship. But it was maddening that Jen was being such a bitch about this! She was just butt hurt that Laurie hadn’t asked her to be a third in her relationship before Abida? But Jen didn’t even want to be a third! She just was mad about not being asked!

Well, it was no surprise that Jen would get butt hurt with a butt that big… that meant a lot of hurt!

How could Laurie explain this whole situation to Jen? Jen thought that she understood what was going on, but how could she? She only had the barest knowledge of what Laurie’s relationship with Frank and Abida entailed. Sure, maybe Jen had done a little detective work and somehow managed to piece together that Laurie maybe possibly liked a bit of fat talk in her sex life. Maybe she had even figured out that Laurie enjoyed eating enough to incorporate it into the bedroom. But even if she watched every video that Laurie ever posted on her website, Jen would never understand the true depths of depravity to which Laurie sank in the throes of her hedonistic obsession. She couldn’t know how Frank and Abida took turns stuffing her, feeding her until their arms tied and then switching off, never relenting, pushing Laurie further and further past her utmost limits with every meal. She couldn’t know how Laurie DEMANDED that they treat her like a pig being fattened for slaughter, how she refused to let her lovers into her panties until they had crammed her so full of food that her monstrous belly creaked under the strain and her overstretched skin flushed a dangerous rosy red, how she demanded that they do this every meal, never stopping, never letting her rest… how her insatiable appetites for sex and food meant that she was constantly blimping to even vaster sizes… how her public humiliation in front of millions of viewers on the Nikki Lake show was actually secretly a super turn-on. Gawd, even now Laurie felt weak in her blobby knees at the knowledge that every person in America knew exactly how fat and weak and out-of-shape she was, everyone remembered that enormous blob so huge that she looked like a literal ball of blubber, so huge that they didn’t even make clothes anymore that was capable of covering her bulk. Laurie was busting out of her tube top, her skimpy outfit positively obscene… if anyone dared to criticize the bloated beauty queen, they would have received quite the ear full! But Laurie fantasized about the days to come, becoming so huge that not even these outsized outfits would fit her… becoming so gargantuan, so bloated with blubber, that she was trapped in her own body, suspended in lard… bed-bound and naked, too fat to do anything but eat and get fatter… Frank and Abida were with her on this journey, almost as committed to seeing their pet blimp expand as she was. Of course, Laurie could never have asked Jen to be part of that! That would have been weird! It’s not like Jen was into that stuff!

Although… considering that Jen was ballooning up almost as fast as Laurie, it might not have been such a crazy assumption anymore to think that she was into it! But the reality was, Jen was gaining for one very good reason: She loved to eat. She ate for pleasure, completely oblivious to the effects it had on her waistline. While Laurie was purposely blowing herself up, Jen seemed content to slowly waddle along the same path without a thought in her empty bubble head.

“You know, technically,” snarled Laurie, “I should be the one to be mad at you! You’re the one who blurted out all my secrets on stage!”

“Yeah, but, like, you know you were wrong. Like, you totally know you were being the bitch!”

Laurie stared in shock. How could Jen be so dumb and yet so smart?

“Jen! Stop! Please! I didn’t mean that… I just meant… you’re my best friend! You know that! I don’t know about all this shit, but I don’t want to lose you! I don’t want to lose my best friend.”

Jen stiffened, her spine straightening. “Like, sooooo… if that’s the case… that means it’s okay if I have my own website? Like, ya know, to do my own thing?”

Laurie gawked. To do her own thing? Gawd, what a concept! Jen had been her loyal lapdog all through high school, always doing whatever Laurie told her to do… the idea that Jen might want to branch out and live an independent life… that was crazy!

Laurie grit her teeth. “Fine! I guess that’s fine!”

Jen smiled. “Okay! Like, good! Like, I knew you’d totally come around! Haha, that’s why we’re besties!”

Gloria’s jaw dropped as Jen lumbered forward and enveloped her fat friend in a monster bear hug, pushing Laurie’s face into her cleavage while giggling madly. “Best friends foreverrrrrr!” crowed Jen.

“Best friends?!” cried Gloria. “Two seconds ago you guys were at each other’s throats! Now you’re friends again!?”

“Like, that was the past, Gloria! Stop living in the past!” Then Jen turned to Laurie with a serious look on her face. “But, like, Gloria’s right. I love you, Laurie, but, as your bestie, I have to tell you. You need to get right with Alice. Like, we both do. Until we make things right for her, things are gonna be weird!”

Laurie groaned. “I know, Jen… Gawd, I fucked up so bad… I don’t…. I honestly don’t know what to do.”

Jen patted her cheek with surprisingly tenderness. “Like, don’t worry, Laurie! We’ll think of something.”

Laurie sighed. Well, at least she had managed to patch things up with Jen… now all that remained was dealing with Alice. And with Frank and Abida. And she suspected that none of them would be as easy to placate as Jen! They probably remembered why they were mad, after all, and it seemed like Jen – ever the bubbly bimbo – had already forgotten!

“Okay… but one thing, Jen…”

“What is it, Laurie?”

“I’m exhausted… please… help me find someplace to sit…”

“Like, sure thing!”

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Laurie awoke the next day, feeling more refreshed than she had in ages. She was friends with Jen again… or at least the two girls seemed to have reached an accord.

“Well, at least that takes care of one problem,” muttered Laurie to herself as she gradually hoisted herself out of bed. Laurie’s box spring was busted and her mattress sagging heavily, the wages of her outrageous weight gain. She grabbed a pair of mega-sized jorts off the dresser as she waddled toward her mirror.

“Now I just gotta worry about Frank and Abida…. And Alice.”

Laurie held up the gigantic XXXXL denim shorts in front of her and tugged at the waistband; there was a little bit of stretch in the spandex blend fabric, but it was still going to be a tough fit. Sure, the shorts LOOKED huge when she wasn’t wearing them, but she was pretty sure that illusion would be broken the moment that she tried to stuff her fat ass into them. They were button-fly with six metal rounds marching down the front of the crotch. Maybe that would be good? Zippers were difficult these days, since Laurie would have to pinch the toggle between her chubby sausage fingers and draw the zipper up and over the arc of her lower pot belly, feeling it pinch tighter and tighter with every advancing inch. She knew from experience that it was hard to maintain a grip and all too often the tab would slip from her grasp and immediately scoot right back down to the bottom, letting her belly spill out. Maybe buttons would solve that problem for her.

“Well, let’s see if we can get you corralled up in denim, baby,” said Laurie, patting her enormous belly affectionately. Laurie’s belly sagged nearly to her knees, a deep line across the middle dividing it into two thick rolls. She couldn’t believe that she was so fat now that she had double belly. Even Alice, massive belly gainer that she was, didn’t have a double belly! She was just apple-shaped.

Grunting and huffing, Laurie stepped into the shorts and struggled to pull them up her elephantine-legs.

Even at over 600 pounds, Laurie was usually far too dignified to ever do the too-tight-pants dance… but desperate times call for desperate measures! The overbloated cheer captain hopped up and down on the balls of her chubby little trotters, her whole body jiggling, her belly and breasts bouncing heavily, as she strained to pull the shorts up and over the bulge of her backside. Every inch was torture and Laurie could feel the material tightly binding around her curves even before the shorts were halfway over her backside. She paused, breathing heavily from the mild exertion of only several seconds of jumping in place, to check her progress in the mirror.

“Ugh, this is such a fucking hassle,” muttered Laurie. She had nearly completely given up on real clothes ever since her return to Los Hermanos after the Nikki Lake taping. Without Frank and Abida to help her get dressed, anything with buttons or zippers was pretty much out of the question. That meant she was relying more and more on shift dresses and shapeless mumus. But, ugh. The truth was that Laurie was a consummate clothes horse and she hated slumming it no matter how depressed she felt about her situation. Her ass hung over the waistband of the mega-sized shorts, panties the size of circus tents clenched tightly between her boulder-sized cheeks. Gawd, her ass was getting so huge. Was she as big as Jen? Laurie raised an eyebrow. She did have an extra hundred pounds on Jen – Laurie hesitated to say that she was proud that she outweighed her bootilicious bestie, but… okay, the truth was, yes, she was proud of that. But Jen’s fat ass was legendary. She was known for being such an extremely porky pawg that her wide hips and bulbous rear could get her stuck in doorways. Was Laurie that big? She just might be.

In terms of raw poundage, Laurie was definitely bigger. But Jen might still have an advantage in the shape department. Laurie’s blubbery bum was wide and wobbly, covered in jiggling cottage cheese… whereas Jen’s behind was so round and firm that she often looked like she was smuggling two giant balloons in the seat of her stretch pants. Well. Laurie was still bigger in nay event! That was a victory in itself.

Laurie snorted and grabbed the waistband of the shorts, yanking with all her might. Finally – finally!! – she was able to hoist it over her ass. She had to stop. She was too winded. She gasped, her chubby cheeks flushing bright red, and leaned against the wall for support as she caught her breath. She wasn’t used to spending so much time standing upright!

Laurie groped blindly along the seam of the crotch flap, trying to sus out how many buttons still remained open. She couldn’t see anything below her waist, her colossal alphabet-defying breasts and gargantuan gut blocking her view.

“How many buttons are—oh gawd, three buttons!??!” Laurie gasped, a note of despair in her voice. There was just no way that she would be able to go through this same ordeal three more times! She glanced at herself in the mirror. The top three buttons were tightly straining in their holes, the blue fabric of her snug shorts puckering around each one, but the rest of her fly was spread wide by the force of her belly. Her fly was so widely spread that you could see pink skin peeking through the opening. “Gawd, there’s no way! There’s just no way!”

She gripped the top button with all her might and shoved it toward the hole. Her pudgy fingers were too clumsy, though, and the button slipped from her grip – the flaps of her open fly busting open and her belly spilling out.

“Ugh, I can’t do it,” moaned Laurie as she struggled to reach over her belly. “I’m too fat to reach!”

It was true. It wasn’t just that Laurie was too fat to fit into her shorts. There was the added difficulty that her pillowy arms kept bumping into her bulging belly whenever she tried to grab at the last few stubborn buttons. Her arms were too fat! She couldn’t get a grip; she could barely even touch the buttons with her fingertips.

“I’m sure I could do it… if I wasn’t too fat to reach!” snarled Laurie, tossing her long black hair and scowling at her reflection again in the mirror. If only Frank and Abida were here! Then she could have just commanded that they finish dressing her and she wouldn’t be in this predicament.

Even worse was the fact that Laurie had recently managed to break her scooter. It gave her a weird thrill of pride to know that her fat ass was so monumentally fat that she was outgrowing mobility scooters designed to carry the heaviest of hogs, but it also left her in the unenviable position of having to once again walk… at least until she could get it repaired.

She stared at her reflection. Her upper pot belly flopped over her waistband, hiding the top two buttons from view. Her lower pot belly filled out the crotch of the high rise denim shorts so tightly that it looked like a big blue denim balloon. Hmmm. Would anyone notice if she went to school with the final three buttons open? Even if they did, would they dare to say anything? It was embarrassing enough to think that she was so absurdly tubby that she would be forced to leave one button open… but three? Gawd, she was the widest lard ass that ever lived! She felt her heart rate accelerating, her breath coming quicker… ooo, she was getting excited at the thought! She needed to calm down before she started hyperventilating and accidentally popped one of the few buttons that she’d actually managed to close!

“Well, that’s one problem solved,” muttered Laurie, staring at her rotund body in the mirror. She glanced up at the clock on the wall. “Guess it’s almost lunch… I should go see what Mom’s making…” She licked her lips unconsciously and wobbled away from her enormous reflection. The gargantuan gordita had to turn sideways and suck in her gut to squeeze through the doorway. This was really getting to be a problem! Laurie was so big now that she could barely fit through doorways no matter what fat girl tricks she tried. She was going to need to get her parents to widen the doorways or some day soon she was going to end up trapped in her own bedroom. Her mind returned to her recurrent fantasy, the one where she was immobile and bed-bound, so huge that firefighters eventually had to knock down a wall to get her out of her own room. Hmmm, what a rush!

Laurie waddled thickly down the hallway, putting as much sexy sway into her hips as she could without falling over. Not that anyone could see her now, but Laurie always liked to put on a show. She was feeling more confident again, since she had smoothed things over with Jen… but she was aware that she still had her biggest challenges ahead of her. She kept one hand lightly holding the wall as she waddled, always cognizant that she needed the extra support or she might just topple over from the front-loaded weight of her massive melons and bulging belly. She could feel her shorts tensing and straining as she moved; she knew that her butt looked great in these shorts, the tight denim helping to mold her chubby cheeks into a shapely ass almost as desirable as Jen’s. The only fly in the ointment was that she couldn’t do up all of her buttons, but luckily no one was brave enough to confront the titanic cheer tyrant about her state of semi-dress.

Well… there were other flies in the ointment. She thought again about Alice. She still needed to talk to her friend… former friend? Laurie groaned. She’d really messed things up. And it was going to take a lot of work to set things right…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

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