Over Bloated Egos  
By Mollycoddles

Everyone knew not to mess with them. Valerie, Ashley, and Bridgett were collectively known around school by many names – the queen bees, the top bitches, the It girls – but most students referred to them as “the God Squad,” because each of them believed that they were God’s gift to the school. You would never meet a trio of more arrogant, prissy divas than Valerie, Ashley, and Bridgett. They knew they were hot, they knew they were desired, and they made sure that everyone else knew that they knew.

Valerie was the self-proclaimed leader of the group, a zaftig blonde bitch with bubblegum pink lips and bubblegum pink acrylic nails to match the bubblegum pink of her tailored tracksuit with DIVA written across her plump perky rear in sparkling sequins. A spoiled princess who demanded nothing less than absolute fealty from her crew – and from everyone else --, Valerie basked in the attention and admiration of the entire school. On the rare occasions that she felt that she wasn’t getting enough praise from her friends and well-wishers, she turned to the Internet and posted dynamite thirst traps where she unzippered her sweat top just enough to give a glimpse of her ample bosom. Because, on top of everything else, Valerie was absolutely stacked – blessed with a pneumatic figure that matched her full bust to her full hips and posh posterior. Every guy wanted to get with Valerie, but she was devoted to her track star boyfriend… well, she was devoted to him in the sense that she understood her status as his girlfriend got her even MORE prestige. Every girl in the school envied that she was the one getting railed by that absolute stud! And honestly, that was the one thing that Valerie really cared about.

Ashley was a cocoa-colored Puerto Rican girl with silky jet-black hair, who wore low-rise hip hugger jeans that showed off her fashionably deep ghetto booty and snug little crop tops to show off her perky little tits. Ashley’s body was even more phenomenal than Valerie’s, but she was also a total airhead – she was so notoriously dumb that she had failed her junior year twice already! That didn’t matter, though, because she had instant access to her daddy’s money and a whole slew of credit cards… so she didn’t think that she would need brains to get ahead in life! Ashley was also notorious as the biggest slut in school – she never met a boy that she didn’t like or one that she wouldn’t pull behind the bleachers on the track field for a quick blowjob. There were rumors that she had even fooled around with Valerie’s boyfriend behind Valerie’s back!

Bridgett, the final member of the trio, was the one who truly earned them the nickname of "God Squad." She was a devoted Christian, always demurely dressed in modest plaid skirts and sweater vests, a pair of charmingly oversized glasses perched on her upturned button nose, her brunette hair pulled back into a ponytail. But what she really all that modest? Her act easily fooled casual observers, but anyone with half a brain might easily notice that her plaid skirts were way too short for a girl who professed "Christian modesty" (they barely even came down to mid-thigh!) and top two buttons of her blouse were always undone to display her ostentatious crucifix necklace against the backdrop of a canyon of rich creamy cleavage. It was obvious that Bridgett loved attention just as much as her two best friends and her constant protests that she just wished to be away from the prying eyes of the school's lustful boys ("I'm saving myself for Jesus!" she always proclaimed with a self-satisfied smirk on her plump red lips.) were just part of the act.

Really, the thing about these three girls is that they were the most shallow, image-obsessed egomaniacs that you would ever mean. It was a wonder that they were even able to stand each other, and it was only because they understood that they were more powerful together than apart that the three mean girl divas even associated.

Valerie was the first of the three to show signs of the condition. She came down to breakfast that morning, yawning and stretching and scratching at a soft little bulge of flesh newly poking out from between her pants and top. Her parents, just as cognizant of their daughter’s perfect physique as the prissy little princess herself, immediately sussed out that something as wrong.

“You’re looking a little chubby around the middle there, Valerie,” said her mother, peering at Valerie’s new pudge. Unbidden, she reached out and pinched at her daughter’s gut. It didn’t feel soft like fat. Instead it was firm, round, bloated as though she was full of gas.

“Gawd, Mom! You’re being so dumb, you’re acting like I’m not the hottest thing you’ve ever seen.” She tossed her hair haughtily. Valerie was simply too full of herself to let a little thing like this diminish her ego.

“Someone is definitely wrong here. We’re going to take you to visit Dr. Wong, young lady.”

At the insistence of Valerie’s parents, Dr. Wong did a full examination. The results were surprising.

“What’s wrong with her doctor?”

“Nothing’s wrong with me, Mom! Gawd! I think I look good. Don’t you agree, doctor?”

“That’s not the question,” said Dr. Wong. She turned to talk to the Ramirez parents. "I'm afraid your daughter has a rare condition called Inflatus Arrogantia, aka Inflated Ego. You may have heard expressions like "swollen with pride" or "she's so full of herself." Well, those sayings have their roots in ancient cases of Inflatus Arrogantia."

"Oh... I thought those were just sayings? I didn't think they were based on anything..."

"Oh no, they are very real... just highly unusual. This must be the first reported case in over one hundred years! It usually happens to people, especially young women, who have just an absurdly high opinion of themselves. Like, irrationally high. The body essentially... well, for lack of a better explanation, it starts to huff its own farts."

"Doctor! Please! Language!" cried Valerie’s mother, but Valerie’s father was too hung up on another detail of the diagnosis.

“The only reported case in over one hundred years! I knew my little honey pumpkin was special! There’s no one else like her!”

“Oh, Daddy!” giggled Valerie, rolling her eyes but blushing a little with pleasure at the praise.

“Mr. Ramirez, please! That’s exactly the sort of thing that your daughter doesn’t need to hear right now! Luckily, Inflatus Arrogantia is easy to combat in its early stages. All your daughter needs is a little humility and she’ll be back to normal.”

Valerie sat on the examination table, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “Wait til I tell the girls! They’re gonna be green with envy!”

“That’s not the right attitude, Valerie—”

But Valerie was completely disinterested in anything else that Dr. Wong might have to say. All she cared about was that she was about to show off her so-called friends!

The next day, Ashley showed up to school with a sly smile on her face and a little extra padding on her hips and ass. “Oh, girls, I’ve got terrible news!” she cried, barely able to keep the glee from her voice. “I just went to the doctor yesterday and it turns out I have Inflatus Arrogantia too!”

“OMG, you copycat whore!” said Valerie. “You’re just copying me! I bet you don’t have Inflatus Arrogantia at all! Maybe you don’t know this, but it’s super rare!”

“No, no, she’s right!” said Bridgett. “Cuz I went to the doctor too, and I have it too!”

Pretty soon everyone in school was talking. One case of Inflatus Arrogantia was already an astounding improbability, but three cases at the same school? That was beyond belief! Unfortunately, the outrageousness of the coincidence only made the three members of the God Squad even more arrogant… and that was not something that anyone would have even thought was possible!

At first, the girls’ growth added inches to their hips and busts, filling out their already overfilled hourglass figures so that no one could ignore their outrageous curves.

Valerie felt better about herself when she let her boyfriend fuck her.

“Ohh, Todd, that’s so good! OMG, you’re really filling me up!” The arrogant beauty queen clenched her pussy and arched her back as she came, her fat tits suddenly busting out and her nipples tingling with arousal. When she relaxed, gasping with release, she suddenly felt the mass of her newly bloated boobs on her chest. Her eyes went wide. “OMG Todd, look at this! I grew some more!”

“Mm, I don’t mind,” murmured Todd, reaching up to grab his girlfriend’s expanded assets but she slapped his hands away as she scrambled to grab her cellphone.

“Ugh, hands off, you perv, I don’t have time for that!” She dismounted, Todd’s erect dick popping from her sopping pussy with a wet snap. Valerie pulled on her tank top, the friction of the fabric making her sensitive nipples even pointier. She threw on her track top, but there was no way that the zipper would close over her bountiful bosom. That wouldn’t be a problem. That just meant that she would have an excuse to show off a little more!

“Hey, I didn’t cum!” he protested. Valerie waved dismissively as she tapped at her phone.

“Gawd, just take care of yourself! I’m busy! I gotta post this to my followers!”

“OMG, guysssss, let me tell you, life with Inflatus Arrogantia is soooo hard!” moaned Valerie in a video that she posted on her socials, rolling her eyes and pouting dramatically. “I was just with my boyfriend – and yes, it’s football star Todd, I know how jealous all you bitches are, but he’s MINE so hands off – and look what happened to me!” She stuck out her lower lip in a comical pout as she pointed at her swollen chest, her tits so round and plump that her turgid nipples tented the fabric of her tank top. Instantly, the faves started to roll in as Valerie’s usual cadre of simps responded.

“Oh!” gasped Valerie as her tits ballooned slightly with every “like” that the video received while her hips widened and her ass plumped up, causing her to ride higher in her seat. “Wow, fam! Looks like I’m having another Inflatus Arrogantia attack! I hope you all appreciate how brave I am… this video is for all my fellow Inflatus Arrogantia sufferers out there, #Inflatus\_Arrogantia!”

Valerie’s video achieved true viral status, blowing up the entire Internet and only making Valerie feel even better about herself. But while she was getting plowed by her stud boyfriend, Ashley was at a house party also getting attention! And the videos that she was posting were getting even more popular! Ashley was a horny little minx who could never get her fill of boys, who loved when boys lavished attention on her perfect body, and would do anything to get them to pay more attention to her. Her reputation as the school pump – Everyone gets a turn! – was only getting worse as she realized that her Inflatus Arrogantia only exaggerated with every sexual conquest.

She was sucking dick like a champ, deep throating every boy at the party in turn.

"Go Ashley! Go Ashley! Go Ashley!" hooted the crowd, egging the notorious slut on as she went to town sucking off boy after boy. Her belly bulged bigger with every load she swallowed, creating the illusion that the arrogant queen bee was literally bloating up with cum... but the reality was that her Arrogantia Inflatus was acting up.

“Like, come and let me show y’all a good time!” gushed Ashley, sitting back on her haunches so quickly that her surging gut popped the button from her low-rise jeans and pushed down her zipper. The assembled boys cheered in response.

Meanwhile, the videos posted from Bridgett's room were far different. Still playing up the innocent Christian act, Bridgett sat in front of her phone, careful to center her bountiful breasts, and explained: "Hey, fam! So my boyfriend just told me that we should have sex... but I told him no way! I'm saving myself for marriage and, until there's a ring on this finger, the only man between my legs is going to be Jesus! #abstinence!"

In the background, her boyfriend Jeff grumbled crossly. It was totally unfair that he should be dating the hottest girl in school, who was getting even hotter, and he still couldn’t even get to first base! She was driving him crazy!

Even over the course of the video, you could see the visible effect of Bridgett's swelling self-esteem. She was so proud of herself that the buttons on her white blouse puckered tightly, glimpses of a suspiciously frilly brassiere peeping out through the dilated gaps.

Even the supposed good girl Christian was totally getting off on the attention! It was obvious over the next few days when her butt finally grew so wide and deep that she couldn't cover it with her plaid skirts, when instead her skirt lay across the top shelf of her bottom like a tablecloth and the full expanse of her panty-clad bottom was on display for the whole school to see. Instead of running to hide when she heard the clicks of dozens of cellphone cameras going off, capturing the moment to post online, she struck a pose -- "Oh, I'm so embarrassed! Please stop!" she cried, a breathy little giggle slipping out as she clapped her hands to her cheeks and pushed out her plump booty to reveal that she had embroidered a cross and the words "Jesus Saves" across the seat of her panties! It was obvious that these were not the actions of a truly modest girl!

The three girls were trapped in a vicious cycle: the more they inflated, the more attention they received. The more attention they received, the more full of themselves they became. And the more full of themselves they became, the more they inflated. It didn’t look like anything would dissuade them from their own arrogance and they were rapidly progressing into the next stage of the condition. It wasn’t just butts and breasts inflating now. Valerie felt her belly starting to grow, pushing out from her track suit until she couldn’t zipper her top. Ashley couldn’t wedge her new preggo-sized bump into her snug jeans. And Bridgett’s sweaters were harder to pull over her bloated middle.

“Well, well, well, you two are sure looking bloated today,” said Valerie, smirking.

“Not as bloated as you,” said Ashley. Unsurprisingly, Ashley was seeking to bolster her own ego by tearing down her friends. But even though Valerie was technically her best friend, Ashley still had no clue just how impossible it was to dent Valerie’s ego at all. “Like, you look downright fat, Valerie!”

“Yeah, right! As if!”

By now, the girls’ Inflatus Arrogantia had advanced to the point that they were nearly spherical, their breasts and butts melting into the perfect orb of their inflated bodies with their increasingly turgid, conical arms and legs slowly shrinking into divots on their bloated forms. Luckily, the excess gas gave them some buoyancy, so that even though they were bigger and bulkier, they still didn’t have too much trouble getting around. The three girls bounced along like helium balloons, so that their thick waddling looked like old video footage of astronauts doing space walks in the lower gravity of the moon. Bridgett’s skirts did little to cover her now, merely marking an equator around her vast planet-like circumference and leaving the enormity of her white cotton granny panties for all to see.

“Look, everyone! It’s Bridgett and she’s bigger than ever!”

“Oh, gosh, are you all looking at me? How embarrassing! Please, don’t look… it’s not my fault, it’s my darn Inflatus Arrogantia!”

Even as she continued her complaints, Bridgett’s growing body gave away the truth: She wasn’t embarrassed at all, she was totally reveling in the attention! Her skin squeaked and creaked as she inflated like a balloon, the hiss of gas audible to anyone in the courtyard.

“Yo! Bridgett! Maybe put a lid on it, you’re starting to float!” cried Ashley from the school’s front doorway.

“Huh? What?” Bridgett’s eyes bugged out of her head as she realized that it was true – her feet had already left the ground and she was slowly bobbing skyward.

“Whoa! Guys? A little help?” Bridgett flapped her hands furiously and wiggled her feet, but there wasn’t anything that she could do to slow her ascent. The students watched in stunned disbelief as Bridgett rose into the sky. Everyone whipped out their cameras to snap a few last up-skirt photos of the ginormous panties now filling the sky (Not that there hadn’t already been ample opportunity to do just that while Bridgett was still relatively earthbound) and then, within moments, Bridgett was gone into the wild blue yonder – and only a few lingering shouts of “Ugh, this sucks!” and “Jesus, help me down!” to remind anyone that she had ever existed.

“Extraordinary! I don’t think I’ve ever heard of something like this happening in a case of Inflatus Arrogantia,” said the school nurse watching the spectacle play out. “I believe that Bridgett must have contracted a unique substrain due to her, ahem, religious beliefs. Her proselytizing means that, more than her friends, she was just… well… full of hot air!”

Jeff shrugged helplessly as he watched his girlfriend float away into the sky. Well, he thought, no big loss! Now he was free to try to score with Ashley at least…

“Whatever, she was such an attention whore!” Valerie giggled as Bridgett disappeared into the clouds. "She always wanted to meet Jesus, guess she went to go see him early!"

“Totally!” laughed Ashley. “Like, good! Bridgett was always hogging the spotlight, it serves her right! She was totally getting too big for her britches, anyway. Now that she’s gone, people can pay attention to the real star attraction – me!”

Valerie clucked her tongue. “I think you mean ME, Ashley.”

It was shocking how little concern either of the two remaining God Squad members had for their departed friend, but it just went to show just how incredibly self-absorbed these girls really were. Bridgett’s absence only meant more attention for the other two girls, which in turn kicked their expansion into hyperdrive – to the point that even their proud, supportive families started to get concerned about their rate of expansion.

Dr. Wong only shook her head when Valerie’s parents brought their severely over-blown blimp of a daughter in for a follow-up.

“I told you that it was easy to fix this in the early stages!” she cried. “I’ve never seen a case this advanced! How is it possible that you’re this arrogant?”

“What’s the problem?” said Valerie. “Just cuz I’m totally hot, it sounds like you’re jealous—”

“What? Why would I be jealous?”

“Why WOULDN’T you be jealous?”

Dr. Wong obviously couldn’t get through to Valerie, so she turned her attention to her parents.

“Look, there’s no easy way to say this. You need to break down your daughter’s self-confidence or she’s going to explode. There’s no way that a teen girl was meant to hold THAT much gas. That hot air needs to come out!”

Valerie’s parents took to negging her in the morning before she waddled off to school, but Valerie was too smart to fall for it. She knew that they were just trying to knock down her self-esteem because she was getting way TOO much attention, because she was TOO cool, TOO hot, TOO popular… so all their attempts only made her feel even more pleased with herself.

“You look like a cow, Valerie, when are you going to do something about that waistline? I don’t want to have a balloon for a daughter!” snapped her mother.

“That’s right, you should be ashamed of yourself for letting this get so out of hand!” added her father.

“Oh you guys are too much!” giggled Valerie, ignoring her parents’ diatribe as she checked the social stats on her cell phone, her wide-load rear now filling the entire couch and watermelon-sized boobs that bulged from the confines of her newest brassiere and would have plopped against her gargantuan belly if they were as heavy as natural breasts. But Valerie’s mega-milkers were buoyant gas bags that bounced lightly every time that she tapped the keys on her phone and threatened to pop from her bra and slap her in the face. Even Valerie’s face was growing rounder – her plump cheeks and filled-out double chin almost gave the impression that she was growing fat but she was simply blowing up all over. Her arms were big and pillowy, stiffening within big inner tubes of inflated flesh, but she was determined to keep checking her phone. “I think it's so cute that you’re trying to neg me. Like, real good job, you guys!”

At school, Valerie didn’t need to worry about negging. She got nothing but praise from her fellow students… well, she got nothing that she didn’t consider praise! Even when students whispered in shocked awe about how the remaining God Squad members were growing grotesquely distended with trapped gas, bloating up to the size and shape of zeppelins, so crammed full of hot air that they seemed destined to eventually explode in a mushroom cloud of methane… well, that was still attention! As long as people were in awe of her, she took it as a compliment!

Once she had grown so round and spherical that even waddling was becoming too much of a hassle and Valerie started demanding that her boyfriend simply roll her down the hall to class, she overheard someone talking in hushed tones about her and Ashley and wondering: "Who will be the first to burst?"

“Oh, definitely Valerie. She’s way bigger.”

“Yeah, but Ashley’s way more full of herself!”

“I don’t know… I mean, whichever one it is… she’s definitely going to be on the map!”

Valerie couldn’t stop thinking about that! She even brought it up on her next meeting with Ashley. Ashley, of course, was convinced she knew the answer.

“Well, duh! Obviously it’s gonna be me. I’m WAY more hot and popular than you are, Valerie, and, besides, everyone loves me more…”

“That’s hilarious, Ashley. Obviously, that’s totally not true. I’m the most popular girl in school. I mean, can’t you see how much bigger I am than you?”

“Um, like, no way! I’M the bigger one!”

As the two inflated egomaniacs argued, students gathered to watch them bloat bigger and rounder and tighter, oblivious as their already oversized clothing became to rip and tear from the stress. The fame of being the first girl to ever literally burst with self-importance was too tempting to resist and both girls were visibly ballooning before the eyes of the assembled student body by the end of the day.

“That’s enough!” Valerie turned her enormity toward her boyfriend. “Spread the word, babe! Tell everyone in school that me and Ashley are gonna settle this once and for all after classes, in the gymnasium. We’re gonna see who’s the first girl in school history to burst with self-confidence!”

“C’mon, babe, you can’t be serious,” said Todd. “Are you telling me that you want to pop?”

“If that’s what it takes to show I’m the best!”

“Babe, you’re being ridiculous.”

“I intend to win. And I have a plan, listen here… I want you to make SURE that I win. If it looks like Ashley’s gonna pop first, I want you to remind me how great I am! I need you to pump my ego! And if that doesn’t work, I need you to take extreme measures…” She quickly whispered instructions to Todd. “Now! Roll me to the gym!”

True to her word, both girls were rolled into the gym after school so that everyone could watch the contest. Just seeing the massive turn-out was enough to pump Valerie and Ashley’s self-confidence enough to trigger new growth spurts.

“Ready to give up, Ashley? You don’t stand a chance!” Valerie grinned smugly, but her words were drowned out by the intense creaking and groaning of her overloaded body. Her arrogance had turned her into an absolute blimp, so puffed up with her own self-importance that there wasn’t an ounce of give in her monumentally overstretched skin. She was throbbing with fullness yet she was still growing.

“Get your cameras ready, boys,” said Valerie, batting her eyelashes and trying to look as sexy as a girl swollen into a literal human hot air balloon could. “Cuz your gal’s about to go out with a bang! Todd! Tell me how great I am!”

“You’re great, babe, you’re the best! Everyone loves you! Everyone thinks you’re the best!”

Valerie groaned as she bloated out, filling out into a perfect orb. Her skin creaked louder.

“You’re so hot! You’re the most incredible, amazing girl that’s ever lived! All your videos go viral! You have so many fans!”

CREEEEEEEAKKKKK

“Keep… talking… Todd… I need… more… more praise… more…”

“You’re so great it would be impossible for you to be any better!”

CREEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAK

“Mmm… you ready to… give up… Ashley? I’ve just about… got you... beat…”

“Not yet you don’t, you… you overblown blimp! I’m still better than you! I’m going to show you!”

Ashley was furious, her face flushed red both with anger and the strain of holding so much metric pressure inside her body. She was certain that she was going to explode at any second, she simply had to explode at any second, there was no way that she could hold any more! And yet, she wouldn’t explode… she just kept growing! This was infuriating! Valerie was going to beat her! It wouldn’t be long before word of their little contest would get out to the school administrators and they would doubtless be coming to put a stop to the whole spectacle – it would be terrible PR to have a student explode on campus and, of course, parents would be up in arms! Ashley had to push herself harder. She was determined to blow before Valerie! But then--

Kabooooooom!!!!

Without warning, Valerie suddenly exploded like an atomic bomb, knocking the assembled crowd off their feet and blasting the whole student body with a burst of galactic-scale flatulence. Ashley bobbed and rolled like a bobo doll, but quickly righted herself.

“Wow! Looks like Valerie must have been the most pompous girl cuz she blew first! Who would have thought that Ashley had even an ounce of humility?” said one student.

“No way! That’s not true!” yelled Ashley. She was deflated -- Literally! This was the first thing that had ever put a dent in Ashley’s self-confidence, enough that she almost seemed to shrink slightly. But only slightly! Maybe if Ashley had encountered a few more defeats like this, she wouldn’t have swollen to the size of the Goodyear blimp. But her defeat was going to be short lived.

“Wait… wait… there’s no way! There’s no way that she could have beat me! Y’all can’t really believe that bitch would blow before me?”

“Sorry, Ashley, but that’s what—”

“No! No, I don’t believe it!” Ashley shouted, her voice rising. Her ego refused to accept this!

"Actually, Valerie cheated," said Todd, hanging his head. “I’m sorry, I can’t keep up this lie. Before the contest, Valerie asked me to stick her with this if it looked like she wasn’t going to win.” He held up a sewing needle, which glinted in the artificial light of the gymnasium.

“OMG! Valerie didn’t pop from her own arrogance! She just got stuck with a pin!” cried Ashley. “Like, that means I can still win! I can still be the first girl to ever burst with over-confidence! It's gonna be me! I'm gonna be the first! I'm gonna go down in school history!" Immediately, Ashey started to bloat again, quickly reaching and surpassing her previous size. She was elated to realize that she might still win the award for being the most arrogant, stuck-up, self-important, pompous windbag in school history! Her body was inflating wildly now that she felt victory was right within her grasp, expanding in all directions like a balloon hooked up to an out-of-control pump… in fact, her inflation was as out of control as her ego and it looked like she might just fill up the entire gymnasium before she popped! Her hands and feet disappeared into divots in her body, her head following soon after, as Ashley bloated and blimped and ballooned, every molecule of her overpacked form quaking with intense fullness.

“I’m gonna be the first… I’m gonna go down in history… everyone’s gonna know my name.. know how… awesome I am… I’m great! I’m amazing! I’m stupendous! Everyone look at me! Look at how huge I am! Have you ever seen anyone as big, as incredible, as absolutely mind-blowing as me?! I… am… the… greatest!”

That final little pep talk was all that was needed to shoot Ashley’s self-importance straight into the stratosphere. Ashley wasn’t cognizant to hear it, but, if she had been, she would have been pleased to note that when she finally detonated her earth-shattering--

Kabooooooooooooooom!!!!

--was much louder than when Valerie burst.

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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,

Molly Coddles