Alice 99
By Mollycoddles

Laurie lay in bed, wheezing under the load of her full belly. This was nothing unusual for the busty raven-haired bitch. A greedy glutton who was sexually stimulated both by the pain of an overfull belly and the idea of her own growth, she always gorged herself to bursting at every meal. Tonight, however, she had been inspired to eat even more than usual at dinner. For days, since a video of Laurie and her fellow fat cheerleaders performing a special fat-positive dance (sort of) routine, Laurie had received a stream of constant requests for nudes, lewds, and RP. There were dozens of horny dudes out there just absolutely desperate to see more of a sexy fat girl like her.

And yeah, she was sexy. Laurie had no doubt about that. She was over 600 pounds, probably well on her way to 700 considering the way she was eating though she didn’t have any scales up to the task of weighing her. She filled her whole bed with her bulk, sagging deep into the divot she had gradually created in the mattress with her vast bulk. When she was thinner, she had been a buxom beauty famous for her big breasts and her long raven tresses – as well as her icy queen bee attitude! But now she was a big blubbery doughball, her ponderous breasts sagging against her bloated double belly which filled her lap. She was naked other than the stretched, fraying granny panties hidden under the folds of her gut and love handles; she absently teased the thick nubs of her fat nipples as she thought, sighing as her nips stiffened to attention under her pudgy fingers. Mmmm… Gawd, she was SO FUCKING FULL, but it felt SO FUCKING GOOD.

Laurie had spent hours browsing BBW porn sites today, scoping out the competition. What kind of women were in this market? What kind of attention were they getting? There were plenty of large women, all posting sexy photos an videos of their big soft bodies… but Laurie didn’t think ANY of them looked as good as her!

And maybe…Jesus, so many of these women just posted pictures of themselves eating. Laurie thought that she could probably eat way more than any of these scrawny things! Most of them were probably not even 300 pounds… that meant Laurie was literally twice as big as most of the professional BBW models! If she could convince Frank and Abida to appear on-screen with her, they could make SUCH hot feeding videos. Then again, how hard could it be to convince them? She was Laurie frickin’ Belmontes! The Queen Bee of Los Hermanos High! If she TOLD them that she wanted to be a BBW model… or rather a SSBBW model if her brief investigation of the official terminology had yielded accurate information… then they would hop to accommodate her!

Grunting like an over-stuffed pig, Laurie leaned back in bed. Her belly and boobs rose up in the air above her. Jesus, she was taller lying down than standing up now. Those horny guys online would really go nuts to see this. Already Laurie was imagining scenarios that she might use for photo sessions. Posing all sultry in a doorway, cradling her colossal boobs in her chubby hands. Lifting her breast up so that she could suck on her own nipples. Lying prone in bed with a come hither look. Eating… of course, eating. So many pictures of her eating.

Laurie drifted off to sleep with visions in her mind about what it would be like to perform for an audience, an audience eager to watch her eat and grow…

Of course, it’s only normal that, dropping off to sleep right after gorging herself to splitting, Laurie would have bad dreams. Or did she? Her dreams were vivid and strange, but they were far from bad…

She dreamt of a full television studio, cameras at the ready, a rowdy audience of fanatic fans in the seating, and Frank and Abida – one in his freshly pressed suit, the other in her strapless evening gown – as classy presenters standing on stage with microphones.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to The Lardass Laurie show!” said Frank.

Abida took over presenting. “It’s the show where everyone’s favorite ballooning beauty, Laurie Belmontes, undertakes her ultimate quest… to become the fattest girl in the entire world!”

“That’s right, Abida. People have been asking: Is Laurie really going to become the fattest girl in the world? Let’s find out!”

“Heeeere’s Laurie!”

As Frank and Abida egged the audience to cheer (not that they needed any encouragement), Laurie strutted out on stage. Contrary to all logic, she was not huge. She was only 150 pounds, most of her weight still concentrated in a magnificent bust that bounced with her practiced walk. Her hips and butt complemented her chest but were far from large and her flat stomach and strong abs made it hard to imagine that this girl could ever have been overweight. She wore low-rise hip-hugger jeans and a fuzzy angora sweater with big white buttons, an outfit that perfectly showed off her voluptuous physique and ample bosom.

Laurie raised her arms above her head and twirled for the audience. She put her hands to her face and feigned surprise as the crowd showered her with boos and hisses. Of course, she knew exactly why they were reacting like that. They had come to see the Laurie that they recognized from the viral video, the 600 pound behemoth too big to move, and instead they were seeing this ordinary slender cheerleader.

“Oh no, what’s that, sweeties?” said Laurie, putting a hand to her ear as if she couldn’t quite hear them. “It seems that you’re disappointed! What’s that you’re saying?”

“Eat, eat, eat!” chanted the audience.

“Well, I’m not one to disappoint my fanbase,” said Laurie, fluttering her eyelashes and flipping her long dark hair to the cheers of the crowd. Everyone here knew her well as the biggest of the infamous Los Hermanos High Cheerleader Chunkers, so they were all eager to see her return to the size they all knew and loved.

“Laurie, you’ve made it your goal to eat yourself totally round,” said Abida, shoving her microphone into Laurie’s face. “But there are some here tonight that might be skeptical that a twig like you could ever do that. What do you say to them?”

Laurie smiled but her eyes were flashing at the idea that she could be considered a twig. She chuckled dismissively. “A twig? Really?” She hefted her ample bosom for effect. “By the time I’m done today, I’m going to make sure that the rest of me matches these.”

The audience cheered and clapped at Laurie’s bold promise.

“Well, Laurie, you’ve always been my fat sexy kitty,” said Frank, “Now you can be the world’s fat sexy kitty. As you can see, we’ve arranged for all the food you could possibly hold..” He swept an arm to the stage behind him, where the curtains parted to reveal an enormous table laden with a feast of ridiculous proportions --- platters of buttered pasta, mountains of roast beef and Cornish game hens, whole spit-roasted bar-be-que pigs, quivering gelatin molds, vast spreads of pastries and biscuits, tiered cakes big enough for the biggest wedding party. There was so much variety that even the heartiest appetite would never get bored! “Your only job will be… to hold it! What do you think, folks? Can she do it?”

He patted Laurie’s flat stomach for emphasis.

“I dunno! I don’t think she’s got the guts for it!”

“Oh yeah?” snapped Laurie. “Well, I’ll show YOU, Frank. By the time I’m done, you won’t recognize me! I’m gonna be bigger than you ever dreamed… I’m gonna be bigger than ANYONE’S ever dreamed!”

Laurie plopped down in a chair at the head of the table and made a big show of tucking a napkin into her cleavage.

“Let’s get ready to eaaaaat!” called out Abida.

And the race began. Laurie immediately grabbed the nearest plate and started shoveling cream eclairs into her mouth, tearing them with big wolfish bites.

“Looks like the champ’s off to a good start,” said Abida.

“Yeah, but she’ll have to eat WAY more than that if she’s gonna make goal,” said Frank. “Let’s check the scoreboard.”

To one side of the stage took a massive charity thermometer, which gradually lit up as Laurie did successive goals. The lowerst number on the thermometer lit up. 150!

“150 pounds,” said Frank. “And let’s keep in mind, that’s all mostly in her breasts. That’s not how you get the big numbers in this game.”

“Don’t count Lardass Laurie out yet, Frank,” said Abida. “Those numbers are rising fast!”

160! 165! 170! The lights on the giant thermometer lit up one after the other, each one marking Laurie’s new higher weight as Laurie rapidly ballooned up with her gluttonous frenzy.

Gawd, this was so hot. Laurie could feel her pussy start to throb as her stomach puff outed with food. She was a glutton for sensation who loved sex almost as much as food.

200! 210! 220!

She was growing faster than humanly possible but she was also eating faster than humanly possible, knocking empty trays and platters to the floor in her eagerness to reach the next tempting treat. This was the way to live! Gawd, she could just eat like this forever… and if she had her way, she would…

Bang! Laurie flinched as her new belly finally overcame the limits of her leather belt, popping the metal prong of her buckle from its hole and flinging the ends of her belt to her sides. The audience hooted and hollered at this visible evidence of Laurie’s increasing size and the greedy cheerleader beamed with pride, smiling widely as she stuck out her new tummy.

A marker on the thermometer lit up: “BELT BUSTER!”

“That’s a good start,” said Laurie, winking as she picked up her fork to attack yet another tray of pastries. “But I’ve got a long way to go before this babe is full!”

The audience roared its approval.

240! 250! 260!

She was rapidly mowing her way through all the food, but luckily an endless stream of stagehands were replenishing the feast, ferrying out more trays and platters laden with delicious delicious FOOD to replace the fallen.

“Ohh more food?” said Laurie, a sly smile across her glossy lips. She raised a manicured finger to her mouth and carefully brushed away a crumb. “Oh you’re all just feeding me way too much. I’m afraid that if I keep eating like this, why, I might just get too plump. Don’t you think?” She grinned widely, knowing that was exactly what the audience wanted to see. They wanted to see this dynamite cheer babe blimp and bloat to her absolute limits… and Laurie was just as eager to grow for them as they were to see her grow.

270! 280! 290! 300!

“Oh my, my jeans are just sooo tight now!” said Laurie, leaning back and patting her swollen stomach with exaggerated relish.

Laurie slipped another spoonful between her lips, just one bite too many – and the metal button suddenly blasted from the crotch of her pants.

“Oh my!” Laurie giggled, playing up the effect. “Looks like there’s just too much tummy for these jeans to contain anymore! It looks like I’m starting to get chubby, don’t you think?”

A marker on the big thermometer lit up: “POP GOES THE BUTTON!”

“Ohhh my look at me now,” cooed Laurie, running her fingers over her bloated belly pooching out from the busted zip of her freshly popped pants. “My tummy is getting SO big! Why, I look like I’m pregnant with triplets… pregnant and ready to pop!”

“Pop! Pop! Pop!” chanted the audience.

310! 320! 330!

“Oh my, looks like my babies are growing too!” laughed Laurie, throwing her shoulders back gleefully to show off her titanic tits as they erupted from her snug sweater, showering the horny audience with a hailstorm of exploding buttons. Laurie grinned widely as her useless sweater fell away and everyone got a good view of her overplump knockers bulging out of the cups of her heavy-duty fat girl bra. Yes, it was a big ugly fat girl bra, a plain sturdy undergarment built for support not for show. There was a time that Frank made fun of her for switching to fat girl bras from the old frilly lacy things that she used to wear, but Laurie wasn’t ashamed now… she wore it with pride! She could already feel her colossal cantelopes aching to burst free, the stitches tenuously holding the cups to the body band creaking as she shook her bosom at her loyal fans. Her breasts sloshed like an ocean contained. Laurie grinned as she felt the threads give way, the body band slowly tearing apart under the force of her gargantuan gazongas. She inhaled deeply as she stuffed yet another morsel into her mouth. It was a purposeful gesture and it had exactly the effect that Laurie had hoped for. Filling her lungs with air finally put the end to her failing brassiere and the garment exploded open, dropping her hefty hooters against her swollen belly with a loud PLOP. Needless to say, the audience loved it. Who wouldn’t love to see this blimping beaty queen’s perfect pontoons?

The thermometer kept track: “BRA BLOW-OUT!”

“Hmmm, I’m definitely packing on some pounds up here,” said Laurie, cradling her bigger jugs. “But then, I’m packing on pounds everywhere.” She ran her hands over her swollen belly and then over her thighs, splitting the seams down the legs of her spandex-blend jeans, and finally over the swell of her backside. “I’m just getting so huge, hmm? But you like all this, don’t you, sweeties?”

480! 490! 500! 510!

A marker lit up: “FATTEST GIRL IN SCHOOL!”

The hosts shoved a second and a third chair up to Laurie as she ate; the monster fat girl grunted as she shifted in her seat, raising one bulky butt cheek and then the other so that her lovers could push the extra chairs under her mammoth posterior. Nothing was going to stop her now! Laurie was possessed by one goal and one goal only. She knew that high up on that thermometer was a marker still dark, “Fattest Girl in the World.” She wasn’t going to stop eating until THAT one lit up! She was going to eat eat and eat until she was literally the fattest girl in the entire world… or she was going to burst trying!

Laurie grinned, the edges of her smile furrowing into her chubby cheeks. “Looks like Natalie McTaggart is yesterday’s news,” she said. At 500 pounds, Natalie McTaggart was infamous for having been the fattest girl to ever attend Los Hermanos High. At least, she had been. Laurie was beating her record! “I’m the new big gal on campus!”

But she was still far too small to stop. She was fast approaching the size that she had been during the infamous cheerleading routine, fattening up into an overinflated sex doll of a girl with massive quivering breasts bigger than fully blown-up beach balls and a belly bigger than a boulder. As she crested 600 pounds, her rapid gain gave her the appearance of a living balloon pumped to its limits with soft, jiggling gelatin, pumped so full that even one more ounce would make her burst… and yet she kept growing, swelling, expanding, her skin forced to stretch further and further as she billowed to ever greater sizes.

640! 650! 660!

“FATTEST GIRL IN TOWN!!”

“Ooof, I’m sooooo full!” whined Laurie, though the twinkle in her eye revealed that her words were just for show. “Hmmm, but my greedy tummy just wants to keep eating! Oh you greedy, greedy thing!”

She playfully swatted at her gut, big and round as a beachball, quivering with the load of oh so much food. It stretched to her knees, resting on her enormous tree-trunk thighs like a fleshy boulder. Her clothes were in tatters, her bra broken, and panties barely holding on yet somehow still not completely shredded. Not yet.

690! 700! 710!

“My tummy is soooo greedy, I guess she just doesn’t know her limits! She wants to keep eating and eating and eating…” Laurie smirked, lowering her eyelids as if she was about to reveal some sexy secret, some sly conspiracy between herself and her fans. “So it’s a good thing that I want that too.”

“FATTEST GIRL IN THE STATE!!!”

“Oh no, I hope I don’t pop!” huffed Laurie, rubbing her pudgy hand along the side of her tubby gut. She was trying to put on a show for her audience – certainly, they deserved to see a good show, they were being SO supportive! – but it was getting harder and harder as Laurie ballooned with fat. Her limbs could barely bend they were so swaddled with excess fat, great big innertubes of flesh ringing her arms and legs. Her breasts were rising in front of her, threatening to smother her. Yet she couldn’t stop! Every mouthful just made it that much more difficult to continue, but she was driven by an insatiable greed that would not let her stop. She felt the elastic waistband of her knickers explode into shreds as her weight rose beyond 900 and the thermometer dinged: “FATTEST GIRL IN THE COUNTRY!!!!”

910! 920!! 930!!!

This was insane. She never imagined, even after she came to accept her true desire to eat and grow, that she would EVER get this big, this enormous… Gawd, the audience was still excited but their shouts and cheers were increasingly tempered with… worry? Could it be that all those simps who were so eager to see a fat girl stuff herself to her limits were beginning to think that this was going to far? Could it be that they were eager to see a girl bloat up to 400 pounds or even 500 pounds but they started to falter in their convictions when a girl approached the half ton mark? They might have lusted for Laurie when her extra pounds transformed her into an extra curvy parody of herself, when she resembled a soft zaftig Jessica Rabbit with a nicely balanced overfull hourglass figure. They might even have lusted for Laurie when she became a fat hog, a hefty heifer whose gut and thighs started to catch up with her tits. But now? Now that she was over 1000 pounds and still spreading, still expanding inexorably? Now that she was a blob who’d eaten herself so big that she barely looked human, now that her raw tonnage was more than a fully grown fatted farm hog or a prize-winning dairy cow? Now their commitment wavered? The cowards. The absolute pathetic worms. Or maybe it wasn’t that they were losing interest… could it be that they were becoming genuinely concerned? Could it be that they saw a girl pushing herself so far beyond any sane limits, saw the roadmap of stretchmarks appearing across her voluminous flanks, and they worried that she must surely explode like a megaton bomb soon if she didn’t stop? Who cares. Laurie didn’t give a shit what those cowards thought. Whether they were disgusted or concerned or scared, that didn’t matter to her. All she knew was that she wanted, no, she NEEDED to keep going…. NOTHING was going to stop her from achieving the ultimate victory, from filling herself until she was finally, FINALLY satisfied!

1010!!! 1020!!!! 1030!!! 1040!!!

The final goal was within reach. It was so close that Laurie could taste it almost as strongly as she could taste the constant stream of fatty treats being shoved into her mouth. Chewing was harder now. Her extra chins meant more resistance as she gobbled and gorged. She didn’t have the energy to titillate the audience with playful banter anymore. This was deadly serious. Every ounce of her being was dedicated to one single cause, to finally become the absolute fattest girl in the world. She would be the biggest blob, the most debauched glutton, a living testament to the wages of decadence and greed. She needed to be the biggest! She was so insanely aroused that Laurie felt like she was going to die if she didn’t get some relief…. But she didn’t have any time to waste! She was so stuffed, so full, so tightly packed, that tears were streaming down her chubby cheeks from the constant aching pain of her overloaded gut. If she paused for even a millisecond, she would be overwhelmed by the awesome agony of her satiety… she couldn’t risk it. Not when she was so close!

“FATTEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!!!!!”

The audience went absolutely insane as the marker lit up indicating that Laurie had finally done it. She was so monumentally fat that no one could even think to approach her in terms of weight. She was absolutely bloated to her limits, her stomach overfilled to the point that she felt sick, her skin stretched so drum-tight that she was covered in brand new stretchmarks – and newer stretchmarks kept appearing…. She was suspended in an ocean of soft, gelatinous blubber, so padded with fat that she couldn’t even clench her toes or wiggle her fingers. She could barely breathe, every wheezing inhale putting too much pressure on her skin pulled so tight that she felt ready to rip apart and explode like a water balloon.

“You did it, Laurie! Our fat sexy kitty is the fattest girl in the world!” cried Frank.

“Fat sexy kitty?” said Abida. “Frank, let’s be real. That there is a prize hog. What do you say, hog? How does it feel to be the fattest pig ever?”

“M…more,” gasped Laurie, her lips barely moving.

“What’s that, piggy? You still hungry?”

Laurie burped, the force of her belch sending painful ripples through the new lard that covered her overstretched body. “No… but I want… I need more… I’m not done yet.” She rolled her eyes upward, blinking at the final marker at the very top of the thermometer. It was still dark.

It simply said “Kaboom!”

“I’m the fattest girl in the world,” said Laurie dreamily, “But is that any reason to stop? I want to go… all the way. I never want to stop… never want to stop eating, never want to stop gaining, never want to stop growing…. Frank, Abida, please… I need you to push me to my limits… I want… I need you to feed me… I don’t care how big I get… I don’t care if I explode…. I don’t care WHEN I explode… I never want you to stop…” Tears streamed down her face, cascading over cheeks so plump and puffy that they nearly obscured her features, the ache of her need plainly evident in her voice.

“Go Laurie! Go Laurie! Go! Go! Go!” chanted the audience. Laurie’s fans were even more ecstatic to see that Laurie wasn’t content to rest on her laurels as the biggest woman in the world. She was going for broke.

“Feed me, babe,” begged Laurie, though she didn’t need to – Frank was already shoving yet another slice of pie into his obese girlfriend’s eager mouth. “I don’t ever – gulp! Munch munch! – want to stop… promise you won’t let me ever stop… ooo, Frank, promise me!”

“I promise, babe, don’t worry. We’re gonna make sure you get your fill.”

“Even if I beg you to stop feeding me… no matter how much I plead… I need you to keep feeding me… I need to eat…. Ohhhh I’m so full, fuuuck, I’m really gonna blow… but I need more… oh Gawd, I need more…”

How much did she weigh now? There was no way to know. She was enormous, so vast that she didn’t look human anymore… she was an ocean of fat, a monument, bigger than an elephant, bigger than a whale! She was crammed so full that she didn’t understand, couldn’t fathom, how she could possibly still be eating… she felt like her entre digestive system must be backed up with food by now, she couldn’t possibly force in another bite. And yet all that food was rapidly converting into new fat, adding acres of fresh new blubber to her already impossibly vast, planetoid form. She must be as big as the moon by now, as big as the whole world! Her eyes rolled back in her head as she imagined that she might get as big as the universe… Just imagine growing so infinitely FAT that not even reality would be enough to hold her! So infinitely, ridiculously vast that the very fabric of space and time would rend with the effort of holding back her magnificent bulk. The idea was so, so SO good! Gawd she couldn’t… she couldn’t stop… oh Gawd… oh GAWD here it comes here it COMESSSSS

“Oh GAWWD,” muttered Laurie, waking with a start and an unexpected belch. She blinked dumbly in the darkness of her room, disoriented for a moment, before she realized where she was.

“Meow?” Her cat Pumpkin was staring at her confusion. Pumpkin liked to curl up next to Laurie at night, enjoying the warmth that the big girl’s tremendous body produced.

“It’s fine, Pumpkin, mama’s fine,” huffed Laurie, stroking the cat’s head until she purred loudly. “Mama just a b… mama just had a dream.”

Goddamn, wow. She was super super SUPER horny… She could feel the wetness between her enormous legs, her excitement had soaked the sheets and the mattress…. God, she was so CLOSE to coming! It wasn’t fair. Laurie swore to herself under her breath as she kicked her sheets off. She was way to rotund to finish the job herself; her belly and boobs were so big that she couldn’t properly reach her chubby sausage fingers into her pussy to finger herself anymore. She had to rely either on Frank and Abida for that or else an increasingly convoluted combination of sex toys. And it was, what, the middle of the night? She couldn’t reasonably expect Frank or Abida to be up now, so she would have to take care of matters herself.

The dream was absolutely wild. That was beyond anything that she had imagined before. Laurie stumbled out of bed, grunting as she rocked herself into a seated position and then leaning against the wall as she hoisted herself to her feet. She hated walking. All that extra weight bearing down on her poor chubby little feet was soooo painful! Ugh! She wished that she could lug her scooter into her room, just so that she could use it for these tiny trips between her bed and her bathroom. These tiny trips were literally the only exercise that Laurie got anymore, but she was too consumed by her NEED to find the vibrating magic wand stashed in her medicine cabinet to even think about how her heart was racing. Of course, she was out of breath mostly because she was so horny. Godamn goddamn she needed relief!

Finally, her hand connected with the magic wand. That’s it. Laurie waddled back to bed and collapsed onto the mattress, spooking Pumpkin enough that the cat jumped to the floor and scooted under the bed.

“Sorry, baby,” huffed Laurie as she struggled to connect the wand with her g-spot, a difficult proposition when she couldn’t see over her belly and boobs and her fupa spilled over her pussy. “Mama’s just to… Mama’s got to finish something.”

Pumpkin crept out from under the bed and blinked at her.

“You want Mama to be happy, don’t you, sweetie?” said Laurie, finally making connection and flicking the wand on. She shuddered at the sensation, her whole body shaking like a mountain in an earthquake. “Mmmm you wouldn’t mind if…Mama was bigger, would you, baby? Hmmm? There’d be more to snuggle with, hmm? You’d like that, wouldn’t you, baby?”

Whether Pumpkin understood what Laurie was asking, she was already purring again. Oblivious to Laurie’s masturbation, the cat jumped back on the bed and curled up next to her obese mistress.

“Gawd, that dream was something else,” moaned Laurie to herself, her free hand rubbing the side of one titanic tit. “Oooo… if only it were real…. Goddamn, what am I saying? Shit, Laurie, you’re demented. Even you couldn’t be THAT depraved that you’d want to be… oooo… that big…. That’s… oooo… insane…. No normal girl…oooo…. Could want that…”

If Laurie was trying to convince herself, she was doing a rotten job. The more she talked, the more she tried to push the idea of being the fattest blimp in the world out of her head, the wetter she grew, the closer to climax.

By the time the vibrating wand brought the tubby teenager to climax, she could no longer deny the obvious. Yeah, she was fat and she looked great. She felt great. All she wanted was more. Maybe she couldn’t actually achieve what she’d had in that dream. Maybe that was silly. Maybe that was dangerous. Maybe that was impossible. But any misgivings that she might have had about putting her glorious body on display for an adoring public were completely gone.

She knew she was damn sexy. And she needed to share it.

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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,

Mollycoddles