Alice 103
by Mollycoddles

“My goodness, Alice! 515 pounds! That’s a loss of 5 pounds! Well done!”

A 5 pounds loss was absolutely negligible for a girl of Alice’s girth. On last weigh-in, the blonde teenage blimp had weighed a whopping 520 pounds, most of it concentrated in a beach ball-sized belly so big and round that Alice had to lean forward in a futile attempt to read the numbers on the scale. But Dr. Shaw knew that she had to be delicate with the girls in the weight loss support group that she headed. These girls were used to failed diets, so it woudn’t take much to discourage them from their weight loss regime and send them right back to their old gluttonous ways. Alice was by far the biggest blimp of the group, so Dr. Shaw had to be careful to treat her with kid gloves.

Alice smiled shyly, hoping that the slight hot flush in her chubby cheeks wasn’t giving away the game. The truth was that, in her desperation to prove that she was “reducing,” she and the other girls had resorted to subterfuge. The other girls in the group, Kayla and Jody, knew that Dr. Shaw liked to start their sessions with motivational weigh-ins… so it was an easy enough matter to tamper with the scale! Kayla had arrived early today and secretly set the scale back by 10 pounds when Dr. Shaw was distracted.

That meant, of course, that Alice hadn’t lost weight at all. In fact, her 5 pound loss was REALLY a 5 pound gain… which meant that, in reality, Alice now weighed 525 pounds.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that you even look slimmer, Alice,” said Dr. Shaw, pushing her half-moon spectacles down her nose as she peered at the tubby teen.

“Heh, I guess all that hard work is finally paying off!” squeaked Alice, her voice cracking. She cleared her throat awkwardly as she stepped off the scale, her protruding tummy sloshing subtly as her chubby feet hit the floor. It was no surprise that Dr. Shaw THOUGHT Alice was slimmer. Alice was actually wearing a girdle under her polo shirt and cargo pants, laced so tightly that it helped to restrain her explosive belly by a good few inches. Between the girdle and the doctored scale, the deception was complete! No one would suspect that, rather than losing weight, Alice was actually still gaining!

Alice knew that she couldn’t keep this charade up forever… or even for very long! It would be one thing if Dr. Shaw was satisfied to see Alice only lose a little bit of weight. But Dr. Shaw expected Alice to continuously reduce, which meant that she would have to keep tampering with the scale and lacing her girdle tighter and tighter. It might be feasible to drag out the deception for a while if Alice’s weight had actually plateaued, but the fact that she was still most definitely gaining meant that, if she had any hope to keep tricking anyone, she would have to keep lacing that girdle tighter and tighter even as she tried to force more and more tummy into it. And that didn’t even take into account the problems with continuously adjusting that scale without Dr. Shaw noticing!

Kayla gave Alice a knowing grin and a thumbs up as Alice returned to her chair. Alice nodded and mouthed a “thank you.” This was all just a temporary reprieve. But that was okay. Alice only needed to convince everyone that she’d dropped a few pounds long enough for her to make her appearance on the Nikki Lake show. It was hard to believe that this quarter ton butterball was a high school cheerleader, but Alice, along with her equally porky teammates Jen and Laurie, had recently performed a fat-positive cheer before a major school football game that had unexpectantly gone viral. The next thing Alice knew, she and her fellow “cheerleader chunkers” (Alice cringed at the goofy name that the Internet had bestowed upon them) had been invited to appear on a live taping of this national talk show! Jen and Laurie were ecstatic, but Alice was a little nervous. Sure, she was being invited on BECAUSE she was fat, so, sure, Nikki Lake probably expected her to be fat when she showed up. But Alice… well, she didn’t want to go on TV like this! She didn’t have any hope of convincing anyone that she was slender, but maybe if she showed up looking like she was at least TRYING to lose weight, then the host and studio audience might go a little easier on her.

Alice plopped into her seat with a hefty grunt, her flabby ass sagging over either side of the chair as she dropped her full weight down. She could feel her girdle shifting as she moved – the laces tensing in their sockets, the tight leather straining against the heavy cargo of her soft jiggling blubber. She hoped that Dr. Shaw’s ears weren’t sharp enough to pick up the subtle creaking and squeaking of the overloaded undergarment, but luck seemed to be on Alice’s side today. She wanted to breathe a sigh of relief, but the girdle was laced too tightly to allow Alice to expand her lungs to their full capacity. That was troubling! She was already laced up so tight that she could barely breathe and the girdle had barely reduced her size enough to pass for a five pound loss. That didn’t bode well for the future, but Alice tried to put such worries out of her mind. She felt the stretched thin material of her polo shirt shift slightly and Alice was seized by the sudden worry that her shirt might pop up over her belly and reveal the deception – it was the only thing hiding the girdle from sight! Luckily, Alice had tucked her shirt into her pants this morning, no small feat considering how massively large and round her belly was, and the pressure of her bloated gut against the snug waistband helped to keep her shirt in place. Phew! That was one bullet dodged!

“You’re next, Kayla!”

Grunting, Kayla lurched to her feet. Kayla was a curvaceous black girl with long braided corn rows, hefty breasts, and full hips that filled out the seams on her baby blue track suit. Alice could tell just from a glance that Kayla hadn’t lost a pound. In fact, it looked like she was starting to develop a pronounced belly pooch that protruded over the waistband of her sweatpants and threatened to tumble out of her tank top when she moved. Alice gulped. Uh oh! Kayla looked plumper, but the scale was also going to tell Dr. Shaw that Kayla had lost 10 pounds… Alice hoped that wouldn’t make Dr. Shaw suspicious.

Kayla didn’t even bother trying to see the numbers on the scale; her shelf-like bosom blocked her view and the blubbery black girl didn’t care enough to try to peer over her fat boobs to see the number. Unlike Alice, Kayla didn’t seem to care that much about her extra poundage. At least, not anymore. Before Alice had joined the group, Kayla might have been a little more conscientious about watching her expanding waistline. But with Alice around, Kayla would always looks svelte by comparison. And that made her own diet seem a lot less urgent.

“Let’s see, last weigh-in you were 212 pounds. And now you’re… huh, looks like you lost 2 pounds! You’re back to 210.”

“Nice,” said Kayla, pumping her fist triumphantly. Since the scale had been set back by 10 pounds, that meant that Kayla’s two pound loss was actually an 8 pound gain, putting her at a very chubby, very plump 220 pounds! Alice was so shocked that she couldn’t keep her jaw from dropping. Kayla had actually gained more since their last weigh-in than she had!

Kayla held up her hands for high-fives as she returned to her own seat. Alice and Jody both obliged.

“And how about you, Jody?”

Jody was a shortstack trans brunette who, like Alice, was a belly gainer who stored most of her weight in her voluminous middle, with smaller gains in her hips and breasts. She was the lightest of the three, but that wasn’t saying much: She’s weighed 203 pounds on last weigh-in.

Dr. Shaw couldn’t help but notice that Jody did look rounder today as she struggled out of her chair, puffing loudly as she adjusted the straining hem of her T-shirt to unsuccessfully cover the sag of her swollen pink gut. She waddled over to the scale and stepped on the platform.

“I feel like I’ve made so much progress!” sad Jody happily. “I bet I’ve lost 10 whole pounds!”

“Shit, she’s gonna give away the game,” hissed Kayla under her breath. Alice gulped, her heart in her throat. Was Jody being too obvious? It wouldn’t be hard for Dr. Shaw to figure out what was going on. She only had to examine the scale to see that it registered as -10 pounds when n one was standing on it. But so far, she hadn’t had much reason to be suspicious, so she hadn’t thought to take a closer look.

“Hmm, well, I’m glad you’re so confident, Jody,’ said Dr. Shaw. “And…wow! Jody, you’ve done really well this week! You’ve lost eight pounds! That’s your best showing since we started these meetings!”

Jody stepped off the scale, grinning widely. Of course, her eight pound loss was actually a two pound gain. Genuinely, that did put her in the reduction lead, since she’d managed to gain the least amount of extra poundage since last weigh-in!

The problem was that Alice was a complete greedy pig who, despite all her pretenses to wanting to lose weight, simply did not have the willpower o ever deny herself a tempting treat. If she was allowed to gorge to her heart’s content, Alice would simply eat and eat and eat and never stop. It was no accident that the bloated blonde beauty had ballooned into an absolute blimp over the past year, bursting her way through bigger and bigger pants sizes until she had finally outgrown off-the-rack clothes and was now forced to do all of her shopping at the mall’s maternity store. No other clothes were able to accommodate her titanic tummy! Even worse, Alice’s lacksadaisical attitude toward her own expansion was contagious. Dr. Shaw had hoped that Alice’s quarter ton bulk would help motivate the other girls to keep to their diets, serving as a grim reminder of the consequences of overeating. But instead, the opposite had happened. Jody nor Kayla had lost all their motivation, since they now felt that, no matter how big they might be, they would always look slender in comparison to Alice. As a result, all three girls were blowing up like balloons!

That worried Dr. Shaw. If they had given up, then what was the point of them even holding a diet support group? But this new weigh-in filled her with a new hope. Maybe the girls actually WERE still trying! Maybe they weren’t just doomed to balloon.

“I’m so proud of you girls,” said Dr. Shaw, beaming. Alice blushed, a guilty feeling swirling in the pit of her voluminous stomach as she thought about how the trio were deceiving their credulous leader, but Kayla and Jody exchanged triumphant glances. They had no qualms at all about their plan!

“I know that we’ve hit kind of a rough patch lately,” continued Dr. Shaw. “But you see, sometimes that happens. I know that it was a little discouraging since we’ve all put on a little weight lately, but I’m glad that you girls didn’t give up. And you can see what great results all that hard work is having!”

She smiled knowingly. “I guess your Nikki Lake invitation might have given you some motivation, huh, Alice?”

Alice’s jaw dropped. “H-how did you find out about that?”

Dr. Shaw chuckled. “Nikki Lake’s producer – I think her name was Parker? – reached out to me. She asked if I would be willing to come on as well, to talk a little bit about what we do here. I guess maybe she wants to get another perspective. Don’t look so worried, Alice, you know I’m only going to say good things about you.”

“Heh heh… right…” Alice gulped nervously. Dr. Shaw had, indeed, been nothing but supportive and nonjudgmental in all her dealings with Alice. It was a welcome change from dealing with Alice’s bitchy nagging mother. But how much of Dr. Shaw’s support was based on her mistaken belief that Alice was genuinely making an effort to lose weight? If the truth came out… Alice worried that Dr. Shaw wouldn’t be quite so forgiving! There was also the matter of Jen and Laurie… Dr. Shaw had never actually seen Jen and Laurie. If Dr. Shaw knew that Alice’s other friends were also monumentally fat, well, who knew what kind of reaction she would have? Alice wasn’t sure what was going on but she was once again seized by a vague feeling of dread. She hoped to God that her instincts were wrong!

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Laurie couldn’t believe it. The website had only been up for a few days, but already the traffic was incredible. By posting a link in the comments under the viral “Cheerleader Chunker” video, Laurie had easily turned her new venture into the hottest new BBW site on the Internet.

She shifted in her scooter, grunting as she felt the handlebars dig into her flabby sides. This scooter simply wasn’t enough to hold her anymore. At over 600 pounds, she desperately needed to upgrade to the next highest capacity heavy duty model. Preferably one that was operated via a joystick in the arm rather than by manhandling the handle bars. The simple truth was that Laurie was far too fat to operate this thing effectively and the wheels scraped and ground whenever she had to move. The scooter was clearly on its last legs, absolutely overwhelmed by her massive size.

Not that anything wouldn’t be overwhelmed by her massive size! Laurie’s constant gluttony – not to mention the extra meals fed to her by Mrs. Sarovy on her frequent visits to her friend Jen’s house and the bedroom stuffings by Frank and Abida – had utterly transformed her from a buxom queen bee cheer captain to a billowing mountain of quivering lard. Laurie was virtually unrecognizable from just a year ago.

She was naked, because she tended to forego clothing as much as possible these days. Finding clothes that fit was nearly impossible and stuffing her vast girth into huge sweatsuits and empire-sized muumuus was a huge hassle if Frank and Abida weren’t around to help her. So those days when she planned to do nothing but laze around the house? Those were days to go commando. Her vast belly, as huge and ponderous as a boulder, so enormous that it rivaled the size of her zeppelin-like breasts, sagged over her crotch, spilling between her tree-trunk legs and forcing them apart, hanging nearly to the ground. When she forced her copious cantelopes into a bra, her breasts still looked massively round and perky – tight and swollen like twin bowling balls – but when she was nude, they sloped to either side of her gargantuan gut like two pendulous sacks of pudding. Her arms were so bloated and turgid with extra fat that they looked like they were swaddled in rolls of flesh like the Michelin man. Her long raven hair fanned out behind her, falling over her thick shoulders and her fleshy rolls of back fat.

Laurie’s face had also seen tremendous changes. At the start of her metamorphosis, Laurie absolutely loved her growing breasts, obsessing over how every added pound on her luscious figure seemed to make her already ample bosom swell to greater and greater proportions until her fat knockers threatened to pop the buttons from her blouses and bust the clasps on her bras. Eventually, Laurie came to love the rest of her growing body just as much – the inflating curve of her belly, the ballooning roundness of her ass, her burgeoning thighs and plumping calves, every part of her was becoming bigger and softer and thicker, more plush and more delicious and more womanly. But her face… for the longest time, Laurie continued to fret about the changes happening to her face. It was hard for her to see her chubby cheeks and growing double chin as positive at first. They just made her look like a chipmunk, she thought. But now? Now she had to admit, her fat face was beautiful. She was just as fucking hot and sexy as a massive blimp as she had been as a voluptuous bombshell. No. No, that wasn’t true. She was MORE hot now, more sexy. Gawd, she looked so good. Her cheeks, so puffy and plump that her glossy lips always looked set into a sexy pout and her flashing eyes always set into a sultry squint… her double chin, so big and thick that her neck had long since disappeared… Gawd, she looked fantastic! Thinking about the magnificence of her own body was making Laurie get moist between her thighs and she almost wished that Frank and Abida were here right now, because she was so completely helpless, so suspended in the blubber of her own body, that there was no way she could reach her own vagina to pleasure herself without their help.

Whatever. Laurie snorted, trying to distract herself from her growing arousal by watching the page view count on her website rise. Damn. Several thousand people had already clicked through and Laurie already had a couple hundred dollars’ worth of subscribers. That was insane! Laurie licked her lips, thinking of what she could do with all that extra money. She should probably get herself a classy new outfit for her Nikki Lake appearance. As much as she might want to just go on air naked – think of the attention THAT would get! – Laurie was pretty sure that the network would probably not allow it. She’d have to buy something that would really show off her massive new curves to their maximum sexiness. These days, Laurie mostly relied on Abida’s expert tailoring skills to make sure that her outfits were all altered to accommodate her continuously growing body… but this might be a time when it would be best to actually spend a little extra money to get a professional designer’s work. After all, she was going to be on national TV. She needed to look her best.

“Mama’s got to look her best, right, Pumpkin?” cooed Laurie, rubbing a sausage-like finger across the top of the kitten’s head. Pumpkin, Laurie’s beloved pet kitten, purred quietly. She was curled up tightly, sitting in the crevase between Laurie’s hefty hooters. That had always been Pumpkin’s favorite napping place, probably because Laurie’s breasts were so massive that the kitten felt warm, secure and surrounded when she slept between them. “Of course, Mama always looks good, right, Pumpkin?”

The kitten blinked and sat up, licking Laurie’s finger with her raspy tongue to indicate that she should keep petting her.

“Yeah, yeah, I know what YOU want,” said Laurie. “You’re a good little kitty, aren’t you? Yes, of course you are! Mama’s little bitty kitty.” Laurie was famously prickly around school, a queen bee bitch who always had to speak her mind and have her own way. And while her attitude had mellowed slightly as she’d grown, showing a softer side to select friends like Alice and Jen or Frank and Abida, Pumpkin was the only one that she would be down right gooey in front of. “Do you know Mama’s gonna be famous, mmm, Pumpkin? Mama’s gonna be on TV. And look at all the sad perverts who are being thirsty for Mama right now!”

Laurie plucked the kitten from her cleavage and held her up to the computer screen as if Pumpkin would be able to read the simpering DMs in Laurie’s inbox. Most of them were horny dorks begging for extra photos. Laurie smirked at them. What a bunch of losers! Maybe she’d feel more inclined to share secret pics with some of the guys who actually subscribed to her site, but these lame-wad freeloaders? Not a chance! In fact, it was only because these losers had never had to face Laurie’s wrath IRL that they even dared to make such daring requests! Laurie would have to film a video where she really dressed these losers down. That would put them in her place!

Laurie was so intent in her thoughts that it barely registered as the scooter suddenly started to tilt dangerously. The titanic teen was seriously front-loaded with her monstrous mammaries and behemoth belly, so when she leaned forward it was only natural that the weight would cause the scooter to tip forward as well.

“Oh shit! Shit!” shrieked Laurie, her eyes going wide as she felt gravity reassert itself. Her eyes went wide and her hands shot immediately to her armrests – dropping Pumpkin, who gracefully landed on her feet and skittered away with an annoyed yowl. Laurie didn’t even notice. The whole world seemed to be moving in slow motion as the magnificently fat girl tumbled to the ground, crashing against the floor with the full weight of her 600 plus pounds with such force that the walls shook.

“Ooof!” Lauie gasped as she landed right on her belly and boobs, the impact knocking the wind from her overburdened lungs. She grimaced as she felt the scooter fall over on top of her.

“Ugh, fucking hell!” snapped Laurie, kicking her legs to knock the upturned scooter off of her. This was annoying! Her immense weight would have made it difficult to hoist herself up off the floor under the best of circumstances, but Laurie’s complete lack of exercise – she had completely given up on any actual cheerleading in favor of just barking orders at her team and she never walked anywhere that she could ride her scooter – meant that her muscles had completely turned to butter. This was going to be a chore.

Laurie tried steady herself, reaching out to place her hands against the floor. She blinked. She could do it, of course, but it was a longer reach than it should have been. Shit. She was so fat now that her belly and boobs actually raised her way further up off the floor than she remembered! If she continued down this path, there might come a day when her belly grew so absurdly large than she would be unable to touch the floor at all when she lay on her stomach! Laurie muttered under her breath at the thought. Shit, that was hot. Already, she could feel her pussy start to drip at the thought.

“Laurie, sweetie? Are you okay? What was that noise?” asked Laurie’s mom, pushing open the bedroom door.

“Jesus Christ, Mom!!! Don’t barge in like that! I’m not fucking dressed!” shouted Laurie, futilely attempting to roll over onto her side. This was typical behavior for Laurie’s hippie mother. Mrs. Belmontes didn’t seem to have any boundaries!

“Oh, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” said Mrs. Belmontes, clucking her tongue. “I’m your mother after all!” Mrs. Belmontes shook her head at the sight before her -- her gargantuan daughter lying on the floor in a big, heaving, sweaty heap. “Laurie, I think it’s just great that you’re so in touch with your body that you’ll go skyclad like this! It’s really important for a girl to really understand her own—”

“Shut up, Mom!” wailed Laurie. “I don’t wanna hear any hippie crap right now, I just wanna… get up…”

“Well, I can’t help you if you don’t want me to come in…”

“Fine, fine,” grumbled Laurie. Jesus. This was NOT the situation that she hoped to be in. She just hoped that her mother wouldn’t notice how moist her crotch was and figure out what she was thinking about.

Mrs. Belmontes pushed open the door and entered, looking down at the prone form of her gargantuan daughter. The elder Belmontes shared a similar look. Like Laurie, her mother was also a buxom raven-haired woman with an absolutely enormous rack. Her mother’s hippie lifestyle meant that she often walked around without a brassiere, since she believed that allowing her pendulous breasts to swing about wildly within the confines of her billowy peasant blouses was in keeping with her earthy spirituality. Laurie thought her mother’s behavior was extremely embarrassing, but, now that she was so enormously endowed that finding bras that fit was such a huge challenge, she couldn’t help but think that she might soon need to follow her mother’s example.

“Come on, Laurie, don’t be such a baby,” chided her mother as Laurie struggled to push herself up into a sitting position. She grunted as her billowing boobs slapped against the arc of her humongous gut and winced as the sting sent a sudden sexual arc of electricity through her. Laurie’s entire body was becoming more sensitive the bigger she got – her overstretched skin always felt like it was tingling with sensation, barely able to hold all her blubber in, and her bountiful breasts had always been the most sensitive part of her. She scowled, hoping that her mother wouldn’t notice as her fat, cork-sized nipples suddenly swelled up with desire. “Let’s get you back in your scooter. You know, Laurie, sweetie, I think it’s great that you’re so comfortable with your body, but, at your size, I think you might have some trouble soon if you don’t start taking precautions…”

“Mom, shut up,” snapped Laurie. Her mother’s hands hooked under her armpits, the older woman’s fingers sinking into her daughter’s spongy flesh as she attempted to hoist this nude whale to her feet. This was ridiculous! Laurie could not believe that she was going to finally get a lecture from her mother about her escalating poundage! It was inevitable, of course. Mrs. Belmontes had always been super supportive of Laurie, refusing to intervene in her daughter’s life decisions because that just wouldn’t be the hippie way. And Laurie had taken full advantage of that freedom to indulge in every sinful, decadent desire that was available to her, gradually ballooning over the past year to full Goodyear gordita status. Mrs. Belmontes might have ignored Laurie’s rapidly inflating waistline when her daughter was merely voluptuous or just plump or even downright fat… but now that Laurie was monstrously obese, teetering on the very precipice of immobility, why, it would be downright irresponsible not to say something. But Laurie was not in a mood to be lectured.

“I’m not saying you need to lose weight, Laurie,” said Mrs. Belmontes, groaning as she attempted to lift Laurie. Laurie kicked her legs feebly, but the reality was that she was too fat and out of shape to offer any assistance. All she could do was sit there like a fat blob while her mother did the heavy lifting. “I wouldn’t want you to not live your truth! But maybe you could start doing some yoga to help you with flexibility. You know, I’ve got a regular yoga routine and if you’d like to join me…”

“I don’t want to join you, Mom! Jeez!” snarled Laurie. The idea of doing mother-daughter yoga sessions held absolutely no appeal to this fat young woman. All she wanted was to be back in her scooter and for this ordeal to be over.

“Hey, what’s up with you two?” asked Laurie’s dad as he appeared at the door.

“Jesus! Dad! Not now!” shrieked Laurie in embarrassment, quickly covering herself as best she could with her pudgy hands. Her palms barely covered her disc-sized areolas, much less her watermelon-sized gazongas. She tried to cross her legs, but her thighs were simply too thick. Luckily, the flabby overhang of her massive belly hid her bloated shaved pussy from view.

“Laurie fell out of her chair, come help me get her back up,” said Mrs. Belmontes.

“Right, right, don’t you worry about a thing, sweetie, we’ll get you right!”

“Daaad! I’m not dressed!”

“Yeah, I can see you’re skyclad, Laurie, you worry too much. This is why your mother and I had you sit in on all those chakra ceremonies when you were little. We thought you’d left these petty bourgeoisie prudishness behind you…”

Laurie rolled her eyes. She had seen both her parents naked more times than she liked to think about, whenever they tried out some weird new hippy sauna treatment or drum circle or whatever, and she still didn’t like it. It was super cringe!

“Careful, Laurie!” said her mother. “Don’t elbow me in the boob!”

Laurie rolled her eyes but she was in no position to complain. Her mother was clearly not strong enough to lift a full quarter plus ton of pure lard off the floor by herself. Laurie resolutely stared at the ceiling, avoiding both of her parents’ faces, as her mother and father strained to lift her up. It was not easy. First of all, Laurie was absurdly heavy. In addition, Laurie’s fat was so soft and squishy that it was difficult to get a good grip on her. Nevertheless, her parents were eventually able to lift her high enough up off the floor that her vast butt could clear the seat of her righted scooter. Sighing heavily, they dropped her back into her chair, her enormous ass immediately slopping over the sides of the inadequate bucket seat and her titanic tits bouncing wildly against her jiggling paunch.

“There ya go!” said Mrs. Belmontes, mopping her brow. “That was an ordeal! Really, Laurie, I wish you would reconsider my yoga offer—”

“Not now, Mom! Okay, I’m back in my chair, so you two can get out! Now!”

“Sure, sure, of course sweetie.”

Laurie sighed in relief as her parents left. That was embarrassing! But at the very least, they hadn’t noticed that Laurie’s laptop was open to the adult website that featured their own daughter. Although, knowing them, they probably would approve of Laurie’s new venture as, I dunno, an exciting new form of self-expression.

Ugh! Sometimes she wished she could just have normal parents like everyone else!

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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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Molly Coddles