Weight Training 4: Electric Boogalour (1 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles

How big could a girl get if she never stopped eating? With the help of a metabolism-altering drug, three very dedicated feeders, and her own insatiable greed, Laurie Belmontes is finally going to answer that question. It was impossible to believe that this woman had once been a high school cheerleader. The only remnant of that former self was her hair (and her bitchy attitude). She still had the same beautiful flowing raven locks. Otherwise, the new Laurie didn’t look like a cheerleader. She barely even looked human. She was monstrously huge, impossibly huge, gargantuan beyond belief, a human blimp so stuffed with food and plumped with blubber that she could barely move. Her arms and legs were thick, turgid cones of flesh, so ringed with inner tubes of fat that she could barely bend them. She could barely even wiggle her plump little sausage fingers or her chubby little toes. Her breasts, colossal juggernaut jugs that weighed over a good 100 pounds each, sloped to the sides of a belly so vast that Laurie had to sit on an elevated throne of reinforced steel and concrete so that she didn’t smother herself. Well, it was more of a platform, where her beanbag-sized ass cheeks provided enough cushioning for her, but Laurie only found it befitting to call it her throne. Her belly flopped out in front of her, sagging to the floor and spreading out in front of her to fill more of the room every day. She absolutely loved it. There wasn’t a single aspect of her gloriously fat body that she didn’t adore, that didn’t send her into paroxysms of joy. She loved to read the desperately horny messages that her fans constantly sent her, knowing that they enjoyed her growing body as much as she did…. If it was even possible for anyone else to be as enamored with Laurie’s gargantuan size as Laurie herself was! Her only fear, as irrational as it was, was that someday some other enterprising glutton might grow to the point that they could rival or even surpass Laurie’s size. But what were the chances of that? Who else could possibly dedicate themselves to mindless self-indulgence as much as this absolute queen of depraved gorging? No one, of course! Still… it was a nagging little fear…

At least, that image describes what Laurie looked like in the morning. By midday however, Laurie would have transformed from a blob to a blimp – her precious belly risen to block her view, even in her elevated position. Once her lovers Tina, Frank, and Abida had their way with her, she was so stuffed that she looked like a hot air balloon ready to ascend into the heavens. Of course, the idea that Laurie would move at all, much less soar into the sky, was utterly ridiculous. She was cresting 2000 pounds, a full ton, and quite possibly now the fattest woman… no, the fattest HUMAN… in the history of the world.

Her ghost of a face was buried under pounds and pounds of pale wobbling blubber, her chubby cheeks and bulging double chin forcing her mouth into a permanent pout – whenever she was not cramming food inside it – and her piggy little eyes were forced into a permanent squint. She couldn’t do anything by herself these days – even talking was more difficult as the enormous spheres of her tits weighed heavy against her chest and compressed her lungs! The one thing that she could still do was eat and that she did… constantly!

Well, eat and fuck. Fucking was harder than ever these days. She was so fat that her ass seemed to balloon out behind her forever, a sprawling expanse of soft yielding flesh, her cheeks so plump and thick that Frank could get lost between them. She was so fat that Frank couldn’t reach her pussy anymore, so Laurie had to rely on vibrators to get her off now. It was hard “work”, work that left Laurie a sweating, heaving, gasping mess… but she absolutely refused to deny herself that pleasure. After all, how could she? She loved being fat, nothing made her happier, nothing made her hornier… and if she was horny ALL the time now that she was trapped in this luxurious prison of delicious, delectable flesh, then why SHOULDN’T she indulge? Doctors (And what do they know about a women’s cravings?) would no doubt advise against it, cautioning her that her overworked, fat-clogged heart couldn’t take the strain for long. But Laurie lived for pleasure and no one was going to tell her what to do. Except for her belly that had absolute power over her and whose every demand she obediently full-filled. It was the part of her she now was most proud of and which she believed could master every challenge. It allowed the rest of her to grow to previously unknown sizes and once over-filled set her pussy on fire as much as her boobs had many, many pounds ago.

Besides, the Lipidex helped soothe some of the worse dangers of being as big as she was. And she suspected that, before long, the Lipidex scientists that were now exclusively working for her, would have another breakthrough that would help her soothe out any remaining dangers.

After moving into the warehouse loft, Laurie’s life took on a familiar pattern. She slept naked, of course, because Laurie was simply too fat for clothes now. She was gargantuan, an ocean of lard so magnificent that it was laughable even to think of trying to clothe her – so why even bother trying? Her bed had collapsed only a week after moving in, but by now Laurie’s own fat was so thick that she treated her body as its own mattress. She could doze right on her throne and not even feel the hard floor through all those layers of blubber! A real princess and the pea situation. The first thing she did upon waking up, of course, was check out how much more her body had expanded before diving into breakfast like a hog into the trough. And what a breakfast! A good dozen egg omelet, a whole rack of bacon, a whole loaf of buttered toast, washed down with quarts of weight gain shake from Tina’s brand… the first meal of the day could last for hours if Frank, Abida, and Tina weren’t snappy about getting their behemoth lover’s hunger satisfied! Laurie was especially demanding in the morning for several reasons. For one thing, it was the only time of day that she could truly be believed to be hungry at all. She spent the rest of the day in an overstuffed stupor, but the only time that she couldn’t eat was when she was asleep. It was only natural that she would digest some of her incredible feast while she slept and wake up with an unfamiliar yawning, empty feeling in her normally overfull gut. Laurie HATED feeling hungry! She had long ago promised herself that she would never be hungry again and she intended to keep herself absolutely packed to the brim 24/7. She couldn’t tolerate even the thought of hunger pangs! So, in the morning she was like a pack of ravenous wolves, demanding more, more, MORE, until she was so absolutely crammed full of food that even a gluttonous eating machine like Laurie had to stop for fear of bursting! It was more than hunger, though, that fueled her morning binges. She had a fanbase to please and Laurie did NOT want any of her loyal subscribers to ever see their room-sized queen in her “less than perfect” state. And for Laurie, less than perfect meant less than filled to the brim. In the morning, her spherical belly would gradually subside, flattening out so that Laurie in all her lardy glory came to resemble a sloshing puddle of fat. That would not do. When she appeared on camera, she wanted to be ROUND, TIGHT, and FULL, FULL, FULL.

She would snack constantly throughout the day to maintain the level of extreme fullness that she desired and, before drifting off to sleep, she always demanded ANOTHER feast. Dinner was a ridiculous affair in their household. Laurie couldn’t remember the last time that she had actually gone to sleep; usually she simply passed out when she simply couldn’t hold anymore and then her lovers would relent and let her rest for prolonged hours of sleep. It was always a sight to see Laurie’s belly towering over everyone, round as a balloon and big enough to be its own planet, quivering so tightly with fullness that the slightest pin prick might be enough to blow her apart. And after Laurie has drifted off into the realms of Morpheus, her lovers still spent hours cleaning her up, rubbing her skin with lotion and massaging her fat.

“You know you’re definitely going to explode one of these days,” said Abida. “You can’t say we didn’t warn you.”

“Yeah,” huffed Laurie. “And you love it.”

Life was perfect for Laurie and her feeders. They’d moved to a warehouse loft because it was the only space in town that could accommodate Laurie’s continuously growing body and, so far, it had held up well. Abida served as webmaster for Laurie’s adult fetish site, where Laurie streamed her marathon feeding sessions to a global audience of devoted fat-loving simps, as well as the manager of her clothing brand 3BL (A delightful pun on both the website’s name, BigBustyBabeLaurie, and an acknowledgement that the brand catered to the big, the busty, and the buff now). 3BL was incorporated under the Umbrella of its parent company “the3:” – with characteristic obsessiveness, Laurie insisted on a logo that resembled a pair of big fat boobs topped with nipples. Who could blame her? She had always been rightfully proud of her famously full chest, which she has nourished to a size defying any bra. And now her chest was literally the biggest all-natural bosom in the world! No one had even half the bosom of Laurie Belmontes!

Meanwhile, Tina’s fitness business was thriving as well. She started out managing her own private gym in the loft, but had expanded to the point that she now owned a chain of gyms and sells equipment and supplements (also under the ”the3:” brand) across American and Europe. Despite her success, Tina was somewhat controversial in the fitness world. Her own desire for growth manifested itself in extreme bodybuilding and by now Tina was literally too swole to control; she was so massively muscular that her mobility was starting to be impaired by the enormous muscles on her arms and legs! Not to mention her chest! Unlike many body building amazons, Tina was determined to retain her feminine form no matter how buff she became – she got herself custom made expander type breast implants that she constantly filled to the max until her tremendous fake tits nearly rivaled Laurie’s real ones. Those two tightly-packed, absolutely round orbs were so huge that they splayed out to her sides, bumping into her gigantic biceps, touching the floor when she was on all fours, bulging so big that they were visible from the back despite how broad Tina’s muscle-marbled back had become. Tina was also taller now, as if her body had sensed the need to stretch and grow to store her ever-growing muscles and initiated a growth spurt. Even Frank now had to look up when talking to her, making her the only one able to reach the top of Laurie’s bulk without aid. There was no way to compare her height to Laurie, though, since Laurie was simply too fat to stand up these days.

Some other body builders balked at that garish display. In an interview once, a reporter questioned Tina how she could appear in public with such obviously enhanced bazookas on her chest… and more to the point, how could people trust her as a physical trainer when she was a known associate of literally the fattest woman in the world? Tina just smiled.

“I always help people get the body that they desire,” she had said.

At her size, Laurie of course needed help for everything. Luckily, her lovers were there almost 24/7, always ready to help her with anything she needed. Though what she needed most was someone to feed her! She was never satisfied that she was full ENOUGH, she was always convinced that there was just a tiny little bit more room in her painfully overstretched stomach. Every day she pushed her abused stomach further and further and it was only the restraint and common sense of her feeders, who eventually might have to deny her a twentieth helping of cake or pie, that she didn’t simply split apart at the seams under the pressure of her own greed. But it was hard for them to deny their diva anything as they undeniably were aroused by the fact that they could visibly see her expand under their constant feeding. Fortunately, the house was rigged for Laurie’s pleasure, so that even when her lovers couldn’t be at her beck and call, she still could enjoy herself. Hydraulic lifts and cranes helped to hoist Laurie off of her colossal ass and move her around the loft without moving a muscle, while Tina installed a pulley system to help lift Laurie’s big gelatinous belly (something that always send tsunami waves rippling through the soft pudding of Laurie’s fat in the early morning). It served both as a way for Tina to get a pump to train and allowed them to reach below Laurie to replace the batteries of her vibrator. Laurie could operate it herself with the universal remote she kept clutched in her chubby hand. Mashing the buttons that summoned her feeders, turned on the TV mounted on the ceiling, worked the crane, or activated the vibrator hidden under the folds of her fupa was literally the only exercise that she got. Well, the only exercise other than chewing, swallowing, and fucking.

Okay, Laurie was far too fat for traditional fucking these days. But all that eating gave her the jaw muscles to do killer blowjobs… And damn if she didn’t use that skill! Almost the only times that she didn’t have her mouth full of food is when she had Frank’s dick in it. Or sometimes when she had her tongue in Tina’s pussy or against Abida’s clit. They always did say that fat girls knew how to eat the best pussy and suck the best cock… and Laurie was proving that in spades!

Which was good, because the website still needed content! Besides regular feeding challenges, Laurie had started to branch out, inviting other models to ply their videos under her banner and turning BigBustyBabeLaurie into the online hub for all adult content involving huge sizes, be it big bust, butt, belly or buff girls. There were plenty of big girls eager to break into the market and Laurie was happy to mentor the next generation of size-obsessed babes – provided that they remembered who the absolute queen was and always will be! Even Tina had gathered quite the follower base, who all wanted to see more than just her training video stuff. They had quite the staff now from photographers and camera men to story writers for scenes and erotic literature. Frank was the de-facto manager of the team and giving his best to coordinate everything to the will of Laurie, who had enough on her plate to care about those minions.

It was inevitable that this big day would come, though. Laurie had been waiting for months, anticipating it, so eager that at the very thought of it she could only clench her pudgy little hands so tight that her nails nearly drew blood from her palms. Every day she imagined the moment that she finally got on a scale and hear the number that had for so long been an impossible dream: 2000 pounds. A solid ton.

The biggest problem, of course, was actually weighing her. Tina, Frank, and Abida had to work together to get their enormous queen tethered into a sling and hoisted by the crane and plopped onto the livestock scale. But, after all the hard work was done, there was no denying the truth.

“Congratulations, baby, you did it. You finally did it!” said Frank.

“What? What does it say!? Goddamnit how much do I weigh?” whined Laurie. Suspended in her sling, she sank deep into her own blubber, her boobs nearly smothering her. She couldn’t see anything but her own body all around her. She knew what the number was, what it must be for Frank to get so excited… but she needed to hear it! Could she actually be 2000 pounds? After all those months and months of hard work, of gorging herself to the absolute limits, of pushing herself to heights of obscene gluttony unimagined by any human ever before, had it all paid off?

“You’re a full ton, Laurie! 2000 pounds!”

“Oh Gawd… oh Gawd… I can’t believe it… shit I’m so fat…”

“C’mon, gals, let’s lower her back down,” called Frank. “Our Laurie needs to mark this special occasion!”

Laurie was barely paying attention as the crane dumped her back on her platform and her feeders carefully unhooked her from the sling, letting her flab pop out free. 2000 pounds! This was insane. To think that, not all that long ago, she had been a high school cheerleader, doing backflips and cartwheels with the best of them – and now? Now she was so unbelievably fat that she was drowning in her own flesh, so overpumped with blubber that she could barely even mumble, barely even breathe, barely do anything but grow. That was the only thing for her now. She had completely ruined her body to the extent that she would never be thin again, never be merely fat again, she would never be able to diet herself down to just “morbidly obese.” She was destined to spend the rest of her life as a massive blob of lard, so huge that they needed to store her in a blimp hangar! So why stop? Even if she wanted to (which she didn’t), she was destined to only get bigger and bigger.

Abida stroked Laurie’s hair and patted a fleshy cheek. “Goddamnit, Laurie, you really did it. I can barely believe it, but, if anyone could actually eat themselves to a full ton… I guess it would be you?” She whispered in Laurie’s ear, her hot breath causing the soft hair on the fat girl’s earlobe to stand up. “Hmmm and this calls for a celebration. Are you ready for your presents?”

Laurie blinked her squinty little eyes and licked her lips. She hoped that the presents were food… what else could possibly mark such an occasion? “Yes… Gawd, yes! Gimmie! Bring it in! Wheel in the trays! You fucking know I’m… just… getting started…” The excitement was making her heart race, making her go red in the face.

“Whoa whoa whoa, calm down there, fat girl! Don’t give yourself a heart attack… especially not before you get your gifts.”

“First, some news, though,” continued Abida. “Laurie, as you know, that Lipidex injection really helped you get to where you are, but our researchers haven’t stopped on that. Especially since we’ve acquired the developer under the “the3:” umbrella and, well, how do I say this? Most of the scientists on the team are big fans of your work. Not just because you show off how well their product works but… well, some of them are just fans period. But they’ve made remarkable strides toward developing drugs that will eliminate any unhealthy side effects for fat people. Imagine what relieve that would be, not only for you but also your old friends Jen and Alice. For you, however, we have gone above and beyond. This next generation of Lipidex injections is tailored to you and only you and it’s got a lot more potent than the last one. With this”, Abida motioned to Tina who held up a syringe full of the new Lipidex, “no one will ever able to take your crown as the fattest human in history.”

Laurie nearly fainted from the excitement. This was BIG news. She couldn’t believe that she weighed 2000 pounds, that she was a gigantic billowing, bulging blob of pure fat, a being of pure indulgence and hedonism and gluttony, and now she was being given the opportunity to go even farther. No human had ever transgressed into such ultimate regions of gustatory excess! It was a good thing that Laurie loved every aspect of her life – she loved being fat, she loved feeling her buttery flab wobble and jiggle with the slightest provocation, she loved getting fatter, she loved eating, she loved that full-up feeling that came from eating too much, and she loved, LOVED, more than anything, she loved the knowledge that every excessive bite, every swallow taken after her belly was already stuffed beyond its limit, would only ensure that she grew even fatter.

“In short, Laurie, you’re gonna be able to get as big as you want. Cuz I’m pretty sure you’re not there yet.” Abida grabbed the fold of Laurie’s upper belly and gave it a playful shake, sending shockwaves through her butter soft flesh.

“Not by a long shot,” muttered Laurie. “There’s still so much further to grow…”

“Well, then we’re gonna have to adjust the warehouse to accommodate the future now, won’t we? Good thing we’ve got this desirable sea front property; just a few adjustments and we can build an access ramp to let you take a dip in the ocean anytime you want. And I bet a big girl like you would REALLY appreciate the opportunity to take all that weight off for a few minutes of floating?”

“Yeah, until she fills the ocean,” said Tina.

“That’s not too far off,” said Frank. “Look at how fast our fat sexy kitty here is growing! Floating in the ocean, why, she might even get bigger than a 200 foot blue whale.”

“Might even get big enough to be seen from space,” added Tina.

“Big enough to be your own land mass,” said Abida.

“There’s no limit!” realized all three of them at the same time.

“Oh my gawd,” gasped Laurie, the true magnitude of what was happening finally crashing over her. There truly were NO limits now. Everything that she thought might hold her back will be removed; she’ll be free to grow and grow and grow… how big COULD she get? With her supercharged appetite and metabolism and free from any risks, the only limit was physical reality itself. She could easily picture herself as big as the world, a gigantic blob flesh so huge that she broke gravity and floated off to become her own planet, her ever-growing belly casting shadows over civilizations and her tits before her like her own moons! Was that even possible? Who could say now? Laurie sobbed, tears welling up in her eyes, overcome with emotion at the prospect… it had been merely an impossible dream for so long but now she might actually achieve it! She was so incredibly happy that she was speechless… but, gawd, she was also SUPER horny at the very idea! She hoped that these three would hurry up with the presents, because she needed some time with her vibrator SOON.

“Of course, you’re not gonna get much bigger unless you really start to eat,” said Abida slyly.

Laurie scowled (she HATED any implication that she was shirking on her meals) but Abida just laughed and patted her lardy lover reassuringly on the cheek. “Oh yeah, Laurie, I know, I know: You eat CONSTANTLY. There’s no possible way that you could eat more, right? Just because you’re stuffing your face every moment that you’re awake, you think you’ve hit the max that you can gobble down into that greedy, greedy belly, huh?” Laurie’s belly groaned as if it knew they were talking about it. “Well, take a look at this”, Abida continued, “and I think you’ll be surprised.”

Tina and Frank wheeled in a strange contraption. Laurie had never seen a machine like this, but, since it had a hose and funnel attached to it, she could guess what it was for.

“What’s that? A feeding machine?” She smirked. “Really, Abida? You think I need any help eating? I think that’s the one thing that I’m still pretty adept at.”

“Yeah, while you’re awake,” said Abida. She kneaded Laurie’s soft flab like a cat preparing to bed down; Laurie closed her eyes and purred in bliss at the delicious sensations. “But you realize that there’s 12 hours a day that you’re just wasting away? You’re lying there, doing nothing, when you could keep eating! Think about it: You’ve grown to 2000 pounds eating only half the day. Imagine how huge you could get if you’re eating 24 hours a day?”

“Oh. My. Gawd…” Laurie could only imagine. Her mind reeled. She imagined herself slurping on a tube while she dozed, guzzling a constant stream of high-calorie goodness as she slept, her beloved belly rising higher and higher while she was oblivious. Her nightly dreams about eating giant pies and stacks of cookies would become even MORE vivid if she was actually eating while she was having them! Holy shit! This was incredible. “Holy shit, Abida…. I don’t know if I…. damn, if this works… I’ll never have to stop eating… I man I’ll LITERALLY never have to stop eating!”

Abida grinned. “I warned you that you were gonna explode someday, Laurie. You really think you’re ready for this?”

“Fuck yes! Yes! Damnit, Abida, you know I am!”

“Well, we can try this out just as soon as you’ve got your other presents. Frank and Tina have some fun stuff to give you too to mark this very special occasion. Sorry, friends, I didn’t mean to steal your thunder. Take it away, Tina.”

Tina cleared her throat nervously. How adorable! Even after all this time, Tina still behaved like a blushing school girl in front of Laurie. It was cute how Tina still found her idol a little bit intimidating. And why wouldn’t she? As big as she was (and Tina was absolutely packed with muscles, so massive that she demanded respect), she would never be as big as Laurie!

“Well, Laurie, I wanted to commemorate how far you’ve come… by reminding you what you looked like when we first met. So I got this… statue made.”

She gulped nervously as she wheeled out… what appeared to be a solid gold statue of Laurie! Laurie gawked, her jaw dropping open. What the!?!? The statue was a pretty good likeness of Laurie as she had looked when she was a mere (mere! Ha!) 700 pounds, a rotund busty goddess with heavy watermelon-sized breasts resting atop a globular belly. Laurie could still stand on her own at the point, so it was surreal to see a statue of herself in a standing position.

“Oh my Gawd… Tina, this is ridiculous?! A solid gold statue? That must have cost a fortune, sweetie! Even I’m not THAT ostentatious…” Laurie smiled coyly. That was a lie, of course, she was that ostentatious! The only reason that Laurie didn’t flaunt her fabulous wealth more was that she was a little limited these days in what she could do… so most of her money went to bigger and bigger and more decadent feasts.

“Well, it’s not actually gold,” said Tina sheepishly. “It’s chocolate. It’s just covered in gold foil.”

“Chocolate?!”

“Yeah, and not just any ol’ chocolate! It’s the good stuff… we got it custom made by a real Belgian chocolatier!”

Laurie laughed. “You’re kidding me! Tina, honey, that’s even better… damn, girl, you really know me well. I can just imagine it now. Adding the ‘old me’ to the new me! But you must really have faith in me if you think I can eat a whole 700 pounds of chocolate?” Laurie raised an eyebrow. “Unless… it’s not hollow, is it?”

“No, of course not! I would never– “

“Good!” Laurie was already drooling with the prospect of gorging herself on the finest of European chocolate! They say that when chocolate is rich enough a little bit goes a long way. Laurie did not subscribe to that belief. She was going to gobble it all down at once if she had anything to say about it! And if she couldn’t finish it? They’d just shove the remainder into Abida’s feeding machine and let it pump her full while she slept. The perfect solution!

“Well, I have something for you, too, Laurie. Though, to be honest, it might pale in comparison to what Tina and Abida gave you…”

“I’ll be the judge of that!” snapped Laurie. She loved getting presents and she was always eager for more surprise goodies!

“Okay, Laurie.”

Laurie raised an eyebrow as Frank got down on one knee, took her plump hand in his and pulled out… a golden wristwatch? No, it was an adjustable ring with a gemstone. “In that case, Laurie Belmontes, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

Abida and Tina watched the scene with interest. Abida couldn’t help but think that, as big as Laurie was now, Frank looked like he was landing on a whole new planet when he crouched next to her. What a funny image! Frank as Neil Armstrong, the first astronaut to set foot on Planet Laurie!

“Oh my Gawd, Frank…” Laurie blinked back sudden tears of joy. There was no doubt, of course, that this was coming eventually… but the moment still choked her up, pulling a sudden display of emotion from the usually so-very-controlled stone-cold bitch. “I can’t believe they even make rings to fit my finger!”

“It wasn’t cheap,” said Frank, pushing the diamond ring onto Laurie’s sausage-like finger. “Especially since this one is designed for the way that you’ve been growing.”

“This is a touching display,” said Abida. “But I hope you two aren’t gonna lose sight of the big picture here. I mean, what are we, chopped liver? You two gonna run off and get married and live your life of marital bliss without us or what?”

“Yeah,” agreed Tina, grinning at the idea of Laurie “running”. “We’ve built a life here together, is that going to end?”

Frank shook his head. “Of course not, Abida, you know we’re all a team here. There’s no way I can handle Laurie on my own or give her what she needs. She’s a goddess of pleasure these days, isn’t she, and she needs all her acolytes to thrive. We all just want the same thing in the end, don’t we?”

“Yeah,” muttered Laurie. “And speaking of which, enough of this mushy stuff! I’m starved. I haven’t eaten in minutes while you three are yakking! And you, Tina! Don’t just stand there! Gimmie the fuckin’ injection!”

To be continued…

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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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