Alice 86
By Mollycoddles

“Thanks for meeting with me, Jen,” said Gloria. “I’m really excited to get started on training to be a cheerleader.”

Gloria and Jen were meeting in the mall food court. Gloria thought it was kind of strange; when he asked if she could meet with Jen to discuss her new role on the team, Gloria assumed that Jen would just ask to meet her in the school locker room after hours. When Jen suggested the mall… well, that wasn’t totally outlandish, just unexpected. A Saturday lunch meeting was fine. Now that she was actually meeting Jen at the food court, Gloria was beginning to understand why Jen had chosen this location. When she approached Jen’s table from across the court, she saw that Jen already had a box of pizza open on the table and was chowing down.

“Sure! I hope you, like, don’t mind meeting here. My little sister Jesse needed to do some shopping and, like, my mom made me take her, so I thought I could totally kill two birds with one stone. Like, we could meet and talk here while Jesse is shopping!” She bit off another hunk of pizza. “Like, it’s totally cool that you’re so eager. I’m, like, sure you’ll be a great addition to the team…” Jen picked up a slice of pepperoni pizza and bit off a huge chunk, red sauce and cheese bursting around the impact of her bite and dripping onto the paper plate below.

“Um, like, you want any pizza? I can, like, get you your own slice. You know my friend Alice works over there at Pizza-by-the-pound, so I got the hook-up!”

Gloria smiled weakly. Was Jen implying that this entire pizza was all for her and that Gloria would have to get her own slice if she wanted to eat anything? Actually… considering Jen’s size, that wasn’t an altogether outrageous assumption.

Jen was a big girl, way too big to be a cheerleader. Yet here she was! Her large breasts sloped against the swell of her ample gut which spilled out from under the hem of her clearly inadequate t-shirt. Her visible stomach filled her lap, her navel sandwiched between fat rolls to the point that it had turned into a line bisecting her paunch into a double-belly. Below her waist, Jen exploded into massive curves that defied belief. Jen was literally as big as a full-grown pig, as fat as a baby hippo, as blubbery as a sea elephant, and an unbelievable portion of her excess weight was stored in her hefty hips, thick thighs, and gloriously bulbous bubble butt. When she was out of uniform ( which barely fit her, truth be told), Jen could only wear spandex leggings and stretchpants because she couldn’t find non-stretch garments that could cover her grandiloquent backside. Even now, her leggings didn’t come up all the way and left the top portion of her butt cheeks bare; they peeked out from over the fraying waistband like a pair of waxing moons. Jen was so overweight that she didn’t walk; she moved with a thick rolling waddle like a penguin and the constant jiggle of her titanically tubby tush meant that her pants were always sliding down to reveal more and more butt crack if she wasn’t careful.

“Er… thanks but… I’ll pass.” She glanced over at the Pizza-by-the-Pound counter, noticing that there was blonde girl about Jen’s size working the cash register. Gloria didn’t see her sister Maggie back there. Was she working today? Maybe not? Gloria hesitated to order any pizza in the off-chance that Maggie was working today. Almost every nice, Gloria had to listen to her sister complain about having to work with a fatass like Alice… as well as having to see Laurie and Jen at school. She knew that Maggie would not approve of her modeling her own eating habits after Jen’s.

“I really shouldn’t eat something so greasy,” said Gloria. She put her hand to the side of her face, running her fingers over the bulbous zits that studded her face. “It kinda messes with my complexion…”

“What?” Jen blinked stupidly before swallowing another mouthful of pizza. “Like, is that the only problem? Like, that’s nothing! I used to have sooo much acne, but, like, then I found a beauty regimen that works so good that I, like, never get zits any more. I’ll totally show you and then you can enjoy pizza too!”

Gloria was aghast. Considering Jen’s awful greasy fatty diet, it was a miracle that her skin was so smooth! This beauty regimen must be something incredible!

“Heh… well, gee… I guess you’ll have to show me sometime.”

“Yeah, like, don’t you worry at all, Gloria. We’ll definitely make sure that you’re presenting the right face for the cheer squad. Like, when you’re out on the field, you’re not just cheering for, like, yourself. You represent the whole school! So, like, it’s really important that you put your best face on!” Jen crammed the rest of her slice between her lips and reached for a second. “Like, we’ll have to do something about that hair too… and those glasses…”

Gloria immediately felt self-conscious about her frizzy hair and coke-bottle glasses, but, at the same time, it gave her sudden dizzy thrill to hear Jen’s promise that she was going to get a total make-over. Gloria had never felt pretty before – she knew that she looked like a nerd and didn’t have any illusions that her pimple puss would attract any attention – but maybe… maybe Jen could help become pretty? Or at least presentable?

Gloria cleared her throat. As much as she wanted to talk about that, there was something else that was weighing even more heavily on her mind. “So…. Jen, last time we talked, you said that, well, Laurie was the, ahem, boobs of the squad and you were the, ahem, butt… I was thinking…. Um… maybe…like…. Do you think you could use a back-up butt?”

Jen swallowed her pizza and blinked dumbly.

“I mean, I’d never be able to measure up to you, of course,” said Gloria quickly. She could feel her cheeks blushing. What a stupid thing to say! Damn, she had probably just insulted Jen and blown her whole cheer squad career! Stupid, stupid, stupid!!

“Like, that’s a great idea!” blurted Jen.

“It is?”

“Um, yeah, of course! Like, the butt is the most important position on the squad… she needs to be, like, ballast for cheer pyramids and stuff! But, like, what if I’m totally sick one day or something? Like, there’s no one who can take my place! But, like, if YOU think you could…. Um…”

Gloria nodded. She suspected that Jen was exaggerating the importance of a bottom-heavy bottom for a cheer pyramid because of her own biases. Jen WOULD think that a big behind would be really important simply because of her OWN big behind. Jen was still talking, but Gloria was too mesmerized by the width of Jen’s hips to pay much attention to anything that she said.

Jen’s enormous rear was spread across two chairs yet there was still ample booty blubber spilling over the sides. Gloria could tell by the way that Jen squirmed in her seat as she talked that she couldn’t be comfortable. Jen really shouldn’t be sitting like that, thought Gloria as she suddenly noticed that Jen had one chair beneath each cheek but nothing in between. Gloria was suddenly worried that, with all that massive weight of her giant blubbery body bearing down with nothing to support her asshole, Jen could very well suffer a sudden prolapse! Gloria jumped to her feet, grabbed a chair, and silently shoved it toward Jen.

“Oh, like, thanks,” said Jen, rising slightly and sliding her rear over so that she was balanced across all three chairs. Gloria nodded, her eyes still glued to the pear-shaped porker’s prodigiously plump posterior.

Jen craned her neck to catch a glimpse of Gloria’s backside as Gloria returned to her seat. Jen frowned. Gloria definitely had a little bit of meat in her seat; even sitting down, Jen could see how the Latina girl’s hips and thighs spread out across her seat to fill the stitches of her white jeans. But Gloria’s rear was downright flat compared to Jen’s!

“Like, you’re not nearly as plump in the rump as I am,” said Jen, a sudden confidence swelling in her breast as she said it. “But, like, I guess you could still fill that role…”

“I know I’m not as… bootilicious as you, Jen,” said Gloria, lowering her voice for fear that someone else in this foot court might hear her utter the embarrassingly basic world “bootilicious.” “But I could…. I could change. I’m… eager to learn!”

Jen scratched her head. “Like, Gloria, are you saying what I think you’re saying? Like, you want to grow an ass like mine?”

“Ummmm… maybe? I mean… it’s not… uncomfortable being so, uh, thick?” asked Gloria.

“Thick? Like, no way! I do what I wanna do and, like, if I like to eat, then I eat! It’s, like, great. I mean, everyone knows me. I’m famous for being super thick and, like, it’s good to always be in the spotlight! Besides, like my boyfriend really loves it. He is a total butt man. You know he calls me his “big booty cutie” on account of all this fluff?” Jen arched her back and smacked her triumphant rear for emphasis.

“Um, like, don’t ever tell anyone that it’s not good to be thick.” Jen winked conspiratorially. “Like, for one thing, it totally makes sex sooo much better. Like, when you’re this big, sometimes it’s hard to move enough during sex, so your man has to give you a hand. I just love it when Craig puts his hands under by butt and gives it a lift!”

Gloria blushed at Jen’s TMI confession. But she couldn’t deny that it really gave her something to think about.

“Your boyfriend… likes it?”

Jen giggled. “Like, ALL boys like it! Don’t let them tell you otherwise, hun.”

“They do?” Gloria was surprised. Her own ample derriere had never netted her that kind of attention.

“Well, like, it’s one thing to have a big ass,” said Jen. “It’s another thing to be bootilicious. Like, it’s all about attitude and style. But, like, don’t worry… it’s my job to train you and, like, that’s what I’m gonna do! When I’m done with you, you’re gonna be a total knockout bombshell!”

“Um… and my…?” Gloria gulped nervously, unable to say the word but she motioned to her butt and pantomimed expansion with her hands.

“Like, of course! That’s the most important part! Like, I’ll show you exactly how to get some curves to die for. And, like, that reminds me: Next time I see you, I’ll bring you some of the special anti-cellulite cream I use. It’s totally a life-saver!”

“Oh, I’ve never had to worry about cellulite before….”

Jen laughed. “Gloria, sweetie, you’re in a whole new world now… welcome to Jen’s butt-building workout!”

Jen leaned back in her chair and tapped her pearly white teeth thoughtfully with a manicured finger. “Like, I don’t know if you could, like, get as big as me,” said Jen, shifting her weight across her multiple chairs and pausing as they creaked loudly. “Like, what can I say? I’ve just, like, got good genes. Not everyone is as lucky as me!”

“But… it’s not all genes, is it?” piped up Gloria, pointedly watching Jen scarf yet another pizza slice.

“What? Like, no, I work hard at it too… And, like, I bet, with some training, we could really, like, pump up your rump too. Maybe not as much as mine, but enough that you’ll REALLY turn the boys’ heads.”

For a glorious moment, Gloria was lost in thought. She imagined herself swelling up with fat until she was as big as Jen… her breasts inflating in front of her until her shoulder straps dug into her flesh, until her back clasp broke under the strain, until the seams of her top split and her newly plumpened tits burst out free, jiggling in the open air. She imagined her belly suddenly bloating forward, busting the button on her jeans and forcing her zipper to slide down, rolling over the waistband of her panties and spilling into her lap like a great blubbery avalanche. She imagined her face, round and full like a majestic full moon, her chin doubled, her cheeks puffy and feminine. And most of all, she imagined her butt ballooning into two round, chubby hemispheres of soft feminine flesh, tearing the seat of her pants and overflowing the confines of her chair. The overall image was surprisingly vivid; in her mind’s eye, Gloria was as plush and plump as a fertility goddess, a big buxom bloated bootilicious Venus of Willendorf heifer. She had never felt so beautiful or so feminine! No one would ever ignore her again if she looked like that.

“Damn,” whispered Gloria under her breath.

“Hmm? What’s that?” Jen looked up.

“Um nothing! I was just saying… uh… it’s been great,” said Gloria. “Good talking to you, Jen.” Her mind was made up. How could she be expected to spend time with Jen and NOT be insanely jealous of that luscious bottom? It was unfair! Gloria would have to be careful to hide her plan from her disapproving older sister, but she was determined that, by the time that Jen graduated, she would be wide enough in the hips and round enough in the rump to replace Jen as the squad’s most prominent backside.

“Thanks for meeting with me, Jen,” said Gloria, standing up and pushing her chair in. “I really need to be going but… you’ve given me a lot to think about.”

Jen nodded and swallowed a mouthful of pizza. “Like, totally! Let’s get together before next practice… I’ll show you my hair and skin care routine. Oh! And we should totally go shopping to get you some contacts so you don’t have to worry about losing your glasses when you’re doing, like cartwheels or whatever.”

Jen watched Gloria leave, a faint smile on her dimbulb face. She was excited to get started! She couldn’t believe that she had a real live protegee! For two long, Laurie had made it her business to train every new recruit to the squad, but now Jen finally had the chance to mold the next generation of cheerleader! Even better, Gloria seemed really eager to follow in Jen’s footsteps. She was stoked to think that Gloria might someday actually take over her spot on the squad after Jen had graduated and left high school cheerleading far behind. Hmm… speaking of behinds, though, she was going to have to actually think of a real routine to help Gloria build up that itty bitty booty of hers. Jen was naturally inclined to be bottom-heavy and her hearty appetite and Sarovy genes meant that she never had to worry about her butt not being big enough… it just grew on its own whether she intended for it to or not! But Gloria might not be so lucky; the poor girl would probably have to work much harder than Jen ever did. Jen would need to come up with a real patented Jen Sarovy rump-plumpin’ routine if she was going to help Gloria achieve the dream of the perfect pear shape!

Jen looked down at her empty plate. She frowned. She had just eaten basically an entire large pizza all by herself, but that was hardly enough to satisfy Jen’s increasingly ravenous appetite. Jen had transformed into such a greedy fatso that she basically had to eat constantly to keep her belly satisfied. She ran a pudgy hand over the arc of her bulging gut, tight and swollen with her large meal under a thick layer of blubber. She could go for a little more… Maybe just one more slice… Or two… or three…

“Um, like, maybe Alice will let me have another for free? I should totally ask…” Jen muttered as she heaved herself to her feet and then plopped her ass down hard onto the seat of her mobility scooter. It was only a couple hundred feet over to the Pizza-by-the-Pound kiosk, but, now that Jen actually HAD a mobility scooter, she intended to make full use of it. She nearly squealed out loud – a high-pitched noise that sounded as piggish as the girl who made it – as she contemplated a life where she never needed to walk again. How delightful! She shifted her ass in the seat, frowning as she found that she couldn’t adjust herself into any position where at least half of her fat butt wasn’t hanging over the edge. Oh well, what could ya do? Ignoring the lack of booty support, Jen grabbed the handle of the scooter to give it some gas and the vehicle sputtered to life. Jen slowly maneuvered it around and puttered it over to the Pizza-by-the-Pound counter, where Alice was waiting.

“Heeeey Alice!” gushed Jen as she approached the counter, pulling on the brake to her scooter and making the vehicle stop short. Her whole body sloshed as she gradually came to a stop.

Alice smiled. She was just as fat as Jen, although far less bottom-heavy. Alice was a belly gainer, which put a lot of strain on the seams of her work shirt and pants.

“I was wondering, like, do you think you could do me a solid? Like, I just had a pizza BUT I am, like, soooo hungry. Like, one pizza? I mean, for real? Is that really enough for a growing girl?” Jen grinned and patted her distended gut for emphasis; she really didn’t care at all that she was growing so round and fat from overindulgence. She just loved eating too much to care! She was utterly shameless in her gluttony.

“Um, I’m afraid I can’t spot you any more free pizza today, Jen,” said Alice. “My manager’s gonna start to notice and she’s… kind of a bitch, ya know?”

Jen nodded. “Oh yeah, totally, I gotcha. I’ll just, lie, buy another slice then.” Jen reached into her top, fishing between her boobs until she found what she was looking for: her sweat-stained wallet. She quickly counted out some cash and slapped it on the counter.

“Like, gimmie another slice of pepperoni. No, make that two. Yeah, that’s good.”

As Alice cut some pizza, Jen continued to talk: ”Like, your manager is Maggie, right?”

“Yup.”

“Um, yeah, I was meeting here with Gloria, you know the new member of the cheer squad? Ya know he’s Maggie’s little sister!”

“Really? Ha, that’s funny!”

“Laurie told me to train her and, like, I think she’s got some real potential. She’s really eager to get started!”

Alice smiled. “That’s great, Jen.”

“The meeting didn’t go as long as I thought it would…. My mom made me bring my little sister Jesse along cuz she needed to do some shopping. Now I just gotta kill some time til Jesse finishes and gets back…”

“Hmm,” said Alice.

“Are you okay, Alice? You’re acting, like, weird…”

“Oh, nothing. It’s nothing.”

Jen crossed her arms across her chest. “Um, like, Alice, you are totally my bestie and I can tell when something is bothering you. Like, I’m not dumb, ya know? Are you still worrying about that thing Jesse said?”

Alice bit her lip. “Um, maybe? I know it’s dumb… but… I dunno why it just keeps playing in my head when I think of her…”

“Oh that thing that Jesse said about how, if you keep eating like this, one day you’re gonna burst? That’s so dumb. Like, I probably eat even more than you and, like, I’m still here!”

“Ummmm…”

“But, like, even if Jesse is right, so what?” Jen shrugged. “I, like, love to eat and, like, why should I deny myself? Like, I’m gonna live how I wanna. Jesse can, like, go screw herself! Like, think about it: She says that I’m gonna explode someday from eating too much. Like, so what? If that’s true, like, so… I’m gonna explode anyway, so, like, I might as well enjoy the trip, ya know?”

Alice stared at the pizza slices on the counter in front of her, her eyes next flicking down at the grand, beachball-sized belly resting in her plush lap. Did she dare join Jen on this journey into absolute gluttony? Just give up all pretense of restraint and live life in complete surrender to constant, sinful indulgence? She was already way bigger than she had any right to be – over 500 pounds of pure, soft, heavy blubber insulating her teenage frame – but if she really let herself go… there was no telling how big she would get before the end. Was it really inevitable that she would just get bigger and bigger until she finally ate one bite too many and just burst?

“Like, c’mon, Alice, you should stop worrying so much,” said Jen, a big grin on her wide round face. “Like, if I’m gonna bust, I wanna do it with my bestie!”

“I’m your bestie?”

“Sure! I mean, you and Laurie are my best friends… but, like, you’re my less bitchy friend.” Jen giggled and winked, squeezing Alice’s hand in her own.

“Well…in that case…”

“Like, c’mon, Alice, enjoy yourself! Live a little! We totally deserve to have a little fun before we, like, ya know… totally burst.”

Alice didn’t honestly believe it was possible to explode from overeating, though, if that were going to happen to anyone, Alice and Jen were definitely prime candidates. Jen was such a total bimbo, though, that she seemed to believe it was something that could actually happen… and she was still totally unconcerned! She couldn’t think about anything other than her immediate pleasure and, as long as the threat of detonation was somewhere in the nebulous distant future, she was happy to keep stuffing her fat face for as long as she could!

“Anyway, like, something to think about,” said Jen as she plucked the pepperoni slice off the counter. “Thanks for the pizza!”

“Yeah… thanks, Jen.”

“Like, besides, you know there are advantages to being big, right, Alice? I was just, like, telling Gloria about how much Craig enjoys all these curves. Like, I gotta beat him with a stick or he’d, like, wanna make love allll day long! I mean, of course, he’s always been horny for me, but, like, I swear our sex life just keeps getting’ better the more this booty grows!”

She shifted her ass in the seat of her scooter, the small vehicle groaning under Jen’s prodigious bulk. She wasn’t anywhere near the scooter’s official carrying capacity, but she was really putting it through its paces! The problem was that Jen wasn’t just fat, she was also extraordinarily lazy… so she was using her scooter for much more than it was intended… She loved to plop her ever-expanding melon-sized cheeks onto the scooter for even a short trip to the bathroom or the refridgerator! The other two cheer blimps were slightly less prone to use their scooters for such minor treks, Alice because she was still slightly embarrassed to be seen on hers and Laurie because she was way too haughty to be caught slumming it like that!

“Like ohhh my Gawd, let me tell you,” bubbled Jen, oblivious to Alice’s discomfort as she chatted away about her supersized sex life. “After Craig comes over, he fucks me so hard that, like, I can barely walk! That boy is, like, an animal. It’s a good thing I, like, just wear stretch pants these days cuz my fat pussy is so raw and tender afterwards that, like, I wouldn’t be able to zip any pants! But, like, not like I’m complaining! Cuz damn, it’s so good to get fucked good and hard, like, ya know?”

“Um… yeah. I kinda know what you mean. Tyler is the same way. He really likes me big and I’ve noticed that he definitely gets excited the bigger I am. You and Laurie are lucky, you store all your fat in the right places. I just keep everything here.” Alice grabbed her sagging gut with both hands and shook the heavy load of blubber for emphasis. It was hanging out of her work shirt and, for once, she was glad that Maggie wasn’t around. Her supervisor definitely would have read her the riot act if she had seen Alice busting out of her work uniform like this!

“Like, so what? You still look good. Everyone likes a big girl. Doesn’t matter where she stores it, that just adds variety,” said Jen, biting into her pizza and chewing vigorously. “Like Craig always says: It’s just more cushion for the pushin’!”

“Yeah, I used to worry,” said Alice, “But Tyler really seems to… like it? And… and…” Alice cleared her throat, a little embarrassed to say it out loud but emboldened by Jen’s over-willingness to share. “When we have sex, Tyler has to help me move… I mean, I’m just too fat and heavy to do it on my own these days? But honestly… I kind of like it? I mean, I love when he has to lift my belly to enter me… It just feels so good to have his hands all over my body like that…”

Alice blushed at the memory of her last love making, remembering the sensation of Tyler’s busy hands pressing into the butter-soft blubber of her big squishy belly, feeling her wobbling flesh ooze tightly between his fingers. She shook her head. Damnit, Alice! Focus! Don’t think about that, not while you’ve got an audience! Alice’s memory was starting to make her horny and she could feel herself starting to get wet inside her tight workpants. How embarrassing! She made a mental note, though, that she ought to call Tyler and invite him over when they were both off work… She wouldn’t mind a little rendezvous!

“Yeah! Same!” squealed Jen. “Like I was telling Gloria, it totally drives me wild when Craig lifts up my ass during sex! Oh man, it just, like, makes me want to melt when my man shows some TLC to this big ol’ booty.”

As Jen bit into the slice again, dribbling molten cheese down her pudgy double chin, Alice noticed a short plump figure carrying a plastic bag full of clothes walking toward them. It was Jen’s little sister Jesse! Apparently, she was finally done with her clothes shopping… and by the disgusted look on her face, she was NOT happy to catch Jen stuffing her face like that!

Jesse frowned as she caught sight of her older sister, hanging out by the counter of Pizza-by-the-Pound. Of coure! Even though they lived together and Jesse had watched her sister slowly balloon over the course of the last year until she tipped the scales at over 500 pounds, Jesse sometimes still couldn’t believe just how big Jen had grown! And, what was worse, Jen simply didn’t seem to care! Right now, Jen was perched atop her scooter, her enormous rear spilling over the sides of the seat and over the hem of her over-burdened spandex leggings. How had Jen actually finagled her way into getting a mobility scooter? Wondered Jesse. It was absurd! Sure, Jen was definitely fat enough to qualify for a scooter, but really was it the wisest thing? What doctor would agree that Jen should be allowed to ride around and actually get less exercise? The small amount of waddling that Jen did around the house was probably the only exercise that she got at all and now she wouldn’t even be getting that! Yet she was still gobbling calories just as fast as ever… Jesse shuddered to think about where this would all lead. She could only imagine a future where Jen’s out-of-control appetite finally caught up with her and she blimped into a helpless, bed-bound blob! Jesse was not looking forward to that, especially because she had an awful feeling that her parents would press her into helping take care of her sister then… and probably help feed her too! Was there any doubt now as to why Jesse felt the need to constantly remind her sister of her burgeoning waistline with cutting remarks and sarcastic comments?

“Okay, fatso, I’m done,” said Jesse, “Jeez, are you still eating? I thought you just said you were gonna meet with your friend Gloria…”

Jen hiccupped loudly, her bloated paunch bouncing in her lap. “Oh, yeah, we, like, finished early… so I was just having, like, a second lunch with Alice…”

“A second lunch?!” Jesse slapped her forehead. “You gotta be kidding me! You two never stop eating!”

Jen shrugged.

“I swear to God, one of these days you two are just gonna…”

“Like, what? Pop?” Jen chuckled at Jesse’s stunned expression. “Like, so what? We’re gonna enjoy ourselves while we can. And, like, if you don’t like it, you can just keep your nasty opinions to yourself. Like, you need to stop bringing us down, Jesse!”

“Jen! I’m just saying it for your own good!”

“Well, like, you can just wait, Jesse. I’m busy with Alice right now.”

“But…but…but…!”

“Not buts about it!” said Jen. Jesse couldn’t help but think how ironic it was to hear that phrase come out of Jen’s mouth. There was more than enough butt about her!

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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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