Alice 105  
By Mollycoddles

“I’m in the market for a new scooter,” huffed Laurie, scanning the showroom stock with her little piggy eyes.

After a moment of silence, she snapped her fingers. “Hello? A little service here, please?”

Jerry stared at this young woman with a combination of shock and awe. She was, by far, the biggest person that he had ever seen! She was absolutely massive, overflowing the inadequate scooter in all directions. Her flabby love handles slopped over the armrests, so that she could barely manipulate the joystick with her pudgy little sausage fingers without bumping it into her fleshy flanks. Her belly was bigger than a fully inflated beach ball, a massive quivering orb of flesh that filled her lap and spilled out over her legs to her fat-swaddled knees. Her breasts were enormous, so big that they stretched the limits of her straining shift dress and forcing her to leave the top few buttons open. The rest of the buttons marched down her front, gaps revealing the white fabric of a monster brassiere and the pink flesh of her belly. Her turgid arms and bloated legs looked more like hippopotamus limbs than anything human and her face was ringed with a pillowy double chin that had completely consumed her neck. This girl was so obscenely fat that he could hear the scooter struggling beneath her monumental weight as it trundled through the store.

“What? Oh sure, sure, of course,” said Jerry absently. Who was this girl? This was insane. He remembered back to that time, only a few months ago now, that those two incredibly fat girls had come to his store to buy mobility scooters. What were their names? Oh right – Alice and Jen. He could picture them perfectly in his mind – Alice the round blimp with blonde hair and a big swollen belly and Jen the pear-shaped porker with the brunette ponytail and the massively wide ass. He remembered how the two girls had gushed over the mobility scooters on display, talking about how excited they were to be able to finally give up walking. Give up walking! Jerry couldn’t conceive of their thought process. Those two girls didn’t NEED mobility scooters. They were perfectly capable of walking under their own power. But instead, they were so lazy that they wanted to give up walking and live an easy life of just rolling around in a scooter. Jerry had hesitated to complete the sale. The commission was good, yeah, but… he felt vaguely guilty about the whole thing. He knew those two girls were only going to balloon even more if they gave up what little exercise they got from walking! How could he live with that on his conscience? Well… in the end, he made the sale. He occasionally wondered about them, but he consoled himself with thinking that, whatever the consequences of their lazy lifestyle, at least he wouldn’t have to see them.

He couldn’t say that anymore.

This new girl? Now she was big enough that she definitely needed a scooter.

“My friends got me this scooter from your store, but, as you can see, it’s clearly not up to the task,” snapped Laurie as she shifted her weight in her seat for emphasis. “I was just at home yesterday and it completely collapsed! Just shoddy production, I’d say.”

That’s not shoddy production, thought Jerry, you’re just too fat! He recognized the model of Laurie’s scooter, even though her bulk sagged over it to the point that it was mostly hidden from sight. He could tell that the poor thing was busted and mangled beyond repair and, to be perfectly honest, he was shocked that it was still mobile at all! It looked like it was on its last legs.

“So you’re currently riding the Fleet Roller 3000, which is designed to carry up to 500 pounds,” said Jerry.

“Ugh!” Laurie rolled her eyes, her chubby cheeks jiggling. “Typical! I can’t believe Jen and Alice would give me the crappy low end model like that! Well, I can believe it. Those girls… I love them, but they simply have no concept of my magnificence. A girl of my dimensions clearly needs something a little more heavy-duty, isn’t that right, Jerry?”

Jerry nodded dumbly. Well, if he could say one thing about this girl… at least she wasn’t in denial about her size!

“Your… friends bought you this scooter?” Of course. Of course, Jen and Alice were behind this! He vaguely remembered that they had talked about buying a scooter for a friend, he just hadn’t expected to ever meet that friend… or to find out that “that friend” was even BIGGER than Jen and Alice!

Or rather, bigger than Jen and Alice had been. He had to remind himself that he hadn’t seen those two hefty hoggettes in months. For all he knew, they might be even fatter now. Unreal!

“Yes. Sweet girls, but please… I need something that can take 620 pounds. At least. I am a growing girl, after all.” She grinned a knowing smile at him. Jerry didn’t know what to make of it.

“Um… well, then you might try the Hall Weasel 2000,” said Jerry absently. “That can support up to 600 pounds…”

“You’re not listening, sweetie,” interrupted Laurie testily. “I’m already 620 fucking pounds. My fat ass will crush that thing like a tin can. Show me something that can take 700 pounds. No, better make that 800.”

I’ll show you something that can lift half a ton, thought Jerry, but if this bitch can’t control herself, she’ll probably outgrow that too!

“In that case, you’ll probably want the Hall Weasel 8000,” said Jerry. “That’s our toughest model. It can hold up to a half ton. It’s the best there is. If it can’t handle a job, then a job… can’t be handled.”

“Perfect,” purred Laurie, wiggling her chubby fingers in anticipation. “That sounds like exactly what I need. Jerry, give me a hand, would you?”

The girl groaned and grunted as she struggled to raise herself from her seat, her hands clutching at the hand rests for support.

“Give me… a hand…!” wheezed Laurie. Her face and visible cleavage were already turning red from the strain. She wasn’t used to standing on her own; usually she either had her friends Alice and Jen or her lovers Frank and Abida around to help her. This was the first time in who knew how long that she had attempted to stand solely under her own power!

Jerry frowned. He did NOT want to get involved in this. But Laurie shot him a fierce look that immediately told him that he had no choice. She was going to absolutely pitch the biggest fit if he didn’t help her to her feet.

“Okay… um… just hold on…”

Jerry took Laurie’s pudgy hand in his.

“That’s not gonna do anything,” snapped Laurie. “My hands aren’t the problem. Come over here and grab me here, I need support under my balcony.”

Jerry gulped and blushed. He was a red-blooded male and he normally wouldn’t say no to an opportunity to get so up close and personal with a massively endowed hottie, even one as outrageously overstuffed as Laurie. But he was on the clock, he had to stay professional!

“Um… okay.” Gingerly, he placed his hands against Laurie’s sides, his fingers sinking deep into her spongy flanks.

“Okay now, we’ll heave together, okay? On three. One. Two. Three.”

Jerry heaved with all his might. He was trying his best to avoid grabbing anything sordid – he didn’t want to risk a lawsuit – but Laurie was nearly all boobs! No matter where he put his hands on her soft, plush body, he couldn’t keep from brushing against her magnificent bosom. He could feel the soft, warm flesh of her ample balcony pressing against his arms, her bust easing in and out with her rattling breaths.

“Come on… lift… you can do it! Ugh!”

Jerry didn’t expect that she could do it, but somehow she did… This colossally overfed heifer rose to her feet, stumbling slightly (Jerry caught his breath in his throat for a second when he thought Laurie might tumble forward and crush him under her bulk), but ultimately standing up.

Jerry stepped back, panting from the strain. He was so out of shape! He used to lift weights in his youth, but attempting to lift Laurie just reminded him of how long ago that was…

Laurie flashed a pearly smile, her chubby cheeks dimpling and her double chin wobbling.

“Thank you, Jerry, you’re such a sweetheart. Sometimes a ga just needs a little extra help, ya know?”

“Sure… sure…”

Laurie stood before him in all her bloated glory. He could tell that this girl must have been a knockout when she was thinner – she still radiated the classic arrogant confidence that had long made her a force to be reckoned with in the San Hermanos High cheer world and her fiery eyes, long raven locks and perfectly painted red lips still signaled that she always got her way – but… damn, she was faaaat. Her dress was supposed to be full-length, but so much of the material was pulled taut by her boobs and belly that the dress hem barely even reached her fleshy knees. Her chest heaved as she gasped to regain her breath from the laborious attempt at standing, the tightly straining buttons quivering against their fleshy load. Damn, a girl this massive should not be wearing anything with buttons. This hog was either absurdly confident of her curves and determined to show off every bulge and roll… or she was absolutely delusional! Maybe both.

He watched as Laurie waddled the short distance over to the Hall Weasel 8000, her entire overfilled frame jiggling wildly with every plodding, thundering step. It didn’t take much for a girl that big to start jiggling! Ripples flowed through her butter-soft blubber, her knee bumping the hang of her gut with every step and sending new waves through her belly. It was almost hypnotic to watch! Her breasts bounced against the shelf of her belly with such force that he almost expected to see them erupt from her dress, blasting buttons all over the room. But somehow, miraculously, her outfit held on, hugging the outrageous swells of her bosom and belly tightly but never splitting. Jerry braced himself for the impact as Laurie dumped her wide ass into the bucket seat of the Hall Weasel 8000. Despite his promises that it could tolerate up to a half ton of pressure, he half expected to see it buckle beneath Laurie as she dropped her full weight down upon it. The scooter shook slightly from the impact, but it didn’t break. Jerry breathed a sigh of relief.

“Hmm, not bad, Jerry,” said Laurie, scooching her butt in the bucket seat. Jerry could see that the seat wasn’t designed for someone as wide as Laurie and her bottom was already sagging over the edges. “This definitely feels a lot sturdier than my old one.”

Jerry glanced over at Laurie’s abandoned scooter. Jesus Christ. It was a wreck. How mad she even managed to get it here in one piece? He had visions of the poor little thing huffing and puffing as it struggled to haul Laurie’s fat ass across the mall common area. It was absolutely destroyed. There was no way that Laurie would be able to get home on that thing so, considering that she was clearly too fat to walk more than a few feet, this sale was as good as done.

“How much does this cost?” asked Laurie, shoving at the joystick so that the scooter lurched back and forth. Jerry watched in awe. Laurie’s body shape was severely front-loaded, her watermelon-sized breasts and globular gut forcing her to lean back in her chair so that she didn’t tip forward and fall on her face. Jerry wondered how old that dress was, because Laurie clearly was not updating her wardrobe frequently enough. Her dress was tight enough that he could see the outline of her bra – he couldn’t even begin to fathom what cup size this billowing beauty queen might be – through the fabric. He just hoped that he could complete this sale and get rid of her before she busted out of her clothes completely.

“It’s $5000,” said Jerry. He remembered that the high price of the luxury models had deterred Alice and Jen from purchasing one, instead forcing them to buy a cheaper economy model that clearly was not up to the task.

“I’ll take it,” said Laurie.

“I’m… sorry? You’ll take it?”

Laurie gazed at him levelly. “Did I stutter?”

“No, I… I’ll get the paperwork.”

Jerry was stunned. He couldn’t believe this feminine fatso was just gonna drop five grand on a new scooter! Then again… what choice did she have? She obviously needed something to lug her heavy hinder home and this was the only game in town. She had let herself get so big that none of the cheaper model could carry her.

As Jerry retrieved the paperwork, Laurie sat back in her seat. $5000 was a lot of money. Fuck it. She could afford it. Her website was pulling in BANK. Only recently, Laurie had decided that she didn’t want to keep her body to herself anymore. The fat-positive cheer routine that she and her fellow cheerleaders Alice and Jen had done before the big high school game several weeks ago had gone viral, resulting in so much thirsty attention that Laurie was convinced that there were plenty of people out there who would pay to see more of her luxurious curves. And she was right. With the help of Abida and Frank, Laurie had filmed a few videos. Nothing special, just typical stuffing videos. Typical for her. Laurie was addicted to food, addicted to eating, addicted to the delicious overstuffed-to-bursting feeling that came after one of her increasingly frequent binges, addicted to always growing bigger, bigger, bigger… So it was a no brainer. Frank shoved donuts and eclairs into her mouth and poured heavy whipping cream down her throat while Abida worked the camera… Immediately, guys were signing up for her website, downloading her videos, showering her with money and all that Laurie had to do was to sit back and grow, grow, grow. So, yeah, she could afford to indulge a little. Wasn’t this a business expense, anyway? Laurie considered it. She was technically a business woman now, wasn’t she? So it should count.

In any case, in only a few days, she would be appearing on the Nikki Lake show. That same viral cheer performance had attracted the attention of the show’s producer, who had invited the girls to come on air for a live taping. Laurie couldn’t very well roll up in a busted scooter now, could she? No, she had to make a proper entrance in a royal chariot befitting a porked up princess like herself.

Her stomach grumbled at her. Damn. She was hungry. Well, of course she was. It was almost 11 am and she hadn’t eaten for at least an hour. That was an eternity to Laurie. Most days, she never stopped eating, so any pause in her life-long gorging quest constituted an unacceptable famine. She sighed wistfully to herself. She would have to stop by the mall food court before heading home. She wished that Frank and Abida were here to feed her, but a few slices of food court pizza would do in a pinch…

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People were staring. Of course they were. Well. Let them look.

Laurie was used to turning heads. When she was slimmer, everyone noticed that busty raven-haired bombshell when she passed, her easy confidence and dynamite body attracting notice. As she had gained weight, the attention had gradually changed. Now that she was over 600 pounds, people stared at her in awe and fascination. And now? Now people were excited to see her, recognizing her as “that girl with the big boobs from the cheerleader chunkers!” She could hear people whispering about it as she rolled her brand new scooter through the mall, toward the food court.

Pizza sounded good. Pizza-by-the-Pound was right there. Was Frank working today? She couldn’t remember. She grinned to herself. I’ll bet he would love a visit from his sexy girlfriend at work now, wouldn’t he? She pushed the joystick and the scooter rolled up to the counter.

Maggie stood behind the counter. Maggie was the surly Latina manager of Pizza-by-the-Pound, the girl who technically bossed around Frank – as well as Tyler and Alice – when they were on shift.

“Hello Maggie,” said Laurie. “Fancy seeing you here.”

“Laurie.” Maggie couldn’t help but stare. Of course, she knew that the famous Laurie Belmontes had absolutely blimped into obesity. She had been there in the audience for the famous cheerleader chunkers routine. But seeing her up close? It really drove home that Laurie had completely exploded into a blob of flesh.

“Is Frank here today?”

“No. Hey. How’s my sister doing?”

Laurie raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“My sister. Gloria.”

“Oh… she’s acceptable.” Now Laurie remembered! She had cut a deal with Maggie a while back. Maggie liked to bully Laurie’s friend Alice, who also worked at Pizza-by-the-Pound, but Maggie’s little sister Gloria dreamed of being on the cheer squad. So in exchange for Maggie laying off of Alice, Laurie had agreed to pull some strings to get Gloria on the team. So far, Gloria had proven to be a dedicated and enthusiastic addition to the team. But Laurie didn’t want to admit that to this bitch. “But, poor thing, she tries her best. Don’t worry, I’m sure we’ll be able to mold her into a proper cheerleader in time.”

“Uh huh. You know, I can’t help but notice… Gloria’s sure… how should I say this… packed on a few since she started working with you guys.”

Laurie raised an eyebrow. “Oh? And what are you saying?”

Laurie knew exactly what the problem was. She had put Jen in charge of Gloria’s training. Jen prided herself on being the squad’s resident “booty girl,” standing firm in her belief that every cheer squad needed one girl who was exceptionally gifted in the tushie. Gloria apparently held to that same belief. Now Jen was grooming Gloria to replace Jen as the squad’s big badonker after she graduated.

“Nothing, I just…”

“That’s right. Nothing.” Laurie pointed a stubby finger at Maggie and snarled: “We had a deal. You lay off Alice, I get Gloria on the squad. That’s it. Don’t forget it. Is Gloria complaining about her weight?”

“No,” said Maggie. “Actually, she seems pretty happy with it.”

“Then it’s none of your fucking business, is it?”  
  
“No… I guess not…”  
  
“Good.” Laurie’s eyes flicked to the menu. “Now gimmie a pepperoni and a mushroom.”

“Okay, two slices…”

“Not slices. Pies.”

Maggie paused. Then she shrugged. “Yeah, of course, why not.”

“And these are free, of course?”

“What?! Oh come on!”

“Free for the famous cheerleader chunker?” said Laurie sweetly. “Maybe if you’re nice to me I’ll even mention your little restaurant on air when I appear on Nikki Lake. And maybe if you’re not, I’ll see that Gloria has a much harder time staying on the team, understand?”

Maggie grimaced but she nodded. “Fine, whatever. I’ll get you your pizzas.”

“See that you do.”

After receiving her pizzas, Laurie scooted her way to the nearest table. She placed the boxes on the table and briefly wondered, am I actually going to do this? Am I going to eat two pizzas? It was nothing out of the ordinary for Laurie. She regularly ate more during a normal Friday night sleepover with her best friends Jen and Alice. But she wasn’t at home, she was in public. Was she really going to gorge herself in full view of everyone?

She grinned. What a stupid question. Of course she was!

She flipped open the first box and pulled off a slice, shoving it in her mouth. Mmmm greasy cheesy goodness! Her enormous belly began to gurgle anew, louder than ever as if it could anticipate the feast to come. Oh yes, sweetie, I’m gonna feed you, thought Laurie as she patted the curve of her bloated middle with her free hand. Mama’s gonna take good care of you. You hungry, baby? Ooo Mama’s gonna make sure you get plenty to eat. Laurie scarfed down the first slice in less than a minute and reached for another. People around the court were whispering and pointing. Some doubtless were in awe to see a famous cheerleader chunker in person, but others were just surprised to see a fat girl unabashedly stuffing her face in public. Laurie didn’t care. She loved the attention! She felt the hunger in her belly gradually subside as she mowed her way through the pizza, the gnawing need slowly being replaced by a feeling of satisfied warmth… She could feel her belly filling up and filling out, pushing forward on her thighs, tumbling over her lap. Between her legs, her plump pussy tingled. Gawd, this made her so horny… She was SUCH a freak these days, who else got off just from binge eating? No wonder she was turning into such a cow! And she loved it, she couldn’t get enough of it. Gawd, let people stare, let people take pictures of her with their cell phones, she hoped that her image would be plastered all over the net. She imagined all the rude things that people would say about her, every nasty fat joke and disgusted barb, and it only made her hotter, made her hungrier, made her want to gorge more, more, more… She was starting on the second pizza now and not even breaking stride.. She wanted, no, needed more food! She wouldn’t be satisfied until she was so obscenely bloated that she couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, until her aching belly was so incredibly tight and swollen that the slightest pinprick might cause her to burst like an overfilled balloon and even then she would probably still be hungry for more…

“Laurie Belmontes? Is that you?”  
  
Laurie turned to see a slender redhead with a shocked expression on her face. Shit. It was Mallory.

Laurie grunted in annoyance. With her cheeks stuffed with food, the sound came out like a pig oinking. She was suddenly aware that her face was slathered with red sauce. She grabbed a napkin and swiped across her lips.

Mallory was a cheerleader at Los Hermanos High’s crosstown rival, McKinley High. She and Laurie had hated each other for years. It was partly a cheer rivalry but it was also partly because… well, Laurie was just SUCH a colossal bitch! Mallory was on friendly terms with both Jen and Alice; it was only Laurie that she couldn’t stand.

“Jeez… I heard rumors that you really let yourself go, Laurie, but this is ridiculous!”  
  
“Get lost, Mallory,” snorted Laurie. She opened her mouth to say more but a sudden belch exploded out inside, raising giggles from some of the other food court patrons.  
  
“My God, what have you done to yourself?” said Mallory. “You’re huge! Can you even walk? Or are you so fat now that you’re literally stuck in that chair?”

“Of course I can walk,” said Laurie annoyed, but a sudden cold fear seized her fat-clogged heart. Shit. She was so full of pizza that she couldn’t stand up; her bloated belly was weighing her down even more than usual. She’d barely been able to walk even a few feet back at the scooter store, there was absolutely no way that she was going to be able to even get up off her ass now. Whatever. She was feeling so warm and comfortably bloated that she didn’t care about Mallory’s stupid opinion anyway.

Mallory could not believe her eyes. Laurie Belmontes, queen bee of Los Hermanos, now grown so round and blubbery that she could barely wedge her ass into her over-powered mobility scooter, her billowing breasts testing the limits of a dress that probably looked quite cute on her when she was just slightly less… puffy. Her buttons, already pulled snug by her fat gut, were now being pushed to their limit by her most recent pizza binge. Her chubby cheeks and flabby chin were covered with cheese and sauce and big grease stains marred the front of her dress.

“Jeez, you’re really pigging out there, chubby! I mean.. like, literally, you were eating like a pig.”

“Fuck off,” mumbled Laurie, her mouth full of pizza. She was aware that her perfectly coiffed hair and impeccable make-up made a startling contrast to her behavior. She always tried to look her best, even at her monumental size, but she had been hungry, so… damn it, it had to be said… so horny for food, that she had forgotten her manners completely. Mallory was right. She had been gorging like a pig at a trough. “I’m not in the mood for your smart talk.”

“Oh, then you better get in the mood,” said Mallory. “What’s going on? What’s this I hear about you going on Nikki Lake?”

“Yeah, that’s right, hun. Jealous much? I guess you would be. Nikki Lake doesn’t have just anyone on her show. I guess you can say I’m a real celebrity.”

“You’re only a celebrity because you’re the size of a goddamn house,” said Mallory. “Look, I don’t care about you, but I’m worried about Jen and Alice. You know that Nikki Lake is a total trash show. Don’t you think she’s just invited you on so that she can make fun of you three on air?”

“And why would she make fun of us?”

“Why would she… come on! Isn’t it obvious? You’re each as big as hot air balloons! She’s gonna try to spin it like she’s doing it cuz she’s just concerned about your health, but it’s obvious she just wants to humiliate you for ratings!”

Laurie chuckled deep in her chest, dropping the half eaten slice of pizza back on in the greasy cardboard box. “Wow, Mallory! You really ARE jealous!”

“What? I am NOT jealous!”

“It’s so obvious!” Laurie howled with laughter, throwing back her head and guffawing so hard that the top button on her dress finally succumbed to the pressure and blew from her chest. Her dress parted slightly, revealing even more of her bouncing cleavage. The button hit Mallory in the forehead and she winced. Mallory’s lips tightened into a thin line at the ostentatious display.

“Oops, sorry, hun! I guess some of us just have too much good stuff, hmm?” Laurie grinned through her pizza sauce stains, more elated than ever. Gawd, she was burning up between her thighs. She could feel the rest of her buttons straining, straining so hard to hold together… Gawd, what a rush it would be to just completely explode out of her clothes like a beautiful butterfly erupting from its chrysalis. What a sight! All those on-lookers with their camera phones at the ready, that perfect moment would be captures for all posterity. Mallory probably thought Laurie was a fool for wearing a button-down dress today, that she was courting disaster. Could she ever, in a million years, have guessed it was by design? That Laurie, as she was struggling to pull each button closed this morning, could think of nothing more delicious, nothing more delightful than the inevitable moment that she finally pushed them too far… and they blew off her body, one by one, like shooting stars? Laurie imagined herself, a fat bloated sexy mess, in nothing but her enormously post-alphabet bra and her circus tent-sized panties and the wreckage of her once oh-so-beautiful dress. She could feel the rest of her buttons tensing as she laughed. All she had to do was a slight, sudden intake of air and she was certain they would explode in a zipper tear. Oh, she could feel them pinching against her belly, each one pressing so tightly into all that soft warm blubber beneath.

But no. She’d better not. If she was going to do a big performance, she’d better save it for her big debut.

“You’re mad that we made a stand for… uh… fat rights or something and now everyone loves us! You can’t stand that you’re not the one getting the attention! That’s so pathetic, Mallory!”

“That’s not it at all!” snapped Mallory. “Are you even listening? I’m worried for Alice and Jen-“

“Please! Don’t you think I know what’s best for those two?” said Laurie hotly. “Alice and Jen are MY besties! I don’t care about a bitch like you, but I would do anything for those two! And sure, I know, Alice is kind of a push-over and Jen is kind of a ditz, but you know what? They’re my friends! They’re my teammates! And I won’t let anything bad happen to them!”

“Yeah, but Nikki Lake—”

“You don’t honestly think I’d agree for us to go on Nikki Lake if there was any chance of that, do you? Don’t you think I’ve got this whole thing sussed out?”

“F-fine!” Mallory shouted. “You think you’re so smart, but your ego is as big as your fat ass! You’re too arrogant to see the obvious! But go ahead, go on TV and make a fool of yourself! See if I care! They say the camera adds ten pounds but I don’t think that’ll make any difference to you! They haven’t invented a camera that won’t make you look like a beached whale!”

“Fine! I will go on TV! And for your information, I don’t need any camera to make me look good! I look fucking amazing!” shouted Laurie after her. “I’m a dead ass sexy fat girl ad everyone knows it!”

Mallory stomped off, fuming. Laurie grinned to watch her leave. Good. Let her be mad! Laurie was feeling great and nothing could ruin her mood today.  
  
Because, first of all, she still had a whole nother pizza to eat…

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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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