Fat Ass Airlines  
By Mollycoddles

Air Xpress was a major international airline company. You’ve probably even flown on one of their flights, although you might not have realized it at the time. See, most people these days call them by their nickname “Fat Ass Airlines.” It’s a strange nickname for an airline, but let me tell you about the incident that earned them that moniker.

It was all because of one particular flight attendant, a woman named Wendi Derry.

As the flight in question began, Wendi smiled as wide as she could. “Now please make sure that your seat belt is buckled like so,” she said, demonstrating with the prop belt, slipping the latch into the buckle and pulling the strap tight. “We need everyone to be buckled in when the aircraft is in take-off or landing.”

Silently, she tried to tell herself that everyone was paying attention to the demonstration, but it was no good lying to herself. She knew the truth. Everyone was looking at her.

Wendi was 400 pounds.

She knew she was fat, huge even. She hadn’t always been this big. She was only slightly chubby when she’d first taken a job as a flight attendant – a little bit of pudge around the middle and rear that made the hiring agent grumble about how Wendi was going to fill out her uniform, but times were difficult back then and the airline needed to fill positions quickly so she got the job. At first, Wendi thought she looked quite sharp in her uniform. The neatly tailored blue jacket and matching blue skirt and, around her neck, a stylish red-and-blue ascot. And yeah, she was a little chunky even back then. She was 28 years old, getting to the age where she knew she had to cut her long brown hair into a more professional (but still playful) bob, getting to the age where one had to expect a few extra pounds. But Wendi had never expected things to get this bad!

She was severely pear-shaped. Pear-shaped to a degree that made her job nearly impossible now! If it weren’t for the flight attendant’s union, she mused, she would have been let go long ago. Her 400 pounds gave her thick thighs that rubbed together when she waddled down the aisle of the plane (the steady zip zip zip of her nylons rubbing together was a constant source of embarrassment), heavy boobs that tested the gold buttons of her jacket, a chubby new belly that poked out (though thankfully still restrained by her white blouse) when she reached up to put luggage into the overhead bin, and a round face that not even her stylish ascot could disguise. But worst of all? Her bottom. Her ass billowed out behind her like a pair of over-inflated basketballs, two vast round orbs fighting for space within the oh-so-tight confines of her uniform skirt. Every movement was an exercise in terror. Every time that she bent over to offer a passenger their choice of in-flight meal, she had to worry: would this be the moment that her fat ass finally split her skirt? She could feel the stitches tensing and straining with every waddling step, knowing that the constant pressure of her monumental tushie against the fabric would gradually weaken it more and more. When would the fateful day come? Would the rear seam blow out? Would the frayed material just rip? She had already let out the seams of her uniform several times, hoping each time that it would be enough for her greedy, greedy butt.

“This is all your fault,” sighed Wendi under her breath. Her butt, of course, didn’t respond – although she could feel it wiggling playfully inside her skirt as she shuffled. She almost felt like her rump was answering her in its own way! “If you didn’t keep getting bigger, then we wouldn’t be in this mess!”

Wendi sighed. As much as she wanted to blame her chubby rump for her predicament, she knew it was her own fault. It was her own love of sweets that had led her to this moment. If only she had taken more seriously her mother’s warnings about her metabolism and her genes! But Wendi couldn’t help it. She did have such an incorrigible sweet tooth! Too many long nights spent partying in fancy foreign restaurants and too many days spent gorging on airline food… and this was the result: A butt the size of the Hindenburg!

Wendi remembered watching an airline safety video that showed how, in an emergency landing, inflatable slides would automatically deploy from the various exits. The video showed how the yellow slides instantly blew up when the doors opened; she felt like her behind was blowing up just like that.

Things didn’t get much better once the plane was up in the sky.

“Hello passengers, this is your captain speaking,” said a voice over the intercom. “Thanks for joining us for this flight. We’ve got a report of some turbulence ahead, so we are expecting a bumpy ride. I’d ask you all to keep your seat belts fastened when you’re seated. We’ll be commencing beverage service soon, so stewardesses will be by will complimentary snacks and drinks.”

Wendi waited until the plane at reached cruising altitude before starting beverage service. She was always amazed that, even though she was doing her best to serve drinks with a smile, so many people insisted on making rude comments about her backside… as if she didn’t know!

“I’m glad this plane is equipped with floatation devices in case of a water landing,” said one man as Wendi poured him a gin and tonic. He smiled widely, but Wendi pretended not to get the joke. She hoped he would drop it.

“And you’ve got your own floatation devices too, I reckon.”

Oh great, he said it. Wendi chuckled politely, although she wanted to ram his head through her beverage cart.

She sighed. What an indignity! Wendi gingerly waddled behind her cart, pushing it toward the back of the cabin. Her breath was in her throat as she braced herself for the inevitable grunts and groans of annoyed passengers as her wide hips bumped armrests on one side and then the other with every undulating step. She was simply too wide for this plane!

“Surprised this plane can even get up in the air with all the extra weight it’s carrying!” snickered a young male passenger, elbowing his seatmate and nodding toward Wendi as she shuffled past. Her blue skirt was tight enough that one could make out the clear impressions of her panty lines through the fabric. Wendi’s control-top spanx undergarments had their work cut out for them, but even they failed when confronted with the absolutely monumental task that was holding in her colossal bum. Could these young men even fathom how much larger Wendi’s backside was than it appeared? If it were released from its cloth and spandex prison, Wendi’s rear would instantly explode out to its full size, like a pair of inflating balloons.

Yes, inflating balloons. That was the perfect way to put it, because Wendi was still gaining and her butt was still growing. She knew, because her skirts were getting tighter and plan aisles were getting narrower. She maintained her practiced perky stewardess smile as Natasha, a fellow flight attendant, started up the aisle from the back of the plane, but she didn’t feel at all perky. The two women would have to pass each other in their respective journeys and Wendi knew exactly what that meant. From Natasha’s impish smile, Wendi suspected that Natasha knew too. Unlike Natasha, Wendi didn’t think it was funny at all.

“Oops! Let me just squeeze right past you,” giggled Natasha. She was a tall leggy Blonde with perfect stewardess proportions: big in the chest, small everywhere else. Wendi politely turned sideways so that Natasha could slide past. It was going to be a tight squeeze. Both women turned so that their respective bottoms turned out toward the passengers on opposite sides of the aisle. This meant nothing for Natasha; her small, pert behind easily cleared the chair without hitting anything. But Wendi wasn’t so lucky. Her porky posterior stuck out at least a foot behind her, a perfectly plush pumped-up pillow of plumpness. Wendi sucked in her gut as far as she could, wishing that there was some way that she could suck in her butt as well. But that was a pipe dream and Wendi felt her bottom collide with some poor passenger’s head as she moved to the side to let Natasha pass.

“Oh dear, I’m very sorry, sir!” said Wendi apologetically. The victim was an older gentleman with a red nose and rosy cheeks in a rumpled business suit; he looked like he could be a cheeky grandfather in an old Carry On comedy film.

“Not at all, love,” he said, a big grin on his face, his eyebrows waggling. “Always love to support women in the workforce, if you know what I mean.”

Wendi smiled weakly. Of course. He was one of those sorts. Well, a lascivious old lech who liked getting a faceful of bum was at least better than someone who was going to be cranky about it. She could be thankful about that at least.

“Right, uh, thank you,” said Wendi. The old man’s eyes kept straying downwards, obviously staring at her fleshy hips and wide-load rear. Wendi’s ass was wide enough that you could even see the sweeping arc of her titanic butt cheeks from the front.

Wendi waddled back to the flight attendant cubby and plopped her tubby tushie onto one of the fold-out seats. It was not nearly big enough to accommodate her and, when she heard the seat creak loudly under her 400 pound bulk, Wendi half-feared that it would snap out of the wall. This was already shaping up to be the flight from hell! Wendi hoped that she could avoid moving around the plane too much for the rest of the trip, but passengers kept pushing the "call attendant” button. She sighed. A stewardess’s work is never done!

“We are pretty high up in the sky,” said the rude passenger from earlier, chuckling into his complimentary gin and tonic. “I guess we should expect to see a blimp up here.”

Wendi smiled politely, pretending that she didn’t hear the man’s comment.

“Miss? Miss?”

“Yes?” Wendi turned to see a young woman waving her hand to catch her attention. The woman pointed at the young boy – no doubt her son – seated next to her. His seatbelt was unlatched.

“Ma’am, I’m afraid I need to ask you to keep your seatbelts fastened when you’re seated. The captain says we’re heading into some turbulence.”

“Yes, I can’t get the belt figured out,” said the woman.

“Here, love, let me try,” said Wendi tenderly. She smiled at the child. “Wendi’s going to give you a hand, okay, hun?”

Wendi tensed up. She knew what was coming. She couldn’t lean over without pushing her bottom into the face of whoever was sitting across the aisle. It was inevitable; she was simply too wide for this plane. Unfortunately, she didn't have any other choice! She could only hope that the poor sod didn’t mind too much.

She found out quickly. She bent over, her rear seam creaking, her skirt pulling so tight that the zipper up her backside settled into the crack of her plump bottom, acting as the divider line between those two hefty hemispheres of billowing blubber. She felt the slight pressure of her pillowy posterior colliding with the seat across the aisle, the embarrassment of feeling all her squishy butt blubber displace around some poor fellow’s shoulder. And then… she felt the unmistakable sensation of fingers pinching her bottom. Oh, the cheek! The cheek that someone would pinch her cheeks!

Wendi quickly latched the belt and straightened up, clenching her buttocks in silent fury.

“Mommy, the fat lady fixed my belt,” said the boy brightly.

“Don’t say that, Toby, you know it’s rude!” snapped his mother, her cheeks red with second-hand embarrassment. She turned to Wendi sheepishly. “I’m so sorry, you know how children are…”

“Yes, of course,” said Wendi. She turned around. Of course. It was that same rude man, now bolder than ever after he’d completed his free drink!

“C’mon, bunny, lighten up, eh? I thought you big gals were supposed to be jolly.” The drunk casually placed a hand on the curve of Wendi’s butt, sliding down to lightly finger the hem of her panties through the material of her skirt. Wendi stiffened.

“That’s enough, sir,” she said stiffly, grabbing his hand and politely but firmly replacing it back on his armrest. She briskly wiggle-waddled down the aisle, trying to put as much distance between herself and this boorish drunk as she could. Ugh! This was turning out to be the most trying flight that she’d ever been on! She wasn’t sure if she would be able to contain herself all the way to their destination.

“We’ve got a real touchy feely sort out there,” said Wendi as she returned to the flight attendant cubby at the back of the plane. Natasha was already filling a cart with trays of tasteless airline meals – platters of beef and/or chicken dinners wrapped with silver foil. She looked up as Wendi pushed aside the curtain.

“Is it that drunk in row 8?”

“The very one,” said Wendi. “How did you guess?”

Natasha rolled her eyes. “He’s been making smart comments all flight. You know he asked about you?”

“Great.” Wendi was sure that she wasn’t going to like this.

“Yes. He pushed his call button and when I came to see what he wanted, he was disappointed that ‘the tart with the big bum’ hadn’t come to refill his drink.”

“Great, just great.” Wendi scowled. “I love to hear that passengers are calling me the tart with the big bum.”

Natasha laughed. “Well, Wendi, you have to admit: It is your most striking asset. Most striking ASS-et, you might say.”

“Very funny. Oh, and you’re a real fat load of help, Natasha! It doesn’t help when I keep having to squeeze past you out there!”

Natasha smiled widely. “Sorry, hun, but I didn’t design those aisles. And I gotta get past you to do my job!”

“Ooo!” Wendi wagged her finger in mock anger. “I just know how much you love making me shove my behind in passengers’ faces! Just a laugh a minute.”

Natasha laughed again and Wendi had to join in.

“I’m sorry, Natasha, I shouldn’t blame you. It’s just getting so hard to do this job while I’m lugging this monster booty around.” Wendi glanced over her shoulder, catching sight of her enormous ass in her peripheral vision. Ugh! Sometimes she felt like it was just getting bigger by the minute… “I really need to go on a reducing diet, but it’s so hard… I don’t really have time to get the exercise that I need with our new flight schedule!”

“Hmm.” Natasha sounded like she had something on her mind.

“What’s that?”

“Nothing.”

“No, that was something. I can tell when you’ve got something on your mind and it sounds like you have something on your mind. What are you thinking about, Natasha?”

“I really shouldn’t say anything.” Natasha quickly scanned the horizon, as if she was worried that some interloper might be eavesdropping on their conversation, before lowering her voice and continuing: “But Wendi, I have to tell you, as a friend…. There’s been talk…”

“What kind of talk?”

“About your… butt. The airline has been making noises about flight attendants that ‘aren’t up to the physical standards of the job,’ and everyone knows that they’re talking about you. The new CEO is a real macho chauvinist, I hear, and he wants to get rid of all, well, what he calls ‘fatties.’”

“So, me.”

“I didn’t say that! But… uh… well…” Natasha trailed off, unsure of how to continue. “The union’s got your back so far, but I don’t know if they’re going to be able to win this one. I’m just saying… you might want to thick about making some time to get to the gym soon. If you want to keep this job! But you didn’t hear it from me.”

“Thanks for the tip,” said Wendi flatly. Ugh. This new revelation made Natasha’s earlier teasing about her fat ass sting all the more. Make time to go to the gym! Did Natasha think it was that easy? If it was, then of course she would have already done it! This was dire news indeed. How was she going to keep her job if the CEO had it out for her? And if the CEO was eager to fire her because of her weight, it’s not like there was much that she could do about that! There was no way that she could simply lose the flab in time to change his mind!

If only there was some way that she could prove that she was indispensable! If only there was… a miracle!

“I’m only saying it cuz I care about you!” said Natasha. “I don’t want you to be blindsided! I just hope that you don’t get in trouble for your… uh… pear.”

Natasha moved away to take care of something, leaving Wendi alone with the food cart. It wasn’t yet time for food. But one of the perks of being a stewardess is that no one can stop you if you decide you want to eat early.

Wendi tore the foil off of a chicken dinner: A chicken cutlet, rice pilaf, green beans, a cold roll, and a plastic-wrapped brownie. Airline food was never good, but Wendi was hungry and desperate to eat. This was why she was getting so fat, of course! She spent all her time sitting on airplanes and eating tons of crappy airline food, snacking on honey roasted peanuts, and drinking complimentary soda. The results were inevitable as her hips spread, her thighs thickened, and her uniform complained. She started eating, shoving big bites of chicken and vegetables into her mouth. She was done in seconds, no surprise. She unwrapped the brownie and popped it into her mouth all at once, chewing vigorously. Now that was the stuff! She rolled her eyes in ecstasy. Now that was the good stuff! She dropped the empty tray into the trash and grabbed a second. Technically, she was only supposed to eat one meal per flight…. But, fuck it, she was feeling shitty and food helped assuage her feelings! So what if she just kept getting fatter and fatter? She was already ballooning up into a fat little blimp, she might as well help the process along! She mowed her way through the second tray, starting to feel a little sick and slightly bloated as she polished off her second brownie. Oof. She shouldn’t have done that. She placed a hand on her swollen belly, feeling her tight stomach under the thick layer of pudge. Great. Now all those extra calories were definitely gonna go straight to her thighs and butt. With a sigh, she dropped the second tray into the trash. At least, Natasha had been the distracted the whole time and hadn’t noticed her little break down.

Suddenly, the plane dipped. Natasha stumbled and Wendi grabbed her before she hit the floor. Wendi’s low center of gravity almost proved her undoing as the plane’s sudden movement nearly sent her sprawling on her cushy tush.

“Whoops! Guess we’re hitting that turbulence…” said Natasha.

Wendi glanced out the window. The clouds were dark and forbidding. It looked like they might be heading into the storm of the century!

“It looks pretty bad out there,” agreed Wendi. “I hope the captain knows what she’s doing.”

Suddenly, the plane swerved and twisted! Passengers shouted in panic, babies started crying, the lights dimmed and flickered.

“Please! Ladies and gentlemen! Don’t panic!” called Wendi, waddling to the front of eth cabin and straining to be heard above the hubbub of the crowd. She held up her hands for calm. “Everything is under control! Please stay calm and stay in your seats with your seat belts fastened! The captain has turned on the ‘fasten seatbelts’ sign!” Wendi hoped that she sounded more confident than she felt. That last jolt was a real doozy! She’d been flying for years and never felt anything quite so violent.

The plane bucked and bumped as it was buffeted by the strong winds. Outside, Wendi could see jagged bolts of lightning arcing between the clouds. Her blood ran cold. If one of those bolts hit the plane…. She could only hope for the best!

What happened next happened so fast that later Wendi couldn’t even describe it. In the wind and the rain, something hit the plane. Something big. Was it the blast from a lightning bolt? A chunk of mountain debris swept into the stratosphere by the strong winds? A UFO? No one could say. All that Wendi knew was that suddenly there was a sickening CRUNCH, the lights flickered again, and the plane lurched drunkenly on its side.

Natasha screamed and pointed. “Something punched a hole in the plane!”

Wendi turned to look. She had a sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. There was, indeed, a big hole ripped into the side of the plane.

Wendi felt a sudden draft. The temperature dropped. Face masks automatically dropped from the ceiling in front of every passenger.

The captain came on the intercom, panic nearly strangling her voice as she struggled to keep calm: “Ladies and gentlemen, we are experiencing a sudden loss of cabin pressure, please put on the face masks located right in front of you…”

Wendi wasn’t paying attention! She was too busy staring at that massive hole in the side of the plane!! She couldn’t believe what she was seeing! She was staring right out into the dark sky beyond! The air inside the cabin was quickly being sucked out, papers and debris flying out into space! Luckily, the passengers were all wearing their seat belts…

But Wendi wasn’t!

“Oh no! Help! Help!” Wendi cried as she felt the suction tugging her toward that hole.

“Wendi! No!” cried Natasha, but there wasn’t anything that Natasha could do other than hang out for dear life. Wendi was being slowly dragged toward the hole, but at least her immense weight slowed her progress somewhat. Natasha had no such luck! The slimmer woman was desperately clinging to a railing, her legs kicking in the air. If her grip loosened, she would be sucked out into space!

Just like Wendi!

“Help! Help!” Wendi screamed desperately, clawing at the air as she was pulled closer and closer to the hole. She twisted her hips, trying desperately to run away from that sucking hole, but succeeded only in turning around… she was still being drawn, butt first, right toward the hole! The sudden movement was too much for the tortured fabric of her over-tight skirt and Wendi felt the seat of her skirt suddenly come apart. Once the floodgates opened, her tightly compressed tushie reasserted itself with a vengeance. Her skirt ripped all the way up the back, the tear dilating wide to reveal the full moon of Wendi’s Spanx-girded buttocks. Oh Gawd, how embarrassing! But she barely had time to worry about anyone seeing her exposed panties because… she was about to die! And she was about to die with her big fat butt hanging out for all the world to see, what a humiliating exit from this world! She squeezed her eyes shut and braced herself. There was nothing that she could do! She was about to be blasted out of the plane and into absolute freefall! This was it! This was the end! This was…

BOMP

Wendi opened her eyes. The immense force of the winds whipping through the cabin instantly stopped. Natasha dropped to the floor.

Wendi had indeed been sucked into the hole. But she was so wide that she couldn’t be sucked through it. Instead, Wendi’s massive rear formed the perfect plug, filling the hole completely and resealing the cabin.

“Wendi! Wendi, you plugged the hole!” cried Natasha. “You saved us all!”

“I… what?” Wendi was so flabbergasted that she couldn’t quite process what had happened. She could feel the frigid air on her ass… What a minute, oh my Gawd, my ass is hanging out of the plane?! Wendi knew she was fat, she knew she had a giant fat ass, but she never would have guessed that her ass was SO fat that she could plug up a hole in the side of the plane!

The cabin broke into cheers and hollers. People cried tears of joy, hugging each other and whooping loudly. The captain came on the intercom, shock evident in her voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, good news! I don’t know how…. But… Cabin pressure has been restored! It’s a miracle!” She audibly cleared her throat, regaining her composure. “I mean… er, you are now free to move about the cabin."

“Mom, that fat lady saved us with her big butt!” cried the child that Wendi had earlier helped with his belt.

“Three cheers for the big fat stewardess with her big fat ass!” shouted the drunk. “Hip! Hip!”

“Hooray!” cried the passengers in unison. “Hooray for the big fat stewardess!”

“Her name is Wendi,” said Natasha pointedly.

“Hooray for Wendi!” cried the passengers.

“And hooray for Wendi’s big fat ass!” cried the drunk man.

“Hooray for Wendi’s big fat ass!” cried the passengers in unison.

“Wendi, you did it! If it wasn’t for you, we would all be goners! You know what this means?” babbled Natasha excitedly. “There’s no way that the CEO can let you go now!”

“It’s raining outside,” said Wendi, dazed. “I can… feel it.”

The celebrations didn’t stop even after the plane touched down at its destination. Naturally, Wendi was a news sensation. Reporters lined up for interviews with the heroic stewardess who valiantly stepped in, with no regard for her own safety, to protect a whole planeload of passengers! Naturally, of course, every article was accompanied with a large photo of Wendi’s colossal caboose as it appeared wedged into that hole in the plane, her skirt shredded, her undies on display, the goose bumps from the frigid high altitude air clearly visible where the bare skin of her rump bubbled through.

At the official press conference about the incident, the CEO stood up and proudly announced: “We’re happy to have someone like Wendi on staff at our company! I tell you, a woman like her is a real ASS-et to have around!” Wendi groaned as the assembled reporters and cameramen all chuckled at the typical sexist lad humor. He clapped Wendi on the back. “And I’ll tell you this, from now on, we’re going to make sure that all our planes have a stewardess just like Wendi! We need a woman with a generous curvature on hand in case there’s an emergency! Ha ha!”

“What about the wags that have taken to calling your company ‘Fat Ass Airline?’” asked one reporter.

The CEO’s smile never faltered. “We welcome it! We want everyone to know about our bottom-heavy heroine here! In fact, we’re even changing our name to honor our favorite stewardess, ha ha! From now on, Air Express is going to rebrand as XL Derry Air… after Wendi Derry!”

The audience ate it up. Wendi hated it! But it did lead to one good outcome.

After the conference, the CEO motioned Wendi to come aside. “Listen, Wendi, that was top notch work you did. This could have been a real disaster, but that fat ass of yours really saved the day.”

“Uh… thanks, I guess,” said Wendi.

“So, I want you to know that you’re welcome at this company as long as you want to stay with us. I know there’s been some… ugly rumors, but I give you my personal guarantee that your job here is safe forever.”

Wendi’s jaw dropped. “Really?! Sir… I don’t know what to say…”

“You will stay on, of course?”

Wendi thought about it. She had mixed feelings about the whole affair. On the one hand, her job was secure. She was a hero and a celebrity now, and the airline’s CEO himself was now assuring her that he was VERY HAPPY to have her on staff. She didn’t need to worry that her ever-inflating rear would get her fired someday! Which was good, because she didn’t know how much longer she could go before she did, indeed, get too fat to squeeze down those narrow airplane aisles. She ought to milk this gig for as long as she could!

On the other hand, now every time that she wobbled her way through an airport, pulling her luggage trolley behind her, walking at her brisk wiggle waddle that made her voluminous buns bob and bounce and her skirts tense and strain… everyone in that airport would be looking at her and thinking: “That’s the stewardess whose butt is so big that she couldn’t get sucked out of a plane! What a hero!”

“I…I’m not sure about that, sir. I think people might just… think of me as the stewardess with the famously huge butt now.”

The CEO shrugged. “Yeah, but it doesn’t matter what you do now, does it? You’re going to be the woman with the famously huge butt no matter where you go or what you do! You should stay on, cuz at least here you’ll be with people who know that your famously huge butt might be the only thing standing between them and a gruesome death in the sky!”

“Oh, right.” Wendi hadn’t considered that. For the first time, she grinned. “Well, in that case… I suppose I might as well stay on! I guess if they’re going to call it XL Derry Air, it would be pretty disappointing if the stewardess with the XL derriere herself wasn’t around to take credit for it.”

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles