Alice 115
By Mollycoddles

After her appearance on Nikki Lake, Laurie felt like she didn’t have a friend in the world: Alice was mad at her for her secret attempts to fatten her up, Jen was mad at her for… complicated reasons, and Frank and Abida were mad at her for… well, also complicated reasons. The only friend Laurie still had was her cat Pumpkin.

Laurie was a massively arrogant raven-haired teenage diva, a girl whose ego was almost as large as her gigantic body – she carried over 600 pounds of tender wobbling blubber on her young body with thick rolls of flab at her sides, a swollen boulder-sized Buddha belly, and heavy hanging breasts bigger than fully ripe watermelons. She was lying in bed, completely naked – it was hard to find clothes to fit a girl as mammoth as Laurie, so she preferred to go nude whenever possible. Besides, she had so much of her own padding that any additional clothes just made her sweat like a fat hog! She knew that she still had a lot of work to do now that her Nikki Lake appearance seemed to have completely destroyed her entire social circle, but she was having so much trouble motivating herself. All she wanted to do was lie in bed and eat and eat and eat and avoid dealing with Alice and Jen and Frank and Abida and everyone else.

She could feel the bed springs creak beneath her as she shifted her weight. A solid week (it had been a week, right? Or was it more?) of pity eating had probably added even more poundage to her already overburdened frame. Not that Laurie minded. She loved being big, almost as much as she loved eating, and she lived to gain. But she needed to something soon.

Pumpkin butted her head against Laurie’s shoulder to get her attention.

“You would never do anything to hurt me, would you, sweet baby?” cooed Laurie as she stroked the kitten’s back. Pumpkin purred loudly, butting Laurie’s hand with her head to indicate that she wanted more pets. Laurie was happy to oblige. Pumpkin had originally been a Valentine’s Day present from her boyfriend Frank, and, although she initially balked at the idea that her boyfriend would give her a frickin’ CAT instead of expensive jewelry to mark such a momentous occasion, she had to admit that she had grown quite attached to the little orange kitten since.

“You’re the best, Pumpkin… thank gawd I still have you, sweetie!” She yawned and stretched. All that eating was really tiring!

Laurie’s head nodded as she slowly succumbed to sleep, her finger still absently rubbing against Pumpkin’s head. And as she slept, she slipped into dreams…

In her dream, Laurie’s mother Mrs. Belmontes placed a freshly baked blueberry pie on the counter, next to a basket of the remaining unused blueberries.

“This is perfect for the Save the Rainforest bake sale,” said the old hippie. “I hope no mice get into it. As a Buddhist, I believe all living things have a right to survive, but… well, it would certainly be a real bummer!”

Laurie watched the older woman bustle out of the kitchen from her vantage point in a small hole in the wall. Because, in her dream, Laurie wasn’t a girl at all, but rather a mouse! A plump little mouse with gray fur and a white belly, a long pink tail, big round ears, and four dear little pink paws.

“Great, she’s gone!” squeaked Laurie. “And she left that pie unattended! Gawd, it smells so good… I don’t care how dangerous it is, I gotta just have a taste!”

The thing was Laurie was no ordinary mouse. She was probably the hungriest, greediest mouse in the world. Every mouse enjoys a good meal, but food was the only thing that Laurie ever thought about. All her mousey friends and family warned her that her appetite was going to get in her in trouble one of these days – if she wasn’t careful, if she kept letting her stomach lead her into dangerous situations just in the off chance that there might be a tasty treat in it for her, she was gonna get eaten by a cat one of these days! Every mouse knew that Mrs. Belmontes had a housecat that just LOVED to eat mice… and that cat would dearly love to get its teeth on a soft tender little morsel like Laurie!

Laurie, however, didn’t care about that. She was too busy thinking about that pie! Laurie the mouse scampered across the kitchen floor, her nose twitching and whiskers bristling as she followed the scent of freshly baked blueberry pie.

“Laurie! Be careful! You know the Belmontes have a cat! And that cat could show up at any minute!” cried mouse Alice, poking out her head from the knothole. Alice was way too skittish and shy to make such a bold venture, so she cringed back into the hole as Laurie bounced over to the table leg.

Laurie rolled her eyes and flicked her big mousey ear dismissively. “Gawd, Alice, you’re such a little chicken! Nothing’s gonna happen. That dumb cat isn’t anywhere in sight! You stay there and I’ll worry about the cat!”

Laurie quickly scaled the table leg and approached the pie. The little mouse girl inhaled deeply, the tantalizing aroma making her mouth water.

“Gawd, this pie looks delicious!” said Laurie, licking her lips and clapping her little pink paws together in glee. “That old hippie won’t even notice. I mean, I’m just one little mouse.”

Laurie plunged her forepaws under the pie crust and pulled out a steaming gooey chunk of pie filling, shoving it into her mouth and filling up her cheeks. Oooo, so rich and sticky! Delicious!

“Gawd, Alice is missing out! I can’t believe she’s too afraid of some stupid cat!” Laurie chuckled to herself as she pulled out more pie filling.

Laurie mowed her way through the pie until her arms and face were stained blue, until her buck teeth were stained blue, until the white fur of her chest and belly were stained blue. And there was still SO much pie left! She jumped over the rim of the pie tin to grab at the out-of-reach parts. Now the little mouse was practically swimming through pie, eating all the way. Yum yum yum, it was delicious! And the more she ate, the more she wanted! The warm lump of blueberry goodness in her stomach grew larger and larger as she ate, determined to satisfy her cravings for sweet treats.

This was a dream come true for any mouse: an unlimited amount of delicious food, way too much for a mouse to ever eat! Other mice might have eaten just a little, just enough to sustain them, but Laurie was not bound any limitations. She wanted to eat it all! A smarter mouse would know not to indulge to the point that she would be slowed down. After all, a mouse’s survival depended on her ability to run and dodge and zig and zag and squeeze into little hidey holes. A fat, sluggish mouse wouldn’t last long in this dangerous world! Besides, if you found a bounty of food, it was always smart to save some for later, stash away enough extra to help make it through the lean times of winter. But Laurie didn’t care about that. There was a reason that she was already the plumpest, softest mouse in the burrow… and it was because she just LOVED to eat beyond all reason!

You wouldn’t think that one little mouse could eat an entire human pie. But not many mice were as greedy as Laurie was! She chomped and gulped and guzzled, rolling around in the remains of the decimated pie like a pig rolling in mud. Heavenly!! She had never before experienced anything so gratifying! And to think that stupid Alice had missed out on this because she was scared of some dumb cat! Laurie was secretly pleased that so many of the other mice were too cautious to go after easy meals like this for fear of the cat… that meant more food for her!

Eventually, the pie was gone and Laurie sat back on her haunches with a contented sigh. Her belly plopped to the floor between her legs, gurgling and bubbling with fullness, stretched so tight that her pink skin was visible through the blue-stained fur.

“Oof! Wow, what a meal! I’ve never been so big and bloated before!” She stifled a dainty little girly mouse burp with one paw while patting her packed gut with her other. “I couldn’t eat another bite! And wow, I don’t think I’ve ever felt that way before… Guess I better waddle my fat ass home before I pop!”

She paused to think. “Or before that stupid cat finds me, I guess.”

Laurie started to shuffle off, her white-furred belly sloshing and wobbling with every plodding step. After her huge indulgent meal, the little mouse was as round as an apple – she looked like a little gray fuzzy baseball!

“Wish I didn’t have to worry about any stupid cat,” huffed Laurie to herself. She laced her paws together underneath her gut, forming a cradle to help support her bloated belly. “Gawd, it sucks to be so small! Wish I was bigger than that cat. Then she couldn’t push me around!”

Laurie smirked at the idea, imagining herself as a giant mouse chasing the cat for once. What a delightful idea!

She made a funny sight as she struggled to lumber across the counter, her stuffed tight tummy bouncing wildly with every step despite her best attempts to steady herself with her hands. How was she going to shimmy down the table leg when she was in this state? Her distended gut was so large that it would get in the way and make it way harder for her to wrap her arms and legs around the table leg. She hadn’t thought about that! Damn it, if only she wasn’t such a glutton… Laurie paused to ponder her dilemma, absently licking her little pink tongue over the surface of her buck teeth to pick up the last little stray bits of blueberry filling stuck under her gums.

Unfortunately, Laurie was so lost in that thought that she failed to notice an ominous shadow suddenly looming up behind her. As the world turned dark, she turned to look… only to see a massive orange cat sitting behind her, a wide Cheshire grin across her maw.

“Oh shit!” squeaked Laurie and took off at a run… or as close to a run as she could manage in her overfed state. The cat slapped her paw down on Laurie’s tail, causing the mouse to trip over her own feet and fall flat on her face. The fall knocked the wind out of her and sent a sudden arc of pain through her whole body as her overloaded gut smacked hard into the surface of the table. By some miracle, the impact wasn’t enough to make her throw up… or, worse yet, enough to make her belly rupture like a water balloon dropped onto pavement from a balcony window!

“Well, well, well! What have we got here?” said Pumpkin smugly.

Pumpkin chuckled. The cat flipped Laurie onto her back with the flick of a wrist and then placed her paw atop the summit of the poor little mouse’s distended belly.

“Looks like we’ve got a naughty little mousey here who ruined my mistress’ baking! Look at that, the whole pie is practically gone! How does one greedy mouse eat that much? Well, I guess the answer is right here.”

Pumpkin pressed her paw down slightly, her toes sinking into Laurie’s swollen middle enough to force the air from the mouse girl’s lungs with a sudden sigh.

“You big bully!” snapped Laurie. “Gawd, if I were just a little bit bigger, I’d show you a thing or two!”

“Big words for a little mouse!” laughed Pumpkin, tapping her toes against the dome of Laurie’s overfed tummy. Laurie burped in response as the cat’s toes drummed against her middle.

“Hmm, and after that big meal, feels like you still have a little squish in that belly of yours. Still room for plenty more in there, isn’t there?”

Laurie gulped nervously. She didn’t like where this was going.

“So you think you could get away with anything you wanted if you were bigger than me, hmmm? What an amusing idea!” The cat purred deep in her throat, a low rumbling sound that made beads of panic sweat form on Laurie’s brow.

“But I’m a nice sweet kitty,” continued Pumpkin, “And nothing would make me happier than to help you make your dream come true. You’re already bigger than any mouse I’ve ever seen, but I bet we could get you bigger still. Let’s see if you really CAN be bigger than a cat.”

The cat reached into the basket and plucked out a single blueberry, pinched between two claws. She held the berry to Laurie’s blue-stained lips and pressed, harder and harder, until Laurie was forced to open her mouth.

“C’mon, little mousey, start nibbling,” said Pumpkin. “You’re so good at that.”

“Mfff!” mumbled Laurie, her voice muffled with blueberry. “What the hell… what are you doing?”

“Oh, I’m just helping you along, little mousey. You did say that you wanted to be bigger, didn’t you? And a mouse has to eat if she wants to get big and strong!” Pumpkin giggled to herself at the thought. “Now eat up!”

Laurie nibbled and nibbled and nibbled until the berry was gone. Pumpkin quietly plucked another from the basket and pushed it into Laurie’s mouth. The mouse nibbled and nibbled and nibbled. One by one, blueberries disappeared into the plump little mouse’s overfilled tummy. Laurie could feel herself growing, swelling, her stomach puffing up more and more with every little bite. She was already obscenely overfull from her pie binge and now she was being forced to eat even more! Even for a supremely gluttonous little rodent like her, this was too much! What was this cat’s game? Laurie had a sinking feeling that she knew: this cat was trying to fatten her up to eat her! But what could she do? She was trapped, totally at this cat’s mercy, and all she could do was to eat everything that the cat put into her mouth.

“How are you doing there, little mouse? Enjoying your meal? My my, you really are growing quite large.”

“So f-full,” moaned Laurie. “So t-t-tight. Hic! Gawd! What the fu – hic!! I c-can’t believe you’re – hic!! – doing this to me!”

“Oh, sounds like you’ve got a bad case of the hiccups there, little mouse. Don’t worry, we’ll work through it.”

“Hic!” Pumpkin pushed another blueberry into her prisoner’s mouth, grinning widely at the horrified look on the overstuffed mouse’s face. Laurie was so big and bloated now that she must have been the biggest, roundest mouse in the world… Laurie didn’t think any mouse had ever eaten more than her!

I wanted to be bigger than a cat and I’m getting my wish, thought Laurie as she gnawed through another blueberry, her buck teeth slicing through the juicy fruit.

“Hmm, you are feeling tighter now, aren’t you?” Pumpkin pushed down on Laurie’s middle with more weight, but the bloated mouse girl’s belly had no give. She was stuffed tight. The not-so-little mouse was the size and shape of a bowling ball now, packed so full that she could barely move a muscle.

“But we still have a few berries in the basket,” purred Pumpkin with a wicked grin that showed off all of her sharp teeth. “It would be a shame to waste them, don’t you think? Especially since you seem to love sweet berries so much. Come on, little mouse, let’s finish them off, why don’t we?”

“I..I’m too t-t-tight,” moaned Laurie. She burped again – not a dainty girly burp this time but a loud juicy belch that signaled – indeed – she was way too full. “P-please… Hic! I can’t… I’m… Hic!... I’m b-b-bursting at the (Hic!) s-s-seams… I couldn’t eat another (Hic!) b-b-bite…”

“Oh you can’t? What a shame! And I thought you said you wanted to be bigger than a cat… well, if you can’t commit…” Laurie blanched as she felt the cat’s claw poke deep into the taut flesh of her distended middle.

“N-no! Not the claw! You’re gonna make me pop!”

Pumpkin casually tapped her claw against the dome of the bloated mouse girl’s enormous middle, every tap sending chills down the poor mouse’s spine. “Well, as I see it, you have two options: you can finish the berries or you can get the claw…”

Laurie’s eyes bugged out and her little pink nose twitched in panic. What kind of a choice was that? She was either going to pop right now when the cat plunged her claw into her belly or… pop when she ate one berry too many!

“I’ll… I’ll take the berries…”

“Good girl.” Pumpkin pressed another berry to Laurie’s mouth and she nibbled it, slowly but surely.

She was inexorably moving closer and closer to her own doom with every teensy tiny little nibble, but her only hope was that something would save her before she finally did burst. At least as long as she was eating, she was delaying the inevitable, giving herself maybe just a few more minutes before she… well…. Before the end.

Berry after berry went down her gullet. Laurie’s mind was reeling, the pain in her obscenely crammed gut was so full of berry juice that she felt as tight as a drum. She looked like a perfectly round orb, her body swelling to overwhelm her head and limbs. Her head was slowly sinking into a divot as her body bulged around her. Her dear little paws flapped uselessly and her pink tail whipped about… but she couldn’t move at all!

“That’s the last of them! How does that feel now?” purred Pumpkin.

“Hic! I-I-I… Hic! I can’t move… oh Gawd… hic! I’m…so t-t-tight… I’m ready to b-b-bust!”

“Oh hust, little mouse… or should I say ‘big mouse.’ You got your wish. Look how big you are!”

Laurie whimpered helplessly.

“Hmm, nice, nice,” said Pumpkin, kneading the apex of Laurie’s belly with her paws. “You’re so nice and firm now!”

“A-are you gonna—hic! – eat me?”

“Eat you? Of course not, you silly mouse! Why, you’re so juicy now that one chomp and you’d just burst like an overripe berry yourself! What kind of meal would that be for a cat? No, that won’t do at all! But I do think you’d make an excellent pillow.”

The cat jumped up on top of Laurie, landing with a sudden lurch that nearly made Laurie vomit up all those blueberries. Ughhh! She was so tight that there was no squish in her and the cat’s weight atop her made her want to burst from the pressure.

“Hic! Hic! Hic! Oh Gawd, you’re too.. hic!... heavy… I can’t…”

“Shhh…” said Pumpkin. She kneaded at the mouse’s bloated belly with her paws, making Laurie moan out loud between her hiccups.

“None of your lip, mouse girl,” said Pumpkin, curling up into a ball and wrapping her tail around her. “I’m just about ready to take my beauty sleep and I don’t like to be disturbed. Now, I do tend to sometimes knead in my sleep if I’m bothered, so if I were you I would be as still as possible… you wouldn’t want to make me pop you in my sleep, would you?”

“N-no…. hic!”

Laurie couldn’t do anything as Pumpkin settled down for a nice snooze, using her juice-bloated body as a cushion. The pressure of the cat’s weight on top of her seemed like it should be enough to make her rupture, but she held. All she could do was wait and hope that Pumpkin’s threat about clawing up her pillow in her sleep was just an exaggeration… if not, Laurie didn’t think she would make it until morning!

Laurie blinked awake. She was a girl again, a massive 600 pound behemoth lying naked in bed. Pumpkin, the real life Pumpkin, sat curled up on the summit of Laurie’s monumental belly.

“Ugh, what a dream!” said Laurie, struggling to sit up in bed, her unfettered boobs slopping to either side of her gargantuan gut which flopped over her lap onto her tree-trunk legs. Pumpkin jumped to her mistress’s side as Laurie’s bulk shifted beneath her paws.

Laurie chuckled and reached over to scratch the kitten behind her ears. “Guess my belly is your favorite place to sleep, no matter what form I’m in.”

Pumpkin purred in response.

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“Like, I don’t know what your problem is, Craig! It’s, like, no big deal!”

“No big deal? What the hell, Jen! You SLEPT with Laurie? How is that not a big deal!”

Jen rolled her eyes at her boyfriend Craig. Jen was a massively fat pear-shaped teen, 500 plus pounds of soft jiggling blubber packed into a body so wide that she could barely squeeze through doorways. The bubbly brunette blimp was struggling to pull her stretch pants up over her thighs, the straining material balking as she tried to hitch it over her protruding bubble butt. Jen was used to this daily struggle, but it seemed to be getting worse every day! No surprise – she was such a mindless eating machine these days that she barely even noticed that she was eating constantly. When she had appeared on the Nikki Lake TV show with her besties Alice and Laurie, the hostess had tried to shame her about her incessant eating… but Jen was totally unconcerned. She was too much of a ditz to feel embarrassed about her size, and she was the single one of the trio who didn’t seem to understand just how devastating their appearance on TV had actually been.

Right now, Alice and Laurie were struggling with all sorts of feelings. Laurie was upset that now everyone knew all her secrets: that she had conspired to fatten Alice up, that she had conspired to fatten ALL the cheerleaders on the squad, that she had a BBW adult website, that she had a threesome with Frank and Abida, that she had a fling with Jen… And Alice was equally upset that everyone now knew her secrets: that she had been the victim of Laurie’s fattening scheme, that she had faked her own weight loss to trick her mother and her weight loss support group, that she’d had some sort of run-in with her ex-boyfriend.

But Jen? Jen was totally untroubled.

That’s why she didn’t understand why Craig was making such a big deal about it! Okay, sure, she and Laurie had gotten a little bit tipsy at the hotel on the night before their big TV appearance, and, sure, they’d fooled around a little bit… but that didn’t mean anything?

Jen paused in her endless struggle to adjust the hands-free headset of her cellphone. Craig was yammering at her from the other end of the call, but he was ALWAYS yammering about something.

“Um… like, look, it’s not even like this was the first time,” said Jen. “Like, we’ve kissed before when we were drunk. OMG, you are being so weird about this, Craig!!! Why are you such a baby? GAWD!!! It’s not like I even like girls, we were just messing around.”

“What exactly did you guys do?” demanded Craig.

Jen paused, scrunching up her normally placid, cow-like face with the effort of remembering exactly what had transpired. “Umm… like, I think Laurie fingerbanged me? And then, like, I ate her out.”

“Oh, come on!!!”

“Like, it doesn’t matter, like, she doesn’t have a dick or anything!” snapped Jen. “It totally doesn’t count if there’s no, like, penetration!”

“That’s not the way it works! Have you been going around eating other girls out?!”

“Like, no! Gross! It’s just Laurie! Like, okay… look, Craig, we’ve been besties since middle school, since we met at cheer camp! We just have, like, a super special relationship, okay? It’s not like I would just do that with ANYONE! Besides, Laurie’s, like, being weird about the whole thing. I guess, like, she’d rather just be with Frank and Abida!”

“Uh… right.” Craig had to admit, the revelation that Laurie was engaged in a threesome with Frank and Abida was quite the bombshell. It was not something he would have ever expected, although, given Laurie’s ravenous sexual appetite, it shouldn’t have been a surprise that she had multiple lovers.

“Like, are you just jealous that you weren’t there? Is that what this is all about?” Jen regarded her titanic body in the mirror – she was topless other than her bra, although the rolls of flab at her sides swallowed up most evidence of her body band, and her stretch pants were tangled around her thighs. Her panties were so big that they looked like they could have been stitched together from old circus tents and even they looked like they might not last much longer under the pressure of Jen’s colossal caboose. There was more plump in her rump every day!

“No, I—”

“That’s it, isn’t it? Like, you’re jealous that you didn’t get to see your favorite big booty cutie eating pussy, huh? Like, I was, like, SOOO up in there! Like, you know a fat girl like me is almost as good at eating pussy as sucking dick, right? It’s, like, cuz I get sooo hungry…”

“…is that so?”

Jen grinned widely. She could tell from the sudden change in Craig’s voice that he was suddenly considering the possibilities. Good. Maybe it just dawned on him that if his girlfriend was willing to eat out her best friend, that he might be able to leverage this knowledge to his own advantage. Maybe he could maneuver them into a threesome of their own… or maybe he could just get himself into a position where he could get to watch a pair of hottie heifers really going at it!

“Yeah, like, I was just… SO horny, Craig. Like, we were hanging out in our undies and it was SO hot. Like, you know what it’s like when I’m just in my undies. I was wearing that old pair of panties that barely fit and my big fat booty was just bustin’ out…. And Laurie’s big fat titties were right there, so big and soft and plump! Like, what was I supposed to do? We were just a pair of horny porkers, Craig, we couldn’t help ourselves!”

“A pair of what?”

“Oh, horny porkers. Like, that’s what we used to call the fat girls back at cheer camp. Like, we used to say that the fat girls were always desperate for a lay because they were so big that no sane guy would ever want to sleep with them. But, like, that was a long time ago. And, like, Laurie and I… like, we’re not as slim as we used to be, ya know? We just got big girl appetites. And, like, we just, like, eat everything in sight and we can’t stop. Like, that’s why we’re soooo fat these days! But Craig, you know what’s weird? Like, the fatter I get, the hornier I get? Isn’t that, like, SO weird?”

Craig was silent. He was obviously enthralled by Jen’s chatter. The pear-shaped bimbo grinned. He was putty in her hands. Great! By now, he had completely forgotten to be mad at all. This was perfect!

“It’s, like, I turning into some sort of sex fiend! I just need food and sex alllll the time. What do you think about that, Craig? Like, do you still like your big booty cutie even if she’s, like, just an out-of-control horny porker? Like, I’m getting so wet just talking right now!!”

Jen wasn’t even putting on an act at the point. The fleshy folds of her fat pussy were growing moist, soaking through the fraying material of her overburdened knickers. Her breath was starting to quicken, her chest rising and falling in time to her thumping heartbeat. Goddamn!!! She wanted to touch herself right now, but the problem was that Jen was officially too fat to masturbate these days. She couldn’t reach over her belly anymore to effectively touch her pussy. That’s why she relied sooo much on her boyfriend now to help her get off.

“Like, I’m sooooo horny, Craig.. Gawd, I wish you were here right now! Ohh, like, I would ride you sooo hard! Gawd, I wish I had your big strong dick inside me RIGHT now!”

“I could… come over.” Craig’s voice was husky and low, he was definitely ready to blow.

“Would you, sweetie? Like, I need you to come over right now. Oh! And could you pick up some donuts on your way over? I, like, suddenly got a craving. Not too many, just, like, a couple dozen!”

“I could do that.”

“Thanks, babe! Love ya! I can’t wait to see you soon… ohhhh, I know you’re gonna have a good time.”

Blowing a kiss into the headset, Jen pushed the button to end the call. She grinned at herself in the mirror. She’d played Craig like a fiddle and she didn’t think she’d ever have to worry about him getting mad at her for her tryst with Laurie ever again! Brilliant!

And people said she was a bimbo! Ha! Jen thought she was quite the genius, if she did say so herself.

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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