Sisters 2
By Mollycoddles

“Mommmmmmmm!”

Jesse grimaced as she heard her sister yelling from across the backyard. She turned her back and tried to concentrate on her book, but she couldn’t help but think about her fat, gluttonous sister Jen and her ridiculous behavior. Doubtless Jen was yelling for their mother to bring her more food. That was pretty much all that Jen had done all summer since she returned from college and, quite frankly, it was pathetic. No wonder Jen was such a huge fat ass!

Of course, it wasn’t entirely Jen’s fault. Jesse’s older sister had always been kind of a dimwit, a bubble-headed bimbo who relied way more on her knock-out looks and bubbly personality than on her intelligence. As a high school cheerleader, Jen had pretty much coasted along without ever having you do any hard work. But the days that Jen was known for her tight little cheerleader body were long gone now.

Jen and Jesse’s mother was an old-world immigrant who loved to cook… and who ignored pretty much every medical advancement of the last century and instead insisted that good health was tied to a hearty diet. She cooked constantly and she expected her family to eat anything she prepared. It was no accident that they were all so fat! Jen was the biggest member of the family; heck, she was probably the biggest girl in the state! She weighed a whopping 600 pounds, so vast that Jesse suspected the real reason that she was passing the summer in her bikini was because she couldn’t fit into any other clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Sarovy were only about 400 pounds each. Jesse wasn’t sure of her own weight, but she grimly suspected that she was catching up to her parents. She had always been chubby – you couldn’t live in the Sarovy house and NOT be at least chubby – but the last year since her older sister had left for college had been murder on her waistline.

For years, their mother had concentrated all her feeding instincts on Jen, since that gluttonous piglet had always been the more receptive of the sisters to gorging herself. Snotty, sarcastic Jesse, way smarter and more self-aware than her older sister, managed to avoid the worst of her mother’s efforts as long as Jen was in the house. But without Jen around, Jesse suddenly found her mother focusing all her attentions on her. Now Jesse was the one expected to eat three to four plates of pot roast with heavy gravy and buttered mashed potatoes at every meal!

Jesse grunted, tugging at the hem of her jersey in a futile attempt to pull it down over her wobbling pink belly. She really needed to go shopping! Like her mother and sister, Jesse was extremely pear-shaped, storing the majority of her poundage in thick thighs, flaring hips, and a caboose so colossal that she now needed to sit sprawled across two chairs at the dinner table to properly support it (Although, out of pride, she still refused to use more than one). That was super unfair, thought Jesse grimly, as she felt the metal bars that made up the chair’s back press into the soft flesh of her plumping rump. The Sarovy women were famous for their extreme figures; Jesse had hoped for years that she might avoid that fate! Even as puberty saw her butt slowly swell out behind her, she thought maybe, if she could control her eating, she could avoid the worst of it. Ha! That was a laugh.

Jesse grimaced as she looked over at her sister. Jen lay on a deck chair by the backyard pool, wearing nothing but a string bikini, her eyes hidden behind reflective sunglasses, soaking up the summer sun like a beached whale. She was HUGE. Jesse had thought that maybe Jen would actually drop a few pounds after she left for college and was no longer under their mother’s influence, but instead Jen had ballooned even more! She was an absolute blimp, a hefty heavyweight with a broad badonkadonk so vast that the girl could barely even waddle anymore. Her ass was just so overwhelming! The whole time that she’d been home this summer, Jesse thought she had seen her sister leave her sunning position maybe once or twice. If Jen didn’t need to occasionally lurch to her chubby feet and wobble off, sweating and grumbling, to the bathroom, then she probably would never move from her spot. Jesse was surprised that Jen still bothered to move to her bed at night to sleep. Surely it would be easier for the lazy fatso to just sleep out here by the pool!

Their mother appeared at the screen door. “What’s wrong, sweetie?”

Jen grabbed the empty plate balanced on the summit of her mountainous gut with one pudgy hand and held it out to her mom. “Um, like, are there any more cookies?”

“Oh, I’m afraid not, but I’ve got another batch in the oven,” said Mrs. Sarovy, taking the plate. “Is there anything else I can get you in the meantime? You know there’s still some leftover pie in the fridge from last night. I wouldn’t want my girls to go hungry. Would you like that? It’s two a good 20 minutes til dinner, so you really ought to eat something to keep up your strength--”

Jen licked her plump lips unconsciously and her enormous belly gurgled quietly as if in anticipation.

“Yeah, like, I guess I could go for some pie while I’m waiting… thanks, mom!”

“How about you, Jesse? Would you like anything?”

Jesse grit her teeth. “No, Mom, I’m fine.”

Mrs. Sarovy’s face fell. Jesse knew her mother was disappointed, but she resolutely kept her attention focused on her book. She refused to let her mother guilt her into eating more when she wasn’t hungry! She had already succumbed way too often to her mother’s needling. And that was why she had blimped over the last few months to the point where she was almost as big as Jen was before Jen left for college. Jesse did NOT intend to get any bigger. It was already getting harder for her to get around or find clothes that fit her new bulk.

Jesse breathed a sigh of relief as her mother ducked back inside the house without another word.

“Like, you’re gonna make mom feel bad,” said Jen, struggling to prop herself up on her deck chair. Her bountiful breasts, barely held in check by the inadequate bikini top, spilled out over her gut. Jesse frowned. Jen’s fat nipples were ready to pop out over the edge of the material but for now they remained covered. Jesse couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy at her well-endowed sister. Jen’s butt was clearly her most prominent feature, but the overweight cow had at least developed a decent bustline to complement her outrageous rump. Jesse was still barely an A-cup, although her backside was bulging out more and more every day. “Like, you know how mom gets when you, like, don’t wanna eat.”

“I’m not hungry,” snapped Jesse. “And after the way you’ve been stuffing your face all day, you can’t tell me that you’re still hungry!”

Jen shrugged. “Like, it’s good to be home! I just, like, missed mom’s cooking, ya know? I don’t get anything like that at school…”

“Yeah, but somehow you still managed to come home as more of a fat ass than when you left!”

Jen grinned sheepishly. “Well, like, ya know, you get unlimited food at college, right? Like, you’re on a meal plan but, as long as you’re inside the cafeteria, you can just like eat whatever you want, right? Like, it’s soooo cool! But like, it’s not the same. Like, you’ll understand when you go to college.”

Jesse stared, horrified. “I…I’m not gonna just hang out in the cafeteria all day, eating!”

Jen flopped over, turning her back on her sister so that Jesse got a good view of Jen’s monster booty, two beachball-sized hemispheres of butter-soft blubber, the thin wisp of her red thong clenched tightly in her deep ass crack. The rubber bands of the deckchair had left a pattern of deep red welts all across the fat girl’s tender tushie.

“Here’s some pie, Jen. I hope you don’t mind, I took the liberty of giving you two slices.” Jen’s mother was back, holding out a platter stacked with twin slices of cherry pie.

Jen rolled over to face her mother. It was like watching a big blubbery seal do a barrel roll. Jen was basically just like a seal these days: awkward on land, yet graceful in water.

“Aw, hell yeah! Thanks, Mom!”

“Language, Jen!” tutted her mother, but she turned to Jesse as Jen started to wolf down her snack. She still had another plate with a slice of pie.

“I said I didn’t want any,” said Jesse.

“I know… but I thought, well, I was afraid that you would change your mind when you saw how much Jen was getting… and I didn’t want you to go hungry. I’ll just leave it here on the table in case you want it. You don’t even have to eat it! I won’t take it personally.”

The sad, pleading tone in her mother’s voice clearly indicated that she would take it personally. Jesse sighed. Her stomach, despite itself, gurgled in anticipation.

Unfortunately, her mother heard it.

“Oh dear, Jesse! It sounds like you’re starving. You really shouldn’t go hungry…”

“Fine, fine, whatever, Mom.” Jesse rolled her eyes in annoyance as she accepted the plate from her mother.

Jesse meant to not eat it. She really did. But honestly? Her mother’s cherry pie WAS sooo good. That was the problem. Her mother really WAS a dynamite cook… and it was even harder to resist the temptation when she could hear Jen shoveling flaky crust and gooey cherry filling into her own mouth with abandon. Gawd, that girl could eat! And knowing how much Jen was enjoying it just made Jesse ravenous!

She blinked. The plate was empty. Her chubby cheeks and pudgy fingers were sticky and red with syrup. Jen was lying on her back, her plate tossed aside, her arms hanging at her sides over the edge of the deck chair, her stuffed belly rising high in the air above her. How long had it been? Jesse couldn’t remember; the pie was just sooo good that she must have literally gone into a fugue state when she started eating and then just stuffed her face on autopilot.

“What time is it?” huffed Jesse, rubbing pie goo from her face with the back of her hand/

“Dinner’s ready!” called their mother from inside the house. Well. That answered that question.

“Finally! Like, I’m starved!” huffed Jen. The enormous girl struggled to lift herself from her prone position on the deck chair.

“You just had two slice of pie!”

“Um, like so? That was a whole 10 minutes ago!”

Jen ignored Jesse’s snide comment. “Like, gimmie a hand, Jesse!”

Jesse rolled her eyes. He placed her chubby hands against the handrails of her chair and hefted herself to her feet – a process, Jesse thought with alarm, that was definitely getting harder and harder every time she attempted it – and waddled over to her sister.

“Come on, gimmie your hand.”

Jen grabbed Jesse’s proffered hand and groaned as she struggled to raise herself to a standing position. The deck chair groaned in relief as Jen’s weight subsided, her monster rear end clearing the chair as she rose to her chubby feet.

“Ugh, like, it’s soooo long to walk,” whined Jen. “C’mon, Jesse, like, can I lean on you? Pleaaaasse?”

Jen was so wide and round now that balance was becoming a problem. Her exaggerated pear-shape gave her such a low center of gravity that she could easily trip over her own feet and plop right to the floor, her landing cushioned only by her pillowy posterior.

Jesse grumbled under her breath, but she didn’t object for one very important reason. At her size, she appreciated a little support too when she walked. The sisters waddled into the house, each one supporting the other.

“Jeez, Jen, I know you don’t care about your size, but don’t you think you’re starting to get too big? You can barely walk now.”

“Like, you should talk, little sister! Like, okay, sure, I get it… I’m fat. It’s not like I’m ever gonna be thin, so, like, what do I care? But like, I didn’t gain THAT much since last year. Like, I was already pretty big before I left home. But, like, you? You’re gaining way faster than I ever did!”

“I am not!” snapped Jesse, her chubby cheeks going pink at the insinuation. “You shut up!”

“Like, I’m not wrong!”

“Don’t remind me.” Jesse knew that she needed to be more careful. She had gained more weight in the last year than Jen had gained in almost her whole high school career and Jesse was sure that she was only going to keep ballooning if she didn’t get her eating under control. But what could she do? Her mother never let up and, worse, Jesse was starting to enjoy it… Maybe it was some weird kind of Stockholm syndrome, some weird sense of “If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em,” but Jesse found that her resistance to her mother’s cooking was breaking down. She was finding it harder and harder to say no when her mother barged into her room with some new, fresh-baked treats. And when Jesse reluctantly accepted food from her mother, it never lasted long before Jesse gobbled it all down!

The two girls parted ways for the final few steps as they approached the table. To the left, Jen had already arranged three chairs in a row so that she could sit comfortably. It wasn’t just that Jen was massively fat – she was so bottom-heavy, with so much of her extra poundage concentrated into her absurdly padded badonkadonk, that she needed three chairs to distribute her weight. Throughout high school, Jen had required two chairs, one for each cheek, but now she had surpassed that. And if she didn’t stop expanding, soon her ass would be slopping over the edges of three chairs as well… assuming that she didn’t just completely lose her mobility altogether and just stay confined to bed!

To the right, Jesse had a single chair waiting for her. In truth, it was not nearly enough to support the pudgy plumper! She knew that she needed to be careful when sitting down – this puny match-stick furniture really wasn’t designed to resist the onslaught of a famously fleshy Sarovy ass! But as much as she meant to slowly lower herself into her chair, she was so winded by the time she reached her destination that she couldn’t help herself from dumping her bloated butt down into the seat with the full force of her weight. Bam! To her great relief, the chair did NOT break. Not this time. Her hefty haunches oozed over both sides of the chair, to the point that, from certain angles, you might even wonder whether there WAS actually a chair at all hidden under all that booty.

“Like, you really ought to add a second chair,” said Jen. “You’re totally gonna bust that one wunna these days.”

“Shut up, Jen, you don’t know what you’re talking about,” huffed Jesse angrily. She hated that Jen was right! She knew the days when her corpulent caboose could comfortably fit upon a single dining room chair were far behind her, but she refused to admit it. Admitting that she needed to graduate to two chairs… that her rear was literally so wide and her body so heavy that she needed a second chair to support her… was a dangerous step. Once she did that, it would only be a matter of time before she got complacent enough that three chairs would seem acceptable. And then what? Four? Five? How big could she get?

“I’m so glad to see my little girls together again!” crowed their mother as she bustled into the room from the kitchen, carrying a massive pasta bowl full of spaghetti carbanara. “This isn’t a dish I usually make, but Jen mentioned how much she likes it when she gets it at the dorm cafeteria, so I just had to try to make it.”

“Aw, Jeez, Mom, this is so heavy,” said Jesse under her breath as her mother dumped a heaping helping of creamy noodles onto her plate. “This is too much, I’m gonna be sick. I already ate all that pie…”

“Oh don’t complain so much, Jesse! See? Your sister likes it!”

Jen was already slurping down her noodles, her cheeks bulging, long strings of buttery spaghetti hanging from her mouth as she gulped and guzzled her way through her meal.

“Yeah, Jen will eat anything.”

Her mother didn’t notice that comment. “Now you girls get started, I’m going to go get your father. Mercy knows, if he doesn’t get here soon, there won’t be any left for him!”

As her mother trundled off, Jesse heaved a sigh of relief. Without her mother hovering over her, she could just dump this spaghetti back into the serving dish and just pretend that she’d eaten it! No one would be the wiser! Then again… it did look pretty good. And it’s not like she should just skip dinner. No, no, a much smarter thing to do would be to just quickly eat what was on her plate so that she could escape from the dinner table before her mother got back and forced more food onto her.

Jesse grabbed her fork, stabbed it into her food, and twirled herself a big mass of spaghetti. She jammed it in her mouth. Mm! Instantly, her knees buckled and her eyes rolled back into her head. Jeeeez, why did her mom have to be such a good cook? Jesse gobbled another forkful and then another and another… Soon all thoughts of eating light were gone from her head and she was stuffing her face like a ravenous wolf. More! She needed more! By the time her mother returned with their father, Jesse was licking the cream from the bottom of her empty plate.

“Well, looks like someone likes this dish after all!” said her mother. “Good thing there’s plenty more.”

“Oof, no, Mom… I think I’ve… had enough…”

“Nonsense! You’ve barely started! I don’t want you to just be hungry in an hour.”

Jesse watched as her mother ladled another heaping pile onto her plate. She already felt way too bloated to keep eating, but… what else could she do? She was already jabbing her fork into this new load of food even before her mother had finished portioning it out, slightly annoyed that her hand got spattered with sauce in her haste to keep eating. But somehow her hands and her mouth were acting of their own accord. Shit shit shit! She really shouldn’t be doing this! Her figure was already dangerously plump. She could feel the wooden sides of the chair pressing against the soft doughy flesh of her out-of-control bottom, a portent of things to come as her bottom would only sag more and more over the sides of her chair in the weeks and months to come. Her bloated belly nestled into the space between her thick legs, rolling over her crotch and pushing her thighs apart as it filled with food. Jeez, why was she so addicted to eating? She could tell herself again and again that she was NOT gonna pig out… but then she always gave in!

“Another helping?” said her mother as Jesse polished off this second load of noodles, but she didn’t wait for an answer. She was already piling out a third helping. Jesse groaned. Sweat beading on her brow from the exertion of her binge.

“Mom… please… I can’t eat another bite… I’m gonna explode… Oh Gawd,” Jesse moaned out loud. “But… like… it’s soooo good!”

“That’s the spirit! Eat up, Jesse. A mother’s got to make sure her daughters are well fed. Otherwise, what kind of mother would I be?”

She smiled sweetly, patting Jesse’s protruding belly with motherly affection. Jesse didn’t notice. Across the table, Jen belched loudly.

“Jen! Manners!”

“Oof, sorry, Mom,” said Jen, her mouth overfilled with pasta. Sauce dribbled down her double chin. If Jesse was eating like a pig, then Jen was gorging like a prize hog! She was mowing her way through plate after plate, filling her face to the point that her mouth was so full she was dropping noodles into her cleavage whenever she tried to stuff more in.

Jesse licked her lips in anticipation as she started work on yet another helping, ignoring the twinges of pain from her overloaded stomach. What did she care? Was there anything better than eating? The logical portion of her brain was screaming at her to stop eating, stop gorging… for God’s sake, you’re ruining what’s left of your figure! And if you don’t care about being a tremendous fat ass, at least care that you’re gonna bust if you don’t stop eating!

“Like, whatever!” snapped Jesse, rolling her eyes.

“Um, like, did you say something?” asked Jen, looking up from her plate. She blinked her big dumb bovine eyes in confusion. Like Jesse, Jen seemed to go into a trance when she ate, losing track of time and the world as her mind shifted to entirely focus on gulping down as much food as she could fit inside her as quickly as possible. Jen was so fat that it took a lot before a meal would start to show, but Jesse could see that her sister’s naked belly was round and tight, packed full with starchy carbona, bulging so far in front of her that she was forced to push her chairs back further away from the table to give it room. Her swollen belly pushed her breasts up into her face, so that Jen looked like she was about to smother in her own cleavage—if first she didn’t eat one bite too many, pop the strings of her bikini top and allow her tits to swing free.

“Oh yeah, I was just telling my stupid brain to shut up!” said Jesse.

Jen nodded as if this was a normal thing to say. “Oh yeah, like, I do that all the time!”

Jesse didn’t like the sound of that! She hated to think she was picking up ANY of Jen’s weird habits.

The two sisters continued to eat and eat and eat, as their mother ferried an endless dinner feast between the kitchen and dining room. Jen, still clad in nothing but her string bikini, was stoked to find that for once no restrictive clothing could prevent her from being the absolute pig that she really longed to be. No annoying waistbands to cut into her burgeoning belly, no distracting buttons to pop! Her bloated pink gut swelled over the top of her red bikini panties, plopping easily into her lap. Behind her, the back of her swimsuit bottoms slipped deeper into the crevasse of her cavernous ass crack, but she was too intent on eating now to even notice the increasingly painful wedgie it was creating. Her bikini top strained against her tits, the strings tied behind her back slowly becoming wedged between rolls of back flab.

Poor Jesse, meanwhile, didn’t have it so easy. The stretchy material of her cotton top was pulling apart at the seams as her melon-sized melon expanded with every new bite of food, small chinks appearing at her sides as the stitches broke and bubbles of soft flab popped through. Even worse, her jersey kept riding up, exposing her belly and bunching right below her boobs, so that she had to tug it back down every few minutes. She grimaced. That was super annoying! She was trying to enjoy herself and have a good meal, but this stupid shirt kept, like, reminding her that she was getting tubby.

“Ugh, like, I’ve had it with this shirt!” whined Jesse finally. She grabbed the hem with her chubby sausage fingers and pulled the jersey over her head, her small barely A-cup tits popping free, and tossed it aside.

The difference between the sisters was even starker now. Jen’s massive boobs matched her massive rear, but Jesse was a pure, perfect pear. The younger girl couldn’t help but eye her flabby sister with jealousy.

By the time that dessert rolled around, Jesse felt like she could be rolled around herself. She was absolutely stuffed to the brim, her swollen beachball-sized belly tight as a drum and hot to the touch. She was thankful she’d thought to remove her jersey or she was convinced she would have long since split the seams. As it was, there was nothing Jesse could do but lean back in her chair, struggling to breathe, her face and body slick with sweat from the exertion of eating. She had been eating way too much lately, but she’d really out done herself tonight.

Across the table, her older sister Jen was also struggling to breathe, clutching at her own massive middle with pudgy fingers. “Like… OMG… mom… that was… like…. too good! OMG I am, like… sooooo… full…” Jen hiccupped suddenly, her entire flabby body bouncing. She winced in pain as the force of her hiccup jostled her overfull belly.

“Well, I hope you girls saved room for dessert!” called their mother from the kitchen. Jesse groaned at the very idea of more food, but Jen grinned widely.

“Um…. Like… I think I could find some room…”

“Jeez… Jen, you’ve GOT to be kidding… don’t you ever…. Stop eating?”

Jen stuck out her tongue playfully. “Like, you should be talking, greedy guts! You eat just as much as I do these days! Like, you REALLY need to stop fronting, Jesse!”

Jesse narrowed her eyes. She really did NOT like that Jen had her sussed out like this! She swore at herself under her breath. She did NOT have any excuse for this. I mean, okay, Jen was Jen. Jen was too much of a bubble-headed bimbo to worry about what all her excessive gluttony was doing to her figure, to the point that she was carrying nearly 600 pounds of wobbling, shifting blubber and she didn’t even seem to care! Jen didn’t have a worry in her head about what all that extra weight might do to her health or her looks; she was entirely focused on the pleasures of the here and now! The greedy girl loved to stuff her face, consequences be damned!

But Jesse WASN’T a dumb bimbo! She should absolutely know better than to just mindlessly eat, so what was her excuse? She wanted to blame her mother, but… was it really her mother’s fault? All her mother could do was cook too much food and put it in front of her daughters. No matter how much her mother badgered her, it was ultimately Jesse’s choice to actually eat. It made her furious with herself that she just couldn’t resist! Her willpower was crumbling just as surely as her older sister’s, no matter how much Jesse tried to rationalize it away. She wanted to believe that she was different from Jen, too smart to fall into that same gorging-and-binging trap and yet… here she was!

“I’m… not fronting,” huffed Jesse, shifting in her seat. The chair creaked loudly under her weight. “Gawd… oh God… I ate…. way too much… I think I’m gonna pop…”

“OMG, you, like, think you ate too much? Like, I must have eaten twice as much as you!”

“Yeah, but you’re twice as big! You’ve got more room to store it!”

Dessert was a heaping bowl of orange sherbert. It was small by Sarovy standards, but still huge.

“I know you said you weren’t that hungry, so I just gave you a little,” said Mrs. Sarovy brightly.

Jesse smiled weakly. Well. At least her mother was sort of… kind of respecting her boundaries at last? It was a start at least. Once again, Jesse’s hand reached out, almost as if it had a will of its own, and grabbed a spoon off the table. She watched, her eyes bulging in fear and fascination, as her own hand scooped out a spoonful of sherbert and brought it to her mouth. She almost felt like she was watching a movie, seeing events that were predetermined to happen entirely without her input and against her will, but somehow she also knew that she was in complete control. She was telling her hand to put that sherbert in her mouth. She was telling her mouth to open and accept it. Because as much as she tried to resist, deep down… oh god she wanted it sooo bad! Her belly was aching with fullness, her naked torso sweaty and heaving as she struggled to force down yet more food. Jesse felt like she was about to pass out she was so full. Every mouthful was agony but every mouthful was also stupefying bliss. She knew deep in her heart why her sister Jen never stopped eating, why that dumb bimbo could never get enough food to satiate her outrageous appetite. It was because eating was soooo fun and, like, food was soooo delicious! Why would anyone, like, ever stop when something felt this good, ohmygawd? It’s totally the way to be!

Jesse shook her head as a sudden ice cream headache stabbed through her skull. Ooof! She dropped her spoon, which clattered in the empty bowl, and reached up to rub her forehead with both hands. Gawd! Her head felt like she’d just taken an ice pick through the frontal lobe, but at least this brain freeze had brought her back to reality. What was she thinking?! She was starting to sound like Jen!

Jen sat across from her, wheezing loudly and staring, glassy eyed, at the ceiling. Her bowl was also empty.

“It’s good ice cream,” said their father, spooning his own helping into his mouth.

“I just thought it would be nice to have something light for a change,” said their mother, nibbling from her own bowl. “The girls really seemed to enjoy it.”

“Can I… be excused?” muttered Jesse. “I’m just… gonna go to my room… and explode.”

“Oooof, not if I explode first,” moaned Jen.

To be continued…

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

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Best wishes,

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