A Big Slip

By Mollycoddles

“Goddamn it,” muttered Tracy as she yanked on her shorts, struggling to pull the tight cut-off up her thick legs. “This is totally unfair.”

With an exasperated grunt, Tracy finally pulled the resisting shorts up and over her bubble butt. She wiggled her bottom back and forth as she tried to tuck her tummy into the shorts. She frowned. She should probably just give up and wear frumpy sweats today, but the weather was getting warmer and she didn’t want to be sweaty and gross by the end of the day. The button-fly of her denim shorts was spread wide by her protruding tummy. Well, nothing to be done for that. She braced herself for a struggle, sucked in her gut, and wrestled the top button into its hole. The next button gave her slightly more resistance but she was determined. The last button also didn’t want to cooperate, but Tracy wasn’t about to leave it open either!

Tracy turned to look at herself in the mirror and frowned at her reflection. She was a shortstack redhead with her long wavy ginger hair cascading over her shoulders, her chubby cheeks dusted with freckles, her bright green eyes always striking. Her well-padded hips and ample bust gave her an exaggerated hourglass look, made all the more striking by her short stature. Or at least, she SHOULD have an hourglass figure. After a winter of heavy clothes, heavy food, and light exercise, her thighs were unmistakably chunkier and her tummy unmistakably pudgier

Tracy wasn’t fat. At least, that’s what she told herself. She was just curvy, zaftig, thick. That was fine. Right? But it was absolutely unfair! She worked SO hard to keep the weight off, yet she simply couldn’t keep it off. She was lucky that she wasn’t huge after the long winter, but Tracy felt like she ought to be way slimmer now considering just how many treats she had forgone during the holidays.

“Stupid slow metabolism,” she sighed. Did other girls have this problem? True, all teenage girls worried about their figures, but did they all have to practice such constant vigilance lest they blow up like balloons? Tracy was sure this must be unique to her. Poor Tracy! The truth was, she loved to eat. She was naturally lazy, the sort of girl who would rather spend an afternoon veging on the couch with a bowl of ice cream and some good soaps on the TV rather than exercising. Yet she knew just what would happen to her if she gave in to that desire… She needed to constantly count calories and (literally) exercise her butt off or she would absolutely chunk up.

Tracy’s shorts looked way shorter than they really were because her chunky thighs caused the shorts’ legs to bunch up into her crotch. She could feel the buttons straining against her chubby tummy and feel the rear seam of her seat riding up her rear.

“Gawd, I look like a real chubbette,” sighed Tracy. “I’d better hit the mall after school today to buy some new clothes… Just so I have SOMETHING decent to wear until I lose all this winter poundage.” She shook her head and headed down to the kitchen.

“Oh Tracy, honey,” cried her mother upon seeing Tracy bounce into the kitchen. The older woman winced. “Are you really going out wearing THAT outfit? It really doesn’t leave much to the imagination.”

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, Mom,” said Tracy, rolling her eyes. She opened a cabinet and quickly surveyed her options. Oatmeal would take too long to make, cereal just wasn’t filling… She grabbed a pop-tart out of an open box. She knew that the last thing that she needed right now was a fatty, sugary junk food snack like that, but, really, she was in a hurry. And besides, her mother’s nagging was making her feel just a little defiant.

“You make it sound like I’m a total blimp!” she said, biting into the tart. “It’s just a couple extra pounds. I’ll lose it in no time as soon as I get back into my usual schedule.”

Tracy’s mother shook her head and took a sip from her morning coffee. “Okay, honey, if you say so. It’s just I was a little hefty when I was your age and I know how cruel kids can be. I don’t want you to have to go through the same thing.”

Tracy frowned. She could feel the tight waistband of her shorts digging into her flabby waist but she hardly considered herself hefty.

“I’ll be fine, Mom! No one gives me any trouble…”

“Well, Tracy, it’s just… you know how boys are…”

“I don’t care about how boys are, snapped Tracy, taking another bite of her tart and fixing her mother with a steely glare. “You know I’ve been dating Dave for, like, over a month now and he’s never given me any crap about anything, least of all my weight!”

Tracy and Dave had been classmates and friends through most of high school, but it was only recently that the two had started dating. Of course, Dave had seen Tracy’s weight fluctuate over the years, but they’d only been dating during the winter when Tracy’s weight was at its highest… so it seemed like he didn’t mind her being a little thicker?

Tracy’s mother took another sip of her coffee, but she didn’t seem to be in the mood to press the issue. “Fair enough, Tracy. I’m going to be working late tonight, so I’m going to leave some money on the counter for you to order dinner if you want. Just don’t blow it all on pizza, please.”

Tracy shoved the last bite of her pop tart into her mouth and chewed vigorously. She shook her head. “Sure thing, Mom. I’ll only order the healthiest kale diet pizza.”

She was out the door before her mother could respond.

“Whatever, Mom!” muttered Tracy to herself as she stomped down the frontwalk toward her car parked at the curb. “I can’t believe she thinks that she can get off talking to me like that! So I’ve got a couple extra pounds… so what!? I work hella hard to stay fit but all I ever get is grief! If I slip up the least little bit, all I hear is ‘Tracy, you’re getting chubby!’ or “Tracy, you need to watch your waistline!’ It is SO unfair! Wouldn’t she like to see what I’d look like if I REALLY let go? Then she’d really see what it meant to be too fat! WHOOOA!”

Tracy was so involved in her internal monologue that she didn’t even noticed that the lawn was still slick with morning dew. She didn’t notice until her feet slid out from under her against the wet grass and she suddenly toppled over backwards with a loud yelp.

“Ow! Son of a bitch!”

Tracy picked herself up off the ground, massaging her poor bruised bottom with both hands.

“Jeez, what a spill,” she sighed as she looked herself over to assess the damage. “Looks like I’m all in one piece, though. No harm done… well, except for these shorts. Damnit!” Tracy grunted in frustration as she realized that the sudden fall had caused the top button to burst off her shorts, allowing her pudgy gut to sag out slightly.

“I’ll just have to hope no one notices,” said Tracy as she grabbed the hem of her babydoll T and pulled it down to cover the gap left by the missing button. It wasn’t the most elegant solution but it would do for now.

She opened her car door and plopped herself down. Her stomach growled quietly at her and Tracy patted it sympathetically.

“Yeah, I know. One pop tart is barely enough to fill you up, is it, girl? Sorry, I didn’t feel comfortable grabbing more with Mom there giving me the stink eye. Tell ya what, let’s stop by the corner bodega before we roll into school and get a couple sweet rolls. I think we deserve it, considering all the shit we had to put with from Mom.”

Tracy pulled her car into the lot at the corner bodega and sauntered inside, feeling the rear seam of her tight shorts wriggle between her butt cheeks. Tracy liked shopping here because the usual clerk had definite hard-on for her; he often let her get away with snagging some free snacks because he was so enamored with Tracy’s curvy body.

“I hope Steve is in today,” said Tracy, “I could really use an extra free sweet roll to tide me over.”

As she approached the door, she saw that, indeed, Steve was standing behind the counter. Good. Tracy put an extra wiggle in her step, hoping that these tight shorts helped to showcase her new pounds in an attractive way. She gulped, suddenly seized a fear that maybe it was all too much. She hadn’t stopped by this store all winter, so Steve hadn’t seen her with this extra weight… would he approve? He might not find her attractive anymore… which meant that he probably wouldn’t let her get away with any freebies! Damnit!

Well… there was only one way to find out!

She moved open the door, greeting Steve with a wide, confident grin. “Hi Steve! Long time, no see!”

“Tracy! It’s been too long!” Steve smiled back, boosting Tracy’s confidence. Phew, that was a good sign!

Tracy leaned over the counter, propping her chin in the palm of her hand while idly twirling a strand of her wavy red hair with her finger. Steve was immediately all ears. Good. She still had it!

“I was just hoping to get a couple of those sweet rolls you have behind the counter, hmmm? I’m just sooo hungry this morning!”

“Sure thing, Tracy!” Steve scooped up a couple of rolls and shoved them into a paperbag, which he slid across the counter.

“How much do I owe you, Steve?” asked Tracy, still twirling her hair.

“Aw, don’t worry about it. For you, no charge.”

Hell yeah! Tracy grinned. Hmm…. She wondered if she dared push her luck?

“And… how about one of those chocolate eclairs too?”

“Sure thing!”

“And a bear claw?”

“Uh… sure.”

By the time Tracy was done, she had convinced Steve to let her get away with nearly a dozen free donuts. She sat in her car in the parking lot and eagerly ate her way through the bag, devouring each pastry in turn like a ravenous animal. She could feel her tummy filling up with fried dough – a nice satisfied feeling! – but her hunger didn’t stop and she could feel her full belly still growling even as she wiped the remnants of the last jelly-filled donut from her lips.

“That’s crazy, how could I STILL be hungry?” mused Tracy as she scrunched up the empty paper bag into a ball and threw it into the backseat, rising slightly in her seat to make the throw.

Tracy plopped her butt into her car’s bucket seat, the sudden movement sending an unexpected ripple through her soft, supple flesh and busting the second button from her shorts. Her belly spilled out from the opening, plumping into her lap. Tracy’s eyes went wide. It must be her imagination but… was her belly bigger? There was no way! She gripped her sagging gut with both hands, her red manicured nails pressing into the soft new blubber. Yup, that was all her…

“This doesn’t make any sense,” said Tracy to herself. “How could I be bigger? I couldn’t have gained weight just from that snack… well, okay, I guess a dozen donuts is more than a snack but still…”

Her thoughts were interrupted by an urgent gurgle from her tummy. She was STILL hungry.

“Ya know what? Screw it! I worked hard all my life to stay trim and what does it get me? I might as well enjoy myself for once and eat enough to satisfy my tummy! I’m tired of always being hungry… But I’ve got a bigger problem right now. One button missing, that I could hide. But two? That’s getting downright indecent. I can’t wait til after school to go shopping. I’d better get a new outfit now or the kids are gonna notice…”

She checked her watch and her jaw dropped. 11:00 a.m.?! What the hell?? How was it possible that it was already so late?

“What in the world… there’s no way I’ve been sitting in this parking lot and stuffing my face with donuts for over two hours!”

Tracy was loathe to believe it, but her swollen stomach told a different story. It was definitely distended enough that it looked like it could have just endured a two hour stuffing session.

“Fuck it, why even bother going in to school now?” She patted her middle thoughtfully, her touch lingering on the warm, soft flesh. “I’ve already missed the first two classes… I might as well make a day of it. I mean, after all, it’s almost lunch… Jesus, how could I be thinking about lunch? I’ve barely even finished breakfast.” Then again, there were plenty of restaurants that she could hit on her way to the clothing store. If she drove to the mall, she could think of at least a dozen options. Suddenly, a delightfully sinful idea hit her. Why should she have to choose? If she was going to skip school, she might as well enjoy the time that she took for herself. So why should she limit herself to just one restaurant and just one lunch? Tracy smiled to herself. She’d never actually skipped school before, but the idea of playing hooky just to gorge herself on junky fast food gave her a deliciously sinful thrill in the pit of her stomach. It sounded so exciting! There were so many bad-for-you restaurants that Tracy tried so hard to avoid, knowing that her slow metabolism would definitely punish her for indulging there. But today was going to be a day of sinful indulgence!

Tracy mapped out her route in her head: McDonalds, Burger King, Taco Bell, Pizza Hut, KFC… She would hit each one in turn and eat her fill until she was full. That was reasonable. And since all the other kids were in school right now, it’s not like she’d have any embarrassing encounters with her classmates. It was like the whole city was her oyster!

Tracy pulled her seat belt across her lap, grinning in amusement as her soft tummy spilled into her lap and hid the lap band from view. She was definitely going to enjoy this.

She did.

The last fast food restaurant on her itinerary was Wendy’s. By now, Tracy was sure that she should be slowing down. Indeed, her belly was starting to feel bloated, stretching out the material on her black babydoll to the point that her belly button was visible through the fabric.

“Gotta get some new clothes soon,” mumbled Tracy to herself as she opened the door to her car, spilling an avalanche of wrappers and plastic cups into the Wendy’s parking lot. With a porcine grunt, she hoisted herself out to her feet. It was no easy task, since the immense gravity of her new wide-load ass kept dragging her back down into her seat.

A day of absolute abandon had completely transformed the formerly voluptuous teen into a heavyweight porker. Her weight was spiraling out of control, almost as if every bite that passed her lips was immediately appearing on her hips, thighs, and belly as new fat. She had to weigh at least 300 pounds now, her oversized ass over three feet wide, her flabby lovehandles spilling over the sides of her shorts. She was so fat now that she sloshed as she waddled, her entire blubbery bulk wobbling in rythym with her footfalls. She imagined that the workers inside Wendy’s must be cowering in fear to see such a lardass approaching, huffing toward them across the parking lot with a dedicated hunger gleam in her eye. They could hardly anticipate the tsunami about to hit them!

Tracy jolted slightly as she pushed herself through the doorway, surprised to feel the sides of the doorjam brush against her fleshy hips. Was she actually growing too wide for doorways? No way. She must be even bigger than 300 pounds at this point. Tracy was filled with a strange mix of emotions. On one hand, she couldn’t help but worry about this strange phenomenom, what caused it, how long it would last, and, most importantly, how big she would get before it was all over. But on the other hand, she was having so much fun stuffing her face to her heart’s content that she couldn’t even bring herself to worry THAT much that she was literally inflating like a food-filled balloon.

Tracy approached the counter, her breathing labored after the long trek from the parking lot. These long walks really take it out of a big girl, thought Tracy as she mopped her sweat-soaked forehead with her plump hand.

“Gimmie… two… no, three hamburgers,” said Tracy, scanning the menu as she unconsciously licked her lips. “And I’d like to make that a meal. I mean, make all three of them meals.”

“So you want… three fries and three sodas?” The clerk sounded uncertain, as if he didn’t believe what he’d heard.

“Yeah, exactly, that’s right,” said Tracy. She was so eager to get started on her next meal that she didn’t realize she was openly fondling her chubby belly with most hands, sensuously squeezing the supple flesh between her manicured fingers. The clerk, however, couldn’t help but notice and found it incredibly hard not to stare… especially when he realized that this girl’s fly was completely unbuttoned!

“Um, so, I don’t want to embarrass you or anything…”

“Huh?”

“But…” He pointed downwards. “Your fly is open.”

Damn it, Tracy had hoped no one would notice! She hoped her face wasn’t as red as she thought it was… She decided to try to play it cool.

“Really?” With a disinterested expression on her face, she glanced down. All she could see was giant boobs and belly. She shrugged.

“If you say so,” she said.

The clerk didn’t pursue the issue, instead opting to just complete the transaction. “It’s gonna be… $25 even.”

Tracy couldn’t believe that she had managed to actually buy $25 worth of food at Wendy’s. Everyone here must think she was a hog! Well… they could probably tell that much just by looking at her. Tracy’s hand instinctively went to her hip but her wallet wasn’t there.

Oh, that’s right. Her shorts were so tight by now that she couldn’t force her plump hands into her side pockets, so she had been forced to instead stash her wallet in her back pocket.

Tracy turned in place to aim her big round ass at the clerk; she was so big now that even a simple move like that seemed to take an eternity. Tracy’s slow, labored movements actually seemed to have a certain grace to them. It was like watching an expert pilot slowly maneauver a blimp out of its hangar.

“Do me a favor, hun, and grab my wallet out of my pocket?” said Tracy in her sweetest voice. The clerk’s eyes bulged as Tracy raised herself up onto her tip toes, scootched backwards ever so slightly, then settled back onto the balls of her feet so that her colossal rump plopped across the counter. He could see her pocket in stark relief through the straining denim, perched atop the massive globe of Tracy’s left buttock, and he could hear the fabric whining quietly every time this tubby teen inhaled.

Damnit, stop staring and just grab the wallet, thought Tracy. I don’t know how long these shorts are gonna last and if you don’t hurry, my fat ass is gonna split my seat before you ever get around to anything!

Tracy could feel her shorts grow slightly less snug as the clerk gradually pried her wallet loose after several minutes of fidgeting. Tracy suspected that he was playing up the difficulty in getting her wallet out just so that he had as much excuse as possible to ogle her butt, although, to his credit, he was too professional – or maybe just too nervous – to take advantage of the situation and grope her billowing rump. Which was silly, would Tracy be making such a spectacle of herself if she didn’t expect a reaction? She was honestly a little disappointed until she turned around again saw that the clerk was trying to hide an obvious bulge in his pants. Good! At least SOMEONE appreciated a full-figured woman.

“Thanks so much, hun,” said Tracy, plucking her wallet back from grasp and laying the cash on the counter. “I’ll wait for my number.”

She sloshed to the nearest table and collapsed onto a bench, sighing heavily. She was startled to feel a thread pop in the side seam of her shirt and, when she raised her arm to check, she saw a slab of pale blubber bubbling through a small tear in her side. Goddamnit! She’d been putting off that shopping trip all morning but this was just getting ridiculous. She’d have to go RIGHT to the closest clothing store as soon as she was done with her meal here. She quickly gobbled down her burgers and sucked down one, then two, then three sodas. It was silly to buy three sodas, seeing as the restaurant gave free refills. But there was just something so decadent about buying extra soda even when you didn’t need to! It only served to make her even more excited. Tracy returned to the soda fountain, filling her giant cups with a second helping each, and guzzled them down.

After a third helping of soda, Tracy REALLY help like she needed to slow down or she was going to burst. Her belly was even more swollen than before, so bloated with fizzy soda that she felt like she sloshed when she walked.

“Oof, maybe this was a mistake,” muttered Tracy, putting one hand one each side of her bowling ball-sized gut to help steady the jiggling mass. “If I’m not careful, I’m gonna angry up all that carbonation inside me!” A sudden unexpected belch burst from her lips, reminding Tracy of another consequence of her excessive soda binge. Damn! She had to be more careful or she was gonna be burping all day…

Tracy pushed her way out of the Wendy’s and gazed across the parking lot. The Wendy’s was in the mall parking lot, so she could easily walk over to the mall in under a minute… there were plenty of clothing stores to choose from over there. But then again, Tracy hardly felt like getting any exercise when she was THIS full of soda! Feeling more and more like a lazy slob, Tracy decided that she would simply get in her car and drive the short distance rather than walk.

The first thing she did at the mall was go to the bathroom. All that soda needed to come out! Tracy was a little surprised to find that she still looked just as bloated even after she peed; her belly still arced out in front of her, just as wide and sloshy as ever. Weird!

Once she made her way to the clothing store, Tracy grabbed a few outfits off the rack in size 10…. But then she paused. If she was already busting out of her old shorts as much as she was, what chance was there that she only needed to go up one size? She shoved those outfits back and grabbed some size 12s. Alright, fat girl. That’s more your style. She wobbled into the changing room, ignoring the scathing glares she received from some of the store’s thinner customers who were scandalized that this chubby honey would dare to try on fashionable outfits.

Inside the dressing room, confronted with her image in a full length mirror, Tracy gasped out loud! Her mother wasn’t kidding when she said that she looked ready to bust a seam! Tracy’s babydoll T-shirt barely covered her boobs now, functioning more as a croptop and leaving her flabby gut bare.

“So much for hiding my popped buttons,” sighed Tracy as she futilely tugged at her shirt hem. “This shirt is completely useless for that now.” She smirked, as she eyed the overhang of her pudgy belly, the pale new flesh sagging over the crotch of her shorts. “Good thing my fat belly’s grown so big that it can do the job instead, huh? No one’s gonna know I’ve lost all my buttons when my bloated paunch is in the way! Well, enough joking, I better see if I can cram my fat ass into something a little more accommodating to my size…”

Tracy grabbed the sides of her open shorts and started to wiggle them down her thighs, squirming her butt back and forth as she did so. RIIIP! Tracy paused and then swore under her breath as she realized that she had just split her panties. Great. Now, on top of everything else, she was going to have to buy bigger underwear too! She already knew her ass was getting big, but she was still a little surprised to think that it was getting so big she could blow out the seat of her panties. Was that even possible???

Indeed it was! After Tracy stripped down, she inspected her underwear to find that her suspicions were correct; there was a big tear along the rear seam of her teal undies, starting at the elastic waistband and traveling down between the legs.

“Whatever!” said Tracy. “I’m not going to worry about this.” Standing nude in the dressing room, Tracy was finding it a lot harder to follow that advice. Her new gains were all the more apparent, her chubby tummy and newly deepened naval slit drawing her attention in the mirror. Though, if she craned her neck around, she could see WHY her underwear had split. Her ass stuck out behind her, full and round, like twin ripe cantelopes, absolutely plump and squeezable. Damn. I bet Dave would LOVE to get his hands on that booty! Damn… Dave! Tracy swore to herself. How was she going to explain her sudden expansion to Dave? He’d always been surprisingly chill about Tracy’s weight struggles in the past but this… this was WAY beyond just a few pounds of winter weight! How was she going to explain that she’d suddenly gained over 300 pounds in a day? It was insane!

“Well… I guess he’d better be okay with a butterball turkey for a girlfriend,” said Tracy, running her hands over her fleshy sides. “Cuz that’s what he’s got now. And if he doesn’t like it? Well, then screw him!”

Tracy grinned. It felt good to say it. She was done apologizing for her weight or her appetite. At her size, what was the point? She might as well live life her way. And if she ended up a little thick, well, what was the harm?

Tracy bought a spandex bodysuit that snapped together at the crotch that she put on under a pair of denim shorts bib overalls. She pulled her red hair back into a ponytail and tied it off. All in all, it gave her a very sassy 80s girl vibe. Tracy kinda dug it, even if it didn’t do much to disguise her recent weight gain. Not that anything could…

Her stomach gurgled loudly, loud enough to shock Tracy out of her thoughts. She was well past the point where anything would surprise her.

“I guess it’s time for any after-lunch snack,” said Tracy, drumming her fingers against the surface of her fat paunch through the denim fabric of her overalls. She casually caught her reflection in a large display window as she waddled past. Goddamn! She knew she was huge now, but…. How could she possible be THAT big?

“Oh… well, I guess I have been eating all day,” said Tracy to herself. She was far beyond chubby now, her thick thighs meeting all the way down to her knees and her rotund jiggling belly slapping against her legs as she wobbled. She was definitely turning heads, since it was unusual to see a 400 pound teenager shuffling through the mall, but Tracy didn’t really care if people stared. In fact, she kind of… liked it?! She’d worked hard to build this new belly, why shouldn’t she be proud?

Despite herself, Tracy felt her chubby legs carrying her straight toward the food court. Her belly rumbled loudly and Tracy was powerless to resist as her yawning hunger led her straight toward yet another meal. She unconsciously put an extra bit of bounce in her step, letting the natural jiggle of her belly and bottom attract even more attention.

“Jeez, I just keep getting bigger and bigger… I probably shouldn’t go to the food court… if I keep eating like this, who knows how much longer these overalls are gonna last?” Tracy tried to rationalize it to herself, but she wasn’t interested in listening to her own better advice. She was hungry!

“Tracy!? Shouldn’t you be in school?”

Tracy froze as she suddenly heard a familiar voice. What the…?! Dave?! What was he doing here?

She froze, then slowly turned. Yup. It was Dave, hanging out by the fountain in the mall’s central plaza.

“What are you doing here, Tracy? I almost didn’t recognize you.”

“What are YOU doing here?” asked Tracy slowly. “I could ask you the same question!” Of course you almost didn’t recognize me, thought Tracy. I’ve gained like 300 pounds just today!

“Alright, ya got me.” Dave shrugged, grinning. “I’m skipping school. Don’t tell anyone!” He chuckled and winked conspiratorially.

“Yeah, well, me too,” said Tracy. She put her arms behind her back and shyly rocked back and forth, her massive bloated belly swaying. She gulped. Surely Dave would say something? “Uhhh…. So, uh, Dave…. I don’t suppose you notice anything different about me today?”

Dave shrugged. “Oh yeah, you got a new outfit. Looks really cute on you, too.”

Tracy giggled and twirled a strand of red hair around her finger. “Er… yeah, that’s one new thing. But I was thinking more like…. Would you say I’ve, uh, maybe gained a little bit of weight?”

“What? Naw, you’re crazy, Tracy. You looks just a good as ever. In fact, if anything I think you’ve lost weight. Are you feeling okay? I was just about to head down to the food court for a late lunch; maybe you’d like to join me?”

It was insane to think that Dave not only didn’t notice her gain, but he seemed to think she was too thin?? Then again, Tracy wasn’t one to turn down an invitation to a meal… especially not today!

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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