Ghostly Guidance
By Mollycoddles

Of course, everyone knew Anna Nicole Smith. The billowing blonde bunny was famous for her outrageous curves – her overfilled hourglass figure was a sight to behold with hefty breasts, wide flaring hips, and a rounded protruding bottom. Her black dress hugged her plush contours, leaving little to the imagination and shifting tightly across her bulbous rear as she approached the dinner table. Anna Nicole’s hearty appetite was evident just from her ample flesh and the house staff knew to always prepare feast for the hefty heiress’ evening meal – but tonight Anna Nicole’s thoughts were elsewhere and she was seized by a melancholy that, surprisingly, not even food could cure tonight.

The walls of Anna Nicole’s mansion were decorated with photos from her many triumphs – Anna Nicole modeling swimsuits, Anna Nicole modeling jeans, Anna Nicole at the fashion show awards. Every image showcased the soft, voluptuous body that made her admirers drool. But Anna Nicole wanted more. Sure, she was curvy… but deep in her heart she knew that she still couldn’t compare to the thrusting bosoms and rounded buttocks of the classic bombshells of old.

“I’d give anything to really look like a real bombshell,” sighed Anna Nicole to herself.

“Anything?”

Anna Nicole startled at the sound of the unfamiliar voice; she spun around to see two strange transparent women hovering in the air of her foyer. The blonde bunny gulped nervously. Ghosts! But then… she squinted hard. Holy shit! She recognized these ghosts!

“Marilyn Monroe? Elizabeth Taylor?” Anna Nicole’s jaw dropped at the sight of the two shimmering forms hovering in the air before her. They were ghostly and transparent, visible only as faint electric-blue outlines that phased in and out of reality, but they were unmistakable. Anna Nicole would know those beautiful faces and zaftig figures anywhere! “Y’all ain’t really them, are ya?”

“Why, of course we are, dahlink,” said Elizabeth Taylor.

“Y’all are my heroes,” said Anna Nicole. “I always wanted to be jest like you!”

Anna Nicole Smith had modeled her whole career after that of these two classic bombshells. Naturally gifted with a similarly voluptuous figure, Anna Nicole also had an appetite to match – something that had helped her to build her curves over the years into a knock-out hourglass figure with wide, flaring hips, a broad rounded badonk butt, and – most noteworthy of all – an ample, plumped-up chest. Anna Nicole’s hefty breasts already seemed ready to spill over the lip of her elegant black dress as it clung to the soft curves of her thighs and belly.

“Just like us?” said Marilyn, her voice low and breathy just as she sounded in so many films. “Sweetie, you’re just getting started! If you want to be like us, you still have a ways to go.”

“A ways ta go?” repeated Anna Nicole. She was shocked to hear that! She was famous for her eating habits and her measurements; tabloids were always screaming about both, acting as if Anna Nicole’s hearty southern appetite was simply too out of control to believe. But was it really? Sure, she enjoyed a good meal and she never went hungry. And, sure, her love for fried junk food meant that she was carrying around some extra poundage, but no one ever complained when so much of it settled on her bottom and bustline. “Y’all can’t be serious! Ah’m the biggest gal at mah agency! I got the Guess Jeans modeling contract cuz they wanted a thicc gal and I’m as thick as they come! The tabloids even been callin’ me fat!”

“You’re hardly thicc by my standards,” cooed Marilyn, draping a ghostly hand against her own pneumatic bosom for emphasis.

“Nevertheless, we’d like to help you get there,” said Elizabeth, a spectral hand touching Anna’s plump cheek. Her touch was cold and sent shivers down Anna Nicole’s spine; there was something frightening about these two spectres – well, of course there was, she reminded herself, they’re ghosts – but also something so enticing! “Would you like our help?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Anna Nicole. “What do you recommend?”

“The first thing we need to do is to fill out these curves of yours,” said Marilyn. Her ghostly form was behind Anna Nicole now, pressing into her back – and through her back! It was a difficult sensation to describe. Anna Nicole was half surprised to see Marilyn’s manicured fingers move though her chest to cup her left breast. “Look at these itty bitty titties! Oh we’ve got our work cut out for us!”

“And look at all this delicious food that’s been so thoughtfully prepared for you!” said Elizabeth, motioning to the table. “Why, I think you ought to enjoy yourself tonight.” She plucked an éclair from a tray – Anna Nicole watched as the dessert briefly seemed to hover in the air, Elizabeth’s transparent fingers nearly invisible – and brought it to Anna’s face.

“Open wide, darling! There’s a good girl,” said Elizabeth, holding the Éclair to Anna Nicole’s plump lips. Anna Nicole couldn’t do anything but obey. She parted her lips, her eyes fluttering closed as Elizabeth pushed a fluffy pastry into her mouth. Anna Nicole bit down, squirting cream – which flew right through Elizabeth’s spectral form to hit the floor behind her. Elizabeth chuckled as she watched Anna Nicole chew eagerly.

“Marilyn, I think our pupil here might actually have what it takes to be a real bombshell! She’s certainly got the appetite for it.”

“I think you might be right, Elizabeth. Let’s help her out!”

Suddenly the two ghosts were all over Anna Nicole, shoving food into her eager maw. Anna Nicole barely said a word. She was too busy eating! The two ghosts plied her with a constant stream of sweet, sugary treats – cakes and tarts, biscuits and parfaits, spooning pudding into her mouth, shoving chocolate-covered croissants between her teeth. Heavenly! And all the while, she could feel their cold, ghostly fingers playing over her body, as if the two dead women were inspecting her, making sure that she was growing into the plush diva that they knew she could be. She felt Marylin’s hands hefting her breasts, the classic blonde bombshell’s fingers sinking deep into Anna Nicole’s spongy flesh. She felt Elizabeth’s hands at the sides of her tummy, massaging her new bulge with something almost approaching reverence. And the food kept coming! Anna could barely keep up now. These women were relentless! At first, Anna welcomed it… She loved to eat, after all, and she was fiercely proud of the plump, contoured body that she had built from her own over-indulgence. Now, under this onslaught of empty calories, she could feel her body growing, ballooning into something so much bigger, so much rounder, so much plumper! Her belly was already puffed out, full with so much delicious food that she could feel the black cloth of her dress straining at the seams to keep her covered.

“I’m gonna pop,” huffed Anna Nicole. “Y’all are feedin’ me too much!”

“I’m sorry, Anna Nicole, do you want us to stop?” asked Elizabeth.

Anna Nicole paused as if to think about it. “Naw.”

Now she was getting into the rhythm! Anna Nicole was gorging herself as fast as she could; with two ghosts feeding her, she didn’t even need to use her own hands. RIIIIIP! She barely even flinched as her burgeoning body finally overcame the resistance of her dress and the overloaded garment split down the sides, allowing her creamy new flesh to spill out. Moments later, Anna Nicole’s monster brassiere, a hefty utilitarian undergarment designed to withstand the major pressure of the over-inflated diva’s exquisite balcony, popped its hooks. Apparently, it wasn’t designed to withstand THAT much pressure! Her belly continued to grow, swelling more and more as the ghosts fed her, the helpless blonde bimbo blowing up like a literal balloon being filled with too much food and too much fat.

“There’s a good girl! Keep eating!” said Marilyn. She slid her hands over the vast surface of Anna Nicole’s bloated belly, testing the softness of her new blubber, inching closer and closer to her exposed crotch.

“H-hey! What’re y’all doin’ down there?” yelped Anna Nicole in surprise, spitting a mouthful of chewed cake pop into her cleavage.

“Shhh, calm down, Anna Nicole, you’re so tense,” said Marilyn. Her ghostly fingers lightly brushed the swell of Anna Nicole’s chubby fupa. “I’ve been dead for too long! It’s been a long time since I’ve seen a pussy this fat and inviting!”

“Y’all don’t mean… oh!” Anna Nicole’s protests died on her lips as she felt Marilyn’s tongue part her labia and slide wetly across her swollen clit. “Oh!”

“There now, let’s not slack,” said Elizabeth, taking the opportunity to shove another cream puff into Anna’s open mouth. “You’re still not big enough to be a real diva. Let’s really plump up those curves of yours, Anna Nicole.”

“Mmmmff,” sputtered Anna Nicole, chewing furiously, her cheeks bulging. She wanted to say something, but her mouth was too full!

“We’re going to show you what it means to really indulge,” said Marilyn. “Oh Anna, you poor poor dear. You think you know what pleasure is? You think that your paltry little snacks and your tepid love affairs can compare to true bliss? Tonight we’re going to take you to unprecedented heights of indulgence, to the frontiers of ecstasy that you never even dreamed existed… by the end of it, you’ll be BEGGING us for more… and begging us to stop!”

Anna Nicole’s baby blue eyes went wide, sweat beading along her hairline. What was going to happen to her? She was completely at the mercy of these two ghosts and she had no idea what they were planning to do to her. She could feel Marylin between her legs and, as much as she wanted to protest that no woman had ever been there, she couldn’t bring herself to say it… already she could feel herself melting at the blonde bombshell’s tender touch. And Elizabeth Taylor just kept feeding her! How could Anna Nicole even think straight when she was being bombarded with pleasure at every inch of her being? Gawd, this felt soooo good! Anna Nicole’s mind began to wander as she lost herself in waves of hedonistic ecstasy.

“Mmmm…” The big bloated blonde could barely do anything other than murmur, a sound of deep guttural pleasure in the back of her throat, as the ghosts continued their work: Marilyn ate her out, her tongue slipping wet between the folds of Anna Nicole’s engorged pussy with all the expertise of a fat girl hungry for a treat – which, come to think of it, described Marilyn to a T – while Elizabeth tenderly fed Anna Nicole, putting delicacy after delicacy to her lips, whispering sweet encouraging nothings into her ear. Gawd, it felt so good! Her whole body felt like it was on fire with the electric sensations of lust and gluttony! Her belly swelled out in front of her, visibly puffing bigger and rounder and fuller as she ate, to the point that Anna Nicole though that Marilyn would be forced to pull away from her pussy or be suffocated beneath that avalanche of new blubber. What a silly thought! Of course a ghost wouldn’t need to breathe! And Marilyn never paused, only pushed deeper, harder, until the ghost was moving through her, inside her! She felt the delicious chill of Marilyn Monroe pass through her and into her! On the one hand, it was strange to say that she could FEEL a ghost filling her out and yet… and yet she could! It was so strange! She already felt so full that she could burst and this ghost was filling her up even more! Anna Nicole was no blushing virgin. She’d been fucked hard by a series of paramours in her time as a model and actress and this fat horny slut LOVED a nice fat dick. But this was a totally new sensation! It was better than being filled up with the biggest cock she’d ever taken!

“More… more… please, I need more!” gasped Anna Nicole. Elizabeth Taylor didn’t need any coaching; the food kept coming, faster and faster, so fast that Anna Nicole could barely keep up, her chubby cheeks coated in icing and crumbs.

“We told you you’d be begging,” gigged Elizabeth. “Keep chewing, sweetie, you’re doing great!”

Anna Nicole moaned out loud. “It’s too much… Gawd, I’ve never felt anything like this before! Oh Gawd, I can’t take this, it’s too much! Shit shit, I feel like my pussy’s gonna explode!”

Marilyn was still inside her and Anna Nicole was going wild from the sensation. She felt like she was about to lose her mind! Oh Gawd, oh Gawd, how could it be possible to get so much joy from food and women? This was beyond anything that Anna Nicole could have imagined even in her wildest dreams!

“Oh Gawd!!!” screamed Anna Nicole in ecstasy as she came, her fat pussy tensing and throbbing, her entire bloated body jiggling wildly. She collapsed into a quivering, sweating heap, her breath coming in ragged wheezing gasps.

Marilyn passed out of Anna Nicole’s prone form, grinning at Elizabeth. Their work was done.

Anna Nicole was absolutely enormous, a vast billowing pile of blubber, a gargantuan blob so huge that she was pinned to the floor under the gravity her own belly. Her belly and boobs rose above her, quivering with her labored breathing; Anna Nicole was so absurdly full after this monumental stuffing that she looked like she just might burst apart at the seams. All her clothing had long since exploded off of her. The only hint of her former outfit were her thigh-high gold boots, mangled and torn beyond recognition but still clinging to her elephantine calves and tree-trunk thighs. Otherwise, she was completely naked.

“Holy shit,” mumbled Anna Nicole under her breath. She was woozy from pleasure, her head swimming with euphoria both from the massive feast and from the tingly sensations between her legs. She had never felt this good before! But even more… she had never been this big before! She could barely see over her chest, her colossal zeppelin-sized hooters filling her field of vision but she could feel them resting against the shelf of her new belly. She was so stuffed and bloated that she couldn’t think straight. “I’m… I’m huge! I never thought I could be this big!”

She couldn’t move she was so absolutely stuffed beyond all reason, her towering gut shivering with intense fullness. She could barely even squeak out anything above a contented groan. But she had never felt so good in her entire life! Gawd! Those ghosts were right. She thought that she liked to indulge, but her hedonism was NOTHING compared to what these two classic bombshells had shown her! She knew already that her life would never be the same after today… Even as stuffed as she was, her belly stretched to the point of popping, her pussy teased and abused to multiple orgasms until it was tender and sore, she… still… wanted… more!! The only thing preventing her from continuing was physical impossibility… She was too full, too exhausted. But tomorrow…. Oh yes, tomorrow!! She knew that she would be eating and fucking again as soon as she could move. And she wasn’t going to be satisfied with the mere snacking she’d done before! Life was a buffet and she intended to gorge from now on!

“Looks like Anna Nicole finally learned how to enjoy herself like a real diva,” said Marilyn in her trademark breathy voice.

Elizabeth grinned. “Absolutely, dahling. And all it took was a pair of good teachers!”

Fridge Spirits
By Mollycoddles

Sugar was a pudgy southern belle with a spoiled rotten attitude and a hearty southern appetite. It was no wonder that she was raiding the fridge in the middle of the night, when all good little girls should be asleep! Her body already showed the effects of her lazy, gluttonous lifestyle. She was a soft, chubby who barely fit into her pink crop-top and hip-hugger capri jeans. Her outfit definitely looked like it had been designed to fit a slimmer girl and one might easily have suspected that Sugar had once been that slimmer girl – only now too many nights spent snacking and days spent lazing around had caused her to blossom into a plump little peach.

Tonight, as most nights, Sugar was looking for her usual midnight snack. She couldn’t be expected to go the whole night without indulging a little now, could she? She leaned forward, peering into the back of the fridge, her broad bottom sticking out behind her as she looked over the plethora of leftovers.

“Hmm, peach cobbler!” bubbled Sugar, pulling a slice of pie from the fridge. She paused and shivered. It was almost as thought there was an invisible presence in the room. Everyone said that almost every old house down here south of the Mason-Dixon line was haunted, but Sugar never paid those stories no mind. She was much more interested in eating!

Suddenly, she heard a voice speak to her from the gloom!

“So you’re that little girl who loves to eat, huh?” said a ghostly voice as a spectral finger caressed Sugar’s plump cheek. “Always raiding the fridge when you’re supposed to be on a diet? Tsk tsk! Some girls just don’t know when they’ve had enough. And look at you! Why, you’re already as big as house. The last thing that you need, dumpling, is more food!”

“Aw, ah just gotta bitta baby fat,” snapped Sugar. “Ain’t nothin’! Besides, a lotta fellers like a gal with some meat on her bones. What’s it to ya, ghost?”

“Such insolence! I think, young lady, that you need to learn a lesson. You need to find out what happens to little girls who eat and eat and never stop!”

The ghostly hands clamped against her thick wrists, pinning them to the wall behind her. She squirmed but couldn’t break away! She watched, horrified but also fascinated, as more glowing, spectral hands began to retrieve food from the fridge – plates of collard greens and pork spare ribs and hush puppies and so many other southern fried delicacies – and ferry them toward her slack mouth.

“Y’all ain’t gonna actually – umph!” Sugar’s protest was cut short as a pair of hands shoved a golden brown hush puppy into her mouth. The plump southern belle chewed vigorously and swallowed, just in time for another pair of hands to push a pot of okra into her face.

“Ah hell, this ain’t nothin!” muttered Sugar between big gluttonous bites. “Y’all can’t actually think ah can’t handle this! This Georgia peach has a real southern appetite.” She grinned widely, her chubby cheeks already slathered with grease and sauce.

This wasn’t so bad! Sugar couldn’t believe this was happening – sure, it was weird, but was it all that bad? She wasn’t sure why these ghosts thought that this would teach her a lesson. She loved to eat! If anything, these ghosts were just rewarding her for her bad habits by giving her exactly what she wanted: more food! She chomped and chewed, eagerly gobbling down entrée after entrée as the ghostly hands dumped food into her face. She was so intent on eating that the dim-witted pageant brat didn’t even notice the effect that this massive onslaught of food was having to her waistline. Her belly swelled out in front of her, bloated until it was as round and hard as a bowling ball and growing larger and tighter all the time. Already, she was vaguely aware of a slight twinge coming from her overloaded middle with every swallow. But the food just kept coming and Sugar was too greedy to stop! The hands were caressing her overloaded middle, their fingers sinking deeply into her thick layer of blubber – but they could feel just how taut her stomach was below her flab. She was overfilled, pushed past her limit!

“Y’all wanna slow down a bit?” huffed Sugar, stifling a hiccup. Her face was starting to go green under the sloppy coating of crumbs and sauce and icing on her cheeks. Ooof, she was really starting to feel full!

Her gut bubbled and churned, struggling to digest her vast feast. The food was coming too fast and too furious, more and more goodies piling into her before her stomach had any hope of handling all that southern cooking! She was like a living balloon being inflated with way too much food – and her body was rapidly swelling so fast that it didn’t look like it would be able to contain her all for much longer!

“Ah can’t eat this much!” huffed Sugar. “Y’all are goin’ too fast! Y’all gotta slow down or ah’m gonna bust a gut!”

“What’s the matter, Sugar?” said the ghostly voice. “I thought you liked to eat!”

“Ah love ta eat but… Ah can’t… can’t hold it… it’s too much…!”

The effects of this midnight stuffing were evident on Sugar’s chubby body. Her belly had grown absolutely massive, swelling out in front of her like a beach ball.

“Ah promise – urp! Ah won’t ever – buuuurp! – snack between meals again!” burbled Sugar hazily. She was so stuffed and bloated that she couldn’t think straight; her brain was on a major sugar high and her head felt like it was wrapped in cotton candy. She was so obscenely full that she felt like she was about to pass out. In fact the only thing that kept her awake was the incredible pain radiating out from her overstuffed belly. Her belly had grown to immense proportions, so stuffed and swollen that she didn’t sag an inch. Her belly was tight as a drum, her skin flushed red and shiny from the pressure of holding together. She could almost feel her skin reaching the limits of its elasticity as spiraling silvery stretchmarks popped into existance along her flanks. Her stretchmarks looked like a aerial photograph of a gathering hurricane, if the spidery lines were winds circling the epicenter of her navel. She barely had the brainpower left to even ponder that image! The pressure in her churning gut was so enormous that she felt like her belly button was about to pop out, like a woman in the final stages of pregnancy, and every labored breath brought an incredible, deep ache in the very pit of her stomach. If her belly button popped, that would be least of her worries! At least, she thought dumbly, as another ghostly hand shoved a slice of cheesecake into her slack jaws, that would open up a little extra space inside her gut… maybe it would buy her a few extra minutes before she completely detonated like a megaton bomb. She knew she couldn’t last much longer! She. Was. SOOOOO. Full! Every inch of her body ached, she could feel her belly creaking and groaning. The small hiccups that wracked her body sent shockwaves of pain through her vast, overfilled middle. Her heart was in her throat as she felt each gathering hiccup as she feared that each one would be her undoing. She was too unstable to hiccup! The reverb of each hiccup jostled her overstretched belly SO much that she was sure it would rip apart. Yet she still held! But the longer she held out, it only meant that the longer those ghostly hands would feed her, the more she ate, the fuller she became, the tighter her belly grew…. She was inching toward an explosive conclusion and there was nothing she could do except prolong the agony! Her burps helped to decrease the pressure inside her slightly, but not by nearly enough…. The sad truth of the matter was that there wasn’t much gas inside her guts at all, it was completely packed with FOOD. She was as solid as a bag of wet cement.

Sugar knew she should resist. But she loved to eat! Even now, in her supremely, dangerously overstuffed condition, when she was literally so incredibly, unbelievably full that she was a hair’s breath away from popping, when she was so bloated with her own gluttony that it seemed like even thinking about eating anymore would be enough to send her over the edge, she still couldn’t stop!

“Awwww naw!” moaned Sugar. Her entire body was rumbling now. She could feel that something big had changed inside her with that final bite, that final swallow. It was too much. She could feel herself stretching, the massive gutload of food inside her was moving and churning and roiling, trying to find more room for itself inside her cramped belly but it wasn’t having any luck… there was no where for it to go but out! She could feel herself growing even more, but there wasn’t any more room for her to grow! She was at her absolute limits. Hot tears spilled down her chubby cheeks as her entire body suddenly began to swell anew, like a balloon might swell just as it surpasses its highest capacity. Sugar’s clothing could barely hold together as she grew bigger and bigger, her pink tank top splitting at the seams as big soft bubbles of fresh blubber tore through the stitching. Her blue capri jeans were so tight that they felt like they were cutting her in half, her belly spilling over her waistband while her fupa pressed against the crotch of her pants with mounting pressure. Eventually, the pressure proved too much and Sugar almost sighed with relief when finally her belly popped the button from her pants and split open her zipper. The grand bulbous mass of her new gut spilled forward, flopping into her lap and rolling forward onto the floor. She would have squealed at the feeling of the cold linoleum against her warm skin except that her mouth was way too much to make any noise. There was no time to react. The hands kept feeding her and feeding her! Her legs ballooned and billowed, her ass bulged and blimped – her unzippered pants were being pulled tightly around her burgeoning curves until the seams along her thighs blew open and her seat burst apart. Her clothes were in tatters, but she still didn’t stop. S he couldn’t! The food just kept coming and Sugar was powerless to do anything except gulp it down as fast as she could! She was starting to falter… No girl could eat this much! She was getting way too full. These ghosts had to give up soon, right? They weren’t actually gonna stuff her until she popped, right? Sugar tried to pull away from the ghostly hands, agitating her overloaded gut and forcing a loud, wet burp to explode from her lips – which only gave the hands one more opportunity to shove another load of grits into her open mouth.

“Ah’m gonna bust! Ah cain’t hold no more!” whined Sugar, the words coming out as a squeak. “Ah swear… I learned my lesson! I won’t take any more midnight snacks! Please! Ya can’t keep feedin’ me! My tum’s fit ta bust!”

She was so full, her colossal stomach pressing so tightly against her lungs, that it was difficult to draw in air… not that she wanted to! Breathing deeply was an unacceptable risk at this point! All she could do was brace herself for the inevitable. Here it comes! This was it! Oh, why did she have to be such a glutton? Why couldn’t she have learned to control her appetite? That was her problem! She just never knew when to stop eating! She could never say no to food. And look where it had gotten her! After years of gorging and gluttony, the unseen spectral forces of the cosmos had finally decided that enough was enough. It was time for this billowing, bloated blonde bunny to face some real consequences for her greed. It was nothing less than what she deserved. But Sugar still didn’t like it! She didn’t have the strength to speak, but her mind was racing, spinning out pie-crust promises about how she would change if only the spirits would have mercy on her and her poor poor overstuffed belly, she would be good, she would never snack between meals again no matter how much she loved to eat, no matter how addicted she was to the delicious feeling of a full-up belly… a belly full of food… ummmmm….

Maybe it was inevitable. Or maybe it was that last thought that did it, that last greedy little thought that revealed, even in her darkest hour, even when her very life was on the line, Sugar still couldn’t stop thinking about food and eating. After all, how many times has it been said that a girl was so full that even thinking about food would be enough to make her burst? Surely that’s just an expression, right? Yet… in this instance, possibly for the first time in human history, a girl literally was so full, so obscenely burstingly full, that the merest wisp of a thought might have made all the difference. We’ll never know the truth, I suppose. Whatever the cause, it was too much. Sugar bellowed as her belly finally split under its own pressure – erupting like a volcano as it spewed blood, guts and a tidal wave of chewed food over the room.

As Sugar’s lifeless eyes rolled back in her head and the spent husk of her body crumpled in on itself, the ghostly hands slowly faded to nothing. They were satisfied. A greedy girl had been punished for her sin and their work here was done.

 \*\*\*

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:

Mollycoddles’ Amazon Store: http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref=sr\_ntt\_srch\_lnk\_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6

Mollycoddles’ Twitter: https://twitter.com/mcoddles

Mollycoddles’ Tumblr: http://mollycoddleswg.tumblr.com/

Mollycoddles’ DeviantArt: http://mcoddles.deviantart.com/

Mollycoddles’ Patreon: https://www.patreon.com/mollycoddles

Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at mcoddles@hotmail.com . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Mollycoddles