Too Much Chocolate!
By Mollycoddles

“And if you’ll just come through these doors, you’ll see our main manufacturing area. A real wonderland of candy, if you will!”

Charlene Chocolate pushed aside the clear plastic strips to reveal the bounty beyond. So far, this factory tour had been mostly disappointing. The Cal State Los Hermanos Chocolate Fanciers Club had listened politely as Charlene, the CEO of the Amalgamated Candy and Chocolate Concern, explained the various machines and processes that turned butter and cocoa beans into that most delectable of confections, but the truth was that not a single girl here cared at all about how their favorite treat was made. They were really just here for the free samples. Charlene, for her part, couldn’t help but chuckle at the idea that these girls liked chocolate SO MUCH that they’d actually formed a chocolate fan club. Sure, that was a little obsessive, but it was because of chocoholics like these tossing back empty calories that Charlene had been able to grow her company into the globe-spanning chocolate empire it was.

But this room? It was a huge atrium with a glass domed sky-light, allowing the sunshine to illuminate the scene below: a path of rock candy cobble stones winding between trees with trunks of candy cane, branches laden with fruits of toffee and nouget, rolling hills of marzipan, and a river of pure chocolate flowing through it all.

“Oh my Gawd,” gasped Helen, a chubby black girl with thick thighs and a prominent backside that stretched out her spandex leggings behind her. “I’ve never seen anything like this! This is, like… a chocolate lover’s paradise!”

“Wait up you guys!! Stop walking… so fast! We can’t keep up!”

Helen rolled her eyes and elbowed her friend Natalie in her well-padded ribs. It was no surprise that every member of the Cal State Los Hermanos Chocolate Fanciers Club was, well, chubby… but they all looked downright svelte compared to the club’s two biggest members, Amanda and Chloe.

Amanda huffed loudly with every wobbling step, her short blonde hair pasted to her forehead by sweat, her enormous pink belly spilling from the confines of her overstretched cotton T-shirt and overlapping the waist of her empire-waisted denim shorts. Her breasts heaved wildly with her labored breaths, bouncing against the shelf of her oversized gut and pushing her T-shirt up higher and higher, revealing even more of her voluminous gut no matter how much she tried to yank it back down. Her belly button was compressed into a line across her middle by the thick jelly rolls of her double belly and her legs were like twin fleshy tree trunks. Her ass was almost as big as her belly, sticking out behind her like a shelf and testing the limits of her shorts to the point that she constantly popped the snaps on her back pockets when she tried to waddle any faster than her usual slow plodding gait.

Her equally fat companion, Chloe, was in no better shape. The brunette gasped like a fish out of water, her rounded cheeks positively glowing as they flushed a bright red. She had to lean against Amanda for support to keep herself upright. She was slightly more pear-shaped than Amanda, although, at her size, such distinctions were mainly academic – she was still big all over with massive thighs and a gargantuan belly. Her bottom-heavy build meant that Chloe couldn’t even stuff herself into shorts like Amanda could, so she was relegated entirely to skirts. Dressed in a fuzzy angora sweater and a short skirt, Chloe could have passed for a classic 50s sock hopper – if only she wasn’t carrying an extra 500 pounds of wobbling, shifting blubber that caused the pearl buttons on her sweater to whisker and her skirt to slip up over the ample curve of her protruding rear so much that her panties were constantly in danger of popping into view. Her long brown hair fell over her back and shoulders and helped to disguise how round her face was, but the truth was that nothing could hide the fact that she was a total tub.

At over a quarter ton each, Amanda and Chloe weren’t just the fattest girls in the club. They were probably the fattest girls in the whole school! It wasn’t hard to guess why these two porky princesses were so enormous; both girls had dark brown chocolate stains around their mouths and across their chubby cheeks, evidence of their all-day binge since they’d first arrived at the chocolate factory this morning.

“We wouldn’t have to wait if you two could just keep up!” sighed Helen.

“It’s… not our fault!” whined Amanda. “We can’t walk as fast as you!”

“That’s got nothing to do with it,” said Helen. “The problem is that you two have to keep stopping every time they’re giving away a free sample!”

“You’re all stopping too!” piped up Chloe.

“Yeah, but at least we only take one sample per station! You two could learn from that! Frankly, the way that you stop to stuff your faces at every stop is a little embarrassing. Charlene is gonna think we’re a bunch of chocolate-obsessed pigs!”

“Lay off, Helen,” said Natalie. “Remember, if it wasn’t for Amanda and Chloe eating all those chocolate bars to find the golden tickets, we never would have won this contest!”

“Alright, alright, fair. But, c’mon, you two, try to keep up! There’s a lot more to see and I don’t wanna miss anything!”

Natalie really had no business criticizing her fellow club members. Amanda and Chloe were both founding members. They had come together in their freshman year, meeting in the dorm cafeteria and bonding over a mutual love of all things sweet, and only months later they approached the university with a draft charter for their new club. Sure, the dean might think it was strange that these girls wanted to celebrate chocolate THAT much, but the paperwork was in order so the club was formed.

You wouldn’t recognize either Amanda or Chloe as the same girls to look at them now. They had both arrived at college as doughy little plumpers, ripe and with a little extra pudge around the middle that testified to their love for sweets. But access to unlimited food on their generous college meal plan and a new social club that gave them an excuse to gorge meant that they quickly started to gain. Over the course of freshman year, the two girls absolutely ballooned. Friends and relatives could not help but remark that they were blowing up so rapidly that they almost resembled a pair of hot air balloons hooked up to helium pumps and being inflated for flight. Unfortunately for them, it seemed like nothing could dissuade them from their love of chocolate. Amanda returned home to her dorm room every night with her belly swollen with goodies and brown ring of chocolate smeared around her lips. She collapsed into her bed with a groan of relief, the mattress sagging more and more every night under her growing bulk as her gradually enlarging belly and bloating boobs put additional pressure on the buttons of her jammies. As she neared the quarter ton mark, her gut rose above her so far when she was lying down that she was having trouble squeezing into the lower bunk of her bunk bed without her belly bumping into the mattress above her. Things were even harder for the equally plump Chloe; the two girls had elected to room together and poor Chloe had to sleep in the top bunk. That meant that she had to lug her tremendous weight up the wooden slats of the bunk ladder every night (an arduous task in itself, even if she didn’t make every step creak and groan ominously under her chubby little trotters) to get into the top bunk – and then her weight made the mattress sag so severely that she nearly suffocated Amanda below her! The other girls in the club worried that the two of them were destined for disaster if they kept up their dangerously gluttonous eating habits – one of these days, the bed would simply break and drop Chloe right on top of Amanda! And that was the best case scenario.

“Try and keep up, please!” said Natalie. “We really want to see the whole factory!”

“We’re doing… our best!” gasped Amanda. She inhaled deeply, struggling to catch her breath, causing her shirt to ride up and form a tight roll right under her breasts. She grabbed at it with her uselessly fat arms and tried to tug it down again, but her belly was so big these days that she couldn’t quite reach. She was able to pull it down just to her navel, but she had no hope of tucking it into her pants. As a result, it was certain to ride up again.

Charlene ushered the girls into the room with a chuckle. These were her favorite kind of customers: utterly transfixed by all things sweet! As the CEO of a major candy company, it certainly made her life easier to have loyal customers like this, especially customers so loyal that they didn’t stop to read the fine print of the liability waivers that they signed upon entering the factory. Not that she expected anything bad to happen. It was just that… well, sometimes people had accidents on this tour. And usually, it was people like Amanda and Chloe. She glanced back at the two waddling blimps, each so wide and fat that she dwarfed the other girls in the party. Gawd, they were absolutely huge! Charles was used to seeing a lot of fatsos on this tour, but these two heavyweights really took the cake! Girls like that inevitably got into trouble here, partly because they were too fat and clumsy to avoid and accident but also partly because they were always such slaves to their own hunger that they were more likely to ignore the clearly posted “EMPLOYEES ONLY” signs and waddle beyond the posted barriers in search of more sweet goodies. Really, they only had themselves to blame!

“Now this is our show room,” said Charlene. “This is where we bring investors to show all the latest candy innovations we’ve got cooking up. We’re developing trees that bear candy, real candy rocks… even chocolate that stays liquid so you can create your own chocolate swimming pool!”

“A chocolate swimming pool?” Amanda’s eyes went as big as dinner plates. Her mind was a buzz with the possibilities. She imagined herself, all 500 pounds stuffed into a bursting-at-the-seams nylon/spandex blend swimsuit so that she more resembled a sausage ready to pop on the grill than a girl, lounging lazily on an air mattress as she floated on the surface of her very own chocolate swimming pool. And when she got hungry? She could just stick her face over the edge, plunge her lips into the pool, and slurp away like a pig at the trough. The very idea was so delectable that Amanda had to wipe a trickle of drool away from the corner of her mouth.

“Wow, that sounds SO good!” said Chloe.

“Totally! Um, is that almost ready for release? Cuz I would totally love to have some…”

“Don’t worry, my plump little friends,” said Charlene with a wink. “When it’s out, you’ll be the first to know.”

Charlene led the girls into the room, pointing out interesting features and chattering away. Most of the girls listened with rapt attention. Except, predictably, Amanda and Chloe. The two fatties weren’t taking in a word she said, their attention instead transfixed on the chocolate river.

Amanda raised a flabby arm. “Where does that chocolate river come from?”

“I want to know that too!” piped in Chloe. She stared at the river, her eyes traveling along with the current. Gawd, it looked delicious! She licked her lips unconsciously and felt her chubby tummy rumble quietly in anticipation. Sure, Chloe had already binged so much today that she felt slightly sick and the waistband of her skirt felt ready to snap… but how could she not fantasize about eating even more when that tantalizing river was right there? She imagined herself positioned at the end of the river, at the bottom of a chocolate waterfall with gallons of delicious hot gooey chocolate pouring into her open mouth, splattering her face and her growing tummy like a haute cuisine chef decorating a dessert with a tasteful drizzle of syrup. Her tummy rumbled again, louder this time, almost as if it was angrily demanding to know why her fantasy couldn’t be a reality.

“That’s a closely guarded secret here at the factory!” replied Charlene with a laugh and a wink.

Amanda stoked her double thin, lost in thought. A closely guarded secret? Now she really wanted to know more!

As the tour continued, Amanda lagged behind. Chloe wobbled alongside her.

“Amanda! You better… hurry up… they’re gonna leave us behind! And then… we won’t get any more… free samples.”

“Let them go,” whispered Amanda. “All those free samples Charlene’s been giving out have been pretty stingy if you ask me, don’t you think?”

Chloe nodded, the thick wattle of flesh around her neck wobbling. “Yeah, you’re right. I didn’t want to say anything, but I’ve been kind of disappointed. And the other girls keep giving me the stink eye when I try to take a second! But, I mean, is that fair that it’s only one sample per person? I need more than that!”

“Yeah! Exactly! Me too! Those scrawny bitches just don’t understand our needs! How are we supposed to be satisfied with just a few mouthfuls?”

It was exactly that attitude that had caused the two girls to balloon to their current sizes. Each of them absolutely adored chocolate and loved to eat. Years of over indulgence had left its mark on both or their waistlines, but neither girl was ready to admit her addiction. As a result, they were simply growing bigger and bigger every day, ignoring the pointed comments and barbed jabs from the (relatively) slimmer club members, ignoring the increasing tightness of their wardrobes, ignoring the way that they now had to hold their breath to squeeze through doorways, ignoring the fact that their cars bottomed out every time that they went for a drive and that their bellies pressed against the steering wheels. How were they supposed to change their lifestyle when chocolate just tasted so good? It was hard to think about the inevitable future when they were so focused on fulfilling their immediate needs – their lust for immediate gratification would doubtless lead them to a point where they simply grew too big and plump and rotund to participate in daily life, but they didn’t care about that. They cared about chocolate!

“Well, that chocolate river has to come from somewhere! I bet if we could just find it…”

Chloe’s piggy little eyes lit up with understanding. “Then we could have all the chocolate that we want!”

“Exactly! C’mon, give me a hand!”

By now, the two girls were far enough behind the group that no one noticed when Amanda led her fat friend off the path and into the bushes. Grunting and sighing, the two quarter-ton cuties blundered their way through the underbrush until they came to the shores of the chocolate river.

“It can’t be far. Follow me!”

“Careful, Amanda! This shore is kind of steep… you don’t want to lose your balance and fall into the river!”

“Don’t worry about that. I know what I’m doing!”

Chloe followed along in the wake of Amanda’s ginormous undulating rear, waddling along the narrow shoreline as carefully as a 500 pound wide load sow could. Eventually, Amanda shouted in surprise.

“There it is! We found it!”

“What? Where is it? I can’t see!” Chloe cried, standing up on her tip toes in an effort to see over Amanda's shoulder. Amanda was so wide that there was no chance that she could see around her corpulent companion.

“Right there!”

Charlene’s “carefully guarded secret” was nothing more than a high-pressure hose, emptying liquid chocolate into the river.

“That’s it? That’s not much of a secret!” sniffed Chloe.

“No, but it’s perfect for us!” said Amanda with a hungry gleam in her eye. “Look at all that chocolate! There’s got to be gallons of it! And it’s all fresh, right from the source! And the best part is, it’s all for us!”

“Do you think Charlene’s gonna get mad if we drink from her chocolate hose, though?”

Amanda shrugged her well-padded shoulders. She really didn’t care! Right now, she was so excited at the prospect of glutting herself from this chocolate hose that she was having a hard time thinking about anything else… or even forming coherent sentences!

“Who cares about that? Even if she did get mad, how’s she gonna find out? The river’s already full, it’s not like she’d notice if we just helped ourselves a little bit! Enough talk, I wanna eat!”

Amanda grunted as she squatted down, her enormous rear nearly splitting the seat of her snug shorts, and hefted the hose with her plump hands. It was a little bit of a struggle – she had to wrangle the hose so that it didn’t shoot chocolate all over her face before she could aim it into her mouth – but she finally managed to latch her lips onto the nozzle without getting herself too messy.

And, oh Gawd, it was heaven! It was every bit as wonderful as Amanda had dreamed it would be!

“Mmmmfff…” Amanda murmured in gluttonous ecstasy as she slurped down gallon after gallon of molten chocolate, her already chocolate-stained cheeks bulging and her bloated belly swelling out in front of her. Her eyes rolled back in her head with pleasure. Gawd, she LOVED chocolate soo much! Truth be told, Amanda was such an obscenely greedy little glutton that she would probably better be classified as a pig than a human. She loved to eat and eat and EAT and she could never get enough to satisfy her outrageous appetite. The moment that she finished one meal – and a meal was never finished until she was so absolutely stuffed to her limits that she was certain she was a single bite away from bursting – was the moment that she started daydreaming about her next one.

“C’mon! You’ve had enough! Let me try!” cried Chloe, trying to snatch the hose from her fat friend’s mouth. “Amanda, you look like you’re gonna explode! You better give it to me before you blow!”

“Mmm!” Amanda swatted Chloe’s chubby hands away, reluctant to give up her access to this never-ending flow of sweet sweet chocolate. Was anything ever so heavenly? Chloe wasn’t wrong in her assessment, though. Amanda was guzzling so much liquid chocolate that her belly was visibly swelling with every swallow, bloating bigger and bigger and rounder and rounder, pushing her T-shirt up until it fit as a tight roll across her boobs and pushing her shorts down until the waistband of her straining panties pushed into view. She was growing as round as a beach ball, as big as a hot air balloon, but she refused to let go of the hose. She was far too greedy to ever stop gorging as long as food was available and when that food happened to be her very favorite thing in the entire world, chocolate??? Well, just try to stop her! Already her tummy was starting to ache with fullness, the skin over her distended stomach feeling tight and tingly as though it might actually tear, but Amanda’s mind was buzzing with electric ecstasy. Gawd, was there anything better than this? She could just drink and drink and drink forever! At 500 pounds, it was obvious that Amanda didn’t care that her incessant glutton was making pounds pile around her thighs and belly. And it was just as obvious that she would guzzle herself to 600 or 700 or 800 pounds if they let her… or even up to a full ton!

“Mmmmpfff… mmmmmpfff…” Amanda burbled, the pressure of the hose so great that liquid chocolate burst from her mouth and dribbled down her thick double chin to stain her T-shirt no matter how tightly she attempted to seal her lips around the nozzle. Her belly was tremendous now, so full and heavy that it sloshed like its own ocean, ready to drag the feminine fatso to her chubby knees. She held out a pudgy hand in a silent plea for help and Chloe stepped forward to let her fat friend steady herself against her shoulders; Amanda was so rotund now that she was in danger of flopping to the ground and so full that she was in danger of popping if she hit the ground too hard. Her bloated belly was flushing bright rosy pink under the chocolate stains, a warning that she was fast approaching detonation if she wasn’t careful.

Amanda’s stomach was painfully full, her skin stretched so tight over her middle that she felt like she might just rip apart, but that wasn’t enough to dissuade her from her gluttony. Why should she stop? Yolo, thought Amanda. Nothing made her happier than glutting herself to the very limits, testing how much sweetness she could fit into the yawning cavity of her belly. A psychologist might have had a field day trying to analyze what Amanda’s insatiable need for food really represented. What was missing in her life that she felt that she needed to replace with food? Was it the companionship of a lover, the approval of a parent? Dr. Freud could have invented a laundry list of reasons, but the reality was much more mundane. Some people simply love to eat. And when you love to eat, it’s inevitable that eventually your body will grow as big as your appetite. Amanda had allowed her appetite to rule her life so much that even her fellow chubbettes in the Chocolate Lovers Club found her behavior slightly off-putting. Sure, they all loved chocolate, but most of them had other hobbies as well. Amanda was one of the only ones for whom chocolate was more than a guilty pleasure, it was a way of life! And eventually it might just prove her undoing as well!

“Come on!!!” whined Chloe, smacking her lips greedily as she strained to keep her friend up on her fat little trotters. “You’ve had more than your fill! Don’t drink it all, you hog! You have to share with me!”

Chloe was nearly out of her mind at the thought that her friend might actually, inconceivably, drink ALL the chocolate. It was insane to think that, it was obvious that the hose was drawing from a near limitless supply so that it could fill the river, but Chloe wasn’t thinking rationally. All she could think about was that she was being denied her share and it wasn’t fair! She was SOOOO hungry! Amanda’s rapidly ballooning girth was, to Chloe, not a cause for alarm but a cause for jealousy. Despite her warnings, she could hardly bring herself to care if Amanda actually did burst… in fact, that would be good because it meant there would be less competition for the hose! Caught in the throes of her own outlandish gluttony, Chloe would eagerly throw her best friend under the bus for just a few sweet drops of sweet sweet chocolate! Her belly pushed out in front of her, pressing harder and harder against the waistband of her shorts, the button quivering under increasing pressure as acres of new blubber pressed down upon it until – BAM! Amanda’s shorts burst open, launching the button across the room, and her over-bloated belly, now restrained only by the tissue-thin cotton of her panties, sloshed out through the defeated fly. She was so intent on satisfying her lust for sweets, though, that she barely noticed.

The truth was that Chloe’s warnings were more accurate than she knew. Amanda was rapidly approaching her limit, pushing herself like a balloon filled to the point that the rubber stretched into transparency. Neither girl really believed, deep in their fat-clogged hearts, that it was really possible for a girl to eat so much that she would explode. That was something that just happened in fantasy! But their greed was so great that they were quickly getting to the point of no return and, indeed, if no girl had ever burst from too much chocolate, then Amanda was going to be the very first! What a sight that would be – to watch a fat girl suddenly disappear in a thunderous KA-BOOM, an enormous explosion of chocolate and gore, bursting so completely that there was nothing left of her afterwards except for a massive chocolate stain in the blast zone. It was a morbid thought, but neither Amanda nor Chloe were really thinking about it. They were just thinking about eating even more!

“For real! You’re gonna hog it all! C’mon, Amanda, you’ve had enough! This is totally unfair! You’re supposed to share!” Unable to control herself any longer, Chloe reached up and yanked the hose from Amanda’s mouth. Amanda stumbled backwards, coughing and sputtering, as Chloe jammed the spurting hose into her own mouth and immediately sank into catatonic bliss. The effect on her body was almost as instantaneous as the effect on her attitude; her belly started to blimp out, the pearl buttons on her fuzzy angora sweater whiskering, then puckering, then gapping, creamy white flesh bulging through the spaces between until POP! Pop! Pop! Chloe’s swollen body bounced slightly in response to every detonation as her sweater blasted buttons across the room, one by one, each explosion increasing the pressure on its remaining companions until finally her sweater simply exploded and Chloe’s bare belly tumbled free. Chloe was too busy slurping down chocolate to notice, her eyes crossed in pleasure, her cheeks bulging with syrup.

“Gawd, Chloe, you’ve – hic – had enough! Give it back!” demanded Amanda, a sudden spate of hiccups wracking her absurdly inflated body. Her time on the hose had left her as round as a pumpkin and as bloated as a water balloon, her clothes in tatters, clad in nothing but her monstrously huge brassiere and empire-waisted panties. Of course, this meant that she was destined to embarrass herself when it came time to rejoin the rest of the group – surely the other girls wouldn’t fail to notice that she was now just waddling around in her underwear! But Amanda didn’t care, that was a worry for later. For now, all she wanted was more chocolate!

Chloe shook her head, her hands holding onto the hose defensively, even as the never-ending stream of chocolate inflated her bigger and bigger. Now it was Chloe’s turn to enjoy this bounty of sweets and she wasn’t going to give it up without a fight! Her eyes rolled back in her head as a massive sugar rush nearly caused her to drop to her knees in ecstasy. Gawd, this chocolate was SO good!! Amanda was a pig who didn’t care much about the quality of the chocolate as long as she got A LOT, but Chloe was a coinesseur. She could tell that this was quality, as good as the silky smooth confections one might get at a traditional European bakery! Chloe wouldn’t turn up her nose at crappy American chocolate made with water and palm oil and covered with chocolate bloom, but this was the good stuff… and when she got the good stuff, she just wanted more, more, more!

She looked like a water balloon hooked up to a hose, rapidly growing to absurd sizes that her sweater and skirt could not contain. Her skirt pulled tighter and tighter, the waistband digging into the soft flesh of her hips and into the ballooning bulge of her belly. She winced at the pain around her middle, but she barely paid it any mind – she was far too hooked on the delicious taste coursing into her mouth an down her throat to pay it much mind! The hook in her skirt died with a loud PING and the fabric tore apart, allowing the garment to fall to the ground. Chloe barely noticed, her only reaction a mild grunt of relief as her now freed stomach bounced free. Her skirt had really been binding her, its tightness pressing on her poor distended belly enough to discourage her from drinking as much as she wanted. Without it, Chloe slurped even harder. She sucked and sucked and sucked, reveling in every mouthful of delicious chocolate goodness…

Both girls had happily inflated themselves in chocolate-filled blimps, sloshing and wobbling with fullness, too big for their clothes and probably soon to be too big even for their oh-so-stretchy underwear.

“Fine! I guess if you’re too greedy to – hic – share, then I’ll just have to get it – hic! – somewhere else,” huffed Amanda, her little piggy eyes gleaming as she watched the sluggish river of chocolate flow past. Maybe it wouldn’t taste quite as good when it wasn’t directly from the source, but, well, it was still chocolate, wasn’t it? She shuffled to the bank and sank to her hands and knees, her super bloated belly pancaking against the grass as she leaned forward to dip her face into the river. It wasn’t easy! Her belly pressed against the ground hard enough that it forced a new burp to rip from Amanda's mouth (oof, that was uncomfortable!) and she had to see-saw forward on her globular gut to get her mouth to the river so that her chubby legs kicked feebly in the air. She looked ridiculous, but it didn’t matter. There was no one here to see her and, besides, the important thing was she was getting to drink more!

She looked like a pig at a trough, greedily slurping yet more chocolate. You would think that at some point she would be satisfied or, at the very least, grow tired of the taste. But the truth was that there was no limit to Amanda’s insatiable craving for chocolate! She was literally the biggest chocoholic in the whole club – the only girl who could possibly give her a run for her money in terms of sheer greed was the girl standing behind her, drinking from the hose and rapidly expanding to the size of a baby elephant.

Deep in her heart, Amanda knew that she was tempting fate. She was way too fat and way too bloated, her stomach overfilled to the point that she felt like she literally could not force in another bite, to the point that it felt like her gullet was completely backed up. And yet, she couldn’t stop herself! She loved the taste of sweets, she loved the sensation of a full stomach, and she was willing to go to any end to indulge those desires. It was easy enough to ignore the increasingly urgent signals sent by her bloated belly that she was indeed full – too full! She’d already eaten herself out of her clothes, so what was stopping her from just eating and eating and eating until… what? Until she was bigger than a house? Until she was bigger than this chocolate factory? Amanda didn’t know and she didn’t care a whit!

To be continued…

\* \* \*

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](http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref%3Dsr_ntt_srch_lnk_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6)

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

Mollycoddles’ itchio: <https://mollycoddles.itch.io/>

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,

Molly Coddles