Off the Force 2  
By Mollycoddles

Police Chief Tang had finally had just about enough! She was absolutely sick of this!

“Officer Reyes, I thought I ordered you to mandatory physical training,” said Chief Tang through clenched teeth. Of course, Chief Tang knew EXACTLY what she had ordered Reyes to do… and she knew that Reyes was intentionally dragging her feet!

Officer Gloria Reyes had come to the force straight from the academy, a bright young Latina woman with a trim but muscular physique and long lustrous black hair that she usually pulled back into a serious ponytail to keep it out of her eyes during her shifts. That was, at least, what she had been like when she first started out on the force. Today, Reyes still had the same ponytail but otherwise… she was transformed. Chief Tang tried to run a tight ship, but she knew all too well the temptations of police work. Too many promising cops had been seduced by the power of the badge, turning into bullies who demanded bribes and ran protection rackets. Officer Reyes was not the first cop on the take.

But… she was probably the first cop on the take who demanded all her bribes in food! Once she realized that she could cajole local shopkeepers and restauranteers into giving her “gifts,” she never stopped to question the wisdom of just eating whatever they gave her. At first, it was hard to take the complaints seriously. Who ever heard of a cop using her badge to get free buffets trips? But as all the extra treats started to pile up as extra pounds on Officer Reyes’ waistline, it was harder and harder to ignore the problem.

By the time that Chief Tang finally confronted her, Officer Reyes had ballooned up to 300 pounds. That promising young officer was buried under acres of fresh new blubber! Gloria was also a consummate belly gainer, storing most of her new poundage in her gut so big and bloated that the porky patrolwoman looked like a big ripe pumpkin. She was beyond rotund, her belly so vast that it spilled out into her lap and reached to her fat-swaddled knees. She had smaller gains in her chest, thighs, and buttocks, but her mammoth belly remained her crown jewel.

Chief Tang relegated the corpulent cop to desk duty and ordered her to attend immediate mandatory physical training; the chief hoped that a few weeks getting wrung through the ringer might put the fear of God into Gloria and get her back on the straight and narrow. Reyes had managed to delay the training for a day, complaining that she was so absolutely bloated from her day’s gorging that too much physical stress might just make her sick. Chief Tang had to admit the truth of that.

But the problem was that Officer Reyes thought that same excuse could get her out of physical training indefinitely! For the past few weeks, she’d been stuffing herself even more than usual, so that everytime the chief pestered her, she could just say “Not today! I’m waaay too full!”

But now the Chief was tired. She was done with this charade.

“Gloria Reyes, you are reporting to physical training TODAY.”

“Oh, I’d really like to…” said Officer Gloria Reyes, rubbing her gargantuan belly for emphasis. Her extra gluttony had added at least an extra 50 pounds to her shortstack frame, making her so round that she looked like she might just roll away if you pushed her over. Everyday, it took longer and longer to stuff her growing bulk into her blue lycra-kevlar blend bodysuit; it was stretched so tightly over her gut that it was practically transparent. Her bullet proof vest was supposed to cover her entire torso, but hers barely even covered her boobs – her belly, a ridiculously inviting target, was completely unprotected. Yet another reason to keep this lardbucket on desk duty! It was really for her own safety, no criminal would be able to resist giving this pig a slug in the belly! “But, see, I’m really in no condition right now… just give me a little more time…”

She leaned back in her chair, which creaked ominously. Her flabby flanks overflowed the hand rests and Gloria had to lean back or else her enormous belly would drag her forward to the floor. She looked like a fully inflated bullfrog! She was so massive that she couldn’t see the chief over the summit of her own gargantuan gut, but she could tell from Chief Tang’s tone of voice that she meant business!

“No! You’ve been pulling this shit way too long!” Chief Tang jabbed a finger into Gloria’s stomach, grimacing as her bloated belly wobbled like a balloon filled with gelatin. “I don’t care how full you are, you are going to physical training today! I’ve been far too lenient with you!”

“B-b-but chief! I’m waaay too full right now!” gulped Gloria, her piggy little eyes going wide with fear. She was, truthfully, dangerously stuffed. Perhaps sensing the chief’s growing frustration, she’d gone even more overboard than usual in her binging today, snorfling down several extra boxes of donuts since breakfast. She was so full that she could barely move, she could feel her overloaded belly slosh from side to side as she made the laborious trek from her desk to the chief’s office, feeling threads pop along the seams of her lycra-kevlar bodysuit with every shuffling, waddling step. She could barely breathe with her overstretched gut pressing on her lungs! “If you make me do physical training… Jeez, I wouldn’t last! I’m about ready to bust!”

Gloria could all too clearly imagine what would happen if she tried to exercise with a belly so absurdly overloaded with tasty pastries that its integrity was as fragile as a soap bubble. She would burst like a balloon!

As if on cue, a loud crack split the air. Gloria’s eyes went wide as she felt herself start to tip. Her chair had finally splintered under her excessive weight!!

“Oh no! Oh no!” she cried as she started to tilt backwards, her flabby arms pinwheeling as she fell. She saw her life flashing before her eyes as she fell. Surely, this was the end! When she hit the floor, she absolutely knew she was going to explode. She was too full, her belly too absurdly stuffed, to survive the impact!

The same thought must have occurred to Chief Tang, because, in the split second between the chair breaking and Gloria’s massive body hitting the floor, the chief tried to take cover. There wasn’t enough time to dive behind the desk, so it was a good thing that Gloria DIDN’T burst… or the chief would have been blown to bits by the detonation!

Gloria hit the floor with a massive THUD, the impact of her vast poundage reverberating through the entire station. Gloria howled as an intense pain ripped through her entire body, beginning in the pit of her overstuffed stomach and traveling out throughout her being. “Owww!!! Oh Jeez, my tummy!!! Oww! It hurts!!”

Chief Tang sighed, quickly smoothing her uniform in an effort to regain her composure. She was embarrassed that she had even been so scared to think that Gloria was about to explode and destroy the whole station… but it only added to her resolve! She needed to get this pig out of here one way or another!! Mandatory physical training was definitely the answer. Either Gloria would completely wash out and FINALLY Chief Tang would be justified in firing her or Gloria would simply be too weak and lazy to deal with it and she would quit of her own volition. Either way, it was a win for the whole precinct!

“What’s wrong, chief? Did you hear that? Are we under attack?” A trio of detectives appeared at her office door, drawn by the noise of Gloria’s collapse. The chief motioned at the prone hippo-sized woman lying on the floor.

“Get this hog over to the obstacle course,” she snarled. “She’s been avoiding the consequences of her gluttony for way too long, but now I’m fed up. I want to see this pig sweat.”

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“Mandatory physical training” was police jargon for remedial boot camp. It was an embarrassing secret among cops that the laziest, flabbiest, most out of shape officers weren’t fired, merely sent to an abandoned summer camp at the edge of the city and put through a poor man’s version of boot camp, so it’s not surprising if you haven’t heard of such a thing. It was a month of running obstacle courses and climbing ropes and crawling through mud, all while an angry drill sergeant barked orders at you.

There was a reason that Gloria had resisted attending for so long. It absolutely sucked!

She was the last person to disembark from the bus when it arrived at camp – partly because she was so wide that she had trouble waddling down the aisle between the rows of seats. Her ass kept getting wedged in! And then, of course, she had to squeeze her colossal bulk out the door. The other trainees, the whole plump pudgy lot of them, were already lined up and at attention by the time that Gloria managed to pop herself free.

“This sucks!” she announced, huffing as she slung her duffel bag over her shoulder. Gone was Gloria’s state-of-the-art tactical police uniform, which had only managed to fit her for so long because of lycra’s incredible ability to stretch. Instead, the husky Hispanic hog was wearing a drab gray sweat suit. Of course, she was so round and tubby that whenever she wore anything gray, she ended up looking like the Goodyear blimp – literally! She just knew she was going to hate it here! Truth be told, Gloria didn’t care about much these days except stuffing her face, so the prospect of – ugh! – exercise? That turned her gargantuan stomach!

At least it wouldn’t be all bad, she thought as she smugly patted the side of her duffel bag. She had cleverly filled her luggage with prohibited contraband. Officially, you weren’t allowed to bring any outside food into camp. Too many lazy cops had tried to sneak junk food past the radar! The only food you were allowed to eat in camp was the thin healthy gruel that they served in the camp mess hall. Bleh! Gloria didn’t care for that, so he had brought along a secret stash of packaged donuts and snack cakes.

“So you’re Gloria Reyes, huh?” said the drill sergeant, whistling through her teeth in surprise as she took in the full size of her newest charge. The drill sergeant was an older woman who had spent a long career in law enforcement, whipping generations of lazy pigs into shape. But she felt like she might have just met her biggest challenge. “They were saying you were a big girl but no one said you were THIS big!”

Gloria grunted. “I shouldn’t even be here, I don’t know what the big deal is!”

“They said you broke your chair with that fat ass of yours. And then you were too fat to even get up off the ground.”

Gloria opened her mouth to protest but then thought better of it. She was super pissed that the chief had finally seen through all her stalling techniques and actually sent her to physical training! This was almost like being back at the academy; it was nothing but days of strenuous exercise with nothing to eat but thin gruel and nights of sleeping in uncomfortable bunks in the barracks with the other cops who’d failed their most recent physicals. Not that any of the other cops here compared to her! Gloria was by far the biggest, roundest girl at this training camp, her belly hanging out of her gray sweat top and overlapping the crotch of her gray sweat pants.

“What’s that, porkchop? You have something to say?”

“No,” said Gloria sullenly.

“I didn’t think they grew hogs this big,” said the sergeant, pacing around Gloria and inspecting all her tender exposed flesh. “What you been eating, girl?”

“Nothing! I mean, okay, maybe I’ve been eating a few too many donuts lately…”

“Donuts! Of course! That’s every cop’s Achilles heel. I bet you’ve been eating more than just a few too many donuts lately! You look like you scarfed down a whole shop! Well, we don’t stand for that sort of thing here, Fatso, so let’s see what’s in the bag.”

“Aw!!! C’mon!” shouted Gloria, suddenly upset. Shit! Her duffel bag was filled with prohibited contraband… a full load of snack cakes and pastries! After all, she was a cop from top to ever widening bottom, how could she be expected to resist the one thing that all cops loved more than anything?

The sergeant unzipped the duffel bag, spilling junk food all over the ground. “Just as I thought! Care to explain this, lardbucket?”

“I get hungry,” said Gloria. “I didn’t think it was a big deal!”

“Didn’t think…!! Oh! Oh, I’m gonna enjoy having you at my camp. I promise you, I’m gonna pay special attention to you. First of all, all this stuff is going straight to the contraband closet. And then, you’re gonna all gonna start this day by running 5 laps around this whole camp!”

The other trainees groaned in reponse, but the sergeant was too intent on Gloria to notice their reaction.

“Except for you, Fatass! You’re gonna be running 10 laps!”

Gloria’s piggy eyes went wide and her jaw dropped, pressing her fleshy double chin into her chest. “10 laps!?”

“That’s right. We gotta work off some of that blubber now, don’t we, if you wanna be in any shape to complete this course. Remember, Reyes, we’re all training here for the final test, the big obstacle race. The trainees that pass it get reinstated back to their precincts with a full, clean bill of fitness! And those that don’t… they’re outta here! And judging from the size of that big fat belly of yours, I don’t like your odds… unless you start reducing fast!”

“Wait… what was that about a contraband closet?”

“Oh I thought you’d find that interesting, piggy. Too bad you’ll ever see it! That’s where we put allll the junk food that fat cows like you try to sneak into this camp!”

Gloria’s eyes were shining with desire. Could there really be such a place? A room filled top to bottom with all the junk food that a greedy glutton could crave? Gloria had been despondent about the idea of coming to camp, depressed knowing that she was missing out on all the free meals and extra helpings that came with her police rounds, but now… now it seemed like she might not miss out at all! Damn, she would love to spend the next month in that contraband closet instead of out here working her ass off!

“Didn’t you hear me, fatso?! I said 10 laps! Get moving!”

The other trainees started to job and Gloria shuffled along behind them, but it was no use. She was simply too fat. She could barely even wobble, her enormous fat-swaddled body lurching from side to side as she plodded along. After only a few steps, she was already slowing down, her face flushed and sweaty, her breathing ragged. Every thundering step made her billowing tummy sway wildly, slapping hard against her crotch and knees before bouncing up to propel her tits to slap her in the face. This was awful!

“Ugh! This is… too much… you can’t expect me to run… 10 laps around the whole camp…”

“Jesus, can you even do one lap? Half a lap?”

The sergeant followed behind Gloria, morbidly fascinated by the spectacle of this horrifically obese sow struggling to simply move. Even from the back, you could see Gloria’s gut wobbling from side to side, forcing the waistband of her sweat pants to slide down and the hem of her sweat top to slide up, revealing more and more of that planet-sized paunch for the world to see. Behind her, Gloria’s wide ass shifted and wobbled, her bloated butt cheeks sliding against one another as they fought for dominance inside her snug sweats. The motion of her jiggle had forced her sweats don far enough that the top quarter of the lardass latina’s broad badonkadonk was not on display, a wide swathe of plump butt cleavage peeking over her pants and panties. The sergeant suspected that her pants would completely slip to the ground before she even finished her first lap! IF she finished her first lap!

“Ugh! It’s too much! I can’t…”

Gloria moaned out loud as she completely gave up all hope of ever completing her laps, dropping heavily to the ground.

“Are you kidding me? You’ve barely got ten feet and you’re just giving up?”

“It’s… not worth it,” groaned Gloria. Why should she? On the one hand, Gloria was intensely lazy and phenomenally fat, a combination that made her completely allergic to any sort of exercise. She almost felt like it would be worth it to be expelled from the force just so that she wouldn’t have to keep running! But on the other hand, being a cop was the only way that she could really indulge her gluttony to its fullest. She loved to eat! Before she joined the force, she really never realized how glorious it was to eat, how delicious food was, how much she savored the feeling of a nice full belly. Sure, maybe she had overindulged, but who could blame her? She had the full power of the state behind her, she could use it to do anything, to demand anything… So of course she started demanding that restaurants comp her a free meal now and then. And that “now and then” became more and more frequent as Gloria had grown. It was only natural! Bt now… if Gloria didn’t pass the final test at the end of this course, she could kiss that sweet deal goodbye!

It was almost enough to motivate her to get up and resume running. But she couldn’t. Her legs felt like jelly, her lungs were burning, her whole body ached… she was just too out of shape!

“Oh you don’t think that you should have to do any exercise? Is that so, Officer Piggy?” yelled the drill sergeant, grabbing Gloria’s overhanging gut and giving it a rough jiggle.

“Oooof!” moaned Gloria as the jiggle rippled through her body, setting all her thick flab quivering and causing her sweat top to slide further up along the arc of her tremendous middle. “Stop it!”

“Disgraceful! How can you even call yourself a cop?” said the sergeant, shaking her head. “I’ve had just about enough of you, fatso. You’re completely hopeless!”

Gloria couldn’t respond. She was too puffed. All she could do was lay on her back, wheezing loudly, her gargantuan wobbling belly rising and falling with her gasps like a mountain in an earthquake.

“I don’t seem to be able to get through to you,” said the sergeant, planting a foot against the summit of Gloria’s gut and rest her elbow on her knee. “You know you’re not going to pass the final obstacle course if you keep up like this. Jesus, you barely even waddling ten feet and your fat ass is already giving up? How can you even look at yourself?”

“Ugh! This is so stupid,” whined Gloria. She was too exhausted to protest even though the sergeant’s boot was sinking uncomfortably deep into the flabby flesh of her belly. All she could do was lay on her back with her arms and legs splayed out.

“You know, Reyes, normally a marshmellow like you, I’d run them extra hard to get them in shape. But I think you’re a lost cause. Why should I bother? You’re just gonna fail no matter what I do. I might as well let you spend the whole month in the contraband closet, just stuffing your fat face to your greedy little heart’s delight. What do you think of that?” She crouched down and cruelly jabbed a finger into Gloria’s soft flank.

Gloria turned to look at the sergeant. “Do you… mean that? That I could actually just hang out in the contraband closet and….?” She didn’t finish the sentence, she didn’t need to. She licked her lips greedily at the idea.

“Sure, Fatso, why not? Tell you what, let’s run an experiment. I’ll give you full access to the contraband closet and you can just eat and eat and eat until you pop. I’m not gonna stop you. Maybe eventually you’ll get so sick of stuffing your face that it’ll put you off of junk food permanently and THEN maybe I can do something about this vast waistline of yours. Or maybe you’ll just explode. At least you’ll serve as a good warning to the other trainees to control their appetites, then! Guess we’ll have to see!”

A smarter woman could have easily seen that bargain for the devil’s deal that it was. If she spent a month doing nothing but gorging, she would DEFINITELY fail her final test and get booted from the police force for good, thus losing her free meal ticket! But Gloria could only think of the immediate pleasures of the feast… She could eat as much as she liked every day? How could she say no?

“So what do you say, piggy? You want in on this experiment?”

Gloria nodded eagerly, her body jiggling with barely contained anticipation. She knew, of course, deep down that it would have disastrous consequences for her weight and her future as a police officer. But it was just too good to pass up!

“Alright, Officer Fatso,” said the sergeant. “Let’s get you up and situated. I’ll be real curious to see how this pans out.”

The sergeant grabbed at Gloria’s outstretched hands and roughly yanked her up into a sitting position. That was no mean feat, considering how much Gloria weighed! Gloria grunted as she felt her colossal belly flop forward onto her pudgy legs, but she was too busy thinking about the deluge of treats to come to worry. Even as the sergeant helped her to her feet, Gloria’s mind was elsewhere, too distracted to respond even as the sergeant continued to sling teasing insults about her weight and girth. Gloria’s eyes were glazed over with anticipation, her lips were slack, a thin trickle of drool formed at the corner of her mouth. This was going to be great! She had been dreading physical training because she was afraid that she would have to give up the gluttonous lifestyle to which she was accustomed if she couldn’t constantly snatch donuts and demand food bribes while on her rounds.

The sergeant lead her to one of the auxillary buildings and opened the door, ushering her inside. “Go right on in, piggy,” she said. “Make yourself at home. Don’t hold back, I know what you want.”

“Finally!” huffed Gloria. “Glad to see that police officers get treated with the respect they’re due here!”

The sergeant chuckled ruefully to herself as Gloria wedged herself through the doorway, her enormous ass bumping into the sides of the door frame as she squeezed through. Gloria paused briefly as she felt her butt stick; she had to struggle briefly, the waistband of her sweats slipping down enough to reveal a few extra inches of bronze booty flesh, before she was able to pop through.

“Having trouble getting in? Jeez, keep that in mind, fat stuff, cuz you’re gonna have more trouble coming out again.”

Gloria rolled her eyes. She wasn’t interested in the sergeant’s smart remarks! But what did interest her… was the contents of the contraband locker! Gloria’s eyes nearly bugged out of her head. The whole building was filled with every bit of junk food that had been confiscated from trainees for… who knows how long! Boxes of snack cakes, bags of cookies and potato chips, candy, popcorn, pork rinds… every kind of junk food that you could imagine.

“Now remember,” said the sergeant as she stepped back out the door. “Everything in here is all for you. BUT you still gotta pass the final test when your time at camp is up, you understand?”

“Right, right, whatever!’ said Gloria. She didn’t care at all, the only thing that mattered to her was that she was in hog heaven! She dropped to the floor, her mammoth backside hitting the ground with a thunderous crash, and ripped into the nearest box of donuts.

“Have fun, pig,” said the sergeant, laughing as she left.

The following days and weeks were a blur. As the other campers were forced through a never-ending regiment of exercise, Gloria’s gluttony continued unabated. She was eating constantly, enjoying all the forbidden donuts and pastries that had been confiscated from other cops, but every gluttonous bite only added more inches of soft, wobbling flab to her already vast waistline. It was hard to believe that this absolute blimp could get even rounder, but that was exactly what was happening. Her belly grew bigger and rounder, swelling between her thighs and pushing her legs apart. Her ass spread behind her, her breasts ballooned with fat, her arms become thick and turgid, her legs bloated up like tree trunks. But her belly remained her crowning feature, gradually outgrowing her sweat clothes. The fat woman was like a time bomb, filling herself with too much food, never satisfied no matter how much she glutted herself, keeping herself absolutely stuffed to the brim at all times. Gloria had no sense of satiety. Even if she was painfully full, she never saw any reason to stop eating. There were plenty of fat cops who ha passed through this camp over the years, some even fatter than Gloria, but none of them were ever as bloated. That was the thing that worried so many people about her. She wasn’t just fat, she was stuffed. She was always so crammed full after her most recent binge session that she looked ready to pop, so bloated that she could barely breathe with her massively overfull stomach pressing hard on her poor overworked lungs, so swollen like an engorged tick that she looked like she would absolutely burst if she so much as pricked her with a pin. Yet Gloria loved to eat too much to stop herself. She never saw any reason to exercise self-control when she was a beat cop, seeing nothing wrong with indulging herself with pastries and donuts until she was so big she could barely fit into her squad car, and she saw no reason to start now.

She spent all day eating now. She was eating far more than she ever did while she working her beat, because, when she was an active cop, she at least had to take occiasional breaks from gorging to actually do her job. There were no such limitations here. The only time that Gloria had to stop eating was when she was so absolutely glutted and exhausted that she couldn’t force down another bite, and then she would waddle her way back to the barracks and collapse heavily into her bunk. The other trainees whispered amongst themselves about Gloria and her expanding bulk. At first, they were jealous that Gloria received special treatment, but, as Gloria continued to expand while they reduced, that jealousy was eventually replaced with awe and pity. Gloria was so massive that she was helpless to do anything but eat and sleep. The other trainees were gradually recovering their ability to stretch, to run, to jump… Gloria was losing what little mobility she had. All she could do was shuffle around thickly, maybe for a few minutes, before she was absolutely winded and panting. The other trainees all knew Gloria was definitely going to fail the final test.

“Rise and shine, pork chop!”

Gloria blinked her eyes open. She was lying in her bunk, her enormous weight causing it to sag nearly to the floor. She was still wearing the shreds of her sweat suit because changing out of her sweats at the end of the day was much too much work. Although, truth be told, it was getting harder and harder to tell that she was wearing anything. Her sweat top fit as a tight roll across her boobs, leaving her titanic olive-colored belly free to the world, while her sweat pants were pushed down so far that they seemed to puddle around her legs.

“What do ya want? I’m sleeping!” whined Gloria.

“Not today!” said the sergeant. “Did you forget what day it is, fatso? It’s the day of your final test! That’s right, it’s almost time for you to go home, back to your precinct! I guess you must have lost count of the days when all you were doing is stuffing your fat face all day, huh? Get to your feet, blob!”

Gloria groaned, waving her turgid arms and bloated legs feebly. She was as helpless as an overturned turtle, completely pinned by her own astonishing bulk. She was huge, probably 400 pounds now if she was an ounce, all due to her month of uncontrollable, unstoppable gluttony. She had nearly completely cleaned out the entire contraband closet and it showed on her bloated body.

The drill sergeant couldn’t believe it when Gloria finally managed to stand up for the final test. She was fatter than ever! She’d managed to munch and chew and gorge herself to a greater size than ever before. Far from having lost weight, she must have gained at least a hundred pounds since her arrival!

“Okay, fat stuff, since you’re clearly in no shape to run… or jog… or even waddle… I’m going to make this easy for you. We’re gonna give you a super easy test. All you have to do to pass your final test and get reinstated to your precinct and your beat… I want you to give me a push-up.”

Gloria snorted. “What, one push up?”

“Yeah. That’s all you have to do. Get down on those fat little hands and show me that you can do ONE push up and we’ll put you right back on the force.”

“I can… do that,” said Gloria confidently. But just getting on the floor was a chore! The sergeant watched in awe as Gloria slowly, ponderously tried to lower herself onto the floor, her joints popping and creaking, her breath wheezing from the strain of movement. Toward the end, she lost her balance and simply pitched forward, landing on her enormously overstuffed gut with such force that the seat of her sweats ripped wide open, revealing her fat ass hanging out of her overstretched cotton panties.

The sergeant snickered at the sight. “Well? Where’s my push up?”

“I…I…I…”

Gloria suddenly realized that she couldn’t do a single push up. She was simply too fat. Her big round gut raised her too far off the ground for her pudgy arms to reach the floor. Even if she could reach, touching the floor with her plump fingertips, there would be no way that she could raise herself high enough that her gut would clear the floor.

“I can’t do it!” wailed Gloria, the sudden realization hitting her.

“Well, well,” said the sergeant smugly. “Looks like someone won’t be getting reinstated to their precinct after all.”

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles