Weight Training Redux 2  
By Mollycoddles

“Laurie, you’re 860 pounds!”

Laurie’s mouth fell open, pressing the thick blubbery frill of her double chin into her chest. 860 pounds?! That was her highest weight yet! That was no surprise. Laurie had been eating non-stop, her belly constantly filled to the brim, one meal blending into another as she binged her life away. But 860 pounds was almost a gain of 100 pounds since her last successful weigh-in! And she was over halfway to 900? There was no way… She wondered if she could actually make it to 900 pounds. By that pound, she would definitely be bedbound, the last vestiges of her diminishing mobility swallowed up by her burgeoning flesh and buried under so many acres of soft jiggling blubber. Once she lost her ability to even shuffle a few feet, her weight was bound to skyrocket even more! It wasn’t even like she got that much exercise now, but she would get even less then!

“Shit… shit… I can’t believe it,” breathed Laurie. “Holy shittttt, I’m so fat…”

“Hold still, Laurie, let’s get you unstrapped,” said Frank.

“Uh huh… yeah…” Laurie mumbled numbly. She was so shocked that she couldn’t process what she was hearing. Damn. Damn. That weight gain was insane even by Laurie’s dangerously gluttonous standards.

Laurie knew that, as crazy as it was, she technically wasn’t the fattest woman who had ever lived. There were still at least a few women ahead of her for that honor, but she was quickly catching up. She tried to remember the statistics. How big had the world’s fattest women been? Bigger than 860 pounds? Sure, probably… but she couldn’t have been THAT much heavier! Laurie was fast approaching the very limits of the human body. And while she wasn’t the fattest, she knew that she must have already broken several world records. She was no doubt the bustiest woman alive, right? Who could compare to her magnificent rack, her astounding mammaries – already massive when she was still slim and now grown into ponderous pontoons that swung heavier on the rare occasions that she waddled and nearly dragged her to the floor? And surely she was the youngest woman to become this fat? Most blimps grew to astounding size over the course of a lifetime, but Laurie had exploded into an absolute cow by her mid 20s! And finally, surely no one was growing faster than she was! No other woman was so determined to grow, grow, GROW! Laurie needed to get bigger, she craved it, and she was blowing up like a balloon from her own constant binging and gluttony. Those records were good to hold, but she was determined to also be the queen bee when it came to sheer size. She would be the fattest. Sooner or later, that title would be hers.

After they lowered her to her feet and unstrapped her, Laurie stumbled a few steps backwards and collapsed into her reinforced bedframe with a huge crash. The impact jostled her overstuffed gut enough to shake loose an enormous roar of a belch.

“Girl, they could feel that in the seismic institute across the country!” laughed Tina.

Laurie glared at them. “Why are you dumbasses just standing around talking? There’s still a fuck ton of cake left. I want all this in my belly and you lazy bums are wasting time yammering!”

“You sure you want more? You’re already tight as a drum, Laurie.”

She glared, a steely glint in her piggy little eyes that warned them all that they shouldn’t question the overstuffed diva.

“Tina, you’re new here, so I understand that you’re not used to the way we do things,” said Laurie. “But Frank, Abida, you two should know better. You know that your prize pig doesn’t like to be kept waiting. 860 pounds? Bah, that’s a rookie number! It’s far from enough. I want to pump that number up.”

“Oh yeah? How high?”

Laurie fluttered her eyelashes. “As high as it will go.”

She was a girl possessed by an absurd, insane dream – to grow her body as huge and plush and decadent as she humanly could. She would never be satisfied, no matter how big she grew. She wanted to see herself grow as big as a whale, as round as the earth, as vast as the cosmos. She could imagine herself as the fattest, largest thing in all creation, but even that mental image did little to satiate her desires. To her, that was not so much an end goal as a good start. She wanted to outgrow the very limits of imagination. It was an impossible goal, of course, but that made her no less determined to try.

“I’m so full but I need more,” whined Laurie. She pointed at her billowing middle. “What are you waiting for, an invitation? You dumbasses get over here and rub my tummy, hmm? I need a belly rub to soothe all this cake down… and make room for more!” She punctuated her demand with another belch, this one even louder. Phew! That felt good. It might have even freed up a little room in her stomach for some more cake…

Obediently, her love slaves came forward and started to massage. Laurie laid back, sighing in bliss as three pairs of hands stroked and caressed her overfull stomach. Ah!! This was the life! Laurie arched an eyebrow and grinned at the sight, noting with a twinge of pride that six hands weren’t enough to cover all of her acres and acres of belly flesh. She was far too abundant for her three eager attendants to massage all of her without expending considerable effort! Her monumental gut was stuffed beyond belief, tight and full and quivering, but her full-to-bursting stomach was still buried underneath so much blubber… and all that pale soft lard started to slosh and rock as they rubbed her down.

Laurie was a mess; after gorging on cake, her whole front was slathered with frosting. Her fat cheeks, her bloated breasts, the arc of her massive belly. A streak of buttercream smeared right across her deep dark belly button created an amusing image; it almost looked like it was dribbling out of her navel, as if her belly was so absolutely inflated beyond reason with her gorging that she had literally started to leak frosting out of her belly button. Tina smirked. It was an entertaining thought! Still… she couldn’t look at that buttercream blob perched right at the very summit of that mountainous middle, quivering as Laurie’s tremendous tummy wobbled like a mountain in an earthquake, and not do anything.

She leaned in close and opened her mouth, her breathe ticking the skin of Laurie’s overstretched middle enough to raise sudden goose pimples. She closed her eyes and dragged her tongue across Laurie’s middle to lick up that errant dollop of frosting, tasting the warmth of Laurie’s soft buttery flesh.

“Oh shitttt,” muttered Laurie. Her enormously stuffed belly was radiating pain, but even beyond that she could feel Tina’s tongue, sliding across her, leaving a wet slug-trail of desire in its wake. It sent a spark of sensual electricity up her spine and made the hairs on the back of her neck stand at attention! “Oh my Gawwwd, Tinaaaa…. Oh shitttt… Tina… my belly…. Oh shit that’s too much…”

Tina grinned. “Really? I thought a girl like you would be used to tummy rubs.”

“I am… but… not like that….”

“You’re joking. You’re telling me that Frank and Abida never kissed you here?” Tina chuckled as she planted a tender kiss on Laurie’s fat belly. She had to laugh as she watched it quiver in response.

“They have… but never… when I’ve been… this full… oh Gawd…. Oh Gawd…”

The sensations coursing through her body were almost too much for her to bare. She was breathing quickly now, getting excited, even though she was so full that she could barely suck in a breath without intense pain biting every inch of her overstrained skin. Gawd! She felt like she was about to explode from the intensity of the pleasure! If her excessive gluttony didn’t make her burst, the bliss of Tina’s wet tongue against her bruised and tender flesh just might!

“More… keep going… Gawd… it’s not enough… ughhhh… Fuck!! Fuck…. Fuck my belly! Fuck it! Fuck my belly button!” Laurie moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head, her hefty hips bucking as much as she could when she was pinned underneath the massive swell of her own poundage.

Tina looked to Frank and then to Abida. They both nodded.

“Better do what she says,” said Frank. “You know our fat sexy kitty doesn’t like to be kept waiting.”

Tina dropped to her knees, lay her face on Laurie’s belly and slipped her tongue into the dark cavern of Laurie. The sour taste of sweat and dark filled Tina with a sudden mad desire; the taste of Laurie was even better than the taste of cake!

“Oh shit… oh Gawd… Tina… oh Gawd… I’m dying… it’s too much… too much…”

“Can a fat girl like you really take this much pleasure, Laurie?” asked Abida, petting Laurie’s head and mopping her sweaty forehead. The obese diva’s forehead gleamed with fresh perspiration as her temperature rose. Unf!! She was totally spent from their earlier marathon sex session, but Tina’s attention was getting her all hot and bothered again! Ugh, it was just too much for her to handle! Her heart was racing inside her chest so hard that she could feel the blood rushing through her veins and pounding in her head.

Tina kept probing Laurie’s navel, pushing deeper and deeper, desperately curious whether she could reach the bottom of that well. Laurie was so fat, the tunnel of her navel swallowed by so many pounds of soft marbled flesh, that sometimes it seemed like it was impossible to plumb those depths. Tina felt her own nethers growing moist again at the thought, her pussy throbbing almost painfully as she built up to a second orgasm.

“Unf…. Unf…. Keep going… don’t stop…. Oh Gawd… Frank… Abida… keep rubbing… keep massaging… my belly… it’s so tight… and full… I need you two to keep rubbing… oh Gawd… Tina… Tina… touch me…”

Tina’s hand found its way to Laurie’s vulva, sliding between her massive thick legs to find her hidden treasure. The fat girl was wet again, just like Tina. Tina’s free hand moved to her chest, touching her giant fake tits, sliding over the firm sloped surface of each comically swollen breast to tweak one nipple, then the other. Her own pussy pulsed with desire as she listened to Laurie’s breathing increase, her belly rising and falling wildly, faster and faster.

Tina was rocking against her, unable to contain herself, rubbing her crotch against all that flesh, so much, too much, her fingers dancing in Laurie’s sopping pussy, shoving deeper and deeper, her fingers teasing the fat girl’s clit, her tongue lizard-licking the depths of her navel. The whole scene was electric! Laurie was no stranger to pleasure, but she had never felt like this!! Her whole body was heaving and rocking, her breath came in loud huffing pants, she was so absolutely stuffed that she was only being held together by sheer force of will but the intense pleasure rocking her body almost made her lose herself in the moment… and, if she broke her concentration, Laurie felt like she actually might literally just blow apart!

“Ugh! Oh my Gawd! Oh my Gawd! I can’t… it’s too much… Oh Gawd… Oh Gawd… Frank… Abida… Tina… I’m gonna… oh Gawd… I’m gonna…. I’m gonna blow!”

It came so suddenly that both Abida and Frank stepped back suddenly, as if they were afraid that Laurie might be right. Her titanic tummy was heaving so violently that she really seemed like she might explode for real! And after that meal… it wasn’t that far outside the realm of possibility! Despite their fear, they couldn’t stay away. Who could stay away from this magnetic goddess of abundance? They needed to be close to her, they needed to share in the bounty of Laurie’s excess… if Laurie detonated, they needed to be right there to go out with her. They were drawn to stay close like two moths to a flame!

Laurie screamed out loud as Tina drove her to climax, her pussy clenching in a torrent of fresh fluids, the realization of her orgasm pushing Tina to follow. Tina shrieked as she herself felt a climax tug at her and she collapsed in a heap, sliding down the arc of Laurie’s gut even as she kept her fingers inside Laurie, riding her out.

Laurie gurgled and sighed in contentment. Her belly, rising so high now that Laurie was taller when she laid down than when she stood up, was slick with sweat. All this exertion took a lot out of a girl who weighed nearly a whole half ton!

“Damn, Laurie, you doing okay? We thought you were gonna blow for real for a second there,” said Frank.

“Yeah, you really seemed like you were at your limit,” said Abida. “I never thought I would see the day!”

Laurie belched loudly; all that exercise had knocked a pocket of gas loose in her over-bloated middle. “Ooof… Gawd, you two worry way too much. You know this belly of mine can handle anything!” Laurie half-heartedly raised a heavy arm and lightly slapped at her middle for emphasis, but Laurie was too spent to make the effort. She dropped her arm back down with a loud sigh. “Gawd… I’m so… I’m exhausted… oh my Gawd… it’s too much… it’s all too much…”

“Damn, Tina, I think you overstimulated her,” said Abida. “She’s never taken it this far.”

“C’mon, let’s roll her over,” said Frank. “That gut’s way too full, it’s gonna crush her if we let her lie like this too much longer.”

“No… no… don’t move me… I’m too full,” moaned Laurie. She was so obscenely full that she was afraid that the slightest movement might be enough to rupture her, but she didn’t have any say in the situation. She could only brace herself and hold her breath in anticipation as Frank, Abida, and Tina worked together to slowly roll her over until she was on her side, her massive belly sprawling in front of her. Gawd, it seemed to go on forever!

“Too bad the rest of this cake will go to waste,” said Tina. She gazed sadly at the decimated wedding cake. Laurie had put a massive dent in it all by herself – the frosting was smeared, the tiers had collapsed in on themselves, it was a mess. But it was still edible. “It’s not like we have all that much left, but I don’t think Laurie could eat another bite.”

Laurie grunted, opening one piggy eye.

“Ooof… bring it here…”

“No, Laurie, you’re done. You’ve had enough,” said Frank.

“I said… bring it here!”

“Laurie, fun’s fun, but we’re not playing around anymore. You’ve had way more than your fill today. You were already way beyond stuffed even before you started gorging on cake and now you think you can actually finish this off? Babe, I know we joke a lot, but seriously: You’re way too full. There’s barely any give in your gut. We don’t want our favorite fat girl to explode.”

“I’m not gonna… ‘splode,” sputtered Laurie, although the intense pain in her gut told a different story. Her belly was so big and round and swollen that her skin was flushed red, but how could she seriously be expected to stop eating while there was still food available?

“It’s not that much cake,” said Tina. “It’s just a little bit. I bet she could do it.”

“No,” said Frank firmly. “This might be fun and games to you, Tina, but I’m not about to let my girlfriend burst. Let’s just say that our piggy here doesn’t always know her own limits as much as she thinks she does.”

“Yeah,” agreed Abida, “And if Laurie explodes, who do you think is gonna have to clean up that mess? It’s gonna be us!”

“Yeah, but… it’s just a little tiny bit of cake. It couldn’t possibly be TOO much, could it?”

“Hm, just wafer thin, huh?” chuckled Frank.

“I can do it… gawd… let me finish the cake…” muttered Laurie. “I’m not gonna come this far and… not finish! I’m… so close…”

“C’mon, Frank! She really seems to want it… I think she can do it!”

Frank and Abida exchanged glances

“Gimmie… the cake…” huffed Laurie, waving her uselessly flabby arms for emphasis. “Gawd! That’s what I keep you to around for… you’re supposed to listen to me! Not stop me! Give me the damn cake! I’m not gonna stop til it’s gone!”  
  
“Laurie, you’re seriously ready to bust-“

“I don’t give a shit!” huffed Laurie, her chubby cheeks going red with fury. “I said, I want it! I’m not here to be lectured! If I bust, then I bust! Jesus!”

Frank shrugged. “Alright, alright, fine! Looks like the hog has spoken.”

“More… more… put it in my mouth,” puffed Laurie between bites as Tina shoved the remaining cake into her maw. Tina was moving fast, pushing spongy yellow cake between the overstuffed blimps lips in hopes that she could get it all in before Laurie started to regret her decision. The raven-haired fatso was grotesquely full, so much that it was a miracle that Laurie wasn’t sick. If she didn’t explode, she might just puke! But Laurie was pushing through, chewing, swallowing, gulping, determined to finish off the whole cake. It was a point of pride for her. What kind of pig would she be to give up now? She was going to eat it all or (literally) die trying!

Luckily for her, today was not going to be the day that she died trying.

“C’mon, Laurie, you’re almost done. Just one more bite, see? That’s all it takes. Just one teeny tint bite more… c’mon, you can’t be giving up now?”

“I’m not… giving up… I just need a rest… one second… gotta… catch my breath…”

“Don’t stop now! You were in the rythym! If you pause now, you’ll never get it again!”

“Okay… okay… put it in… Gawd, put it in…” Laurie weakly opened her mouth and Tina placed the last bite on her tongue. Laurie closed her mouth and chewed slowly, laboriously. She was so full that she felt sick, felt her body rebelling to the excess, there was no way that she would be able to swallow, it was too much, she was wrong, she’d absolutely miscalculated her own limits, she should have listened to Frank, to Abida, because she was dying now… overdosing on cake! What a way to go!

But she wasn’t. She was alive and in one piece. Just very, very, VERY full.

“You did it, Laurie!” cried Tina, stroking Laurie’s chubby cheek with one hand and planting a kiss on her sweaty forehead. “You finished the whole cake! Oh my gawd, I can’t believe it! I’ve never seen anything like it!”

“Yeah, that’s pretty amazing,” said Frank. “I’ll admit, I didn’t know if she could do it. I thought maybe she’d finally hit her limit.”

“I told you… this tummy can handle anything…” muttered Laurie, a smug smile of satisfaction spreading across her plump face.

“Oh Laurie, I’m so proud of you,” said Tina. She leaned in and whispered into Laurie’s ear: “You know how you weighed 860 pounds today, right? You should know that cake alone was 26lbs and 100 servings. Imagine how much you weight now.”

Laurie sucked in her breath between her lips, her eyes bulging. Her mind raced at the knowledge. Goddamn. Godamn!! Could it be possible… there was no way… sure, there was an extra 26 pounds of cake sitting heavy in her belly right now… but once it was digested… assuming it all directly turned into extra lard on her breasts, hips, and belly, she might gain an extra 26 pounds?? Putting her at 886 pounds? No way. She knew that it would translate pound for pound into new fat. But still. The very idea made her giddy! She would be closer than ever to 900! 900 pounds! And after that? Who knew? The sky was the limit!

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Abida yawned as she sat up in bed. What a night! No surprise that the quartet had slept like babies. All that exertion had really tuckered them out – and, of course, Laurie’s enormous meal made it so that she slept sounder than any of them. They’d collapsed into one giant pile, Laurie dominating the bed, Abida nestled into her girlfriend’s cavernous cleavage, Tina off to one side. Frank to the other. Abida stretched and turned to look at the others. She remembered thinking that Laurie and Tina made such a striking contrast, an ebony muscle goddess and a massive soft ivory queen. But when she turned to look, Tina wasn’t lying in bed anymore.

Instead, she was standing at the foot of the bed, towering over Laurie’s prone form, her strong hands tenderly rolling over the fat girl’s bulging belly. Laurie snorted in her sleep, her enormously stuffed gut gurgling with the strain of digestion.

“Oh shit! It… it’s not what it looks like…” said Tina, pulling her hands away, her eyes wide with embarrassment.

“Can't get enough of our piggy, huh?” said Abida. “There’s no shame in that. I don’t think anyone could resist a chance to touch that magnificent tum. Go ahead, touch it. It’s fine.”

“You sure? I don’t want to be weird…” Despite herself, her hands were already reaching back out, eager to touch that bountiful feast of flesh. Gawd, it was mesmerizing! Laurie was the biggest woman that she had ever seen and, bathed in soft moonlight, she looked even bigger. She was so huge and round and pale that she almost looked like the full moon itself in the darkness.

“It’s fine, go right ahead. I bet a little night massage will give our pet blimp here some good dreams. Maybe help her digestion a little, cuz Lord knows she’ll need all the help she can get!”

"Shhh, you’ll wake her,” murmured Tina, snuggling in close, her eyes closed.

“Nope, she’s out like a light,” said Abida. “After that much food even a megaton bomb wouldn't wake her. She’ll probably sleep for days. Which is good. She’s got to take some time to digest all that. If she wakes up too soon and starts demanding more food before she’s digested a little, I think that greedy bitch really WILL explode.”

“Megaton bomb,” repeated Tina absentmindedly, still massaging the globe of Laurie’s middle and pressing her legs together.

Abida smiled, a devilish gleam in her eye as she noticed Tina’s awkward movements. She could tell what that meant. Was Tina getting all hot and bothered yet again?

The slender Indian girl walked around, admiring Tina’s ripped form from all angles – the bulging muscles, the firm torso, the improbably round tits. Abida couldn’t take her eyes off those, especially. She’d always been a tit girl. Even before Laurie had started on her quest to become the fattest thing in creation, she had always been blessed with a big, busty figure. That was what first attracted Abida’s attention. It wasn’t until Laurie’s waistline started expanding that Abida realized that she liked to see the rest of a girl’s figure grow along with her bustline. Seeing Tina’s naked breasts bounce with her movements, the silicone-pumped orbs jostle and wobble like real breasts never did, awakened a familiar feeling deep inside her. Was it fair that only Laurie got to have all the fun?

“You know,” said Abida. “I didn't get much of the action today. I don’t really think that’s fair, do you?”

She stood behind Tina, watching the girl eagerly massage Laurie. And then quickly, almost too fast to tell, she made her move, reaching around from behind to cup the amazon beauty’s magnificent knockers. Damn, these felt great! She marveled at the delicious fullness, the exquisite firmness of the muscle-bound warrior’s canteloupes, giggling to herself as her nipples tickled the palms of Abida’s hands. Tina had said that Laurie’s massive melons inspired her to get a boob job, so Abida was gambling that Tina also shared Laurie’s singular obsession – would Tina like having her breasts fondled as much as Laurie did? A sudden sigh from Tina and a sudden stiffening of those nipples told Abida the answer: YES! YES INDEED!

In one fluid movement, Tina grabbed Abida and spun her around to her front so that both girls were face to face. Abida could feel Laurie’s bloated belly against her back and Tina’s bulging chest at her front. What a sensation! To be sandwiched between these two buxom beauties, so deliciously different and yet also so alike in appetite!

“Then let's change that,” said Tina.

She grabbed Abida’s legs and effortlessly lift her up. “Wrap your legs around me,” commanded Tina. “And I’ll do the rest.”

Abida couldn’t help but obey – all day, Tina had followed Laurie’s orders, doing whatever Laurie told her to do. Now she was in control! Abida gulped and nodded. She was used to being dommed by Laurie, but this was new… new but not unwelcome! She clamped her slim legs around Tina’s waist, marveling again at how Tina’s body bulged with ropey muscles. Tina put one hand behind Abida to help support her and the other was between her legs. Oh shit. Oh shit! Abida began to huff and gasp. Now it was her turn! She leaned back, her eyes closed, her head lolling against the summit of Laurie’s gut. Laurie snorted in her sleep, but she didn’t wake. Of course, she wouldn’t. Abida closed her eyes, reveling in the warmth surrounding her – the enormous softness of Laurie behind her, Tina’s rock-hard tits in her face, pressed so tightly into her own chest that she could almost think they were her own if only it wasn't for all those muscles and Tina’s smiling face right there. Oh Gawd, Oh Gawd! What a sensation! Tina's fingers moved in and out, sliding over her throbbing clit and driving her wild. What a rush! Only a few short months ago, before Frank and Laurie had invited her to join their threesome, she never would have thought that someday she would have the busty lover of her dreams. And now, with Tina, she had not just one but two women with ever-expanding bustlines to call her own! How could one girl ever get so lucky? Tina’s fingers moved faster and faster, playing Abida like a harp, the pressure rising, her temperature rising… Abida bit her lip to hold in the whimpers, afraid that she might be too loud, she might wake Frank or Laurie with her groans and sighs and squeals, but no they were fast asleep, there was no one to hear her and oh Gawd she was SO hot, so bothered… Tina pushed forward, pinning Abida tightly between herself and Laurie, so that Abida could barely breathe, could barely think, the stimulation was just too much, Tina’s tits were right in her face, she could just open her mouth and suck on those big hard nipples oh Gawd, here it comes… Abida barely kept her voice in check as she climaxed, gasping loudly but not shouting… but it was a challenge!

“There,” said Tina, her fingers still moving inside Abida, still gently bringing her down. Tina knew what she was doing. She was fingering Abida with all the same skill and finesse that she had used on Laurie earlier. “Not still feeling neglected, are we?”

“No,” sighed Abida, her voice dreamy. Oh Gawd. She was so spent that she wanted to collapse right where she was. Her limbs felt like rubber, her body like jelly. A soft, warm afterglow was spreading outward from her nethers all through her body and she just wanted to bask.

“Come on, whoopsie daisy,” said Tina, lifting the limp Indian girl up in her arms. “Can’t have you just sleeping on the floor. Let’s get you back to bed. Looks like you could do with some rest.”

“Yeah… rest,” said Abida absently, a dumb grin on her face. She just felt too good.

Tina gently tucked Abida back into bed, fluffing a pillow and pulling the sheet over her. Almost immediately, Abida was asleep. Heh. Tina smirked. That was cute. The poor thing was completely tuckered out! She spent so much time seeing to Laurie’s needs that it was nice when she got a taste of the good times too.

“That was certainly a show,” said Laurie.

“Oh shit,” said Tina. She looked up and, sure enough, Laurie was watching her through one open eye.

“I-I-I-“

“Oh relax, Tina, you’re so uptight. Sweetie, you really don’t need to apologize for having fun.”

“Yeah, but… I didn’t want you to think that I was…”

“After the workout I got today, I think I’m just fine to watch from the sidelines for a little,” purred Laurie. “But I’ll tell you what… since you’re up, why don't you feed me a midnight snack?”

“What? But Laurie, you had that whole cake… you couldn’t possibly…”

“Oh honey, you’d be surprised what I can hold,” said Laurie smugly. “You’ve got a lot to learn if you think I can ever be truly full. Now then, how about getting started on that snack? Mama’s ready to eat again…”

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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