Tabitha’s Experiment (1 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

"Hungry for more? Want to test your limits? Tired of struggling to be thin? My name is Doctor Plantier and I know that more is merrier, bigger is better... Here at my research facilities, I have shown dozens of women the happiness of being bigger. Imagine being paid to eat! You will be doing a great service for science and fulfilling your most wanton desires! Give in to indulgence. Come in for a consultation today!"

Tabitha couldn’t believe her eyes when she saw the ad in the daily newspaper, her eyes casually scanning the classified section as she hid in the back of the classroom while the professor droned on. Surely she was imagining things and, if she wasn’t… surely this couldn’t be for her? But it was impossible to ignore. It felt like the ad had been written specifically for her, to catch her eye, to lure her into applying… But how could anyone know? Tabitha was so careful to keep her true desires hidden, under wraps so that no one could ever guess. But now…?

At 21, Tabitha was technically an adult. She could technically live her own life, right? She could, maybe, if she left home. But for now, she was still under the thumb of her tyrannical parents, who ruled every aspect of her life. Even the few hours of the day that Tabitha was out of the house, attending classes at the local community college, she didn’t feel free. She always knew that she would eventually have to return home, to the scrutiny of her diet-obsessed mother and weight-obsessed father.

Every night at the dinner table, poor Tabitha had to withstand a barrage of insults and barbed comments from her parents… all about her weight. She had always been chubby, ever since she was a young child, because, as loathe as she was to admit it, as much as her parents tried to beat the habit out of her, Tabitha loved to eat. Nothing was better to her than the taste of delicious food on her tongue or the sensation of a well-fed belly! How ironic, then, that the one thing she truly wanted in life was the one thing that her family kept away from her.

She reread the ad again, her lips moving as she silently said the words as if to reassure herself that they were real. She looked at her watch. It was almost 3:30 pm. Class would be out in just a few minutes and, if she skipped the next lecture, she could drive to the address in the ad for an interview before her parents expected her home for dinner. It was madness, of course. Tabitha never did anything so spontaneous, so reckless. But if this ad was real? She couldn’t afford to miss out!

Tabitha drove to the address. It was a warehouse in a desolate section of town. She gulped. Was this a good idea? She wondered what she was walking into. Anything could happen to her here, in this weird part of town and nobody knew where she was. She steeled her resolve and pressed the buzzer to activate the intercom. A moment later, a friendly female voice responded: "Plantier Research Laboratories ... this is Janet, how may I help you?"

Tabitha licked her lips and cleared her throat. “Hello? Hello, I’m here about the study? I saw your ad in the paper?”

The door buzzed. “Come on up, honey,” said the voice.

Tabitha pushed the door open and walked up a narrow flight of stairs into a nicely maintained foyer. A young brunette woman in a lab coat sat behind a desk, typing at a computer. Tabitha thought at first she must be the secretary, but that lab coat seemed to indicate otherwise.

“Hey, sweetie, welcome to Plantier Research. My name is Janet, I’m Dr. Plantier’s assistant. You’re the girl here about the ad, huh?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Tabitha felt silly addressing a woman who might be even younger than her as “ma’am” but too many years of strict scolding by her parents had instilled a certain deference in the plump young woman.

“What’s your name then?”

“Tabitha Greenwood.”

“Hmm… and your weight? Don’t be shy, there’s no judgement here. It’s necessary information for our study.”

“Er… about 200 pounds?”

Janet ticked a check box on a clipboard and grinned at Tabitha – a sharp, sly grin like a fox. Tabitha felt a sudden knot of worry in her stomach. What was she getting herself into? At the same time, it was too late. There was no turning back no!

“Follow me, Tabitha.”

Janet led her into another office, a large spacious room far too vast for the single oak desk and pair of chairs that it contained. Another woman sat behind the desk – a prim and proper-looking older woman with streaks of gray in her dark raven hair, all done up in a tight bun. This must be Dr. Plantier, thought Tabitha. Her figure was trim and compact, the perfect svelte little nymph that Tabitha’s parents had always hoped they could mold their chubby daughter into. Tabitha felt a sudden pang of jealousy to see this effortlessly thin woman… but something about Dr. Plantier made her pause. The way Dr. Plantier eyed Tabitha over the tops of her horn-rimmed spectacles as she motioned for Tabitha to sit down in a plush chair… that gaze was at once welcoming, maternal, friendly… but there was something else there. Tabitha felt like she was a roast being eyed before the feast.

“Now then, Tabitha Greenwood,” said the doctor as she studied the paper that Janet slipped into her hands. “I understand that you’re interested in joining our study. I must say, we’ve had a surprising number of applicants considering the, er, unusual nature of our work here. Seems that a surprisingly large number of women are tired of dieting and just DYING for an excuse to eat. But it’s an unusual woman indeed who’s right for our purposes.”

Dr. Plantier laughed as she flipped through the papers. “200 pounds? Why, honey, you’re practically skin and bones! It sounds like you need some TLC and fast.”

Tabitha smiled weakly. She couldn’t believe that anyone would ever describe her as “skin and bones." After so many years of her parents and their verbal abuse, though, it sounded so good to hear someone who thought she should be bigger...

Dr. Plantier sat behind her desk, steepling her fingers and watching the new applicant with interest. Tabitha gulped and squirmed in her chair.

“Tell me about yourself, princess.”

“Well, I read your ad in the paper,” said Tabitha nervously. “And I thought… well, the truth is, I just like to eat. My parents are always harping on me about my weight and, yeah, I know I’m a little plump. But that’s only because food tastes so good!”

“And that’s not all, is it, princess? Come on, out with it! I can tell there’s more to it.”

“Well, um.. my parents are pretty strict about my eating because they want me to be thin. My mom is an ex-beauty contestant and she’s very conscientious about that. But… I don’t think that’s important. I think… I wouldn’t mind being bigger. Not if I got to enjoy myself to get there.”

“And what does enjoying yourself mean, sweetie?”

“It means eating!”

Dr. Plantier and Janet exchanged knowing glances. Tabitha was a short girl with long blonde hair and blue eyes, the perfect image of the angelic girl next door. Despite her parents’ best efforts, they were unable to keep Tabitha as slim as they would have liked – the young girl had a thick layer of pudge and a chubby tummy that pushed against the fabric of her blouse right where she tucked it into her denim shorts, so that the buttons looked like they might just be on the verge of gapping. She was busty, the outlines of an overfilled frilly brassiere just faintly visible through the crisp white material of her blouse, but overall Tabitha was round enough that her ample chest didn’t draw undue attention. Tabitha’s denim shorts hugged the thick curves of her hips and bottom, molding her ample bottom into a perfectly round bubble, and her fupa filled out her crotch until the flap of her zipper was pulled aside to reveal the metal teeth. Her thick legs tapered down to plump calves and then to pudgy little trotters slipped in sandals. She looked, Dr. Plantier thought, like a ripe little apple.

Under her expert tutelage, though, she expected that Tabitha might blossom into something absolutely spectacular. Dr. Plantier had interviewed so many prospective subjects, but there was just something about Tabitha that made her think: This is the one. Maybe it was the hungry gleam in her eye or the way that she unconsciously ran her little pink tongue over her lips when she was distracted, as if she was imagining at every moment that something tasty was in her mouth… Tabitha fidgeted nervously, shoving her hands into the tight pockets of her snug shorts, but this girl radiated a natural greed. She was a girl who had been too long denied her heart’s desire and Dr. Plantier was certain that, once she was given the permission that she needed, Tabitha’s innermost desires would come roaring to life with a vengeance!

“Hmm, Tabitha, you sound like you might be the perfect candidate for our study here. Would you be interested in going further? Maybe a little trial run to see if you’re a good fit?”

“Oh! Yes, please, doctor!”

Dr. Plantier nodded to Janet. Janet sprang into action, quickly binding Tabitha’s wrists to the arms of her chair with soft leather belts.

“H-hey!” cried Tabitha, her eyes bulging. “What’s going on here?”

“Just a precaution for your own safety,” said Dr. Plantier. “We wouldn’t want you to get hurt now would we, Tabitha?”

“N-no…” The girl was clearly skeptical but she was too shy, too used to being told what to do, to do anything beyond a token protest. That would change soon. Dr. Plantier intended to cultivate this girl, help her to understand her own desires… so that soon she would always demand exactly what she wanted!

“You got a little tummy here, don’t you?” said Janet smoothly, caressing Tabitha’s soft middle before pulling hidden straps from the recesses of the chair cushions and buckling them around Tabitha’s waist.

“A... a little, I guess?” said Tabitha.

Tabitha watched in mute fascination as Janet and Dr. Plantier unfolded a long table from the wall and shoved it right up against Tabitha, so that her breasts rested on the table top. She squeaked slightly as she felt the table push against her.

“Okay, princess, don’t you worry about a thing. Janet here is an expert cook. That’s why we hired her. What’s your favorite dish, honey?”

“Oh, I couldn’t decide… my parents really didn’t let me try very many things other than diet food…”

“Well, then.” Dr. Plantier giggled while stroking Tabitha under her chin. The doctor smiled, thinking about how soon that shin would be doubled, then tripled, under her watch. Oh yes. Tabitha seemed like she would be the perfect subject for their little experiment. “I guess we’ll just have to try everything until we find out what you like, hmm?

And then, the feast began.

Tabitha had never seen so much food. Her captors ferried an endless stream of dishes to the table – Janet brought out plate after plate of bacon and eggs, rib-eye steak, mashed potatoes, buttered vegetables, spaghetti carbonara… while Dr. Plantier perched herself on the armrest of Tabitha’s chair and spoonfed their bound captive like she was a baby bird.

“Open up, Tabitha. Try some of this! I’m sure you’ll like it.”

Tabitha opened her mouth to protest, but Dr. Plantier simply shoved a forkful of biscuits sopping with gravy into her mouth. Tabitha chewed and swallowed, barely able to hold back a coo of pleasure as the delectable taste hit her tongue and the warmth hit her belly.

“Mmm… it’s so good! But this is too much food… I know I said I wanted to eat, but this is too much!”

“Now, now, Tabitha, that’s not for you to decide. I mean, who’s the doctor here? Me or you?”

“Y-you, ma’am.”

“That’s right. And don’t you think that, as a doctor, I would know better what’s best for you? You do want our little experiment to be successful, don’t you? Open wide, sweetie.”

“Yeth, mmm,” mumbled Tabitha through a mouthful of penne marinara.

The variety was endless, but Dr. Plantier was right. Janet was a fantastic cook and every dish was delicious… Tabitha couldn’t fathom how Janet was able to do it, to cook the food so fast and get it out to her… but she soon forgot to care about that! For the first time ever, she was eating! Really eating! No one was here to shame her, to tsk tsk when she ate more than her fill. Janet and Dr. Plantier showered her with praise as she ate, always pushing more and more food at her. Tabitha couldn’t resist!

“You’re doing so good, Tabitha! You’re just perfect for this. My God! Keep it up, sweetie, you’re doing fine.” Dr. Plantier wiped a splash of sauce from Tabitha’s cheeks with her finger tips and put them to Tabitha’s mouth to lick. Tabitha couldn’t resist. It just all tasted too good!

After what seemed like hours, Tabitha was stuffed and exhausted. Her head lolled drunkenly on her neck, her chubby cheeks slathered with sauce and frosting. Her plump stomach bulged with her indulgence, testing the strength of her waistband and resting on her thick thighs.

“There there, Tabitha, have you had enough to eat yet?” asked Dr. Greenwood as she unbuckled the restraints on Tabitha’s wrists and opened the belt around her waist. The chubby blonde bunny sighed in relief as her full belly swelled out to its full size – though the relief at feeling the belt fall away was short-lived since her released belly pushed harder against the waistband of her shorts.

Tabitha opened her mouth to respond, but only a hearty belch escaped her lips. She slapped her pudgy hands to her mouth in embarrassment, her cheeks going pink.

“Oh no! I’m so sorry… I’m so embarrassed. God, I can’t believe that I made such a pig of myself…”

“Don’t apologize, Tabitha. That’s exactly what we want. For this experiment, we’re looking for a girl with an appetite, one who can really indulge. And from what I’ve seen here today, I think you might just be perfect.”

“R-really?” Tabitha could barely suppress a hiccup that wracked her body, making her bounce in place. No one had ever told her anything like that before! She was used to her parents always berating her at every meal, raising their eyebrows in disapproval when she dared to reach for a second helping or clucking their tongues ruefully when her stomach still gurgled hungrily after one of the paltry diet meals that they served her. No one had ever encouraged her to eat her fill before! For the first time in her life, Tabitha truly felt full! As Janet and Dr. Plantier pulled her chair away from the table, Tabitha looked down at herself and truly saw, for the first time, the results of her feast. Her belly arced out in front of her, the buttons of her blouse puckering just slightly enough that pink flesh edged into view through the gaps whenever she breathed in. Janet gently wiped the food from her face as Dr. Plantier helped her to her feet.

“You like that, Tabitha? How would you like to eat like that everyday? You will join our experiment, won’t you?”

“Oh no! That sounds delightful, but… I can’t eat like that! My parents… oh, they’re going to be furious! I’m already too chubby. I can’t get fat!”

“Oh you won’t need to worry about that at all, Tabitha. Your parents won’t be here to give you any trouble. We’ve already got a room set up for you on the premises with everything you need. Why, you could move in right now. It is important that you remain on site for the duration of the experiment, you see.”

“I…Right, right. Of course!” Tabitha nodded as if that made perfect sense. It seemed strange, but… deep down, she didn’t care. Staying on site meant that she wouldn’t have to listen to her parents harping on her every bite! That would be perfect!

She didn’t resist as Janet and Dr. Plantier led her down a hallway, the two women standing at either side of her to help the overstuffed cutie maintain her balance, and ushered her into a nicely furnished room. It looked even better than her room at home… a plush king-sized bed, a wide-screen TV, closet fully stocked with cute clothes, a bedside table with its own library, a nice picture frame window with a beautiful view. Why would she ever want to go home?

“Of course, you really won’t be spending a lot of time in here,” said Dr. Plantier.

“What was that?” said Tabitha. She was so distracted by the sight of that big soft bed that she hadn’t caught the doctor’s words.

“Nothing. Come on, Janet, let’s help our little guest into bed. I think she needs some time to sleep off her first meal!”

“Of course, Doctor.”

They helped Tabitha collapse into bed.

“Oof! This bed is so big!” marveled Tabitha. Indeed, it was so huge that it filled the room and seemed to dwarf its chubby little occupant. “It’s way too big!”

“For now, maybe. But just you wait, Tabitha. We’ve got big plans for you. Goodnight, Tabitha!”

“Wait!” Tabitha struggled to hoist herself up onto her elbows. “You didn’t tell me! What are you studying in this experiment?”

Dr. Plantier grinned widely, the same foxy smile that Tabitha had seen on Janet earlier. “Why, we’re studying the effects of unrestrained appetite, of course. We want to know what happens when a girl just gives in entirely to her deepest desires. That’s why you’re perfect, Tabitha. You’ve denied yourself what you really want for so very long. Now it’s time to do what you want. It’s time to let yourself indulge your secret vices as much as you want. Good night now, Tabitha.”

Tabitha watched as the two women left the room, closing the door behind them with a click. She felt a cold chill run down her spine. What was she doing? Again, she couldn’t help but worry… Indulge her secret vices? Give in to her deepest desires? She was certain that road would only lead to disaster. Tonight’s feast had already confirmed the worst predictions of her overbearing mother: Tabitha had no self-control, she wasn’t able to stop herself from eating as long as food was available. And if Dr. Plantier and Janet weren’t going to stop her… there was no telling how big she would get!

She spied a telephone on the bedside table. Surely, if she was in any danger, if she was really a prisoner here, they wouldn’t have given her a telephone? That was proof enough that she was free to go if she wanted, right? She should call her parents right now, beg them to come and rescue her, throw herself on their mercy and plead for forgiveness for how she had fallen off the wagon! They would scold her, of course. Maybe they would even ground her, lock her up so that she couldn’t even go to school anymore…

She would be more of a prisoner if she went home than if she stayed here!

Tabitha picked up the receiver and listened to the ring tone. She gulped. She punched her home phone number into the phone and waited for someone to pick up. She was being ridiculous. She couldn’t stay here. Be reasonable, Tabitha. You have to go home. You have to go back to reality. You can’t just stay here and eat yourself round, no matter how wonderful, no matter how glorious it would be…

Finally, her mother answered.

“Hi mom, it’s me…”

“Tabitha, where are you?? You were supposed to be home hours ago! They said that you didn’t show up for class!”

“Well, I- wait, how did you know? Are you spying on me?”

“I had to check up, to make sure you weren’t cheating on your diet. I know how you are, young lady, you can’t be trusted!”

“That’s all you ever think about,” said Tabitha hotly. A sudden anger washed over her, hotter than any she had felt before. “I’m just calling to let you know, I won’t be home for a while. I’ve got… something I need to do.”

“Something you need to do!? What on earth are you talking about, young lady! You come home this instant, do you hear!?”

“No, mother, I don’t think I will. I’m taking part in an experiment, right now. It’s, uh, really important stuff. Goodbye.”

Tabitha slammed down the receiver without a second thought. There. It was done. The decision was made. She would stay here, with Dr. Plantier and Janet, and she would see where this path led her. It might be a suicide choice, but it was her choice. No one could take that away from her!

She was so stuffed and exhausted that she quickly fell into a deep dreamless sleep, not even pausing to strip out of her street clothes.

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The next morning, Janet snuck into her room as dawn was breaking and gently shook Tabitha’s shoulder until she woke up. Tabitha blinked her big blue eyes for several seconds before she remembered where she was and who this strange woman was.

“Oh my, I’m still here?” said Tabitha groggily as she sat up in bed. She felt her tummy spill out onto her lap, a tangible physical reminder of the previous day’s feast. She rubbed her eyes. “I half thought it was all just a dream…”

“Not a dream at all,” said Janet brightly. “Listen, Tabitha, the doctor and I discussed your performance yesterday after you went to bed and we’re both really pleased. I just want to repeat what the doctor said, you’re perfect for our needs here. You are interested in continuing, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes.” Tabitha almost couldn’t believe that those words came out of her moth. How could she truly want to stay here and go through that whole experience again? Being tied up and stuffed to her limits? It was absurd! She should get up and leave right now.

But she didn’t.

“Come on, Tabitha, let me give you a hand. You’ve got a big day today and the doctor wants to make sure that you’re feeling your best!”

Tabitha let Janet help her to her feet. The other woman helped her big out a wardrobe for the day, get showered, fix her hair… she was treating Tabitha as a loving big sister would and Tabitha wasn’t used to the attention. But it wasn’t bad at all! She rather liked it. Maybe Janet and Dr. Plantier were a little strange, but they were still kinder to Tabitha – in their own way – than anyone ever had been before.

When Janet led her back to the feeding room, Dr. Plantier was already waiting.

“Excellent, I trust you slept well, Tabitha? I hope you’ve built up a hearty appetite. Because we’ve got a real breakfast ready for you.”

“Yes, Doctor,” said Tabitha. She licked her lips unconsciously, her plump little tummy growling. “I’m ready.”

In fact, Tabitha was not ready. Not ready at all.

She sat in the feeding chair. This time she didn’t protest at all as Janet and Dr. Plantier strapped her in. She opened her mouth expectantly. And the food started coming. Bowls of oatmeal and cold cereal, followed by buttered toast, crispy bacon, and scrambled eggs. The Belgian waffles smothered in syrup, stacks of flapjacks. Every time that she thought she was finally getting full, Janet would wheel out some new delectable treat… and Tabitha’s gut, as round and stuffed as it was, would start to grumble and gurgle. Her appetite unleased, Tabitha was turning into a mindless, ravenous eating machine, a slave to her own impulses.

“P-please… I can’t… I need to… catch my breath…”

“You’re doing fine, Tabitha, just keep the pace,” said Dr. Plantier kindly. The older woman kept feeding her, pushing food into her, so that Tabitha could barely gasp but never so much that it actually injured her. It was as if Dr. Plantier knew the perfect rhythym to always keep Tabitha teetering at the very edge of pleasure. Only when Tabitha was so completely and absolutely stuffed did Dr. Plantier relent and let Tabitha relax. Tabitha slumped in her chair, gasping and groaning, her enormously stuffed belly protruding in front of her like a basketball filled with cement.

“I can’t… oh Gawd… I thought I was full yesterday… that doesn’t even compare to today…”

“Well, sweetie, we’ll let you rest a little before we get started on lunch.”

“Lunch!?” Tabitha’s eyes went wide. “You’ve got to be joking… I’m so full I don’t think I’ll ever eat again!”

Dr. Plantier smiled. “We’ll give you a couple hours. Then we’ll see how you feel.”

Tabitha shook her head in disbelief. But it seemed that the good doctor knew her better than she knew herself; by the time mid-day rolled around, Tabitha’s swollen belly had deflated enough that she once again felt the familiar stirrings of hunger. It grumbled, eager for more, loud enough that Tabitha blushed and Dr. Plantier laughed.

“I knew it. What did I tell you, Tabitha? Hungry again, are you?”

Tabitha gulped. Who was she to deny it? “Yes, ma’am…. I guess… you were right…”

“Of course I was right. I’m a doctor, after all. I know these sorts of things. You really must learn to trust me, Tabitha, if we’re going to have a good working relationship. You do trust me, don’t you?”

Tabitha didn’t know how to respond. She was afraid to trust the doctor, but she was too shy and demure to speak up. Maybe she did trust Dr. Plantier? Dr. Plantier was right about one thing, after all: that Tabitha was hungry again!

The lunch that followed was another massive feast, soups and salads and sandwiches, enough to feed an army, and Tabitha was again left too engorged to even think. Her captors let her rest until dinner, when they crammed her so full that the poor little chubbette was convinced she was splitting at the seams. After that, it was back to her bedroom to sleep it off.

The days passed in a blur – Dr. Plantier and Janet made sure that Tabitha always got her fill to eat. That was the understatement of the year. She always ate beyond her fill. Dr. Plantier didn’t even have to coax Tabitha, her natural greed leading her to always eat one more bite even when she was certain she’d eaten far too much.

At first Tabitha didn’t notice that the meals were getting longer. And longer. And longer. It was only when the breakfast foods started to gradually be replaced with sandwiches and steaks that Tabitha realized what was going on. She wasn’t just eating breakfast! Her captors planned to feed her ALL day! First breakfast bled into lunch, until Tabitha was eating too long meals instead of three short ones. After that, it wasn’t long until lunch bled into dinner.

Sweat broke out on her forehead as Tabitha realized with a combination of dread and euphoria exactly what was going on… they were never going to stop feeding her! The onslaught of food was absolutely relentless and Tabitha struggled to keep up. If she didn’t have to sleep, she wondered if these two would simply feed her around the clock!

“Mmmff… please… it’s been hours… I c-can’t… I can’t go on… I’m so full…”

“There there, sweetie, dinner’s almost over. There now, wasn’t that nice?”

Dr. Plantier patted Tabitha’s bulging middle with a chuckle as she undid the belt. Tabitha groaned. She was even more stuffed than the previous day, but… oh gawd, the truth was that she loved it! She was about to bust, but she had never been so pleased, so contented, so happy… The only question was how long could this go on?

“You like that, Tabitha?”

“Oh Gawd, I don’t know… I don’t know what to think… my belly hurts so much! I’ve never been this full before.” She belched loudly, grateful that expelling some gas would lessen the pressure inside her belly even a fraction. She was so full that it barely made a difference.

“Hmm, but how do you FEEL, Tabitha?”

“I feel… oh gawd… I feel great. I don’t know… oh gawd, I don’t know if I should love you or hate you for this!”

“Please, Tabitha, don’t fret. I think you’ll grow to love it in time. We’re going to take good care of you here.”

“B-but my family…”

“We can be your family now,” said Dr. Plantier, brushing the young blonde plumper’s cheek. “We’ll give you everything that you ever needed, everything that you ever desired… everything that your birth family denied you. Would you like that, Tabitha? You’re going to be loved, adored, pampered… when did your parents ever do that for you?”

“They didn’t,” said Tabitha. She hiccupped. Too much food, too fast. “Oh Gawd, Dr. Plantier…I feel like… like…”

“Like what, Tabitha?”

“I feel like, I’m… home… For the first time, I’m home.”

Dr. Plantier smiled.

To be continued…

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

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles