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Hannah Hammond, Dakota, Piper, and Yeng belong to: Bobo the Hobo

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Feeding

Chapter III

Hannah Hammond made the absolute most of her time in southern Indiana. YFP vending machines were installed in every possible alcove and hallway within the first month. Between the main entrance and the restaurant, there was a small shop where the hotel once sold bottles of mineral water from the spring. It was preserved as a place of historical interest, but Hannah Hammond knew the alcove could serve a greater purpose.

Unfortunately, without direct control over the Hotel, Hannah couldn't modify the historic exhibit, but there was enough space near it to set up a temporary counter and shelves as a Candy Shop. The shelves were packed with fudge and taffy, lollipops and bonbons, all bearing the Yeng logo. Hannah 'encouraged' Miss Trimble to assign the portly waitress Suzy to work the shop, and eagerly awaited some 'progress' on that front.

At every turn Hannah was frustrated by her lack of authority in this place. She was forever having to consult, manipulate, and even acquiesce to the insufferable Mr Wise. Nevertheless, Hannah Hammond was a woman accustomed to getting her way, and so slowly but surely she was transforming the remote Hotel into her ideal 'project.'

None of those little projects mattered as much to her as her personal project, however. Hannah Hammond shared as many meals with the busy young hostess as she could without arousing suspicion from the rest of the staff. Hannah Wilson commuted almost an hour each way for this job, and she only worked five days a week. Hannah Hammond could not get the hostess station covered more than once or twice a week without having to deal with Miss Trimble's annoyed objections to her 'disrupting' the restaurant's smooth operation.

In the past, Hannah Hammond would have appeased herself in a frustrating situation like this by spreading her '*influence*' around. There were certainly maids, clerks, groundskeepers, sweet round little Suzy, and many others just waiting to be *enabled* and *encouraged*— helped along down the slippery slope of overindulgence. And while Hannah certainly still did those things to as many employees as she could, it was almost as if she did so on auto-pilot.

Hannah handed out meal vouchers like candy. She ordered Yeng-brand chairs at the front desk so the concierge and his staff wouldn't have to stand as much. She gave all the maids and custodians scan cards to get items from the vending machines at 75% off. She'd had the machines installed strategically throughout the landmark structure where no member of the Hotel staff could avoid seeing one of them at least a dozen times a day.

Much to her continued frustration, Hannah Hammond found herself unable to *enjoy* the changes happening at the French Lick Hotel. Maids were outgrowing skirts, clerks were popping buttons, and Hannah was just... *fine* with it all. She wasn't upset, she wasn't *unhappy* to be surrounded by more and more fat each day, it just didn't satisfy her like it always had in the past.

The reason for Hannah Hammond's ennui was no mystery. She had dark hair, deep green eyes, and shared her first name.

"Have you tried the tortellini soup Miss Hammond? It's one of my favorites and they only make it on Wednesdays."

“I’ll have to try some then. And I thought I told you to call me Hannah.”

“You don’t think that will get a little confusing, Miss –er– Hannah?”

“No Hannah, I don’t. Here, have some more bruschetta.”

Hannah Hammond discovered that Hannah Wilson needed very little encouragement to indulge herself. The girl must have been obese in a former life. With only the slightest hinting, she would order full size entrees for lunch, and gobble up enough appetizers for 2–3 people. On the days that Hannah managed to share a meal with the hostess – at least 4 days per week – she was certain that the girl was packing away twice the recommended daily calories for a marathoner in a single meal.

But she wasn’t growing.

Well, she was growing, she just wasn’t getting fat.

Each and every shared meal brought back Hannah Hammond’s frustration anew. This gorgeous, greedy little glutton wolfed down food faster than Piper, and more willingly than Dakota. Yet she maintained a 24 inch waist. True, her tummy puffed out *a little* when the dark-haired girl went especially hard on dessert, but by the next time she saw her, Hannah Wilson was as infuriatingly petite and adorable as ever.

With one exception. Or two, depending on how you’re counting.

The hostess gave Hannah Hammond flashbacks of girls she’d known back in her school days— Tabitha and Sabrina often came to mind. The curly-haired supposed baseball player and bubbly blonde former cheerleader had been infamous for growing tits—first under Hannah’s *influence*. Hannah Wilson’s ‘sweater puppies’ were getting as big as those two had been, and even bigger. All while her derrière remained frustratingly pert, a tiny little thing. Hannah was certain she could cup an entire ass check in one hand and still feel hip bones under her thumb.

She would have to get the girl more firmly under her thumb, that was the only solution.

“Cheesecake this time? Or maybe the double-fudge brownie sundae?”

“Oh...” Hannah Wilson stared down at the table over her vest-clad bosom.

“Maybe I should skip dessert today. My new shirt is already getting kinda snug.”

“Don’t be silly, your tummy’s flatter than mine.”

Hannah Hammond’s stomach wasn’t particularly flat, she had what most would consider an ‘average’ build. Slender, with moderate curves that hinted at an hourglass shape, a softness borne of a life of luxury and ease. Young Hannah opened her mouth to correct Hannah’s assumption,

“Oh, it’s not my—“

“Sally! One brownie sundae and one cheesecake, please.”

Hannah Wilson sighed, but Hannah Hammond knew the greedy girl would eat her whole dessert, and after a few performative bites she would accept Hannah’s ‘leftovers’ as well. She always did. She would fatten into a nice round blob soon enough. It happened to Tabitha and Sabrina, and it would happen to ‘Little Hannah.’

Hannah supervised the installation of even more vending machines, and Hannah snacked at the hostess stand.

Hannah handed out meal vouchers like flyers, and Hannah cleaned every plate at their shared meals.

Hannah ensured that bowls of foil-wrapped bonbons were set up on every available table and bar top, and Hannah frequently emptied those bowls.

Hannah made sure that Suzy the Candy Shop girl was as comfortable and snack-happy as could be, as if by reflex, and Hannah made frequent use of the 'free candy' card she'd been given by her new friend.

Hannah schemed, and Hannah snacked.

Hannah watched, and Hannah ate.

Hannah waited, and Hannah grew.

Hannah outgrew her E cup bras, and then F. She busted an F cup and then snapped the straps on G.

It was a Thursday night in the last month of Hannah Hammond's stay in Indiana, and she and 'Little Hannah' were sharing one of their customary long lunches. The younger woman was inhaling carbonara, and the older was keeping the bread basket well stocked and within easy reach, sometimes daring to butter a roll herself and place it on the gorging girl's plate.

Hannah could see the outlines of Young Hannah's bra through her uniform shirt. The vest was supposed to cover it, but Hannah started taking the garment off when they ate, claiming it was 'crushing' her. Hannah Hammond could tell that the girl's bra was pink— she could see it through the fabric of her shirt, pressing into the girl's fleshy orbs and making a distinct 'quad boob' as she spilled out of the cups. The other reason Hannah could tell the undergarment was pink was that the poor girl's shirt was starting to look painted on— the gaps between buttons creating diamond-shaped windows that showed skin and bra alike.

Hannah Hammond was no stranger to overtaxed garments and strained seams, but she was more used to seeing them lower on a woman's body. Which is not to say many of her 'projects' over the years hadn't busted bras or popped buttons over their chests. Yet for every one of those, Hannah had delighted in a dozen torn inseams or ruptured waistbands, even a few back pockets ripped open.

Hannah Hammond was about to be given some small gratification for her labors, however. As Young Hannah tilted a large milkshake toward herself, sucking on the straw hard, ice cold sugar and dairy flowed between pink lips, down her throat and into her tummy, and the threads on her buttons strained and frayed, until at last, one finally gave up the ghost.

From the apogee of Hannah Wilson's prodigious bosom, a small circle of plastic shot forward, narrowly missing Hannah Hammond's face. The girl's face turned the color of just-ripe strawberries, and she used both splayed hands to cover the tiny window of exposed cleavage.

"Oh my god this is so embarrassing. So unprofessional. What am I gonna do?"

Hannah Hammond reached out to gently touch the girl's elbow.

"Relax, Hannah. It's fine. Why don't you go to the ladies room and I'll get you another shirt from the supply closet?"

"Oh thank you, thank you."

The girl dashed away, one arm wrapped across her front to cover her wardrobe malfunction and keep her imbalanced form from wobbling too much.

A few moments later Hannah Hammond stepped into the marble-tiled bathroom carrying a folded white dress shirt.

"Hannah?"

"I'm in here."

The girl was hiding in one of the stalls, so Hannah passed the garment under the door.

"Here you go."

Hannah Hammond felt warm between her legs. This was not what she really wanted — a skinny girl with huge tits — but a popped button was a popped button.

After some rustling, the younger woman said,

“This is an Extra Large. We don’t have any Larges?”

Hannah Hammond bit her lip to suppress a moan.

“Just try the Extra Large on, dear. I think you might need it.”