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

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Feeding

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## Chapter V

Hannah Hammond sat in a white faux-leather armchair in her empty suite at the Daven's Port Hammond Hotel, sipping red wine and brooding. With the hand not holding her glass she massaged her temple in slow circles. She hated flying.

She'd returned home to find an envelope propped on the table by her door simply addressed 'Hannah.' It turned out to be a lengthy hand-written 'Dear Jane' letter from Piper riddled with spelling errors. Apparently the former wild child had gotten bored sitting around the apartment for four months and decided to move back home, and go on a diet.

Hannah should have felt rage and desperation at the thought of her former lover and food dumpster dieting, but she mostly just felt a sense of disappointed annoyance. She'd known what Piper was like when she seduced her, and there was no real love on Hannah's side. It was inevitable that Piper would get restless without Hannah here all the time to stroke her ego and her overstuffed belly.

Sipping her wine, Hannah leaned forward to open her tablet. Scrolling through the emails and records from her Daddy's company, and a few other companies where she had connections, Hannah searched desperately for an open transfer position that she could use to get rid of Saul Wise. Looking at his work history and education, the man seemed more suited to corporate middle-management than hospitality anyway. Hannah was sure he could be lured away with the right... 'offer.'

A few quick emails and a few called favors later, and one of Hannah's 'friends' at Yeng was drafting an email to the — soon to be former — manager of the Hammond Hotel at French Lick.

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For the next ten days Hannah touched up her operations in Daven's Port. Dakota had done a fine job managing things in her absence — and indulging in the temptations which were ever-present in the luxurious hotel — but there were always things to be 'improved.' A few vending machines to upgrade, a few extra wide, extra comfortable chairs to order, and so many big, beautiful employees to ogle, handing out meal vouchers and vending machine discount cards by the dozen.

At least, Hannah Hammond tried to ogle.

Things somehow felt even worse here at home than they had in French Lick. By no means was this the first time Hannah started a 'special project,' but up until now she'd always been able to 'appreciate' fat wherever she found it. Wherever she could 'cultivate' it. Now she had in her greedy hands this one little huge-boobed nut she couldn't crack, and it was eating away at her.

At least Hannah's former assistant gave her some small amount of gratification. Dakota was giving new meaning to the expression 'pear-shaped.' Her breasts were no larger than Hannah's own, despite carrying nearly two hundred extra pounds than her boss. The vertically-challenged Texan had added a good 15 pounds in Hannah's absence. Pounds that went straight to her widening hips and increasingly shelf-like derrière.

“I’m so glad you’re back Miss– er, Hannah. We had two servers and a line cook quit last week.”

Dakota was pulling the wrapper off a ‘fun size’ candy bar from the bowl Hannah set on her desk.

“Can’t the restaurant manager handle that, Dakota?”

“Well, yeah. I had him post on the job sites and I think he’s reviewing applications already.”

“See, I knew you could do it.”

Hannah slid the bowl closer.

Dakota’s fingers fidgeted. “I guess...”

“In fact, I might have good news for you.”

“Oh?” Dakota looked up, watching as Hannah stood with an air of professional self-importance.

“How would you like to make this position a little more... permanent?”

Dakota’s face went pale and she almost dropped her latest piece of candy.

“What? Me? Full-time manager of the Hotel?”

“That’s right, I may be going back to French Lick soon and I need somebody here I can trust.”

Hannah placed her hand on Dakota’s pudgy shoulder and gave the short girl her best ‘sincere and trusting’ smile.

“And that someone, is you.”

“Well, I guess it’s been going okay so far...”

“That’s the spirit! Now, let’s go get some lunch.”

Hannah let her replacement manager leave the office first, trying her best to delight in the way Dakota’s love handles spilled over her black slacks, or the way her delicious ass cheeks were starting to move up and down instead of side to side.

She tried. It was good, but it wasn’t what she really wanted.

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Hannah Hammond paced back and forth in her well-appointed suite, holding a phone to her ear and taking slow, silent breaths to maintain her professional tone.

“Oh he is? Well, good for him!”

“Yeah, I suppose that’s true...”

“What, here in Daven’s Port? Yes, she’s been doing very well, I’m quite proud of her.”

“Hmm, that’s a good point... I do know most of the department managers back there.”

“Oh of course I would, I’d be happy to.”

“No, no I don’t mind at all, it’ll be nice to have a break from the summer heat out here on the coast.”

“I’m sure Dakota can handle it, she’s ready.”

“It’s my pleasure Daddy, I just need another day or two here to take care of a few more things. I should be able to fly back out this weekend.”

“It’s no trouble at all! I think it’ll be fun, a nice ‘challenge.’”

“I love you too, Daddy. See you at Thanksgiving! Bye!”

Hannah tossed her phone onto the bed and leapt in the air like a giddy school girl. Nearly dancing over to the desk she woke her tablet and video called her new ‘girlfriend.’

“Hey, I was wondering if you were gonna call tonight.”

Hannah Wilson was seated at a desk of her own. Her I-cup breasts resting on its surface. Normally the dark-haired girl wore snug tank tops when she was alone in her apartment for their video chats, but tonight she had on an oversized dark tee shirt that covered her slender shoulders.

“I have good news, Hanners!” Hannah Hammond gushed.

“Oooo yeah? Tell me, tell me!”

“Did you hear Mister Wise is quitting?”

Young Hannah’s eyes went wide and her mouth fell open.

“No! I thought he loved running the Hotel...”

“I think he loved the *idea* of running the hotel. Anyway, I heard from some of my friends that he got offered a better title and a slightly better salary down at Yeng’s regional office in Charleston.”

“Really? Hmm... I wonder how something like that could have happened...”

Hannah Wilson quirked her lip and cocked an eyebrow in feigned suspicion.

“Who’s to say? I suppose they must have heard about his excellent work with the Hammond family of Hotels...”

Hannah Hammond batted her eyes coyly.

“So, does that mean...”

“It means you’re looking at the new manager of Hammond Hotel of French Lick!”

“Yaaaay! Congrats babe. When are you coming back?”

“This weekend I think.”

“That’s awesome. Oh, speaking of awesome, these chocolates you sent me are amazing.”

Hannah Wilson reached out of view of the camera and her annoyingly thin arm and not-at-all chubby fingers held up a rich brown treat the size of a ping pong ball, popping it between her pink lips.

As her young girlfriend’s arm dropped back out of the frame, Hannah Hammond took a moment to bask in the sight of the green-eyed girl. Young Hannah’s dark hair was loose and slightly mussed, just like it might be if the two of them were lying in bed together. She’d cleaned off most of her makeup and the casual intimacy of her bare young face in all its natural beauty started the fantasy train rolling in Hannah Hammond’s mind.

Hannah Wilson’s baggy tee was clearly too big – something purchased or pulled out of storage to cover her generous breasts no doubt – and the neckline was wide and low. Hannah could see a long line of cleavage filling the bottom third of the video screen as Young Hannah’s plump breasts lay propped up on the desk and spread out widely.

Between the angle of her camera, the black tee, and the relative darkness of her bedroom, Hannah Hammond could see none of her girlfriend’s body below the waist. Really she could see a set of big fat tits, a lovely face, and little else.

Hannah Hammond’s rich imagination began to fill in the rest of the details of an unseen body that would match those bloated breasts. True, there was no hint of double chin or chubby cheeks on her girlfriend’s pretty face, but Hannah nonetheless pictured thunder thighs, hefty hips, and a bulging belly just out of sight in that dark dorm room. Hannah Hammond felt herself growing warm between her legs in a way she hadn’t in months.

Voice cracking slightly, she said,

“W—well sweetheart, I need to get some paperwork filed for my official transfer, so I’m gonna have to let you go.”

“Okay Hanners!” Hannah Wilson said through a mouthful of chocolate.

“You enjoy those chocolates!”

“—*tsk*— weirdo.”

“You know it! I’ll see you soon, okay?”

“—*Mhmm*—” Young Hannah was already popping another chocolate into her mouth.

Hannah Hammond smiled as she clicked the ‘end call’ icon and leaned back in her chair, replaying the image of Young Hannah eating those chocolates. The version of Hannah Wilson in her mind started stuffing chocolates into her wide mouth by the fistful, her soft body growing to match her outrageous breasts. Hannah’s hand slipped under her waistband and into her panties so she could ‘enjoy’ the mental movie more fully.