Doubling Miss Hubbard 1  
By Mollycoddles

“So, Mr. Herbert, do you have any holiday plans?”

“Ah, no, not really,” said Principal Herbert as he refilled his “World’s Best Principal” mug from the coffee pot in the teacher’s lounge. “My sister and her family might be visiting for Christmas Day, but otherwise it should be a nice quiet holiday. That’ll be a nice change after dealing with students for the last few months, I’ll wager?”

He turned and nodded at Miss Hubbard, raising his mug to his lips. “How about you, Miss Hubbard? Do you have any plans? This is your first year in America, surely you must be planning to do something special.”

Miss Hubbard laughed. She had such a delicate, tinkling laugh! Principal Herbert found it hard not to charmed. Angela Hubbard was a beautiful woman, he decided. If only he was a few years younger, he might have been tempted to ask her out on a date! Not that there was any huge age gap between them. He remembered seeing on Miss Hubbard’s paperwork that, in fact, they were almost the same age: She was 48, Mr. Herbert was 52. Mr. Herbert had aged well, keeping active to avoid the middle-aged paunch that plagued so many in his profession and his dark black hair had turned to a dignified silver with age. But, even so, Mr. Herbert had been out of the dating pool for a long time. Since his wife passed away two years ago, he occasionally thought about trying to find a new love. But at 52? No, that was ridiculous. Surely his window of opportunity had long since passed.

Especially when it came to Miss Hubbard! She was a slim brunette English woman, just moved to the United States recently to teach here at Los Hermanos High. Her intriguing accent and perfectly refined English manners made her an instant hit with her students and Mr. Herbert would be lying if he said he wasn’t charmed as well. But the idea that she would ever deign to date him? No, no. That was preposterous!

“I’m afraid I don’t have any plans, Mr. Herbert,” said Miss Hubbard. She looked up from the mug of hot tea that she clutched with both hands, smiling sweetly. “I think I’ll be passing a quiet holiday at home as well.”

Truth be told, she rather hoped that Mr. Herbert might be hinting at something. She couldn’t help herself! She did rather fancy him. They did, after all, have a lot in common… they were around same age, both dedicated educators… And something about the way he handled himself in such a, well, American manner did make Miss Hubbard feel a little giddy, as if she were a school girl herself. But it was just silly to think that he felt that way about her.

Mr. Herbert nodded.

Angela Hubbard had dedicated her life to teaching. At 48, she was still unmarried… she’d just never had the time to commit to a dedicated relationship but she’d never felt a great need for a partner in her life. Her students had always taken priority. It was hard to think of herself as middle-aged; in her mind, she was still a young teacher, fresh out of school and getting started on her career! But it was getting harder for her to ignore the laugh lines at the corners of her eyes or the subtle streaks of grey starting to appear in her brunette hair. Still, her round cherubic face with its slight dusting of freckles, her friendly smile and her bubbly attitude made most people assume that she was much younger than she was, which was one of the reasons that her students seemed to always naturally like her. It was hard to think of Miss Hubbard as a teacher, especially compared to some of the real battle-axes at this school.

And Miss Hubbard had managed to avoid one of the major pitfalls of a career in teaching: the dreaded office ass. So many teachers, spending all day sitting on their bottoms at their desk at the front of the classroom and too easily tempted by free treats in the teacher’s lounge, would gradually balloon up over the course of their careers. But Miss She still had her figure, slightly chubbier than in her 20s but one had to expect a little extra padding around the hips, belly, and rear as one aged! Her friends back in the UK used to joke that there was no way the 160 pound, 5 foot 6 inch teacher would be able to maintain her physique in America.

So far, though, America hadn’t affected her waistline much. She did most of her cooking at home – a habit learned from a lifetime of living on a teacher’s salary – so she wasn’t in much danger from the plentiful snack bars and fast food restaurants that dominated the American landscape.

She was especially popular here at Los Hermanos High, the American school where she had begun teaching this year. After years in the British education system, she felt like she needed a change of scenery. So when the opportunity arose to take a position in America… well! She jumped at the chance. Teachers as well as students here were smitten with her demure attitude and her posh-sounding British accent. So refined! But while she definitely found herself with plenty of new admirers, the dedicated teacher was too married to her work to have found any close friends yet.

A timid knock at the door drew both of their attention, and they watched as it cracked open to reveal a young Indian girl. “Excuse me? Miss Hubbard? Are you in there?”

Angela Hubbard looked up from her tea and smiled. She recognized Mishka for the apple-polisher she was – after so many years of teaching, she had a keen nose for sussing out teacher’s pets -- but it was hard not to like the girl anyway. After all, Mishka genuinely seemed to appreciate the teacher’s attention and, since it was Miss Hubbard’s first year teaching abroad in America, she appreciated any friendly face.

“Mishka, you really shouldn’t come into the teacher’s lounge,” said Miss Hubbard. “But I think we can make an exception for you. Mishka, have you met Principal Herbert? Principal Herbert, this is Mishka Begum, one of my top students.”

“We haven’t met before,” said Mr. Herbert. He gave Mishka a curt but respectful nod. “And you must be a top student if that’s the case. I only ever meet the troublemakers.”

“Right…uh… yeah,” said Mishka nervously. She turned to Miss Hubbard. “Miss Hubbard, I wanted to clarify the homework for the holiday so I could get an early start. How many chapters are we supposed to read?”

“Mishka, I’m not assigning any reading over the Christmas break,” said Miss Hubbard, surprise in her voice. “I say, is that normal to do here in America? In England, we like to enjoy our holidays.”

“Right… yeah… uh… I guess that’s true here too… But… but what if I wanted to get ahead? Like, it wouldn’t be bad if I read ahead, right?”

Miss Hubbard placed her tea on the table in front of her. “Mishka, I am not going to give you extra assignments over the holiday. Your only assignment is to relax and enjoy your time off school.”

“Oh…okay, Miss Hubbard. Thank you.”

As Mishka left, she could hear Miss Hubbard chuckling with Mr. Herbert.

“She really is my best student,” said Miss Hubbard. “No one is as conscientious as Mishka. She’s such a credit to this school!”

“She must really like you as a teacher to request extra work,” said Mr. Herbert. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a student doing that, not in all my years of teaching!”

“That’s so sweet of you to say, Mr. Herbert! Thank you so much.”

Mishka rolled her eyes. Gawd, they were so ridiculous! She could tell that they obviously fancied each other. It was just silly that they pretended that they didn’t, affecting this overly formal relationship! Even before she started taking Miss Hubbard’s math class, Mishka had always been one of the top students at school. It wasn’t just that she studied hard, she also understood human psychology. She knew exactly how to best endear herself to all her teachers. If she could just break down that wall between Miss Hubbard and Mr. Herbert… well, she just knew that she would forever be in their good graces! But until she figured out how to do that, she would have to find some other way to make sure that Miss Hubbard always thought well of her…

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“And I hope you all have a merry Christmas and a happy new- ,” said Miss Hubbard, getting halfway through the standard British holiday greeting before catching herself and remembering that the United States was a pluralistic society. “E, I mean happy holidays! Class dismissed!”

Immediately, students leapt to their feet, eager to be off for the winter holidays. Who could blame them? A whole 2 weeks with no school! Any student would be thrilled! But as the teenagers stampeded for the exit, one student lingered behind. Of course, it was Mishka. Mishka Begum was the best student in Miss Hubbard’s math class, a straight A pupil who never passed up an opportunity to get in her teachers’ good graces. After the rest of her classmates had left, she stood from her seat and approached her teacher.

“Miss Hubbard?”

Miss Hubbard looked up as she loaded her papers into her satchel. “Yes, Mishka? What can I do for you?”

For a moment, Mishka considered whether she ought to ask for a winter assignment again. No, that didn’t seem to work. Other teachers found that sort of eagerness endearing, but Miss Hubbard seemed to be immune… she could immediately see through it and recognize it for the brown-nosing that it was! Mishka needed to do something more subtle to get Miss Hubbard’s respect. “Do you…. Do you have any plans for the holiday, Miss Hubbard?”

“Hmm? Oh not this year,” said Angela. “Back home, I would always visit my parents for Christmas and we’d have a proper Christmas feast. But I’m afraid that it’ll just be Christmas for one this year!”

“Oh no,” said Mishka. Already her mind was hard at work. Surely this was the angle! “You must be so lonely!”

“Oh no, no, no!” Angela smiled wistfully. She did miss her parents and friends back in the UK, but she hadn’t meant to give Mishka that impression. “I’ll be enjoying some time alone. Don’t feel bad for me, Mishka. As long as I have some yummy treats to distract me, I’ll be fine.”

“Oh, what are you having for the holidays?”

“Hm, I expect I’ll be making a pot pie,” said Angela. “Since it is dinner for one. But it wouldn’t be Christmas without some Ferrero Rocher and coffee creams. My mum always has plenty of those around for Christmas.”

“Ferrero Rocher?” Mishka frowned. “What’s that?”

“Oh, it’s not something you have here in the States, I’m afraid.” Miss Hubbard suddenly looked wistful. “That’s really a shame. I think the food is honestly what I miss most about back home.”

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Mishka was still thinking about that when she ran into Enron Smither in the hallway.

“Enron,” said Mishka coldly.

“Oh, uh, Mishka! What a surprise! I was just coming back because… I forgot my book…”

“Give it up, Enron, we all know you just want to gawk at Miss Hubbard’s ass.”

“That’s… that’s not true!” Enron started to protest, but fell silent as the classroom door opened and Miss Hubbard emerged, her satchel slung over her shoulder.

“Have a good holiday, Mishka,” said Miss Hubbard. “Oh! And you too, Enron.”

“H-hi, Miss Hubbard!” He gulped as his teacher sauntered past.

“Poor Miss Hubbard,” said Mishka sadly. “She’s all alone for Christmas! It just doesn’t seem right that she doesn’t have anyone to spend the holidays with.”

“Uh huh,” said Enron, distracted. He couldn’t help but be distracted when Miss Hubbard was in sight! His eyes zeroed in on his teacher’s departing backside, watching the subtle sway of her fluffy bottom beneath the loose cloth of her skirt. Miss Hubbard was super hot! She was, sadly, rather small for his taste… He dared not say anything for fear of ridicule, but… he couldn’t help but think of how drop-dead sexy that proper English lady would look with a few extra pounds filling out her rump and putting a strain on her skirts.

Mishka rolled her eyes. “Are you even listening, Enron?”

“What? Sure, sure… right…”

“You know she’s got something of a sweet tooth?” continued Mishka. “She was talking about all the Christmas treats her mother used to make back home in England. But I know she so rarely does anything to treat herself here. Why, she barely even eats! When I see her in the cafeteria, she’s always pecking at some salad or scraping at some yogurt. But Christmas is really a time to indulge! It’s not right that she shouldn’t have something to look forward to. I’ll bet that she hasn’t even sampled any of our American candies since she got here.”

Enron blinked. “What are you going on about?”

“I’m saying, I think it would be a really nice present to get Miss Hubbard a gift basket of American candies. You know, so she can really experience American culture! And I’ll bet it would make her less lonely over the holiday season if she had something sweet to look forward to!”

Enron nodded, the wheels suddenly turning in his head. He wondered… naw, what were the chances? As much as he yearned to see Miss Hubbard go pear-shaped, he hardly dared hope that giving her a single gift basket would have any noticeable effect on her figure.

But maybe two…

“Ya know, I think that’s a good idea,” said Enron. “Maybe I should get her something too…”

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Mishka’s Christmas gift to her teacher was absolutely enormous. The student spared no expense in making sure that it contained samples of just about every American candy that Mishka could think of, everything from jolly ranchers to snickerdoodles to Zero bars. It was so massive that, when Mishka arrived to deliver it, Miss Hubbard almost looked terrified.

“Oh, Mishka, this is too kind but I really can’t… this is too much…”

“I just want to make sure that you have a proper Christmas,” said Mishka, shoving the gift basket into her teacher’s hands. “I think you should enjoy some American culture while you’re here!”

Miss Hubbard smiled. She knew it would be rude to refuse. And, truth be told, she could never resist sweets…

What was a teacher to do? She had to accept so that her students wouldn’t feel rejected, right? And besides, didn’t she deserve to treat herself? All alone in a new country for Christmas? Sure, Miss Hubbard had worked hard all year to avoid the fattening effects of life in America, but Christmas was a time to indulge. Surely she could get away with a little bit of naughty overeating? It’s not like American food was SO bad for you that a few weeks of snacking would be noticeable.

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In fact, they were noticeable. When school started again, Mishka could immediately see the difference.  
  
Mishka beamed. Her teacher was obviously benefiting from her generous gifts, her enjoyment visible in the slight but definite bulge of her new love handles over the waistband of her skirt. Miss Hubbard obviously either hadn’t noticed her plumping form or didn’t think that it was severe enough that anyone else would notice. But regardless, Mishka could tell from the way that her teacher threw the occasional appreciative smile her way during class that Miss Hubbard must really be enjoying herself! Mishka couldn’t deny that she did have a somewhat selfish motivation for her gifts… She wondered if maaaaybe it might help keep her grades up if she kept her teacher supplied with a steady stream of sugary, chocolatey goodies?

Mishka wasn’t the only one who noticed the changes in Miss Hubbard’s figure. Enron’s eyes were laser focused on his teacher’s swollen derriere, watching how the stitches in her seat seemed to tense and relax as moved between the rows of student desks with a deliciously thick new wiggle-waddle. He was certain that it was larger now than it had been before the winter break. He perked up as he suddenly remembered his conversation with Mishka. Had she gifted Miss Hubbard that basket of chocolates that she’d been talking about? Surely that couldn’t have been enough to create such a dramatic effect… but then maybe Mishka’s gift had simply stimulated Miss Hubbard’s pre-existing sweet tooth, breaking down her resistance to American junk food so much that she had just spent the whole three weeks of vacation gorging herself on forbidden snacks? Enron’s heart started to beat faster at the thought.

If that was the case… maybe he could encourage her to keep going down that path? He imagined what Miss Hubbard’s butt might look like with another 10, 20, 30 pounds… he could see it in his mind’s eye, swelling into two bloated hemispheres of spongy flesh as massive as two bowling balls ready to bust apart the zipper of her skirt. Hot damn! He knew exactly what he needed to do. He needed to start bringing Miss Hubbard his own gifts.

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The rest of the class wasn’t blind. Other students soon began to notice that both Mishka and Enron were constantly plying their teacher with candy. Rumors started to circulate through the class.

“What’s up with you and Miss Hubbard?” asked Lawrence, another student. “Why are you always bringing her food? Are you, like, trying to make her fat or something? Cuz it’s working.”

“I’m not trying to make her anything,” said Mishka defensively. “I just wanted to do something nice for her. She was all alone for the holidays, so I thought some American style snacks might cheer her up. And it worked! So I… I guess I just want to make sure she STAYS happy…”

“Mishka’s just sucking up to Miss Hubbard for her grade,” said Enron. “But she hit on a great idea, cuz, c’mon, I think she definitely looks good with those extra pounds. She’s finally got some real junk in the trunk!”

“So you ARE trying to make her fat, huh, Enron?” said Lawrence with a smirk. He found this very funny.

“Okay, maybe a little… but you can’t deny the results.”

Lawrence nodded, stroking his chin. Truth be told, he HAD noticed that Miss Hubbard was looking more shapely since the holidays. Miss Hubbard was packing on the pounds with ease; she must have been a natural fattie whose relatively slender shape was due more to her rigorous diet than to her natural metabolism. But Enron and Mishka had effectively broken down the teacher’s resistance to sweets with their gifts. And Lawrence couldn’t help but wonder… if only two students could noticeably plump her up, how much damage could three do?

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“Oh thank you,” said Miss Hubbard, smiling widely even as her eyes bulged with terror at the sheer size of this tin of home-made biscuits. “But that’s simply too much! I…er… I couldn’t possibly eat all this…”

“In America, we call these cookies,” said Lawrence proudly. He shoved the tin into Angela’s hands, purposely ignoring her protests.

“Well… thank you… I do love bis… I mean cookies.” Angela smiled dubiously. She could feel the pooch of her belly hanging over the waistband of her skirt, but she was sure that she could afford to indulge a little bit.

After Lawrence joined the conspiracy, it wasn’t long before the entire class was involved. Stephanie Jackson brought Miss Hubbard a family-sized pack of Kit Kats on Monday. Ester Horowitz brought her a box of Mallomars on Tuesay. On Wednesday, it was Derek Peters with a carton of chocolate nonpareils. Thursday brought a cinnabon from Gregory Rodriguez. And Michael Kim brought in a whole box of Snickers.

Poor Miss Hubbard! How could she say no? Her students were being so very kind to her and she was powerless to resist. She recognized many of these sweets as varieties that were also available back home in England, but she didn’t have the heart to say anything when a student presented her with some new box of sugary goodies with a proud declaration that “These are a unique American treat!”

Already Angela was rounder than she had ever been in her life. Her cute little belly bloated out in front of her, inching forward as she gained, and her hips billowed out to her sides so that she had to struggle daily with her nylons and skirts. But she was seeing the biggest changes in her burgeoning booty. Miss Hubbard’s plump rump was ballooning with her indulgence, swelling nicely into two round hemispheres of soft flesh. Even at her age, her ass retained a pleasing roundness, growing deeper as it grew wider.

Ironically, Miss Hubbard seemed to be the only one who didn’t notice. At least not at first. Perhaps it was because her growing derriere was behind her, out of sight, so she was only vaguely aware of her swelling dimensions when she had to work a little extra hard to pull on her slacks or hook her skirt. Her attention was focused on her other problem area, her chubby little tummy. Her tummy was always in front of her, bulging against the waistband of her skirts when she sat down and puffing out proudly when she ate too much of her students’ gifts. It was much harder to ignore! But it was a welcome distraction that occupied most of Miss Hubbard’s worrying, leaving her booty free to balloon and billow without a care.

“You really are starting to become a bit of a problem, aren’t you?” sighed Miss Hubbard, sitting at her desk one morning as she waited for the students to arrive. She was speaking to her stomach, or rather the new roll of pudge around her middle that was fighting with her blouse buttons. It was an old habit of hers, a silly quirk that she was sometimes embarrassed about if anyone caught her… But she did tend to sometimes talk to her stomach as if it was its own entity. At times like this, it certainly made it easier to deal with her out-of-control appetite if she pretended that it wasn’t her own responsibility, but rather that her naughty tummy had a mind of its own! She squeezed at the growing roll of flab, feeling the soft flesh squish between her fingers. “You are a greedy little thing and look where it’s got us! I’m beginning to feel downright podgy with you hanging around my middle like this. How much bigger are you planning to get? I know, I know… it’s because the students have been so kind lately. Really, I shouldn’t blame you. I really ought to tell the children not to bring me so many sweets, but it just wouldn’t be polite to dissuade them!”

The truth was, Miss Hubbard really didn’t WANT to dissuade the students. She rather enjoyed having an excuse to indulge her sweet tooth. And besides, as much as she might berate her new tummy, it wasn’t really so bad was it? She really hadn’t gained THAT much weight! She shifted in her chair, frowning as she tried to get more comfortable. For some reason, she was really starting to have trouble with her chair! She was completely oblivious to the reason, that she filled her chair much more fully these days with all her new junk in the trunk. It would be a while yet before Miss Hubbard realize that her true problem area wasn’t her tummy at all, but rather her flaring hips, her thunder thighs, and ESPECIALLY her lard-laden behind.

The sudden arrival of the first students of the day interrupted her thoughts.

“Good morning, Miss Hubbard!” said Mishka cheerfully. “I’ve brought you some crullers today! We eat them for breakfast here in America!”

“Thank you, Mishka, they look delicious,” said Miss Hubbard, smiling sweetly as Mishka dumped a box of greasy, buttery, sugary pastries on her desk. All of Miss Hubbard’s admonitions about her weight suddenly went out the window as she was confronted with this new bounty. After all, she couldn’t refuse! Crullers weren’t all that different from the breakfast pastries that Miss Hubbard was familiar with back home, but she wasn’t about to tell Mishka that. It might discourage her!

“I brought you some jelly donuts,” said Enron. “Those are even MORE American!”

A second box dropped on her desk. Miss Hubbard smiled; Enron wanted to melt at the sight.

“Thank you, Enron, that’s… very sweet of you.”

A whole parade of students entered the room, each one leaving at least a small sugary gift on her desk until the treats were piled so high that Miss Hubbard could barely even see the class! Of course, a dedicated teacher like Miss Hubbard knew better than to eat in class; that would just set a bad example for the kids. But, on the other hand, she was NEVER going to finish all this food if she didn’t get a head start.

At first, she tried to run a normal lesson plan, she tried to resist the temptation to snack, but that pile of treats kept drawing her attention. Eventually, when she put the class to work on a math problem, she serruptitiously snatched a bonbon from the pile, unwrapped it and popped it in her mouth, quickly chewing and swallowing before the kids gave her their attention again. She was sneaky at first, but eventually she just gave up trying to hide her crimes. By the end of the lesson, she was casually chewing her way through oversized oatmeal cookies and snickerdoodles. But the kids didn’t seem to mind. No one complained at all!

In fact, they were all secretly pleased to see that they’d worn down Miss Hubbard’s resistance even more. It was one thing to know that she was chomping her way through their gifts when she went home every evening. It was quite another to see the evidence of Miss Hubbard’s gluttony right in front of them! At this rate, her butt was destined to grow larger and larger, possibly growing to the point that it was too wide and bloated to fit through the classroom door. Wouldn’t that be a sight! For the moment, Miss Hubbard had no clue about her expanding back porch, but the students were all too aware that Miss Hubbard’s slim figure was filling out in more ways than the teacher realized.

And it wasn’t just the students who noticed that Miss Hubbard was blimping…

Susanna Goodall was a French teacher. She was quite a bit younger than Angela, only in her mid 30s, but years of the teaching lifestyle had added inches and pounds to her figure. Too many rushed lunches in the cafeteria, too many years of sitting on her ever widening ass behind a desk. Susanna was an overbaked Texas tart with a big blonde bouffant, a hush-mah-mouth drawl, and a figure that had once been a deliciously overfilled hourglass. But now her ample bosom rested atop a swollen belly the size of a beachball. Susanna was definitely round, a billowing blob of a woman whose size wasn’t at all hidden by her white belted dress and blue shift sweater. When she met Miss Hubbard in the teacher’s lounge, she couldn’t help but grit her teeth when her ballooning British colleague complained about her figure.

“The students are just too kind,” said Miss Hubbard, “But I’m afraid all these sweets are really starting to go to my waist. I’m afraid that if this keeps up much longer that I’ll become stout.”

Susanna nodded absently. “Stout.” What a way to describe it! She had just about enough of Miss Hubbard and her charming Briticisms. Who did she think that she was? All the students loved Miss Hubbard – if her friendly attitude and warm affection for her charges weren’t enough, her lilting accent lent her a distinctly unfair advantage in any popularity poll! Susanna Goodall was quite a bit larger than Miss Hubbard, so the fat French teacher really did not appreciate Miss Hubbard’s tone deaf comments about her own weight. Stout! The very nerve! She might as well have come out and called Susanna a blimp for how subtle she was being!

“See? I’m already outgrowing this skirt!” said Miss Hubbard, turning around and stretching to inspect herself from behind. Her growing rear definitely put some extra strain on the seams of her pencil skirt, the two round dimpled lobes of her peach-shaped bottom visibly stressing the overloaded garment. “I’m afraid that I don’t have the budget for a shopping trip in the near future, though…”

Susanna grimaced. Her own ass was colossal, but hers was wide and flabby with barely any shape to it. Miss Hubbard had a behind like two bowling balls, tight and perky despite its immense size. Susanna ground her teeth as a pang of jealousy hit her hard.

“Oh, ain’t that just a shame,” said Susanna, hiding her gleeful smirk behind her coffee mug as she took a big swig. “Y’all sayin’ the kids’re just bringin’ ya treats?”

“Yes, it’s very kind… but I think I’ve been overdoing. I just can’t say no, the little dears are just too sweet to me. And I’m afraid that I’ve got too much of a sweet tooth to not eat them once I have them in my house. I do rather fancy my choccies, I’m afraid.”

“Oh, I’m sure ya do,” said Susanna. How funny! But already the wheels were turning in her head.

“I must say, I never dreamed that there would be so many different kinds of chocolates and biscuits here in America. I don’t think that I really have been eating that much more than I do back home, but I’m definitely putting on weight!”

“Oh ya gotta be joking, hun, you can barely tell! Why, you’re just a little wisp of a thang, ain’t cha? Why, I betcha could eat all day long and not show a new pound on ya!”

“You’re too kind, Susanna,” said Angela. She turned to look at herself in the mirror from the side. Hmm. Her gut was definitely larger. Slight gaps were visible between the buttons of her sweater. Angela sucked in, watching as the gaps closed as her belly receded. She was so focused on her stomach that she didn’t pay any mind to her REAL problem areas, her flaring hips and rotund rear.

“Jest sit yourself down and don’t worry,” said Susanna. “Y’all need to take your mind off your troubles. Here, try onna these.” Susanna plucked a large chocolate chip cookie from her lunch and shoved it across the table toward Angela.

Angela frowned. “Thank you, Susanna, but really-“

“You ain’t gonna get fat from just one, hun.”

“But my students…I…”

“Ya worry too much, hun. But if ya don’t want it, it ain’t no big thang. I don’t mind if ya don’t wanna accept my gift…” The older teacher sighed dramatically, her lower lip quivering. Susanna was quite the actress!

“I…I… thank you, Susanna, that’s very kind of you. I guess I could have one biscuit.”

Angela gracefully accepted the cookie and took a bite.

“We call ‘em cookies here in America, shugah,” said Susanna. “Bless your heart.”

“Hmm, it’s very good,” said Angela, her cheeks bulging.

Susanna grinned. Perfect! Angela had fallen for her trick hook, line and sinker! She knew from Angela’s complaints that the poor little chubbette couldn’t ever turn down her students’ gifts for fear of being impolite and Susanna suspected that the same proper British manners meant that she also couldn’t refuse a gift from a co-worker. This was perfect! Already a plan was forming in Susanna’s mind… she would simply continue to bring cookies for lunch every day, pressing Angela to “just have one!” Soon Angela would be as big as a house! And then the students wouldn’t think so much of her, after all! Ha!

Susanna couldn’t keep her plan to herself, though. A gossip at heart, she soon spilled the beans to the other teachers. And, just like the students couldn’t resist making a game of it, neither could the teachers. Poor Angela now suddenly found herself receiving gifts of food from EVERYONE at school!

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,

Mollycoddles