

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

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

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Feeding

Chapter VI

Now that she'd obtained full managerial control of the Hammond Hotel of French Lick, Hannah Hammond was finally able to make more drastic changes. In a rare moment of self-control, she waited a few weeks to let the staff get used to her presence as Hotel Manager. Though she'd not been away from Indiana very long, she was now their official boss, instead of a random force-of-nature who'd swooped in and made their jobs a little more pleasurable, and their waists a little more luxuriant.

Annoyingly, the budget of the remote Midwestern Hotel was very tight, so Hannah's first order of business was to allocate more resources from the home office. Unfortunately that involved siphoning some of the budget from her old Daven's Port branch, but she was confident Dakota could manage things with a tighter belt.

Speaking of tighter belts, Hannah Hammond issued every employee a swipe card that gave them anything from the new vending machines absolutely free. She instituted a 50% discount at the restaurant for every employee, and continued to hand out meal vouchers at every possible opportunity. She made sure that each employee whose job involved a desk or table was issued

comfortable Yeng branded chairs to sit in unless they absolutely had to be standing or moving. A part-time seamstress was added to the Hotel roster to make sure Hannah's growing staff were always presentably clothed.

The biggest change, one that nearly resulted in Mrs Hibert's firing – before Hannah bribed the old battle-axe into compliance – was putting the old spring water exhibit into storage and repurposing the alcove as the Hotel's permanent Candy Shop.

Now that she was the official manager – with direct authority over Ms Trimble – Hannah Hammond and her 'friend' were able to share lunch every day.

"Do you want the rest of my fries Hann? I'm stuffed."

For all her talk of diets and self-control, it took surprisingly little encouragement to get the pneumatic hostess to over-indulge.

Hannah Hammond watched Hannah Wilson eat, and then affected a tender voice.

"Hannah, I want to ask you something."

"–*chomp*– hmm?"

Young Hannah's eyes became dark green circles of apprehension at Hannah Hammond's tone.

"Would you like to... be my assistant?"

Now her eyes were wide with shock.

"–*cough*– Your assistant? I don't know if I'm qualified for that..."

"Nonsense. It's just answering emails and calls, and a little scheduling. I'm sure you can handle it."

"I guess if you think so..."

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t think you could do it, would I?”

“Aren’t you worried that people will... talk?”

Hannah Hammond snorted. “Did Mister Wise ever hire or promote one of his friends?”

“I guess...”

“So what’s the difference if I do it?”

“None, I suppose...” Hannah Wilson’s frown was fading into a smile.

“So you’ll do it?”

“I’d love to.” She beamed.

“Great!”

Hannah Wilson sighed and forked a few more French fries, dipping them in ketchup.

“You know,” she began in a whisper, glancing around the room to make sure no one was listening, “I thought maybe you were gonna ask me to move in with you or something.”

Hannah Hammond’s eyes sparkled mischievously.

“Well, funny you should say that...”

Hannah Wilson spun slowly, taking in the luxuriously appointed Hotel suite.

“I can’t *live* here!”

“What, you *want* to pay rent and keep spending hours a day commuting back and forth? Not to mention fuel prices...”

“But... I mean... you could be putting guests in this room...”

“Darling, you know as well as I do that we never fill the rooms in this Hotel. This suite would be sitting empty most of the month anyway.”

“I guess...”

“Plus, I want to have you near in case I need my assistant at odd hours.”

“That makes sense...”

Hannah Hammond stepped in close to the younger girl, her modest breasts pressing into the tops of Hannah’s plump J-cups. Her voice pitched soft and sultry as she added,

“And if the lost revenue bothers you so much, we could always *share* a suite...”

Hannah was rewarded with her girlfriend’s beaming grin, straight white teeth shining as Hannah Wilson threw her arms around her neck and stood on her toes to kiss her.

“We better not go that far.” Hannah Wilson said. “I’d hate for you to get in trouble for grooming one of your employees.”

“I’ll groom you.” Hannah Hammond growled, pulling the younger woman’s body against her own and sliding her tongue between her lips.

Weeks passed in giddy, early-relationship bliss. Hannah Wilson would often catch herself daydreaming at her desk just outside the manager’s office. Hannah Hammond was so confident, so powerful. An experienced manager of a

Hotel brand as classy as this one, with all its complex systems and processes, all the delicate egos involved...

Young Hannah tried hard not to get carried away feeling honored that someone like Hannah Hammond, who could clearly have any partner she wanted. She clearly had excellent breeding and followed beauty routines reserved for the very wealthy. That someone like Hannah Hammond would want to be with *her*...

She reminded herself that she was pretty too, in her own way. She'd been told so by many people. She'd caught wives and girlfriends elbowing their partners when they caught them staring at her back when she was working as a hostess. True, it seemed to happen more often as her breasts had grown from 'kinda big' to 'unnaturally huge,' but by then she was getting gawking stares from people of all genders.

By contrast, Hannah Hammond didn't seem interested in her breasts at all. In some ways she was the complete opposite of Lacey. There were some physical differences of course; Lacey was more 'girl-next-door' pretty compared to Hannah's refined beauty. But Hannah Hammond also seemed somehow more mature, even though she was still a year or two younger than Lacey. More in control of herself and her emotions. Maybe Hannah Wilson was just remembering Lacey in their last weeks together, how upset she'd been over Hannah's secret surgery.

Regardless, it was nice to be with someone who cared about more than just her breasts. Even if she *was* a little weird about food... At least unlike with Lacey, Hannah knew that Hannah wasn't feeding her to make her breasts grow. For one, Hannah didn't even know about her condition. And for another, even after she started sneaking into her room late at night, Hannah paid almost no attention to her growing glands.

"You know —*mmm*—"

Hannah Hammond heard her partner's voice above her head as she worked Hannah's lower regions over with a well-practiced tongue.

Hannah popped her head up, suppressing her disgust at the feel of Hannah Wilson's skinny legs. She clutched one thigh just above the knee in each hand for maximum leverage. Her fingers reached over halfway around the girl's damn legs!

"What is it, sweetling?"

Hannah Wilson was panting as if she'd just sprinted up several flights of stairs.

"I know *-haa-* you said you don't care *-huff-* about my breasts..."

Hannah spared a glance for the offensive orbs that seemed to be soaking up every spare calorie she shoved into the girl. They were tight and firm, sitting proudly on her ribcage like the freshly grown breasts of a teenager. Hannah Wilson's breasts had grown so big so fast that her skin hadn't had time to stretch or sag.

"Well..." The girl seemed shy now, or maybe coy. Hannah Hammond had patience for neither.

"Well? Don't clam up on me how Hann, you've got something to say, say it."

"You don't *-erm-* hate them, do you?"

Hannah wasn't sure herself whether she hated them.

"Of course not sweet one."

"You don't think they're... too big?"

The words 'too big' were never part of Hannah Hammond's dictionary.

"They're *yours*, babe. I could never hate any part of you, big or small."

Hannah proved her words by reaching down to squeeze Hannah Wilson's tight little booty.

Hannah smiled again, that smile that so often threatened to break through Hannah Hammond's broken psyche and make her feel.

"Well... could you maybe... touch them some more?"

Hannah dropped Hannah's legs and scooted a little further up on the bed.

"You want me to touch them? Like this?"

Hannah reached out and flicked one of Hannah's nipples.

"—*AHN*— Gently, gently please."

"Goodness, you're sensitive up here, aren't you?"

Hannah pressed her palm to one of Hannah's basketball sized breasts, and a familiar set of neurons fired in her brain. Hannah reached her free hand down to slide one, and then a second finger into Hannah's damp pussy, closing her eyes as her hand squeezed and fondled the fatty orb. In her mind's eye it became every part of her young lover's body. Thighs, ass, love handles, pillar-like legs, and ham-hock arms...

As she brought the dark-haired girl nearer to the edge, Hannah Hammond felt a small hand slip under her panties and bring her to her own peak. As the younger girl shuddered with her climax, Hannah brought her other hand up to take the unoccupied breast, pressing her face into the valley and feeling fatty flesh in both hands and surrounding her face as the wave of her second orgasm washed over her.

Hannah Hammond fell back on an old trick. One she hadn't needed since partnering with YFP. The snacks and food that Yeng sold were so popular Hannah wondered whether they weren't already dosed with some kind of non-FDA-approved additives.

Regardless, Hannah sprinkled appetite stimulant powder into the pan as she scrambled eggs for her still-sleeping girlfriend. When she'd first met the busty girl, Hannah Hammond thought she wouldn't need to resort to such crude methods. Her girlfriend had a very healthy appetite for someone her size. Hannah wondered if she'd been an athlete as a teenager. Either way it wasn't enough. Hannah Wilson needed to get fatter, and to get fatter she needed to eat even more. And the best way for Hannah to get her girlfriend to eat more without raising suspicion was to make her hungrier.

"Hey, sorry I overslept."

"That's alright my dear."

"Have you been up long?"

"Not too long, and breakfast is almost ready."

Hannah slid a mug with more sugar and cream than coffee onto the bar counter where Hannah was climbing into a stool.

"You should let me cook for you sometime."

"If you really want, but you know I love doing it."

"Fair enough."

Hannah Wilson inhaled the dosed eggs at her normal ravenous pace, and when her plate was almost clean Hannah scooped more onto it. By the time she was finished, Young Hannah had eaten a dozen eggs, one bite at a time.

Hannah Hammond walked around to stand beside her girlfriend, wrapping her arm around her frustratingly narrow back to rest on the edge of her bloated tummy and plop a wet kiss on her cheek.

“I should sneak out before someone catches me, but did you get enough to eat baby? You want some more?”

“I’m stuffed Hann, but it was great. You know I love your cooking.”

Hannah decided it was time for the kill shot.

“Thanks babe, I love you.”

Young Hannah’s pupils dilated and wetness formed on her lower eyelids.

“I love you too Hannah!”

Hannah felt her lover’s big fat breasts press into her torso as they embraced, lips meeting in a long make-out that involved quite a lot of tongue.

They were interrupted by a loud –*gworble*– from young Hannah’s middle.

Hannah put a hand to her stomach and blushed.

“I guess I have room for a *little* more...”

Hannah Hammond’s eyes lit up and her grin seemed almost predatory.

“Right away my love.”