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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 IV

The day before Hannah Hammond was due to return to Daven's Port, she was sharing the last meal she would get with the busty hostess before she went home. Hannah Wilson was sliding her sausage ravioli across the plate with her fork. She showed little of her normal epicurean enthusiasm.

Hannah Hammond shifted her focus from the food and the young girl's infuriating bosom to take in the entirety of her lunch companion's visage. Hannah Wilson's shoulder length dark hair was slightly mussed, and her eyes were faintly red-rimmed.

"Hannah dear, is something the matter?"

Young Hannah looked up from her plate to meet the older woman's eyes.

"Hmm? No, I'm fine."

"Is something wrong with the ravioli? It's usually quite good."

"No it's fine I just..."

Hannah Hammond waited.

“It’s nothing, I’m fine.”

The older woman reached across the table and laid her hand over that of the younger.

“Hannah, we’re friends, aren’t we?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Hannah fixed the girl with a stern gaze.

“Sorry, yes. Of course you’re my friend, Hannah.”

“And you’re my friend too. And when one of my friends has a problem, I’d like to try and help...”

Hannah gave her young victim a look she hoped would be interpreted as ‘empathetic.’

“Even if it’s just listening.”

Young Hannah looked like she might actually cry now. She tilted her head back, inhaling deeply – Hannah could hear clothing creaking even though the Extra Large white shirt was not tight... not yet. Hannah Wilson rolled her eyes back to look at the ceiling. The busty girl ran both index fingers along each lower eyelid and exhaled.

Then she began her story. Hannah told Hannah all about her old job at Joe’s, how she had over-indulged in greasy bar food, and how her coworker had seduced her. How she’d been falsely accused of plastic surgery, and how Lacey had comforted her and asked her to move in with her. How their relationship had gotten more and more focussed on sex, and on her body. How eventually she’d sued Joe’s and used the settlement money to get breast reduction surgery, and Lacey had been so furious she’d done it without talking to her first that

they'd broken up. Hannah was forced to move back into student housing, and with her 'history' with Joe's as a black mark on her references, she couldn't find another service job in town.

"That's how I ended up here. French Lick is far enough away that my reputation didn't follow me here."

Hannah Hammond wondered how large the girl had been that she'd been larger than a D-cup after a reduction surgery, but was not indelicate enough to ask.

"Anyway, after upsizing my work shirts again, and now I'm wearing one of my old bras... it just brought all that back up, that's all... Sorry..."

Hannah waited several moments to be sure the girl had said her piece. She lightly stroked the back of Hannah's hand with her thumb.

"I'm sorry you had to go through that Hannah. But thank you for sharing it with me."

Hannah Wilson met Hannah Hammond's eyes again, and saw compassion and sympathy in her expression.

"Thanks Hannah, you're a good friend."

"I wish I could fix it for you, but I know what might help..."

"Hmm?"

Hannah Hammond grinned.

"Some lava cake?"

A smile broke out in Hannah Wilson's tear-stained cheeks.

"Unless you're still working on that ravioli... It's very good..."

Hannah chuckled at that, cantelope sized breasts jostling within her new loose work shirt. She forked up a big square of ravioli and popped it between her teeth.

Hannah smiled broadly.

“There she is.”

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Hannah Hammond went through the motions the rest of that day and into the next. She made sure all the vending machines were connected to the Hotel’s wireless network so they could be monitored by Yeng, making restock scheduling more convenient. She made rounds with all the custodial staff, the groundskeeping staff, the concierge and door staff, the restaurant staff, and of course the heads of various departments, thanking them for their hard work and handing out even more meal vouchers and Yeng vending machine discount cards.

Suzy in the Candy Shop upgraded her wardrobe about a month after Hannah got her reassigned, and her Extra Extra Large pink polo was already showing strain around the woman’s love handles. The sight made Hannah Hammond feel... not happy, but just ‘*okay.*’ Certainly not aroused.

The concierge was stubbornly clinging to his old pants size, but the belted waistband was completely concealed by his protruding gut, testing the buttons of a black silk vest Hannah knew to be two sizes larger than it was four months ago. Hannah felt the same way about it as one might feel about the first moderately warm day after a cold winter. It was kinda nice, and that was all.

Several of the maids pushing their cleaning trolleys were breathing a little heavy. The seams in their work dresses were being tested by the extra cuddle fluff in their middles. It only made Hannah Hammond mad.

How was it so easy to get all these people to indulge and gain, while the one object of her obsession remained obstinately thin!? She was supposed to be leaving today. She'd been sparing in her demands on Ms Trimble's patience, but this would be her last chance for awhile. She had to try one last time.

"You shuffled my staff around *just yesterday*, Miss Hammond."

"I know Miss Trimble, I know. But you see I'm leaving today. I'll soon be out of your hair. I'd just like one little hour with my friend before I go back home. You understand, don't you?"

Hannah Hammond made her best impression of 'puppy dog eyes' at the wisened battle-axe, and the woman relented.

"Fine, I can get Marc to cover the host station. Lord knows the boy's pretty enough..."

"Oh, thank you Ms Trimble. You're doing so well here, I appreciate you."

Hannah handed the woman a pair of meal vouchers, receiving a wry grin in return. Ms Trimble knew the spoiled heiress was throwing money around to get her way, but the kitchen *was* making tomato tortellini soup today...

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Hannah Wilson saw Hannah Hammond waiting for her in the lobby when she arrived, and the older woman steered her toward her office.

"Hannah! What..."

"I got Miss Trimble to delay your shift by an hour."

"Oh Hannah, I'm gonna hear it all day from that woman now. Plus she'll probably dock my pay..."

"Don't be silly. Here..."

Hannah gave Hannah a 20 pack of meal vouchers.

“It’s safe to say those are worth more than you make in an hour.”

Young Hannah pulled away from the taller woman’s grasp, affronted as they entered Hannah Hammond’s temporary office. Hannah’s demeanor changed in an instant.

“Oh, I’m sorry sweetling! Please don’t be offended. You know I’m leaving today and I just wanted to spend a little more time with you before I have to go, that’s all.”

Instead of appeasing the young woman, Hannah’s pleading tone made her more suspicious. Hannah Wilson looked over the hotel heiress more closely for the first time. Hannah Hammond’s normally perfectly straightened hair was a little unkempt, strands were flying loose and her split ends were showing. The blazer she wore was slightly off-kilter, and her dress shirt looked wrinkled. Literally wrinkled.

“Hannah, what’s going on with you?”

Hannah Hammond sighed. She hadn’t wanted to play this card, but she was becoming truly desperate. She was going to have to walk a fine line though—this girl had been through a rough breakup and was going to be particularly resistant to being ‘wooded.’

“Hannah I... I like you.”

“You... like me? Like you ‘like me’ like me?”

The older woman nodded.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe this is happening again.”

Hannah Wilson put both hands to her head.

Hannah Hammond held out both palms, stepping back to put a little distance between them.

“No, wait, it’s not that! I promise you it’s not what you’re thinking.”

“What do you mean you promise?”

Hannah Hammond spoke perhaps the truest words she had ever said to the busty hostess.

“I don’t care about your breasts.”

Young Hannah crossed her arms over the mentioned body parts, doing little to conceal their bulk.

“W–what?”

“Well I mean, they’re nice of course. But I have them too!”

Hannah Hammond opened her blazer to show off her own modest curves in the aforementioned *wrinkled* dress shirt.

“Obviously mine aren’t quite so... *impressive* as yours. But I truly do not care. You could have a body like Suzy, or even Miss Trimble, and I would still like you.”

“Why?”

“Why?? Why do I like you? Why does anyone like anyone? Feelings aren’t rational, Hannah.”

“Tell me what you like about me if you’re not attracted to my body.”

Hannah Hammond took a deep breath. She was prepared for this part.

“You are charming, and sweet. You are generous and kind, and funny. Sometimes when you make a snarky comment about something or someone it’s as if you’re speaking the very words in my own head. I like talking to you, and I

like being with you.”

Hannah Wilson was blushing faintly now, Hannah knew she almost had her.

“Every rational thought in my brain tells me I should be happy to be going home. I am well-liked and respected at the Hotel I run, and I have friends there who are missing me. But part of me wants to stay here.”

Hannah Hammond took a chance and stepped slightly closer to the younger woman.

“I want to stay here, with you. I sometimes find myself unable to concentrate on my work, because I’m so busy looking forward to the time I’ll get to spend with you.”

Hannah Hammond was really starting to blend fact with fiction now.

She stepped even closer. Hannah Wilson tried to step back and found a wall at her back.

Hannah Hammond continued. “I won’t ask you to come with me. But if I can somehow manage to find my way back here, would you...”

She feigned timidity, and took a half step back from the younger woman.

“Would you... like it if I came back?”

Hannah Wilson was still blushing as she stared at the floor. She lifted her deep green eyes slowly to meet Hannah Hammond’s brown ones. She nodded slightly.

Hannah Hammond closed the distance between them. She leaned down toward the younger woman for a kiss. Hannah Wilson kissed her back.

After the brief, chaste kiss, Hannah Hammond pulled back, gesturing to her desk where several takeout containers were stacked.

“You’ll probably miss breakfast, so I got us some of the best stuff from the buffet.”

Hannah Wilson’s eyes were suspicious again for a moment, but then remembered that she hadn’t told Hannah about her ‘condition.’

“What’s your deal with food?”

Hannah Hammond forced a laugh.

“My mother would say it’s my ‘love language.’ I express my affection for people with generosity. You must have picked up on it.”

“I suppose I have...”

“So... waffles, or biscuits and gravy?”

“Maybe... a little of both?”

“Perfect.”

Both women grinned, for different reasons.