Doubling Miss Hubbard 2  
By Mollycoddles

Now that Susanna and the other teachers had joined the conspiracy, Angela found herself under siege from a deluge of treats. Every day, her students brought in exotic new American chocolates, all so very different from the candies back home in England! How was the poor teacher supposed to resist? And when she retreated to the teacher’s lounge, hoping for just a few minutes away from the kindness of her students, Susanna would be there, offering her jolly ranchers and oatmeal cookies with a sly smile. Little did Angela dream of just how fattening American food really was! Loaded with trans fats and artificial sugars, all that candy and all those pastries were rapidly causing the tubby teacher to balloon up to true heavyweight status. Angela’s pear shape grew wider and riper, her broad butt spreading wider and wider until she had to spent a good half hour every morning wrestling with the zippers on her skirts or the buttons on her slacks. But Angela didn’t have an inkling of how big in the booty she was now. She was growing softer and chubbier all over, of course, her face was rounder with just the faintest whisper of double chin forming, her love handles blossomed into distinct rolls, her belly pooched over the straining waistband of her knickers.

“This new belly is really getting in the way,” sighed Angela as she tugged at her slacks to get dressed. “You can’t make this easy, can you? And after all I’ve done for you! I give you all the treats you ask for and this is how you repay me? By getting to round for my slacks?” She tugged again, yelping as the pants suddenly popped up over her butt. That was one step closer at least. “Well, thank goodness for that. But I’ve still got to get this button hooked. Okay, tum, I’ll have to see if I can suck you in enough to fit. Don’t complain!” she scolded her stomach when it gurgled softly as she sucked in. “This is all your doing! Really, I don’t know what you expected!” She grappled with the fly unsuccessfully for several minutes until she was forced to release her breath and let her gut reinflate to its full size. “Oof! Bother! I knew I shouldn’t have listened to you when you demanded all those sweets! You’ve just grown too big!”

She was trying to get ready for another day at school, but her tightening clothes were giving her some real problems! “I’ve really got to start thinking about taking up reducing exercises!” She sucked in her gut again and, with a sudden burst of power, hooked the button into its hole and then hoisted the zipper tab. With a sigh, she released her gut and watched nervously as her chubby tummy filled back out to its full size. The button quivered under the onslaught of warm, doughy flesh that was her burgeoning belly, but luckily it held! Hilariously, Angela blamed her gut for her clothing difficulties… she hadn’t yet realized that the real culprit was her blimping backside! Sure, she could feel her pants tense and strain against her derriere when she walked. Sure, she could hear the stitches sighing in her skirt when she bent over. But somehow, just the fact that it was behind her… well, as they say, out of sight, out of mind! The poor dear was too preoccupied with her inflating tummy to give her plump rump the attention that it was so desperately seeking! Ah well… it seemed that the only solution was, indeed, for it to grow even bigger…

At school, students giggled in the hallways as they stepped aside to give Angela and her ample ass more room to get by. She was cresting 200 pounds by now and she felt all that extra weight weighing her down. The extra poundage in her fat rump made Angela sometimes feel like she might just tip over backwards if she wasn’t careful, and she was having more and more accidents when she forgot how far out behind her booty shelf now projected. Once, Angela turned around too fast in her own classroom and knocked Lawrence to the ground. The poor boy wasn’t injured; quite the contrary, he seemed quite excited by the incident! But still… she knew what the problem was, her ass was out of control and she couldn’t keep it from bumping into people! She wasn’t used to her new size and shape and it was way too easy to misjudge distances.

Angela was thankful for the parents’ night meetings, just because this would be the first time in months that she would be meeting with people who WOULDN’T be offering her food. Little did she know…!

“Ah, Mr. Belcher, please take a seat!” Angela stood up from her chair, a big friendly smile on her face, and reached across the table to shake Peter’s hand. As she reached out, he noticed that her sweater popped up over the arc of her chubby tummy, revealing a few inches of white blouse just before it tucked into her khaki slacks. He could see that the buttons were pulled tight, revealing brief glimpses of her tender pink flesh through the gaps. Even more exciting, though, when she stood up, Peter could see her absolutely massive backside. She was such a pudgy pear that the flaring cheeks of her ass were visible from the front, bulging out behind her and to her sides. Her pillowy buns probably gave her a few extra inches of height when she sat down.

“Right, right… Miss Hubbard… so nice to meet you…”

Peter Belcher stared, transfixed. He couldn’t help but marvel at this vision before him. The deliciously curvaceous milf, so firmly packed into clothes that weren’t up to the task. He watched as this lovely brunette tart absent-mindedly grabbed a caramel from the dish on her desk, unwrapped it with a single twist of her well-manicured fingers, and hen popped it between her full glossy lips. She swallowed, a slight smile spreading across her chubby face. She was obviously a woman who loved her sweets! He wondered how many caramels it would take before that chubby tummy popped the buttons off of her crisp white blouse? How many before it split the seams on that wool sweater? And, most importantly, how many before she blew out the seat of those snug khaki pants?

She was talking, but Peter was finding it hard to concentrate on her words. He could vaguely hear the sound her voice and pick up the charming lilt of a British accent, but he was too busy watching those plump pink lips move to follow the conversation. He could only nod dumbly at random intervals.

“I have to say I’m very pleased with your son’s progress on his maths,” said Angela, absently plucking another caramel from the dish. “I think Lawrence has come a long way this year.”

“Oh absolutely,” said Peter. He sat up straight in his chair, trying to puff out his chest importantly. Peter wasn’t under any illusions. He was a short, paunchy man, balding… but maybe there was a chance here? He sucked in his gut and subtly smoothed back his few remaining hairs. Maybe if he played his cards right…

He cleared his throat. “So you like caramels?”

“Oh!” Angela’s hand had gone for another caramel but she suddenly pulled back. “Oh bother, there I go again! I really must stop eating these, I’ve been quite the piggy lately, I’m afraid.”

“Oh I wouldn’t worry about that,” said Peter quickly. “You can totally afford to indulge, a good-looking woman like you. Now, my ex-wife, that was a woman who couldn’t look at candy without blowing up… but you, you’ve still got a tight body for your age.”

“Um… right.” Angela smiled awkwardly at the clumsy compliment. Peter grinned widely. He thought that he had very smoothly both complimented Angela’s figure and announced that he was an unattached divorcee. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, careful to turn his hand just so that Angela could see there wasn’t a wedding ring on his finger.

Angela stood up again to say goodbye, but it seemed that the last caramel really was the straw that broke the camel’s back. The button at the crotch of her trousers couldn’t hold up against the pressure of her bloated tummy anymore. With an audible ping, the button snapped from her waistband and bounced against the desk. Her zipper instantly shot down several inches as her chubby belly bounced out.

Angela’s face went ghostly white. Oh no! How embarrassing! She could not believe that she had just popped her pants in front of a parent!

“I…I guess I don’t know my own size,” said Angela. “I swear, I think your American sweets must have more calories than the ones back home… I’ve never had this problem before!”

“Oh don’t worry, it’s nothing,” he said. “A woman should have a good appetite, after all.” He grinned widely. It was not at all reassuring to Miss Hubbard! Great, now this guy was calling her fat AND hitting on her? What a mess!

“Yes, well… back to your son…”

Miss Hubbard tried to bring the meeting to an end as quickly as possible, finally ushering Mr. Belcher out of the room while holding her purse to strategically block his view of her popped pants. I’ll just need to sit behind the desk while I speak with the other parents, she told herself, and they’ll never guess that I’ve grown too plump for these pants. What a bother! I need to get my eating under control, but how can I lose weight when everyone just keeps giving me food? It’s almost like they planned this… no no, that’s just silly!

The rest of the evening passed without incident, but Miss Hubbard was in more trouble than ever now! Her display in front of Peter Belcher had added yet another admirer to her roster. The entire student body and nearly all of Angela’s fellow teachers were now in on the plan, plying her with sweet treats upon every meeting, and the poor greedy teacher was doomed to balloon. Angela couldn’t help herself! Even if she wasn’t bound by proper British politeness to gratefully accept every gift, there was also the fact that she was, alas, a hopeless chocoholic. She couldn’t pass up these tempting treats even if she wanted to! As a result, she felt work each day absolutely stuffed to bursting, her stomach round and bloated and weighted down with so many pastries and goodies that she could barely waddle her expanding ass back to her car. She would drop heavily into her car’s bucket seat and sit there, gasping and panting and sweating, her overloaded gut churning and bubbling, for a good 15 to 20 minutes before she could regain enough composure to drive herself home. If she wasn’t careful, she almost felt like she might just explode one of these days!

But what could she do? Every person that she met over the course of the day wanted to see just how plump this teacher could grow. Peter and Enron were both smitten with Angela’s curves, their attention laser focused on the tubby teacher’s mushrooming ass as it threatened to swallow up her panties and bust the stitches on her dresses. Mishka had nothing but admiration and love for her favorite teacher, seeing Angela’s gains as evidence that all the extra goodies were helping her to deal with the loneliness of life in America. Susanna was so jealous of Angela’s popularity that she looked forward with anticipation to the day that fat cow would blow the buttons off her blouse right in front of her whole class. That would serve that little bitch right! And as for the other students and faculty? Well, they all had their own motivations… but for most it had become a game. It was fun to watch Angela grow and even more fun to see the hopeless, confused, exasperated expression on her chubby face every time that she was offered some new éclair or donut.

“These Americans are just killing me with kindness,” said Angela as she wobbled into her classroom, mentally preparing herself for yet another day of constant presents and helpless gorging. “I’ve got to get this under control or I’ll be as big as a house by the end of the school year… if I don’t pop first!”

She wasn’t surprised to see that there was already a pile of cookie tins and candy boxes on her desk.

She smiled sweetly. “Why thank you class… this is… much too kind…”

Still, she couldn’t completely ignore her teaching duties. She needed to get this lesson through the students’ heads, no matter how much junk food they tried to distract her with!

“Now, class, please pay attention,” said Miss Hubbard, chomping through yet another candy bar as she scratched a stick of chalk across the blackboard to draw a triangle. She knew that she SHOULDN’T eat during class, it really set a bad example, but, well, the students didn’t seem to mind. In fact, they seemed to be more attentive to her lesson while she was enjoying the gifts they left her. “Surely you’ve all done the reading. Who can tell me about the Pythagorean theory?”

Not a single student volunteered to answer the question. Honestly, they hadn’t even heard the question; their eyes were too busy following the steady sway of Miss Hubbard’s protruding backside as she maneuvered the chalk, unaware that the subtle motions of her hand were causing a cascading ripple effect in the butter-soft flesh of her burgeoning bubble butt. Miss Hubbard’s hips flared out to her sides, new padding adding extra inches, but her booty had ballooned out behind her to add significant depth to her growing figure. Her modest skirts were rising higher these days, revealing more of her pale chubby thighs as her quivering, quavering tushie demanded extra material to cover its gradually swelling bulk. She was an ever-ripening pear and it was hard to ignore how her skirt subtly tensed and creaked when she leaned over.

Miss Hubbard sighed, shoving the remainder of her candy bar into her mouth, chewing and quickly swallowing, and then briskly wiping her face with one thick arm.

Enron watched in fascination, a dopey, dreamy look on his face. Gawd, he loved to watch that ass wiggle! He would give anything for a chance to plant his eager hands on that tubby tushie, to really sink his fingers into that soft spongy flesh, to bury his face in Miss Hubbard’s deep ass crack and feel the big soft spheres of her cheeks against his cheeks! And he couldn’t help but wonder… how much bigger could she get? She was already growing quite plump, to the point that she was definitely spending less time on her feet in front of the class room and more time with her chubby buns planted in her chair behind her desk. Enron suspected that it wasn’t an intentional choice to deny the class a view of her sweet swelling derriere, but maybe because standing for too long was just too much work for the growing teacher’s poor poor feet… and she preferred to sit and be lazy. It was also a good excuse for her to tuck into yet another basket of chocolate treats left by some thoughtful student or teacher or parent… She was more apt than ever to assign the class quiet classroom reading, so that she could surreptitiously spend a few minutes at her desk scarfing down fattening goodies.

That was good, of course! Because it meant that she was going to keep growing… and that was something that Enron desperately wanted to see happen! How big could she get? He could imagine Miss Hubbard ballooning up to elephantine proportions, her monster rear end blossoming until the poor dear was too wide to fit through the classroom doors and too thick to wear anything other than the stretchiest stretch fabrics. What a glorious day that would be! Enron adored the idea, knowing that stretch fabrics would offer less support for that gloriously inflating bum, putting every subtle wobble and bounce on public display.

“Anyone? Enron, how about you?”

Enron startled from his daydream. “Huh? What?”

“Oh Enron, you’re impossible,” snapped Mishka. “Miss Hubbard, pick me! I know the answer!”

“I know you do, Mishka,” said Miss Hubbard. “But I was hoping that Enron might decide he would enlighten us.” Miss Hubbard moved back to her desk, her backside sloshing to and fro as she moved, its movement as inexorable as the waves of the ocean. She grabbed another chocolate, pulled out her chair and went to sit – but found that she couldn’t! Her butt collided with the chair’s armrests, preventing her from plopping her bottom into the seat.

“Oh!” she cried, the surprise causing her to blurt out involuntarily. She popped back to her feet, staring accusingly at her chair as if it had bitten her on her pudgy, padded posterior. Unconsciously, her hand went to the curve of her pumped-up tushie, rubbing her palms over her expansive rear as if trying to warm her buns. “I…uh…well… let’s move on to the next problem…”

Enron was relieved that the incident had distracted Miss Hubbard from her question, but OH. MY. GAWD!! Did no one else see that? Miss Hubbard was so wide in the booty now that she couldn’t even fit in her chair anymore. All that snacking was really paying off! But the best part was that, even with this new evidence that she was growing way too broad in the beam, Miss Hubbard would still be too polite –not to mention too gluttonous – to cut back on her constant snacking!

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Principal Herbert couldn’t help but notice Miss Hubbard’s expanding waistline; it was difficult to miss! Who could fail to notice such an astonishing weight gain? The popular brunette teacher was piling on extra pounds in her belly, hips, and rear, giving her a slowly ripening pear shape that… definitely drew the eyes downwards! Miss Hubbard either didn’t realize the extent of her gain or didn’t care, because her skirts kept getting tighter as her rear grew larger. When she waddled (and she definitely DID have a waddle these days) down the hallways of Los Hermanos High School, the twin globes of her fat-laden posterior shifted and swayed in constant motion, giving her a deceptively sexy little strut. The principal was certain that she wasn’t doing it on purpose. No, no, of course not! That wasn’t the Miss Hubbard he knew. She was a serious educator, one who would never be so unprofessional at school as to intentionally wiggle walk in front of all these impressionable young students!

For quite some time now, he had been telling himself that he might have to have a talk with her one of these days. But how would one broach the subject? Certainly, he wouldn’t be overly critical… But no matter how he turned the matter over in his head, he couldn’t think of a good way to tell Miss Hubbard. What would he say? Miss Hubbard, you’re being too sexy. No, that wouldn’t do. Miss Hubbard, you’re too fat. No, no, that was even worse!

Principal Herbert sighed. Well. There wasn’t much to be done about it. He’d just have to ignore the problem and hope that it solved itself. Maybe eventually Miss Hubbard would voluntarily go up a dress size without him having to say anything.

“Miss Jones? Please make a note that I’d like to see Miss Hubbard in my office.”

The principal’s secretary snickered loudly.

The principal frowned. “Something funny, Miss Jones?”

“No, no… not at all.” The secretary studiously looked down at her keyboard, avoiding Mr. Herbert’s gaze. She couldn’t help it! It was just too funny. Mr. Herbert had no idea what was going on! He was the only one who WASN’T trying to fatten Miss Hubbard into a prize-winning heifer, yet he seemed to be the person who most appreciated her new poundage. How ironic! “I was just thinking… she might have some trouble fitting into your office…”

“That’s entirely uncalled for,” said Principal Herbert sternly. “Miss Hubbard is one of our best teachers and a lovely woman. There’s nothing at all wrong with her size, if that’s what you’re trying to say.”

“Right, right… of course, sir.” The secretary nodded quickly, not wanted to piss off her boss more. But secretly to herself she thought: Jeez, Mr. Herbert must really like ‘em fat or something. Cuz there’s no other explanation for why he’s so nice to that heifer!

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Miss Hubbard had a sinking feeling she knew what this was all about when Principal Herbert asked her to see him in his office. This would be the first time that she had seen Mr. Herbert since their conversation right before the winter holidays. Miss Hubbard had gained over 90 pounds since then, absolutely ballooning into a bloated fat ass! Even if they hadn’t spoken recently, there was no way that Mr. Herbert hadn’t heard through the grapevine about her recent blimpage!

At 250 pounds, Angela was the fattest teacher in school, even bigger than Susanna Goodall. Susanna was all sunshine now, her smile wider than ever when her eyes fell upon Angela’s door-plugging curves. She couldn’t help but chuckle under her breath when she passed the main office, watching through the glass windows as Angela turn sideways to squeeze past the secretary’s desks to access Principal Herbert’s inner office. Not that it helped much! The meaty bulk of her glutes swiped over the secretary’s desk, upsetting a pencil-filled mug and spilling office supplies all over the desktop.

“Oops! I’m so sorry!” cried Angela, slapping her hand to her mouth.

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” said the secretary. But under her breath, she muttered “It’s a good thing Principal Herbert likes that fat ass or we’d kick you to the curb so fast that you’d bounce right off that big ass of yours!”

Miss Hubbard knocked timidly on Principal Herbert’s door. “You wanted to see me, Mr. Herbert?”

“Oh! Yes, yes. Please take a seat.” Principal Herbert motioned to a chair. “Miss Hubbard, I wanted to speak to you to… make sure that you’re adjusting to life here at Los Hermanos High. I know it must be a big adjustment coming from England, so I want to make sure you feel at home here.”

Miss Hubbard smiled awkwardly as she struggled to squeeze her hips between the arm rests of her chair. She was too wide these days! What a chore! You would think that a country like America, renowned for its obesity epidemic, would stock chairs more accommodating to the heavy-set!

“Thank you, Principal Herbert, that’s very kind of you!” said Angela, grabbing the armrests and forcefully plopping herself into the tight chair. “Everyone has been so kind to me here. Too kind, in fact! I… I don’t know if you can notice but I think I might have put on some extra weight since I’ve arrived here.”

Principal Herbert nodded noncommittally.

“Everyone’s been giving me far too many gifts,” said Angela. “I suppose it’s my own fault, I should never have let it be known that I’ve got such a sweet tooth, because now everyone is giving me gifts of candy and chocolate all the time. I never realized you have such a variety of sweets here in America! I’m afraid that I’m even outgrowing my work clothes!”

Almost as if to emphasize the point, Angela released her belly with a sigh. She’d been sucking in her gut all day and it was a relief to let it all hang out for a moment! Her belly sagged forward, swelling to its full size like an inflating balloon, stretching her sweater buttons and plopping into her lap.

“I do so hope this isn’t a problem,” said Angela. “I am trying to reduce, I promise you! It’s just so difficult when you’re surrounded by temptations everyday…”

“I can understand that.” Principal Herbert had originally called her in to officially castigate her for her overly-tight clothes, since all those blouses on the verge of bursting and skirts ready to split were distracting the students. But now he himself was finding that he was distracted as well! It was hard to ignore Miss Hubbard’s demure continental charms. Her soft-spoken voice, her lilting accent, her luscious nut-brown hair… and especially her ample new curves! “But…I think… maybe, well, take it from someone who’s lived in America for a long time, that definitely isn’t something we put a high priority on here.”

He meant, of course, that American living was completely at odds with any notion of effective dieting. It was a country built on convenience and consumption, where fattening food was always easily within reach and somehow there was never enough time for exercise. But somehow the comment made it sounds as if Americans didn’t assign higher prestige to thinner bodies… which they absolutely did!

He realized his faux paus when he saw that Miss Hubbard was staring at him in confusion.

“Er… what I meant was… well… I wouldn’t worry about your weight, Miss Hubbard, I’m sure you’ll find that you’re still quite… uh… lovely… er… that is…” He cleared his throat. “That is to say, why do you think you need to lose weight?”

“Come on, isn’t it obvious?” said Angela, motioning to her swollen gut in her lap.

“No, in fact, it’s not. Miss Hubbard, I don’t know how the situation is in England, but here in America, well, we expect to be a little bigger. It comes with the territory. We are a bigger country, after all. We’ve got much more space to fill.”

“Ah… right. I suppose that does make sense.” Miss Hubbard frowned. She wasn’t sure that she believed Principal Herbert’s reassurances, although they did make her feel better.

“Besides, if everyone is giving you treats constantly, as you say, then it’s obvious that no one else thinks you’re too big, right?”

“Right. I suppose so.”

“Suppose so, nothing! You know I’m absolutely right on this one. Miss Hubbard, I don’t want to hear you worrying about this anymore. A lovely young woman like you shouldn’t be bothered by trifles like that.”

“Young! Principal Herbert, you’re just flattering me now. I’m 48!”

“Ha! Well, you have me beat, I’m afraid. But is that so bad? Some might say we’re still young, it’s all in the mind, really. I mean, we’re not dead yet, are we?”

Miss Hubbard smiled. The principal’s over-confident American bluster was amusing… but also kind of charming!

“Is there anything else I can do for you, Miss Hubbard?”

“As a matter of fact, there is one thing. I’d like to request a new chair for my classroom. The old one just… isn’t up to the job.”

Principal Herbert nodded. “Absolutely. I’ll see that the custodian has a new one delivered as soon as possible.” He guessed exactly why Miss Hubbard found her old chair to be inadequate, so he didn’t have to press her for details… something that Miss Hubbard was quite grateful for! The tubby teacher was just too fat to fit into her chair anymore; her wide flaring hips and rotund derriere couldn’t squeeze between those tight armrests! The poor woman couldn’t sit anymore, forced to stand for the duration of her lesson to avoid the embarrassment of revealing to her whole class that her ass was too wide to fit into her chair! And standing was harder and harder on the unfortunate teacher as she continued to grow wider and heavier!

As Miss Hubbard left, Principal Herbert could only sigh and shake his head. He hadn’t said anything about her wardrobe. How could he? Despite his commitment to professionalism, deep down he really didn’t want Miss Hubbard to stop dressing so snuggly. It was so delightful to see that soft, plump body on display! He didn’t want to say anything that might encourage her to dress differently or – heaven forbid! – to go on a diet. Maybe if he left well enough alone, she would eventually fix her wardrobe of her own volition.

Luckily, the principal’s hope came true. Miss Hubbard eventually DID bite the bullet and purchase a new, roomier wardrobe… though, at the rate that things were going, she had little hope that she would be able to wear it for long before she required another upgrade. Now that the entire student body, plus teachers and parents, were plying her with sweet treats, the poor woman didn’t stand a chance! Her weight continued to rise and her sizeable ass continued to spread... and it wasn’t long until even Miss Hubbard’s new clothes began to pinch her.

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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