

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Prompt — also gonna throw in Hannah realizes the apple didn't fall far from the tree when she's started outgrowing her wardrobe/couches/beds/rooms and her daughter might be the reason why

Contains: *Weight Gain*

The Apple Doesn't Fall Far

"God *damn* it!"

Hannah Hammond cursed softly as she tried to button her suit skirt over her swollen middle. After finally getting the right combination of meds and therapy to keep her "Dark Passenger" at bay, she'd worked so hard over the years to keep the svelte physique that made her effective as the East Coast regional manager of the Hammond family of hotels. Now moving into her late forties, Hannah Hammond was finally losing the battle.

Tossing the skirt in the corner — an uncharacteristically lazy act — Hannah pulled out a suit she'd saved from her Past. The outfit once belonged to Piper Black, a 'project' of Hannah's from long ago. She kept it as a reminder of just what she was capable of if she ever lost control again.

The suit was woefully out of style... and nowhere *near* as loose as she'd hoped.

"Mom! Breakfast is ready!"

Speaking of Piper...

Taking in Piper's daughter and raising her after she'd made the young mom too big to raise a child had been the wake up call Hannah needed to get her proverbial life together. Heather graduated college six months ago and moved back into Hannah's penthouse while she worked an entry-level job at the family business.

Hannah's adopted daughter bore only a little physical resemblance to her mom. She was dark-haired, several inches shorter, much more busty, and spent hours in the gym each week to maintain a figure like Hannah's. Well, as thin as Hannah *had* been, a few short months ago.

Sitting down to the small marble-top table in her one percent kitchen, Hannah found herself presented with a stack of waffles that would have put the Daven's Port Hammond Hotel breakfast buffet to shame.

"Heather, sweetie... this is too much, I don't need *three*."

Six months ago, Hannah Hammond wouldn't have eaten *one* waffle for breakfast.

"Don't be silly, mother. You work hard all day, you need to keep up your strength!"

Heather Hammond gave her mother a smile with more sugar than the high-end maple syrup with which she was drowning Hannah's breakfast.

Having always been insecure about not being Heather's biological mother, Hannah often found it difficult to refuse her daughter anything. Which is not to say that Heather was spoiled — she'd absorbed much the same drive and determination of her adopted mother. But as she closed her eyes in sheer bliss at the sweet and buttery flavors that danced across her tongue, Hannah wondered if maybe Heather hadn't picked up some of her... less laudable traits.

In less time than she'd expected, Hannah's fork was hitting bare porcelain. Heather was already standing by with two more waffles, plopping them on her mother's plate without prompting.

"Heather, no! I'm going to get fat!"

Hannah pressed a hand to her middle, where her softening stomach was pressing snugly against the button up blouse of Piper's old skirt suit.

"Nonsense mother, you look great! My friends are always telling me how much prettier you are than the other moms. Everyone softens a little bit as they get older. Now eat up, you've got a meeting in 15 minutes."

As her daughter refilled a tall glass of whole milk, Hannah realized just how similar she and Heather really were after all.