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

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Feeding

Chapter II

It took nearly four months, but Hannah Hammond finally arranged an extended trip back to Indiana. Her excuse was a new deal with Yeng Food Production to provide supplies to the French Lick hotel. To Hannah's frustration, the hotel was already in a long-term contract with a supplier for the restaurant that she couldn't sever. Undeterred, she intended to stuff every available space in the landmark structure with Yeng vending machines, and maybe add a Candy Shop like the one in her original 'personal project' hotel in Daven's Port.

Of course such a *'complex'* operation as revamping and expanding the hotel's snack food system wasn't a job that could be left up to a local manager. Such a delicate transition required the *'expertise'* of Hannah herself.

"I'm not sure I can do this, Hannah."

"Of course you can, Miss Johnson. I have every confidence in you. Here..."

Hannah slid a package of snack cakes in front of her pear-shaped assistant. Dakota's weight rose 26 pounds in the past two months, and Hannah had barely been able to enjoy it. Her traitorous imagination kept superimposing Young

Hannah's pretty little face onto her assistant's body. Her perfect teeth and her rosy cheeks would smile up at Hannah, pink tongue lolling out for another treat the way Piper's did.

Speaking of Piper, that had been *another* tiresome parting...

"How long will you be gone?" The obese former street rat whined, beached in a recliner chewing on brownies.

"I don't know."

"~~—sniff—~~ I'll miss you..."

Hannah was not in the mood to keep up this charade. Somewhere just a few states away was a tiny little brunette with huge boobs just waiting to blow up into Hannah's perfect plaything.

And her current plaything was being a clingy little baby.

Hannah had some experience in these situations. She took a deep breath, and stepped up to her live-in project/girlfriend. Stroking Piper's cheek with the back of her knuckles, Hannah pressed a brownie to the obese girl's lips. Piper opened her mouth reflexively to accept the chocolate treat.

"There there, sweet thing. Don't cry. I just have to go out of town for a few weeks to oversee a new project."

Hannah's nether region grew warm at the word 'project' and she had to stop herself from biting her lower lip in response to a cascade of mental snapshots.

"You'll have Anita here with you almost all the time, and she'll have Annie and Cassie to cover when she's gone."

"Oh, okay..."

"You know I'd never leave you to fend for yourself, would I?"

“~~–sniff–~~ No...”

“Good. Now dry your tears, and finish your lunch.”

Despite having almost no connections at the Hammond Hotel of French Lick to ‘*help*’ her newest project along, Hannah had done what little she could from afar. Which admittedly was not much. She’d tried to get snacks and sweet tea provided to the restaurant’s hostess station, but couldn’t find a way to do so without skipping rank with both the hotel and restaurant managers. Instead, she had a gift basket filled with candy and chocolate sent to the hostess. She had to dig through the company directory, and eventually call the French Lick hotel directly to find out the girl’s full name; Hannah Wilson.

Hannah Wilson received an enormous gift basket, heavy and stuffed full of candy. The card read “Congratulations on three months of excellent service, from the Hammond Family of Hotels.”

The cute brunette though it somewhat odd, but wasn’t about to look a gift basket in the mouth. She stashed it behind her hostess station and reached into it every so often for a snack when things were slow. Hannah soon found that in addition to all the candy, the basket also held twenty of the same restaurant vouchers she’d gotten from Miss Hammond on her visit.

Hannah Wilson preferred not to eat where she worked, especially after her experience last year, but she certainly didn’t have the spare cash to eat out anywhere else. While the pay at the Hammond Hotel was very good, she was also spending a lot in fuel to commute out here from her college town.

Yes, she was trying to watch her calories since escaping the temptation of Joe’s – after the whole chain went bankrupt – but a free meal was a free meal. The combination of standing around smelling delicious food all day and a fistful of coupons were too much temptation for the busty hostess. As long as things didn’t get out of hand like they had with her ex, she’d be fine.

By the time Hannah Hammond returned to French Lick, Hannah Wilson had already used all twenty of her free meal vouchers. She'd upgraded her bras to 26DD a couple weeks after Miss Hammond's visit, and they were already feeling a little snug by the time Hannah returned.

The manager of Hammond Hotel French Lick was prepared for Hannah Hammond's arrival this time. He was waiting for her when she stepped into the hotel lobby.

"Miss Hammond, so glad to have you back!"

The man's eyes gave the lie to his words.

Hannah shook his hand and returned his false smile with her own equally false yet far more convincing one.

"Hello again Mister Wise, I just couldn't stay away from your charming little town!"

"I have a room set up for you to use as an office if it suits you. Do you by chance have some idea of how long you'll be with us?"

"Unfortunately not Mister Wise, but don't worry. I'm only here to oversee this new partnership with Yeng. I have no desire to micromanage or interfere with any of your other hotel operations."

The smile Hannah gave the short bald man was sweet enough to give a healthy person type-2 diabetes.

"Very good Miss Hammond, very good. Would you like to see the office now?"

"If you'll just tell me the room number, Mister Wise, I'm sure I can find it on my own. I'd like to get some breakfast before I settle in."

“Of course, of course. Well, the office is on the second floor, east wing, room 207. If there are any problems don’t hesitate to contact the floor manager Mrs Hibert, or you have my direct line any time day or night.”

Hannah was already tired of this man’s obsequiousness before he started talking.

“Thank you so much Mister Wise. Please, don’t let me take up any more of your time.”

Hannah kept a calm, reserved stride with some small effort as she crossed the lobby, down the hall toward the restaurant. She’d already confirmed that the chesty hostess was working today, and she was eager to see if her spooky action at a distance had borne any fruit.

Approaching the restaurant entrance, Hannah’s gratification was denied by the large piece of furniture blocking the hostess’ entire frame from the sternum downward. Her target’s diminutive stature did not help in this regard— even with the small heels Hannah assumed the girl was wearing, she could see nothing but head, shoulders, and a big healthy pair of breasts. Not healthy enough by half to Hannah Hammond’s eyes.

Although... as she got closer, she wondered...

Hannah was a life-long observer of weight gain in all its delicious forms and variations, and she could tell, with 97% certainty, that Hannah Wilson *had* grown since the last time she’d seen her.

True, there was no change in the girl’s face, or arms. As Hannah Hammond returned Young Hannah’s acknowledging smile, she moved close enough to observe her in more detail. She could see through the fabric of the girl’s button down blouse that her limbs were as emaciated as ever, as were her cheeks.

Few would call Hannah Wilson’s arms or cheeks emaciated, but Hannah Hammond most certainly did.

At least there were those breasts to satisfy Hannah's cravings, to some minute degree. A consolation prize. A participation trophy.

The dark-haired hostess appeared to have bumped up at least a full cup size, if not two. Hannah Hammond was not overly preoccupied with breast sizes, but she was a woman, and had over a decade of experience fattening up people with breasts. Hannah Hammond never half-assed anything.

"Miss Hammond, so good to see you again."

Young Hannah smiled up at the young executive with such brilliance that Hannah Hammond almost felt something spark in her chest. It was quickly extinguished, however, by the sight of Hannah Wilson's flat tummy and narrow waist. The girl must not have taken advantage of the meal vouchers. Hannah would have to try another tactic.

"Hello again Hannah, how are you today?"

"Oh, you remembered me Miss Hammond? I'm flattered."

Hannah smiled in a way some would describe as 'charming.'

"Of course. How could I not remember you? We're sisters in a way..."

Young Hannah looked puzzled for several beats before she connected the dots.

"Oh, because we're both—"

"We're both Hannahs, yes."

Hannah Hammond chuckled as she smiled down at the younger girl.

"Have you had your lunch break yet, Hannah?"

"Not yet Miss Hammond, I normally don't take my break until after the lunch rush."

“Well... what if you took your break *before* the lunch rush?”

“Oh... well... I’d need someone to cover...”

Hannah Hammond spotted a nearby server who looked bored. The woman was an apple-shaped blonde who appeared to be in her late 30s.

“You can cover the hostess station can’t you miss...?”

“Suzy.”

“Suzy, you can cover this, can’t you?”

Suzy seemed about to question the beautiful and imposing brunette, when Hannah Wilson leaned over to her and whispered something in her ear.

“Of course I can, Miss Hammond. Nobody’s sitting in my section right now anyway.”

“Thanks so much, Suzy, I appreciate you.”

Hannah handed Suzy a set of meal vouchers, and gave Young Hannah the faintest touch on the elbow, leading the girl into the restaurant proper.

“Where shall we sit?”

Hannah Wilson gestured to a booth near the kitchen, and both Hannahs sat. Whispers spread through the restaurant area and a male server – so skinny he almost distracted Hannah’s attention away from her prey – appeared at their table almost immediately.

“Hello ladies, My name’s Marc, what can we get started for you this morning?”

“I’d like the Caesar salad with grilled chicken please Marc. We’d also like the spinach dip to start, and the stuffed mushrooms...”

The tall brunette looked expectantly at Hannah Wilson, hoping the girl would have a favorite ready, and was not disappointed.

“The fried chicken sandwich, Hannah?” Marc guessed.

Hannah nodded, “thanks Marc.”

“And to drink?”

“Two sweet teas please Marc.” Hannah Hammond requested before Hannah Wilson could object.

“Great, I’ll be back with those in just a sec.”

Marc disappeared and Young Hannah was left alone across the table from the heiress to the Hammond Hotel empire.

“So, Miss Wilson, how do you like working here at the Hotel?”

The young woman seemed to almost tremble under Hannah Hammond’s piercing gaze.

“It’s um, it’s good...”

“Relax Hannah, this isn’t a performance evaluation. I’m not here to step on Mister Wise’s authority, or even Miss Trimble. She’s your direct supervisor, yes?”

Hannah nodded.

“Anyway, I’m here to oversee a short-term project, and I’d like us to be friends. No ulterior motives, I’m not even your boss, technically.”

Hannah Wilson sighed in obvious relief, healthy breasts jostling in her uniform vest. Marc returned with their teas, and the appetizers.

The two women chatted amicably. Hannah Wilson talked about her experience working at Joe's— a sports bar in the college town where she was a student. Hannah Hammond shared some stories from her time at Stuffington University. While the older woman nursed enough chips to keep up a pretense, she let the young hostess consume the lion's share of a dip that was definitely more cheese than spinach or artichoke. Nervous to be interacting with the powerful and charismatic woman, Hannah Wilson didn't even realize she'd put away all but one of the mushrooms.

After the two women finished their entrees, Hannah Hammond could sense her young target getting antsy to return to her post, but she couldn't resist another little push.

"Which of the deserts here is the best? I bet you know..."

"Oh, um..."

The girl was acting shy, but Hannah Hammond could practically *smell* the sweet tooth on her.

"People say the chocolate lava cake is..."

"Marc!"

Hannah had the server's attention in a millisecond.

"Two chocolate lava cakes please."

"*It's big enough to share...*" Young Hannah whispered.

"Pfft," Hannah scoffed. "It's fun to *indulge* once in awhile, right?"

The younger woman smiled. Hannah Hammond was certain her young companion had not *really* wanted to split the dessert.