Doubling Miss Hubbard 3  
By Mollycoddles

Back in her classroom, Miss Hubbard wobbled between the desks, looking to and fro to keep an eye on her students as they hunched over their papers. To her great distress, she suddenly realized that this was not nearly as easy as it had been several dozen pounds ago! Her hips scraped against the desks to either side.

“Yes, Priscilla, you’ve got this. Well done! Here, let me give you a pointer.” The bottom-heavy teacher bent over to help her prize student complete the problem. The effect on the tubby teacher’s overstressed wardrobe was immediate; her pooching belly pushed against her tight blouse buttons, warm pink flesh bubbling between the diamond-shaped gaps, and the rear seam of her skirt squealed as the perfect peach of her bubble butt came into blossom. Enron, the poor boy seated across from Priscilla, was treated to a spectacular view of his teacher’s burgeoning backside, her plump rump bumping his shoulder lightly.

“Ummm,” muttered Enron, breaking out into a sweat. He could feel the warmth and softness of his teacher’s body against him, Miss Hubbard’s broad bum lightly brushing him as she obliviously scribbled on Priscilla’s worksheet. Gawd, she was so hot. Enron couldn’t help but stare, his eyes so laser focused on those chubby round cheeks, so tightly packed into that straining skirt, that one might almost think he would burn a hole through the fabric. He thought back to all the tasty treats that he had brought to school for Miss Hubbard. How responsible was he for that growing booty? How many more chocolates would it take for Miss Hubbard to split the seat of her pencil skirt? How many until that chubby tummy sent buttons flying all over the room? Gawd, it was so hard to sit here quietly when she was so close to him! He bit his lip and breathed deeply through his nose, willing himself to calm down… the last thing that he needed was to blow his load right here in the classroom! But Miss Hubbard’s looming ass, gently swaying with her every delicate movement, had him so hard that he felt like he was about to absolutely explode!

“Perfect! Good job, Priscilla!” beamed Miss Hubbard, straightening up again. Instantly, the crisis was averted. When she stood up straight, her clothes almost seemed to fit her.

Enron breathed a sigh of relief… and disappointment! Some day he hoped that Miss Hubbard really WOULD split her skirt. He hated to see his favorite teacher embarrassed, but he could be forgiven for fantasizing about the chance to glimpse the perfect bootilicious bottom hidden under her clothes!

She waddled back to the front of the class, her colossal caboose bouncing and swaying heavily despite her best efforts.

“Oof, these rows really are too narrow,” muttered Miss Hubbard. “I’ll have to have the students rearrange their desks or I’m not going to be able to squeeze through for much longer!” She obliviously bopped a student with her swaying ass as she wobbled past. Luckily, he didn’t seem to mind; he was too busy ogling her!

A knock at the door grabbed her attention. “Yes, come in?”

The door opened, revealing the school custodian pushing a chair. “Hey, Miss Hubbard, got a new chair for you. Principal Herbert said you needed one?”

“Oh… yes… that’s right.” Miss Hubbard stiffened. Did they have to do this now, when her class was in session? It was embarrassing enough to admit to herself that her ass had inflated to the point that she couldn’t fit into her old chair anymore, but to have it revealed before the whole class… that was a whole new level of humiliating!

The custodian wheeled it over to Miss Hubbard’s desk and grabbed the old chair. “Hmm,” he said, spinning the old chair around. “What’s wrong with it? Seems to be in perfect order.”

“It just… it just wasn’t the right fit.”

“Wasn’t the right fit? What do you mean?”

Miss Hubbard gulped. She could feel all the eyes of the class on her. She felt fatter than ever. She felt like her enormous backside must be looming behind her like two balloons shoved into the back of her skirt. How could anyone be so dense as to not know what she meant when she said that the chair wasn’t the right fit?

“I’m just…” Miss Hubbard waved her hands in the air, as if to pantomime that she was simply too big for the chair, but the custodian just stared at her blankly.

The students were absolutely riveted, loving every minute of this exchange. It was like seeing all their hard work finally pay off! If Miss Hubbard actually SAID IT, if she admitted out loud that she was simply too chubby to fit her ballooning bum into her chair, that would be the first time that they REALLY heard their teacher said out loud that she was gaining… it would be the first time that she would be admitting that all their gifts of candy and pastry were actually having a major effect on her figure!

Ugh! Miss Hubbard couldn’t stand this! It wasn’t HER fault that she’d gained so much weight, how could she resist all the delicious goodies that were always around? And now she was going to have to explain it to this dense idiot!

“Because my arse is too fat to fit!” snapped Miss Hubbard. “That’s why I need a wider chair! Are you pleased now?”

“Oh right, right…” said the custodian, embarrassed by Miss Hubbard’s uncharacteristic forwardness. He quickly wheeled out the old chair, leaving Miss Hubbard alone with her class. The students were simultaneously elated to hear Miss Hubbard acknowledge her size and surprised… She was such a proper British lady that they couldn’t imagine her losing her temper! Yet she’d just raised her voice for the first time ever!

Miss Hubbard cleared her throat and smoothed the front of her blouse with her hands. She was determined NOT to let this incident spoil the day. She just had to get back to teaching and everything would be fine. “Now, where were we?”

“You were showing us the Pythagorean theory, Miss Hubbard!” volunteered Mishka.

“Yes! That’s right!” piped up Enron. Other students nodded and murmured in agreement.

Miss Hubbard smiled, grateful that the class seemed to have all naturally, secretly just agreed to ignore her outburst. She had to admit, they were good kids! She would miss them when she had to go back to England at the end of the year…

That afternoon, Miss Hubbard was sitting alone in the teacher’s lounge, mowing through a large chocolate éclair, sweet cream busting out with every gluttonous bite. This was another gift from Enron, bless his heart. It was her second éclair today but far from only her second pastry. After the incident with the chair, an extra éclair was the absolute last thing that she needed! She could almost imagine all the extra empty calories going straight to her wobbly rear, plumping her buns to ever bigger, skirt-stretching, panty-eating proportions. Her humiliation in front of the class really did serve her right! How could she expect anything less when she had absolutely no self control?

“After this, I really have to stop,” said Miss Hubbard, placing her free hand against the swollen dome of her bloated belly. This lunch was really way too heavy… especially after the large breakfast of gifted crullers and donuts from Susanna! Not to mention that Peter Belcher had dropped by the office before class, ostensibly to ask about Lawrence’s progress in class, but, when Miss Hubbard calmly explained to him that she just didn’t have time to chat right now, he refused to leave without dropping a gift basket of Toblerone bars on her desk.

“You should try these while you’re in America, they’re a totally American delicacy!”

Miss Hubbard smiled wanly. She didn’t have the heart to tell Mr. Belcher that Toblerones were, in fact, Swiss, and that they could be purchased at nearly any sweet shop back in England as well. The poor fellow was just so eager to share that it was all Miss Hubbard could do to nod and smile sweetly, carefully tensing the muscles of her stomach in the vain hope that he wouldn’t notice how much her belly had grown in recent weeks. Miss Hubbard could suck in her gut as much as she liked – at least, she could for now; it hadn’t yet grown so large that she couldn’t suck in – but there was no way that she could hide her overinflated rump. Mr. Belcher didn’t seem to mind it, though.

“Ya know, Miss Hubbard, I feel like I’ve really gotten to know you so well…”

“I’m sure you do, Mr. Belcher…”

“Please, call me Peter!” Mr. Belcher waggled his eyebrows and made a pathetic attempt to run his hand through his few remaining strands of hair. Was he trying to be coy? The attempt was almost laughable! “I was thinking… maybe one of these days, we should get together…. Ya know, just to discuss Lawrence’s grades. I’m very concerned about my son’s progress, you see… say, maybe over dinner and some drinks?”

“Dinner and drinks? I…I…” Miss Hubbard was sweating. Oh my Gawd, this guy was actually hitting on her! This was a new sensation for Miss Hubbard! She’d spent so many years so dedicated to her work, her nose always in her grade book, that she couldn’t remember the last time that a fellow had expressed interest in her! And, sure, it was flattering… but it was also completely inappropriate! She couldn’t date a student’s father!

She was so surprised that she forgot to hold in her gut and her belly suddenly ballooned out to its full size, lurching forward and snapping the pearl button at the very summit of her new paunch. Immediately the diamond-shaped gap left behind dialated to its full size, revealing a broad swath of soft, wobbling belly blubber and Miss Hubbard’s dark slit of a navel sandwiched between two rolls of quivering fat.

“I’m afraid that I really can’t afford to take that kind of luxury, Mr. Belcher,” said Miss Hubbard, quickly grabbing a stack of manila folders and holding them in front of her to hide the damage. Not that it made much difference, Mr. Belcher had just seen her bust her buttons… again! This guy was going to get the idea that she was some sort of fat pig who couldn’t help but burst out of her clothes constantly! “I’m just getting way too plump these days. Dinner and drinks are not something I should be indulging in!”

“But at least take the toblerones!” said Mr. Belcher, shoving the chocolates into Miss Hubbard’s hands.

Well… she couldn’t say NO, could she?

“Thank you ,Mr. Belcher, very kind of you,” she said brusquely as she hustled off. Gawd! She couldn’t believe it! Her face was bright red with embarrassment over her latest wardrobe malfunction. How could she get through the rest of the day with a button missing on her blouse? She could hold these manila folders in front of her when she walked down the hallway, no one would question that, and when she was back at her classroom, she would just have to stay seated behind her desk. Thank Gawd that Principal Herbert had the custodian bring her a new chair! Otherwise, she would have been in real trouble!

“How do you like the new chair?” asked Principal Herbert, approaching Miss Hubbard in the teacher’s lounge.

Miss Hubbard gulped, quickly wiping away some stray cream from her face. “Oh, Principal Herbert! It was wonderful, I can’t thank you enough. I was really beginning to get tired of spending the whole lesson plan on my feet!”

She paused as Principal Herbert walked away. The Toblerones that Mr. Belcher had gifted her were still in her purse. She really shouldn’t eat them, especially after everything she had already eaten today. She was making an absolute piggy of herself! But her stomach, as full as it was, was nagging her, gurgling and grumbling despite her large meal and insisting that it wanted more.

“Okay, but just a little bit,” said Miss Hubbard as she reached into her purse and retrieved the sweet confection. She patted her chubby tummy, fingering the hole left by the defeated button and watching her blubber shake in response. “We’ve already had quite enough today and we don’t need you getting any bigger! You’re going to pop ALL of my buttons if you don’t learn to control yourself!” She scolded her plump stomach as if it was responsible for all her new weight rather than her own lack of self control.

“I’m getting quite chubby,” sighed Miss Hubbard, examining herself in the mirror. There was no denying it! Her weight was out of control and she knew exactly why. It was all those candies and chocolates! She was eating herself round, but how could she help it? Everyone was being so nice to her and she couldn’t say no… even if she wanted to!

Her white blouse could barely contain her, the white pearl buttons stretched tight and pressing firmly against the plump soft flesh of her bloated belly. Her belly had started to droop, hanging noticeably over the waistband of her skirt. If she grew any plumper than she was now, she would no longer be able to tuck her blouses into her skirt! She definitely needed to go shopping. It wouldn’t do to show up at school one day with her gut hanging out of her blouse!

Her bum had sustained the most damage, swelling out behind her like two firm, round bowling balls. Her chunky backside stuck out nearly a foot behind her, its mass somewhat disguised only because it matched the severity of her thunder thighs and hefty hips. She was absolutely exploding below the waist!

“I’m really going pear shaped,” sighed Miss Hubbard. “I suppose I ought to expect this sort of thing at my age. I’m not exactly a spring chicken anymore.” She reached behind herself and experimentally squeezed a handful of butt blubber. There was just so much of it! “Crumbs, I’m going to be quite the sight when I return home… Everyone’s really going to wonder about how I let myself go! Okay, this has gone on long enough… I suppose I’ll just have to say NO the next time that someone gives me a present. It might be rude, but I just don’t have any choice!”

That was easier said than done. Miss Hubbard tried politely decline Mishka’s gifts, but the girl just looked so crestfallen. Enron looked like he was almost ready to cry when Miss Hubbard tried to return his latest box of cookies. And Mr. Belcher? She worried that she was leading him on, but… he simply looked so devastated when she tried to decline his offers. Ultimately, Miss Hubbard was too polite for her own good. The gifts kept coming and Miss Hubbard kept eating. And students and faculty alike were more than pleased to see her figure growing rounder and rounder every day.

By the end of the school year, Miss Hubbard’s figure had ballooned beyond her students’ wildest dreams. Her homeroom students, of course, saw her every day, so they weren’t surprised in the least when Miss Hubbard ended the year at 320 pounds. But some of the other students, who only saw her now and again in the hallways, were stunned to see the newly behemoth teacher waddle into view at the end of the year assembly that gathered all the students, faculty and administration for one last meeting before the summer.

“I’ll be sad to leave them all behind,” sighed Miss Hubbard to herself as she gingerly picked her way between the narrow rows of chairs in the school auditorium, her own colossal behind obliviously bumping into the heads of fellow teachers as she moved. “But it’s really for the best! I couldn’t stay here another year… I would positively explode! Still, it was nice while it lasted… It was so freeing to give in and give eat whatever I wanted. I suppose the students did help me that way; they gave me the perfect excuse to indulge my sweet tooth! And it’s certainly nice to do it while staying in a foreign country, so none of my old friends can see how plump I’ve grown… but all good things must end! I’ll really have to get to work on reducing once I return home…”

Susanna Goodall couldn’t contain her good cheer as she watched Miss Hubbard carefully maneuver her bulk between the rows as she approached. Thanks to her, and, she supposed, some of the students as well, the once slim and shapely Miss Hubbard was now a colossal, corpulent cow, too wide to fit through narrow spaces and way too chubby for her clothes. She looked huge! Much bigger than Susanna, a fact that gave her no small amount of pleasure.

“Well, hush mah mouth, Angela, why don’t you set that lil’ ol’ bottom of yours right down here, next to me?” said Susanna, smiling broadly and patting the seat next to her.

Angela’s face fell as she stared at the metal folding chair, tightly packed into its row. Susanna knew exactly what thoughts must be passing through Angela’s head. Surely she couldn’t be expected to fit onto one of these tiny chairs! Angela’s ass was far too huge. She would barely be able to fit one cheek on these tiny chairs, let alone her entire hippopotamus-sized backside!

“Somethin’ wrong, sugah?” said Susanna sweetly. “Y’all look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“No, no, nothing wrong,” said Angela. She turned resolutely and slowly lowered herself down upon the chair. It was like watching a blimp come in for a landing. Susanna wanted to guffaw out loud at the sight as those vast buttery buns, packed so tightly inside the straining material of Angela’s not-quite-up-to-the-task skirt, slowly slowly slooowly came down upon the chair. The metal chair creaked and squeaked in response, obviously not designed to carry that much weight. Angela blushed bright red, but didn’t say anything.

Susanna smirked to herself as Angela struggled to find a more comfortable position upon the small metal folding chair. Angela was far too fat. She had to perch on the front edge of the chair, because her dumptruck ass protruded out too far behind her. Those perfect plump spheres of flesh were so round that they stuck out a good few feet behind her as well as to her sides; Angela had been gaining depth as well as width! That meant that even though she was seated with her butt pressing against the back of the chair, Angela was forced to sit so far forward that she was in danger of slipping to the floor!

Susanna was so pleased at the startling transformation that her colleague had undergone over the course of the school year! Gone was that svelte British tart, replaced by a bloated cow! Susanna only wished that Angela had lost some of her shape as she had gained, but, alas, that wasn’t the case. Despite the softness of age, Angela’s extra weight just made her curvier. All those extra pounds in her hips, thighs, and buttocks gave her a womanly pear shape that was only accentuated by the subtle little sway Angela gave her booty as she walked. Luckily, when she was sitting down, she just looked fat. Susanna liked that! When Angela sat down, her butt flattened against the seat and squished out to her sides enough that she bumped into Susanna.

“Guess y’all take up more space than ya used to,” said Susanna brightly, smiling her sweet southern smile to hide the vitriol in her words. She was absolutely elated! Who wouldn’t be? Even she hadn’t expected her sinister plan to fatten Miss Hubbard into rotundity to work out so well! Susanna tried her best to ignore Angela’s extreme curves, telling herself that people would only notice that she was a big fattie. So what if she seemed to gain weight in all the right places? Miss Hubbard was a fat, middle-aged sow now and Miss Goodall was feeling really good about things. She smiled to herself, remembering that the end of the year assembly also included the annual presentation of the school’s teacher of the year award. Ha! At the start of the year, Miss Goodall had expected that Miss Popularity here would easily win it… but now Miss Hubbard must surely be a laughingstock amongst the student body for ballooning weight. Susanna expected that she might actually have a very good chance of defeating Miss Hubbard after all, a very good chance indeed! Things couldn’t get any better!

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” said Angela, her apology suddenly bringing Susanna back to reality. Angela shuffled in her seat, hoping to find some position where she wasn’t intruding on the personal space of either of her neighbor. It was a futile effort, though it did make Susanna smile to see Angela squirm so! She was enjoying the spectacle so much that she barely even noticed when Principal Herbert took to the stage.

“Thank you, students, faculty, staff, for coming to our end-of-the-year assembly!” said Principal Herbert. “It’s been a great year here at Los Hermanos High and I didn’t want to end our time together without acknowledging some of the great work that’s been done this year…”

His words barely registered to Angela as she struggled to get comfortable in her seat. Occasionally the audience would break into applause whenever the principal mentioned a particular student or teacher of note and Angela would pause in her endless shifting and squirming to join in. But mostly her attention was focused elsewhere than on the principal’s speech. Until she heard her name!

“And the teacher of the year award goes it… Angela Hubbard!”

Immediately the auditorium broke into thunderous applause. Miss Hubbard’s eyes bugged from her head and she clapped her hands to her chubby cheeks in surprise. “Me? Oh no, surely not!”

Sitting next to her, Susanna was flabbergasted. She was certain that Angela’s weight would make her a laughingstock amongst the students… but instead they had chosen her as teacher of the year? How could that be? Susanna scowled darkly as the students continued to cheer. Poor Susanna! She really didn’t realize that the reason she wasn’t as popular than Angela had nothing to do with their weights… it was because Angela was simply just a nicer person!

“Angela, could you come up on stage to accept your award?” called Principal Herbert.

With a grunt, Angela lurched to her feet. She brushed off her front briefly, adjusted the hem of her snug pencil skirt, and wobbled her way up on stage. Students cheered at the sight, both stoked to see their favorite teacher receive recognition and stoked to see that all their effort to plump Miss Hubbard into a prize-winning heifer had finally come to fruition. Miss Hubbard had definitely far surpassed Susanna in terms of sheer poundage, the full extent of her expansion evident as she mounted the short flight of stairs onto the stage. Her wide hips and gargantuan bottom rolled like the ocean with each step, the fabric of her skirt tensing as she moved. The short walk left her winded and she was already panting by the point that she took the podium, her ample chest and bloated paunch heaving beneath her blouse. The podium did little to hide her new curves from view, since the tubby teacher was so wide that her flaring hips stuck out from behind the podium to either side.

“Miss Hubbard, every year we ask the students to vote on which teacher they believe deserves the teacher of the year award,” said Principal Herbert. “And I don’t think it’s ever been as unanimous as this year. The students all agreed that no one works harder, no one is more dedicated to teaching, and no one brightens up this school as much as you do! They say that your arrival at this school has given them a focus that they’ve never had before and that they’ve taught them what it means to be committed to a goal to see it through!”

In the audience, Enron nudged Mishka in the ribs. Mishka rolled her eyes. She knew exactly what “goal” the students were talking about! They’d all dedicated their year to pampering Miss Hubbard until she blossomed into a plush, pudgy plumper. And while Mishka didn’t take the same horny joy in Miss Hubbard’s newly expanded form that Enron did, she was still proud to see the fruits of her labors right up there on the stage for the whole world to see! Snickers ran through the crowd as students recognized the real meaning behind the principal’s oblivious speech – their focus and commitment was all to the rather dubious goal of plumping the rump on their favorite teacher – but those snickers were quickly drowned out by applause and cheers. Miss Hubbard was, after all, extremely popular… and now there was even more of her to love!

“Thank you so much!” said Miss Hubbard. She was so flustered that she barely knew what to say. “You’ve all been so kind to me here! This year has been one of the best of my career… I know that I will remember the students here for the rest of my life. Like Mishka, who always works the hardest…”

Mishka gasped to be name-checked in Miss Hubbard’s speech. Miss Hubbard recognized her hard work! This was great! All those gifts really HAD paid off in getting the teacher’s attention.

“And Enron, who makes every day brighter with his…um…attentiveness…”

“OMG she noticed me,” hissed Enron. What a trip! The teacher whom he’d had the biggest crush on had noticed him! She really must have liked the presents he brought her!

“And of course it’s great to have the support of so many parents and teachers here, like my good friend Susanna Gooddall…”

Susanna grumbled under her breath, crossing her arms across her chest.

“It’s such a shame that I’ll have to go back to England next semester. I wish that I could stay here and teach forever!”

Mr. Herbert cleared his throat. “Miss Hubbard, I have to say, I’ve been really impressed with your work this year. And I can’t deny that the students love you. I wanted to ask if you might consider extending your tenure here in America. Would you join us again to teach another year?”

“Another year? Oh no, I couldn’t…”

“Another year! Another year!” chanted the students.

“No, no, I can’t! It’s not that I don’t wat to, it’s just that… I’ve already doubled in size from just one year here, if I stayed longer I’m afraid that I would be as big as a house!”

Miss Hubbard paused. She knew that if she didn’t return home soon, there would be no way that her figure would ever recover. But then again… At home in England, a woman of her newly expanded stature might be looked at askance. But here in America? Why, 320 pounds was downright svelte, wasn’t it? Technically, it wasn’t… she was the largest teacher at school. But no one seemed to mind. In fact, judging from Principal Herbert’s reaction to her, some people seemed to really admire it!

“Please stay, Miss Hubbard!” cried out Enron. “You’re the best!”

“Yeah!” yelled another student. “We love you!”

“Sure, stay if you want,” mumbled Susanna under her breath. “Big as a house? Stay and I’ll make sure you end up as big as the whole school by the end of next year…”

Principal Herbert cleared his throat. “I must admit that I have an ulterior motive in asking you to stay with us longer… I was rather hoping that you might consider… well, never mind, it wouldn’t be appropriate!”

In the audience, Mishka clapped a hand to her forehead in exasperation. Was he never going to go through with it!?

“He wants to ask you out!” blurted out Lawrence.

“What?! Why, I never!” huffed Principal Herbert. But then when he saw Miss Hubbard laughing, he had to join in.

“I was beginning to think that you would never ask,” said Miss Hubbard. “I would be delighted. Just one thing…”

“Yes?”

“Let’s go someplace where I won’t be tempted to get dessert,” she said, her eyes sparkling. “If I’m going to stay in America another year, I’ll have to space out my gains.”

The students cheered to hear that Miss Hubbard would be with them longer! But if she planned to slow down her gaining… well, she really wouldn’t have much say in that!

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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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