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Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Feeding

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## **Chapter I**

The town of French Lick had once been a bustling tourist destination. A stop on the train route from the East Coast to St Louis and onward, it was tucked into the hills of the lower Midwestern United States. Its mineral hot springs were once famous for their alleged medicinal properties, and brought all the tourists out of their train cars for an overnight stay in comfort and luxury.

Unfortunately, almost all that renown was nothing but a distant memory. The passenger trains became less and less populous in the decades following WWII, and eventually stopped passing through the area completely, leaving only the trains that carried freight. The hot springs dried to a trickle some time in the 70s, and now the town was only famous for two things; a name that made juvenile minds snicker, and the only casino for hundreds of miles.

French Lick had at least one more attraction still going for it, however. A luxury hotel that was purchased some years ago by the Hammond family of hotels. Thanks to a partnership with the casino, which leased a large portion of the property, Hammond spent several years slowly restoring the hotel. The influx of resources helped the landmark reclaimed a bit of its 'Roaring 20's' opulence, despite the clientele being considerably more middle-class than those of the hotel's glory years. More 'best pair of jeans' people than 'cummerbund and bowtie' people.

Nevertheless, the hotel was profitable, if just barely, and required little to no direct oversight from the Head Office.

Late in the morning of one fateful Tuesday, a pair of young women crossed the threshold of the Hammond Hotel of French Lick. The first was a smartly dressed executive with chocolate brown eyes and long brown hair. The woman who walked slightly behind the first was a few inches shorter, and at least 150lbs heavier.

“Let’s do a quick walk-through of the lobby before our lunch meeting with the manager.” The taller woman said as they strode into the lobby.

“Alright,” the pear-shaped assistant was breathing a little heavily. “The gift shop is to our left, and the guest room wings are to the right and straight ahead.”

“We’re not here to inspect the rooms, let’s check out the gift shop. Then of course the restaurant.” The taller woman spoke with a commanding air, and her portly subordinate puffed as she struggled to match her boss’s pace.

The pair crossed the lobby and stepped slowly through the gift shop. The thin woman glanced over the shelves disinterestedly and checked a few of the prices.

“Hi there, let me know if I can help you ladies with anything!”

The clerk at the sales counter was friendly, if a little more reserved than the treatment the women were used to in the South.

“We’re just browsing, thank you though.” The younger woman said in a near gasp, forcing a smile.

Hannah Hammond suppressed a smirk at her assistant’s physical struggle, and affected a professional but friendly tone.

“Sorry for all the walking, Miss Johnson. After lunch maybe you can ‘inspect’ one of the guest beds while I review the finances and renovation records?”

“That would be nice Miss—“

The taller woman shot her assistant a sharp look.

“... Hannah.” Dakota finished, looking at the floor sheepishly.

“Remember Miss Johnson, we always learn more when we can do this incognito.”

“Of course, ma’am.”

Hannah rolled her eyes. This level of deference did nothing for her. But she knew something that would.

“Alright, let’s head over to the restaurant. I want to get there early. If we’re lucky we might even be back in Daven’s Port in time for a late dinner.”

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The restaurant in French Lick’s Hammond Hotel was an expansive open space off the main lobby. It was famous for its breakfast buffet, but included a full lunch and dinner menu that were about as good as one could get in a remote Midwestern town.

At the hostess stand stood a short girl of about 22 years, with shoulder length brown, almost black hair. It was no mystery why she’d been made the ‘face’ of the restaurant. The girl was incredibly cute, with dark green eyes and the soft but lithe figure generally reserved for the young. She wore the a typical restaurant uniform of black dress pants and short heels — bringing her height to almost 5’4” — with a simple white blouse and black vest that emphasized her substantial bosom.

Hannah Hammond and her assistant approached the restaurant entrance and the taller woman’s eyes were immediately drawn to the beautiful hostess. Suddenly Hannah wished she were staying here a bit longer, this girl had serious *potential*.

“Table for three, please.” Dakota said.

“Three? Hmm...”

The busty girl looked over her seating chart, then grabbed a set of menus in black leather binding from the stand and tucked them under one arm. The motion squeezed one breast and caused just a bit more healthy cleavage to peek out of the hostess’ blouse.

Hannah was nearly salivating. There was no way a girl got tits that size without a healthy appetite, and she wanted nothing more than to *encourage* this pretty little thing’s baser impulses.

“If you’ll follow me, ladies?”

As the hostess led the two women to their table, Hannah let her eyes wander languidly over her petite figure. Her black slacks didn’t reveal much, but Hannah could see the hints of a pert little bottom that would surely grow into a nice big bubble butt, maybe eventually a dump truck like her ‘girlfriend’ Piper had. The white blouse was light enough that Hannah could see the outlines of shoulders and elbows that were thin but not bony, ripe for filling with excess flesh. In Hannah’s mind she could picture the thigh gap that flashed between the short beauty’s clipped steps closing up, the connected line spreading lower and lower until the gorgeous hostess’s wiggling walk became a waddle.

All too soon, they reached their table, and Hannah’s assistant was taking her seat. Ordinarily her eyes would have been glued to Dakota’s ass while her cheeks escaped the width of the chair, imagining her portly assistant growing wider and wider until she needed two chairs to be comfortable, then eventually outgrew chairs completely. Today, however, Hannah’s active imagination was consumed by their buxom hostess. Leaning forward to place the menus on the table, the younger woman’s blouse fell open a little more, presenting Hannah with enough flesh to overflow a D-cup bra. They could be so much more, Hannah knew; given enough calories and enough time, those plump young tits could grow into massive funbags, propped up by a nice round potbelly and framed by a pair of meaty upper arms.

“Here you are ladies, your server will be right with you. Is there anything else I can help you with for now?”

“Yes,” Hannah spoke for the first time since she’d laid eyes upon the twig with tits.

“Is the buffet still going?”

“Um...” the hostess checked her watch.

“You’ve got about ten minutes before they start packing up.”

“Alright, thank you, miss...”

“Hannah.”

Dakota smirked at that revelation, but Hannah maintained her professional veneer.

“Thank you, Hannah.”

Hannah Hammond watched as the hostess walked away, eyes still glued to the young woman’s form. She was imagining it as more— so much more.

Eventually Dakota spoke.

“...Hannah?”

Hannah shook herself from her mental vision and looked down at her portly assistant.

“Sorry Miss Johnson. Should we try some of the buffet before lunch? Just to evaluate it, of course.”

Dakota hesitated, her suit skirt had been pinching her waist all morning.

“Mmm maybe...”

“You just sit, and I’ll fix you a plate. We should really assess the breakfast buffet. This is an inspection visit after all...”

Hannah fed her assistant two plates loaded with breakfast fare, all the while thinking about ‘Young Hannah.’

Some time later the hotel manager arrived, a bald man in his late fifties. Saul Wise was dressed somewhat less formally than the managers at larger Hammond hotels— he could have passed for a guest in his outdated grey suit.

“Miss Hammond, so sorry to keep you waiting. I wasn’t expecting you so early.”

Hannah stood to shake the older man’s outstretched hand.

“That’s quite alright Mister Wise, I know you’re a busy man. My assistant and I have just been sampling your lovely buffet.”

“I see, I see, everything is to your satisfaction, I hope?”

Hannah glanced over at Dakota, who suppressed a small burp and gave her boss a thumbs up.

“Of course.”

“Excellent, excellent. Well then, shall we get started?”

Mr Wise sat and they commenced their meeting. Hannah and the manager discussed the ongoing restoration of the hotel, their plans for events and incentives, and other details of the hotel’s operation. Hannah’s mind kept wandering back to that little peach of a hostess, even as their lunch arrived; a chef’s salad for Hannah, club sandwich for Wise, and a double bacon cheeseburger for Dakota, with a side of mac and cheese. Hannah maintained her professional composure, asking appropriate questions of the manager and nodding or making affirmative sounds at his answers, even as she dropped the baguette from her salad on her assistant’s plate.

After sampling two of the restaurant's desserts — a chocolate lava cake and tiramisu, both of which went to Ms Johnson after Hannah sampled a tiny bite of the cake — Hannah stood to conclude their meeting.

“Thank you very much for your time, Mister Wise. I'll be chatting with some of your senior staff, and we'd like the use of one of your rooms.”

“Of course Miss Hammond, we have two executive suites available—“

“Just one regular guest room will be fine, sir.”

“Very well. I'll speak with Anna at the front desk and arrange it.”

“Thank you.”

Hannah shook the manager's hand again and he left to resume his duties. As the two women crossed the restaurant to leave, they met the hostess again on their way out.

“Thanks so much for stopping in ladies. Did you enjoy your lunch?”

“It was excellent, thank you Hannah.”

Hannah produced a pair of meal vouchers from her blazer, handing them to the pretty hostess.

“You're doing an excellent job, thank you again.”

Recognition dawned on the young woman's face as she inspected the tickets handed to her.

“Thank you so much Miss Hammond.”

“Not at all. Keep up the good work, but don't work too hard.”

Hannah winked at the hostess, who graced her with a warm smile and a nod.

She was going to have to find an excuse to come back to the French Lick Hotel, and soon.