Once upon a time (far, far too long ago for either of their liking) Hannah Hammond had merely been a student of Maria’s.

Srta. Espanosa had always been one of Hannah’s favorite instructors. Not because she held any particular passion for the Spanish language, but because Maria was one of the very few people around their insulated private school community that seemed to… *share* her particular predilections. In a private school where there was a vending machine around every corner and the provided lunches were veritable smorgasbords for each and every occasion, Hannah felt a certain kinship with her teacher.

Not because the young hotel heiress had any desire to be overweight or to overeat, but because she thoroughly enjoyed the rapid expansion of those key figures in her life who felt very inclined to do so—and Srta. Espanosa’s steady swelling outwards from Hannah’s Freshman year to her Senior year had been very formative for a future friendship.

Well.

More on that later.

It cannot be overstated that their relationship had not officially begun until Hannah was enrolled in Stuffington University. *Officially*. No matter what they said about her, “teacher’s pet”, “brown noser”, “ass kisser”, or anything of the like, Hannah Hammond and Srta. Espanosa were not hooking up in the broom closet when Hannah was seventeen and still a Senior at Buttercombe Academy.

That wouldn’t happen until the week after graduation before Hannah moved out of her dorm room.

And it certainly wouldn’t have happened in the broom closet—there was no way that Maria was going to be able to fit in there with another person. At least, not in any way that they could meaningfully fool around.

When the line between teacher and student had been fully buried, it had happened in Srta. Espanosa’s cabin, Hannah having just turned eighteen in the two months prior, Maria waddling back inside after the celebratory feast that followed *all* Buttercombe gradutes, her belly stuffed full of anything and everything that her greedy hands could reach…

It had been a mistake in the moment.

But Hannah had spent the past four years buttering up Maria (among others) with her favorite treats, and her teacher had happily lapped up everything placed on her desk. For four years, she had sensually moaned, sucked her fingers, and rubbed her growing stomach as it spread wider and wider beneath those tight blouses and skirts, her fat face half-moon as she looked down at her favorite student with a contented smile and an appetite for more.

It had been coming for a while now, and it wasn’t enough to totally dissuade the two of them from keeping in touch with one another over the years.

Their correspondence had begun innocently enough—Maria checking in on her student during her time away at college, teasingly wondering whether or not the skinny brunette had put on the Freshman 15 or not. Unsurprisingly, the feeder supreme of Buttercombe Academy had only managed to make her dorm mates fatter by the time she answered back. Hannah had (equally teasingly) inquired if her former teacher had managed to slim down over the course of the months that she’d been away. Equally unsurprisingly, that was very much not the case.

By the time that the two of them met face to face once again, for the first time since that fateful day in Srta. Espanosa’s cabin back at Buttercombe Academy, Hannah had almost not recognized her. The small town up the mountain, twenty minutes away from her alma mater, had plenty of heavy folks to its name—but the pad of caramel brown butter wobbling through the front door of the little diner where they’d chosen to meet was far, *far* larger than Hannah had remembered her former teacher being.

The short shuffling steps of her belly-heavy gait as she waddled through the front door, round cheeks flushed and hot with the exertion of having to lug that bottom-heavy shape of hers through the glass diner door. Sweat accrued on her forehead, shiny and damp after bearing the Summer heat as it blared against all her squishy, insulating fat. Steadying her large, doubly tiered stomach as it pressed taut against the floral patterned sun dress with one chubby hand, Maria waddled into the greasy spoon like she had just crossed the finish line of a marathon.

And Hannah was very much the trophy waiting for her at the end of the race.

As willowy and lithe as the day that she had graduated, now with the added benefit of being two years older and looking that much more mature, her brown eyes widened gleefully at the sight of the extra-large Latina whose chunky cheeks dimpled into a sinful smile upon seeing her favorite student once again in a new light, outside the walls of Buttercombe Academy and outside the confines of their relationship as student and teacher.

They were simply, in that moment, both people who were *immensely* aroused by the fact that Maria Espanosa had gained more than two hundred pounds since Hannah’s freshman year, and were enthralled by the fact that she didn’t seem to be slowing down any time soon.

And that’s how it began—at least, how it began *in earnest*.

The two women may have held that first encounter as a tight-lipped secret, but their relationship didn’t truly begin until after Hannah had well already graduated and was halfway through her two-year business degree. When she walked the stage, she was quick to suggest to her father that opening a hotel in Wellington for the visiting families of Buttercombe Alum during graduation season alone would be enough to justify its existence, giving her a covert reason to stick close to her still-expanding former instructor.

By the time they had moved in together, Maria retiring and hired on full-time as a “consultant” for the Daven’s Port branch of the Hammond Hotel chain, Maria had crested nearly four hundred pounds of Hispanic heftiness.

And as always, there were no signs of her slowing down…