“Are you trying to tell me that you helped to make me this fat… *on purpose*?”

It was something of a rare sight to see the normally calm, cool, and collected Hannah Hammond struggle on the outs for an explanation in regards to anything, let alone the hows and whys of someone else getting fat.

She had left a lot of her more malicious methods in the past—back before she and Maria had become official. Back before she had settled down into relative monogamy. But as Ms. Polluck—Shannon—had begun to enter their relationship in earnest, shedding the role of Headmistress much the same as Hannah and Maria had shed their roles as teacher and student, it wasn’t inconceivable that Hannah had maybe, possibly, *perhaps* played a part in the further expansion of her old principal.

And that Maria had *definitely* probably helped her do it.

“It’s, uh… it isn’t anything like *that!* I just… you know…” Hannah squirmed uncomfortably where she stood, “When I was *younger*—”

“As in one of the students at Buttercombe Academy?” Maria asked with a fish hooked eyebrow, hands folded neatly on top of the surface of her stomach as it billowed out in front of her, “Hm?”

“*Shut. Up. Maria.*” Hannah’s eyes widened threateningly as she shot the tremendous third of their throuple a nasty look, “I’m getting there!”

“Wait, so this… has been going on since you were a student at my academy?”

“Technically, yes—”

“Oh my god.” Shannon shook her head in disbelief as she took a few steps back from the two of them, planting her hands on her wide hips as she stared at Hannah and Maria with a mixture of anger and betrayal in her eyes, “You two have been… what? conspiring to make me fat this whole time?”

“In my defense, I haven’t been conspiring with her *the whole time*.” The overfed Latina said from the comfort of their bed, shrugging her heavy slabs of caramel brown shoulder flab, “I’m just kind of along for the ride.”

“That’s not…!” Shannon sputtered, looking between the two of them as she tried to process everything that was happening, “That’s not an acceptable defense! You were in on this from the start, Maria! You knew what Hannah was doing and you helped her do it!”

Hannah looked sheepishly at her feet as they peeked out from underneath her ripened chest. There was hardly any sugar-coating that she used to have quite an obsession with making not just her teachers and fellow students, but nearly everyone around her as fat as possible. And while that passion might have cooled as she had gotten older, settled down, gotten married to Maria, with her old headmistress entering the fray, it was hard not to indulge herself in some older, less stellar habits…

Ones that she certainly hadn’t been the only one enjoying, as of the time of this conversation.

Ms. Polluck had been a plump woman even before all of this had happened—when Hannah Hammond had enrolled, she had merely been overworked with an appetite for comfort food. A chubby blonde matriarch with a penchant for the color yellow, tummy straining her business suits as she plopped behind her desk throughout the years that Hannah Hammond was enrolled as a student at her academy—four years and a hundred pound after her favorite Teacher’s Assistant’s graduation, it had been hard for Hannah to even look at the woman without drooling.

And ever since the ten year reunion, things had been…

Well, steamy would be the opportune adjective, but that implied a bit more activity than either Maria Espanosa or her former employer were prone towards these days.

In the time that had passed since that fateful night back at Buttercombe Academy alone, Shannon had put on a considerable amount of weight. It was getting to the point where she was toddling in and out of the shared home that Hannah had put up for all of them, getting out of breath just walking to and from one room to the next—hardly in much better shape than the much more gluttonous, much more *inclined* Maria Espanosa, despite the many years in which she had been actively gaining in and outside of her relationship with Hannah…

But that was beside the point.

“It’s not like that, Shannon—I swear!” Hannah said pleadingly, taking a few steps closer to the super-sized headmistress as she tried to reason with her, “It was just… something that I did when I was younger. A phase, if you will. But it’s not like that anymore! I love you—both of you! I would never do anything to intentionally hurt either one of you! You have to believe me!”

Shannon stared at her for a long moment before finally sighing and shaking her head, “I don’t know, Hannah… this is a lot to take in. I need some time to think about this.”

And with that, she turned on her heel and waddled out of the room, leaving a very sheepish Hannah Hammond and a very content Maria Espanosa behind in their wake. Watching the older woman leave had always been a sort of pleasure that the two of them could take pleasure in, but the ennui hanging heavily in the living room of their penthouse suite in the Daven’s Port branch of the Hammond Hotel, Shannon’s big wide ass brushing against the doorway was hardly something that either of them could take much comfort in…

“Oh come off it, Hannah.” Maria took a bite of bonbon, “She’ll come around—she can’t deny the fact that she’s enjoyed getting to eat literally everything that she’s ever wanted since the three of us hooked up.”

“I… I guess.” Hannah frowned, crossing her arms underneath her plush chest, “I just wish that there was a way that I could show her that I care about more than just her weight…”

In time, the answer would come to her.

But for now, sharing a few chocolates with her wife as they discussed what to do about their mutual partner didn’t sound like the worst idea…