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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

“Fourteen, get in here!” The imposing man yells from his desk, his PC screen filled with various reports from local medical facilities.

“Y-yes master?” The hunched man says a quiver in his voice as he flinches before his master.

“The data they’ve got on the first batch on the formula is impressive already, I hope the others aren’t this sloppy.”

“Oh yes, me and the others had the other agents at different strengths, this one just reacted badly to the water-”

“Good. I hope your incompetence hasn’t ruined this for us.” The man gets out of his chair and places a firm grip on Fourteen’s shoulder. “Because if you do, I’ll throw you in the incinerator like the others before you.”

Fourteen starts to shake. “I promise master, we’ve done our best.”

The master gives a few pats on his shoulder. “You better have.” Looking intently at the news

coverage on the screen. “I don’t want a repeat of that.”

The screen is filled with news outlets covering the mysterious breast growth in a small town. Many women sport breasts as big as their torsos.

“Look at town C, they’ve had the formula there for a number of weeks, Thirty-seven has written a report.” Fourteen turns off the TV and hands the master a thick file.

Walking over to the window with the file in his hand. “Mmmm... This is promising...”

Fourteen breathes a sigh of relief.

“How long has it been active in this town?”

“Six weeks.”

Six weeks ago.

The beeping of the clocking machine. What a wonderful sound.

After another long day, I make my way out of the supermarket, quickly ducking through the aisles before someone notices that I am not doing work and tries to get me to do something. The past few days have seen the shop get busier than usual, “trending up vs expected sales” as my boss put it, but not getting any more resources to help with the increase in trade.

Typical corporate response.

I’ve worked in this supermarket for two years and whilst Christmas time is the busiest time of the year by far, now for whatever reason, is almost as busy. We are the only supermarket for a number of miles and the go-to place for most things, unfortunately most of the local shops couldn’t keep up with

the resources and prices that we have. It is a shame, but people always shop where it is cheapest and that is us right now. This is made especially true after we got some new ranges in, usually these take some time to really take off, but they seem to have hit something in the community as we almost can't keep up with demand.

"Roots" gave us their first delivery themselves and for free, the top brass took it willingly. Hard to blame them really and we sold through that stock within 48 hours, almost unheard of for a launch of a product. They offer a wide range of food but all with ties to homegrown and hand reared, they claim to be local, but nobody has ever heard of them. I've not tried anything yet myself but there are some customers who came back that same night to purchase more after their first meal with their ingredients.

I'll try it one day.

I live within walking distance to the shop, and I can't help but notice the car park even looks busier, people leaving with shopping trolleys filled with various products from "Roots", it is quite strange to see something so captivating in the community. Again, customers shop with their wallets and that is the case here. Roots have put their prices very low to start to build market share and so far, it has worked.

Walking into my apartment complex I even see a number of my neighbours who are on the Roots hype train.

"Hey Marie" I called out to my beautiful neighbour.

Marie is a woman, she is the same age as me, we were in the same class even. Never really talked much in school but living opposite to her means I get to speak to her every so often. She is a lovely lady, but I can't help but still feel that she is out of my league. Back in school I was an unfit nerd,

and it is only in the last few years that I have turned myself around, I am now much more fit, and my acne has cleared up, thankfully no scarring. Years of being the ugly nerd didn't do anything for my confidence so I haven't put myself out there yet to find a girl, but I can't help but fixate on Marie.

Marie was always beautiful, maybe not the most beautiful girl in my year but she was so sweet and kind. The brunette's long hair flows down her back and frames her cute face very well. She regularly wears a light amount of makeup; her plump lips always look so inviting and her eyes are usually very alert and wide open. Her years out of her parent's house have been relatively kind to her, she used to be a stick of a woman but living on her own she has put on some weight. You wouldn't call her chubby or plus size, not at all, but she is no longer boarding anorexia like she used to. The weight has given her some curves and she has filled out that B cup she has been wearing since school.

"Oh, hey Shaun." Marie turns around, just as she was entering her flat.

I see those dazzling eyes and her beautiful smile and instantly melt inside.

"Up to much this evening?" She asks.

"No, I was just going to watch some TV and if I can be bothered, I'll make myself some food. Work was tough today."

"Awh" She frowns in empathy. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, since we've started selling that Roots brand work seems to be going crazy." I say, shaking my head.

"Oh, I heard about that, I picked something of theirs up myself." She smiles.

"Well, you are very lucky and by all accounts their stuff is divine. Any plans for yourself?" I ask, trying to divert the topic away from the bane of my existence.

“Probably just eat this and scroll on my phone until I drop off.”

“Nice...” I take a deep breath, “Hey... Umm... Marie, did you want to come over for dinner sometime next week?”

Marie blushes and looks a bit shocked. “Yes.” She blurts out, causing her to blush even more.

“How about next Saturday? I’ve got work this weekend, but I am off next weekend.”

She nods, “That is perfect, I am off too.”

“Great.” I beam, “See you soon then... Enjoy your meal.”

“Thanks.” She tucks herself through her door frame, and I into mine.

I can't believe that worked.

The night flew by, I was exhausted from work, and I never did get around to making myself anything substantial for food. I watched TV and scrolled on some websites, and I was quite taken back by how many adverts and posts I saw from friends about Roots.

They are everywhere...

The next morning, I get up, get ready and leave my flat.

Another day in hell.

Work wasn't usually something that bothered me, but the extreme business was really starting to grind against me. I open the door and see Marie leaving at the same time.

“Oh, morning neighbour.” I greet her.

“Morning Shaun.” She joins me in walking down the stairs. “Another long day?”

“Yeah, twelve-hour shift today, we are so behind with things, the food deliveries are insane for

this time of year.”

“Because of Roots, right?”

I nod.

“Well, I can say that I do get it. That meal was delicious.” Marie informs me.

“Really?”

“Absolutely, you should get one for yourself.” She suggests.

“Well, there are two reasons I can’t. One, I don’t want to find out I enjoy something that is currently causing me such a pain in the ass.” I say, Marie giggles. “Two, company policy right now is that we cannot buy any, it is reserved for our customers, they don’t last on the shelf long enough for me to get a look in edgewise anyway.”

“That popular?” Marie asks.

“I told you that you were lucky.”

“I might have to try my luck tonight after work” She muses. “Right, here we are.” Marie points to the left, “I’m parked over here, hope you have a good day.” She says as she walks with a bounce in her step to her car.

“You too.” I manage to say as she walks away from me, my eyes betray the gentleman inside and I stare at her modest ass as she sways her hips from side to side.

She must be doing that on purpose.

Rounding the corner into the car park I can already see that my day is going to be tough. As I walk across the car park, I look across the tarmac to see if I can find a space and I can’t. I get into the

shop and the place is packed. Immediately someone asks me to jump on a till.

“On my way.”

The day flies by, large trolleys of food going through the belt, I barely got off a till for a break, the queue didn't let up once. Almost constant scanning for hours and hours. I couldn't help but notice that people were mostly buying Roots food or fresh meat, there wasn't much in the way of other food, like everyone was planning a banquet for that evening.

The chit chat was very focused on Roots. “When are you getting more?”, “It's so good”, “Can you put some aside for me.” Honestly, it wore me down.

By the end of the shift the guards are asking people to leave as people are still trying to get in to buy from us. The team stacking the shelves are on their knees by this point and the shelves are still empty almost. The tills have been hammered all day and everyone is grateful that it is time to go home at this point. Over the speakers we all hear our boss.

“Sorry everyone, could you all stay for another five minutes and meet me in the warehouse.”

Grumbles from everyone as we all shuffle over to the warehouse.

“Right, till team is here, I think that is everyone.” Our boss, Andrew says.

He is a nice guy generally, very likeable but also very focused on the money going through the tills.

“I know it has been very crazy these past few days and I don't know why but the company has finally given us some extra support. We have been trading so far above the forecast that it is unheard of. I want to thank you all so much for your hard work.” He starts applauding which prompts everyone to give a round of applause. “Now, the extra support is additional hours and the ability to recruit, we know

that this is very much needed right now but it won't fix the problem overnight. So as a company we are well aware of the problem, and we are looking to help make things easier as soon as possible. We have also been given extra support in terms of additional stock. That is arriving shortly, if anyone wants to stay on tonight and help fill the shop then as a one time incentive, we will be offering double pay to make sure we are ready for tomorrow's rush."

Wow, they are desperate.

"This is optional so if you want to leave then please feel free to do so. Thank you either way and for those who are leaving, see you tomorrow and for those who are staying, can we start on the fridges."

Unfortunately, I am too.

I stay on and support replenishing the shelves, one of the managers spends a few hours condensing some of the fridges and making a large amount of space.

"Why are you doing that?" I hear someone ask the manager. "Roots is sending us three lorries before we open tomorrow. Got to make space."

Wow.

I eventually get in close to midnight, the shelves were filled, the shop is ready, earned some extra cash and I am absolutely fucked especially after the walk home. Walking down my hallway I can't help but notice that there is a food delivery driver walking away from Marie's door.

She is still up? And eating this late?

I try not to think about it as I walk into my flat and throw myself into bed. Just as I am going to

sleep, I hear a knock on the door. Groggy and confused, I open the door to see a man with a pizza box.

“Hey, here is your pizza.”

I shake my head, “Wrong door...”

He looks down at his phone and to the number on the wall. “Oh shit! Sorry man. Probably woke you or something...”

I glare at him. “What number are you looking for? Mate.” I grunt.

“Fourteen”

“Behind you.” I grumble before closing the door, barely hearing him say sorry.

Fourteen, that is Marie's.

Chapter Two

After finally falling back to sleep after the late-night shenanigans, I am stripped from the land of the unconscious by the blaring beeps of my aggressive alarm.

“Fuck off” I grumble.

I shouldn't have done that extra shift.

Throwing myself out of bed, I thunder with lazy footsteps towards the shower and start my day with barely five hours worth of sleep.

Tough day ahead.

Finishing my toast and coffee, I catch the time, 07:43

“Fuck!”

I'm late.

I burn my mouth on the remainder of my coffee and rush out the door. I almost bump directly into Marie, she is carrying two big black bags. She turns to me shocked, and she immediately starts

blushing.

“Oh, hey Shaun.”

“Sorry Marie, running late.” I say, trying to jam my key into my front door. “Oh, bin day?” I ask, cursing myself for forgetting.

“No, I just had a bunch of bins...” She whimpers.

Possibly after last night's orders.

“Let me grab them, I'll throw them in the bins for you.”

“Awh thank you.”

“It's alright, good company last night?” I ask.

Her already rosy cheeks turn a deeper shade of red. “Er... I just ordered some food...”

“Oh, sorry, I...” I shake my head, “Never mind. I've got to run Marie, see you soon.”

I rush out the complex with two bags in hand and rush into the yard and throw the bins into their respective bins. I can't help but notice a few take out boxes peering through the small hole from the tie top. Not spending too much time thinking about it, I run to work.

Again, the car park is full and getting into the shop I can see the mass of people in the store. I quickly get onto a till and start serving.

Lots of food, lots of customers and another busy day is unfolding before me. I start to zone out and go into autopilot until my next customer wakes me from my daze.

“Shaun?” The soft and bubbly voice rings in my ear.

I know that voice.

I look over and see a somewhat familiar face. The black-haired woman stands by the side of my belt, her soft middle squashing against the metal frame. I look up at her body and see her boobs bulging out of her bra, they don't look perky like a model, they are more heavy set and are billowing out of any free space they can. Her face though really does strike a nerve.

I know her.

“What? Don't recognise me?” The woman teases and pouts.

Her chubby face was practically screaming at me until this point but the look she is giving me, her brown eyes piercing my soul, the faux pout.

“Louise???” I shout.

“Oh, you do remember me!”

“Sorry, it's been a few years. I thought you moved away.”

“I did move to the city with my fiancé but things didn't work out.” She looks down. “I guess that might explain this.” Louise prods her stomach and looks at the mountain of food on the belt.

I've always found plus size women arousing, doubly so for women who gain weight. Thankfully, I am sitting down.

“I am sorry...”

“It's ok. It was for the best.”

“And you still look beautiful.” I add, shocking myself just as much as her.

Not sure where that came from.

“Oh, thank you Shaun...” She swoons.

I am halfway through the shopping, and I finally notice a bunch of Roots products.

“I see you are on the bandwagon too.” I jest.

“Shaun, this stuff is just divine.” Louise absentmindedly starts to rub her protruding stomach.

“You really ought to try them.”

I’m absolutely lost at the sight of her hand exploring her expansive pot belly, one she didn’t have until recently. Her dress hung off her stomach quite loosely, only giving a glimpse at the chubby middle she had underneath but now with her hand rubbing her round gut, her dress is flush to her middle, and I get a good gauge of the heft she is carrying under that dress. I mustn’t be that subtle because Louise coughs to get my attention. I look up blushing, fighting off an erection, her eyes meet mine and she has a big grin on her face.

“Thank you.” She mouths before moving to the bagging side of the checkout.

“Sorry... I...” I stammer before she interrupts.

“Don’t worry about it.” She winks.

“So, what are you up to now?” I ask, trying to swiftly move on.

“I work at the library, I’ve been there a few months now...”

My mind starts to wander again, thinking of her in a librarian outfit. How she would fill out the white shirt, her fat bulging into soft rolls, small diamonds of flesh pouring out between the buttons. Her skirt busting at the seams as she bends over to grab a book from the bottom shelf. Louise’s thick ass peering from beneath the hem of the skirt, usually a long flowing garment has recently become more revealing due to her gains. The black tights she is wearing leave little to the imagination.

I tune back in just at the right time to hear her finish. “... Yeah, so what about you?”

“Um, I’ve been here for a few years, I get good pay, but it is quite intensive at the moment

thanks to these.” I lift up the Roots product and shake it in my hand. “These guys have really got people coming back here often.

“I don’t blame them.” She pauses and places her hand on her wider hip. “Although not sure I am entirely onboard with the changes... Some of them are great.” She slides her hand around to the side of her butt cheek.

If I wasn’t still blushing, I am now for sure. This was confirmed by Louise’s giggle.

I swipe the last item through the scanner and look at Louise for payment. “£83.54”

I take payment and we say our goodbyes and my eyes linger on her thick frame as it wobbles away towards the entrance, long enough for the next customer to cough and clear their throat. An older woman approaching her mid-60s. “You aren’t going to sweet talk me that much I hope?” She says with a serious tone, like a schoolteacher scolding a student.

“No Ma’am.”

A few hours pass and I leave my checkout to go on my lunch, walking down the aisles and my eyes can’t believe what they see. One of my co-workers is bringing a whole bunch of Roots stock ready to pack up and there is a swarm, yes, a crowd swarming around him to try and get some of these products.

I wonder what they put in them to warrant such a response.

The guy, John, just starts handing them directly to customers. It doesn’t take long before one or two reach from behind him and grab some from the trolley. Just before I round the corner, I look back to give one final look and I see that the trolley is nearly empty and there are still more customers there.

Poor guy.

I rush away before things turn ugly and sit myself down in the staffroom. I let out a deep sigh and someone overhears. “Tough day again.”

I turn and see Rachel sitting at a table, eating a Roots product, particularly one of the “Low calorie” meals.

Rachel is probably the biggest fitness freak I have ever met; she is a lovely woman, but she loves her gym time more than anything else. She is in the low teens for body fat, and she has a fair amount of muscle on her, toned and not overly buff but if she were to square up to me, I’d probably run.

“I didn’t think the staff were allowed Roots stuff?” I ask.

“They aren’t. My mum got me one the other day and they are super good, so I swiped one this morning.” She explains.

“Oh. Aren’t you worried someone might find out?”

“Do I have something to worry about?” She lifts her fist and flexes her arm, her muscles bulge on her forearm as she aims it at me.

I sink in my seat and start to shake my head; she giggles at my response. “To be fair Shaun, I don’t really care, if they want to sack me for eating their product then they can go right on ahead, but nobody will be as good as me as filling the shelves here.” She lifts both her arms and flexes again.

“Do you have a licence to carry those guns?” I joke.

Rachel bursts out laughing. “That was so bad!”

She finishes off her meal and stands up. “These are good, but they don’t feel quite so filling...”

She trails off as she goes to dispose of the packaging in the bin.

As Rachel stands, I can't help but notice her normally trim middle is bulging.

I guess that is what eating a big meal does to you when you have washboard abs.

There is something alluring about her figure like this that makes me wonder what if she had another pack right now... how would that affect her frame. She walks towards me and taps my shoulder; she doesn't quite know her own strength as she almost breaks my collarbone, she walks out the door.

"In a bit Shaun."

"Bye..."

The rest of the day is as manic as how it started. Thankfully it flies by and after the guards have to hold people back from trying to get in, the door is finally closed. The store manager locks the door, and everyone starts to leave, he takes the time to thank everyone on the way out. The weather is quite bad this evening and I stand in the doorway a second, just contemplating my life choices.

"That looks pretty bad." My co-worker Linda says.

Linda is currently seven months pregnant and if anything, the hormones from her gestation have just made her sassier.

"Thanks." I say sarcastically.

The pixie haired blonde is in her late 30s and after getting married three years ago finally decided to start a family. Her husband is the breadwinner in the house, Linda only works to get out of the house, she has said many times that she probably won't come back after maternity as she will have

something to do in the house. She used to be thin and fit, but marriage has really added to her figure, she is now plus sized, most definitely and her pregnancy hasn't helped that at all. Her hips have filled up as have her tits as they prepare for the birth of her first child, the most drastic change however is her belly. I have only seen a few women go through pregnancy in my life and although Linda works in the cash office upstairs, seeing her over the past seven months balloon has been incredible. Her stomach sticks out in front of her, and she looks like she has eaten a small beach ball and she still has two months left. She has assured us that she only has one in there but there are still people saying that she looks as if she has triplets growing within her round stomach.

“Maybe it is the hormones, but I am feeling kind. I pass your place to get home, do you want a lift?” She asks.

“Really? Who are you and where is the real Linda?”

“Fine, enjoy the rain.” She starts to walk, thankfully with her size she takes a moment to start.

“Oh no, that would be lovely Lind, thank you.” I answer sincerely.

She grunts. “Hmm, keep up, before I change my mind.”

An easy feat with her slow waddle.

She turns to me “Sorry, bit of a rough day today, pregnancy is sometimes quite uncomfortable.”

We arrived at her car, a beautiful brand-new SUV. It is kitted out with all the toys and must've been a pretty penny. I get in the passenger seat before she gets in, I watch as she climbs up into the seat and her huge stomach plops onto her lap and reaches most of the way towards the steering wheel. She notices my gaze.

“I know, I'm not going to fit before I am done.” She starts the engine and stretches the seat belt

over her swollen body. “Hey, pass me a bar from the glove box.”

I open the box and see a stash of chocolate bars within. Handing her one I watch her start to devour the bar as she starts to drive.

“Sorry... Cravings are wild.”

“At least it is just chocolate.” I joke.

She nervously chuckles. “Yeah... Just chocolate.”

Ominous.

“Those Root things are also pretty intense as a craving.”

“What? You too? Does everyone just ignore what Andrew says?” I ask.

“I don’t care, I am not here for money, if he wants to sack a pregnant woman then go for it. See how that goes.”

“Fair enough.”

“They are good though, really fucking good. I grabbed a few boxes today.” She admits. “I think the little one likes them.” She rubs the top of her stomach.

I watched, focused on her hand spreading over the round orb of her belly.

She is huge...

I feel myself start to get aroused.

“When are you next in?” I ask, trying to shift the subject.

“Tomorrow, Andrew has got us all working full time at this point I think.”

“Well at least the money is good.”

“Tell me about it, I’ve got a shit ton to count nowadays.” Linda says with a sour tone.

“I guess I didn’t think of that aspect.”

“Well yeah, I guess it is better than being down there in the rabble dealing with the customers barging through for the food.”

“Yeah, it has been a bit crazy to be honest.” I speak.

“And I guess I do get to snack upstairs.” She adds, her hand still rubbing her tummy. “I think that is why I am this big.”

Her words ring in my ears, from the outside I am probably now openly eye fucking her.

“Another two months of growing...” She trails off.

I look over her fat body and stare at how her thick thighs bulge over the edge of the seat, her tits are bulging out of her bra and heavily rest on top of her firm fertile bump. Even her face looks fatter and puffier, her lips look so succulent, my overactive imagination can’t help but imagine them pressed up to mine. I am now fully erect, sitting in her car, thankfully it is dark, and she likely can’t see my cock.

“Just on the left, right?” She asks.

“Oh yeah, just here, sorry I was in a world of my own then.”

“Right, well have a good night and see you tomorrow.” She smiles as I get out.

“Thank you so much Linda.”

“No problem” she says, I close the door and walk towards the entrance to my complex.

She lowers the window and calls out grabbing my attention, I turn to face her. “And Shaun, take care of yourself.” Linda says, pointing to my crotch.

Before I can reply or even die of embarrassment she laughs and speeds off.

For fucks sake.

Chapter Three

After the rapidly accelerating Linda zooms off, I quickly slink into my flat, praying that nobody sees me walking funny thanks to my erection. I slip past the delivery guy outside Marie's door.

Takeaway again?

I don't linger on it for too long before I get in through my door, quickly heading to the bathroom to take care of myself before retreating to bed.

A few times throughout the night I was disturbed by noises coming from across the hall, I was too dazed to make them out but if it was like the other day then Marie's night snacking is becoming more of a common thing.

Monday rolls around and the routine seems to be written in stone. Work rushed off my feet and I was too exhausted to do much in the evenings. Monday bleeds into Tuesday, into Wednesday and I've been feeling quite isolated with my lack of real social interaction. Everyone is either too busy at work or I don't even see them.

Usually, I'd get some days off, but I relinquished them when Andrew came practically begging for support.

I could use the money...

Thursday comes around and I finally bump into a familiar face, not just one of the drones worked to death. Rachel but she didn't quite look the same. I couldn't quite put my finger on it but there was something definitely different about her. She sat again at lunch munching on two Roots products.

"Hey Rach, how have you been?" I ask, not able to keep my eyes off her as I try to work out what is different about her.

"Oh- *Scoff* Hey Shaun" Rachel continues to eat as she starts to talk to me.

Walking to the next free seat, I pass the front of the table she is on, and I study her as she eats the food rapidly.

Her arms look bigger, she has always been buff, but she looks a bit buffer now, I think.

I study her arms and see that the short sleeve shirt is cutting into her biceps more than usual, there is muscle there, but it doesn't look like that is all that is there. I turn away just as she finishes and looks up from her microwave meals.

"Oh, that was good, got to make sure I get enough calories to burn for the gym later." She boasts, standing up and revealing something I was not expecting. Her mid-section which is usually trim now looks soft. The change is drastic and eye opening. She doesn't seem to care about my wide-eyed stare, she just turns and walks towards the exit of the staff room.

"See you soon Shaun, best get back to work."

I watch as her once firm ass is now swaying with some extra momentum, she rounds the corner and leaves me just with the lasting memory that the fittest woman seems to have gained some weight, mostly muscle but there is some extra something there that has never been there before.

The rest of the shift goes on without any hitches, just flat out working. I leave along with everyone else and start to head home, eagerly waiting for my day off on Saturday. "One more day" I say under my breath.

"I wish." Linda says, her voice startling me, but not as much as her body.

Her blimp of a belly lines up next to me.

She has grown.

"I've got weeks left." She looks down at her stomach and she must be thinking the same thing I am.

That is huge.

That was her belly, not really sure it even is a belly by the human definitions of it anymore. She is absolutely massive, she was always carrying big but now she seems to have had a growth spurt, her stomach is this huge round orb sticking off her torso, but her growth doesn't end there, the rest of her seems to have swollen too. Linda looks as though she has just been pumped up. Her taut and firm belly no longer fully contained in the uniform, the underside of her stomach is in the open, the cold air of the night blowing across it, sending shivers up her spine. Linda's breasts too have seen a significant growth, they look bloated from what I can see through the fabric of her top. Usually, our uniform covers women's chests but the buttons at the top have popped and I get an eyeful of her boobs, bulging with deep blue veins.

“Hey, not that I don’t appreciate the stares, the silence is a bit creepy.” She says teasingly.

I look at her puffy face and start to apologise. She puts a puffy finger against my lips.

“Shush, I am huge, I know, it is a lot to take in.” She starts, “I suspect you might not mind though?” She winks.

I recall the last time I saw her; she could barely fit behind the wheel; I’d be more concerned with her getting through the door at this point.

I try to reply by opening my mouth, but Linda just laughs.

“Don’t bother, I know the answer.” She pinches my butt before she walks towards her car. I see her hips have also greatly expanded along with her ass and thick thighs. I stare for a minute before I decide to walk once more.

I don’t want to be that creepy guy.

I start my walk home, thankfully the cold air and use of my legs causes my erection to dissipate quickly.

Friday starts without issue, the only thing I notice though is that I haven’t seen Marie yet this week. On my walk to work I sent her a text to check if she is still on for tomorrow. Walking through the door, I clock in and head over to the tills. Something different that Andrew has started to help ease the queues is allow customers to shop 30 minutes early so that when we officially open for trade at 8am we are straight away serving on tills. On my walk across the shop floor, I notice the large number of customers rushing around, particularly down the aisles with Roots products. To make things worse, they’ve now started releasing more ranges of foods, it has only driven up footfall.

As I cross the centre aisle, I hear my name being called.

“Shaun!”

The familiar voice from the other day, Louise. I turn and am stunned at what I see.

Louise was larger than I had ever seen her last week, by a long shot. The woman before me could've eaten the old Louise for breakfast. The woman from a few days ago had a decent sized pot belly, one that caught my attention and arousal. Louise now was significantly bigger; it didn't even seem possible. Her belly was massive, if it was firmer, she would dwarf Linda and her pregnant belly, instead it weighed heavily on her frame hanging down over her thighs but still having the projection that meant that she struggled to reach things in front of her. Louise's breasts were struggling to be contained in her bra before but despite her getting a larger bra, the fat sacks of breast overflowed over these new cups worse than the last time I saw her. The gigantic top she was wearing couldn't hide her sheer size, her stomach hung below the bottom hem of the shirt, the top was strained to contain her giant breasts.

Her heavy thick arm waved at me, flagging me over. Her face had even gained weight, her cheeks now puffy and jowls forming on her face as they lead into her triple chin. This woman was morbidly obese at this point but the effect on me was the same as last week. Arousing.

This formally thin woman had gained over the past few years, she knew it and wasn't ashamed, now she had absolutely ballooned, the smirk on her face seemed to think she didn't mind.

“Hey...” She said in a breathy tone. “Yeah... I did put on some more...” She addresses the situation immediately and looks down at her body.

“I'll say...” I let slip out.

Louise's cheeks turned a shade of red, but it wasn't shame or embarrassment, it was something

else.

Lust.

“I just can’t help it... Food tastes so good...” She closes her eyes and moans softly whilst she rubs her blubbery gut.

“How is this even possible?”

“Because I can’t stop eating. I can’t stop gaining. I am getting bigger, and I love it.” She admits freely on the shop floor in front of me before she takes a step towards me and presses her fat belly against my, in comparison, tiny frame.

My hands instinctively reach for her stomach, to shield myself from the impact. It doesn’t end up quite like that, my hands sink into her flesh as it yields to my fingers. The impact causes her to jiggle all over. Her breasts even sway forward and risk covering my hands.

“Tell me I’m big...” Louise says, her voice wavering from her arousal.

“I...” I stammer, the pure lust and indulgence of the moment start to get to me.

“... No? Maybe I’m not big enough...” She says, grabbing some more food from the shelf next to us, piling it on top of her already huge pile of shopping. “I’ll get bigger... Next time you see me I’ll be over 350.” She scoffs. “No. 400lbs.” She slaps her huge belly; it starts to shake, and my face must once again give away my emotions as she smirks. “I can tell you can’t wait.”

Louise walks off with a determined purpose to her steps. She thunders back towards the fridges to get more food; I stand stunned and watch as her body jiggles and quakes. A text rouses me from my daze.

I pick up my phone and see a message from Marie.

“I’ll be there. I Can’t wait.”

At least we are still on for tomorrow.

I reply to her before rushing to my till, thanks to my interaction with the bigger Louise I am running late to my station. I have to practically push people out of the way to get to my till which has already been loaded by an overweight couple.

“About time.” The obese woman scoffs.

The husband looks at his wife with a distasteful glare. “It is busy here, maybe he got caught up.”

She turns her nose up at the large man, he turns to me and mouths “Sorry.” I nod and say thank you.

They waddle through the checkout and pack up quick enough, same as everyone else for the day. It takes me to about midday but I notice that most, if not all of my customers today were overweight and not by a small margin. Blubbery men and jiggling women of varying sizes pass through, their full trolleys matching their full stomachs.

I go for my break and when I enter I see another till colleague, she has packed on a few too.

Sam, she is very short, barely 5’2, she looks like a pixie, or rather she did. Now she looks a lot plumper than a pixie, her frame adding weight all over evenly. She isn’t fat or she hasn’t really put on too much but on her short frame it is very noticeable. She has luscious curly brown hair that looks so silky smooth, when she started she used to wear it up but in the past week she has let it down and started to curl it. It might be to hide her face gains over that same time. Her once small and dainty face is now plump and her cheeks are plush and rounding.

“Hey Sam.” I say, startling the girl in her 20s from her phone.

“Oh hey.. Um...”

“Shaun.” I point to my name badge.

“Sorry, I am not good with names.” She says flippantly.

“Don’t worry about it. Crazy busy again out there.” I try to move it along.

“Yeah, so many people are shopping lately.”

“Lots of food and that Roots brand keeps going through my till.”

“Yeah, I never heard of them before I tried them last week.” She says, I swear I can see her start to salivate.

“I’ve not tried them yet, not sure I want to anymore.”

Sam turns to me and stares at me, her hazel eyes burning holes into my skull. “You should, they make such good food.” She licks her lips, thinking of the thought of that first meal.

During this time is when I notice the amount of rubbish on the table before her. Four packs of microwave meals, three of them Roots products. My eyes look over her body and I see that her chubbier form is sporting a rather rotund stomach, as I watch I see something land and splat across the upper surface of her swollen middle, dampening her uniform. Moving my eyes up her frame I can see the source of the splash, a slack jaw and saliva leaking from her mouth.

“I will have to give it a try one day.” I say to the Zombie version of Sam I am now speaking too.

She barely snaps out of it and wipes the drool from her chin.

“Right... I best get back before Andrew shouts at me again.” The young woman rises to her feet and cradles her stuffed tummy out the door.

As if I needed a reason to be distracted.

Thankfully the rest of the day goes by quickly, although my time is filled with serving as per the norm at this point. I clock out and start to walk home, exhausted from another long day filled with lots of work.

“At least I am off tomorrow...” I say out loud as I walk down the street. “Got to cook to impress tomorrow too.”

I spend my walk home thinking about making tomorrow special for Marie before getting in my bed and falling asleep.

Chapter Four

The morning sun blasts through my window and wakes me before my alarm would've gone off. I curse the flaming ball of gas' existence, but I am grateful that I get extra time to work on the meal for tonight.

I decided that I wanted to make something with some flavour, I decided on some authentic ramen, I love Japanese food and the broth has so many options for someone to go down.

I'll make it bland and then put extras on the table so she can add what she likes.

I've spent years perfecting my own recipe for it. When I have made it in the past for friends, they all say that it is the best ramen they have tried. It really is my ace up my sleeve. I spend pretty much all day making the food and cleaning up, I make the noodles from scratch and set up my table with some authentic looking Japanese mats and really set the place up.

Around midday I message Marie to check in on her. "How does 6pm sound?" She almost immediately reacts with a thumbs up.

Great.

I get ready and finish touching up the place and run through the plans I have.

“So, food is ready, table is set, place is clean. Entertainment choices ready. Just need to wait for the girl.” I glance over to the clock.

17:52

I nervously wait on the sofa, eagerly awaiting a knock at the door. Despite being so eager and ready, I still jump when I hear, presumably, Marie’s knuckles knocking against the door.

I rush to the door, straighten my shirt and open.

“Hi Mari-” I stop momentarily. “E”

The reason for my pause is the woman standing before me is Marie, but she looks different. As with most of the people over the past few days she too has gained some weight. Not nearly as much as some of the people I’ve seen but still significant enough for me to notice. I look her over quickly and try not to give away my inspection. She has a layer of fat around her body that wasn’t there previously.

The takeaway most likely.

I can still remember her as she was, a stick of a woman, barely anything to her, the transformation for her was long, but she stood before me not two weeks ago, a healthy weight, closer to overweight than underweight for likely the first time in her life. Today however is something else. She now was plush, most definitely, her snacking has caused her to get fat all over, her appendages all look that much meatier, her hips have grown wider and her belly, the fact she has one is shocking enough. Her boobs now look to be a C, bordering into a D. The only thing that I can’t say she has added weight onto was her face, her face still looks thin and as beautiful as ever.

She does see my gaze wander and nervously smiles.

“C-come in.” I say, gesturing into my apartment.

As Marie passes, I watch her ass shake from side to side, a slight wobble to her cheeks.

The girl didn't even have an ass a few weeks ago.

I am just in awe. She seemed to be a bit in denial about it based on the fact her clothes are all too small, they weren't a great fit already because she hadn't quite got used to the new weight she carried but now it is much more drastic.

She has a muffin top!

Marie turns her nose up, “That smells delicious.” She speaks.

“Oh, that is food. For us.” I chuckle. “Duhh, of course.”

Don't be a dweeb.

“What is it?” Marie inquires.

“Ooh well that would ruin the surprise.”

Don't be a dweeb. I just said don't be a dweeb.

“Well, I am starving, so whenever it is ready, the sooner the better.” She says excitedly.

“Take a seat and we can start now if you want?”

Marie didn't need to be told twice, she rushed towards the set table and took a seat.

“Wow, you did all this for me?” She says, eyeing up the decor and table.

“Well, I wanted to make sure that you remembered the first time you had my signature dish.”

“Oh! What is it, from the looks of the table, I'd say Japanese?” Marie says, fiddling with some chopsticks and pointing to the various seasonings on the table.

“Very good observation.” I say, leaving the room to serve up the first dish.

Returning first with some steamed buns and some green tea I set them before her.

“Oh, these are cute!” she comments

I returned after a few seconds with two steaming bowls of chicken ramen. I place the plate down before her and she excitedly claps.

“Oh ramen, it smells so good.” She picks up her chopsticks and starts to tuck in already.

“Wait.” I stop her. “I haven’t added all the seasonings just so that you could add what you wanted. So, if you like it hot, try this one.” I say pushing a shaker to her. “I usually blitz it with these chilli flakes, I love the spice.”

“Oh! I will try some.”

She starts eating rather quickly, I barely get through the first topic of conversation before she finishes off her ramen, a small amount of broth remaining. I can tell from her face that she looks a bit disappointed, like she wasn’t sated.

“I’ve got more if you want some more.” I speak.

Her face turns red, and she tries to hide the fact that she wants to say yes.

“It’s ok, I’ll get you some more.” I returned with another full bowl for her. “There is plenty, this stuff gets made by the vat, I usually have extra so at least now it gets eaten.” I smile at the chubby woman opposite me.

In no time at all she slurps up more of the noodles and broth, quickly downing the second bowl. This time I got up proactively and just got her a third bowl.

I’m just a good host. I’m not trying to feed her.

I tell myself as I watch her eat the next bowl.

In the end Marie manages to finish four bowls before calling it quits. She leans back in the chair and scoffs.

“I. Am. So. Sorry.” She blushes at the empty bowl before her. “I’ve just been so hungry...”

“It’s ok, honestly.” Rather forwardly, I reach over the table and hold her hand. “It is fine.” I smile at her.

She squeezes my hand back; her other hand starts to softly rub the top of her stomach.

From where I am sitting, I can see her stomach is now looking much rounder than when she came in, it is even resting against the table. She seems to be struggling with the amount she has consumed by groans she is emitting from her side of the table.

“I hope you kept room for some dessert.”

Marie’s eyes light up, she nods.

“Good, I’ll go get it now.” I test her.

She nods again.

She is insatiable.

I grabbed the mochi balls from the kitchen. I pulled them out from the freezer after grabbing her fourth bowl. I give one a testing prod and feel it squish inwards.

Perfect.

I set a plate of six before her, I start to explain the flavours, but Marie has quickly started eating them, she would rather experience them than hear about them it would seem. After her fifth one goes down, she leans back in the chair, I notice her tummy is pressing against the table edge.

“I’m not sure I can eat this last one...” She looks over to me with a sly eye. “Maybe you could feed it to me?”

What?

My hand starts to tremble.

“I really want it...” She groans, her hand starts to rub the top of her stomach.

“S-sure.” I lift myself up from my seat, and head over to Marie, rounding the square table, I now get a good look at her side profile in the chair, leaning back her stomach rounds out before her. My eyes are glued to it, watching it rise and fall from her laboured breaths, it looks packed full.

I quickly reach for the last mochi ball and lift it to her waiting mouth, she looks up at me with heavy eyes, I slowly slip the ball between her lips. She wraps them around the ball and gently bites down on the ball, taking a cut of it into her mouth before closing her eyes groaning. Marie’s hands rub her stomach as she slowly chews her bite, my fingers are starting to grow cold from the chilled dessert, but I don’t care, not when faced with this.

“They are so good.” Marie says, licking her lips. “And the ramen was to die for.” Her hand now slowly wraps around my forearm, and she starts to pull my hand forward to her mouth. “Don’t stop...” she finally adds before taking the rest of the mochi ball into her mouth.

Her mouth opens wide, and she pushes my hand so that my fingers place it into her mouth, as she closes her jaw she sucks on my fingers before eating the ball. I have shivers running down my spine and my cock stands at full attention, the accumulation of the past few minutes. Paralysed by my arousal I stand there like a statue as Marie finishes off her dessert. Her heavy eyes looked me up and down.

“That was amazing.” She sucks her fingers for any residual flavour left over from her meal.

“Thank you, I’ve made that for years and I am glad you liked it. Not sure what you wanted to do next? If you want to get comfortable?”

She smirks, staring right into my soul. “Oh? Are you propositioning me Shaun?” Marie teases.

“Oh no, I meant the sofa!” I say defensively, my face blushing red.

“Sure.” She replies, I’m not sure if she believes me but I am too embarrassed to think of anything else. “You’ll need to help me up though.”

I grab her by her hands and with a caring pull I lift her up from the chair, she wobbles on her feet, stumbling and her body crashes into mine, it is her turn to blush now.

“Sorry.” She says, her face so close to mine at this point that I can feel the heat from her breath.

“It’s ok, I pulled too hard. I’ve got streaming services; we can play games or just chill without the TV if you want to just relax?”

Marie doesn’t answer but she walks towards the sofa. I watch her walk away from me and I keep my eyes fixated on her body.

She really has gained some weight, considerable enough in only a few days.

I watch her plump ass shake from side to side which is more exaggerated from the extra weight on her frame now. When Marie turns around, I find myself flustered at what I see, her stomach is very bloated now, her clothes didn’t really fit already but now there is no denying her gain. Her round stomach is big enough to part her t-shirt from her trousers, revealing a small strip of belly. I look at the distended orb of her stomach as she slowly sits herself down on the sofa, it spreads far onto her lap at this point, the rigid gut barely jiggles because it is so tightly packed. I take my seat next to her.

“So did you want to do anything or?”

“We can just sit here; I need time to digest the food. You really did spoil me...” She winks before looking down at her stomach.

“Ummm... Sorry?” Awkwardly I reply.

“Don’t be sorry, hey, actually, if you want to make it up to me.” Marie swivels quickly and her legs are now draped across my lap. “You can be my footstool; I need to lay back to let this go down.”

Marie now laying back looks immense, her stomach rises high and nearly covers her breasts from this angle.

We spent some time talking, mostly about our time between school and moving here. She tells me that she worked in a few places around and after a few years of living at home she made enough to put a deposit down on her flat. It wasn’t ideal but she wanted to be out from her parents, they were far too controlling, and her freedom was something she was enjoying very much.

We discussed love and Marie admitted that she hasn’t had a boyfriend since college, since being alone she has wanted to start looking but work has always gotten in the way. You agree with her as you have very much been the same in that department. We talk for almost an hour before things start to wind down, Marie is looking a bit too comfy on the sofa laid back, I can see her eyes starting to get heavy, her swollen middle still just as big as earlier, I suspect the food coma is starting to have an effect. Throughout our conversations we have started to lightly touch each other, nothing major just resting our hands on one another.

One sharp jolt after she almost nods off and she looks at me apologetically. “Sorry... I’m just so comfy and the food...” She places her hand on her stomach and rubs a wide circle over it.

“It’s ok, honestly.” I assure her.

“I had a great time, but I think It might be time to call it before I make a fool of myself and snore on your sofa.” She giggles.

“You are more than welcome to have the bed.” I point to my bedroom.

“Again, with the bedroom, Shaun, do you only have one thing on your mind?”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” I find myself blushing and wishing I just gave a little bit more time to my words before they come out.

Marie laughs loudly, her belly jostling on her laid-back frame.

“We should do it again next week, you can come over to mine instead, just don’t expect my cooking to be better than yours.” She beams.

“Sure thing.”

Marie moves her legs off my lap, their warmth quickly fading from me, I jump to my feet to assist her off the sofa. She bumps into me again, this time it is much more intentional.

“I had a lovely time.” She says softly in my face.

“Me too...”

Our faces move towards one another, I can’t help but feel her stomach pressing into my torso, we have to lean over it slightly to meet in the middle, our lips meet and my hand lands on her side. We hold the kiss for a few seconds and my hand instinctively starts to stroke her side, my hand can feel the soft flesh beneath her shirt and even the swell of her stomach. Her body feels so good against mine and the kiss feels so sweet. Eventually we do part, and we smile and giggle at each other, blushing like teenagers.

“I guess that solves the dilemma of whether to kiss me at my door or not.” She giggles.

“I didn’t even think about that.” I laugh.

We make our way to the front door, and she gives me one last kiss before leaving. Standing in her doorway opposite mine she turns.

“Oh, and I won’t make such a glutton of myself next time.” She rests a hand on her swollen stomach before she blows me a kiss and closes the door.

I didn't mind...

Chapter Five

Closing the door and turning to my sofa, I plop myself down and just let the last few minutes really sink in. I close my eyes and rest my head back and just relive the moment in my head over a few times before the next thing I know my phone is ringing and it is suddenly light out.

“H-hello?” I say groggily as I answer the phone in a panic.

“Shaun? Where the hell are you?” I recognise Andrew’s voice over the phone.

“Shit! Andrew! I’m so sorry, I must’ve missed my alarm. I’ll be there in 5 minutes.”

“You better.” He says back, he doesn’t sound angry, he sounds more panicked.

I quickly brush my teeth and change into some new clothes and run to the shop and I quickly see why. The Car park, which has been jam packed the last few days is no different however there seem to me more and more cars parked around the side roads, some abandoned seemingly. As I inspect the chaos I can see the queues extend far down the road and finally I can see maybe something that might explain the sudden influx of customers. There are a few signs leading into the store that

advertise Roots.

Seems they wanted to get the word out.

I notice two Roots branded trucks leaving the delivery yard and as I round the corner to the front of the shop, I see a large crowd of people.

I have never seen a queue into the shop before.

We don't have a staff entrance, so I somehow need to make my way through the crowd. I take a deep breath and start to shimmy my way through. I keep bumping into people as I try to excuse myself to the front of the crowd. My body is being bumped by soft bodies.

Is everyone overweight here

I quietly muse to myself, most people are keen enough to let me through because they can see my uniform except one woman. Overweight wouldn't begin to describe her; this woman has the stereotypical "Karen" cut and she looks angry at the guard currently limiting people into the shop. I feel a bump from behind and I get pushed into this Karen's soft body. I put my hands to protect myself but that only really makes it worse. My hands sink into her soft rolls on her back and my torso presses against her huge ass. Her ass isn't as soft as her soft rolls but more it is firm from its immense girth and fat.

The obese pear of a woman grunts and quickly turns around, her face red.

"What are you doing!" She yells in my face. Her double chin wobbles as she looks down her nose at me.

My instinct is to look her up and down and this enrages her further. Her body is that of a glutton, I can assume she is here for some Roots products as the rest of them are, but she looks like she

has had her fill. The pear description is still right but to say her weight distribution was only in her ass would be a lie. This woman had a firm looking gut attached to her front. If the situation were different, I might be enjoying her proportions more, however my eyes now meet her once again and I see the fire burning in her eyes.

“You youngster, I’ll get you done for assault!” She yells before I am saved by the guard.

“Ma’am, please let my colleague inside.” Tony says sternly

“No, I am going to press charges on this kid!”

“A simple bump, no harm done.” Tony swiftly grabs my arm and yanks me through the crowd.

I turn to Tony and mouth “Thank you” He nods before turning back to the rowdy Karen.

I hear her voice still behind me as she lays into Tony, and I rush quickly to the clocking in machine. I scan over the shop and see a dense crowd forming around the Roots aisle; I thankfully don’t need to go down there but as I approach the clocking machine, I see Andrew.

“Andrew! I am so sorry, I’ll stay all day, do whatever I can to make it up to you, it looks mental out there.”

“Sorry Shaun, I didn’t mean to sound angry on the phone, Roots just turned up today and gave us a triple delivery, a new schedule with increased stocking and you must’ve seen the signs. We were drowning before; it is only going to get worse. I was just panicked that you might not be in.” Andrew admits.

“Oh no, sorry. Just fell asleep on the sofa and forgot to set alarms, I was shattered.”

Andrew looks at me with heavy bags under his eyes. “You and me both. Right, let’s get you to your till, I think they need you up there, hey you aren’t that late so just stay on 20 minutes and it’s all

square.”

I nod and quickly speed towards my till.

The queues are immense as are our customers. It seems that each of them now is firmly in the obese category. I can't help but think I recognise some of them, albeit now heavier.

I approach my usual till and I see a gargantuan woman awaiting to be served. Her frame was immense, the maxi dress she had on was way too tight for her girth. It cut into her back fat and her rolls bulged over the creases in the dress. Her wide hips were wider than two women, I started to feel a bead of sweat form on my brow. This woman was standing next to the entrance to my till, so I called over and asked her to start loading. The mystery woman turns around and with a wide fat grin I now see that it is Louise.

“Lou...” I can't even finish saying her name. In the past two days she has changed. Impossibly.

Her belly is stretching the dress to bursting point, the huge round fat gut is so tightly packed into her dress that it is acting almost like a bra for her huge gut. I can't keep my eyes off her body, each second, I linger my gaze on her. I notice a new fold, a new bulge, an impossible growth.

“I lied.” She states the grin still on her fat face.

I didn't answer at first, I am still in awe at the magnitude of this immense woman. Her fat hands start to massage and rub the side of her stomach, I swear I can hear the dress audibly creak as her hand slowly draws a small circle on the side of her belly.

“I said, I lied.” She reminds me that she just spoke.

“Huh?”

“I told you that I'd be over 400 lbs... And that is technically true...” Her words linger as she

starts to knead the upper swell of her fat gut. “I should’ve said 450.”

Standing next to her, it is hard to say if she was right or not, to me she looks to be 500 lbs or 600 lbs, not that I’ve ever seen a woman that large.

“Speechless.” She places her seemingly inflated hand on my bicep tenderly. “That is about the reaction I wanted.” She traces her hand across my chest and downward slightly. “Well... There was another reaction I was hoping for.” She eyes my pants and coos.

I was indeed hard, rock solid. I never imagined that I would find a woman so grotesquely large physically attractive in the flesh but seeing Louise struggling to be contained in her dress was drawing upon something deep within.

“H-how?” I ask.

She leans over, causing her body to now press against me. Her tits press against my bicep and her belly collides with my torso, covering almost all of it by “accident”

“Easy...” She says in a breathy tone. “I. Cannot. Stop. Eating.” She lingers on each word, her belly still pressed against my torso.

I look at her chubby cheeks and see her mischievous grin still ever present.

“Go on...” She speaks.

Before I can question what she is talking about, she takes my hand and presses it against her gut. The bulbous boulder yields very little, the sheer amount of fat compressed against her skin is to blame for its rigidity. I get five seconds to enjoy myself before I notice Andrew walking towards the front.

Those five seconds...

“I gotta...”

“I know, just think, next time it’ll be even bigger.” She giggles at my awkward shuffle towards my till.

Louise loads her trolley on the belt, and I quickly get her through the scanning, the obese man behind noticing our lustful gazes’ smirks. Louise opts to pay with cash, in the pile she also left a note with her phone number on.

“Talk soon Shaun.”

“Y-yeah...”

I watch on as she jiggles heavily to the front door, her huge ass shaking in the dress.

The rest of the customers for the day are painless, all of them are chubby or more, each of them seem to be taking it differently. If you can think of a reaction, I saw someone have it today, most of them accept it though and are content with it. Lunch time rolls around and thankfully there is cover for my non stop till, I quickly cut my way through the hoard of hungry customers as the clock strikes 1300. I make it to the staff room with only a few questions, mostly from people wondering when we might get a certain Roots product back, but I hand them off to someone who works in the replenishment team.

I duck into the staff door and close it quickly behind me. Leaning against the door I sigh with my eyes closed, opening them I am greeted by Linda, or rather Linda’s gravid middle. She, much like Louise, is bigger. Her growth is mostly localised to her belly which has taken on a much wider and rounder shape to it, it no longer can be contained in her top and there is about half of it on display at this point. It looms dangerously close to my mid-section despite her face being two and a half feet away

from me. Her tits have stretched the available fabric of her top to their limits, the shirt now acting as a bra to contain her swollen and milky breasts, the shirt is stepping up because Linda has had to forgo a bra due to her sudden surge in growth.

Linda looks at me, a hand on her wide hip. “Hey.” She says in a husky low voice.

Much like Louise earlier, my eyes can’t leave the woman’s body. I just stare and take in her sheer size. Her nipples are thick and visible through her fabric, how she gets away working in this state is beyond me.

I guess being in the cash office alone helps.

Her belly is so firm and round, it looks fit to burst but I know she has more than a few weeks left.

“Touch it.” She commands.

As if I am on autopilot my hand reaches for her stomach, just before my hand makes contact with her shirt, she stops me. “No, you want the full experience.”

Suddenly her stomach starts to swell, it looks as if it is growing, it inches towards me and I watch in awe as the shirt rises up the protruding swell. After clearing the apex of her stomach, the hem catapults upwards and exposes her bare belly for me. It is now pressed against my torso, its growth having now stopped, I lift my head to her face.

My expression must’ve read “Did you see that?” Linda laughs before letting a big breath out and I see her stomach shrink slightly.

“What are you waiting for?” She asks.

I notice her nipples are now hard and small wet patches are starting to form on her nipples, her

face looks a bit flush. I again lift my hand and gently press it onto her taught middle, Linda lets out a moan as my hand starts to slowly stroke her swollen middle.

“Your hand feels so good.” She softly whispers. “How do I feel to you , Shaun?”

“Big.” The one and only word I can utter.

“So.” She takes a deep breath. “Big.” Her colossal stomach presses my body into the door behind me, my hands freely roam the huge round mass. Linda’s breathing starts to pick up and my massages start to become more rigorous.

The heat starts to ramp up, Linda can’t reach me over her body very well, so she decides to lean back and press her belly into me more, the power of her gigantic stomach pinning me to the wall was enough to cause her arousal to spike. Just for good measure Linda starts to play with her tits, her hands squeezing, jiggling and cupping her massive mammaries. I was hard the moment I saw her bump but now I myself am almost fit to burst. That is when I feel the door behind me budge.

Someone is coming in.

Linda quickly moves back and waddles as fast as she can to the cash office once more, her top saturated in milk from her own playing. I quickly scurry forward, letting the person behind me enter the staff door. My hard cock making it more difficult to rush away, I hear the person call my name.

“Hey Shaun.”

Rachel.

Chapter Six

I turn and see Rachel standing in the doorway, except she has changed too. Under her arm she has a Roots product that she likely swiped from the shop floor. It isn't the potential theft that has me staring, it is her newly acquired fat. Her arms look much bigger, she definitely more buff than before, those extra calories are helping her get those gains she wants but she has a weightlifter's gut. It protrudes oddly from her mostly fit frame. The added pounds have spread their way over her body, and she now has a sizable layer of fat over all that muscle, her definition has now gone. She strides over to me confidently and gives me a pat on my arm. The ensuing hit causes me to recoil.

“Oh sorry, guess I don't know my own strength.” She teases as she lifts her arm and flexes.

I stare as her thick arm now shifts as some muscle moves and causes its shape to transform.

There is the buff girl I know.

Rachel's bulging bicep is now next to my face and I find myself staring, most likely due to the horny exchanges I've already encountered or maybe because of my lack of relief from last night's

activities or maybe it is just the rapid change of the buff girl into this pot-bellied beefcake that has me in a choke hold. I reach out and try to wrap my hand around her bicep. The circumference of her arm prior to this sudden gain would've proven difficult but now it is impossible for me to achieve this with two hands. Her arms are thick like tree trunks. My hand sinks into the soft layer of flesh around her muscle before I feel the tensing firmness of her bicep.

“Big, huh?” She says with a coy smile.

“I never knew you were so buff.”

“I must say, I wasn't expecting you to be so bold.” Rachel smiles. “I'm buff all over.” She turns her leg at a peculiar angle and flexes. I can see her already tight trousers fill out from her flexing thigh. It is barely visible over her stomach. Once again, I find myself drawn to her midsection.

Her round stomach looks firm but densely packed, it seems that all her food just sits there waiting to be added to the mass of her muscles but currently Rachel must be eating way more than her body can metabolise.

My boldness knows no bounds as my hand floats over to her stomach and I place my palm on her gut. She instinctively flinches and sucks in, my hand follows the sudden shift in her tum.

“Hey. I didn't say you could touch that.” Rachel says, a little anger showing in her voice, but mostly just embarrassment.

“But it is so firm too.” I add, in a daze.

“Huh...” Her strong hand lands on her boulder of a gut and she starts to rub. “I guess you are right...”

I look up at Rachel, her face not quite convinced of my assessment, but she doesn't ask me to

move, she does flex her core and I feel the ball of fat on her torso start to tense.

“You have muscles everywhere...” I say as my hand continues to circle the circumference of my co-worker.

Now it was Rachel’s time to be bold, her strong hands wrap around my wrist, and she pulls my hands to her body. “I love it when people admire the body I’ve created.”

Rachel gets me to quickly feel around her shoulders and arms. Her muscles intrigue me but the newly acquired fat really does have my attention. She seems to enjoy my hands over her body as I take in her form.

“You are amazing... Your body... Is insane...” I say whilst my fingers explore her body further.

“Oh Shaun, you know how to treat a woman... Worship me...”

“You are so... Strong...”

“Mmm” Rachel moans again in satisfaction.

“So... So. Big.”

Her eyebrow furrows, and her face looks at me slightly confused, I take no notice as I continue to dig my fingers into the soft flesh now congregating where her abs once were. My fingers sink deep into the plush and rotund middle, I can still feel the firm abs beneath the blubbery gut. Place my hands across the pot belly she now sports, my fingers unable to cover much of the circumference, I give a teasing squeeze and jiggle before I feel her strongly push me backwards.

“Big?” She looks at me angrily. “Are you serious? I am perfect, here you are calling me fat?” She slaps her stomach with a mighty blow, causing it to wobble wildly.

Maybe I should’ve thought more about my choice of words.

“I’ll show you Shaun.” She storms off before I can say anything.

I need to calm down... all these growing women... some don't like it.

I continue to make my way to the staff room. Just me and one other person. Sam.

Don't say anything.

I timidly sneak over to the fridge to get my food and take a seat on the other side of the room. Unfortunately, that doesn't stop her from distracting me. Before I put my headphones in to listen to a podcast, I hear the greedy gluttonous sounds of her slurping and chewing her food. My eyes wander over to her seat and I notice there are a few scraps of food on the table and even the floor. I turn my focus to her face, and I can see her just eating uncontrollably, she barely gives herself a second to chew before shovelling in the next handful. Fixated on her food, she just marches on with her consumption. I find myself fascinated by the display, each sound, each smack of her lips I find myself glued to it all. I look at the discarded packages of many Roots products as she pushes another empty case away before tucking into the next one, without any cutlery, her hands just scoop up the food and she shovels it straight into her maw.

She is eating so much.

I spend most of my break watching Sam eat more and more food, she finally finishes what she has on the table but just from her expression I can tell she isn't full. She looks at the mess before her, a look of sorrow at the defeated meal, finally as she has stopped, I get a good look at her face. Most of her features haven't changed like the others, she hasn't really gained any weight but there is something different about her. I almost yelp as I see her lick her fingers, her tongue stretches out of her mouth and

starts to work her fingers for any remaining scraps or crumbs.

That is the longest tongue I have ever seen.

It was massive, I think I might've seen some video online of a woman with a massive tongue but Sam before me now edges out that woman by at least an inch or two. Her eyes close as she savours the remnants of her meal on her fingers, the whole process seems quite sensual to her, certainly does to me. Her tongue dances on the final tip of one of her fingers and she looks as if she exits her gluttonous trance. She stares directly at me, for a moment it is as if she has been caught with her hand in the cookie jar but her look of shock turns into a large grin.

“How much did you see?” Sam asks.

“Not much, I just got here.” I lied.

“So... You didn't see me act like a... Piggy then?” Her large tongue licks her lips playfully.

Too frightened to say anything I just shake my head.

“Well... I'm still hungry...” She slowly stands up; she seems to have some difficulty in getting to her feet as she is struggling with something under the table.

It doesn't take long before I understand. With a heavy huff and puff Sam lifts her mighty stuffed stomach from under the table. Standing at her 5'2 the swollen stomach barely sticks above the table, she places it on the table with a heavy crash. It rigidly sits atop the cold surface, her uniform was already undone, unable to contain the stuffed stomach she was now sporting, probably didn't last long into her feast based on the short stature of the girl.

“I guess I don't look it...” Sam looks down at her magnitude.

Her small breasts allow her to see the gravid stuffed mass now attached to her torso and she

pauses after she notices there is some food splattered across the top of her belly. She looks at me and smirks before craning her neck down towards her stomach, she doesn't take her eyes off of me as I see her large tongue unfurl from her mouth, it descends as she lowers her head, and she reaches the mess on top of her stomach with ease. Her tongue easily reaches 6 inches from her mouth to start to lick off the food, her eyes still glued to mine. I watch in awe as she clears up the top of her hugely bloated belly with her massive tongue. The small woman then retracts her tongue and places a hand on her stomach and gives it a light rub.

“Time to get more food.” She turns on her heels, her protruding stomach leading the way as she exits the staff room, leaving me stunned.

My mind having fixated thoughts about Sam and her long tongue, I have lost my appetite for food.

My break rushes by and I am back to work, like most days at the moment, time flies and I find myself quickly approaching my extended finish time, the queues are still insane, but Andrew actually came to grab me himself. He leads me to the back and stops me from clocking out.

“Hey, sorry if I came across earlier poorly, as you can tell, I am under immense pressure with this level of trade.” He looks down at the floor for a second. “And I think that is something you can help with, you've been here a while, you live locally, and you are a hard worker. I'd like to give you a promotion to help with our replenishment team, I want you to be a team leader. You will get increased pay; more hours and it is a start on the ladder.”

“Wow, I thought you were going to tell me off about this morning again, sure thing Andrew, I'd

love to.”

“Excellent, I’ll get the paperwork written up for tomorrow, can you come in an hour before we open, I’ll get everything checked off and you can start leading your team.”

I give him a big smile and nod.

It is nice to get recognised and financially too. Although the job might not be the easiest due to current circumstances.

Chapter Seven

I walk home and due to my later finish and after the chat with Andrew, I find myself being one of the only people in the car park.

A bit eerie.

I hear car tyres screeching, turning around I am dazzled by the headlights, the car comes to an abrupt stop next to me. I look through the lowered window and see a panicked man sweating.

“Hey! You work here, do you have any Roots?” he asks with fear in his voice.

He sounds like an addict trying to get his fix.

I stare at the man a bit bewildered, he is well built, very muscly and looks ready to throw some punches in the ring.

He barks at me. “Hey, do you have anything?”

I shake my head. “When I left, they were sold out. We should have the shelves stocked tomorrow morning at eight.”

“Fuck!” He yells, in a frustrated tone and he turns around. “They don’t have anything.”

In the dimly lit car park, I wasn’t able to notice at first that he has a passenger in his car. I peer into the back and see an extremely obese woman; her large fat frame takes up most of the back seat of the car in its entirety. She sits in the centre of the seats so that her belly has more room to press between the two front seats. I stare at her massive girth and then find myself staring at the man again, his eyes look at me pleading.

“She just started to get fat... She can’t stop...” He whispers, just as panicked and fearful.

From the back of the car a deep voice comes from the woman, “Food!” she yells.

The sheer act of shouting causes her body to start to jiggle. She has outgrown her clothes and her flabby body is on display, even her tits. I look back at the driver who is lost in thought, thankfully he doesn’t notice me blushing after seeing his partner’s naked body, although I suspect he might not care given the situation.

The tyres of the car screech as he speeds off, the rear suspension of the car is significantly more taxed than the front, so much so that the rear bumper is only a few inches from the road.

I continue to walk home, looking at my phone and reading online articles from our local paper. Seemingly this news hasn’t left our town, which is bizarre, like someone is suppressing it or censoring it. The weight gain has seemingly spread to the journalists who write as seen by the juxtaposition from the articles.

One article reads like it is condemning Roots, another raising awareness for the growing bulk of the town. Meanwhile on their front page are multiple stories about how good Roots is as a company,

how to best use their products and how to show off plus size curves.

One writer in particular seems to have had a good read on Roots from the start, I click their profile and look through their recent releases and notice that the scepticism of Roots is very quickly replaced by love and adoration. Even in pictures that the writer has shared of herself, I can see a difference already and that wasn't even that long ago.

She must've given into trying Roots. Unless it was forced upon her.

It seems that many people in the town are under the "spell" of Roots, even friends on social media are posting pictures and almost all of them have undergone some rapid changes.

One girl in particular, Claire used to be anorexic, and I was always worried about her weight when I knew her. Claire posted two hours ago a picture of her meal, a Roots microwave meal, in the mirror, in the background, her form was on display. She had changed, that isn't strong enough of a word, a true metamorphosis might be better. The girl who looked like a toothpick was now looking like she was approaching 300lbs, from the limited visibility of her figure I was able to see a large pot belly that she never had before, her whole body looked fatter overall, her arms were thick as was her face. Her cheeks were puffy and full, her chins numerous and her clothes far out matched for her new girth.

Staring at her now got me worked up. It might be fucked up but all the women in the town were all undergoing a fantasy of mine. Even the men weren't safe, many of them were bulking up in a serious way, their fat guts starting to dominate their body as they all gained a massive amount of weight along with all the women of the town.

I finally arrive home and pass a few university students, they seem to be on their way to a night

out, their clothes would've been classed skimpy already, but their added fat now makes them all the more revealing. Rather than be conscious about their newly acquired fat the women seem to be showing it off in their short shorts and crop tops. My eyes linger a bit too long on them as they jiggle down the hall, one of them scoffs at me like I'm a pig while the other gives me a wink and a little jiggle. The events of the day still lingering in my head, I walk through the door horny, hungry and tired. I quickly take care of my hunger and clean up, then I take a long soak in the bath, relaxing and trying not to think about the constant growth the women of the town are going through before I slip into bed.

The next day I get into work early as requested, noting how cold and quiet the shop feels at that time in the morning. Andrew is already in the shop, he lets me in, and we have quickly cleared the paperwork required for my new role. He runs me through the basics, and I meet my team, thankfully after years of working here I have a good understanding of the role anyway and I know the team. Everyone gets to work quickly and before I know it, I am left with the microwave meal aisle, specifically the mountain of Roots products.

They did that on purpose.

I take a deep breath before I start filling the shelves, making sure that I clear as much as I can before the front doors open. Unfortunately for me, I don't quite make it. An announcement over the speakers informs me that the shop is now opening, and I have one stack of product left. I try to speed up but once again I find myself not quick enough before the hungry horde bears down on my aisle. I watch as large jiggling bellies wobble towards me. The sheer mass approaching me would be a lot more arousing if I wasn't in their path. Two large women lead the charge, their huge wide hips blocking the

rest from overtaking. I watch as their bodies quake and thunder towards me, I am still on my knees, placing the last few meals into the back of the shelf when I feel them start to brush against me, pressing me and rubbing against me as they start to pick what they want from the shelf before me.

I am in heaven and hell simultaneously, on one hand I am in a dangerously claustrophobic situation and on the other, I am surrounded by huge overweight sexy women, their flesh billowing out of their clothes, in some cases their bare flesh bumps me. I finish off and try to leave but above me now is a looming blimp of a belly, I turn my head and try to look behind me and am met with a tree trunk of a thigh. I feel the woman rest her belly on my head, its mass starting to push my head towards the floor. She leans over to reach her desired product and the pressure of her gargantuan gut presses down on me. In an attempt to defend myself, I use my hands to hold her stomach off of me, my hands don't sink in as far as I would've expected, the soft warm flesh yields very little.

Probably full from breakfast.

My fingers spread wide as I get a good feel of this woman's large belly, I feel my cock become hard in my trousers, suddenly I notice something else. She is starting to gyrate slightly, her crotch close to my face already, starts to get closer, her belly starts to rhythmically grind on me. Feel more bodies press around me and I am losing the battle to raise this globe of a gut off of me. I do the only thing I can do in this scenario; I drop to the floor and start to crawl between the legs of our oversized patrons. I struggle to get out but eventually I find myself free from the wall of warm flesh. I look behind me and watch in horror and awe as the oversized mass of human flesh jiggles and bumps into each other. Men and women of all different ages, all of them wanting one thing.

More.

I lift myself to my feet and quickly head around back, terrified and horny, I bump into the one person I wish I didn't. Linda. I find myself practically bent over her large bump as I collide with it, even in this position I am unable to reach her tits, her protruding stomach is far too big for that. I look up with a nervous smile, above the horizon of her milky tits I can see her smirking down at me.

“Hey there.” She says with a hand on the swell of her breast.

Chapter Eight

There is a burning desire in her eyes as she stares at me, I swear I can almost see her drool as her nipples become erect.

“L...L-linda, hi.” I stammer.

“It is rude to touch the bump without asking Shaun.”

Before I can move my hands, she grabs my wrists and keeps my hands pinned to her massive stomach.

“Too late now.” She winks.

Suddenly I feel as though I am being lifted off the floor by her stomach, she arches her back and takes a deep breath, the surface area of her stomach rapidly increases as she expands beneath my body. If I wasn't so turned on, I would be terrified, however the feeling of her belly growing against me, lifting me off my feet is like a wet dream come true.

Linda tilts her head back and moans loudly. “I am so big Shaun... I am not even close yet... So

much more to grow.”

When she said the word grow, I felt a surge in her belly that caught me off guard, I stumbled backwards off her impressively distended stomach. Standing now before my massively pregnant co-worker, I can only stare at her milk filled tits which are now causing wet patches to form on her shirt, the excess milk trailing down her belly which is multiple factors wider than Linda.

“You like this, don’t you?” Linda says, rubbing the top of the exposed bump. “I don’t need to see your pants to tell...”

From her angle, my crotch is obscured by her obscenely large stomach. The weight she has put on in the past few days is staggering and to me, equally arousing. She has me nailed; I am turned on. I reach out and softly place a hand on the firm warm orb, my hands press into the flesh, it sinks slightly into it. The electric feeling of her skin against mine sends me into overdrive. Linda sees the weakness and chooses to strike, taking a half step towards me, her stomach bumping me backwards against the wall, her big belly now pinning me to the wall.

“I’ve got you right where I want you. Rub. Now.” She commands.

I give into the fantasy and start to massage the large stomach which easily dwarfs my frame, pinning me against the wall. My cock bulges against her, due to her size her stomach covers most of my frame, including my crotch. Linda feels my hard cock and starts to gyrate her tum against it.

“I never thought someone would find me sexy, especially this size.” Linda taps her stomach; small waves ripple over the expansive middle that is now holding me prisoner.

“You are so sexy.” I say lamely.

She moans and I feel the pressure in her stomach increase again. I look at her with a shocked

expression and she just smirks back, confidently and flirtatiously.

“What?” She softly says. “Too big for you?”

Breathing starts to become more difficult as her giant boulder of a gut continues to grow. Panic sets in and I start to writhe and wriggle, the movement seems to be arousing Linda as she starts to rub her belly and breasts, moaning all the while. Thankfully due to her distracted state, I manage to slip free, and I quickly make a run for it, I turn behind me and see Linda still moaning and rubbing herself. I take one final look as I swear, I see her still growing, I zip to the staff room to get a drink, trying not to think about what I just saw and I am greeted by another familiar face, Sam.

The chubby girl has grown too, overall, she looks pudgier, plumper and just thicker, she doesn't move when I enter the staff room to acknowledge my entrance, she only continues her rapid consumption. I slowly walk across the staff room, looking at the chubby girl as she eats, I take note of the amount of rubbish on the floor around her, something doesn't seem quite right. As I approach the noises of her greed echo in my ears, the slurps and chomps sound disgusting, yet arousing. Arousing at the potential for what lies tucked under the table. I reach her side and take a wide berth around to see her front. I can see her belly is bloated, to what extent I cannot tell because the table is blocking my view. I see her face, and she has changed once again.

Her face is chubby, her cheeks look bulbous and bloated as they are stuffed with food but that isn't the most drastic part, her mouth is bigger, significantly so. The wide mouth spreads across a larger portion of her cheeks than you'd ever expect to see. Her mouth makes huge wide motions as she shovels food into the gaping maw. Her long tongue seems to have grown too, it almost wraps around

the food like a tentacle, pulling in its prey. To her side is a bunch of unopened food containers, she has yet more to consume once she finishes this next meal. All the products are Roots.

“Sam?” I try to get her attention.

She ignores me and continues to eat.

“Sam? Are you Okay?” I take a step towards her.

Again, no response.

“Hey Sam, look, I think you should slow down.”

She grunts defiantly at me.

A response at least.

“Yeah, just take a quick breather, right?”

“N-no” she says through a mouthful of food.

Muffled as it may have been, at least she is responding.

“Let’s just clean you up and you can go back to eating. Andrew probably won’t like what is happening here.” I say, gesturing to the ground around the table.

She only grunts this time; I walk to the side of the table and grab her unopened stack of Roots products. Suddenly I feel a sharp pain on my forearm, her vice-like grip has me, she stares at me with demonic eyes, her large mouth unsettling me.

“Hey, Sam?” I say, struggling to get her to release my arm.

“Food. Now.” She says aggressively.

With one quick tug I manage to release myself from her grasp, I walk backwards and watch in awe as she rises from the table, slowly and with a purpose. Her slow calculated movements make me

even more uneasy. As she gets up, her stomach knocks the table over, her giant gut sticks out in front of her much like Linda's albeit smaller. The rotund girl starts to stomp towards me, waddling as she does so. The huge quaking mass causes me to panic as it marches towards me. Sam shoots me an angry glare as she looks at the pile of food in my arms.

“You can't eat anymore, look at you Sam. You are huge.”

I am not sure why I am being so direct, but her trance was unsettling, and I was worried for her.

“I am so hungry.” She licks her lips and rubs her stomach. “I don't care how big I get.” She shakes her stuffed gut before continuing. “I need to get my fill, I need to feel full, I won't stop until I do.”

“But look at what you've already eaten.” I point to the pile on the floor.

“A fraction of what I intend to eat.” Her mouth now is drooling, large globs of it land on her belly. “Maybe I could eat something a bit bigger...” She trails off, her eyes now having moved from the food to me.

Fuck.

I turn and run towards the door, dropping the food in the process. To my shock, Sam doesn't stop to grab it and eat, she continues to hunt me. Her heavy footsteps can be felt on the floor, even as I run. The huge bellied woman crashes into me as I stop to pull open the door. Her massive gut winds me and I am stuck against the wall, again by a big stomach. I struggle to turn around and she does allow me to, her belly now covering my crotch and halfway up to my chest, it bulges around me.

“You certainly look good enough to eat.” Sam says, leaning into my face.

I feel her hot breath on my face, some drool now landing on me. I whimper and stare at the

chubby woman and I feel her tongue start to dance around my face. She lets out soft moans and coos as she licks me.

“You can’t eat me Sam...” I plead. “I will get you more food, how about that?”

“No, you taste divine.” Her lips start to hover over my face as she presses herself into me more.

I feel the weight of her body crushing me against the wall, my face slick with her saliva.

I was so close to the door.

She moans as she opens her mouth wide, and I stare into the back of her throat.

This is it.

Suddenly the door by the side of us opens and Andrew walks in.

“What is-” He starts before Sam turns and picks him up and drops his head into her wide mouth.

I stand there stunned for a second, Andrew’s body now half hanging out of Sam’s mouth, his legs flailing wildly as I see him start to sink further into her mouth, I see his body causing her neck to bulge out and in no time at all he falls all the way in, Sam’s belly now writhing with our employer. Her already huge stuffed gut is now monstrous, writhing and truly immense. Sam sits on the floor rubbing her stuffed stomach with a aroused look on her face, she turns her head to mine and her eyes roll in the back of her head.

“Finally, I feel full...” She moans as she starts to play with her nipples. “I need something else now...” Sam adds as she desperately tries to reach under her gut.

I take this opportunity to run, fear and arousal mixed within me as I rush out the staff room. I rush through the shop floor and towards the exit. I bump into many obese people as I push my way out

the shop, fat guts, huge rumps, flabby boobs. I bounce off people like a pinball.

Finally I get out the front of the shop and I see Louise thundering across the car park, I choose to ignore her calls as I am still scared about what I just witnessed but I can't help but notice that the already, extremely obese woman has become even larger, even from the distance she is away from me I can tell. Louise in my opinion is likely one of the fattest people on the planet, I'd easily say over 900 lbs at this point, she looks double what she was the last time I saw her. Her giant rolls are formless flabby fat sacks that hand off her frame, her girth is almost unimaginable.

You don't see people that big. It just doesn't happen.

She can tell I am running away so she does the one last thing to leave a lingering impact on my psyche as she can, she turns to the side. Like a barge turning it is slow, but I can't take my eyes off what I am seeing. The woman's stomach sticks out a good four feet, her ass sticks out two feet behind her, the rolls of her back are visible from half the car park away and her belly stretches her giant dress.

I ran around the corner and straight home.

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Chapter Nine

Running through the street, I barely notice the traffic all rushing towards the shop, multiple lorries of Roots turning into the delivery yard and lastly the few people I see walking are all waddling in a trance like state towards the shop.

What the fuck is going on?

I see my apartment block and I run through the door right into someone. I am sent flying backwards straight onto my ass. I look up and see a large jiggling pot belly attached to two massive legs that have the width of a steel girder, the definition of one too.

Rachel.

From over the big orb, I see Rachel's face come into view, the weight has spread to her face and now she looks like a fat woman rather than the buff athlete that she did a few days ago. Her arms too have changed, her arms are tremendous, hugely oversized for her body, the thick layer of fat hides the definition well but as she looks down at me, she gives me a teasing flex. The huge muscles are

intimidating to say the least.

“R-Rachel? What are you doing here?”

“I was headed to work. I need to get some Roots stuff too.” She places a mighty hand on her gigantic gut. “I saw you looking, yeah, it might be a bit bigger, but it fuels these.” She flexes again and her bulging muscles look so enticing.

“Go on, feel.” She coaxes me on proudly.

My hand reaches out and my fingers contact her skin, the definition is like nothing I’ve felt before. I feel every contour of her hard muscles, my fingers slowly trace across her bulging strength.

Hang on.

“Wait, you live here?”

“I have for ages; I didn’t know you did either.”

Despite my fear and arousal, I chuckle. “Yeah same”

“Well, I guess I’ll have to come over and show you how defined these muscles are.”

The tease coupled with the events of the day cause me to move my hand from her arm, slowly I trace down her bicep and my hand finds its way onto her round potbelly. It isn’t nearly as big as any of the women I’ve seen today but its girth was still just as captivating. Her buff frame is accented by this huge stomach; it looks like a beer gut. My hand lands on its surface and the still flexing Rachel raises an eyebrow. She clenches her core and makes the already firm gut seem even harder, my hands start to massage their way around the surface of the dome, and I feel myself become hard again, thankfully my cock isn’t in line of sight of Rachel.

“All this muscle and you are rubbing my stomach.” She tuts, mildly frustrated. “It’s like you like

this... Huge... Fat... Round... Gut..." She pauses and I feel my face flush.

Her expression changes, she seems shocked. "You do!"

I quickly try to retract my hands but her incredibly strong hands grasp my wrists; she holds my hands to her stomach. Although this is the second time for this to happen to me, it feels a lot less arousing. Linda's huge bump and tease was a lot sweeter and flirtier, Rachel's vice-like grip on my wrists makes me think of Sam and I start to panic.

"Where are you going?" Rachel says, breaking the silence. "You want it... You can have it..." She forces me to rub her stomach, although after a few seconds I don't put up much resistance.

I loosen up quickly and start to enjoy myself, maybe a bit too much because I "accidentally" bump my rock-hard cock against Rachel's stomach.

"Ooo" She coos. "You really do like it..."

With one swift motion she pulls me tighter to her body in a similar fashion to what Linda did earlier, however with Rachel's size not being remotely comparable to Linda's, I am now inches from her face. Her breath on my face, her lips dangerously close to mine. She lets out a soft moan before I feel myself being flung into the air. With her newfound strength she picks me up and places me on the shelf of her stomach. Rachel leans back to make sure that my entire bum is positioned nicely on her stomach. Luckily the ceiling in my apartment lobby was tall.

Now sitting a few feet taller than I would usually be, I look down at Rachel who has a cheeky smile on her face. My legs are straddling her stomach at this point, my dick is throbbing in my pants, touching her relatively flat chest. She moans softly as she lowers her face next to my throbbing member in my trouser leg. Her grip is tightening on my body as she pulls me tight to her.

“R-Rachel... I don’t think we-”

“And who is going to stop me?” She says in a booming voice. “Give me what I want.”

Who am I to argue with a woman multiple times stronger than me, giving me what I want too!

She rests her chubby cheek against my cock and says softly. “I can’t believe my belly did this to you...”

“Sorry?” I say, confused.

“Do you find me attractive Shaun?” She asks directly.

“Errr...”

“It’s Okay, you can tell me.” She kisses my bulge.

“Yes.”

“Good boy. What do you like about me the most?” She asks.

I wish she didn’t ask that question.

“I’m a belly kind of guy...”

“That is interesting... What about my belly?” She continues to tease me.

“It... Is just so... Umm...”

“Big. I know.” She moans.

“How?”

“I don’t know... I gained muscle super quick but also my belly seemed to grow at the same rate or even faster than my arms.”

My cock twitches in my pants, pressing against Rachel’s face.

“Do you like that idea? Me growing?” She asks with a hint of excitement in her voice.

“Is that weird?”

“Depends... Is this weird?” Rachel adds before I feel myself shift on her stomach.

I am being lifted and my legs are spread over her stomach. With one big inhale and shifting of muscles, her stomach appears to have grown, I slide off the front of her stomach to survey her stomach now. My cock continues to twitch, and I feel precum starting to leak out of my desperate cock.

Standing with her back arched, her lungs filled with air and her muscles pushing out her belly, she looks much bigger. The core control she has is incredible. My hand timidly touches it, she moans as my hand makes contact with her top. I look down and see that her top has ridden up, I take the opportunity to reach the hem of the shirt and slip my hand under and lift it up. My hands are now massaging her stomach in the lobby to my apartment block.

“I didn’t know that this could feel so good...” She moans as my hands rub her exposed stomach.

“Woah...” Is all I can muster.

“Being so big is just so incredible, don’t you agree?” She asks.

I nod in reply.

“I never thought this would be so exciting.” She lets out a soft moan. “Having *this* sort of power...” her hand reaches for my cock in my trousers, when she hears the door behind her open.

She bumps me with her gut and sends me flying, and she quickly lowers her top, covering up her rapidly shrinking stomach as she lets all the air out. I feel a sharp pain as I collide with the wall behind me. I look at the door and see a man in his late thirties with a humongous pot belly start to

waddle to the door. I look at Rachel and see that she has her finger on her lips before she starts out the door herself, her insanely buff body quickly fading from my view as she turns the corner.

I let out a heavy sigh and walked past the gargantuan man and towards my flat. I check the opposite flat for Marie but there doesn't seem to be any activity inside, so I enter my flat and try to calm myself down. Still high from my arousing encounter with Rachel, the terror of work only just starts to come back to me as my cock softens in my pants. I pick up my phone and message Marie and check the local news.

There is a live and updating story for the supermarket, I click it and am shocked to see that I must've just missed the commotion, well some of it. I read the live updates to catch up.

- Local supermarket riot reported.
- It is believed that the riot started after the overcrowded shop ran out of food.
- Security overrun, mass looting and eating.
- Store manager missing.
- 11 people were injured.
- Police and Army called to disperse the riot.

There are pictures and I can see the huge men and women being dragged out of the shop, some absolutely massive.

What is going on?

My phone rings, startling me, it's Marie.

Marie: Are you Okay? I have just seen the news!

Me: Just watching it now, I left before anything happened.

*Marie: That is a relief! They've just sent us home, something is going on, half of my
office didn't show up today.*

Me: Something is going on.

*Marie: Yeah, I'm just getting in my car now, could I come over? I am a bit anxious
about it all.*

Me: Sure, I'll put the kettle on, see you soon, drive safe.

I better clean, hopefully she takes my mind off my morning.

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Chapter Ten

I sit in my apartment watching the news feed on my phone update live, the news isn't looking any better as now other parts of the city are also reporting similar "riots" the pictures again show massively overweight people looting places for food.

My god...

I hear a rapid knocking on my door that causes me to nearly jump out of my skin.

"Shaun, it's me!" Marie calls through the door with a panicked tone.

I quickly open the door and let her in, and she barges into my flat. I close the door and lock it, fearful from what I had just read. Turning to Marie my jaw drops. The plush woman from a few days ago has again gained but not nearly as much as all the others I have encountered. Her breasts have surpassed that C, bordering D range and now are firmly looking like Fs. Her face has hardly gained anything and the layer of fat around her body has just increased. The biggest thing I notice is her stomach, she looks like she is just about to enter her third semester of pregnancy but just not as round.

Her stomach sticks out a fair amount and acts as a shelf for her larger tits.

She looks amazing.

The chubby goddess opposite me smiles at my wandering eyes and blushes. “Yeah, I put on a few... Not really sure what happened...”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to stare... You are just so beautiful.”

Her already red cheeks somehow get even redder. “Stop. I’m not beautiful, I’m huge.”

I walk over to her and bring her in for an embrace, I hold her tightly, taking note of how my arms sink into her thicker body, I relish in the moment. I look down and lift her chin up, I look her straight in the eyes and I give her a big kiss on her lips. Marie moans, her hands resting on my chest, her larger body squashed into mine.

This is heaven.

“I mean it, my body... I don’t know what happened...” She says with a concern in her voice. “I mean, I woke up each day and this was bigger.” She starts to lightly jiggle her stomach. “These too.” She shakes her chest from side to side.

My eyes glue to her large bust that is struggling to remain contained in her dress, the tops of her boobs exposed thanks to the low-cut design of the dress she is wearing, or it might just be that she outgrew her clothes.

“You look incredible.” I say.

“Thank you...” Marie pauses for a second, then I feel her whole-body quake.

Her stomach growls loudly, and her cheeks start to blush.

“Sorry... I skipped lunch...”

“Here, let me make you something.” I say, closing the door and bolting it shut then zipping off into the kitchen to make her a sandwich. “Is ham OK?”

“Anything...” She grunts. “I’m just hungry at this point.” She says, rubbing her rotund stomach.

Returning to her side, I hand her the plate and watch as she starts to consume the sandwich at a pace similar to Sam. Each bite she moans softly, not a satisfied moan but more a pleasurable moan. Her hands can’t help but roam her body, I try to remain focused on her, but I can’t help staring.

She doesn’t seem to be growing like the others at least.

Marie finishes the food quickly; she rubs her stomach. “I’m sorry, I sometimes just get very hungry. It might explain this.” She rubs her gut.

“It’s Okay...” I say, my eyes lingering on her tum.

“Something is up though, have you noticed that everyone seems to be getting bigger lately?” She asks, possibly the only person to question the mass growth happening in this town.

“Everyone’s shopping has been going crazy, that is why I’ve been in the shop for so long. I’ve seen it first hand, people coming back day after day, each time getting bigger. They all keep buying Roots products. That company has come out of nowhere and this town has lost their mind.”

“Oh Roots! I only managed to get one pack of their food, every time I went back, they were out.”

Hmm... She did have that big binge session... Could it be that she isn’t gaining as quickly because she has only had one... Louise must’ve eaten like 50, I think I’ve served her multiple packs.

“Yeah, they are our number one seller by a huge margin.” I say, looking at Marie. I notice the

pleased face she has on as she seems to be thinking about something. “You alright?”

She snaps back into reality and blushes at me. “Sorry, I was thinking about that Roots product, it really did taste so good.”

It seems that the product does have some lingering effect on her. The thought of her slowly growing...

I feel my cock start to stiffen in my pants.

“Well, now that you’ve eaten, should we check the news?” I say.

I rush to the sofa before my erection makes itself known. Marie walks around the sofa and plops herself next to me, instinctively I wrap my arm around her shoulder, and she leans her head on my shoulder. Marie takes the remote and outstretches her hand to select the channel, during which time I get a clear view down her dress, her huge orbs filling her dress magnificently.

They really have grown.

Their size this close up and from this angle is just incredible, the difference is staggering, my erection is in no danger of dissipating. I continue to ogle her, around the side of her bulging chest I can see her belly sticking out. It looks very firm and taut but from my hug with her earlier I know that not to be quite true. The smell of her perfume is intoxicating, the electricity in the air around her is addicting to me. I sweetly snuggle up to her, giving her body a soft squeeze.

“Hey, I’m trying to concentrate here” she says softly as she coos.

“Sorry.” I say, releasing my grip somewhat, but not entirely.

The local news channel flicks on and it is showing footage of the shop, hordes of people headed through the doors, Roots trucks at the back door and pulling into the yard still. There are even

abandoned cars on the road outside.

People unable to get into the car park most likely.

The people that we can see on the screen for the most part are obese, some massively so, all in differing ways but nonetheless they are all huge and their ill-fitting clothes show off a lot of skin.

“Oh my god...” Marie says, staring at the screen. “You were there...” She squeezes onto me, and I listen to the news anchor.

“For those of you just joining us, please don’t, I repeat, don’t leave your homes. The armed forces are enacting martial law whilst they attempt to contain these growing riots. Food shops are being pillaged across our town and the hungry hordes are rioting. Some local experts are predicting that food supplies won’t last, since that phone call that we played for you on air we have had another phone call. This one is from the CEO of Roots, listen in.”

The screen flicks from the perfectly presented news anchor to a man in his mid-30s, he is filming this on his phone, and he looks as though he runs a successful influencer career alongside his CEO operations. “Hey guys, I just saw the news and I can see there are some issues in town at the moment and that doctor guy said that food might not last? Well don’t worry, we got you covered, I personally called our depot and we are shipping more to town to ensure that everyone is fed, for the duration of this crisis, all Roots products are free. We gotta pull together, last thing I want to see is my hometown starving, help yourselves, be safe, peace.” The video ends.

“Well, there you have it folks, during that short video our eye in the sky was able to see more lorries leaving the Roots facility on the outskirts of town.”

The TV screen goes black, I see Marie next to me place the remote down.

“Well... at least that is something.” She says positively.

“Yeah. I mean, it is still concerning about the riots. Did you see them in the crowd? They looked...”

“Big?”

“Yeah... Bigger than I’d seen whilst in work...”

That wasn’t quite true but in general, most people weren’t the size of the horde trying to enter the shop now.

“What is going on... Them... Me...” Marie places a hand on her protruding stomach and gives it a soft rub.

“I don’t know what is going on with them but...” I place my hand on top of Marie’s which is resting on her gut. “It isn’t the same, you look really good.”

“Shaun...” She looks at me with her eyes closed and puckers her lips.

I lean in to kiss her soft lips. Our bodies are motionless for a few seconds before Marie slips her hand from under mine, leaving mine to fall on her stomach. I instinctively start rubbing around her belly and feeling her girth. She moans in my mouth as I start to knead and play with her expanded belly. My cock throbs in my pants and our breathing quickens, so much so that Marie has to break off the kiss to get enough air.

“Why are you...” She watches my hand rub the circumference of her stomach.

“I like it...” I admit.

Marie blushes. “Nobody likes... This...”

“I do...” I place my second hand on her belly and start to rub it harder.

She gasps at my forwardness and lets out some soft moans. “What if it got bigger... Like them?” She says with worry in her voice.

“I’d love it all the more...”

Marie lets out a sigh of relief and I feel her stomach shift under my hands, it rapidly surges forward, spreading my fingers wide over her gut, pushing my hands back. It grows before my eyes, not a massive amount but enough to make it appear she has gone from 30-39 weeks pregnant. Her stomach now feels so much bigger in my palms. I look back at her in shock.

“Sorry... I was sucking in...” She blushes.

I quickly push myself onto her and start kissing Marie, her belly almost blocking my lips from touching hers. My hands go feral, and I start kneading her big stomach and my cock now is resting against her bloated gut as I lean over her belly to make out with her. I break the kiss for a few seconds.

“You are perfect Marie.”

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