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1,492 words.

<Epidemic Weight Gain: Spreading Roots>

by <Growing Desires>

Foreward

This story is set in the Epidemic: Weight Gain universe. This is the first time I've written a story that links directly to another story, that being said, it isn't required to read any Epidemic story to enjoy this story. This story was a commission and is an entirely standalone experience with some references and characters from the main entry I did back in November 2022.

Thank you for supporting my work in any way that you do.

Enjoy

-GD

Chapter 6

This pattern continued for a few days; I would sneak into the supermarket at ungodly hours to get access to my secret stash to roots from Linda and I'd bring increasing amounts of food home. Miranda's appetite had increased over the last few days and each day would end with her stuffing herself silly whilst I was in work, and I'd return home to a horny stuffed balloon. Each morning my wife was getting bigger, it wasn't something she was noticing, she was just supplementing the questions with more clothing orders.

I didn't mind, I found the small changes to be arousing, each day she was getting bigger, and she would be so turned on by her stuffed stomach that we would fuck ourselves to sleep.

The city was slowly changing, and it was something that I was starting to notice, each time I visited the supermarket I was noticing that the car park was filled to capacity even earlier before opening and later into the night.

Each time I walked into the shop I was noticing more and more overweight people, more skin showing, less fitting clothes. I was having to take the rear entrance now, one usually reserved for staff, Linda would buzz me through. Speaking of Linda, she had been doing her own growing, it was incredible to see her growth, day after day, she easily rivalled the growth that Miranda was going through. It had only been a few days, but she was looking much larger and rounder.

Linda was getting stingier with her Roots crates, usually they would contain eight meals, but I was noticing that she was skimming a few off the top each time. I didn't mind, I was grateful that I was able to get any without having to fight through the hoards inside.

I had been curious to try some of them myself, but Miranda was so enamoured with them that I wouldn't dare take them from her, plus the effect it was having on her body was something I was enjoying, why would I ruin it now?

I had managed to arrange another sneaky collection with Linda but when I pressed the buzzer for the door there was no answer.

Strange.

I rang it again. No answer.

I rang her phone, and it went to answer phone.

Why would she tell me specifically now but then bail.

My phone then pinged; it was a message from Linda.

"You can't have any... I need them..." She sent a photo, as if she needed to provide evidence.

She was standing in front of a full-length mirror, her belly exposed and hugely distended from her body. I could see discarded roots packets on the floor. It looked like she was inside the building still at least, based on the posters on the wall.

Linda had always been able to cover up and even at this size, I'd have thought she still would have been capable of hiding her giant belly. Upon closer inspection I could actually see that she had rolled her top up and slid her waistband down.

My Sister-in-Law was now showing me her huge stomach, which coupled with the fact that she was the twin of Miranda, and it was obvious that I would get aroused. It was massive and dominated her frame so much at this point, despite knowing her girth, her willingly showing it to me was something else entirely. I was near enough panting and drooling when I was staring at it.

A text from Miranda broke me from the spell that her twin had put me under.

“Where are you? We’re so hungry...”

Right.

I settled my feet firmly on the ground and took a deep breath.

Time to go in.

I waded through the horde of people in the entrance trying to squeeze themselves through the doors.

Man, it really has gotten a lot busier lately...

I could feel myself being propelled by the large masses around me, bouncing off of them like they were pinball bumpers. The people seemed like they had lost their manners and were acting more like zombies than people. It was hard not to notice the various degrees of undress these people were showing. Clothes with rips and tears, I was hitting just as much flesh as I was fabric at this point.

Finally, I make it through the entrance way, and I stumble towards the quiet portion of the shop, ironically enough, the clothing section. I turn back and see the mass of people flooding into the shop, whilst everyone leaving has a trolley filled to the brim of food, mostly Roots products.

What is going on with everyone...

I took a walk down the clothing section and then around the back of the shop, I peered my head around the warehouse door and saw a guy I had seen on tills a few times over the years.

Best try my luck...

“Hey Shaun?” I called; he was awkwardly shuffling down one of the corridors out of sight.

Damn...

I looked around and saw that nobody was near, and I made a dash into the warehouse. I couldn’t see any cameras, thankfully, however I did see a box of Roots.

Probably the one that Shaun left behind...

I quickly grabbed the box and made a dash for the till, made my way up the side again through clothing and I heard a voice call out my name.

“Derek!” A woman called out.

Busted...

I turned around and immediately recognised it to be Lauren, however Lauren had changed quite a bit in the past few days. She was probably a good 250lbs the last time I saw her but now she must’ve been pushing close to 300lbs. Despite the short amount of time, the evidence was clear, her massive stomach was big, round and wobbling towards me as she took heavy steps towards me.

“Lauren?”

“What? Don’t you recognise me?” She joked. “Oh, is it... *This?*”

Bending her neck forward to look down at her stomach which was sticking out, exposed by her much too small top, her large breasts sat heavily on top of the bloated gut, those too looked larger, but this was most likely due to her not wearing a bra this time. I couldn’t help but gawk at the massively grown beauty. I couldn’t help but be captivated by her gorgeous smirk.

“I... I did recognise you but ummm...”

“The way you are looking at me... Did I? ... Did I get bigger?” Lauren shook herself from side to side sending her newly acquired girth into a jiggling frenzy.

I stand and watch her stomach, I can’t take my eyes off it. Lauren knows my weakness now, she takes a step forward and I can feel the heat radiating off of it, she giggles and takes another step and I feel her fat cover my hands and dig into the box.

“What have you got there Derek?” She says seductively. “Looks like some Roots...” She places a chubby finger on her chin and pouts. “I wonder how you keep getting them...” She slaps the side of her stomach “When I need them.”

“I’m just lucky.” I nervously reply.

“I don’t buy that one but mister.” She says with a faux stern tone. “I think you have someone back there supplying you.” She pushes her body against the box and in turn pushes me backwards. I stumble into shelving, her body still getting closer, her fat enveloping the box at this point.

“I think you should share it with me again...”

I nod. Just wanting her torture to stop.

“But you feed it to me this time...”

I continue to nod, not knowing what I am agreeing to until it is too late.

“Great.” She pulled out her card from her bra and placed it on the top of the box. “My place tomorrow at eight, or I blow your cover, I’m sure the guards will be happy to hear that they have got a thief.”

I bite my tongue, not wanting to make it any worse. “Sure. I’ll be there.”

“Remember... You’ll need to bring the roots.”

I nod again and she eases off, takes two steps before returning back. “One for the road.” She grabs a single pack and walks towards the exit.

What have I gotten myself into...

I picked up her card and read it over.

“Cakes by Lauren.” Oh of course she is a baker.

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