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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

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.” She 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.

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