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1,806 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 9

My interaction had made me start to run late for work, I sent Miranda a message apologising for not returning home along with the order details for a delivery from a local bakery. It cost me a pretty penny, but it was worth it to be able to survive my eventual return home. I only received a thumbs up in response, but it had to be good enough now, I had a very important day at work. It was a tough and long day, so long in fact that I was leaving late... very late indeed. I should've left at five, but it was now half seven.

Lauren...

The large beauty flashed through my skull. I had already texted my wife and told her that I was running late.

She wouldn't know... Plus if I don't, she will blow my cover...

I had justified it to myself, but I wasn't quite aware of how dangerous of a situation I was putting myself in.

I looked at the card and tapped the address into my phone and it led me to Lauren's bakery. It wasn't far from the supermarket and by extension, my own home. I knew the area well; her bakery was next to a sushi place I used to frequent when I was younger and studying in the local college. I pulled up in some available free street parking and saw the blue and pink sign above the shop display. The rest of

the shops on the row had all shut for the day, even the bakery, but there was one light left on in the back. The light was only visible thanks to the absence of light in the rest of the building. I jumped out of my car and psyched myself up, popped the boot and pulled out a few boxes of Roots products. My haul from the morning was plentiful, so even though I was taking from Miranda, it was for a good reason. Lauren's silence.

I timidly approached the store front and knocked on the glass door. It was dead on eight, thankfully I was not late. The day had been long, and I knew I had to get through this, lest I be banned from the shop.

I heard a click and a buzzing sound.

Sounds like the door opened.

I pushed the door with my foot and found it swung inward. I proceeded with caution. Once I had crossed the threshold into the shop, I heard the door close and click, the buzzing had stopped.

"Come round the back." I heard Lauren call.

I passed the counter, which was half filled with sweet treats, the empty bays would usually be filled with one day life products I had guessed. Around the back there was a lot of baking equipment and trays. I had never been in a bakery until now, the scale did shock me.

Can't believe it is so big here, for such a small shop.

"Keep coming..." Her voice called me hither.

Another door with a light on, I walked in and saw Lauren leaning back on a sofa. Her large frame was taking up more than one seat, thanks to her size, not her posture. It appeared to me she had grown once again, if she were 300 lbs yesterday, today she appeared to have gained once more, 10-15 lbs would be my guess. Her stomach bulged out of the bottom of her top and her lower gut was straining the button on her shorts. The shorts probably should've covered to her knees but due to her rapid thickening, they were much higher on her thighs. The hem of the shorts was practically cutting her meaty tree trunk legs in half.

How did she even get them on?

She pats the small space next to her. I walked over, the food still in hand. The room itself looked like a living room almost, it was quite the juxtaposition compared to the sterile looking bakery next door. There were other doors that led into other rooms, and I even saw the base of stairs. It was clear to me that this was where she lived, not just a business. Based on her figure, it seemed she not only lived and breathed her bakery but also sampled more than her fair share.

As I drew closer to her on the sofa, she craned her neck to peer at the roots products I was cradling in my arms.

“Mmmm” She moaned softly. “Pass them here, I’ll put them in the big microwave next door.”

She wasted no time in cooking the food. I watched stunned as she leapt up with such an energetic jolt that I was taken aback. Her frame was large and jiggling by the time she was on her feet, she snatched the packets and quickly slid out the door.

I took a seat and waited for her to return, after a few beeps and a whirring starting, she wobbled back into the room.

“They’ll be done in four minutes.” She said, her hand rubbing her impatient stomach.

She strode over to me on the sofa, I couldn’t take my eyes off her bulging stomach and thick body. Every step sent shockwaves through her body, and I was under her spell. She plopped down next to me, and I heard the sofa creak from the sudden extra weight. Her body oozed over the cushions and unintentionally or not, her fat thighs were pressed against my body. The comparison was insane, her thigh was multiple times girthier than mine.

I felt the impure thoughts starting to creep in.

Who could blame me, her warm skin was pressed against me directly. I wanted to explore her flesh and feel the rapidly growing beauty.

No... Miranda...

“So... How are you?” I tried to throw water on the fire.

“Good... Bigger and Better...” She trailed off and patted her bulging belly to emphasise her gain. “Even since yesterday, I feel bigger... Do I look it?”

Yes.

“Um...”

“It’s Ok. I have really come to love... All of this...” She shook her hips on the sofa which sent her body into waves of jiggle and her thighs were grinding against mine. “Something about this sudden change in my life... It has really awoken something in me. I was barely 200 lbs a few weeks ago... Now look at me...” She thrust out her chest and showed her body to me, rather proudly.

I couldn’t not look; I took in every inch of her body which was now covered in fat and rolls. Her chest was thrust into my face, almost touching my chin. Her top was struggling to contain her belly, it was hanging out the bottom, but her chest looked downright packed. The fabric was showing clear signs of stress due to her fat tits which she had stuffed into the shirt earlier. I could see they were tightly packed and likely looked smaller due to the constriction, but even so, her boobs looked large. Apart from Miranda, likely the largest I had been so close too.

“Well... I’ve been alright too; I’ve been busy in work and-”

I was stopped by a chubby index finger pressed against my lips.

“Are you really here to tell me about your workday?” She looked down at her body. “I don’t think so...”

As if on cue, the microwave dinged.

“Would you go grab that for me?” She asked with a wink.

I stood up awkwardly and tried to contain the growing bulge in my pants.

She probably can tell...

I was back in the bakery, and I saw the lights flashing on a large microwave in the corner, it was built into the wall.

Must be one of those industrial ones.

I popped the door and felt the heat surge from within, I saw all of the Roots packages inside the large cavity.

She did the whole lot.

I grab a tray from the side and load up the food. The heat is almost unbearable from the steam on the meals, the smell is intoxicating. I walk in and carefully look where I am headed, so intently that I miss the fact that Lauren has somehow tucked herself entirely in her clothes. She looks like an overfilled sausage. I can't imagine the level of effort that must've taken to contain her gargantuan gut in her much too small clothes. I didn't even notice at first that she had changed clothes, Lauren was now in a button up shirt, one that was much too tight for her, fleshy diamonds of her fat oozed between the straining buttons.

Her voice broke me from my trance-like state. "Time for food?"

Standing there with a vacant look on my face, I just tried to take in what situation I was now in. Lauren did not give me such a reprieve, she grabbed the tray and started to greedily consume from the first package. She was relentless, she didn't let up once. Miranda was the only person I had seen act as gluttonous.

The first meal was gone, and she let out a large burp.

"Sorry... The smell was too much, I couldn't resist." She rubbed a dirty hand over her tighter midsection.

The grease from the food stained her top, not that it would matter for much longer. The top was never going to remain intact; it was clear from when I first saw the shirt. It was also likely her intention, but to see it happen was something else entirely different.

"What?" She smirked. "You keep looking down..."

Lauren playfully looked down over her tits and to her stomach which was threatening to rupture through her shirt.

"I guess it is a bit tight... All it would take is one deep..." She inhaled. "Breath..."

The threads creaked and it sounded like the shirt was going to perish right then and there but it seemed that it would live to fight another day, or minute as it might turn out to be.

“No... Not yet, I don't think that would be the fun way to do it.” She grabbed the second meal and held it towards me. “You held your end of the bargain coming here... Now to fulfil the rest.”

She actually wants me to feed her.

“Unless you want me to report you?”

No.

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