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15,435 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 1

“Hey honey.” I greeted my wife when she got through the door. I got home from work early that day and I was tackling the chores that my wife was now unable to manage.

My wife was pregnant, seven months along but she was carrying quite large, so she looked almost fit to pop already. It was quite strange because her twin sister was exactly the same, Linda. Linda worked at a local supermarket, and she was also looking rather rotund. Linda was larger however, the biggest difference between Linda and Miranda, my wife, was that Linda let the marriage weight settle in on her frame, as a result her stomach was larger and plumper than my wife’s.

Miranda had maintained her slim frame from her 20s and despite getting married a few years ago, she remained trim. She wasn’t an athlete or buff; she was just thin. Pregnancy really did throw a spanner in the works for her, she had gained a lot of weight purely in her belly during that time, obviously, but I was noticing how her hips were getting wider, her tits getting bigger. I couldn’t be happier by how well she was carrying herself in such a gravid state. She looked perfect, a true fertility goddess.

“I was just about to start food, what did you fancy?” I called out to her as she struggled to get her shoes off in the porch.

“I’ve got food, I popped in to see my sister after the hospital.”

*Nice, saves me a job.*

I was truthfully exhausted, long days at work, chores when I got home, tending to my pregnant wife. It was taking it out of me slowly. A reprieve, even as short as this one, was enough for me to thank whatever gods there were listening to my prayers.

I washed my hands in the kitchen sink and dried them off just in time to turn around and see Miranda enter the kitchen, more accurately, her belly. The huge round orb entered a second before she did at this point. It looked like she had swallowed a basketball and she still had two months to go. Her biggest maternity clothes were starting to be pushed to their limits, with each wide step she took to waddle now, a small sliver of her belly was starting to show between her shirt and waistband. Miranda refused to wear those ridiculous maternity dresses, she said they made her look like she was the size of a barge. She wasn't exactly wrong; the flowing material was really not flattering for her figure.

Instead, she opted for the maternity jeans, with extra stretch, and a T-shirt that was also extra elasticated. The shirt was living up to that "Extra stretch" tag, it was slick to her stomach like a second skin, it really did leave little to the imagination when it came to her middle. Above the gravid orb were her boobs. Those too had undergone a transformation that was most definitely welcome. Thanks to her thin frame she was not as blessed as her sister in the chest department, but I always knew she had the genes for it. Thanks to the miracles of mother nature, she was now sporting Ds, previously she would've been lucky to fill a B, all this before her milk had come in.

*She was only going to get bigger.*

"Are you going to help me or are you just going to eyeball me and watch me struggle?" Miranda teased.

I rushed over without any further delay, grabbing the bags off of her and putting them on the side, quickly returning to her side, planting a kiss on her lips and resting my hand on her stomach.

"How are you sweetie? How is bump?"

"We are good, tired from all the walking and now very hungry." She rubbed her stomach. "Can

you feed us?”

“Of course, my love.” I helped her to the dining table seats and helped lower her down onto the padded chairs.

“And what did you get us for food?” I pondered aloud.

“It’s this new product, everyone is talking about them, apparently very tasty, healthy and cheap too.”

“Sounds too good to be true.” I sarcastically said.

“Well, Linda says they sell out so quick and everyone is going crazy for them, she managed to snag herself a few packs and she gave me one.”

“Rightio, how is your sister by the way?”

“Huge. Honestly, she is massive.” She looks down at her stomach which is covering her lap. “I don’t look that big, do I?”

“Oh no, of course not, Linda has been bigger than you for a while, ever since she met Chris, she has been bigger than you, you said it yourself, marriage agrees with her.” I chuckled.

“Implying that it doesn’t with me?”

“It’s a saying.” We both laugh.

I open the shopping bag and look at the minimalistic design on the front.

*Roots.*

“Looks a bit basic?” I questioned out loud.

“I thought the same, but honestly at this point, I am just hungry, chuck it in the microwave, it’ll be quicker.”

“Alright.”

I read the instructions and dialled in the correct time and settings on our overly complex microwave. One packet each, I obviously cooked Miranda’s first and read over the contents whilst I

waited.

*Crap.*

“Oh babe, I can’t have this, it has shellfish in it.” I frowned at my expectant wife.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t think when she handed it to me.”

“It’s ok, I’ll throw something together and you can have yours all the same.”

*So much for not cooking.*

## Chapter 2

I hastily threw together something and a loud ping later, dinner was served. Miranda sniffed at the meal, and I saw her eyes light up.

“That smells heavenly...” She was almost drooling.

I signalled to her to tuck in. She took a slow first bite and really let the flavour spread over her palette. She closed her eyes and moaned. Savouring the swallow, she looked at me with glee.

“This is amazing.” She didn’t waste another second and started to dig in.

I picked up my sandwich and started to bite down on the roll. I looked over and watched as she continued to eat through the meal at a rapid pace.

Was she getting faster?

I couldn’t quite tell, mostly because by the time I noticed her speed, she was finished. She practically licked the plate clean; I suspect if I wasn’t there, she would’ve. Looking up at me, I could see her whole-body jiggling, her leg was jumping up and down like a hyperactive kid.

I took a pause from eating. “What is it?”

“Umm... Nothing... I...” She was acting like someone experiencing withdrawals.

“Go on...” I coaxed her.

“Well... You aren’t going to eat yours, right? It’s got shellfish in it...” She looked at me with pleading eyes. “We’re still hungry...” Miranda rubbed the top of her stomach which was just peaking over the edge of the table.

“There is a lot of salt in those things, is it good for the baby?”

“Linda said that is why they are so good; they don’t have high salt like the other microwave meals. Look at the packaging.”

If that was a means to get me to my feet, she won. I looked at the packaging again and I did notice that she was right. Considering that most meals like this have nearly your whole salt intake in one day in half a portion, this “Roots” company really seemed to have taken that healthy statement and run with it. Low everything almost, nothing bad in there. It was strange, how could something so devoid of the naughty stuff be so good. I’d have to go on pondering.

“You sure you want this second one? Not too full?”

“YES!” Miranda shouted, almost too forcefully. “I mean, I am eating for two...”

A short delay and the ping went off, Miranda shuffled in her seat as I walked over with the second serving of the meal, before I could even decant it from the microwave plastic tray, she snatched it from my hands and started to greedily eat.

I kept the packaging and kept looking it over. I was stunned to find that the boxes I had just cooked were meant to be shared, Miranda was shovelling nonetheless, despite having eaten over three portion recommendations.

I watched in awe as she cleared the food again. Something had really taken her with this meal. She finished and she still looked hungry, she quelled the feeling however and looked over to me.

“We need to get more of these. They’re amazing.”

I got up and helped Miranda to her feet and felt her belly bump into me with some force. It seemed that it was sticking out further. I looked down and I was right, her belly was much bigger, somehow. The edges of it were bulging, it was taking on a more spherical shape, it was wider than the

width of her torso now. The meal obviously played into the growth but there was something extra going on here, I couldn't work it out.

Her top had ridden up, her belly was now entirely exposed, thanks to her waistband now being tucked below her bump.

My hugely pregnant wife looked ready to pop. I placed a loving hand on her belly, and she cooed.

"Be careful... I'm rather... Full..." She panted.

I rubbed my hand over her round dome, this elicited more moans and groans from her. She was right, she did feel full. She has never felt this full; her tight stomach was so taut that my hands couldn't even sink a single centimetre into her flesh.

"I think we should lay you down honey." I took her hand, she didn't say a single word, she just followed my lead.

I took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom and helped her lay down on our king-size bed, on her back of course. I stared in awe at the mountainous stomach, before her meal she looked as if she was about to pop, now she looked a week or two overdue. I grabbed some moisturizer from the bedside table and started to lather up her stomach, truth be told, it was turning me on.

I had always liked women of a certain shape and although it wasn't a deal breaker, seeing Miranda now pinned to her bed by her huge stomach did bring me some excitement. I held my tongue and just enjoyed the moment for what it was.

Although we had obviously had sex in her current state, she didn't seem too fussed as she grew bigger. I rubbed and rubbed and by the time I was done she was fast asleep. I tucked her into bed and rolled her onto her side making sure she was comfy and safe.

I gave the back of her head one last kiss before I left the room, I headed into the kitchen and cleaned up. I picked up the packaging one last time and took note of the Roots logo.

*I'd best go get some for her.*

### Chapter 3

I locked the place up and left for the shop. I knew that it traded late into the night, so I headed on over. I was shocked to see how busy the car park was, especially this late.

I managed to get a car spot, just about. I almost had to push my way through a crowd to get into the building.

*What is going on?*

I couldn't help but notice lots of skin on show. Bellies primarily, it looked like many people were wearing clothes a little too small for them. Walking down the main aisle, it was quiet, oddly enough. I turned a corner and bumped into a woman. The force pushed her backwards, I reached out and grabbed her hands and pulled her to me instinctively. Her body crashed into mine, I felt the warmth of her stomach against my body.

It all happened so fast that I didn't notice before that her belly was entirely exposed, I could feel myself become embarrassed rather quickly at the situation.

"I'm so sorry!" I yelped.

"It's ok, I should look where I'm going... Especially at this size..." She looked down and saw her stomach was pressed against my torso, her fat covering my stomach.

“Sorry... It’s got a mind of its own...”

*She was just so candid, what was going on?*

“Umm...”

“Sorry... you can let go now...” She froze still and looked at me for a reaction. “If you want...”

I was so taken back by what was going on, I didn’t even notice my throbbing erection. I jumped backwards and apologised.

“I’m sorry, I’ll umm... I’ll go.” I awkwardly said.

I just about heard her say aloud “You’re alright.” in a flirtatious tone.

I rushed to the ready meal aisle, and I was shocked to see how packed it was. A whole mass of people fighting over the crates of food that the poor staff members were trying to put on the shelf. Security guards were trying to keep everything civil, but it was a failing effort.

*I don’t want any part of that...*

“Derek!” I heard a familiar voice call over the crowd. It was Linda.

I could barely see her face over the hoard ravaging the shelves of food. I slipped through the crowd between overweight men fighting over a Roots Carbonara meal. Linda’s body came into view, and I was floored. I hadn’t seen her in a few weeks now, but Miranda was right. Her sister was huge, with a capital H.

The years since she had married, she had porked up for sure but now seeing her in this heavily pregnant was something else. Pregnancy had treated her body well, in my opinion. Her boobs had plumped up somewhat and her belly dominated her figure, she had a layer of fat now present all over her body that hadn’t been there before, it really did make at her seem different to Miranda because of it. I greeted her and she quickly turned and led me around the back. She signalled me to follow her with her hand. I barely saw it because my eyes were transfixed to that huge stomach what swung around like a wrecking ball. She easily dwarfed my wife, even in her overstuffed state that I left her in. Linda

was just immense. She managed, somehow to keep herself covered in work though.

"Derek, I guess you are here for some Roots?" She accused.

"Yeah,

"Yeah, well, Miranda said you gave her some, I came here to grab some more but obviously, I wasn't going to deal with... Whatever that was..."

"It's been like it for days, honestly I don't get it." Linda rested her hand on her stomach and continued. "Well... I really shouldn't, but you won't have a chance otherwise and plus, Miranda is pregnant... I know the feeling of cravings..." her eyes wandered off and she rubbed the expanse of her stomach lovingly. "Don't tell anyone."

With that, Linda pointed to a crate of Roots products sitting on a trolley. "These six don't have dates on them so we can't sell them, no point seeing them go to waste... Take them for Miranda."

"You sure?"

"Quick before someone sees." She hurried me up.

I grabbed the crate and walked towards the entrance to the warehouse. "What about pay-"

"We can't sell them if they don't have dates on them, take it and run, you don't want someone to see that you have them. Staff or customers."

I rushed out the door and quickly took a turn to avoid the commotion on Aisle eight. I turned the corner too quickly again and bumped into a familiar face, or should I say, belly. The large woman bumped into me but this time there was something different. She wasn't quite as flirtatious, she was more focused what I had in my hands.

"H-how... I've been here three times today and I haven't been able to get anything..." She said, defeated but also with a hunger in her voice.

"Lucky, I guess..."

"No way... "

She pressed her index finger into my chest and playfully grilled me. "I want to know who you

paid off for it... I want your inside man."

I raised my eyebrow.

"Or woman?"

I laughed. "Hey, you got me, alright, I can't reveal my sources but... for your silence, I can give you a packet..."

"Two."

"Huh?"

"Two or I snitch." She smirked.

"But..."

"I'm a growing girl... I want two or no deal." Her hands lowered down her body seductively and started to rub and shake her exposed stomach before me.

Fixated on the jiggling mass, I watched as it shook and wobbled in front of my eyes. I should be disgusted, or at least embarrassed but I couldn't help but feel aroused by what I was looking at, how brazen she was with her teasing, how she was just putting on this show for me with all the confidence in the world, right here in the supermarket aisle.

"Deal." I handed her two packs readily, the only remorse I had was caving so early, I wonder what she would've done next Had I held out.

I don't suppose she would've snitched.

"I'm Lauren by the way", she added as she took the packs out of the crate.

"Derek..." I stammered.

"Well, Derek, I hope to see you soon... Thanks to you, there might be more of me though... Hope you don't mind..."

*Mind?*

I shuddered at the thought, my eyes flicked to her gut. She laughed and winked as she skipped

off.

*I better get out of here...*

## Chapter 4

I managed to get out of the building undetected and thankfully the trip home was uneventful. I just was stuck reliving the events of the last hour in my head. I was worked up; my dick was snaking down my thighs when I walked through the house to the fridge to dump the food off. To my shock and horror, I saw Miranda sitting on the floor, her back against the kitchen units, a whole pile of discarded food packaging littered around her.

"Hi Honey..." Miranda said, looking up at me from the floor.

"Hey sweetie...."

If I thought she was big before, now she was immense. Her stomach was turning a slight reddish hue from being so tightly packed with food. It filled her lap; it rose high on her frame and was pushing her boobs up towards her chin. It looked so round and taut. I gawked at the sight before me.

"I got hungry again... I mean I am eating for two aren't I...."

I nodded.

"It's just once..." She eyed her globular stomach. "I mean, I'm not that big, am I?"

"No! of course not... I think we get you back to bed now though... it is quite late..."

"Sure... But after one more thing..."

With incredible strength, I watched my wife lift herself onto her own two feet, her hugely packed stomach making her look multiple months overdue at this point, she turned to me and pressed her belly against my body, it easily dwarfed my torso, she had to lean over it to reach my face, her hand caressed my cheek and she had to bend over considerably for her lips to be even able to reach mine. She planted a passionate kiss on my lips.

"I'm hungry for something else."

Like a teenager about to lose his virginity, I rushed to the bedroom giddy, my wife waddled up the stairs, her stomach bouncing off each side of the banister up the stairs and the wall. I stripped off and sat on the edge of the bed, just in time to watch Miranda's gravid form come into the bedroom. I let out a soft moan in anticipation.

I took it all in, her gigantic stomach, which was entirely exposed, I stared and watched how it moved, it was so big and round, I was captivated, I had never seen anything like it. She walked over to the bed and bumped my body with it, it sent me flying backwards and I laid back and watched as the bedroom light was eclipsed by the all-encompassing dome of her stomach. The weight of it pressed on my body, as she straddled me, was immense. I was pinned under her girth. She covered the length of my torso with it. I couldn't tell at the time but apparently Miranda was naked when she was eating too. I felt myself being guided into her and I noticed something, her pussy felt tighter.

*Must be because of the pregnancy.*

Despite it's tightness, I felt my cock being enveloped by her and she started to bounce. Her stomach crashing into my comparatively small frame was forcing the air from my lungs, I moaned as I found myself reaching the point of no return quickly. thankfully for my wife, she too was pent up. She let out a scream as her pussy clamped down on my cock, we both came in unison, our screams echoed in the house, I then felt her start to go limp on top of me, needing to make a move, lest I be pinned under her all night, I guided her fall onto the bed beside me, her belly taking up a majority of the bed. I stared at it as felt my self-fall asleep, the last thing I saw was the huge stomach of my expectant wife.

## Chapter 5

I woke up the next morning to grunting and huffing. I opened my weary eyes and saw Miranda struggling to get into her trousers, but not at the point I expected.

Overnight her stomach had shrunk considerably, and she looked much closer to normal, but I could easily tell that she was still larger than she was twenty-four hours ago. The feast had left its mark, but even stranger still was the rest of her body. She had put on some weight overnight; it looked like her body had used that massive amount of food to fill her up all over. It wasn't massive and it certainly didn't make her fat, but she looked like Linda did after year one of marriage.

I stared at my wife, hardly awake still, I could see her hips were wider and she had much more of a curve about her frame, her butt had filled out as had her thighs. That was the reason she couldn't get herself into her trousers. She was markedly thicker. Turning around I could see that her stomach was looking bigger in more detail, it just looked inflated, like she had been pumped up or drawn a big breath. Above her round tummy was now a larger bust. My wife's tits had plumped up, they looked so... fat... they appeared bloated or overfilled, they sat freely on her chest, jiggling with each and every movement of her body.

I cleared my throat and drew her attention. Miranda's face was red and sweaty.

"These... Fit... Yesterday..." She grunted.

I am glad that she ignored the tent my cock was making in the blanket, I can't imagine that would've been received well. But also, how couldn't she see those changes. I choose to console her rather than ravage her like my cock desperately wanted.

"Let me help..." I got up and proceeded to help her in the futile effort.

We struggled to get her dressed for about ten minutes before we admitted defeat. Her larger ass was not getting in those trousers, nor were her fat tits into her D cups, her belly was still as exposed as yesterday, just there was more of it. I comforted her as best as I could, but I couldn't help but feel myself being aroused at her vast dimensions and her rapid gain.

"I'm just a fat blob..." She started to weep.

"No! nooo, you are beautiful." I brought her in for a tight embrace, being extra careful not to stick my hard dick against her body at all. She wept into my shoulder as I rubbed her head.

"You are so beautiful Miranda... Motherhood suits you so much, you look so fertile." I said, my hands rubbing around her bump.

My wife turned her head up at me and kissed me on the lips. "You are such a sweet talker..." She cooed. "But I think I'm too hot and sweaty to give you what you want right now." She laughed.

"It's ok, I've got a secret weapon..." I added.

"What's that?"

"More Roots."

Miranda Squealed.

I led the charge downstairs, and Miranda's thunderous steps followed behind me. Although it wasn't a race, I did beat her to the kitchen. I turned and watched as my larger wife waddled into the kitchen. I couldn't get over the size difference from a single day.

*If she can gain that much in one day, I wonder what she is capable of...*

Horny fantasy scenario aside, I started to prepare the Roots products for her to eat.

"Wait! They were here the whole time?" Miranda pouted.

“I brought them home last night; you didn’t notice because you were on the floor finishing off the remnants of the cupboard.”

She blushed and placed a chubbier hand on her taut stomach.

“That’s what I thought.” I added with a big smirk.

Thankfully the Roots products were fairly quick to make in the microwave. Moments later the ding echoed through the kitchen and Miranda’s eyes went wide. I brought her the food and recoiled when she snatched the food out of my hand. With an unmatched gluttony she started to chew and consumed like I hadn’t seen. She chewed and gnashed the “All day breakfast” and the meal disappeared far too quickly for any normal rate of consumption.

“More...” She huffed before letting out a belch.

“Oh... Sure.” I timidly went back to the fridge and pulled out another microwave meal. This time it was red Thai curry. “I only had the one breakfast thing.”

“Doesn’t matter. More. Now.” She almost barked.

I did as I was told. I knew that tone and I knew not to disobey her wishes. I watched as the timer went down on the microwave, my eyes darted between her and the timer. Miranda was soothing her stomach and wasn’t paying much attention to the whirring of the microwave. However, after the ding of the machine, her eyes locked onto the door.

I removed the piping hot meal from the microwave and headed to the countertop where I had a plate ready, her voice made me jump.

“Just bring it here.” Miranda snapped.

I quickly brought it over to her and saw her rubbing the side of her belly as if she was trying to soothe the occupant inside. Once I placed the plastic container on the table, she started to quickly shovel the food into her mouth. Panicking, I started to prepare a third meal. That paid off because once she finished the Thai, she was ready for another meal.

Her short and snappy tone had dissipated thanks to my proactive actions. I placed the lasagne

down on the table and for the briefest of moments before she started to tuck in, she reached out and rubbed my arm with her thumb and beamed at me.

“Thanks babe.” She uttered before she filled her mouth with another forkful of food.

Not wanting to risk her wrath, I prepared the final Roots meal that I had purchased. It paid off, the Lasagne barely touched the sides as it slid down into her growing middle, and she was quickly eating the cottage pie. I braced myself for a still hungry wife, but I knew that we had no food left after her feast last night. I felt a wave of trepidation come over me when the last fork of food entered her mouth.

“Ahhh...” She let out a satisfied sigh, her hands patting her stomach.

“Done?” I timidly asked.

“Still a bit hungry but...” She reached under her belly and hefted it from hanging between her legs and lifted it to sit on her thighs.

It really did make it appear so much larger. During her meals she had leaned over to reach the table but now that she was done, she was able to show off her full size to me, she even had to turn to her side to allow for her gravid middle to be on display. Her top was acting like a bra for her bigger tits, but her belly was providing more support to her fat breasts due to how firm and stuffed it was.

“I think I’ll leave it at that for now.” Miranda finished her sentence, one that I had forgotten she had even started.

I approached her in a horny daze and dropped to my knees before her stomach. I wrapped my arms around her swollen middle and started to kiss and nuzzle her belly. It was so tight, I thought she might pop if she did continue to eat. My lips worshipped her gravid form, and I rubbed her flanks lustfully. The massage was going over well with Miranda, she was letting out soft coos and moans as I explored her body. Feeling her smooth and taut skin against my face was arousing me immeasurably, I could’ve remained in this position all day. The only thing to remove me from this dream-like state was a tug at my wrists. Miranda pulled me up towards her face, my body had to rest over her orb like stomach and as a result my rigid cock was pressed against her stomach. She passionately kissed me,

and I felt her hands trying to take my shirt off.

I broke the kiss off and looked at her quizzically with a raised eyebrow.

*Right now? Stuffed as she is?*

Miranda spoke no words, she just pulled at her top and released her huge breasts, they landed on top of her stomach with a meaty slap.

I needed no more indication and I lunged at her and started to suck her thick nipples, one hand keeping my balance, the other rubbing her stomach.

Her moans filled the room once more. I lovingly rubbed and lightly slapped her belly and felt its huge mass wobble against my body. My cock was screaming for release, so I uncoupled my mouth from her nipple and pulled out my cock and stared at my wife who was reeling from the stimulation from my sucking. Her eyes lowered to my cock, and she rose with lightning speed, despite her size. Her stomach bumped into my body, and she looked at me lustfully. With my cock now exposed, it rubbed the underside of her belly, and she could see the effect it was having on me by the expressions on my face.

“I think we should take this upstairs...” She cooed.

I could only nod.

## 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.*

## Chapter 7

I hurriedly left the shop after paying and rushed home. Eager to see my wife, I rushed through the door with the box in hand. It had only been an hour, but it seemed that hunger was starting to become all-consuming for Miranda. What little food remained in the fridge and cupboards was once again gone, Miranda had apparently gotten too impatient. All this is from guess work, solely based on the amount of packaging left out in the kitchen and dining room.

“Babe?”

The noise I heard back could only be categorised as a “Glorp”. I timidly followed the noise to its source and found myself greeted by a large round skin coloured orb presented high into the air, it rose off my wife’s body like a mountain. She was laying on her back on the floor and she was fast asleep. Her belly was the source of the noise, her belly churned with the vast amount of food within her gut and still it demanded more, if the rumbling was to be believed.

She had undergone a myriad of changes in such a short amount of time. The food was having a profound effect on her body, each day she would wake up fatter than the last. I was all too eager to notice the changes, the rate in which she was gaining was arousing. There was her belly, it obviously was much bigger and rounder when she would eventually fall asleep in the night after stuffing it throughout the day. However, the morning was rather interesting to me. Her body seemed to digest the food at an

incredible rate and her belly was significantly less packed in the morning. It was softer, still round in appearance but it had a lot of yield to it. My hands would gravitate to the round middle, and I'd just enjoy how her softer stomach oozed between my fingers. It wouldn't last long, usually within a few minutes she would be eating and over the course of the feast I could feel her belly grow and become tauter.

There were other changes from her gorging sessions, her face had started to lose that slim and defined look. Miranda's strong jawline and defined facial features were appearing softer, like a little bit of puppy fat was reappearing. Her chin was in danger of becoming multiple at this point. I found the softer look to be just as beautiful as her former self.

I looked over her vulnerable body and saw her arms were covered in food, she had become a lot messier with each passing day, the greed getting the better of her. The formerly toned arms had blown up, thick and fat upper arms were now connected to her shoulders.

The rest of Miranda's body was also gaining weight, I took in her form before me now and it was an easy to see difference. Her thighs were thicker, the thin and toned athletic thighs were now meaty logs that still didn't look thick enough to support her gravid middle. When we would retire to the bedroom, my hands sinking into them was something I noticed rather quickly, how my hips would impact against them with each thrust, the slap would egg me on to pump into her harder.

There was another change that I hadn't really discussed with her; however, in her inflated state, she was naked and on the floor with her legs spread. It gave me the perfect opportunity to look and see her pussy in all of its glory. It was strange at first, I couldn't quite tell what was going on but after the first two days, it was clear. Her pussy was growing. It would make sense that her fupa would grow, her ass had grown too as had her thighs, but this was different. Her lips felt as though they were inflated, puffed up. My wife had a toned body, and she had a good core but despite her former tightness, it was somehow becoming tighter. The reason was her labia was becoming engorged. It was harder for my cock to fully enter her but the pleasure she felt had increased tenfold, easily. Even for me, it was so

much more pleasurable, it felt like I was fucking the softest plump pillows and due to the lack of space, it was still so tight. It was likely the reason that Miranda had to lay with her legs spread wide, as to not crush her lips between her growing thighs.

*It wouldn't probably feel bad... It'd likely turn her on.*

I looked at my defeated wife and placed the box of Roots on the side. The box made much more noise than I was expecting, and I almost jumped out of my skin. Looking back to my wife, I could see her eyes were wide open now.

“Is that... Roots?” She said groggily.

*I can't lie.*

I nodded.

“Now.” She demanded. “I need it. Now.”

I wasted no time and threw four boxes into the oven whilst I cooked one rapidly through the microwave. During this time Miranda had risen to her feet and stood in the kitchen, hugely bloated and rubbing her stomach to try and soothe it whilst her food was cooked. I found my eyes wandering to her body and I was struggling to take in her girth anymore. She had surpassed anything that would be considered normal, I'd even say that her baby bump was bigger than Linda's, it was hard to tell because Linda had some extra fat around it too. Where Miranda had Linda beat was her tits, they had blown up over the past few days and she was using shirts that used to fit her trim body as bras because her breasts had outgrown every bra she had.

Neither of us were qualified to say what size they were but we were now looking in the ballpark of K cups, the bloated milk laden melons sitting heavily on the taut dome of her ever-growing belly. That was another thing to try and gauge. She looked more like she had swallowed a beach ball; it was just so bloody round on her frame. It was like most of the calories that she ate went there and her tits.

That wasn't true of course, there was one area that I couldn't see when she was laying down that had changed. Her ass, those hips had spread wide ready to give birth and her butt had also grown

large to fill out the widening girth of her hips. Each cheek was thick and full, I found that due to her eating habits, I was often unable to reach it but right now, I slipped behind her and sunk my fingers into her fat ass. She let out a low moan and started to gyrate her hips against my hands.

“Don’t tease me... I’m too hungry...” Miranda softly whispered.

I didn’t relent, my interaction with Lauren earlier had really got me worked up and seeing my hugely pregnant wife tipped me over the edge. I started to grind my cock against her soft behind and my hands started to fondle her massive melons. Miranda just kept moaning.

A loud ding dazed us both for a second, I reacted first, pulled out the food from the microwave, a giant burrito. Miranda eyed it intently and picked it up off the plate, the piping hot meal did not stop her from taking a large bite out of the tortilla. I could see the steam, but she greedily started to eat. I was about to move away when I felt her hand grip my shirt and pull me towards her.

I knew what she wanted. I wanted it too; we both wasted no more time or exchanged any words. My mouth lunged for her neck and my hands went into a frenzy over her huge and bloated body. My fingers savoured every inch of her skin, every bulge and every soft and yielding fleshy roll. Meanwhile she continued to stuff her face with the burrito, she was ravenous despite eating a family of eight’s meals for the week in one sitting. Her other hand was pulling my cock out of my pants and guiding it to her ass which was now turning back towards me.

I pushed her over so that she had to use her arm on the counter to hold herself up. She grunted when she made impact.

“I almost dropped my burrito...” She growled.

*It seemed that her appetite hadn’t overtaken her lust.*

Half bent over, her ass presented to me, I did what any good husband would do. I guided my cock into her waiting and inflated pussy. I felt her whole body move in a new way, the weight from her stomach acting like a pendulum after each thrust. The large dome was hitting her thick thighs, she spread her legs and leaned over more to allow it to swing between them. Miranda’s large ass and pussy was

cushioning my blows but equally driving me wilder by the second.

“I... I can’t... Last...”

“Cum.” She scoffed between bites. “I can’t get any more pregnant.”

The inverse was terrifying but also arousing.

*Bigger?*

I had a thought that despite her rapid growth in the past few days, she was still weeks away from her due date. So actually.

*She will get bigger...*

I exploded deep inside her, the thought of her somehow getting bigger was turning me on so much. All logic had evaporated from my brain, I just kept thinking about her growing bigger, impossibly but she already had done so much growth.

*What’s a little more?*

## Chapter 8

We fucked deep into the night, Miranda cleared all of the Roots products, it seemed as though the more she ate, the more ravenous she was becoming. I don't know how many times she came, I managed a few myself. I couldn't control myself. Waking up the next morning, somehow, we made it to bed, I could feel warm skin covering a good portion of my back. I slipped out from under it and quickly turned around to inspect the damage we had done.

*Oh my fucking god.*

Miranda was huge, no, she was huge. Now? Immense. She was dwarfing Linda at this point, laying on the bed, her stomach covered over half of the width of the bed. Miranda was laying on her side and it was causing her to need to twist her body because of the newly added shape to her stomach. It was becoming more difficult for her stomach to push outwards so instead it was now growing wider. I watched as she took in deep breathes and I saw how it contracted and inflated with each inhale. I could feel myself starting to stand to attention.

*I should be getting worried, not hard.*

Although, looking at her body sprawled across the bed, so gravid and round and fertile. I wanted nothing more than to ravage her all over again. To feel her soft body against mine was enough to drive me insane, yet somehow I managed to focus on what I needed to do.

*I can't... I need to get to the shop for her morning Roots and then I've got work.*

I begrudgingly turned away and got ready to leave for the supermarket. The traffic was insane, it was so early too. I eventually parked in the car park, and I was amazed at the queue that had formed. It had to be at least a few hundred people trying to get into the shop upon opening.

*Madness.*

I walked towards the entrance just in time to see the doors open and the stampede of people trying to get into the shop, it was carnage. I was worried for the poor youngster's well being because as soon as he opened the door the mob rushed him. I waited a few minutes for the big squeeze to end and I slipped in through the clothing section again. I couldn't help but watch all the large customers waddle down to the Roots branded aisle. There were arrows and signs pointing people towards Roots now. They had expanded the range of stock and now had taken two whole fridges, even that wasn't enough. The staff were constantly putting more stock out into the fridges with many customers not being so willing to wait, they would grab entire boxes from the carts they used to replenish the stock.

I wasn't about to get my arms torn off by the mob so I once again hung around the rear warehouse door, I peered in and saw someone moving big pallets of boxes into the warehouse, he had to drop the pallet and jump into the fridge, presumably to move some stuff around.

*Now's my chance.*

I rushed in and grabbed a box and hastily made my retreat and bumped into a familiar face, or rather belly. Linda.

"Hey! You shouldn't be doing that." She pointed her finger at me.

"Well... Miranda needs it... She is getting rather... Ravenous..." I struggled to concentrate because I couldn't help but notice that Linda has undergone a growth spurt. Her belly was probably about the same size as Miranda's, but she was holding it all much heavier than her sister. It was made to look bigger because she wasn't quite as gifted in the chest department. I wanted so bad to touch it, my cock was aching in my pants. I could usually get a good control on this but not today for some reason.

“And I don’t?” she raised her voice at my comment.

“There is more...” I tried to diffuse the situation.

“Show me.” She demanded.

I took her back into the warehouse, I felt much better with an employee accompanying me. I pointed at the pallet of boxes, and she immediately saw something that I missed the first time.

“These are ready to eat!” She screeched.

Linda tore open a box and revealed a mixed platter of picnic finger food. For her it was more like fist food as she grabbed fistfuls of it and started to eat. I had seen this behaviour before, but Linda didn’t seem quite as taken by her greed as Miranda does. I watched as she shovelled handfuls of the food into her maw. She kept eating and I kept staring, unable to take my eyes off her stomach as it grew with each bite, the whole time my cock was pulsating down my leg.

*I should really go...*

“Where do you think you are going?” Linda yelled. “Your punishment for stealing is to rub my belly.”

*What?*

I stared blankly at her.

“You heard me, get over here and rub. I need to have it rubbed so I can get more food in, and it soothes the baby. Now get over here.”

*Bad idea...*

I walked towards her, quickly finding my hands on her stomach. It was everything like Miranda’s but also so different. Linda’s stomach was a lot flabbier in comparison to Miranda’s. My fingers sunk into the flesh that was on top of the taut and stuffed stomach that was inching out by the second. My fingers traced over the surface of her belly and as I explored, I noticed each little groove and found myself becoming more aroused. I hefted her stomach and felt the weight of her girth and thought I was going to lose myself to the moment. She felt so heavy, so full and soft. I wanted more.

*This isn't good...*

I knew it was wrong but feeling her fat stomach becoming firmer under that layer of adipose was turning me on, Linda stuffing her face was hot to me, her groans and grunts and the fact she was even doing it whilst letting me rub her stomach was incredible. I found my breathing was becoming heavier, I was getting too turned on.

*I have to stop...*

Linda cleared the pending delivery and tilted her head back and arched her back, thrusting that orb into me. It bumped against my body, and I felt it almost dominate my body for just the smallest of seconds. The collision of her huge belly also pointed something out to her that I wasn't quite expecting her to notice.

"You remind me of my co-worker..."

"Why's that?" I gave her a quizzical look.

"Because I make him hard with my stomach, much like you are now."

*Fuck...*

I froze up, I slowly started to move my hands away from her stomach, but I found as I retreated, Linda's stomach chased me.

"Don't be shy now..." Her voice said in a low purr. "It would be nice to see what my sister gets... We used to share sometimes when we were younger... Nobody could tell the difference... I think we look a bit different nowadays, but that doesn't bother you... Does it?"

My back bumped into the wall behind me and before I realised it, her belly had me pinned against the wall, I was trapped. Linda pressed her stomach against my torso, and it deformed as much as the taut orb was able to, it wrapped around my body slightly however the contents of her stomach meant I couldn't sink into it as much as I might've been able to prior to her feast.

"I'm sure she has bigger tits than me, even now..." Linda moaned as she started to caress her nipples through her uniform. "But I bet she isn't quite as... Milky yet..."

I watched in awe as two dark spots formed on her top; the stimulation was causing her breasts to leak. My dick pulsed against the underside of her gravid stomach and Linda could feel it, each time it flexed, her eyes almost rolled into the back of her skull.

“I never thought being this... *Big*... Could be this sexy...” She moaned.

“L-Linda.... This isn’t...” I started.

She cut off my train of thought by grabbing my wrists and pressing them into the upper hemisphere of her stomach.

“I’m not even done yet... I have got a month left... A month to *grow even bigger*...”

I was losing the battle vs my own lust.

“I don’t think Linda would mind if you... *Helped me out*...”

*Was she implying what I thought she was.*

With that she started to grind her stomach against my rigid cock, her hands lifted my hands upwards, towards her damp shirt.

*Is this really happening?*

Before I could find out the answer, the door behind her opened and she jumped back into reality, swiftly turning on her heels, her gargantuan stomach almost causing her to do another full rotation from the momentum. It was Shaun, I could just about see him over her shoulder.

“Hey Shaun...” She said, suspiciously.

“Hey... Lind...”

I took his distracted tone as a cue to rush out the door.

“Your shirt...” Shaun continued, pointing out her leaky breasts.

I rushed out the warehouse door with the crate and quickly got in my car and rushed home, trying to get the feeling of Linda’s huge bump out of my head.

## 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.*

## Chapter 10

I grabbed the hot tray and dispelled any discomfort that my fingers were enduring. It was now or never.

I sat next to her on the sofa, the dip that her large body created was drawing me towards her. Pressed up against her, I looked at the meal in the tray. This was thick cut chips and steak. Despite the method of cooking, it really did look incredible. I picked up a chip and moved it towards her face. Lauren closed her eyes and opened her mouth in anticipation.

*Was I about to do this?*

I carried on with determination.

The chip crossed the event horizon of her lips and Lauren sensually wrapped her lips around the chip and the end of my fingers and sucked them clean of the grease that was now present at their tips. She let out a large moan and kept her eyes closed. I felt my cock twitch in my trousers. Before I knew it, I was pushing the second chip between her lips, my fingers lingering in her mouth for a few seconds longer than the last time. We repeated this until the chips had all but gone, the final chip in my hand, I took a pause to check in on her shirt and saw that it was starting to tear.

As if reading my mind, she used her hand to push the tray towards me again.

“That was good...” She mumbled. “I’d like some more...”

I had run out of chips, so I grabbed the steak with my hands and presented it to her lips. Without any tools to cut it, she just bit a chunk off the end. Again, she moaned. We continued like this until the steak had vanished, she looked at me expectantly. She groaned and rubbed the top of her stomach, her hands trying to knead the formerly squishy surface. Her shirt was tightly packed before, now it was letting out groans as the fabric started to give way. Lauren closed her eyes and she let out an orgasmic moan.

I took a step back and watched as her clothes erupted. They blew open like each button had an explosive on them. Her fat surged out of the shirt and after that first button it was like a chain reaction. The whole thing burst open, and her huge tits plopped out too, onto her gravid middle. Still contained in her bra, just about. Her gut has burst through her waistband and the flaps of the garments laid defeated either side of her massive orb.

Her body looked much larger now that her shirt and trousers had given way. I had been staring and my cock was twitching in my trousers, I raised my gaze to her face after Lauren cleared her throat. Catching her face, she knew the effect her body was having on me, but she knew that she wanted something else first before “dessert”.

“Next?” She whispered.

I looked at the next box and did as I was told; I grabbed the third meal. She had noticeably swollen since I first saw her stomach when I came into the room. Now her stomach had deformed from the roll ridden double belly into a tauter round orb which made her look like she had just eaten a beach ball. I stared intently at the stuffed midsection and couldn’t believe she was about to eat even more.

“Come here...” She cooed.

I slowly leaned closer to her face.

“What is it?”

“I can’t quite reach an itch...”

From my position, I could almost see her point of view and I could see how her large stomach

was sticking out further than her tits.

“Do you mind?” She said in a breathy voice.

I stood up and walked so that I was looking directly at her and raised an eyebrow. Her form was immense. No other word could describe the mass of woman spreading over the sofa before me. Her taut and bloated stomach growled and screamed for more. Thankfully it didn't have to wait much longer. Another ding and I sped off to grab the next meal.

“More?” I asked for confirmation of her.

She gritted her teeth and closed her eyes, and I watched as I started to see something happening.

Her skin started to almost bubble and I could see her body start to change. Before my very eyes I watched as her middle started to deflate. Lauren flung her head back and I watched her pained expression turn to one of relief. Her stomach shifted, I stared and confirmed that it was indeed flattening. As it started to recede into her body, I could see the secondary effect of this change happening. The rest of her was filling out.

Each second my eyes darted around her body, and I watched as fat was being added all over her gargantuan frame. In real time she was gaining tens of pounds. I couldn't help but feel my desire grow with each passing second as she too grew. Lauren's massive tits broke her bra and her large melons flopped free onto her rapidly fattening middle. The waves of fat rippled all over her body as it continued to puff up and grow.

Finally, it stopped, she had “deflated” so that her stomach no longer looked stuffed, it was once again a double belly and it jiggled when she repositioned in her chair.

“That's better...” She slapped her fat body, which looked as if she was now passing 400 lbs easily, “More please...”

I saw her stomach quake and rumble again.

*She's insatiable.*

I took a step back, a big mistake.

“Where are you going?” Her voice was raised.

It startled me, I jumped another step back.

“Get back here and feed me. Now.” She shouted. “I’m so fucking hungry.”

It was as if she had changed, the lust for food was too great. I watched in fear as she started to lift her fat form off her chair. As she rose her trousers became tattered due to her thickening legs busting through the seams.

“Give me it now!” She shouted and took a large stomp as she tried to close the gap between us.

I tossed the food her way, she was too slow to catch it and it fell on the floor. I took a few quick steps backwards, fearing her wrath but I was surprised to see her fall to the floor and start to lick the meal off the floor.

I took this as my chance to run and not turn back.

## Chapter 11

I sped home and quickly entered the front door, turning around and slamming it shut quickly. Adrenaline still pumped through my veins, and I was wildly aroused, my cock was still at half-mast as I awkwardly shuffled through the hallway.

I heard a rumbling echo through the house.

*Miranda.*

I heard heavy footsteps stomp above me as they moved around the upper floor of the house. I stood at the bottom of the stairs, my arms holding the Roots products that I knew she so desperately wanted. I was aroused but also nervous about Miranda at this point. The sex was amazing, and she had really blown up but there was something else going on with her. She was insatiable, she just wanted sex and food at all hours of the day. A dream that was turning into an exhaustive nightmare.

Yet I remained at the last step of the stairs.

The thundering of her footsteps shook my rib cage, and I watched the bannister of the stairs shake.

Then I saw *it*.

Her stomach, Miranda's huge and distended orb, it covered the top of the stairs before I was

even able to see any other part of her body. Her stomach was so incredibly stretched and large that it looked as though she was able to probably house two full sized adults within it. With great difficulty she manoeuvred her stomach so that she was now facing down the stairs. I was able to just about get some glimpses of her body, a fatty tree trunk of a leg, an encumbered arm there. She held her tits towards her chest, the massive mammaries overflowing her arms, their size was far beyond what either of us had ever seen, let alone heard of. She bent over to make sure she had lined herself up right and she caught eyes with the food I had brought home. Her eyes shot wide.

“Roots!” She screeched.

She let go of her tits and I watched as they surged forward and flopped over her gigantic stomach. She was so much more woman than she was, even from only a few days ago. As quickly as she could, she descended the stairs and I waited for her boulder gut to be within arm’s length. I reached forward and felt her round and smooth skin in the palm of my hand, she let out a soft coo before pushing me aside for the food that was on a side table in the hallway.

“Hungry.” She groaned.

Like a call to arms, I quickly rushed ahead of her and started to cook some of the food. The rest I opened and put on the tabletop as it was ready to eat. Her body didn’t even fit properly at the dining table, hadn’t for a few days now, but today it seemed that she was having extra trouble to even turn sideways to reach the table. I kept taking glances at her and my cock was once again fully erect. Miranda noticed.

“I’ve been craving these Roots all morning...” She said with her mouth full.

I looked at my watch.

*It’s only 0725...*

She ate and inhaled her food, but she knew that I was aroused so she beckoned me over.

“I’ve got to eat... You can do whatever you want.”

The strange offer confused me more than anything. It felt strange, but it was quickly cleared up

when I felt her free hand, the one that couldn't reach over her body to get at the food, grab my cock in my trousers.

"I know you're hard, you don't hide it well at all." She scoffed. "Why shouldn't you have fun..." She started to stroke. "I know how much you adore these new curves..."

With a swift motion, she removed my cock from my pants and slapped it against her hugely bloated breast. I saw the ripples that the impact made as they travelled over the engorged boob.

"Have your way with my body, you've got a few minutes till the microwave is done." She instructed me.

I was still taken aback by her abrasiveness.

"Here..." She lifted her breast. I didn't know what she wanted. "Stick it in." She commanded.

I placed my cock on the top of her wide spanning stomach. Like a mousetrap that had been set off, her huge breast crashed onto my dick. The weight wasn't too hard that it caused any pain, the skin yielded just enough to soften the blow but under the small soft layer was the feeling of the taut orbs. I lost all control at this point, and I grabbed the front of Miranda's tit and started to thrust into the crevice between her belly and boob. It was heaven.

"I bet I feel good..." She moaned, not pausing her consumption for a single second. "Fuck my swollen body..." She reached around behind me and pulled me closer. "And all this food you brought me... It's only going to do one thing..." She moaned this time and then paused, turned and looked at me with a lusty gaze. "Make. Me. Bigger."

I had been thrusting for barely 40 seconds when I felt myself rapidly approaching the point of no return, but Miranda's words sent me over the edge. I came deep under her tits and felt myself spasm against her taut form.

\*Ding\*

"That's my next meal sweetie..." She flicked her eyes to the microwave. "You do want me to grow bigger? Don't you? You want your pregnant queen fatter right?"

*Yes.*

## Chapter 12

I retreated my softening dick from her and grabbed her meal from the microwave and placed it on the table before her with a fork. Something had snapped in her when she saw the food and she picked up the searing hot meal and drank from it like leftover milk from the morning cereal. I had already put the next meal on but that didn't mean it would be ready before she finished this one.

I started to worry.

Mere seconds after I had served up the meal, it was gone, deep in my wife's growing form. She turned to look at me with a fire in her eyes, not like the normal fire of lust that I was used to. This one was different.

*Hunger.*

I panicked and quickly started to raid the cupboards, most of them still empty from Miranda's regular feasting. I threw anything I could at the table for her to eat. I looked back and saw that as quick as I could put it down, it was gone, but also, she is looking bigger. Impossibly.

Miranda's stomach had grown, for sure. It was blocking her from turning towards the table previously, now it was starting to push her away from the table with how wide it was spreading from the feast. I even noticed that the rest of her was looking... Puffier...

*Was she getting fatter in real time?*

\*Ding\*

*Thank fuck.*

I threw in another meal and brought the new one over, I placed it down on the table and went to find more food in the deep recesses of our cupboard, maybe one that Miranda couldn't reach due to her size, but I was stopped. A firm grip on my wrist, her chubby fingers wrapped tightly around my wrist, and she yanked my arm, pulling me back towards her. I moved and stood directly in front of her. I looked her deep in the eyes, a devious look came over her face and she leaned back, the effect caused her stomach to bulge forward and bump into me.

"I'm... Growing... I need more... These babies need more..."

"I know... I'm not sure if we have anything else here... Other than those last few Roots..."

Her eyes looked to the side, at her piping hot food on the table.

*"Feed me..."*

I obliged. I picked up the discarded fork.

"No... Just pour it in..." Miranda said with her hands now fondling her fat tits and hardening nipples.

I picked the packaging up and tried to lean over to feed her, but her stomach was too far distended for that. Without warning, she pulled my thighs forward and suddenly I was straddling her round stomach, surprisingly her belly held my weight without so much as a whimper. My wife's tits were pressed against my lower half, my body pressing against her fat breasts, they deformed by my body, but I could feel how engorged they felt, the firmness was surprising.

*They feel like overinflated balls beneath a layer of softness, how can they be so swollen and so tight.*

I started to bring the lip of the package to her mouth, and I started to pour. The microwave casserole dish started to pour into her maw, I felt her hands fondle with my pants, and she had my cock in her hands once more. I hadn't even recovered from my ejaculation from a few minutes ago but here I

was, rapidly becoming hard as my growing wife coaxed my limp member into a semi. It wasn't long before I was fully erect once more, she slotted my cock between her giant tits and started to shift her stomach up and down, which had the effect of getting me to rub my dick between her tits.

I was overstimulated, too sensitive to find any real pleasure but still she worked, my toes curled, and I let out moans, unable to resist the sensations now taking over my body. I poured in the meal and she greedily ate it, when she was done she lifted me up off the floor, still hoisted by her stomach, my dick still buried between her breasts and she waddled over to the crate that was on the side of the kitchen counter and she transported us back to the dining table. I was grateful that we had very high ceilings.

“Don't stop. Keep feeding me...” She moaned.

“But they aren't cooked.”

“I don't care. More. Now.” She barked the last part, something deep inside her was taking control of her.

I was in no position to argue, I opened and continued to pour the contents of the packaging into her mouth.

*Was it getting wider?*

I stared at her large mouth, and I was sure that it was appearing bigger. I didn't think too much about it, I was starting to come to my next climax. Miranda could sense it, she quickly finished off the last of the box that I was emptying into her mouth, and she grabbed her tits and started to really put some extra effort into it. It didn't take much more than that. Or it wouldn't have, but I felt something strange happening. My legs were starting to hurt, they were being stretched too far apart and it was starting to pull at my muscles. I hadn't looked down in a while but upon doing so I gasped.

“What is it?” Miranda said in a playful tone. She knew exactly what had made me pause. “You can feel it can't you...”

There was a set of strange sounds and I saw Miranda's eyes roll in her head. With that, I felt her

stomach start to bulge and swell with each bulge. It pulsed and rapidly swelled beneath my body. Her stomach was literally double the size of a beach ball at this point, the skin was now becoming so firm and taut, still devoid of stretch marks. She opened her eyes and looked deep into mine. Something had changed within her, she looked like she was not the same person, she looked at me as if I was a plaything or food.

“I’m so big now.” Miranda moaned. “I’ve really gained with this baby...”

Her hand started to trace down my chest, my thrusting had stopped because of the rapid growth but I was still stiff as ever.

“I don’t know how you are going to handle me now sweetie...” She gripped my shirt and pulled me forward and planted her lips on mine and kissed me passionately. Breaking the kiss to add. “You taste so good...” She turned her head to the food on the table and I knew what she needed.

Impossibly she continued to eat. Each packet went down as quick as gravity would take the food from the packaging. The viscosity of each meal delighting or angering my wife with each new opened pack. I poured the last cold meal in, and I looked back at the crate to confirm my suspicions.

*Empty.*

I looked at Miranda and realised that she still wasn’t sated. She looked at me with a forlorn face at first, but she flashed anger as hunger took over.

“I am still hungry...” She complained.

“I’ll go get you something.”

“There isn’t time.” She grunted.

I looked at her puzzled, before another growth spurt occurred. This was now starting to go beyond a fetish for me, this was now concerning me. Despite my still hard cock buried between her firm breasts. I watched as Miranda’s head slumped forward and she grit her teeth.

“It’s happening again...” She said through a wall of pearly whites.

I looked at my wife with a concerned look and I saw her face get fatter before my eyes. I saw

her chin develop into a serious double chin, her facial features softened, and her cheeks puffed up. My eyes roamed down her frame and I saw her shoulders gain mass, reducing the visibility on her neck. Her arms too were getting larger as each second passed. It was hard to see much else, but I could see her tits too start to bulge, swelling outward and due to my body being in the way, they bulged upwards as they pressed against each other.

I felt a familiar feeling, beneath my body I felt her grow again. Miranda's belly wobbled her whole frame with each unnatural pulse. I tried to move but I felt a firm grip on my thigh.

*She didn't want me to leave.*

I sat there and felt my swelling wife blossom beneath me.

By the time it was all said and done, I couldn't even gauge how big she was anymore, her humongous stomach was defying physics and biology at this point.

"Babe...? Are you Ok?"

My whole body shook as her belly vibrated from the hunger cramps that she was now facing. She opened her eyes and stared at me.

"I'm fine babe... Shall we finish this?"

Before I could question anything, she started to jerk my cock once more with her tits, the assault on my dick dispelled any fear in my mind and I struggled to remain upright on Miranda.

"We've made me so big Derek..." She let out a soft moan to goad me on. "I bet these feel so good..."

Her tits started to become firmer, like they were filling, it was like what I'd imagine fake boobs would feel like, but they were heavy as they were laden with milk. It was heaven, one that I was ripped from all too early. The prolonged encounter had finally taken its toll on my body. I let out a huge explosion of cum and covered a large portion of the surface area between her breasts. I slumped over and was mere inches away from Miranda's face.

"I love you." She whispered.

Before I could answer, my world became dark and slick. My body was becoming increasingly bound as I seemed to sink into something. I was too taken back by the sensation for me to realise what was happening, but I felt a tightness spread from my shoulders to my midsection in seconds and before I knew it, I was entirely confined in a tight but yielding prison.

I could hear Miranda moan and pant, it was deafening. There was no use opening my eyes, my fleshy prison was devoid of light. I could smell an assortment of food, which became stronger as I felt my legs becoming bound now. As quickly as I felt this feeling, it was over, and I was stationary in a dark and slimy place. The smell of uncooked food filled what little air there was, and my body was too tightly confined. I felt my body quake as a voice started to boom.

“I’m sorry Derek... I was too hungry.”

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