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1,889 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 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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