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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

The morning sun blasts through my window and wakes me before my alarm would've gone off. I curse the flaming ball of gas' existence, but I am grateful that I get extra time to work on the meal for tonight.

I decided that I wanted to make something with some flavour, I decided on some authentic ramen, I love Japanese food and the broth has so many options for someone to go down.

I'll make it bland and then put extras on the table so she can add what she likes.

I've spent years perfecting my own recipe for it. When I have made it in the past for friends, they all say that it is the best ramen they have tried. It really is my ace up my sleeve. I spend pretty much all day making the food and cleaning up, I make the noodles from scratch and set up my table with some authentic looking Japanese mats and really set the place up.

Around midday I message Marie to check in on her. "How does 6pm sound?" She almost immediately reacts with a thumbs up.

Great.

I get ready and finish touching up the place and run through the plans I have.

“So, food is ready, table is set, place is clean. Entertainment choices ready. Just need to wait for the girl.” I glance over to the clock.

17:52

I nervously wait on the sofa, eagerly awaiting a knock at the door. Despite being so eager and ready, I still jump when I hear, presumably, Marie’s knuckles knocking against the door.

I rush to the door, straighten my shirt and open.

“Hi Mari-” I stop momentarily. “E”

The reason for my pause is the woman standing before me is Marie, but she looks different. As with most of the people over the past few days she too has gained some weight. Not nearly as much as some of the people I’ve seen but still significant enough for me to notice. I look her over quickly and try not to give away my inspection. She has a layer of fat around her body that wasn’t there previously.

The takeaway most likely.

I can still remember her as she was, a stick of a woman, barely anything to her, the transformation for her was long, but she stood before me not two weeks ago, a healthy weight, closer to overweight than underweight for likely the first time in her life. Today however is something else. She now was plush, most definitely, her snacking has caused her to get fat all over, her appendages all look that much meatier, her hips have grown wider and her belly, the fact she has one is shocking enough. Her boobs now look to be a C, bordering into a D. The only thing that I can’t say she has added weight onto was her face, her face still looks thin and as beautiful as ever.

She does see my gaze wander and nervously smiles.

“C-come in.” I say, gesturing into my apartment.

As Marie passes, I watch her ass shake from side to side, a slight wobble to her cheeks.

The girl didn't even have an ass a few weeks ago.

I am just in awe. She seemed to be a bit in denial about it based on the fact her clothes are all too small, they weren't a great fit already because she hadn't quite got used to the new weight she carried but now it is much more drastic.

She has a muffin top!

Marie turns her nose up, “That smells delicious.” She speaks.

“Oh, that is food. For us.” I chuckle. “Duhh, of course.”

Don't be a dweeb.

“What is it?” Marie inquires.

“Ooh well that would ruin the surprise.”

Don't be a dweeb. I just said don't be a dweeb.

“Well, I am starving, so whenever it is ready, the sooner the better.” She says excitedly.

“Take a seat and we can start now if you want?”

Marie didn't need to be told twice, she rushed towards the set table and took a seat.

“Wow, you did all this for me?” She says, eyeing up the decor and table.

“Well, I wanted to make sure that you remembered the first time you had my signature dish.”

“Oh! What is it, from the looks of the table, I'd say Japanese?” Marie says, fiddling with some chopsticks and pointing to the various seasonings on the table.

“Very good observation.” I say, leaving the room to serve up the first dish.

Returning first with some steamed buns and some green tea I set them before her.

“Oh, these are cute!” she comments

I returned after a few seconds with two steaming bowls of chicken ramen. I place the plate down before her and she excitedly claps.

“Oh ramen, it smells so good.” She picks up her chopsticks and starts to tuck in already.

“Wait.” I stop her. “I haven’t added all the seasonings just so that you could add what you wanted. So, if you like it hot, try this one.” I say pushing a shaker to her. “I usually blitz it with these chilli flakes, I love the spice.”

“Oh! I will try some.”

She starts eating rather quickly, I barely get through the first topic of conversation before she finishes off her ramen, a small amount of broth remaining. I can tell from her face that she looks a bit disappointed, like she wasn’t sated.

“I’ve got more if you want some more.” I speak.

Her face turns red, and she tries to hide the fact that she wants to say yes.

“It’s ok, I’ll get you some more.” I returned with another full bowl for her. “There is plenty, this stuff gets made by the vat, I usually have extra so at least now it gets eaten.” I smile at the chubby woman opposite me.

In no time at all she slurps up more of the noodles and broth, quickly downing the second bowl. This time I got up proactively and just got her a third bowl.

I’m just a good host. I’m not trying to feed her.

I tell myself as I watch her eat the next bowl.

In the end Marie manages to finish four bowls before calling it quits. She leans back in the chair and scoffs.

“I. Am. So. Sorry.” She blushes at the empty bowl before her. “I’ve just been so hungry...”

“It’s ok, honestly.” Rather forwardly, I reach over the table and hold her hand. “It is fine.” I smile at her.

She squeezes my hand back; her other hand starts to softly rub the top of her stomach.

From where I am sitting, I can see her stomach is now looking much rounder than when she came in, it is even resting against the table. She seems to be struggling with the amount she has consumed by groans she is emitting from her side of the table.

“I hope you kept room for some dessert.”

Marie’s eyes light up, she nods.

“Good, I’ll go get it now.” I test her.

She nods again.

She is insatiable.

I grabbed the mochi balls from the kitchen. I pulled them out from the freezer after grabbing her fourth bowl. I give one a testing prod and feel it squish inwards.

Perfect.

I set a plate of six before her, I start to explain the flavours, but Marie has quickly started eating them, she would rather experience them than hear about them it would seem. After her fifth one goes down, she leans back in the chair, I notice her tummy is pressing against the table edge.

“I’m not sure I can eat this last one...” She looks over to me with a sly eye. “Maybe you could feed it to me?”

What?

My hand starts to tremble.

“I really want it...” She groans, her hand starts to rub the top of her stomach.

“S-sure.” I lift myself up from my seat, and head over to Marie, rounding the square table, I now get a good look at her side profile in the chair, leaning back her stomach rounds out before her. My eyes are glued to it, watching it rise and fall from her laboured breaths, it looks packed full.

I quickly reach for the last mochi ball and lift it to her waiting mouth, she looks up at me with heavy eyes, I slowly slip the ball between her lips. She wraps them around the ball and gently bites down on the ball, taking a cut of it into her mouth before closing her eyes groaning. Marie’s hands rub her stomach as she slowly chews her bite, my fingers are starting to grow cold from the chilled dessert, but I don’t care, not when faced with this.

“They are so good.” Marie says, licking her lips. “And the ramen was to die for.” Her hand now slowly wraps around my forearm, and she starts to pull my hand forward to her mouth. “Don’t stop...” she finally adds before taking the rest of the mochi ball into her mouth.

Her mouth opens wide, and she pushes my hand so that my fingers place it into her mouth, as she closes her jaw she sucks on my fingers before eating the ball. I have shivers running down my spine and my cock stands at full attention, the accumulation of the past few minutes. Paralysed by my arousal I stand there like a statue as Marie finishes off her dessert. Her heavy eyes looked me up and down.

“That was amazing.” She sucks her fingers for any residual flavour left over from her meal.

“Thank you, I’ve made that for years and I am glad you liked it. Not sure what you wanted to do next? If you want to get comfortable?”

She smirks, staring right into my soul. “Oh? Are you propositioning me Shaun?” Marie teases.

“Oh no, I meant the sofa!” I say defensively, my face blushing red.

“Sure.” She replies, I’m not sure if she believes me but I am too embarrassed to think of anything else. “You’ll need to help me up though.”

I grab her by her hands and with a caring pull I lift her up from the chair, she wobbles on her feet, stumbling and her body crashes into mine, it is her turn to blush now.

“Sorry.” She says, her face so close to mine at this point that I can feel the heat from her breath.

“It’s ok, I pulled too hard. I’ve got streaming services; we can play games or just chill without the TV if you want to just relax?”

Marie doesn’t answer but she walks towards the sofa. I watch her walk away from me and I keep my eyes fixated on her body.

She really has gained some weight, considerable enough in only a few days.

I watch her plump ass shake from side to side which is more exaggerated from the extra weight on her frame now. When Marie turns around, I find myself flustered at what I see, her stomach is very bloated now, her clothes didn’t really fit already but now there is no denying her gain. Her round stomach is big enough to part her t-shirt from her trousers, revealing a small strip of belly. I look at the distended orb of her stomach as she slowly sits herself down on the sofa, it spreads far onto her lap at this point, the rigid gut barely jiggles because it is so tightly packed. I take my seat next to her.

“So did you want to do anything or?”

“We can just sit here; I need time to digest the food. You really did spoil me...” She winks before looking down at her stomach.

“Ummm... Sorry?” Awkwardly I reply.

“Don’t be sorry, hey, actually, if you want to make it up to me.” Marie swivels quickly and her legs are now draped across my lap. “You can be my footstool; I need to lay back to let this go down.”

Marie now laying back looks immense, her stomach rises high and nearly covers her breasts from this angle.

We spent some time talking, mostly about our time between school and moving here. She tells me that she worked in a few places around and after a few years of living at home she made enough to put a deposit down on her flat. It wasn’t ideal but she wanted to be out from her parents, they were far too controlling, and her freedom was something she was enjoying very much.

We discussed love and Marie admitted that she hasn’t had a boyfriend since college, since being alone she has wanted to start looking but work has always gotten in the way. You agree with her as you have very much been the same in that department. We talk for almost an hour before things start to wind down, Marie is looking a bit too comfy on the sofa laid back, I can see her eyes starting to get heavy, her swollen middle still just as big as earlier, I suspect the food coma is starting to have an effect. Throughout our conversations we have started to lightly touch each other, nothing major just resting our hands on one another.

One sharp jolt after she almost nods off and she looks at me apologetically. “Sorry... I’m just so comfy and the food...” She places her hand on her stomach and rubs a wide circle over it.

“It’s ok, honestly.” I assure her.

“I had a great time, but I think It might be time to call it before I make a fool of myself and snore on your sofa.” She giggles.

“You are more than welcome to have the bed.” I point to my bedroom.

“Again, with the bedroom, Shaun, do you only have one thing on your mind?”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” I find myself blushing and wishing I just gave a little bit more time to my words before they come out.

Marie laughs loudly, her belly jostling on her laid-back frame.

“We should do it again next week, you can come over to mine instead, just don’t expect my cooking to be better than yours.” She beams.

“Sure thing.”

Marie moves her legs off my lap, their warmth quickly fading from me, I jump to my feet to assist her off the sofa. She bumps into me again, this time it is much more intentional.

“I had a lovely time.” She says softly in my face.

“Me too...”

Our faces move towards one another, I can’t help but feel her stomach pressing into my torso, we have to lean over it slightly to meet in the middle, our lips meet and my hand lands on her side. We hold the kiss for a few seconds and my hand instinctively starts to stroke her side, my hand can feel the soft flesh beneath her shirt and even the swell of her stomach. Her body feels so good against mine and the kiss feels so sweet. Eventually we do part, and we smile and giggle at each other, blushing like teenagers.

“I guess that solves the dilemma of whether to kiss me at my door or not.” She giggles.

“I didn’t even think about that.” I laugh.

We make our way to the front door, and she gives me one last kiss before leaving. Standing in her doorway opposite mine she turns.

“Oh, and I won’t make such a glutton of myself next time.” She rests a hand on her swollen stomach before she blows me a kiss and closes the door.

I didn't mind...

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