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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

“Fourteen, get in here!” The imposing man yells from his desk, his PC screen filled with various reports from local medical facilities.

“Y-yes master?” The hunched man says a quiver in his voice as he flinches before his master.

“The data they’ve got on the first batch on the formula is impressive already, I hope the others aren’t this sloppy.”

“Oh yes, me and the others had the other agents at different strengths, this one just reacted badly to the water-”

“Good. I hope your incompetence hasn’t ruined this for us.” The man gets out of his chair and places a firm grip on Fourteen’s shoulder. “Because if you do, I’ll throw you in the incinerator like the others before you.”

Fourteen starts to shake. “I promise master, we’ve done our best.”

The master gives a few pats on his shoulder. “You better have.” Looking intently at the news

coverage on the screen. “I don’t want a repeat of that.”

The screen is filled with news outlets covering the mysterious breast growth in a small town. Many women sport breasts as big as their torsos.

“Look at town C, they’ve had the formula there for a number of weeks, Thirty-seven has written a report.” Fourteen turns off the TV and hands the master a thick file.

Walking over to the window with the file in his hand. “Mmmm... This is promising...”

Fourteen breathes a sigh of relief.

“How long has it been active in this town?”

“Six weeks.”

Six weeks ago.

The beeping of the clocking machine. What a wonderful sound.

After another long day, I make my way out of the supermarket, quickly ducking through the aisles before someone notices that I am not doing work and tries to get me to do something. The past few days have seen the shop get busier than usual, “trending up vs expected sales” as my boss put it, but not getting any more resources to help with the increase in trade.

Typical corporate response.

I’ve worked in this supermarket for two years and whilst Christmas time is the busiest time of the year by far, now for whatever reason, is almost as busy. We are the only supermarket for a number of miles and the go-to place for most things, unfortunately most of the local shops couldn’t keep up with

the resources and prices that we have. It is a shame, but people always shop where it is cheapest and that is us right now. This is made especially true after we got some new ranges in, usually these take some time to really take off, but they seem to have hit something in the community as we almost can't keep up with demand.

“Roots” gave us their first delivery themselves and for free, the top brass took it willingly. Hard to blame them really and we sold through that stock within 48 hours, almost unheard of for a launch of a product. They offer a wide range of food but all with ties to homegrown and hand reared, they claim to be local, but nobody has ever heard of them. I've not tried anything yet myself but there are some customers who came back that same night to purchase more after their first meal with their ingredients.

I'll try it one day.

I live within walking distance to the shop, and I can't help but notice the car park even looks busier, people leaving with shopping trolleys filled with various products from “Roots”, it is quite strange to see something so captivating in the community. Again, customers shop with their wallets and that is the case here. Roots have put their prices very low to start to build market share and so far, it has worked.

Walking into my apartment complex I even see a number of my neighbours who are on the Roots hype train.

“Hey Marie” I called out to my beautiful neighbour.

Marie is a woman, she is the same age as me, we were in the same class even. Never really talked much in school but living opposite to her means I get to speak to her every so often. She is a lovely lady, but I can't help but still feel that she is out of my league. Back in school I was an unfit nerd,

and it is only in the last few years that I have turned myself around, I am now much more fit, and my acne has cleared up, thankfully no scarring. Years of being the ugly nerd didn't do anything for my confidence so I haven't put myself out there yet to find a girl, but I can't help but fixate on Marie.

Marie was always beautiful, maybe not the most beautiful girl in my year but she was so sweet and kind. The brunette's long hair flows down her back and frames her cute face very well. She regularly wears a light amount of makeup; her plump lips always look so inviting and her eyes are usually very alert and wide open. Her years out of her parent's house have been relatively kind to her, she used to be a stick of a woman but living on her own she has put on some weight. You wouldn't call her chubby or plus size, not at all, but she is no longer boarding anorexia like she used to. The weight has given her some curves and she has filled out that B cup she has been wearing since school.

"Oh, hey Shaun." Marie turns around, just as she was entering her flat.

I see those dazzling eyes and her beautiful smile and instantly melt inside.

"Up to much this evening?" She asks.

"No, I was just going to watch some TV and if I can be bothered, I'll make myself some food. Work was tough today."

"Awh" She frowns in empathy. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, since we've started selling that Roots brand work seems to be going crazy." I say, shaking my head.

"Oh, I heard about that, I picked something of theirs up myself." She smiles.

"Well, you are very lucky and by all accounts their stuff is divine. Any plans for yourself?" I ask, trying to divert the topic away from the bane of my existence.

“Probably just eat this and scroll on my phone until I drop off.”

“Nice...” I take a deep breath, “Hey... Umm... Marie, did you want to come over for dinner sometime next week?”

Marie blushes and looks a bit shocked. “Yes.” She blurts out, causing her to blush even more.

“How about next Saturday? I’ve got work this weekend, but I am off next weekend.”

She nods, “That is perfect, I am off too.”

“Great.” I beam, “See you soon then... Enjoy your meal.”

“Thanks.” She tucks herself through her door frame, and I into mine.

I can't believe that worked.

The night flew by, I was exhausted from work, and I never did get around to making myself anything substantial for food. I watched TV and scrolled on some websites, and I was quite taken back by how many adverts and posts I saw from friends about Roots.

They are everywhere...

The next morning, I get up, get ready and leave my flat.

Another day in hell.

Work wasn't usually something that bothered me, but the extreme business was really starting to grind against me. I open the door and see Marie leaving at the same time.

“Oh, morning neighbour.” I greet her.

“Morning Shaun.” She joins me in walking down the stairs. “Another long day?”

“Yeah, twelve-hour shift today, we are so behind with things, the food deliveries are insane for

this time of year.”

“Because of Roots, right?”

I nod.

“Well, I can say that I do get it. That meal was delicious.” Marie informs me.

“Really?”

“Absolutely, you should get one for yourself.” She suggests.

“Well, there are two reasons I can’t. One, I don’t want to find out I enjoy something that is currently causing me such a pain in the ass.” I say, Marie giggles. “Two, company policy right now is that we cannot buy any, it is reserved for our customers, they don’t last on the shelf long enough for me to get a look in edgewise anyway.”

“That popular?” Marie asks.

“I told you that you were lucky.”

“I might have to try my luck tonight after work” She muses. “Right, here we are.” Marie points to the left, “I’m parked over here, hope you have a good day.” She says as she walks with a bounce in her step to her car.

“You too.” I manage to say as she walks away from me, my eyes betray the gentleman inside and I stare at her modest ass as she sways her hips from side to side.

She must be doing that on purpose.

Rounding the corner into the car park I can already see that my day is going to be tough. As I walk across the car park, I look across the tarmac to see if I can find a space and I can’t. I get into the

shop and the place is packed. Immediately someone asks me to jump on a till.

“On my way.”

The day flies by, large trolleys of food going through the belt, I barely got off a till for a break, the queue didn't let up once. Almost constant scanning for hours and hours. I couldn't help but notice that people were mostly buying Roots food or fresh meat, there wasn't much in the way of other food, like everyone was planning a banquet for that evening.

The chit chat was very focused on Roots. “When are you getting more?”, “It's so good”, “Can you put some aside for me.” Honestly, it wore me down.

By the end of the shift the guards are asking people to leave as people are still trying to get in to buy from us. The team stacking the shelves are on their knees by this point and the shelves are still empty almost. The tills have been hammered all day and everyone is grateful that it is time to go home at this point. Over the speakers we all hear our boss.

“Sorry everyone, could you all stay for another five minutes and meet me in the warehouse.”

Grumbles from everyone as we all shuffle over to the warehouse.

“Right, till team is here, I think that is everyone.” Our boss, Andrew says.

He is a nice guy generally, very likeable but also very focused on the money going through the tills.

“I know it has been very crazy these past few days and I don't know why but the company has finally given us some extra support. We have been trading so far above the forecast that it is unheard of. I want to thank you all so much for your hard work.” He starts applauding which prompts everyone to give a round of applause. “Now, the extra support is additional hours and the ability to recruit, we know

that this is very much needed right now but it won't fix the problem overnight. So as a company we are well aware of the problem, and we are looking to help make things easier as soon as possible. We have also been given extra support in terms of additional stock. That is arriving shortly, if anyone wants to stay on tonight and help fill the shop then as a one time incentive, we will be offering double pay to make sure we are ready for tomorrow's rush."

Wow, they are desperate.

"This is optional so if you want to leave then please feel free to do so. Thank you either way and for those who are leaving, see you tomorrow and for those who are staying, can we start on the fridges."

Unfortunately, I am too.

I stay on and support replenishing the shelves, one of the managers spends a few hours condensing some of the fridges and making a large amount of space.

"Why are you doing that?" I hear someone ask the manager. "Roots is sending us three lorries before we open tomorrow. Got to make space."

Wow.

I eventually get in close to midnight, the shelves were filled, the shop is ready, earned some extra cash and I am absolutely fucked especially after the walk home. Walking down my hallway I can't help but notice that there is a food delivery driver walking away from Marie's door.

She is still up? And eating this late?

I try not to think about it as I walk into my flat and throw myself into bed. Just as I am going to

sleep, I hear a knock on the door. Groggy and confused, I open the door to see a man with a pizza box.

“Hey, here is your pizza.”

I shake my head, “Wrong door...”

He looks down at his phone and to the number on the wall. “Oh shit! Sorry man. Probably woke you or something...”

I glare at him. “What number are you looking for? Mate.” I grunt.

“Fourteen”

“Behind you.” I grumble before closing the door, barely hearing him say sorry.

Fourteen, that is Marie's.

Chapter Two

After finally falling back to sleep after the late-night shenanigans, I am stripped from the land of the unconscious by the blaring beeps of my aggressive alarm.

“Fuck off” I grumble.

I shouldn't have done that extra shift.

Throwing myself out of bed, I thunder with lazy footsteps towards the shower and start my day with barely five hours worth of sleep.

Tough day ahead.

Finishing my toast and coffee, I catch the time, 07:43

“Fuck!”

I'm late.

I burn my mouth on the remainder of my coffee and rush out the door. I almost bump directly into Marie, she is carrying two big black bags. She turns to me shocked, and she immediately starts

blushing.

“Oh, hey Shaun.”

“Sorry Marie, running late.” I say, trying to jam my key into my front door. “Oh, bin day?” I ask, cursing myself for forgetting.

“No, I just had a bunch of bins...” She whimpers.

Possibly after last night's orders.

“Let me grab them, I'll throw them in the bins for you.”

“Awh thank you.”

“It's alright, good company last night?” I ask.

Her already rosy cheeks turn a deeper shade of red. “Er... I just ordered some food...”

“Oh, sorry, I...” I shake my head, “Never mind. I've got to run Marie, see you soon.”

I rush out the complex with two bags in hand and rush into the yard and throw the bins into their respective bins. I can't help but notice a few take out boxes peering through the small hole from the tie top. Not spending too much time thinking about it, I run to work.

Again, the car park is full and getting into the shop I can see the mass of people in the store. I quickly get onto a till and start serving.

Lots of food, lots of customers and another busy day is unfolding before me. I start to zone out and go into autopilot until my next customer wakes me from my daze.

“Shaun?” The soft and bubbly voice rings in my ear.

I know that voice.

I look over and see a somewhat familiar face. The black-haired woman stands by the side of my belt, her soft middle squashing against the metal frame. I look up at her body and see her boobs bulging out of her bra, they don't look perky like a model, they are more heavy set and are billowing out of any free space they can. Her face though really does strike a nerve.

I know her.

“What? Don't recognise me?” The woman teases and pouts.

Her chubby face was practically screaming at me until this point but the look she is giving me, her brown eyes piercing my soul, the faux pout.

“Louise???” I shout.

“Oh, you do remember me!”

“Sorry, it's been a few years. I thought you moved away.”

“I did move to the city with my fiancé but things didn't work out.” She looks down. “I guess that might explain this.” Louise prods her stomach and looks at the mountain of food on the belt.

I've always found plus size women arousing, doubly so for women who gain weight. Thankfully, I am sitting down.

“I am sorry...”

“It's ok. It was for the best.”

“And you still look beautiful.” I add, shocking myself just as much as her.

Not sure where that came from.

“Oh, thank you Shaun...” She swoons.

I am halfway through the shopping, and I finally notice a bunch of Roots products.

“I see you are on the bandwagon too.” I jest.

“Shaun, this stuff is just divine.” Louise absentmindedly starts to rub her protruding stomach.

“You really ought to try them.”

I’m absolutely lost at the sight of her hand exploring her expansive pot belly, one she didn’t have until recently. Her dress hung off her stomach quite loosely, only giving a glimpse at the chubby middle she had underneath but now with her hand rubbing her round gut, her dress is flush to her middle, and I get a good gauge of the heft she is carrying under that dress. I mustn’t be that subtle because Louise coughs to get my attention. I look up blushing, fighting off an erection, her eyes meet mine and she has a big grin on her face.

“Thank you.” She mouths before moving to the bagging side of the checkout.

“Sorry... I...” I stammer before she interrupts.

“Don’t worry about it.” She winks.

“So, what are you up to now?” I ask, trying to swiftly move on.

“I work at the library, I’ve been there a few months now...”

My mind starts to wander again, thinking of her in a librarian outfit. How she would fill out the white shirt, her fat bulging into soft rolls, small diamonds of flesh pouring out between the buttons. Her skirt busting at the seams as she bends over to grab a book from the bottom shelf. Louise’s thick ass peering from beneath the hem of the skirt, usually a long flowing garment has recently become more revealing due to her gains. The black tights she is wearing leave little to the imagination.

I tune back in just at the right time to hear her finish. “... Yeah, so what about you?”

“Um, I’ve been here for a few years, I get good pay, but it is quite intensive at the moment

thanks to these.” I lift up the Roots product and shake it in my hand. “These guys have really got people coming back here often.

“I don’t blame them.” She pauses and places her hand on her wider hip. “Although not sure I am entirely onboard with the changes... Some of them are great.” She slides her hand around to the side of her butt cheek.

If I wasn’t still blushing, I am now for sure. This was confirmed by Louise’s giggle.

I swipe the last item through the scanner and look at Louise for payment. “£83.54”

I take payment and we say our goodbyes and my eyes linger on her thick frame as it wobbles away towards the entrance, long enough for the next customer to cough and clear their throat. An older woman approaching her mid-60s. “You aren’t going to sweet talk me that much I hope?” She says with a serious tone, like a schoolteacher scolding a student.

“No Ma’am.”

A few hours pass and I leave my checkout to go on my lunch, walking down the aisles and my eyes can’t believe what they see. One of my co-workers is bringing a whole bunch of Roots stock ready to pack up and there is a swarm, yes, a crowd swarming around him to try and get some of these products.

I wonder what they put in them to warrant such a response.

The guy, John, just starts handing them directly to customers. It doesn’t take long before one or two reach from behind him and grab some from the trolley. Just before I round the corner, I look back to give one final look and I see that the trolley is nearly empty and there are still more customers there.

Poor guy.

I rush away before things turn ugly and sit myself down in the staffroom. I let out a deep sigh and someone overhears. “Tough day again.”

I turn and see Rachel sitting at a table, eating a Roots product, particularly one of the “Low calorie” meals.

Rachel is probably the biggest fitness freak I have ever met; she is a lovely woman, but she loves her gym time more than anything else. She is in the low teens for body fat, and she has a fair amount of muscle on her, toned and not overly buff but if she were to square up to me, I’d probably run.

“I didn’t think the staff were allowed Roots stuff?” I ask.

“They aren’t. My mum got me one the other day and they are super good, so I swiped one this morning.” She explains.

“Oh. Aren’t you worried someone might find out?”

“Do I have something to worry about?” She lifts her fist and flexes her arm, her muscles bulge on her forearm as she aims it at me.

I sink in my seat and start to shake my head; she giggles at my response. “To be fair Shaun, I don’t really care, if they want to sack me for eating their product then they can go right on ahead, but nobody will be as good as me as filling the shelves here.” She lifts both her arms and flexes again.

“Do you have a licence to carry those guns?” I joke.

Rachel bursts out laughing. “That was so bad!”

She finishes off her meal and stands up. “These are good, but they don’t feel quite so filling...”

She trails off as she goes to dispose of the packaging in the bin.

As Rachel stands, I can't help but notice her normally trim middle is bulging.

I guess that is what eating a big meal does to you when you have washboard abs.

There is something alluring about her figure like this that makes me wonder what if she had another pack right now... how would that affect her frame. She walks towards me and taps my shoulder; she doesn't quite know her own strength as she almost breaks my collarbone, she walks out the door.

"In a bit Shaun."

"Bye..."

The rest of the day is as manic as how it started. Thankfully it flies by and after the guards have to hold people back from trying to get in, the door is finally closed. The store manager locks the door, and everyone starts to leave, he takes the time to thank everyone on the way out. The weather is quite bad this evening and I stand in the doorway a second, just contemplating my life choices.

"That looks pretty bad." My co-worker Linda says.

Linda is currently seven months pregnant and if anything, the hormones from her gestation have just made her sassier.

"Thanks." I say sarcastically.

The pixie haired blonde is in her late 30s and after getting married three years ago finally decided to start a family. Her husband is the breadwinner in the house, Linda only works to get out of the house, she has said many times that she probably won't come back after maternity as she will have

something to do in the house. She used to be thin and fit, but marriage has really added to her figure, she is now plus sized, most definitely and her pregnancy hasn't helped that at all. Her hips have filled up as have her tits as they prepare for the birth of her first child, the most drastic change however is her belly. I have only seen a few women go through pregnancy in my life and although Linda works in the cash office upstairs, seeing her over the past seven months balloon has been incredible. Her stomach sticks out in front of her, and she looks like she has eaten a small beach ball and she still has two months left. She has assured us that she only has one in there but there are still people saying that she looks as if she has triplets growing within her round stomach.

“Maybe it is the hormones, but I am feeling kind. I pass your place to get home, do you want a lift?” She asks.

“Really? Who are you and where is the real Linda?”

“Fine, enjoy the rain.” She starts to walk, thankfully with her size she takes a moment to start.

“Oh no, that would be lovely Lind, thank you.” I answer sincerely.

She grunts. “Hmm, keep up, before I change my mind.”

An easy feat with her slow waddle.

She turns to me “Sorry, bit of a rough day today, pregnancy is sometimes quite uncomfortable.”

We arrived at her car, a beautiful brand-new SUV. It is kitted out with all the toys and must've been a pretty penny. I get in the passenger seat before she gets in, I watch as she climbs up into the seat and her huge stomach plops onto her lap and reaches most of the way towards the steering wheel. She notices my gaze.

“I know, I'm not going to fit before I am done.” She starts the engine and stretches the seat belt

over her swollen body. “Hey, pass me a bar from the glove box.”

I open the box and see a stash of chocolate bars within. Handing her one I watch her start to devour the bar as she starts to drive.

“Sorry... Cravings are wild.”

“At least it is just chocolate.” I joke.

She nervously chuckles. “Yeah... Just chocolate.”

Ominous.

“Those Root things are also pretty intense as a craving.”

“What? You too? Does everyone just ignore what Andrew says?” I ask.

“I don’t care, I am not here for money, if he wants to sack a pregnant woman then go for it. See how that goes.”

“Fair enough.”

“They are good though, really fucking good. I grabbed a few boxes today.” She admits. “I think the little one likes them.” She rubs the top of her stomach.

I watched, focused on her hand spreading over the round orb of her belly.

She is huge...

I feel myself start to get aroused.

“When are you next in?” I ask, trying to shift the subject.

“Tomorrow, Andrew has got us all working full time at this point I think.”

“Well at least the money is good.”

“Tell me about it, I’ve got a shit ton to count nowadays.” Linda says with a sour tone.

“I guess I didn’t think of that aspect.”

“Well yeah, I guess it is better than being down there in the rabble dealing with the customers barging through for the food.”

“Yeah, it has been a bit crazy to be honest.” I speak.

“And I guess I do get to snack upstairs.” She adds, her hand still rubbing her tummy. “I think that is why I am this big.”

Her words ring in my ears, from the outside I am probably now openly eye fucking her.

“Another two months of growing...” She trails off.

I look over her fat body and stare at how her thick thighs bulge over the edge of the seat, her tits are bulging out of her bra and heavily rest on top of her firm fertile bump. Even her face looks fatter and puffier, her lips look so succulent, my overactive imagination can’t help but imagine them pressed up to mine. I am now fully erect, sitting in her car, thankfully it is dark, and she likely can’t see my cock.

“Just on the left, right?” She asks.

“Oh yeah, just here, sorry I was in a world of my own then.”

“Right, well have a good night and see you tomorrow.” She smiles as I get out.

“Thank you so much Linda.”

“No problem” she says, I close the door and walk towards the entrance to my complex.

She lowers the window and calls out grabbing my attention, I turn to face her. “And Shaun, take care of yourself.” Linda says, pointing to my crotch.

Before I can reply or even die of embarrassment she laughs and speeds off.

For fucks sake.

Chapter Three

After the rapidly accelerating Linda zooms off, I quickly slink into my flat, praying that nobody sees me walking funny thanks to my erection. I slip past the delivery guy outside Marie's door.

Takeaway again?

I don't linger on it for too long before I get in through my door, quickly heading to the bathroom to take care of myself before retreating to bed.

A few times throughout the night I was disturbed by noises coming from across the hall, I was too dazed to make them out but if it was like the other day then Marie's night snacking is becoming more of a common thing.

Monday rolls around and the routine seems to be written in stone. Work rushed off my feet and I was too exhausted to do much in the evenings. Monday bleeds into Tuesday, into Wednesday and I've been feeling quite isolated with my lack of real social interaction. Everyone is either too busy at work or I don't even see them.

Usually, I'd get some days off, but I relinquished them when Andrew came practically begging for support.

I could use the money...

Thursday comes around and I finally bump into a familiar face, not just one of the drones worked to death. Rachel but she didn't quite look the same. I couldn't quite put my finger on it but there was something definitely different about her. She sat again at lunch munching on two Roots products.

"Hey Rach, how have you been?" I ask, not able to keep my eyes off her as I try to work out what is different about her.

"Oh- *Scoff* Hey Shaun" Rachel continues to eat as she starts to talk to me.

Walking to the next free seat, I pass the front of the table she is on, and I study her as she eats the food rapidly.

Her arms look bigger, she has always been buff, but she looks a bit buffer now, I think.

I study her arms and see that the short sleeve shirt is cutting into her biceps more than usual, there is muscle there, but it doesn't look like that is all that is there. I turn away just as she finishes and looks up from her microwave meals.

"Oh, that was good, got to make sure I get enough calories to burn for the gym later." She boasts, standing up and revealing something I was not expecting. Her mid-section which is usually trim now looks soft. The change is drastic and eye opening. She doesn't seem to care about my wide-eyed stare, she just turns and walks towards the exit of the staff room.

"See you soon Shaun, best get back to work."

I watch as her once firm ass is now swaying with some extra momentum, she rounds the corner and leaves me just with the lasting memory that the fittest woman seems to have gained some weight, mostly muscle but there is some extra something there that has never been there before.

The rest of the shift goes on without any hitches, just flat out working. I leave along with everyone else and start to head home, eagerly waiting for my day off on Saturday. "One more day" I say under my breath.

"I wish." Linda says, her voice startling me, but not as much as her body.

Her blimp of a belly lines up next to me.

She has grown.

"I've got weeks left." She looks down at her stomach and she must be thinking the same thing I am.

That is huge.

That was her belly, not really sure it even is a belly by the human definitions of it anymore. She is absolutely massive, she was always carrying big but now she seems to have had a growth spurt, her stomach is this huge round orb sticking off her torso, but her growth doesn't end there, the rest of her seems to have swollen too. Linda looks as though she has just been pumped up. Her taut and firm belly no longer fully contained in the uniform, the underside of her stomach is in the open, the cold air of the night blowing across it, sending shivers up her spine. Linda's breasts too have seen a significant growth, they look bloated from what I can see through the fabric of her top. Usually, our uniform covers women's chests but the buttons at the top have popped and I get an eyeful of her boobs, bulging with deep blue veins.

“Hey, not that I don’t appreciate the stares, the silence is a bit creepy.” She says teasingly.

I look at her puffy face and start to apologise. She puts a puffy finger against my lips.

“Shush, I am huge, I know, it is a lot to take in.” She starts, “I suspect you might not mind though?” She winks.

I recall the last time I saw her; she could barely fit behind the wheel; I’d be more concerned with her getting through the door at this point.

I try to reply by opening my mouth, but Linda just laughs.

“Don’t bother, I know the answer.” She pinches my butt before she walks towards her car. I see her hips have also greatly expanded along with her ass and thick thighs. I stare for a minute before I decide to walk once more.

I don’t want to be that creepy guy.

I start my walk home, thankfully the cold air and use of my legs causes my erection to dissipate quickly.

Friday starts without issue, the only thing I notice though is that I haven’t seen Marie yet this week. On my walk to work I sent her a text to check if she is still on for tomorrow. Walking through the door, I clock in and head over to the tills. Something different that Andrew has started to help ease the queues is allow customers to shop 30 minutes early so that when we officially open for trade at 8am we are straight away serving on tills. On my walk across the shop floor, I notice the large number of customers rushing around, particularly down the aisles with Roots products. To make things worse, they’ve now started releasing more ranges of foods, it has only driven up footfall.

As I cross the centre aisle, I hear my name being called.

“Shaun!”

The familiar voice from the other day, Louise. I turn and am stunned at what I see.

Louise was larger than I had ever seen her last week, by a long shot. The woman before me could've eaten the old Louise for breakfast. The woman from a few days ago had a decent sized pot belly, one that caught my attention and arousal. Louise now was significantly bigger; it didn't even seem possible. Her belly was massive, if it was firmer, she would dwarf Linda and her pregnant belly, instead it weighed heavily on her frame hanging down over her thighs but still having the projection that meant that she struggled to reach things in front of her. Louise's breasts were struggling to be contained in her bra before but despite her getting a larger bra, the fat sacks of breast overflowed over these new cups worse than the last time I saw her. The gigantic top she was wearing couldn't hide her sheer size, her stomach hung below the bottom hem of the shirt, the top was strained to contain her giant breasts.

Her heavy thick arm waved at me, flagging me over. Her face had even gained weight, her cheeks now puffy and jowls forming on her face as they lead into her triple chin. This woman was morbidly obese at this point but the effect on me was the same as last week. Arousing.

This formally thin woman had gained over the past few years, she knew it and wasn't ashamed, now she had absolutely ballooned, the smirk on her face seemed to think she didn't mind.

“Hey...” She said in a breathy tone. “Yeah... I did put on some more...” She addresses the situation immediately and looks down at her body.

“I'll say...” I let slip out.

Louise's cheeks turned a shade of red, but it wasn't shame or embarrassment, it was something

else.

Lust.

“I just can’t help it... Food tastes so good...” She closes her eyes and moans softly whilst she rubs her blubbery gut.

“How is this even possible?”

“Because I can’t stop eating. I can’t stop gaining. I am getting bigger, and I love it.” She admits freely on the shop floor in front of me before she takes a step towards me and presses her fat belly against my, in comparison, tiny frame.

My hands instinctively reach for her stomach, to shield myself from the impact. It doesn’t end up quite like that, my hands sink into her flesh as it yields to my fingers. The impact causes her to jiggle all over. Her breasts even sway forward and risk covering my hands.

“Tell me I’m big...” Louise says, her voice wavering from her arousal.

“I...” I stammer, the pure lust and indulgence of the moment start to get to me.

“... No? Maybe I’m not big enough...” She says, grabbing some more food from the shelf next to us, piling it on top of her already huge pile of shopping. “I’ll get bigger... Next time you see me I’ll be over 350.” She scoffs. “No. 400lbs.” She slaps her huge belly; it starts to shake, and my face must once again give away my emotions as she smirks. “I can tell you can’t wait.”

Louise walks off with a determined purpose to her steps. She thunders back towards the fridges to get more food; I stand stunned and watch as her body jiggles and quakes. A text rouses me from my daze.

I pick up my phone and see a message from Marie.

“I’ll be there. I Can’t wait.”

At least we are still on for tomorrow.

I reply to her before rushing to my till, thanks to my interaction with the bigger Louise I am running late to my station. I have to practically push people out of the way to get to my till which has already been loaded by an overweight couple.

“About time.” She obese woman scoffs.

The husband looks at his wife with a distasteful glare. “It is busy here, maybe he got caught up.”

She turns her nose up at the large man, he turns to me and mouths “Sorry.” I nod and say thank you.

They waddle through the checkout and pack up quick enough, same as everyone else for the day. It takes me to about midday but I notice that most, if not all of my customers today were overweight and not by a small margin. Blubbery men and jiggling women of varying sizes pass through, their full trolleys matching their full stomachs.

I go for my break and when I enter I see another till colleague, she has packed on a few too.

Sam, she is very short, barely 5’2, she looks like a pixie, or rather she did. Now she looks a lot plumper than a pixie, her frame adding weight all over evenly. She isn’t fat or she hasn’t really put on too much but on her short frame it is very noticeable. She has luscious curly brown hair that looks so silky smooth, when she started she used to wear it up but in the past week she has let it down and started to curl it. It might be to hide her face gains over that same time. Her once small and dainty face is now plump and her cheeks are plush and rounding.

“Hey Sam.” I say, startling the girl in her 20s from her phone.

“Oh hey.. Um...”

“Shaun.” I point to my name badge.

“Sorry, I am not good with names.” She says flippantly.

“Don’t worry about it. Crazy busy again out there.” I try to move it along.

“Yeah, so many people are shopping lately.”

“Lots of food and that Roots brand keeps going through my till.”

“Yeah, I never heard of them before I tried them last week.” She says, I swear I can see her start to salivate.

“I’ve not tried them yet, not sure I want to anymore.”

Sam turns to me and stares at me, her hazel eyes burning holes into my skull. “You should, they make such good food.” She licks her lips, thinking of the thought of that first meal.

During this time is when I notice the amount of rubbish on the table before her. Four packs of microwave meals, three of them Roots products. My eyes look over her body and I see that her chubbier form is sporting a rather rotund stomach, as I watch I see something land and splat across the upper surface of her swollen middle, dampening her uniform. Moving my eyes up her frame I can see the source of the splash, a slack jaw and saliva leaking from her mouth.

“I will have to give it a try one day.” I say to the Zombie version of Sam I am now speaking too.

She barely snaps out of it and wipes the drool from her chin.

“Right... I best get back before Andrew shouts at me again.” The young woman rises to her feet and cradles her stuffed tummy out the door.

As if I needed a reason to be distracted.

Thankfully the rest of the day goes by quickly, although my time is filled with serving as per the norm at this point. I clock out and start to walk home, exhausted from another long day filled with lots of work.

“At least I am off tomorrow...” I say out loud as I walk down the street. “Got to cook to impress tomorrow too.”

I spend my walk home thinking about making tomorrow special for Marie before getting in my bed and falling asleep.

Chapter Four

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...

* * *