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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

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## Chapter One

Closing the door and turning to my sofa, I plop myself down and just let the last few minutes really sink in. I close my eyes and rest my head back and just relive the moment in my head over a few times before the next thing I know my phone is ringing and it is suddenly light out.

“H-hello?” I say groggily as I answer the phone in a panic.

“Shaun? Where the hell are you?” I recognise Andrew’s voice over the phone.

“Shit! Andrew! I’m so sorry, I must’ve missed my alarm. I’ll be there in 5 minutes.”

“You better.” He says back, he doesn’t sound angry, he sounds more panicked.

I quickly brush my teeth and change into some new clothes and run to the shop and I quickly see why. The Car park, which has been jam packed the last few days is no different however there seem to me more and more cars parked around the side roads, some abandoned seemingly. As I inspect the chaos I can see the queues extend far down the road and finally I can see maybe something that might explain the sudden influx of customers. There are a few signs leading into the store that

advertise Roots.

*Seems they wanted to get the word out.*

I notice two Roots branded trucks leaving the delivery yard and as I round the corner to the front of the shop, I see a large crowd of people.

*I have never seen a queue into the shop before.*

We don't have a staff entrance, so I somehow need to make my way through the crowd. I take a deep breath and start to shimmy my way through. I keep bumping into people as I try to excuse myself to the front of the crowd. My body is being bumped by soft bodies.

*Is everyone overweight here*

I quietly muse to myself, most people are keen enough to let me through because they can see my uniform except one woman. Overweight wouldn't begin to describe her; this woman has the stereotypical "Karen" cut and she looks angry at the guard currently limiting people into the shop. I feel a bump from behind and I get pushed into this Karen's soft body. I put my hands to protect myself but that only really makes it worse. My hands sink into her soft rolls on her back and my torso presses against her huge ass. Her ass isn't as soft as her soft rolls but more it is firm from its immense girth and fat.

The obese pear of a woman grunts and quickly turns around, her face red.

"What are you doing!" She yells in my face. Her double chin wobbles as she looks down her nose at me.

My instinct is to look her up and down and this enrages her further. Her body is that of a glutton, I can assume she is here for some Roots products as the rest of them are, but she looks like she

has had her fill. The pear description is still right but to say her weight distribution was only in her ass would be a lie. This woman had a firm looking gut attached to her front. If the situation were different, I might be enjoying her proportions more, however my eyes now meet her once again and I see the fire burning in her eyes.

“You youngster, I’ll get you done for assault!” She yells before I am saved by the guard.

“Ma’am, please let my colleague inside.” Tony says sternly

“No, I am going to press charges on this kid!”

“A simple bump, no harm done.” Tony swiftly grabs my arm and yanks me through the crowd.

I turn to Tony and mouth “Thank you” He nods before turning back to the rowdy Karen.

I hear her voice still behind me as she lays into Tony, and I rush quickly to the clocking in machine. I scan over the shop and see a dense crowd forming around the Roots aisle; I thankfully don’t need to go down there but as I approach the clocking machine, I see Andrew.

“Andrew! I am so sorry, I’ll stay all day, do whatever I can to make it up to you, it looks mental out there.”

“Sorry Shaun, I didn’t mean to sound angry on the phone, Roots just turned up today and gave us a triple delivery, a new schedule with increased stocking and you must’ve seen the signs. We were drowning before; it is only going to get worse. I was just panicked that you might not be in.” Andrew admits.

“Oh no, sorry. Just fell asleep on the sofa and forgot to set alarms, I was shattered.”

Andrew looks at me with heavy bags under his eyes. “You and me both. Right, let’s get you to your till, I think they need you up there, hey you aren’t that late so just stay on 20 minutes and it’s all

square.”

I nod and quickly speed towards my till.

The queues are immense as are our customers. It seems that each of them now is firmly in the obese category. I can't help but think I recognise some of them, albeit now heavier.

I approach my usual till and I see a gargantuan woman awaiting to be served. Her frame was immense, the maxi dress she had on was way too tight for her girth. It cut into her back fat and her rolls bulged over the creases in the dress. Her wide hips were wider than two women, I started to feel a bead of sweat form on my brow. This woman was standing next to the entrance to my till, so I called over and asked her to start loading. The mystery woman turns around and with a wide fat grin I now see that it is Louise.

“Lou...” I can't even finish saying her name. In the past two days she has changed. Impossibly.

Her belly is stretching the dress to bursting point, the huge round fat gut is so tightly packed into her dress that it is acting almost like a bra for her huge gut. I can't keep my eyes off her body, each second, I linger my gaze on her. I notice a new fold, a new bulge, an impossible growth.

“I lied.” She states the grin still on her fat face.

I didn't answer at first, I am still in awe at the magnitude of this immense woman. Her fat hands start to massage and rub the side of her stomach, I swear I can hear the dress audibly creak as her hand slowly draws a small circle on the side of her belly.

“I said, I lied.” She reminds me that she just spoke.

“Huh?”

“I told you that I'd be over 400 lbs... And that is technically true...” Her words linger as she

starts to knead the upper swell of her fat gut. “I should’ve said 450.”

Standing next to her, it is hard to say if she was right or not, to me she looks to be 500 lbs or 600 lbs, not that I’ve ever seen a woman that large.

“Speechless.” She places her seemingly inflated hand on my bicep tenderly. “That is about the reaction I wanted.” She traces her hand across my chest and downward slightly. “Well... There was another reaction I was hoping for.” She eyes my pants and coos.

I was indeed hard, rock solid. I never imagined that I would find a woman so grotesquely large physically attractive in the flesh but seeing Louise struggling to be contained in her dress was drawing upon something deep within.

“H-how?” I ask.

She leans over, causing her body to now press against me. Her tits press against my bicep and her belly collides with my torso, covering almost all of it by “accident”

“Easy...” She says in a breathy tone. “I. Cannot. Stop. Eating.” She lingers on each word, her belly still pressed against my torso.

I look at her chubby cheeks and see her mischievous grin still ever present.

“Go on...” She speaks.

Before I can question what she is talking about, she takes my hand and presses it against her gut. The bulbous boulder yields very little, the sheer amount of fat compressed against her skin is to blame for its rigidity. I get five seconds to enjoy myself before I notice Andrew walking towards the front.

Those five seconds...

“I gotta...”

“I know, just think, next time it’ll be even bigger.” She giggles at my awkward shuffle towards my till.

Louise loads her trolley on the belt, and I quickly get her through the scanning, the obese man behind noticing our lustful gazes’ smirks. Louise opts to pay with cash, in the pile she also left a note with her phone number on.

“Talk soon Shaun.”

“Y-yeah...”

I watch on as she jiggles heavily to the front door, her huge ass shaking in the dress.

The rest of the customers for the day are painless, all of them are chubby or more, each of them seem to be taking it differently. If you can think of a reaction, I saw someone have it today, most of them accept it though and are content with it. Lunch time rolls around and thankfully there is cover for my non stop till, I quickly cut my way through the hoard of hungry customers as the clock strikes 1300. I make it to the staff room with only a few questions, mostly from people wondering when we might get a certain Roots product back, but I hand them off to someone who works in the replenishment team.

I duck into the staff door and close it quickly behind me. Leaning against the door I sigh with my eyes closed, opening them I am greeted by Linda, or rather Linda’s gravid middle. She, much like Louise, is bigger. Her growth is mostly localised to her belly which has taken on a much wider and rounder shape to it, it no longer can be contained in her top and there is about half of it on display at this point. It looms dangerously close to my mid-section despite her face being two and a half feet away

from me. Her tits have stretched the available fabric of her top to their limits, the shirt now acting as a bra to contain her swollen and milky breasts, the shirt is stepping up because Linda has had to forgo a bra due to her sudden surge in growth.

Linda looks at me, a hand on her wide hip. “Hey.” She says in a husky low voice.

Much like Louise earlier, my eyes can’t leave the woman’s body. I just stare and take in her sheer size. Her nipples are thick and visible through her fabric, how she gets away working in this state is beyond me.

*I guess being in the cash office alone helps.*

Her belly is so firm and round, it looks fit to burst but I know she has more than a few weeks left.

“Touch it.” She commands.

As if I am on autopilot my hand reaches for her stomach, just before my hand makes contact with her shirt, she stops me. “No, you want the full experience.”

Suddenly her stomach starts to swell, it looks as if it is growing, it inches towards me and I watch in awe as the shirt rises up the protruding swell. After clearing the apex of her stomach, the hem catapults upwards and exposes her bare belly for me. It is now pressed against my torso, its growth having now stopped, I lift my head to her face.

My expression must’ve read “Did you see that?” Linda laughs before letting a big breath out and I see her stomach shrink slightly.

“What are you waiting for?” She asks.

I notice her nipples are now hard and small wet patches are starting to form on her nipples, her



face looks a bit flush. I again lift my hand and gently press it onto her taught middle, Linda lets out a moan as my hand starts to slowly stroke her swollen middle.

“Your hand feels so good.” She softly whispers. “How do I feel to you , Shaun?”

“Big.” The one and only word I can utter.

“So.” She takes a deep breath. “Big.” Her colossal stomach presses my body into the door behind me, my hands freely roam the huge round mass. Linda’s breathing starts to pick up and my massages start to become more rigorous.

The heat starts to ramp up, Linda can’t reach me over her body very well, so she decides to lean back and press her belly into me more, the power of her gigantic stomach pinning me to the wall was enough to cause her arousal to spike. Just for good measure Linda starts to play with her tits, her hands squeezing, jiggling and cupping her massive mammaries. I was hard the moment I saw her bump but now I myself am almost fit to burst. That is when I feel the door behind me budge.

*Someone is coming in.*

Linda quickly moves back and waddles as fast as she can to the cash office once more, her top saturated in milk from her own playing. I quickly scurry forward, letting the person behind me enter the staff door. My hard cock making it more difficult to rush away, I hear the person call my name.

“Hey Shaun.”

Rachel.

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