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1,008 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 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.

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