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1,698 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 7

I hurriedly left the shop after paying and rushed home. Eager to see my wife, I rushed through the door with the box in hand. It had only been an hour, but it seemed that hunger was starting to become all-consuming for Miranda. What little food remained in the fridge and cupboards was once again gone, Miranda had apparently gotten too impatient. All this is from guess work, solely based on the amount of packaging left out in the kitchen and dining room.

“Babe?”

The noise I heard back could only be categorised as a “Glorp”. I timidly followed the noise to its source and found myself greeted by a large round skin coloured orb presented high into the air, it rose off my wife’s body like a mountain. She was laying on her back on the floor and she was fast asleep. Her belly was the source of the noise, her belly churned with the vast amount of food within her gut and still it demanded more, if the rumbling was to be believed.

She had undergone a myriad of changes in such a short amount of time. The food was having a profound effect on her body, each day she would wake up fatter than the last. I was all too eager to notice the changes, the rate in which she was gaining was arousing. There was her belly, it obviously was much bigger and rounder when she would eventually fall asleep in the night after stuffing it throughout the day. However, the morning was rather interesting to me. Her body seemed to digest the food at an

incredible rate and her belly was significantly less packed in the morning. It was softer, still round in appearance but it had a lot of yield to it. My hands would gravitate to the round middle, and I'd just enjoy how her softer stomach oozed between my fingers. It wouldn't last long, usually within a few minutes she would be eating and over the course of the feast I could feel her belly grow and become tauter.

There were other changes from her gorging sessions, her face had started to lose that slim and defined look. Miranda's strong jawline and defined facial features were appearing softer, like a little bit of puppy fat was reappearing. Her chin was in danger of becoming multiple at this point. I found the softer look to be just as beautiful as her former self.

I looked over her vulnerable body and saw her arms were covered in food, she had become a lot messier with each passing day, the greed getting the better of her. The formerly toned arms had blown up, thick and fat upper arms were now connected to her shoulders.

The rest of Miranda's body was also gaining weight, I took in her form before me now and it was an easy to see difference. Her thighs were thicker, the thin and toned athletic thighs were now meaty logs that still didn't look thick enough to support her gravid middle. When we would retire to the bedroom, my hands sinking into them was something I noticed rather quickly, how my hips would impact against them with each thrust, the slap would egg me on to pump into her harder.

There was another change that I hadn't really discussed with her; however, in her inflated state, she was naked and on the floor with her legs spread. It gave me the perfect opportunity to look and see her pussy in all of its glory. It was strange at first, I couldn't quite tell what was going on but after the first two days, it was clear. Her pussy was growing. It would make sense that her fupa would grow, her ass had grown too as had her thighs, but this was different. Her lips felt as though they were inflated, puffed up. My wife had a toned body, and she had a good core but despite her former tightness, it was somehow becoming tighter. The reason was her labia was becoming engorged. It was harder for my cock to fully enter her but the pleasure she felt had increased tenfold, easily. Even for me, it was so

much more pleasurable, it felt like I was fucking the softest plump pillows and due to the lack of space, it was still so tight. It was likely the reason that Miranda had to lay with her legs spread wide, as to not crush her lips between her growing thighs.

*It wouldn't probably feel bad... It'd likely turn her on.*

I looked at my defeated wife and placed the box of Roots on the side. The box made much more noise than I was expecting, and I almost jumped out of my skin. Looking back to my wife, I could see her eyes were wide open now.

“Is that... Roots?” She said groggily.

*I can't lie.*

I nodded.

“Now.” She demanded. “I need it. Now.”

I wasted no time and threw four boxes into the oven whilst I cooked one rapidly through the microwave. During this time Miranda had risen to her feet and stood in the kitchen, hugely bloated and rubbing her stomach to try and soothe it whilst her food was cooked. I found my eyes wandering to her body and I was struggling to take in her girth anymore. She had surpassed anything that would be considered normal, I'd even say that her baby bump was bigger than Linda's, it was hard to tell because Linda had some extra fat around it too. Where Miranda had Linda beat was her tits, they had blown up over the past few days and she was using shirts that used to fit her trim body as bras because her breasts had outgrown every bra she had.

Neither of us were qualified to say what size they were but we were now looking in the ballpark of K cups, the bloated milk laden melons sitting heavily on the taut dome of her ever-growing belly. That was another thing to try and gauge. She looked more like she had swallowed a beach ball; it was just so bloody round on her frame. It was like most of the calories that she ate went there and her tits.

That wasn't true of course, there was one area that I couldn't see when she was laying down that had changed. Her ass, those hips had spread wide ready to give birth and her butt had also grown

large to fill out the widening girth of her hips. Each cheek was thick and full, I found that due to her eating habits, I was often unable to reach it but right now, I slipped behind her and sunk my fingers into her fat ass. She let out a low moan and started to gyrate her hips against my hands.

“Don’t tease me... I’m too hungry...” Miranda softly whispered.

I didn’t relent, my interaction with Lauren earlier had really got me worked up and seeing my hugely pregnant wife tipped me over the edge. I started to grind my cock against her soft behind and my hands started to fondle her massive melons. Miranda just kept moaning.

A loud ding dazed us both for a second, I reacted first, pulled out the food from the microwave, a giant burrito. Miranda eyed it intently and picked it up off the plate, the piping hot meal did not stop her from taking a large bite out of the tortilla. I could see the steam, but she greedily started to eat. I was about to move away when I felt her hand grip my shirt and pull me towards her.

I knew what she wanted. I wanted it too; we both wasted no more time or exchanged any words. My mouth lunged for her neck and my hands went into a frenzy over her huge and bloated body. My fingers savoured every inch of her skin, every bulge and every soft and yielding fleshy roll. Meanwhile she continued to stuff her face with the burrito, she was ravenous despite eating a family of eight’s meals for the week in one sitting. Her other hand was pulling my cock out of my pants and guiding it to her ass which was now turning back towards me.

I pushed her over so that she had to use her arm on the counter to hold herself up. She grunted when she made impact.

“I almost dropped my burrito...” She growled.

*It seemed that her appetite hadn’t overtaken her lust.*

Half bent over, her ass presented to me, I did what any good husband would do. I guided my cock into her waiting and inflated pussy. I felt her whole body move in a new way, the weight from her stomach acting like a pendulum after each thrust. The large dome was hitting her thick thighs, she spread her legs and leaned over more to allow it to swing between them. Miranda’s large ass and pussy was

cushioning my blows but equally driving me wilder by the second.

“I... I can’t... Last...”

“Cum.” She scoffed between bites. “I can’t get any more pregnant.”

The inverse was terrifying but also arousing.

*Bigger?*

I had a thought that despite her rapid growth in the past few days, she was still weeks away from her due date. So actually.

*She will get bigger...*

I exploded deep inside her, the thought of her somehow getting bigger was turning me on so much. All logic had evaporated from my brain, I just kept thinking about her growing bigger, impossibly but she already had done so much growth.

*What’s a little more?*

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