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1,656 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 5

I woke up the next morning to grunting and huffing. I opened my weary eyes and saw Miranda struggling to get into her trousers, but not at the point I expected.

Overnight her stomach had shrunk considerably, and she looked much closer to normal, but I could easily tell that she was still larger than she was twenty-four hours ago. The feast had left its mark, but even stranger still was the rest of her body. She had put on some weight overnight; it looked like her body had used that massive amount of food to fill her up all over. It wasn't massive and it certainly didn't make her fat, but she looked like Linda did after year one of marriage.

I stared at my wife, hardly awake still, I could see her hips were wider and she had much more of a curve about her frame, her butt had filled out as had her thighs. That was the reason she couldn't get herself into her trousers. She was markedly thicker. Turning around I could see that her stomach was looking bigger in more detail, it just looked inflated, like she had been pumped up or drawn a big breath. Above her round tummy was now a larger bust. My wife's tits had plumped up, they looked so... fat... they appeared bloated or overfilled, they sat freely on her chest, jiggling with each and every movement of her body.

I cleared my throat and drew her attention. Miranda's face was red and sweaty.

"These... Fit... Yesterday..." She grunted.

I am glad that she ignored the tent my cock was making in the blanket, I can't imagine that would've been received well. But also, how couldn't she see those changes. I choose to console her rather than ravage her like my cock desperately wanted.

"Let me help..." I got up and proceeded to help her in the futile effort.

We struggled to get her dressed for about ten minutes before we admitted defeat. Her larger ass was not getting in those trousers, nor were her fat tits into her D cups, her belly was still as exposed as yesterday, just there was more of it. I comforted her as best as I could, but I couldn't help but feel myself being aroused at her vast dimensions and her rapid gain.

"I'm just a fat blob..." She started to weep.

"No! nooo, you are beautiful." I brought her in for a tight embrace, being extra careful not to stick my hard dick against her body at all. She wept into my shoulder as I rubbed her head.

"You are so beautiful Miranda... Motherhood suits you so much, you look so fertile." I said, my hands rubbing around her bump.

My wife turned her head up at me and kissed me on the lips. "You are such a sweet talker..." She cooed. "But I think I'm too hot and sweaty to give you what you want right now." She laughed.

"It's ok, I've got a secret weapon..." I added.

"What's that?"

"More Roots."

Miranda Squealed.

I led the charge downstairs, and Miranda's thunderous steps followed behind me. Although it wasn't a race, I did beat her to the kitchen. I turned and watched as my larger wife waddled into the kitchen. I couldn't get over the size difference from a single day.

If she can gain that much in one day, I wonder what she is capable of...

Horny fantasy scenario aside, I started to prepare the Roots products for her to eat.

"Wait! They were here the whole time?" Miranda pouted.

“I brought them home last night; you didn’t notice because you were on the floor finishing off the remnants of the cupboard.”

She blushed and placed a chubbier hand on her taut stomach.

“That’s what I thought.” I added with a big smirk.

Thankfully the Roots products were fairly quick to make in the microwave. Moments later the ding echoed through the kitchen and Miranda’s eyes went wide. I brought her the food and recoiled when she snatched the food out of my hand. With an unmatched gluttony she started to chew and consumed like I hadn’t seen. She chewed and gnashed the “All day breakfast” and the meal disappeared far too quickly for any normal rate of consumption.

“More...” She huffed before letting out a belch.

“Oh... Sure.” I timidly went back to the fridge and pulled out another microwave meal. This time it was red Thai curry. “I only had the one breakfast thing.”

“Doesn’t matter. More. Now.” She almost barked.

I did as I was told. I knew that tone and I knew not to disobey her wishes. I watched as the timer went down on the microwave, my eyes darted between her and the timer. Miranda was soothing her stomach and wasn’t paying much attention to the whirring of the microwave. However, after the ding of the machine, her eyes locked onto the door.

I removed the piping hot meal from the microwave and headed to the countertop where I had a plate ready, her voice made me jump.

“Just bring it here.” Miranda snapped.

I quickly brought it over to her and saw her rubbing the side of her belly as if she was trying to soothe the occupant inside. Once I placed the plastic container on the table, she started to quickly shovel the food into her mouth. Panicking, I started to prepare a third meal. That paid off because once she finished the Thai, she was ready for another meal.

Her short and snappy tone had dissipated thanks to my proactive actions. I placed the lasagne

down on the table and for the briefest of moments before she started to tuck in, she reached out and rubbed my arm with her thumb and beamed at me.

“Thanks babe.” She uttered before she filled her mouth with another forkful of food.

Not wanting to risk her wrath, I prepared the final Roots meal that I had purchased. It paid off, the Lasagne barely touched the sides as it slid down into her growing middle, and she was quickly eating the cottage pie. I braced myself for a still hungry wife, but I knew that we had no food left after her feast last night. I felt a wave of trepidation come over me when the last fork of food entered her mouth.

“Ahhh...” She let out a satisfied sigh, her hands patting her stomach.

“Done?” I timidly asked.

“Still a bit hungry but...” She reached under her belly and hefted it from hanging between her legs and lifted it to sit on her thighs.

It really did make it appear so much larger. During her meals she had leaned over to reach the table but now that she was done, she was able to show off her full size to me, she even had to turn to her side to allow for her gravid middle to be on display. Her top was acting like a bra for her bigger tits, but her belly was providing more support to her fat breasts due to how firm and stuffed it was.

“I think I’ll leave it at that for now.” Miranda finished her sentence, one that I had forgotten she had even started.

I approached her in a horny daze and dropped to my knees before her stomach. I wrapped my arms around her swollen middle and started to kiss and nuzzle her belly. It was so tight, I thought she might pop if she did continue to eat. My lips worshipped her gravid form, and I rubbed her flanks lustfully. The massage was going over well with Miranda, she was letting out soft coos and moans as I explored her body. Feeling her smooth and taut skin against my face was arousing me immeasurably, I could’ve remained in this position all day. The only thing to remove me from this dream-like state was a tug at my wrists. Miranda pulled me up towards her face, my body had to rest over her orb like stomach and as a result my rigid cock was pressed against her stomach. She passionately kissed me,

and I felt her hands trying to take my shirt off.

I broke the kiss off and looked at her quizzically with a raised eyebrow.

Right now? Stuffed as she is?

Miranda spoke no words, she just pulled at her top and released her huge breasts, they landed on top of her stomach with a meaty slap.

I needed no more indication and I lunged at her and started to suck her thick nipples, one hand keeping my balance, the other rubbing her stomach.

Her moans filled the room once more. I lovingly rubbed and lightly slapped her belly and felt its huge mass wobble against my body. My cock was screaming for release, so I uncoupled my mouth from her nipple and pulled out my cock and stared at my wife who was reeling from the stimulation from my sucking. Her eyes lowered to my cock, and she rose with lightning speed, despite her size. Her stomach bumped into my body, and she looked at me lustfully. With my cock now exposed, it rubbed the underside of her belly, and she could see the effect it was having on me by the expressions on my face.

“I think we should take this upstairs...” She cooed.

I could only nod.

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