

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,004 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 11

I sped home and quickly entered the front door, turning around and slamming it shut quickly. Adrenaline still pumped through my veins, and I was wildly aroused, my cock was still at half-mast as I awkwardly shuffled through the hallway.

I heard a rumbling echo through the house.

Miranda.

I heard heavy footsteps stomp above me as they moved around the upper floor of the house. I stood at the bottom of the stairs, my arms holding the Roots products that I knew she so desperately wanted. I was aroused but also nervous about Miranda at this point. The sex was amazing, and she had really blown up but there was something else going on with her. She was insatiable, she just wanted sex and food at all hours of the day. A dream that was turning into an exhaustive nightmare.

Yet I remained at the last step of the stairs.

The thundering of her footsteps shook my rib cage, and I watched the bannister of the stairs shake.

Then I saw *it*.

Her stomach, Miranda's huge and distended orb, it covered the top of the stairs before I was

even able to see any other part of her body. Her stomach was so incredibly stretched and large that it looked as though she was able to probably house two full sized adults within it. With great difficulty she manoeuvred her stomach so that she was now facing down the stairs. I was able to just about get some glimpses of her body, a fatty tree trunk of a leg, an encumbered arm there. She held her tits towards her chest, the massive mammaries overflowing her arms, their size was far beyond what either of us had ever seen, let alone heard of. She bent over to make sure she had lined herself up right and she caught eyes with the food I had brought home. Her eyes shot wide.

“Roots!” She screeched.

She let go of her tits and I watched as they surged forward and flopped over her gigantic stomach. She was so much more woman than she was, even from only a few days ago. As quickly as she could, she descended the stairs and I waited for her boulder gut to be within arm’s length. I reached forward and felt her round and smooth skin in the palm of my hand, she let out a soft coo before pushing me aside for the food that was on a side table in the hallway.

“Hungry.” She groaned.

Like a call to arms, I quickly rushed ahead of her and started to cook some of the food. The rest I opened and put on the tabletop as it was ready to eat. Her body didn’t even fit properly at the dining table, hadn’t for a few days now, but today it seemed that she was having extra trouble to even turn sideways to reach the table. I kept taking glances at her and my cock was once again fully erect. Miranda noticed.

“I’ve been craving these Roots all morning...” She said with her mouth full.

I looked at my watch.

It’s only 0725...

She ate and inhaled her food, but she knew that I was aroused so she beckoned me over.

“I’ve got to eat... You can do whatever you want.”

The strange offer confused me more than anything. It felt strange, but it was quickly cleared up

when I felt her free hand, the one that couldn't reach over her body to get at the food, grab my cock in my trousers.

"I know you're hard, you don't hide it well at all." She scoffed. "Why shouldn't you have fun..." She started to stroke. "I know how much you adore these new curves..."

With a swift motion, she removed my cock from my pants and slapped it against her hugely bloated breast. I saw the ripples that the impact made as they travelled over the engorged boob.

"Have your way with my body, you've got a few minutes till the microwave is done." She instructed me.

I was still taken aback by her abrasiveness.

"Here..." She lifted her breast. I didn't know what she wanted. "Stick it in." She commanded.

I placed my cock on the top of her wide spanning stomach. Like a mousetrap that had been set off, her huge breast crashed onto my dick. The weight wasn't too hard that it caused any pain, the skin yielded just enough to soften the blow but under the small soft layer was the feeling of the taut orbs. I lost all control at this point, and I grabbed the front of Miranda's tit and started to thrust into the crevice between her belly and boob. It was heaven.

"I bet I feel good..." She moaned, not pausing her consumption for a single second. "Fuck my swollen body..." She reached around behind me and pulled me closer. "And all this food you brought me... It's only going to do one thing..." She moaned this time and then paused, turned and looked at me with a lusty gaze. "Make. Me. Bigger."

I had been thrusting for barely 40 seconds when I felt myself rapidly approaching the point of no return, but Miranda's words sent me over the edge. I came deep under her tits and felt myself spasm against her taut form.

Ding

"That's my next meal sweetie..." She flicked her eyes to the microwave. "You do want me to grow bigger? Don't you? You want your pregnant queen fatter right?"

Yes.

* * *