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1,644 words.

<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter One

I walk home and due to my later finish and after the chat with Andrew, I find myself being one of the only people in the car park.

*A bit eerie.*

I hear car tyres screeching, turning around I am dazzled by the headlights, the car comes to an abrupt stop next to me. I look through the lowered window and see a panicked man sweating.

“Hey! You work here, do you have any Roots?” he asks with fear in his voice.

*He sounds like an addict trying to get his fix.*

I stare at the man a bit bewildered, he is well built, very muscly and looks ready to throw some punches in the ring.

He barks at me. “Hey, do you have anything?”

I shake my head. “When I left, they were sold out. We should have the shelves stocked tomorrow morning at eight.”

“Fuck!” He yells, in a frustrated tone and he turns around. “They don’t have anything.”

In the dimly lit car park, I wasn’t able to notice at first that he has a passenger in his car. I peer into the back and see an extremely obese woman; her large fat frame takes up most of the back seat of the car in its entirety. She sits in the centre of the seats so that her belly has more room to press between the two front seats. I stare at her massive girth and then find myself staring at the man again, his eyes look at me pleading.

“She just started to get fat... She can’t stop...” He whispers, just as panicked and fearful.

From the back of the car a deep voice comes from the woman, “Food!” she yells.

The sheer act of shouting causes her body to start to jiggle. She has outgrown her clothes and her flabby body is on display, even her tits. I look back at the driver who is lost in thought, thankfully he doesn’t notice me blushing after seeing his partner’s naked body, although I suspect he might not care given the situation.

The tyres of the car screech as he speeds off, the rear suspension of the car is significantly more taxed than the front, so much so that the rear bumper is only a few inches from the road.

I continue to walk home, looking at my phone and reading online articles from our local paper. Seemingly this news hasn’t left our town, which is bizarre, like someone is suppressing it or censoring it. The weight gain has seemingly spread to the journalists who write as seen by the juxtaposition from the articles.

One article reads like it is condemning Roots, another raising awareness for the growing bulk of the town. Meanwhile on their front page are multiple stories about how good Roots is as a company,

how to best use their products and how to show off plus size curves.

One writer in particular seems to have had a good read on Roots from the start, I click their profile and look through their recent releases and notice that the scepticism of Roots is very quickly replaced by love and adoration. Even in pictures that the writer has shared of herself, I can see a difference already and that wasn't even that long ago.

*She must've given into trying Roots. Unless it was forced upon her.*

It seems that many people in the town are under the "spell" of Roots, even friends on social media are posting pictures and almost all of them have undergone some rapid changes.

One girl in particular, Claire used to be anorexic, and I was always worried about her weight when I knew her. Claire posted two hours ago a picture of her meal, a Roots microwave meal, in the mirror, in the background, her form was on display. She had changed, that isn't strong enough of a word, a true metamorphosis might be better. The girl who looked like a toothpick was now looking like she was approaching 300lbs, from the limited visibility of her figure I was able to see a large pot belly that she never had before, her whole body looked fatter overall, her arms were thick as was her face. Her cheeks were puffy and full, her chins numerous and her clothes far out matched for her new girth.

Staring at her now got me worked up. It might be fucked up but all the women in the town were all undergoing a fantasy of mine. Even the men weren't safe, many of them were bulking up in a serious way, their fat guts starting to dominate their body as they all gained a massive amount of weight along with all the women of the town.

I finally arrive home and pass a few university students, they seem to be on their way to a night

out, their clothes would've been classed skimpy already, but their added fat now makes them all the more revealing. Rather than be conscious about their newly acquired fat the women seem to be showing it off in their short shorts and crop tops. My eyes linger a bit too long on them as they jiggle down the hall, one of them scoffs at me like I'm a pig while the other gives me a wink and a little jiggle. The events of the day still lingering in my head, I walk through the door horny, hungry and tired. I quickly take care of my hunger and clean up, then I take a long soak in the bath, relaxing and trying not to think about the constant growth the women of the town are going through before I slip into bed.

The next day I get into work early as requested, noting how cold and quiet the shop feels at that time in the morning. Andrew is already in the shop, he lets me in, and we have quickly cleared the paperwork required for my new role. He runs me through the basics, and I meet my team, thankfully after years of working here I have a good understanding of the role anyway and I know the team. Everyone gets to work quickly and before I know it, I am left with the microwave meal aisle, specifically the mountain of Roots products.

*They did that on purpose.*

I take a deep breath before I start filling the shelves, making sure that I clear as much as I can before the front doors open. Unfortunately for me, I don't quite make it. An announcement over the speakers informs me that the shop is now opening, and I have one stack of product left. I try to speed up but once again I find myself not quick enough before the hungry horde bears down on my aisle. I watch as large jiggling bellies wobble towards me. The sheer mass approaching me would be a lot more arousing if I wasn't in their path. Two large women lead the charge, their huge wide hips blocking the

rest from overtaking. I watch as their bodies quake and thunder towards me, I am still on my knees, placing the last few meals into the back of the shelf when I feel them start to brush against me, pressing me and rubbing against me as they start to pick what they want from the shelf before me.

I am in heaven and hell simultaneously, on one hand I am in a dangerously claustrophobic situation and on the other, I am surrounded by huge overweight sexy women, their flesh billowing out of their clothes, in some cases their bare flesh bumps me. I finish off and try to leave but above me now is a looming blimp of a belly, I turn my head and try to look behind me and am met with a tree trunk of a thigh. I feel the woman rest her belly on my head, its mass starting to push my head towards the floor. She leans over to reach her desired product and the pressure of her gargantuan gut presses down on me. In an attempt to defend myself, I use my hands to hold her stomach off of me, my hands don't sink in as far as I would've expected, the soft warm flesh yields very little.

*Probably full from breakfast.*

My fingers spread wide as I get a good feel of this woman's large belly, I feel my cock become hard in my trousers, suddenly I notice something else. She is starting to gyrate slightly, her crotch close to my face already, starts to get closer, her belly starts to rhythmically grind on me. Feel more bodies press around me and I am losing the battle to raise this globe of a gut off of me. I do the only thing I can do in this scenario; I drop to the floor and start to crawl between the legs of our oversized patrons. I struggle to get out but eventually I find myself free from the wall of warm flesh. I look behind me and watch in horror and awe as the oversized mass of human flesh jiggles and bumps into each other. Men and women of all different ages, all of them wanting one thing.

*More.*

I lift myself to my feet and quickly head around back, terrified and horny, I bump into the one person I wish I didn't. Linda. I find myself practically bent over her large bump as I collide with it, even in this position I am unable to reach her tits, her protruding stomach is far too big for that. I look up with a nervous smile, above the horizon of her milky tits I can see her smirking down at me.

“Hey there.” She says with a hand on the swell of her breast.

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