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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

I turn and see Rachel standing in the doorway, except she has changed too. Under her arm she has a Roots product that she likely swiped from the shop floor. It isn't the potential theft that has me staring, it is her newly acquired fat. Her arms look much bigger, she definitely more buff than before, those extra calories are helping her get those gains she wants but she has a weightlifter's gut. It protrudes oddly from her mostly fit frame. The added pounds have spread their way over her body, and she now has a sizable layer of fat over all that muscle, her definition has now gone. She strides over to me confidently and gives me a pat on my arm. The ensuing hit causes me to recoil.

“Oh sorry, guess I don't know my own strength.” She teases as she lifts her arm and flexes.

I stare as her thick arm now shifts as some muscle moves and causes its shape to transform.

There is the buff girl I know.

Rachel's bulging bicep is now next to my face and I find myself staring, most likely due to the horny exchanges I've already encountered or maybe because of my lack of relief from last night's

activities or maybe it is just the rapid change of the buff girl into this pot-bellied beefcake that has me in a choke hold. I reach out and try to wrap my hand around her bicep. The circumference of her arm prior to this sudden gain would've proven difficult but now it is impossible for me to achieve this with two hands. Her arms are thick like tree trunks. My hand sinks into the soft layer of flesh around her muscle before I feel the tensing firmness of her bicep.

“Big, huh?” She says with a coy smile.

“I never knew you were so buff.”

“I must say, I wasn't expecting you to be so bold.” Rachel smiles. “I'm buff all over.” She turns her leg at a peculiar angle and flexes. I can see her already tight trousers fill out from her flexing thigh. It is barely visible over her stomach. Once again, I find myself drawn to her midsection.

Her round stomach looks firm but densely packed, it seems that all her food just sits there waiting to be added to the mass of her muscles but currently Rachel must be eating way more than her body can metabolise.

My boldness knows no bounds as my hand floats over to her stomach and I place my palm on her gut. She instinctively flinches and sucks in, my hand follows the sudden shift in her tum.

“Hey. I didn't say you could touch that.” Rachel says, a little anger showing in her voice, but mostly just embarrassment.

“But it is so firm too.” I add, in a daze.

“Huh...” Her strong hand lands on her boulder of a gut and she starts to rub. “I guess you are right...”

I look up at Rachel, her face not quite convinced of my assessment, but she doesn't ask me to

move, she does flex her core and I feel the ball of fat on her torso start to tense.

“You have muscles everywhere...” I say as my hand continues to circle the circumference of my co-worker.

Now it was Rachel’s time to be bold, her strong hands wrap around my wrist, and she pulls my hands to her body. “I love it when people admire the body I’ve created.”

Rachel gets me to quickly feel around her shoulders and arms. Her muscles intrigue me but the newly acquired fat really does have my attention. She seems to enjoy my hands over her body as I take in her form.

“You are amazing... Your body... Is insane...” I say whilst my fingers explore her body further.

“Oh Shaun, you know how to treat a woman... Worship me...”

“You are so... Strong...”

“Mmm” Rachel moans again in satisfaction.

“So... So. Big.”

Her eyebrow furrows, and her face looks at me slightly confused, I take no notice as I continue to dig my fingers into the soft flesh now congregating where her abs once were. My fingers sink deep into the plush and rotund middle, I can still feel the firm abs beneath the blubbery gut. Place my hands across the pot belly she now sports, my fingers unable to cover much of the circumference, I give a teasing squeeze and jiggle before I feel her strongly push me backwards.

“Big?” She looks at me angrily. “Are you serious? I am perfect, here you are calling me fat?” She slaps her stomach with a mighty blow, causing it to wobble wildly.

Maybe I should’ve thought more about my choice of words.

“I’ll show you Shaun.” She storms off before I can say anything.

I need to calm down... all these growing women... some don't like it.

I continue to make my way to the staff room. Just me and one other person. Sam.

Don't say anything.

I timidly sneak over to the fridge to get my food and take a seat on the other side of the room. Unfortunately, that doesn't stop her from distracting me. Before I put my headphones in to listen to a podcast, I hear the greedy gluttonous sounds of her slurping and chewing her food. My eyes wander over to her seat and I notice there are a few scraps of food on the table and even the floor. I turn my focus to her face, and I can see her just eating uncontrollably, she barely gives herself a second to chew before shovelling in the next handful. Fixated on her food, she just marches on with her consumption. I find myself fascinated by the display, each sound, each smack of her lips I find myself glued to it all. I look at the discarded packages of many Roots products as she pushes another empty case away before tucking into the next one, without any cutlery, her hands just scoop up the food and she shovels it straight into her maw.

She is eating so much.

I spend most of my break watching Sam eat more and more food, she finally finishes what she has on the table but just from her expression I can tell she isn't full. She looks at the mess before her, a look of sorrow at the defeated meal, finally as she has stopped, I get a good look at her face. Most of her features haven't changed like the others, she hasn't really gained any weight but there is something different about her. I almost yelp as I see her lick her fingers, her tongue stretches out of her mouth and

starts to work her fingers for any remaining scraps or crumbs.

That is the longest tongue I have ever seen.

It was massive, I think I might've seen some video online of a woman with a massive tongue but Sam before me now edges out that woman by at least an inch or two. Her eyes close as she savours the remnants of her meal on her fingers, the whole process seems quite sensual to her, certainly does to me. Her tongue dances on the final tip of one of her fingers and she looks as if she exits her gluttonous trance. She stares directly at me, for a moment it is as if she has been caught with her hand in the cookie jar but her look of shock turns into a large grin.

“How much did you see?” Sam asks.

“Not much, I just got here.” I lied.

“So... You didn't see me act like a... Piggy then?” Her large tongue licks her lips playfully.

Too frightened to say anything I just shake my head.

“Well... I'm still hungry...” She slowly stands up; she seems to have some difficulty in getting to her feet as she is struggling with something under the table.

It doesn't take long before I understand. With a heavy huff and puff Sam lifts her mighty stuffed stomach from under the table. Standing at her 5'2 the swollen stomach barely sticks above the table, she places it on the table with a heavy crash. It rigidly sits atop the cold surface, her uniform was already undone, unable to contain the stuffed stomach she was now sporting, probably didn't last long into her feast based on the short stature of the girl.

“I guess I don't look it...” Sam looks down at her magnitude.

Her small breasts allow her to see the gravid stuffed mass now attached to her torso and she

pauses after she notices there is some food splattered across the top of her belly. She looks at me and smirks before craning her neck down towards her stomach, she doesn't take her eyes off of me as I see her large tongue unfurl from her mouth, it descends as she lowers her head, and she reaches the mess on top of her stomach with ease. Her tongue easily reaches 6 inches from her mouth to start to lick off the food, her eyes still glued to mine. I watch in awe as she clears up the top of her hugely bloated belly with her massive tongue. The small woman then retracts her tongue and places a hand on her stomach and gives it a light rub.

“Time to get more food.” She turns on her heels, her protruding stomach leading the way as she exits the staff room, leaving me stunned.

My mind having fixated thoughts about Sam and her long tongue, I have lost my appetite for food.

My break rushes by and I am back to work, like most days at the moment, time flies and I find myself quickly approaching my extended finish time, the queues are still insane, but Andrew actually came to grab me himself. He leads me to the back and stops me from clocking out.

“Hey, sorry if I came across earlier poorly, as you can tell, I am under immense pressure with this level of trade.” He looks down at the floor for a second. “And I think that is something you can help with, you've been here a while, you live locally, and you are a hard worker. I'd like to give you a promotion to help with our replenishment team, I want you to be a team leader. You will get increased pay; more hours and it is a start on the ladder.”

“Wow, I thought you were going to tell me off about this morning again, sure thing Andrew, I'd

love to.”

“Excellent, I’ll get the paperwork written up for tomorrow, can you come in an hour before we open, I’ll get everything checked off and you can start leading your team.”

I give him a big smile and nod.

It is nice to get recognised and financially too. Although the job might not be the easiest due to current circumstances.

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