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<Epidemic #2: Weight Gain>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

“Fourteen, get in here!” The imposing man yells from his desk, his PC screen filled with various reports from local medical facilities.

“Y-yes master?” The hunched man says a quiver in his voice as he flinches before his master.

“The data they’ve got on the first batch on the formula is impressive already, I hope the others aren’t this sloppy.”

“Oh yes, me and the others had the other agents at different strengths, this one just reacted badly to the water-”

“Good. I hope your incompetence hasn’t ruined this for us.” The man gets out of his chair and places a firm grip on Fourteen’s shoulder. “Because if you do, I’ll throw you in the incinerator like the others before you.”

Fourteen starts to shake. “I promise master, we’ve done our best.”

The master gives a few pats on his shoulder. “You better have.” Looking intently at the news

coverage on the screen. “I don’t want a repeat of that.”

The screen is filled with news outlets covering the mysterious breast growth in a small town. Many women sport breasts as big as their torsos.

“Look at town C, they’ve had the formula there for a number of weeks, Thirty-seven has written a report.” Fourteen turns off the TV and hands the master a thick file.

Walking over to the window with the file in his hand. “Mmmm... This is promising...”

Fourteen breathes a sigh of relief.

“How long has it been active in this town?”

“Six weeks.”

Six weeks ago.

The beeping of the clocking machine. What a wonderful sound.

After another long day, I make my way out of the supermarket, quickly ducking through the aisles before someone notices that I am not doing work and tries to get me to do something. The past few days have seen the shop get busier than usual, “trending up vs expected sales” as my boss put it, but not getting any more resources to help with the increase in trade.

Typical corporate response.

I’ve worked in this supermarket for two years and whilst Christmas time is the busiest time of the year by far, now for whatever reason, is almost as busy. We are the only supermarket for a number of miles and the go-to place for most things, unfortunately most of the local shops couldn’t keep up with

the resources and prices that we have. It is a shame, but people always shop where it is cheapest and that is us right now. This is made especially true after we got some new ranges in, usually these take some time to really take off, but they seem to have hit something in the community as we almost can't keep up with demand.

"Roots" gave us their first delivery themselves and for free, the top brass took it willingly. Hard to blame them really and we sold through that stock within 48 hours, almost unheard of for a launch of a product. They offer a wide range of food but all with ties to homegrown and hand reared, they claim to be local, but nobody has ever heard of them. I've not tried anything yet myself but there are some customers who came back that same night to purchase more after their first meal with their ingredients.

I'll try it one day.

I live within walking distance to the shop, and I can't help but notice the car park even looks busier, people leaving with shopping trolleys filled with various products from "Roots", it is quite strange to see something so captivating in the community. Again, customers shop with their wallets and that is the case here. Roots have put their prices very low to start to build market share and so far, it has worked.

Walking into my apartment complex I even see a number of my neighbours who are on the Roots hype train.

"Hey Marie" I called out to my beautiful neighbour.

Marie is a woman, she is the same age as me, we were in the same class even. Never really talked much in school but living opposite to her means I get to speak to her every so often. She is a lovely lady, but I can't help but still feel that she is out of my league. Back in school I was an unfit nerd,

and it is only in the last few years that I have turned myself around, I am now much more fit, and my acne has cleared up, thankfully no scarring. Years of being the ugly nerd didn't do anything for my confidence so I haven't put myself out there yet to find a girl, but I can't help but fixate on Marie.

Marie was always beautiful, maybe not the most beautiful girl in my year but she was so sweet and kind. The brunette's long hair flows down her back and frames her cute face very well. She regularly wears a light amount of makeup; her plump lips always look so inviting and her eyes are usually very alert and wide open. Her years out of her parent's house have been relatively kind to her, she used to be a stick of a woman but living on her own she has put on some weight. You wouldn't call her chubby or plus size, not at all, but she is no longer boarding anorexia like she used too. The weight has given her some curves and she has filled out that B cup she has been wearing since school.

"Oh, hey Shaun." Marie turns around, just as she was entering her flat.

I see those dazzling eyes and her beautiful smile and instantly melt inside.

"Up to much this evening?" She asks.

"No, I was just going to watch some TV and if I can be bothered, I'll make myself some food.

Work was tough today."

"Awh" She frowns in empathy. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, since we've started selling that Roots brand work seems to be going crazy." I say, shaking my head.

"Oh, I heard about that, I picked something of theirs up myself." She smiles.

"Well, you are very lucky and by all accounts their stuff is divine. Any plans for yourself?" I ask, trying to divert the topic away from the bane of my existence.

“Probably just eat this and scroll on my phone until I drop off.”

“Nice...” I take a deep breath, “Hey... Umm... Marie, did you want to come over for dinner sometime next week?”

Marie blushes and looks a bit shocked. “Yes.” She blurts out, causing her to blush even more.

“How about next Saturday? I’ve got work this weekend, but I am off next weekend.”

She nods, “That is perfect, I am off too.”

“Great.” I beam, “See you soon then... Enjoy your meal.”

“Thanks.” She tucks herself through her door frame, and I into mine.

I can't believe that worked.

The night flew by, I was exhausted from work, and I never did get around to making myself anything substantial for food. I watched TV and scrolled on some websites, and I was quite taken back by how many adverts and posts I saw from friends about Roots.

They are everywhere...

The next morning, I get up, get ready and leave my flat.

Another day in hell.

Work wasn't usually something that bothered me, but the extreme business was really starting to grind against me. I open the door and see Marie leaving at the same time.

“Oh, morning neighbour.” I greet her.

“Morning Shaun.” She joins me in walking down the stairs. “Another long day?”

“Yeah, twelve-hour shift today, we are so behind with things, the food deliveries are insane for

this time of year.”

“Because of Roots, right?”

I nod.

“Well, I can say that I do get it. That meal was delicious.” Marie informs me.

“Really?”

“Absolutely, you should get one for yourself.” She suggests.

“Well, there are two reasons I can’t. One, I don’t want to find out I enjoy something that is currently causing me such a pain in the ass.” I say, Marie giggles. “Two, company policy right now is that we cannot buy any, it is reserved for our customers, they don’t last on the shelf long enough for me to get a look in edgewise anyway.”

“That popular?” Marie asks.

“I told you that you were lucky.”

“I might have to try my luck tonight after work” She muses. “Right, here we are.” Marie points to the left, “I’m parked over here, hope you have a good day.” She says as she walks with a bounce in her step to her car.

“You too.” I manage to say as she walks away from me, my eyes betray the gentleman inside and I stare at her modest ass as she sways her hips from side to side.

She must be doing that on purpose.

Rounding the corner into the car park I can already see that my day is going to be tough. As I walk across the car park, I look across the tarmac to see if I can find a space and I can’t. I get into the

shop and the place is packed. Immediately someone asks me to jump on a till.

“On my way.”

The day flies by, large trolleys of food going through the belt, I barely got off a till for a break, the queue didn't let up once. Almost constant scanning for hours and hours. I couldn't help but notice that people were mostly buying Roots food or fresh meat, there wasn't much in the way of other food, like everyone was planning a banquet for that evening.

The chit chat was very focused on Roots. “When are you getting more?”, “It's so good”, “Can you put some aside for me.” Honestly, it wore me down.

By the end of the shift the guards are asking people to leave as people are still trying to get in to buy from us. The team stacking the shelves are on their knees by this point and the shelves are still empty almost. The tills have been hammered all day and everyone is grateful that it is time to go home at this point. Over the speakers we all hear our boss.

“Sorry everyone, could you all stay for another five minutes and meet me in the warehouse.”

Grumbles from everyone as we all shuffle over to the warehouse.

“Right, till team is here, I think that is everyone.” Our boss, Andrew says.

He is a nice guy generally, very likeable but also very focused on the money going through the tills.

“I know it has been very crazy these past few days and I don't know why but the company has finally given us some extra support. We have been trading so far above the forecast that it is unheard of. I want to thank you all so much for your hard work.” He starts applauding which prompts everyone to give a round of applause. “Now, the extra support is additional hours and the ability to recruit, we know

that this is very much needed right now but it won't fix the problem overnight. So as a company we are well aware of the problem, and we are looking to help make things easier as soon as possible. We have also been given extra support in terms of additional stock. That is arriving shortly, if anyone wants to stay on tonight and help fill the shop then as a one time incentive, we will be offering double pay to make sure we are ready for tomorrow's rush."

Wow, they are desperate.

"This is optional so if you want to leave then please feel free to do so. Thank you either way and for those who are leaving, see you tomorrow and for those who are staying, can we start on the fridges."

Unfortunately, I am too.

I stay on and support replenishing the shelves, one of the managers spends a few hours condensing some of the fridges and making a large amount of space.

"Why are you doing that?" I hear someone ask the manager. "Roots is sending us three lorries before we open tomorrow. Got to make space."

Wow.

I eventually get in close to midnight, the shelves were filled, the shop is ready, earned some extra cash and I am absolutely fucked especially after the walk home. Walking down my hallway I can't help but notice that there is a food delivery driver walking away from Marie's door.

She is still up? And eating this late?

I try not to think about it as I walk into my flat and throw myself into bed. Just as I am going to

sleep, I hear a knock on the door. Groggy and confused, I open the door to see a man with a pizza box.

“Hey, here is your pizza.”

I shake my head, “Wrong door...”

He looks down at his phone and to the number on the wall. “Oh shit! Sorry man. Probably woke you or something...”

I glare at him. “What number are you looking for? Mate.” I grunt.

“Fourteen”

“Behind you.” I grumble before closing the door, barely hearing him say sorry.

Fourteen, that is Marie's.

Chapter Two

After finally falling back to sleep after the late-night shenanigans, I am stripped from the land of the unconscious by the blaring beeps of my aggressive alarm.

“Fuck off” I grumble.

I shouldn't have done that extra shift.

Throwing myself out of bed, I thunder with lazy footsteps towards the shower and start my day with barely five hours worth of sleep.

Tough day ahead.

Finishing my toast and coffee, I catch the time, 07:43

“Fuck!”

I'm late.

I burn my mouth on the remainder of my coffee and rush out the door. I almost bump directly into Marie, she is carrying two big black bags. She turns to me shocked, and she immediately starts

blushing.

“Oh, hey Shaun.”

“Sorry Marie, running late.” I say, trying to jam my key into my front door. “Oh, bin day?” I ask, cursing myself for forgetting.

“No, I just had a bunch of bins...” She whimpers.

Possibly after last night's orders.

“Let me grab them, I'll throw them in the bins for you.”

“Awh thank you.”

“It's alright, good company last night?” I ask.

Her already rosy cheeks turn a deeper shade of red. “Er... I just ordered some food...”

“Oh, sorry, I...” I shake my head, “Never mind. I've got to run Marie, see you soon.”

I rush out the complex with two bags in hand and rush into the yard and throw the bins into their respective bins. I can't help but notice a few take out boxes peering through the small hole from the tie top. Not spending too much time thinking about it, I run to work.

Again, the car park is full and getting into the shop I can see the mass of people in the store. I quickly get onto a till and start serving.

Lots of food, lots of customers and another busy day is unfolding before me. I start to zone out and go into autopilot until my next customer wakes me from my daze.

“Shaun?” The soft and bubbly voice rings in my ear.

I know that voice.

I look over and see a somewhat familiar face. The black-haired woman stands by the side of my belt, her soft middle squashing against the metal frame. I look up at her body and see her boobs bulging out of her bra, they don't look perky like a model, they are more heavy set and are billowing out of any free space they can. Her face though really does strike a nerve.

I know her.

“What? Don't recognise me?” The woman teases and pouts.

Her chubby face was practically screaming at me until this point but the look she is giving me, her brown eyes piercing my soul, the faux pout.

“Louise???” I shout.

“Oh, you do remember me!”

“Sorry, it's been a few years. I thought you moved away.”

“I did move to the city with my fiancé but things didn't work out.” She looks down. “I guess that might explain this.” Louise prods her stomach and looks at the mountain of food on the belt.

I've always found plus size women arousing, doubly so for women who gain weight. Thankfully, I am sitting down.

“I am sorry...”

“It's ok. It was for the best.”

“And you still look beautiful.” I add, shocking myself just as much as her.

Not sure where that came from.

“Oh, thank you Shaun...” She swoons.

I am halfway through the shopping, and I finally notice a bunch of Roots products.

"I see you are on the bandwagon too." I jest.

"Shaun, this stuff is just divine." Louise absentmindedly starts to rub her protruding stomach.

"You really ought to try them."

I'm absolutely lost at the sight of her hand exploring her expansive pot belly, one she didn't have until recently. Her dress hung off her stomach quite loosely, only giving a glimpse at the chubby middle she had underneath but now with her hand rubbing her round gut, her dress is flush to her middle, and I get a good gauge of the heft she is carrying under that dress. I mustn't be that subtle because Louise coughs to get my attention. I look up blushing, fighting off an erection, her eyes meet mine and she has a big grin on her face.

"Thank you." She mouths before moving to the bagging side of the checkout.

"Sorry... I..." I stammer before she interrupts.

"Don't worry about it." She winks.

"So, what are you up to now?" I ask, trying to swiftly move on.

"I work at the library, I've been there a few months now..."

My mind starts to wander again, thinking of her in a librarian outfit. How she would fill out the white shirt, her fat bulging into soft rolls, small diamonds of flesh pouring out between the buttons. Her skirt busting at the seams as she bends over to grab a book from the bottom shelf. Louise's thick ass peering from beneath the hem of the skirt, usually a long flowing garment has recently become more revealing due to her gains. The black tights she is wearing leave little to the imagination.

I tune back in just at the right time to hear her finish. "... Yeah, so what about you?"

"Um, I've been here for a few years, I get good pay, but it is quite intensive at the moment

thanks to these.” I lift up the Roots product and shake it in my hand. “These guys have really got people coming back here often.

“I don’t blame them.” She pauses and places her hand on her wider hip. “Although not sure I am entirely onboard with the changes... Some of them are great.” She slides her hand around to the side of her butt cheek.

If I wasn’t still blushing, I am now for sure. This was confirmed by Louise’s giggle.

I swipe the last item through the scanner and look at Louise for payment. “£83.54”

I take payment and we say our goodbyes and my eyes linger on her thick frame as it wobbles away towards the entrance, long enough for the next customer to cough and clear their throat. An older woman approaching her mid-60s. “You aren’t going to sweet talk me that much I hope?” She says with a serious tone, like a schoolteacher scolding a student.

“No Ma’am.”

A few hours pass and I leave my checkout to go on my lunch, walking down the aisles and my eyes can’t believe what they see. One of my co-workers is bringing a whole bunch of Roots stock ready to pack up and there is a swarm, yes, a crowd swarming around him to try and get some of these products.

I wonder what they put in them to warrant such a response.

The guy, John, just starts handing them directly to customers. It doesn’t take long before one or two reach from behind him and grab some from the trolley. Just before I round the corner, I look back to give one final look and I see that the trolley is nearly empty and there are still more customers there.

Poor guy.

I rush away before things turn ugly and sit myself down in the staffroom. I let out a deep sigh and someone overhears. “Tough day again.”

I turn and see Rachel sitting at a table, eating a Roots product, particularly one of the “Low calorie” meals.

Rachel is probably the biggest fitness freak I have ever met; she is a lovely woman, but she loves her gym time more than anything else. She is in the low teens for body fat, and she has a fair amount of muscle on her, toned and not overly buff but if she were to square up to me, I’d probably run.

“I didn’t think the staff were allowed Roots stuff?” I ask.

“They aren’t. My mum got me one the other day and they are super good, so I swiped one this morning.” She explains.

“Oh. Aren’t you worried someone might find out?”

“Do I have something to worry about?” She lifts her fist and flexes her arm, her muscles bulge on her forearm as she aims it at me.

I sink in my seat and start to shake my head; she giggles at my response. “To be fair Shaun, I don’t really care, if they want to sack me for eating their product then they can go right on ahead, but nobody will be as good as me as filling the shelves here.” She lifts both her arms and flexes again.

“Do you have a licence to carry those guns?” I joke.

Rachel bursts out laughing. “That was so bad!”

She finishes off her meal and stands up. “These are good, but they don’t feel quite so filling...”

She trails off as she goes to dispose of the packaging in the bin.

As Rachel stands, I can't help but notice her normally trim middle is bulging.

I guess that is what eating a big meal does to you when you have washboard abs.

There is something alluring about her figure like this that makes me wonder what if she had another pack right now... how would that affect her frame. She walks towards me and taps my shoulder; she doesn't quite know her own strength as she almost breaks my collarbone, she walks out the door.

"In a bit Shaun."

"Bye..."

The rest of the day is as manic as how it started. Thankfully it flies by and after the guards have to hold people back from trying to get in, the door is finally closed. The store manager locks the door, and everyone starts to leave, he takes the time to thank everyone on the way out. The weather is quite bad this evening and I stand in the doorway a second, just contemplating my life choices.

"That looks pretty bad." My co-worker Linda says.

Linda is currently seven months pregnant and if anything, the hormones from her gestation have just made her sassier.

"Thanks." I say sarcastically.

The pixie haired blonde is in her late 30s and after getting married three years ago finally decided to start a family. Her husband is the breadwinner in the house, Linda only works to get out of the house, she has said many times that she probably won't come back after maternity as she will have

something to do in the house. She used to be thin and fit, but marriage has really added to her figure, she is now plus sized, most definitely and her pregnancy hasn't helped that at all. Her hips have filled up as have her tits as they prepare for the birth of her first child, the most drastic change however is her belly. I have only seen a few women go through pregnancy in my life and although Linda works in the cash office upstairs, seeing her over the past seven months balloon has been incredible. Her stomach sticks out in front of her, and she looks like she has eaten a small beach ball and she still has two months left. She has assured us that she only has one in there but there are still people saying that she looks as if she has triplets growing within her round stomach.

"Maybe it is the hormones, but I am feeling kind. I pass your place to get home, do you want a lift?" She asks.

"Really? Who are you and where is the real Linda?"

"Fine, enjoy the rain." She starts to walk, thankfully with her size she takes a moment to start.

"Oh no, that would be lovely Lind, thank you." I answer sincerely.

She grunts. "Hmm, keep up, before I change my mind."

An easy feat with her slow waddle.

She turns to me "Sorry, bit of a rough day today, pregnancy is sometimes quite uncomfortable."

We arrived at her car, a beautiful brand-new SUV. It is kitted out with all the toys and must've been a pretty penny. I get in the passenger seat before she gets in, I watch as she climbs up into the seat and her huge stomach plops onto her lap and reaches most of the way towards the steering wheel. She notices my gaze.

"I know, I'm not going to fit before I am done." She starts the engine and stretches the seat belt

over her swollen body. “Hey, pass me a bar from the glove box.”

I open the box and see a stash of chocolate bars within. Handing her one I watch her start to devour the bar as she starts to drive.

“Sorry... Cravings are wild.”

“At least it is just chocolate.” I joke.

She nervously chuckles. “Yeah... Just chocolate.”

Ominous.

“Those Root things are also pretty intense as a craving.”

“What? You too? Does everyone just ignore what Andrew says?” I ask.

“I don’t care, I am not here for money, if he wants to sack a pregnant woman then go for it. See how that goes.”

“Fair enough.”

“They are good though, really fucking good. I grabbed a few boxes today.” She admits. “I think the little one likes them.” She rubs the top of her stomach.

I watched, focused on her hand spreading over the round orb of her belly.

She is huge...

I feel myself start to get aroused.

“When are you next in?” I ask, trying to shift the subject.

“Tomorrow, Andrew has got us all working full time at this point I think.”

“Well at least the money is good.”

“Tell me about it, I’ve got a shit ton to count nowadays.” Linda says with a sour tone.

“I guess I didn’t think of that aspect.”

“Well yeah, I guess it is better than being down there in the rabble dealing with the customers barging through for the food.”

“Yeah, it has been a bit crazy to be honest.” I speak.

“And I guess I do get to snack upstairs.” She adds, her hand still rubbing her tummy. “I think that is why I am this big.”

Her words ring in my ears, from the outside I am probably now openly eye fucking her.

“Another two months of growing...” She trails off.

I look over her fat body and stare at how her thick thighs bulge over the edge of the seat, her tits are bulging out of her bra and heavily rest on top of her firm fertile bump. Even her face looks fatter and puffier, her lips look so succulent, my overactive imagination can’t help but imagine them pressed up to mine. I am now fully erect, sitting in her car, thankfully it is dark, and she likely can’t see my cock.

“Just on the left, right?” She asks.

“Oh yeah, just here, sorry I was in a world of my own then.”

“Right, well have a good night and see you tomorrow.” She smiles as I get out.

“Thank you so much Linda.”

“No problem” she says, I close the door and walk towards the entrance to my complex.

She lowers the window and calls out grabbing my attention, I turn to face her. “And Shaun, take care of yourself.” Linda says, pointing to my crotch.

Before I can reply or even die of embarrassment she laughs and speeds off.

For fucks sake.

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