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<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 1

“Hey honey.” I greeted my wife when she got through the door. I got home from work early that day and I was tackling the chores that my wife was now unable to manage.

My wife was pregnant, seven months along but she was carrying quite large, so she looked almost fit to pop already. It was quite strange because her twin sister was exactly the same, Linda. Linda worked at a local supermarket, and she was also looking rather rotund. Linda was larger however, the biggest difference between Linda and Miranda, my wife, was that Linda let the marriage weight settle in on her frame, as a result her stomach was larger and plumper than my wife’s.

Miranda had maintained her slim frame from her 20s and despite getting married a few years ago, she remained trim. She wasn’t an athlete or buff; she was just thin. Pregnancy really did throw a spanner in the works for her, she had gained a lot of weight purely in her belly during that time, obviously, but I was noticing how her hips were getting wider, her tits getting bigger. I couldn’t be happier by how well she was carrying herself in such a gravid state. She looked perfect, a true fertility goddess.

“I was just about to start food, what did you fancy?” I called out to her as she struggled to get her shoes off in the porch.

“I’ve got food, I popped in to see my sister after the hospital.”

Nice, saves me a job.

I was truthfully exhausted, long days at work, chores when I got home, tending to my pregnant wife. It was taking it out of me slowly. A reprieve, even as short as this one, was enough for me to thank whatever gods there were listening to my prayers.

I washed my hands in the kitchen sink and dried them off just in time to turn around and see Miranda enter the kitchen, more accurately, her belly. The huge round orb entered a second before she did at this point. It looked like she had swallowed a basketball and she still had two months to go. Her biggest maternity clothes were starting to be pushed to their limits, with each wide step she took to waddle now, a small sliver of her belly was starting to show between her shirt and waistband. Miranda refused to wear those ridiculous maternity dresses, she said they made her look like she was the size of a barge. She wasn't exactly wrong; the flowing material was really not flattering for her figure.

Instead, she opted for the maternity jeans, with extra stretch, and a T-shirt that was also extra elasticated. The shirt was living up to that "Extra stretch" tag, it was slick to her stomach like a second skin, it really did leave little to the imagination when it came to her middle. Above the gravid orb were her boobs. Those too had undergone a transformation that was most definitely welcome. Thanks to her thin frame she was not as blessed as her sister in the chest department, but I always knew she had the genes for it. Thanks to the miracles of mother nature, she was now sporting Ds, previously she would've been lucky to fill a B, all this before her milk had come in.

She was only going to get bigger.

"Are you going to help me or are you just going to eyeball me and watch me struggle?" Miranda teased.

I rushed over without any further delay, grabbing the bags off of her and putting them on the side, quickly returning to her side, planting a kiss on her lips and resting my hand on her stomach.

"How are you sweetie? How is bump?"

"We are good, tired from all the walking and now very hungry." She rubbed her stomach. "Can

you feed us?”

“Of course, my love.” I helped her to the dining table seats and helped lower her down onto the padded chairs.

“And what did you get us for food?” I pondered aloud.

“It’s this new product, everyone is talking about them, apparently very tasty, healthy and cheap too.”

“Sounds too good to be true.” I sarcastically said.

“Well, Linda says they sell out so quick and everyone is going crazy for them, she managed to snag herself a few packs and she gave me one.”

“Rightio, how is your sister by the way?”

“Huge. Honestly, she is massive.” She looks down at her stomach which is covering her lap. “I don’t look that big, do I?”

“Oh no, of course not, Linda has been bigger than you for a while, ever since she met Chris, she has been bigger than you, you said it yourself, marriage agrees with her.” I chuckled.

“Implying that it doesn’t with me?”

“It’s a saying.” We both laugh.

I open the shopping bag and look at the minimalistic design on the front.

Roots.

“Looks a bit basic?” I questioned out loud.

“I thought the same, but honestly at this point, I am just hungry, chuck it in the microwave, it’ll be quicker.”

“Alright.”

I read the instructions and dialled in the correct time and settings on our overly complex microwave. One packet each, I obviously cooked Miranda’s first and read over the contents whilst I

waited.

Crap.

“Oh babe, I can’t have this, it has shellfish in it.” I frowned at my expectant wife.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t think when she handed it to me.”

“It’s ok, I’ll throw something together and you can have yours all the same.”

So much for not cooking.

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