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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuckage

*Entry for SilverPathfinder's story contest.*

*Category: Dark and Tragic*

*Prompt: Exceeding Regulations*

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## **Exceeding Regulations**

When Alpha Squad arrived at Outpost Three Two Foxtrot, they had been a group of four— two Privates, a Lieutenant, and a Captain. The previous occupants of the base had gone AWOL, so HQ sent Alpha Squad to investigate. After a very nerve-wracking ride across the ice in a snowcat, three young women and one man arrived at the remote base.

Outpost Three Two Foxtrot was a relic of the pre-war era, built by one nation to monitor the other for the nuclear war that eventually came to pass. Now it was occupied by Alpha Squad's employer merely so that another PMC didn't try to claim it.

"Hello... anyone here?" A pretty, white-haired girl in pigtails and a dark grey uniform called into the bunker door. She carried an automatic shotgun.

"There's no answer, sir." She reported to the young man wearing a similar uniform — albeit one with trousers instead of a skirt — decked with gold stripes and braid.

“Proceed with caution Sabrina.” He ordered.

The blonde passed through the narrow, reinforced steel door and into the base.

Alpha Squad searched the partially buried outpost thoroughly and found it completely deserted.

“It almost feels haunted, doesn’t it Sir?” The blonde asked, nervousness suffusing her usual chipper demeanor.

“There’s no such thing as ghosts, Lieutenant.”

“Captain!” One of the privates called from another room. “None of these comms are working!”

Alpha Squad gathered in the outpost’s Command Center and investigated the equipment there. Satellite, radar, every style and band of radio gear, it was all completely inoperative. One of the privates crawled under a console to investigate.

“Sir there are parts missing from every major system down here...”

“Ugh.” Captain Davis groaned.

“What about the radio in the snowcat?” He asked.

“No sir, everything went dead about two hundred clicks back. I think there’s magnetic interference or something in this whole area.”

Davis rubbed both temples with one hand.

“Damnit. Alright, I need you two to take the snowcat back to Collins Airbase and get on the horn to HQ. This site probably isn’t worth holding at this point, but they might want to salvage some of this gear.”

The young women saluted and made their way back out the submarine style door and into the frozen wasteland outside.

“Well Captain,” Sabrina chirped, “I guess it’s just us for awhile. Why don’t I see if any of this video library gear works?”

The blonde bounced over to a console full of monitors and flipped a few switches. The screens slowly flickered to life, showing black and white footage of the snowy landscape surrounding the outpost.

“Nuts. This is just the security feeds...”

The pigtailed blonde turned a few knobs and one screen changed to show the snowcat parked outside. The two junior Squad members were just climbing into the large treaded vehicle. The Captain and Lieutenant watched the snowcat recede from view on the static-flickering screen. Their eyes went wide as they saw – the feed having no sound – large cracks open in the ice surrounding the heavy vehicle.

Grey smoke billowed from the snowcat’s tall exhaust pipe as the Privates accelerated across their crumbling pass. The cracks rapidly caught up with the vehicle, and its back end started to drop. At the last second, the snowcat rolled out of the icy water and on to solid ground. The other half of Alpha Squad was safe, but Sabrina and Davis were now stranded.

Wordlessly, Sabrina switched the video feed back to its default rotation. Captain Davis put a hand gently on her shoulder.

“Why don’t we check the rec room, eh Lieutenant?”

The base was stocked with video discs and tablets full of reading material, so the two officers occupied their days taking inventory of the outpost’s equipment and enjoying their ‘off-duty’ hours. Days turned into weeks, but neither was too anxious about it. They knew it would be some time before the ice was frozen thick enough to drive over again. There was little chance of HQ spending the resources on a helicopter for their rescue.

Captain Davis often found himself replaying the Lieutenant’s comment when they first arrived. A firm believer in the physical and rational, Davis was not one to go in for ghost stories or cryptozoology, but he couldn’t shake the weird vibe

of the place.

“Sabrina...” Davis began, lifting his head from an empty crate, “weren’t there more rations in this box?”

The blonde Lieutenant stuffed a plastic wrapper into her uniform pocket, telltale smudges of chocolate dotting her lips.

“I don’t think so Captain...”

Sabrina was lounging on a sofa watching an old pre-war romance movie. Davis could see the buttons on her uniform straining over her tummy and bust. The Captain took great pride in his squad, and he was certain that the Lieutenant’s uniform was a proper fit when they arrived at Thirty-two Delta. A chill ran down his spine and he felt oddly hungry, despite having eaten his regular mid-morning meal just two hours ago. He dismissed the notion and went back to work.

Weeks became months, and rations continued to disappear from Davis’s meticulously monitored inventory sheets. One morning he found the blonde Lieutenant reclined in the rec room reading from a tablet. She was still wearing sleep pants and an olive green tee shirt. Both were clearly made for a larger officer, and did little to hide the growing ring of chub around Sabrina’s middle, or the extra few cm of girth in her thighs.

The uneasy feeling washed over the Captain again.

“Why are you out of uniform, Lieutenant?”

“Oh Captain! I didn’t hear you come in.” Sabrina blushed.

“You don’t really mind, do you sir? There’s nobody here but us... I’ll be sure to change when the others return.”

Davis sighed. He certainly *could* have ordered the Lieutenant back into her uniform. But from the looks of her body she probably couldn’t get all the buttons fastened anyway. Looking down he was surprised to find a ration bar in

his hand, the wrapper already partially torn. When had he done that?

Months continued to pass. Davis read every bit of reading material available in the outpost. Sabrina watched every film. So eventually they resorted to rewatching and rereading their favorites. Sabrina got less subtle in her snacking habits, and Davis watched with growing anxiety as the numbers on his spreadsheet fell while the waistline of his Lieutenant rose.

“Didn’t we have more boxes of freeze dried apple pie, Sabrina?”

Davis couldn’t remember why he was looking for pie at all. He never indulged in sweets between meals.

The Lieutenant had her chubby legs propped up on the small table in front of the couch. Her hands were folded over a belly so large one might assume she was with child, if not for the softness covering her entire body.

“I don’t think so Captain...” she said innocently, smiling up at Davis.

He felt a now-familiar chill pass over his body. His eyes locked on the round dome of her middle as it rose and fell with each breath. Her hips were as wide as the couch cushion she sat on. Her breasts were nearly the size of her head, and her arms strained the sleeve openings of the extra large tee she was wearing. Davis’ tactician’s mind tallied up the sheer value in credits of their food supplies that were now stored in the body of his greedy junior officer.

“Captain? My eyes are up here...”

It was nearly two years to the day when rescue arrived. Sabrina bent over, sweating and breathing hard as she tried to pull her uniform skirt up her massive legs. The dark grey garment went no higher than her knees.

“Blast it!” She cursed. “I’ll just have to go out of uniform, Captain.”

“That’s fine, Sabrina, just come on!” Davis called from the entrance. His own uniform was a little snug now and he was desperate to escape this ‘cursed’ outpost.

Sabrina squeezed through several doorways passing from her quarters to the outpost's outer door. When she stood before it, both she and Davis recognized a new challenge.

The double-reinforced steel door was much smaller than the interior passageways. The perky blonde stepped up to it anyway, and tried to push her way through. Her bulky hips extended past its width by a dozen centimeters. She turned sideways, but that was even worse. The combined width of her overgrown tits and ass were wider than her hips, to say nothing of her enormous gut.

"Captain..." Sabrina whined.

"Lieutenant," Davis began, placing a hand on a shoulder the size of a Christmas ham, "you might have to stay here."

"W-what!?" Tears were forming in the rims of Sabrina's eyes.

Davis tried to stamp down the rising panic he felt. It was against his personal code to leave a squad member behind. But the helo pilot was already waving for them to hurry. A creaking, tapping sound echoed from the outside of the building, and Davis wanted nothing more than to turn and run from this place.

"This is the only exit Sabrina." He said more gently than he felt. "Even if we *could* fit you through it, I doubt the helicopter could manage the trip all the way back to Collins with the extra... payload."

Sabrina's face looked as shocked as if her Captain had physically slapped her. Subconsciously her hands drifted up to touch the love handles that had merged into one continuous ring of fat around her middle.

"But... but what am I gonna do!?" She wailed.

Davis made his face a mask of a professional soldier.

“You’ll do what we’ve been doing all this time Lieutenant— hold down the fort. HQ will be sending more snowcats to haul out the salvage. It should only take a few months. The supplies here will last more than that long...”

He looked over the blonde’s massive, pampered body meaningfully.

“As long as you can manage some self-discipline.”

Sabrina sat alone in the outpost rec room, watching a pre-war movie and sniffing back tears. She pulled a chocolate bar from the box beside her and tore open the wrapper.