

SILVERPATHFINDER'S 5K CONTEST A WEIGHT GAIN STORY COLLECTION BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing

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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuckage

Entry for SilverPathfinder's story contest.

Category: Cute and Wholesome

Prompt: Tiny Home

Tiny House

It was less than a month after Eve and Kara moved into their tiny house that Eve had her accident. The young couple planned and saved for almost two years to build their new home and set it up on an off grid plot of land. In the process of installing satellite internet gear on the roof — being the larger and more athletic of the two — Eve lost her footing on the ladder and fell the dozen or so feet to the sandy red ground.

Thanks to a processing loophole, both women's insurance covered Eve's accident, providing an unexpected financial windfall. Unfortunately, she'd shattered both legs in several places. After multiple reconstructive surgeries, Eve was ordered at least six months of mandatory bed rest.

They both worked from home, so Eve took a whole month off, and then returned to work. She still could not work full time though, because the pain meds made it hard for her to concentrate. The whole ordeal was acutely frustrating for the formerly active young woman.

Kara meanwhile, seemed inordinately pleased with the situation.

"Here you go sweetheart, I made some nice breakfast for you."

The mousy little brunette carried a tray to the bed where her girlfriend sat propped on a pile of pillows. It was loaded down with a stack of waffles four high, a mound of scrambled eggs, various breakfast meats, and no fewer than six slices of toast.

"Babe, you really don't have to do all this." Eve protested.

“Stop it. I could have helped you with that satellite dish and I didn’t.”

“But I...”

“Hush. Just let me have this, alright? Let me *do* this.” Kara stood with her small hands on her narrow hips and waited expectantly.

Eve suppressed a sigh and lifted the fork and knife from the tray, cutting into a large bite of waffles.

The passage of time effects different people in different ways. For Kara, the days became a non stop parade of fulfillment as she pampered and coddled her partner through her recovery. For Eve, she gradually replaced the well-maintained routines of running, lifting weights, and strictly measured caloric intake by diving headlong into her job while her partner covered all the domestic chores. By the time the casts and pins came off of and out of Eve’s legs, the couple’s ‘new normal’ was firmly established.

“Hey baby... you ready for lunch?” Kara whispered as she peeked around the door to one of the few ‘rooms’ in their tiny house.

She saw that Eve wasn’t on a call, so she slid the faux barn door all the way open to roll in a wheeled cart covered in food. A literal pyramid of roast beef sandwiches rested on a platter next to a whole mixer bowl of pasta salad, along side a pitcher of sweet tea.

“You know *-nom-* you don’t have to keep doing all the chores. *-urp-* I *can* walk again now...” Eve’s tone carried just a hint of the answer she hoped Kara would give to this offer. She was not disappointed.

“That’s okay baby.” Kara kissed her girlfriend on one very chubby cheek. “You know I like doing things for you.”

Kara bent down behind her partner’s chair to rest her small head on Eve’s shoulder. Muscles once firm and toned were now plumped up and pillow soft. She stretched her thin arms down the sides of her Eve’s body. Slowly she stroked the soft round breasts that splayed ever so slightly to either side of Eve’s

chest. They'd grown so large that it would have taken both hands for the brunette to heft just one of those babies. Her small hands drifted past the slopes of Eve's side-boob to reach her big soft gut. She massaged the uppermost roll of Eve's stomach and could feel it growing firm as her girlfriend started on her second sandwich.

Kara felt the strands of Eve's dark blonde hair tickle her ear – it was starting to grow out from its former pixie cut. She put her lips near her partner's ear and whispered, "I do have one little bitty, teensy-tiny request..."

"–*Monch*– what's that my love?"

"Would you mind if I..." Kara squeezed one of Eve's enlarged breasts. "...moved back into the bedroom?"

Eve turned her head to press a kiss to Kara's lips. Her chubby face mashed into Kara's lean one, and the short brunette felt heat rising in her middle.

"I was starting to wonder if you were gonna sleep on that couch forever." Eve said, taking another large bite from her sandwich.

While it certainly took some effort to adjust their 'intimate time' to Eve's new size, both women found so many new things to enjoy that it was like their first few times all over again. The morning after Kara moved back into their bed, she made the best pancakes Eve ever tasted. Her girlfriend refilled her plate so many times that the blonde was left quite literally pinned to the bed, rubbing the taut dome of her stomach and moaning in a mixture of pleasure and pain. She called in sick to work that day.

Weeks became months, and Kara continued to pamper her girlfriend, while Eve continued to expand. Now officially off bed rest, Eve would often wander through the main area of the tiny house, teasing her girlfriend while she was working or (more often) cooking.

Kara *felt* more than heard the subtle tremors in the floor of the small structure as Eve lumbered out of the bedroom and through the combination living room and kitchen. Even knowing what was coming the little brunette was surprised

when she felt a large mass pressing into her back.

“Hey babe, whatcha making?”

Kara tilted her head back, letting it nestle between the blonde’s breasts. She could see her girlfriend’s curves in her periphery and idly wondered if Eve could wrap her whole head up with ‘the girls.’

“Mac and cheese.” She smirked.

“Mmm, my favorite...” Eve reached around the sloping dome of her massive belly to stroke her girlfriend’s ribs. The action pinned Kara up against the counter. The little brunette felt her face grow very warm as she drew in short, gasping breaths.

As quickly as it arrived the pressure was gone. Eve stepped back and waddled her way to the bathroom. Kara couldn’t help but notice the way her girlfriend had to turn sideways to squeeze through the smaller door. Eve’s belly and breasts scraped against one side of the frame while a set of ass cheeks even larger than her bosom squeezed past the other side.

Eve opened another box of pasta.

On the one year anniversary of Eve getting her casts off, Kara cooked a feast that would put a midwestern matriarch’s thanksgiving to shame. Plate after bowl after plate made their way between the blonde’s lips, topped off by a cheesecake, two fruit pies, and a German chocolate cake.

Eve had grown so large that the only way the couple could share the bed was by cuddling. Neither woman had a problem with this, but Kara was starting to notice her own pert bottom hanging off the side more and more often. She pressed her tiny body against her girlfriend’s enormous backside and wrapped her arms around Kara, stroking her stuffed belly as they drifted off to sleep.

“Kara!”

Kara's eyes shot open and she patted the large crater in the mattress where Eve should have been.

"Eve?"

"Baby I think I need some help..."

Eve's voice was coming from the other side of the tiny house, so Kara scrambled out of bed and crossed the living space. What she saw shocked her to her core. Eve was in the bathroom, trying without success to get back out again. She tried different angles but there was no option that didn't leave breasts, belly, hips or ass pressed so tightly against the small doorframe that the overfed woman could pass through.

"W-what's the matter babe?" Kara managed to stammer out.

"I... I'm stuck Kara."

Kara stepped up to the door and placed one tiny hand on Eve's gargantuan gut.

"How did you even get *in* there?"

Now Eve was blushing.

"I had to go real bad, so I kinda got a running start."

Kara arched an eyebrow.

"Are you gonna help me or what??" Eve stomped one chubby bare foot, and Kara felt the whole tiny house shake. Dishes rattled in the nearby kitchen area, and a few photos almost fell off the wall.

"Okay okay, give me your hands."

With the addition of Kara's meagre weight — and some butter — the couple managed to get Eve out of the bathroom. She sat on the couch breathing hard, while Kara brought over a big plate of cookies.

“Kara, we need to talk.” Eve began slowly, eyeing the platter of cookies as her girlfriend perched it on the peak of her stomach.

Kara sat on the coffee table and put a hand on her girlfriend’s thigh— Eve’s knees were hidden from sight under her belly.

“Baby I... I think we need a bigger house.”

Kara’s eyes fell to the floor. She’d long suspected that Eve had been humoring her whole ‘off grid tiny house’ dream. Now she’d finally given her a good enough excuse to pack it in and go back to a normal, boring life.

“Either that...” Eve said slowly, lifting a cookie from the plate, “or I need to start dieting.”

Kara’s eyes went wide and a huge grin split her face.

“I’ll go call the realtor!”

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Contains: Weight Gain, Fat Shaming

Entry for SilverPathfinder’s story contest.

Category: Embarrassment and Humiliation

Prompt: Flight Attendants

Flight Attendants

Mariah spotted her 'work wife' from across the concourse, the sprightly redhead was scanning the large indoor space through her retro cats eye glasses. Of all the things she was dreading about going back to work after shutdowns, being seen in her newly sized up (several sizes in fact) uniform by her bestie.

"Becky!" Mariah raised her arm to wave at her friend energetically, but when she felt the way her bingo wing wobbled in her new uniform she quickly dropped her arm and switched to a shyer wave.

The redhead's green eyes sparkled and she trotted across the concourse dragging her roller bag. Mariah felt a flash of envy as she watched her friend bounce along in low heels, nothing jiggling but her ginger curls.

"Hey girl, I missed you!" Becky said, wrapping the tall brunette in a hug. Her arms didn't meet behind Mariah's back.

"Dang Mar, shutdowns hit you *hard*..." the redhead quipped, sliding her tiny freckled hands along Mariah's fluffy love handles.

Mariah flushed and felt suddenly warm. The unexpected physical contact was a shock after many months of relative isolation. She swatted Becky's hands off her torso. "Quit that!"

"Ha ha! Sorry hon, I couldn't resist. I mean, I guess most of us put on a few, being stuck at home all those months..." Becky stroked her own middle, which to Mariah's immense frustration looked not a single centimeter larger. "But you look like you *really* enjoyed your forced vacation!"

Mariah's heart fluttered again. Was this... turning her on?

"It's not really *that* bad, is it?" She mumbled, rotating on her tree trunk legs to show off more of her profile.

Becky got an eyeful and then some. Mariah's blazer buttons puckered over the shape of a big round belly topped with two healthy breasts, Becky could see flashes of white blouse in small windows that opened in the navy blue jacket. The seams on her pencil skirt strained over Mariah's hips, threads visible at the widest point. Her behind stuck out like a shelf, and Becky wondered if the big brunette would even *fit* in an airplane seat during takeoff and landing.

"Of course not hon, you look great!" Becky lied.

Mariah stared down at the floor. "I tried, I really did. But I had to stay with my grandma, and she's one of those Old World women who won't let you leave the table until you're fit to pop."

Unbidden, Becky's mind conjured an image of her big friend shoveling mashed potatoes and fried chicken into her mouth until those screaming buttons came flying off her uniform. She reached up to pat Mariah's fleshy shoulder.

"Don't worry about it Mar, now that we're working again I'm sure you'll be able to slim back down some."

"I hope so..."

The two coworkers crossed the airport to their manager's desk, joined along the way by a third flight attendant, Astor. The rail-thin blonde was between Becky and Mariah in height, and her eyes nearly popped out of her head when she recognized the brunette.

"Mariah? What happened to *you*?!"

Becky slapped the blonde's arm with the back of her hand.

"Oh my god Astor, you're so rude! The shutdowns were hard for everyone."

"I heard about like, pandemic pudg... but if Becky weren't standing here I'd think maybe you *ate* her!"

Mariah's face flushed bright red and she stared at the floor. She'd long harbored a deep-seated hate-crush on the statuesque blonde, and she was now imagining Astor in a leather outfit, humiliating things to her.

*"Look at yourself you big fat pig! Did you **eat** your little friend during the shutdown??"*

Becky mistook Mariah's reaction and thought the big girl might actually start crying.

"Fuck off Astor, you want me to report you to HR?"

"*-Pfft-* for what?" Astor snapped haughtily, tossing her wavy blonde locks over one shoulder.

"Um... verbal abuse, obviously. Harassment even?"

"*-Tsk-* whatever. I'm on the 218 to Denver, so I have to run away. See you two a *round...*"

Astor's eyes crawled over Mariah's pampered form meaningfully, making the big girl tremble. She smirked, turned, and strode away, heels clacking as she pulled her LV case behind her.

"Ugh, I can't stand that bitch..." Becky muttered. "It's like high school all over again."

"Thanks for that." Mariah mumbled, taking a deep breath to clear her unexpected — but not entirely unwelcome — mental image.

Becky bounced on the balls of her feet. "No problem girl. What are work wives for?"

She patted her friend on the back, and couldn't help but notice that Mariah's upper back was almost as soft as her lower front.

They got to the office without encountering any more coworkers, and walked up to the desk to get their assignments. The manager on duty was an overweight woman very close to retirement age.

“I’m surprised Miss Jenkins didn’t just retire when we shut down.” Mariah whispered.

“I think she needs to work like 18 more months until she can collect her pension.” Becky replied.

“That sucks.”

“Yeah.”

They reached the desk.

“Good morning ladies.” Paula said with a warm smile. That smile faltered slightly when she took in Mariah’s newly enlarged form. She turned to her computer and started clicking, moving things around at the last minute.

“Rebecca, you’ll be on 218 to Denver.”

“Ugh, with Astor? Really?”

Paula Jenkins made direct eye contact with the redhead over her bifocals.

“–*Erm*– yes ma’am.” Becky squeaked.

“And Mariah, I’m putting you on the 827 to Dallas.”

“You’re splitting us up?” Mariah whined. “Why?”

“218 only needs one more attendant.” Paula said. “And it’s a 737.”

Becky understood immediately what was going on, but Mariah pressed further.

“Did we do something wrong? We always fly together..”

Paula fixed Mariah with the same stare she'd given the redhead moments earlier.

"What if I go on the 827?" Becky suggested.

"Yeah, or you could send Astor on the 827!" Mariah added hopefully.

Becky quirked a confused eyebrow up at her friend.

"Why would she do that?"

"Oh *-um-* so you don't have to work with her..." Mariah mumbled.

"But then *you'd* have to!"

Mariah muttered something incoherent. Her face was turning red again.

Paula Jenkins sighed. She lifted her glasses off her face and pinched the bridge of her nose between thumb and index finger.

"Do I really need to spell this out for you two?"

Becky and Mariah's eyes met. The redhead gave a small shake to her friend but Mariah misunderstood the gesture.

"I guess I just don't understand." She muttered, looking down at the floor.

Paula put her glasses back on.

"For one— the scheduling is all a mess with this 'reduced capacity' nonsense. For two— I'm not going to move flight attendants at the last minute on a whim. And finally—" she pointed up at Mariah, "I have to put you on 827 because a 747 is the largest plane we're flying right now."

Mariah's face was beet red now. The aged manager joined her Astor fantasy as an observer, clicking her tongue and tutting in agreement with the blonde's verbal abuse. The heat in Mariah's body drifted down her torso and flared up

between her massive thighs. She managed to squeak out an “Oh.”

“‘Oh’ indeed.” Paula tutted.

The two women turned to leave for their assigned flights.

“One more thing Mariah.” Miss Jenkins called.

“Yes?”

“We’ll be watching closely for complaints from passengers. If you have too many problems performing your duties the airline will have to ground you, and you’ll get put on desk duty.”

Mariah’s aching knees considered that possibility with relief, but Paula went on.

“Would you prefer to work a baggage claim office, Mariah?”

Mariah’s face went white.

“That’s what I thought. I suggest you take steps, young lady. Take steps.”

As she crossed the concourse away from her friend, Mariah wondered if any other desk jobs were available.

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Entry for SilverPathfinder’s story contest.

Category: Peril and Suspense

Prompt: Curvy Caving

The Cave

Perry worked her way through the narrow subterranean passage. The tiny pack on her back felt like it was full of rocks. The bob-cut blonde's small stature and wiry frame gave her no trouble with the enclosed space, but her low-key claustrophobia and generally high anxiety certainly did.

"How you doing back there babe?" McKenna's voice called back from somewhere far in front of the mousy blonde.

"I'm fine!"

"It's a little tighter than I remember, but that just adds to the challenge, right hon?" Perry's wife was a 'big boned' brunette with more than a little Norse in her ancestry.

'I can't believe I agreed to this.' Perry thought.

Standing over a foot taller than she, the contrast between she and McKenna's bodies turned Perry on like nothing else. While she shared few of her wife's hobbies; sports, bodybuilding, or gym life in general, the way McKenna's sheer power became meek and delicate in the bedroom pushed all the little blonde's buttons in all the best ways.

Outside the bedroom however, McKenna's constant alpha energy exhausted Perry. When she wasn't making not-so-subtle hints about Perry coming with her to the gym, McKenna was dragging her wife along on 'adventures' like this damn cave hike.

When the pandemic lockdowns happened, Perry harbored a secret hope that working from home and becoming more sedentary would help her partner 'grow out' of her annoyingly active lifestyle. Especially if she 'helped' McKenna along on that path...

Perry mixed up an extra loaf of homemade sourdough.

'If she puts on too many 'covid pounds,' she won't have energy for long hikes in the woods, right?'

Unfortunately for Perry's aching back and desk-worker's knees, she'd been wrong. Her wife put on a good twenty to thirty pounds in the first three months of working from home. No doubt the result of a sudden drop in physical activity combined with her still having a gym rat's appetite. By the time McKenna's athlete's metabolism started to slow down, her stomach was so enlarged from doing little but sit and snack for months that there seemed to be no going back. By the one year mark of the pandemic, Perry's former jock of a wife had gained over a hundred pounds. Most of the muscle weight she'd previously possessed melted into wobbling arms, tree trunk thighs, and a belly that swelled round and proud even when it was empty— which wasn't often.

Nevertheless, when things finally started to open back up, McKenna turned out to be just as gung-ho as she'd ever been. First it was trips to the farmer's market, which Perry didn't mind so much as it gave her one more excuse to spoil her big beautiful wife and cook even more food for her. But soon it became walks around the park and local trails, and despite being almost thrice her size, McKenna frequently had to stop or slow down for her red-faced, huffing and puffing partner.

Perry tolerated these excursions and 'adventures' with as much good grace as she could muster, but this... this was too much.

"Don't you *-huff-* think this is *-haaa-* far enough, Kens?" Perry asked, leaning against the cave wall and gulping damp air.

"What's that babe?" McKenna was squeezing her voluptuous body through another narrow passage. Her round gut was compressed against one stone wall while the dump truck she called an ass scraped against the one opposite.

"You don't wanna, just set up in here?" Perry asked.

“Don’t be silly Perr, it’s like two more tunnels until we get to that big chamber, remember? With the light coming down and all the sparkling godes?”

“Geodes.” Perry corrected.

She did indeed remember the spot. In fact, she’d been the one to appreciate the natural features of the cave the last time they’d been here— at least eighteen months and over 100 McKenna pounds ago. But watching her six foot tall, three hundred plus pound wife squeeze herself through a gap Perry was dreading passing herself, the little blonde started to sweat for reasons other than physical exertion.

At the entrance to their favorite spot, McKenna reached her limit, spatially speaking.

“Babe I think I need you to push.”

“What?”

“Just give me a little shove, I’m almost through.”

‘Oh my god... she’s finally stuck...’

Perry stepped up to the gap and put two small hands on McKenna’s hip, feeling the layers of fat and extant muscle below through the skin-tight lycra of her wife’s hiking shorts.

“Come on Kens, let’s just have lunch out here...” she pleaded.

“It’s way too dark and lame back there, just give me a push already.”

Perry obeyed, and within seconds the couple passed through the gap and into the large cave chamber. The small narrow shaft running up to the open air dripped cold water into a tiny rivulet. Just as she remembered, a sliver of light played off the geodes dotting the ceiling and walls of the chamber. For a few moments, Perry was able to enjoy the sight, and let go of her worry.

Her reprieve was short-lived, however, as McKenna dropped the massive cooler bag she'd been carrying. Not fully comprehending their plans for the day, Perry had loaded the bag up with enough food for a party of six.

'I'm so stupid. Why did I make so much food?'

"Whew," McKenna breathed, lowering her padded rump to the stone floor and zipping open the bag, "caving sure works up an appetite..."

Perry was not a feeder. She'd never been *aroused* by the sight of her partner eating. But this was the first time the sight of McKenna shoving food into her mouth made her afraid.

'Please show some restraint for once, please...'

She did not, of course— Perry's work pampering her wife into obesity had been all too effective. She nibbled on half a ham sandwich while she watched McKenna reach into the cooler bag over and over. Chiseled biceps grown into flour sacks of fat wobbled as the big girl ate the lion's share and then some of their cave picnic lunch. Slices of fresh bread were layered thick with jam and butter, big chunks of cheese were paired with summer sausage, and a huge bottle of soy milk protein shake tipped up again and again. Perry almost thought she could *see* her wife swelling up as she ate and ate and ate, the high-tech fabric of her outfit stretching thinner and thinner as her body grew.

It was only through sheer force of will that Perry managed to not lose her own lunch as she visualized getting stuck in this dark, cramped space.

'I've created a monster...'

'What if she gets too big to fit back out?'

'She has to run out of food soon...'

*'What if we're stuck in here **and** out of food??'*

Perry watched her wife eat, and imagined herself as McKenna's next meal.

Eventually, McKenna shook the last drops of milkshake onto her extended tongue, then leaned back against the cave wall, patting her bloated belly contentedly. They sat in silence together for all of five minutes, then McKenna started packing the bag back up. She stood and dusted off her round rump.

“Haaa, that was great babe.” She smiled, reaching out a hand to help Perry up.

The blonde eyed her wife appraisingly. She breathed a sigh of relief.

'You're so stupid. Worried for nothing as always.'

'People don't gain weight in a matter of minutes...'

Perry popped the last bite of her own sandwich between her teeth and took her partner's proffered hand.

“Ready to head back out?” McKenna asked.

“Yep!” Perry smiled, relieved to be past the worst part of this ordeal. She was already looking forward to being back home on their couch, cuddling with her big soft wife and binging their favorite shows.

As always, McKenna moved with surprising ease for her size, making her way back to the chamber's exit. As she began squeezing her way into the small opening, Perry's anxiety returned in full force.

McKenna looked like she was getting stuck much earlier in the process than she had on the way in, and Perry's mind was all gas, no brakes.

'I knew it... I knew it!'

'I haven't slowed her down at all, and now she's gotten too big for her own good!'

'She's gonna get stuck in that hole and then we'll both be trapped!'

Perry started pacing in the cave chamber, inhaling shallow, gasping breaths.

'We're so deep in this cave... and nobody even knows we're here!'

'What could they do anyway? Pack a sledgehammer to widen the entrance??'

She found the brown bag from her sandwich in one pocket, so Perry put it to her mouth and tried to control her breathing.

'We're gonna starve down here, no one will ever find us!'

“Hey...”

'Or maybe in a week they'll find one big fat brunette, napping with a big round belly, no sign of her delicious wife...'

“Hello...!”

'If we survive this I'm putting her on a diet!'

“Perry!”

“Hu-what!?”

“Whenever you're done freaking out, would you mind giving me a push?”

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Entry for SilverPathfinder's story contest.

Category: Dark and Tragic

Prompt: Exceeding Regulations

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.

Disclaimer: This story contains adult themes. It is not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing

Entry for SilverPathfinder's story contest.

Category: Only Fat

Prompt: Perpetual Motion

Perpetual Motion

“Here you go sweetheart, enjoy!”

Raina handed a large bowl of ramen to the young woman visiting her stand. It was loaded with more meat and noodles than the one she'd given the man in line ahead of the girl.

Raina always gave the girls a little extra— especially the pretty ones.

Half the reason — okay, the whole reason — Raina opened a ramen shop was to see lots of pretty girls eat their fill. The sight of a bunch of pretty, skinny college girls greedily slurping down her cooking until they clutched their bloated bellies in pleasure and pain was what Raina lived for.

Which is not to say that Raina didn't appreciate the sight of a nice plump woman coming in and ordering a large bowl, and giving her an extra-large bowl.

The Food Fair was Raina's favorite day of the year. Endless streams of people—pretty, happy young wives and college girls and milfs and lesbian couples... They lined up and strolled around and ate. And ate, and ate, and ate. Almost everyone over-indulged at the Food Fair. For Raina it was the happiest place on earth.

Happily scanning the Food Fair crowd, Raina spotted a contender for her new favorite sight. It was a woman. A woman and a half, and then some. She was 250 kilograms if she was a gram, and gorgeous to boot. Half a meter taller than Raina herself, the woman was surrounded by a posse of attendants.

A pretty young woman broke off from the woman's group to approach Raina's stand.

"Two of whatever you have, please!" The woman said with a beaming smile.

Raina quickly assembled two of the biggest bowls she'd made that morning, and handed them to the girl.

"Enjoy!"

"Thanks very much!"

Raina watched eagerly as the girl carried an overflowing bowl in each hand back to the group, passing one up to the big woman. Incredibly, without waiting for it to cool or slowing her slow waddle, the woman dumped the entire massive helping down her gullet. A young man nearby handed her an elephant ear, which she devoured in three large bites. Then the girl handed her the second bowl, which she downed as well.

The entire time the woman never stopped walking. Raina watched her people (Were they servants? Friends? Attendants?) dart back and forth like worker bees, ordering food and bringing it back to her. She ate and walked, and walked

and ate.

“Excuse me... ma’am?”

Raina was broken from her reverie by a male voice.

“Oh I’m sorry dear. Would you like pork, beef, or tofu?”

“Beef please.”

Raina saw the man was accompanied by a pretty, dark haired woman.

“And for you sweetheart?”

“Tofu please ma’am.”

Raina added an extra scoop of noodles to the woman’s bowl.

The day continued, and Raina happily fed every pretty woman who approached her stand. Yet every time she had a spare moment, her mind drifted back to the beautiful behemoth.

Raina’s only source of frustration in life was that so many of her customers got full so quickly. Even the chubby ones could rarely manage two bowls before they staggered out of her shop, letting out small burps and rubbing their stuffed tummies. She tried her best to enjoy the tight skirts and swollen bellies that strolled through the Food Fair, but she found her heart wasn’t quite in it anymore.

Less than two hours after the entourage passed her stand, Raina saw them again. Still walking, and still eating, the blonde beauty seemed to have picked up a few more followers. The same young woman from before darted over to Raina’s stand.

“Hello again!” Raina smiled.

“Hi!” The girl beamed. “Two more please?”

Raina filled two bowls with so much beef and noodles that the broth was spilling over the sides.

“Here you are dear.”

The girl’s eyes widened at the proffered dishes and she favored Raina with another dazzling smile.

“Thanks!”

Raina indulged in a moment of watching the young woman’s pert bottom as she carried the bowls back to her mistress, trying not to spill the hot broth on her hands. She was cute, but could be much cuter with a few extra kg... a few extra cm...

The enormous blonde gulped the first bowl just like before. Another woman handed her a big cheesesteak sandwich and it too was practically inhaled. Then the second massive helping of ramen disappeared as well. The woman kept eating, and kept walking. Raina wondered idly how much the big woman could eat. How long she could *keep* eating...

“Hi!”

A perky redhead holding hands with a moody looking goth girl strolled up to Raina’s stand.

“Hello dears! Tofu, beef, or pork?”

Eventually, the Food Fair started to wind down. Raina ran out of beef and was dishing up her last bowl of tofu to an office lady with a visible swell in her suit skirt, when the group returned a third time.

Somehow still eating. Somehow still *walking*. The behemoth blonde and her entourage were circling the Food Fair yet again. She watched the familiar young woman break off to approach her stand. Raina dished four brimming bowls with beef ramen, turned off all her burners, and set up her ‘closed’ sign.

“Oh, are you—“ The girl began, as Raina slid two of the bowls over the counter to her. She smiled at Raina again, but Raina was already carrying the second set of bowls out from behind the stand.

“You don’t mind if I join you, do you?”

“Of course not, miss...”

“Raina.”

“Of course not Raina! I’m Sandy.”

“Nice to meet you Sandy!”

Raina followed Sandy back to the entourage. She was practically vibrating with anxiety and intimidation. The big blonde seemed to grow even larger as Raina got closer to her. She had no idea what to expect, but as she reached the small crowd around the woman, she found she felt oddly calm.

“Ginny, this is Raina.” Sandy said.

A huge round face, beautiful cheeks the size of baseballs, ruby red lips, and blue eyes sparkling smiled down at Raina.

“Hello Raina, welcome! Ooh, are you the ramen chef?”

Ginny reached out an arm that probably weighed as much as Raina’s whole body. To call her fingers chubby would have been an understatement. Raina placed one bowl in Ginny’s hand.

The blonde lifted Raina’s culinary creation to her face, and slurped the broth. Raina was surprised that the woman didn’t instantly gulp the whole thing like before. Instead she poured half the bowl into her large mouth, then swallowed, licking her lips. She looked down at Raina again.

“This is delicious, Raina. Thank you so much!”

Raina's knees went weak and she almost stumbled. Ginny and her entourage had not stopped walking when Raina joined them.

Ginny swallowed the rest of the ramen and handed the empty bowl back down to Raina. Sandy replaced it with one of her full bowls while a taller man fed Ginny a chili dog. Raina felt like she was floating in a cloud of endorphins as she watched the massive blonde gorge. Within seconds all her ramen disappeared down Ginny's throat, and she was surprised when Sandy wrapped her in a hug.

"I'm so happy you joined us Raina. Come on, let's go get some of those cheeseburgers before they close up!"

Sandy grabbed Raina's hand, and she followed the pretty girl to the burger stand. They brought four double bacon cheeseburgers back to the group, and Raina watched in delighted arousal as Ginny wolfed these down as well.

Raina loved watching women eat, watching women *grow*. But so many got full so quickly, it was like they were just constantly teasing her. But here was the embodiment of all her desires— a woman who seemed to never get full. Raina felt like she was floating on a cloud.

As the entourage made one final pass through the Food Fair, more and more people joined them. Raina was fully caught up in the aura of gluttony and good vibes that seemed to radiate from Ginny as they moved.

"So," she whispered into Sandy's ear, "what is this? Are you all like... servants or something?"

Sandy laughed, and hugged Raina again.

"Not at all Raina! We're friends. We're all Ginny's friends, and now you're our friend too!"

"Hey y'all," Ginny called to her friends, "I think this'll be our last round."

A young man handed Ginny a massive slice of pizza, which she folded in half and ate in a single bite. A disappointed murmur spread through the entourage.

“Aww, don’t be sad now...” Ginny said, “y’all are all invited back to my place. It’ll be dinner time soon...”

Ginny rubbed as much of her massive stomach as she could reach, and Raina could hear it rumbling like a wild beast.

“You mean... she’s not full?” Raina asked.

Sandy chuckled. “Ginny’s a hungry girl Raina... I don’t think she *gets* full.”

Within a week, Raina closed up her ramen shop and took a position as one of Ginny’s personal, private chefs. She’d never been happier.