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This is a collection of flash fiction, based on reader prompts.

Contains: *Breast Expansion*, *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Short Stacks

Volume XIIa

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Woman hanging up clothes on her clothesline gets stung by a bee with swelling due to allergies in all the right places

Contains: Breast Expansion

Float like a Butterfly

Becky slid a shirt out of the laundry basket, tugging carefully to keep it from bringing any friends along to fall on the dirty ground. She whistled a tuneless melody as she worked, clipping the shirt onto the line and fetching another. Her friends said she was crazy for line-drying her clothes, but Becky waited eagerly every spring for enough of a break in the rainy weather to get outside. Her clothes always felt fresher when she let them dry in the open air. Sure, there was always a chance it would rain, and she'd be out here again taking everything down while getting soaked, but to her, it was worth the risk.

After she hung all her shirts and a few socks, Becky started on the bras. She knew her neighbor "appreciated" the sight of the massive undergarments fluttering in the breeze, the bands reaching further toward the grass than any of her shirts. A few flies buzzed around Becky as she worked, but she casually waved them away.

Unfortunately, one of them wasn't a fly, and he didn't take kindly to the pale hand disrupting his flight. Becky had a split-second to notice tiny feet alighting on the bare skin of her chest above her partly buttoned shirt before a sharp pain bloomed. Becky

jumped back with a cry, brushing the bee off of her as a red spot appeared just above her generous cleavage.

“Oh, no...”

Abandoning her wet laundry, Becky rushed back into the house, tearing open her medicine cabinet. The pain of the bee sting turned into a low, throbbing heat that spread down from the wound and into her full breasts. Bottles and tubes clattered to the countertop and into the bathroom sink as she searched for her epi-pen.

“Come on, where is it?!”

Becky’s breasts pulsed and boiled as her body reacted to the bee venom. The buttons down her shirt—which weren’t loose to begin with—grew tighter as her J-cup breasts swelled to K’s.

She grew frantic, clearing entire shelves in the cabinet before pulling open drawers and digging through their contents. The motion made her breasts wobble and sway below her torso, burning as they swelled. Becky’s bra straps and band dug into her shoulders and back as the large undergarment struggled to contain her burgeoning flesh.

“Where is it?”

One of the hooks behind her back snapped, followed by the other two. Becky’s breasts swelled into the newly available space in her top, and large gaps appeared between her buttons. She started pulling drawers out completely, upending their contents into the sink.

“It’s gotta be here—*Ahh!*”

Unable to take the waves of pleasure pulsing from her growing breasts any longer, Becky fell back on the closed seat of the toilet. She gripped her thighs to resist the urge to slip a hand into her skirt. And still, the pulsing, throbbing heat in her chest increased.

“Please, no...”

—pop—

The highest of Becky's buttons snapped free, clattering to the bathroom floor. Her exposed cleavage was flushed red. If her mind had been clear, she might have estimated her breasts were up to M-cup in size.

"Hnng!"

Becky bit her lower lip, trying to keep her arousal tamped down. Unfortunately, the bee venom had other plans.

-pop pop pop-

The sides of her shirt flew open as its buttons sprayed across the small room. Unable to hold back anymore, Becky grabbed a fistful of boob in one hand and slid the other into her waistband.

"Fuck it..."

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

completely mediocre, run of the mill stateside style Chinese buffet but one of the waitresses is a big busted beauty who gradually gorges herself on the scraps left over by customers over the day

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Leftovers

In the first month or so that Claire worked at the buffet, she was subtle in her snacking. She didn't technically need the job, it was mostly just something to do, a good reason to get out of the house. And there was always so much leftover food, that it seemed a shame to let it go to waste.

Unfortunately, due to Claire's unique physiology, her coworkers caught on to her scheme fairly quickly. Their uniforms were semi-formal, white button dress shirts and black pants. Claire didn't think the look was particularly flattering on her short, curvy frame, but after working an entire Saturday, picking off unfinished plates and scraping out steam trays on her breaks, she lost a button off the apex of her bloated breasts.

Claire's coworkers were annoyed at first, but her bubbly, flirty personality made her stand out and brought extra business to the restaurant. So everyone got on board. More customers meant more tips, even if Claire's section was often so busy that the other servers had to help her out. The manager even gave her bigger shirts to prevent any future wardrobe malfunctions.

It was a holiday weekend when it happened again. Claire's coworkers recognized the value of her pneumatic curves to the restaurant's success, and had long ago started collecting egg rolls, rangoons, and sugar chicken for the short-stacked brunette. She'd started her shift with nearly empty, basketball-sized breasts. Seven hours and countless plates later, her work shirt was drawn tightly over a pair of whopping melons, more than double their original size.

Customers gawked and gaped, and Claire teased and flirted, refilling drinks and chatting up the men and a few of the women. Some even went so far as to invite her to sit with them and offer her food. So Claire worked, and ate, and grew.

As they neared closing time, the crowd started to thin, but many stayed. Claire sat in the break room, dipping fried chicken in a soup bowl filled with sweet and sour sauce. A server walked in with a plate piled high with faux Chinese food. "Last tray refills of the night! I brought you some more leftovers."

Another server sitting at the breakroom table balked. "Are you sure you should be giving her more food?"

Claire's work shirt was a 2XL. If not for the gigantic calcium canons filling it, she could have worn it as a dress. Nonetheless, it was like a second skin after a whole shift of Claire's gorging. Hour after hour of food sliding down her throat and piling up in her chest had filled the white shirt to its limit.

"More tits means more tips," The first server said, depositing the plate in front of Claire.

The second server winced, watching Claire pick up chicken with chopsticks in her right hand while the left plucked rolls and rangoons to stuff into her bottomless maw. She could almost *see* Claire's shirt getting tighter with every bite.

"But... I don't think that shirt is gonna—"

–POP–

A button clipped the second server right on her forehead. A line of cleavage too tight to fit a quarter inside appeared in the resulting gap.

"See! She can't go back out there like that..."

Claire shrugged. "I guess my shift's done, then."

She stuffed a crab rangoon between her lips, and the first server salivated as she went back out to the dining room to fetch more leftovers.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A woman whose boobs grow when feeling strong emotions keeps getting annoyed by her lover.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Vexed

Alise's phone buzzed with a message from her girlfriend.

Tia: [I'm gonna be late]

Alise: [What? Why?]

She stared at the phone for several minutes, but no response came. Alise had been looking forward to their “date night” all week, and now Tia was ghosting her. She paced the apartment, taking slow, deep breaths and trying not to get frustrated. She couldn’t control her emotions completely, though, and she felt her bra getting tight.

Finally, three dots appeared on the screen.

Tia: [Work]

Alise: [Work what? Will you be here for dinner?]

Again, no response. Alise didn’t want to nag her girlfriend while she was working, but not knowing was driving her mad. Setting her phone down, she fumbled behind her back to undo her bra. She’d broken several over the years, and they weren’t cheap at her size.

Unrestrained, Alise’s breasts swelled into her shirt as she fumed. Her phone screen lit up again.

Tia: [omw]

Alise breathed a sigh of relief, slumping onto her couch. Tia would be here soon, and with the week she’d had, she was gonna drag her petite girlfriend into bed *before* dinner.

Ten minutes passed, then twenty. Tia’s work was fifteen minutes away, even in the worst traffic, and it wasn’t like she was picking up food or anything. Alise was getting annoyed again, and she felt her breasts getting heavy as she brooded.

Finally, the doorbell rang. Alise opened the door, and her five-nothing, ninety-pound girlfriend lept into her arms. Tia buried her face in Alise’s cleavage with a sigh.

“You did that on purpose, didn’t you?” Alise asked.

Tia’s voice dripped with sarcasm. “What, me? I would never tease my favorite boobs...”

Tia ran her hands down Alise’s sides, her fingers twitching all the way. Alise jumped back with a scowl. “Don’t tickle me!”

But the damage was done. Annoyance flared in Alise, and her tank top tightened across a set of boobs larger than her head. Tia’s apologetic look was spoiled by a lecherous twist to her lips. “Sorry, babe. Do you wanna go blow off some steam before

we eat?"

Alise pulled Tia into her chest and kissed her hungrily.

In the bedroom, Tia stroked and kneaded, laying across Alise's body and wobbling her tits back and forth in both hands. "They've got so big..."

"I'm glad you're happy," Alise said, "Now, will you please fuck me?"

"Sorry, babe, of course."

Tia pinched a nipple in one hand, sucked on the other, and stroked between Alise's legs. She knew she was getting close, and her breaths grew shallow. "That's it... keep going..."

But a heartbeat before Alise hit her peak, Tia froze.

"What... hey!" Alise gasped. Her entire body tightened as if she were being squeezed. She'd been right on the edge but was starting to come down, unsatisfied.

Frustration washed over her, and Alise's breasts plumped up several inches all at once. They smothered Tia's head, now dwarfed by twin mounds of flesh.

Tia hugged an enormous boob in each arm, grinning from ear to ear.

"Damnit, Tia!"

"Sorry, not sorry."

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A superhero whose strength is dependent on her bust size has to power up to take on the big bad

Contains: Breast Expansion

Yellow Sun

Super Bust Girl crashed to the city pavement as Dr. Chaos's mech suit blasted laser guns at the nearby buildings. SBG's suit hung loosely off her slim frame, her power utterly spent in the battle. The supervillain had somehow found a way to generate storms with her machine, cutting the hero off from Earth's yellow sun and the power it gave her.

A small flying craft whizzed between the buildings, spraying bullets at the mech suit. Electricity sparked across Dr. Chaos' controls, and she steered the mech in the opposite direction.

"I'll get you, Supertits! Just wait and see!"

Janice landed her jet beside SBG's kneeling form, jumping out to help her to her feet. "Kyra, are you okay??"

Kyra coughed, standing shakily and leaning on her friend for support. "I'm fine, but I need to get into the sun."

Kyra lay in a chaise lounge on the deck of her secret villa, somewhere in the Caribbean. Her body was ripened and full, with wide hips, generous hips, and breasts so big they spilled over both of her arms.

"Kyra..." Janice said, stepping out onto the deck, "Don't you think it's time to head back?"

Kyra slid her arms out from under her breasts, stretching them above her head. The tropical sun beat down on her body, and her bikini top grew a little tighter. "Just a little longer, Janice. I need to be at full strength to face her again."

Janice eyed Kyra's abundant curves. SBG had done nothing but lie in the sun from dawn to dusk for over a week. She had super strength and could fly, but Janice wondered whether her boobs were getting a little *too* big.

"What about your suit?"

Eyes still closed, Kyra asked, "What about it?"

“Is it even gonna fit?”

Kyra ran a hand over one bloated breast, purring contentedly. “It’ll be fine; it’s stretchy.” She opened one eye to peer up at her sidekick. “If you’re that worried, just let it out a little bit. I want to stay at least one more day.”

Her body pulsed as it took in even more sunlight, and SBG’s breasts bulged around the strings of her bikini.

Dark clouds covered the city from downtown to the exurbs as Dr. Chaos marched in with her newly repaired mech. “This city is **mine!**”

“Not so fast, Dr. Chaos!”

Hovering above the skyscrapers, SBG’s hair fluttered in the wind, shining like the unseen sun. Her hips and ass tested the limits of her skin-tight suit, and a large hole in the front showed off an inhuman amount of cleavage. Kyra’s body was over half boob, defying gravity and bobbing in front of her, full to overflowing with power.

“It’s over, Supertits!” Chaos called. “You’re nothing without your precious sun... light...”

Kyra swooped down to meet the supervillain, power coursing through her body and making her giddy. As she hovered in front of the mech suit, all Dr. Chaos could see through her viewport was a wall of red and blue-clad bosom.

SBG’s eyes glowed golden, and twin rays of light severed each arm from the mech before cutting it off at the knees. The machine collapsed to the street in wisps of smoke, and the sky began to clear.

Landing atop a skyscraper where Janice stood waiting, Kyra said, “I guess I overdid it a little...”

Janice eyed Kyra’s boobs, each bigger than she was and perpetually wobbling. She quirked an eyebrow. “You think?”