



# SHORT STACKS XIIb

A WEIGHT GAIN  
FAN FLASH FICTION  
COLLECTION

BY SPARTACUS

Disclaimer: These stories contain adult themes. They are not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

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

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Short Stacks

### Volume XIIb

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Cargo ship full of sweets runs aground on Themyscira*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Foreign Foods

Queen Hippolyta stalked the halls of her palace in Themyscira. The Order of Amazons had fallen into a sorry state these past weeks and she was determined to fix it. A pair of Amazon warriors passed her in the corridor. Hippolyta wondered if she could even *count* them as warriors anymore— the way their pudgy arms strained against their armbands and their formerly well-defined abdominal muscles were covered in several inches of disgusting flab. Worst of all, the two women were currently eating!

It had all started when that ship ran aground on their primary island. The Amazons had not been able to determine what had gone wrong with the ship, but it carried no crew and none of them possessed the technical knowledge to decipher the ship's logs. All the ship had were large iron boxes. Nearly twice as tall as an Amazon and over five spears length long, the ship was stacked high with them. Dozens and dozens. And every last iron box was filled with food. Some kind of foreign food sweeter than honey and — Hippolyta was certain — with less nutritional value than day-old bread.

Unfortunately her warriors had taken a liking to the strange food as soon as they tried it. It was all packaged in weird printed paper boxes and wrapped up in another kind of clear paper inside, keeping it all fresh. All across Themyscira the Amazons

were shirking their duties and abandoning training to lounge around and shove the sickly sweet foreign food into their mouths.

Hippolyta had to put a stop to it. And she had to start at the top.

Approaching her daughter's chambers, Hippolyta was overtaken by two more Amazon women carrying stacks of the small boxes from the crashed ship. Hippolyta followed the Amazons into Diana's chamber.

Wonder Woman was lounging in her bed, legs spread wide and propped up on cushions, while one of the few still-thin Amazons plucked frosted cakes from a box, unwrapped them and held them out to the Amazon princess. The temptation of the foreign food had hit Diana harder than anyone else. She was three times the Woman she'd been before the shipwreck, and was larger every time Hippolyta laid eyes on her.

"Diana, don't you think this is getting out of hand?"

"Oh *-hmf-* hello mother *-nom-*"

Hippolyta wondered if her daughter could stand unaided. Her star-spangled shorts pulled tight over an ass wider than a horse. Her breasts had grown larger than her head and spilled out of her red and gold bodice. Her gold belt was nowhere to be seen, leaving her pale flabby gut to swell and bulge into the open air.

"I think you've had enough to eat, daughter."

"Nonsense mother, *-urp-* it's important for me to familiarize myself with *-chomp-* human culture."

Hippolyta stepped forward to confront her daughter physically, and the two Amazons who'd carried in more boxes of food immediately barred her way.

"What is the meaning of this? Step aside."

"We cannot, my Queen. Our Lady is performing a valuable service."

"And what might that be?"

"She's saving us from our own weak wills."

Hippolyta threw up her hands. "Oh for the love of Zeus!"

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*a Starfleet captain sneaks into her first mate's private holodeck experience, not knowing about her preferences.*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Number One

Captain Martinez ended her shift on the bridge, handing the conn over to Lieutenant T'koyeve. Stepping into the sanctuary of her quarters, the captain mentally berated herself for another day of missed opportunities. Gloria Martinez had never been a social person— her climb through the ranks of Starfleet had been on the merits of her performance alone, without the aid of a charismatic personality. But out here, in the frontier of space, she recognized the importance of a ship's crew being like a family. She'd been trying for months to endear herself to her crew, with little success. Most of that due to her own lack of initiative.

Something had to change.

Gloria looked herself over in the mirror, clicking her tongue at the sight of her middle-aged body. Just because the ship's replicators made every uniform a perfect fit, didn't mean she was okay with having put on a few extra kilos since her promotion to captain.

"Computer, location of Commander Jensen?"

"Commander Jensen is in Holodeck Two."

Gloria knew her best strategy was to start at the top. It wouldn't do for a Captain to fraternize with the Ensigns and non-commissioned officers, after all. She changed into her off-duty clothes and left her quarters.

Standing outside the entrance arch, Gloria second-guessed herself again. Would it do for her to barge in on her First Officer's private time? But then, the short, stern, no-nonsense Commander had resisted all of the Captain's attempts to spend time with her off-duty. Perhaps it was time to exercise her privilege as Commanding Officer. After all, it wasn't likely that Sara Jensen was doing anything... *untoward* in there, was it?

"Computer, open doors. Override Martinez Omega Six Two."

With a whir and a hum, the doors clicked open. Gloria stepped through, into a scene out of the past. Her senses were bombarded with sights and smells. It appeared to be a restaurant from earth's twentieth century. If Captain Martinez were more of a history buff she would have recognized it as a 'Chinese buffet.' All around her were hologram patrons chatting and enjoying greasy food with rice. Gloria sat at a table to observe. Across the room she spotted her First Officer, sharing a meal with another woman.

The woman looked oddly familiar.

"Isn't the chicken good, babe? Do you want some more?"

The uptight, strait-laced Sara Jensen appeared to be hand-feeding lumps of chicken, fried and dripping with sweet sauce into the woman's mouth. Gloria had never seen her First Officer behave in such a subservient manner.

"That's it... eat up my dear..."

Gloria craned her neck to get a better look. The woman opposite her First Officer had dark hair like her own, but let loose to hang around her face rather than the tight bun the Captain always wore. She appeared to be about her age, with her same coloring, but upon closer inspection was far more... rotund, than the Captain herself. Her arms were like Tellurian hams, and her massive stomach rested in her lap like a sack of Quadrotriticale.

What on Earth was going on here? Gloria realized she'd intruded on something supremely private, and stood to leave.

"Do you want some more Rangoons, Gloria? They're really good..."

Captain Martinez froze, turning slowly. How had she not seen it? The holographic woman seated across from Commander Jensen was *her*!

"Computer, freeze program!"

Sara Jensen's eyes went wide. She scanned the room, spotting Gloria despite her lack of uniform.

"C-captain!?"

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Robin Hood-type female bandit gives most of her spoils to the poor... but saves a good chunk to spoil her "Maid Marian"*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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### **Robin and Marian**

In a long, dark stretch of road through the eastern forest, a small figure crouched in the shadows. The whole area was shadows, really. As Robin listened to the heavy wagon approaching, she could see the barest hints of light from the oil lanterns she knew were hanging from it.

It was always a good sign when a wagon bore multiple lanterns.

Robin pulled her wool hood tighter around her head — the nights were starting to get cold, it was more important than ever that she make a few more good scores. The two horses bore the cart closer until they were directly in front of the unseen young woman. With a nickering cry and a soft whinny, the horses stopped short. The coachman pulled the reins sharply and called "Woah! Steady on... Easy..."

There was a fallen tree blocking the path forward. It wasn't fallen so much as placed, but the coachman didn't know that.

Robin took in the heavy carriage with light gilding on the edges and around the doors, and decided this was worthy prey. She pulled the hammer on her flintlock pistol and stepped into the open.

“Stand and deliver! Your money or your lives.”

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Making her way through the forest, Robin weighed the large sacks of gold she carried. Hundreds of gold and silver coins, the least of which would feed an entire family for a month. She pulled an empty sack from her pocket and transferred a large portion from each of the two sacks. Four good handfuls from each and the sack was just full enough that she could still tie it closed.

Robin secured the small bag to her belt, well-hidden by her large green cloak. She stepped into a clearing around the mission.

“Lady Robin! So good of you to come see us again.” A brown-robed man called when she stepped into the faintly lit cloister yard.

“Good evening, Father. Please, I’m not a Lady, simply a Good Samaritan doing what I can.”

The priest called thanks and blessings after Robin as she vanished back into the wood.

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Robin pushed open the door to a modest third-floor apartment above a tavern. She carried two large sacks on her back— thrice the size of the coin purses she’d given the Mission, but no less weighty.

“Robin dear, is that you?” An alto voice called.

The wooden floorboards creaked as a women with long curly black hair, a silk night gown, and more rolls and curves than the most hedonistic noble, waddled slowly into the room.

“It’s me Marian love. You shouldn’t be up at this hour... let’s get you back to bed.”

Robin dropped her bags against the wall and met her lover in an embrace. Her thin arms sunk into Marian's love handles and fleshy arms. Her head buried itself between breasts larger than the sacks of gold Robin had stolen that night. With her thin frame pressed into Marian's, Robin could hear the deep rumbling of her lover's stomach. She lifted her beautiful, short-haired head to look up into Marian's luscious, plump face.

"Are you hungry, my love? I've brought lots of treats from downstairs..."

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*On the next Seinfat, George starts dating an SSBBW because he thinks other men won't be interested in her, gets jealous when she is constantly hit on*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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### **Seinfat: The Girlfriend**

*Energetic jazz bass riff*

George sits on Jerry's couch. "I think I need to break up with her."

Jerry is standing behind the kitchen counter, pouring a bowl of cereal. "Break up with her, why?"

"It's just too much Jerry!"

"Too much, too much what? I mean, sure, she's a big woman... but I thought that was the whole point!"

*Audience laughter*



"No no!" George continues. "It's not *that*." He gazes into the middle distance thoughtfully. "That part's actually gone better than I thought."

"Really?"

George smirks, tilting his head from side to side. "Ehhh, it's not bad, Jerry."

"Not bad, eh?"

"Aw come on Jerry. A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

"So who's a gentleman?"

*Audience laughter*

The apartment door slams open as Kramer bursts in.

*Audience cheers*

"Jerry, you got any milk?"

Jerry stirs the cereal in his bowl. "Just ran out, sorry."

"Aww, come on!" Kramer kicks at nothing, then reads the room. "Say, what are you guys talking about?"

"George is breaking up with his girl."

"What, the big girl?"

George holds up both palms in protest. "I said I was thinking about it. *Thinking* about it!"

Kramer looks thoughtful. "You know... I dated a big girl once. Let me tell ya..."

Jerry quirks an eyebrow. "Oh yeah?"

"Oh yeah..." Kramer grins widely. "It's a little off-putting at first, but once you get going... man!" He starts gesturing with both hands. "You don't even have to think where to grab, cause it's *everywhere* man, *everywhere*! You just climb in there and—"

"Alright, alright" Jerry interrupts "we get it!" He takes a seat at the chair beside George. "So what's the problem then, if it isn't... *that*?"

*Audience chuckles*

George mumbles incoherently, balancing his hands. "I don't know! I thought, you know... I thought a girl like that would be *safe*, you know?"

"Safe, sure yeah..." Jerry repeats, placatingly.

"It's not like she isn't *cute* I'm not saying that!"

"Of course you're not, of course. She's cute!"

"But I thought, you know, when I go out with a girl, she's always getting hit on, even when I'm right there!"

"The nerve of some people..."

"That's what I'm saying! It's *still* happening!"

"What, guys are trying to pick her up?" Kramer interjects.

"Well, I don't think *literally*" Jerry quips.

*Audience laughter*

"Yes!" George jumps to his feet and starts to pace. "We were out at dinner just the other night..."

"The buffet?" Jerry asks.

"Gotta do the buffet." Kramer adds.

*Audience laughter*

"A girl came up to her at the buffet table, asked if she was there alone!" George continues. "I was standing right there!"

"A girl?"

"Yes!"

"A girl, eh?" Kramer looks thoughtful.

"And then — here's the part that really chaps my hide — when she saw we were together, asked if we were interested in sharing!"

"Sharing?" Jerry asks.

"Sharing!" George screams. "I'm telling you Jerry, the people in this city..."

"So what did you do?"

"What did I do?? I said no thank you! I paid the check and we left! I had to buy her ice cream before we could go back to her place."

"Well sure you did." Jerry shrugs.

"It's all too much Jerry, too much!"

"Say George..." Kramer interrupts. "If you do break up with her, do you mind giving me her number?"