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This is a collection of 500 word flash fiction based on reader prompts.

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**Short Stacks**

**Volume I, Part A**

## Breast Expansion Edition

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Girl actually has perpetually growing tits. It's slow but doesn't stop. She uses magic to offload the excess to women in a radius around her.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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### Area of Effect

“Thanks so much, Light’s blessing to you both!”

Emilia sat back in her wooden chair behind her tables covered with wares. As always her shop was set up in the space beside her ornate wooden caravan. A gypsy without a family.

Fanning herself in the summer heat, Emilia tugged on the snug bodice of her brightly-colored taffeta, feeling the magic flow through her. As always, the curse placed on her at birth meant the tingling sensation of her breasts very slowly growing never went away. On the rare occasion when she was approached by a man from a village; mostly sons but sometimes husbands, the tingling sensation made the evening that much more pleasurable for them both.

In synchronicity with the curse, however, were the tethers. Thin strands of magical connection that started from Emilia’s core and fanned out, touching every woman in about a one mile radius.

What was her curse would be their blessing.

It had taken her many months to get the spell just right, and by the time she had, her breasts were larger than her head. At least the combination of spells kept her unnaturally firm, one part of her body stayed as youthful as a teenager, even as she passed the halfway point of her fourth decade.

Not that she had never used other means, magic and mundane, to keep the rest of her face and body looking the best it could.

It was only good for business.

And the occasional roll in the sheets; in her caravan or the occasional bachelor's inn room.

A moderately pretty blonde girl shyly approached Emilia's wagon. The gypsy recognized the girl from a time she had visited with her family. She was a newly-minted adult now and had truly blossomed.

The blonde girl wore a plain light blue dress, maybe one layer of petticoats under the skirt, and a bodice that was in dire need of adjustment. Young Rose Cooper's pert breasts had left grapefruit size far behind and looked about to pass honeydews any day now.

"What do you desire, my child?"

Rose tucked one foot behind the other and rotated at the waist, the motion causing her unnaturally large breasts to bob and sway.

"Do you maybe have some kind of... love charm?"

Stunned, Emilia looked this delicate – if very busty – flower over, and tried to imagine what kind of young man needed a potion to see her worth.

"I think I have just the thing. Let me see..."

Emilia sifted through her bowls of crystals and found a simple chunk of quartz on a silver chain.

“Let’s try this one.”

Rose stepped closer and held her golden tresses up to expose her neck. Emilia clipped the necklace on the girl and confirmed that the stone rested snugly in the crest of Rose’s plump cleavage.

“No suitor will be able to resist you wearing that.” Emilia offered sagely.

A brilliant smile lit Rose’s face, and she plunked down coin eagerly for the trinket. As she walked away, the Gypsy could see the seams ripping around Rose’s disproportionately large breasts.

It was time for Emilia to move again.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Magic show, girl is put in a box but instead of disappearing she come out with her chest doubled in size. Female volunteers are plentiful when asked.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

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### **The Great Boobino**

I took a bow with a few more flourishes of my cape. For about the hundredth time I dreamed of being able to pull large enough crowds to perform indoors.

What kind of lunatic wears a black tuxedo with a top hat and a cape in South Florida during Spring break?

“For my next illusion, I require the services of a volunteer from the audience!”

A smattering of hands went up. There were at most 50 people on the benches set out around my stage, half of them just there to sit for awhile in somewhere relatively sand-free.

Luckily a few of the hands belonged to some college girls, and one in particular caught my eye.

“You, the lovely Mademoiselle in the green bikini!”

And lovely she was. 5’5, maybe 5’6. Blonde curls dangling just below her clavicle, and a bikini that left very little to the imagination. She pranced up to the stage, bouncing and jiggling the whole way.

“What’s your name, miss?”

“Amber.”

“A round of applause for the lovely Amber!”

I gestured at the young beauty dramatically, and maybe four people clapped half-heartedly.

“Now, my dear, if you would be so kind as to step up to this box.”

I spun the closet-sized box on its turntable base, slapping the wood panels on the back and sides.

“As you can all see, it is a simple, ordinary box. No tricks or trapdoors!”

Amber tittered faintly, clearly reveling in the almost non-existent attention we were getting. Well, several of the males in the crowd were watching now, that was something. Even if they were just watching Amber jiggle.

“Do not be afraid, miss Amber! Step into the Box of Shadows, and prepare to be amazed!”

I closed the door on the box and spun it around again.

“Through ancient secrets and mystic arts, I will now make the lovely Amber disappear!”

I flourished my cape again and clicked the remote in my palm that triggered the smoke machine. A pathetic wisp of smoke emitted from the dilapidated machine.

Flipping the latch to let the door spring open, I gave the crowd my signature line:

“Et Voila!”

Gazing into the crowd dramatically, I heard murmuring start to spread.

“She didn’t disappear!”

I turned to look and indeed, Amber was stepping out of the box, as real and substantial as she had been when I closed it.

Perhaps a little *more* substantial...

“Dude, was she always that stacked?”

“Totally bro, you just didn’t notice before.”

“Not a chance, I was watching the whole time and she was big before, but like, C-cups at most.”

Just like the bros in the crowd, I found myself mesmerized by Amber’s chest. Those were *not* C-cups. They were at least E’s, maybe F’s.

Recovering my composure I addressed the crowd again.

“Let’s all thank Amber for her help! Now for my next—“

“Do it again!”

“Do the box thing again!”

The crowd of guys were shouting now, and every college girl who had been staring at her phone five minutes ago had her hand raised and waving eagerly, fighting to be the next volunteer to go in the box.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Seasonal Reese's*

Contains: Weight Gain only to Breasts

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### **Peanut Butter Cups**

Sara staggered through the checkout line with a cart filled with bags of Reece's Christmas Trees. Her unwieldy breasts rested on the shopping cart as she tossed bag after bag on the conveyor belt.

It hadn't always been like this, Sara had been good her whole life.

From the time she hit puberty her mother had warned her about the dangers of over-indulging, especially for the women of their family.

"Your great aunt Emily was too fond of sweets, and got so big she had trouble walking, and no stylish clothes would fit her. You don't want to end up like that, do you?"

One might call it an eating disorder, or a complex, but Sara's mother called it good sense.

A lifetime of salads, fruit cups, and herbal tea kept Sara to a svelte willowy frame until her 19th birthday.

Which is not to say she never indulged. Every few weeks her celery sticks were decorated with a line of peanut butter. Once a month she bought a chocolate bar, usually dark chocolate, and would nibble on it over the course of days.

Everything changed the night of her second date with Evelyn.

Their date at the vegan restaurant had gone very well, and Evelyn invited Sara back to her place.



“What are these?”

Sara normally had no interest in candy, but her mind was in a bit of a romantic haze from the sugar-free wine at dinner, and the foil wrapped hearts caught her eye.

“Have you never seen Reese’s hearts?”

“I know Reese’s, but I’ve never tried them. I didn’t know they came in heart shapes.”

“Oh my god you’re so sheltered...”

“Hey!”

Evelyn put her hand on Sara’s hip and her heart skipped a beat.

“I like it. I get to teach you so many things...”

When their lips parted as they came up for air, Evelyn popped an unwrapped chocolate between Sara’s lips.

“Hey I’m not supposed to...”

The flavor hit her tongue and she bit down reflexively.

“Is this... peanut butter and chocolate together?”

“Of course. I though you knew what Reese’s were.”

“–mmm– I mean I’ve had peanut butter and chocolate... but never together.”

Evelyn grinned as she watched Sara’s eyes close in bliss, and she leaned in for another kiss.

Later, as they lay tangled together in Evelyn’s bed, Sara whispered,

“Can You grab me another one of those Reese’s?”