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

Short Stacks

Volume I, Part B

Weight Gain Edition

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Ghost that used to love gaining weight in life possess skinny woman to relive that feeling.

Contains: Weight Gain, Ghosts, Stuffing

Agnes

“Oh my god...”

Agnes Merryweather gazed around in awe at the abundance of food surrounding her.

What is your deal? It's just a Golden Corral.

“I don't think you appreciate what a bounty this is.”

I mean, I get it's a lot of food. But it's not like it's all that good, it's mostly processed crap.

“Shh, hush now.”

Agnes used her control over Amy's body to run her hands along her sides. The little blonde occult bookstore clerk was such a *willing* host, and so *easy* to move around.

In her living years, Agnes had been a mid-level aristocrat. Or what passed for aristocracy in the US. Her husband had been an oil baron, and was able to supply Agnes with all the finer things in life. The servants tended to her day and night, and the feasts she threw... it made Agnes curl Amy's toes just thinking about it.

Unfortunately, Amy didn't have any servants, so Agnes would have to feed herself. Fortunately, this modern world was absolutely *brimming* with easy access to inexpensive food.

It was a good thing, because Amy was as poor in cash as she was in pounds.

"Just one, ma'am?"

"Yes, thank you, much obliged."

"Follow me please."

The brown-skinned servant led Agnes to a table.

"How does this work now?" She whispered.

I don't know why I should help you, what is the point of this?

"Answer me!"

The command was not spoken so much as declared, and Amy felt herself losing the tenuous connection she had to her body.

She decided being a passenger in her own body was better than drifting into the abyss. Maybe the mad old ghost woman would leave eventually.

Okay, okay. You just go up to the tables over there and help yourself.

"Help myself?"

There are stacks of plates, you can just take whatever you want.

"It's like a banquet feast..."

Agnes took Amy's body to the buffet tables over and over, until she was stuffed so full she could barely walk out of the restaurant.

They went again the next day.

And the next.

Aren't you getting tired of this yet? I'm going to lose my job...

“Why work –nom– when there’s so much food to eat?”

Um, because I'll run out of money eventually...

“Curses. Alright, I guess you can go back to work tomorrow.”

Amy woke up Tuesday morning with a stomachache and a fuzzy head. Her jeans struggled to button over her waist, but the dress code at the occult bookstore was non-existent, so she dealt with it.

Whenever there were no customers, Amy’s research had changed from ‘how to contact the departed’ to ‘exorcism.’

Walking out to her car after her shift, Amy felt the familiar sensation of Agnes Merryweather’s bloated blob of a ghost slipping into her body.

“Finally. Time for some food!”

Agnes rubbed Amy’s flat stomach with glee, then disappointment.

“Have you eaten at all today?”

Barely, we ate enough last over the weekend to last two weeks.

“Pfft, nonsense. Where’s the fun in that?”

Agnes licked Amy’s lips and started the motor in her horseless carriage.

Do you at least want to change it up? Maybe try Chinese?

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Mother tries to drive away her adult sons new fiancé she doesn't like by fattening her up, doesn't realize son is closeted FA.

Contains: Weight Gain, Feeding

Just a Wisp of a Girl

Sophie was breathing hard, trying to keep a polite face in front of Dave's mom, but he could see she was struggling.

Slowly, deliberately, she scraped her fork across the plate, scooping the last of the mashed potatoes into her mouth.

"Oh God Davey, I'm dying over here."

Sophie slipped one hand below the table to cradle her bloated stomach.

"I'm gonna pop, baby..."

"Sorry hon, it's just her 'love language.' She's a little old school."

Mrs Adams returned from the kitchen bearing a baking pan.

"See, I told you kids there was more meatloaf."

If this trollop with her smug political opinions thought she was good enough for her David she had another thing coming. Let's see how smitten the naive boy was when his "little Sophie" went up a few dress sizes. Not that an overeducated city girl like her would even wear a dress like a proper lady...

"Here you go, hon."

Dave's mom plopped a small square of meatloaf onto his plate, and he murmured appreciatively.

"And for you sweetheart."

The slice she served onto Sophie's plate was easily three times the size of the first. The poor girl suppressed a groan, forcing a polite smile onto her face.

"Oh, that's too much Mrs Adams. I'm stuffed."

Mrs Adams clicked her tongue scornfully.

"Nonsense, kids these days don't get enough good food."

Sophie bit back a retort about childhood obesity.

"Besides, you're just a little wisp of a girl. Here have some more potatoes, put some meat on your bones."

Before she could object, Mrs West had scooped a generous mound of potatoes onto Sophie's plate. Then she scraped the bowl and added a second. Dousing the lot in rich, thick gravy.

"Lemme get you kids some more tea."

As she ducked back into the kitchen, Sophie hissed.

"Dave, you need to do something!"

"What do you want me to do? We can spend a few hours at the gym next week, it'll be fine."

Sophie groaned softly, then slid her hand down over the rounded shape of her stomach, finding the waistline of her slacks. Grunting with the exertion, she exhaled hard and undid the button. Freed from its prison, her stomach expanded into the open space, pushing the zipper down and giving Sophie a second wind.

As she brought both hands above the table and started forking chunks of meatloaf and scoops of potatoes into her mouth, Sophie was startled by a touch on her bloated belly. Glancing sharply at Dave, she felt him start to massage her stomach, and she could almost feel the mass of food inside her shifting around and making her more comfortable.

“sorry” He mouthed silently. *“you’re doing great”*

Returning with glasses of sweet tea, one normal and one huge, Mrs Adams rolled her eyes at the cutesy look her son was sharing with that tart.

“Here you kids go!”

Sophie’s sweat tea was a liter if it was an ounce.

That night in Dave’s childhood bedroom, they tried to be quiet, but Sophie had never seen him so eager. Not since that time they went to a buffet for his grandparent’s 50th anniversary.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Female security guard of office building has all food orders go through her, rakes in the app points and abuses them.

Contains: Weight Gain, Stuffing

Food Security

Sitting behind a desk covered with displays and controls, Anna Kowalski drummed her fingers impatiently on her desk.

Anna's beige uniform was in dire need of another upgrade. The seat of her slacks looked painted on over her rapidly rounding fanny. The utility belt carrying her nightstick, flashlight, radio, etc was on it's last notch, and her doughy gut and love handles spilled over it by several inches. Containing that spillover was a matching beige button front top, whose long sleeves couldn't hide a pair of hammy shoulders and upper arms. Far too many inches of olive-toned cleavage were on display for a professional setting, and with the exception of the two that settled in between her round belly and bloated breasts, every last one of Anna's buttons was puckering with the strain of containing her girth.

Coming out of a private office, a nondescript late 30s white man crossed the open reception area to the security desk.

"Is my Falafel here yet Anna?"

"Not yet Brad. Let me see..."

Anna checked her phone.

"Says they're 3 minutes out."

"Alright. Just ping me on Slack when it arrives?"

“Sure thing Brad.”

Anna went back to working on the day’s Wordle while she waited hungrily for the DoorDash driver.

Finally the driver arrived, the slim college student looked slightly out of breath as she carried two grocery bags stacked with styrofoam clamshells.

“*-huff-* Are you Anna Kowalski?”

“That’s me!”

“You *-haa-* having a party or something?”

“You must be new. No, I order all the food for the office, standard security policy.”

“I see, I see. Well here you go, enjoy!”

Anna peeked in the clamshells to confirm the contents of each, and after scamming more than a few fries and other bits from a few lunches, set the boxes on the upper counter of her desk and tapped off a few messages on her computer.

Tom returned to fetch his Falafel, along with Sue from Accounting, Jason from QA, and Mandy from Sales.

The other two containers stayed at Anna’s desk.

Well, one of them stayed on her desk, the other one stayed hidden under her desk, to keep her coworkers from seeing just how much she was eating.

As she opened her first lunch, an extra large gyro with a side of pita and tzatziki, Anna unlocked her phone and checked DoorDash again. The next delivery was due in about 20 minutes, and she’d had enough points for a little desert. An entire cheesecake.

Anna told herself that she would just have a slice or two, and save the rest to take home.

But she wouldn't. It had to be kept cold after all and the break room fridge was sooo far away.

Anna wondered if she had room under her desk for a mini fridge. Not like anything would survive uneaten long enough for her to get any use out of it though.

As she took her first bite of the last slice of her post-lunch dessert cheesecake, the faux-leather of her utility belt tore and her gut dropped down a few inches into her slacks.

This uniform wasn't going to last the week.