



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 500 word flash fiction based on reader prompts.

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**Short Stacks**

**Volume II**

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Hungry Cheerleaders*

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Cheerleaders

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### Uniform Upgrade

Luca stood in front of her locker in the university's smaller locker room. She slid the striped blue and black skirt up over her plush hips and rounded rump, and struggled to get the clasp to close.

Her neighbor, the team loudmouth Cassie, heard Luca's sounds of struggle and glanced over.

"What's the matter, Luca? Did your skirt shrink in the wash *again*?"

The olive-skinned cheerleader glared at Cassie, making one last heroic tug and hooking the skirt closed. She pulled off her tee shirt and grabbed the sweater top of her winter uniform.

"Daaaang girl! Look at the size of those things!"

Cassie stepped up behind Luca and cupped each of her breasts in her brown fingers. Luca's E-cup bra was clearly too small, her breasts muffled out of the cups enticingly.

"Get off me!"

Luca waved her dark-skinned teammate off of her and continued dressing.

"You know it's not good to wear the wrong size bra, Luca. I know a great place near the mall that carries *larger* sizes..."

"Don't worry about me, Cassie. I can find my own bras." Luca snapped.

“What’s this?” An imperious, haughty voice intruded on the girls’ conversation.

“Sorry Britney...” Cassie said, staring at the floor before looking up at the cheer captain. Britney stood nearly 5–10, with pert B-cups and professionally coiffed blonde curls.

“I was just telling Luca about my favorite lingerie shop.”

“Are you up *another* bra size, Reyes?”

Luca stared at her feet, seeing only the sweater-clad curve of her bosom.

“Sorry, Britney.”

“Damn it Luca, if you get too big to do the routines without looking obscene I’m gonna sideline you. You’ll be lucky to get ‘pyramid base’ duty.”

“Yes, Britney...”

The cheer captain walked away, and Luca turned back to her locker to finish changing.

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The cheer team shared one massive table at the sports bar.

“Cheers bitchesssss!” Cassie yelled, lifting her beer to the teammates in her immediate vicinity.

She leaned over to Luca and whispered loudly.

“Here’s to her ladyship being too good to go out drinking with the rest of us peasants!”

“Hush, Cassie! You’re gonna get us both benched!” Luca laughed.

Cassie gulped her beer and said “you know what we need, more apps! You ladies up for more nachos? I know Luca is...”

“Wow. Racist much?”

All the girls laughed, and Cassie flagged down their server.

“Don’t you think we’ve had enough food, Cassie?”

“Pfft, we’ll work it off at practice tomorrow. Plus I *know* you’re still hungry...”

“You try living with my mom and *abuela* running the clean plate club.” Luca said with an exaggerated eye-roll. “Plus you heard what Britney said, I’m gonna need to even upsize my sweater and then she’s gonna make me a pyramid base.”

“Britney ain’t gonna do shit. You heard that crowd tonight, we got our biggest cheers of the semester. And most of ‘em were for you, and these puppies.”

Cassie gave Luca’s left breast a playful poke, setting them wobbling in her tank top.

“Sure, it was mostly from the guys...”

The nachos arrived, and Cassie slid the platter in front of Luca.

“But most of the football crowd are guys anyway.”

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Really obnoxious woke college girl writing a blog complaining about her gigantomastia and her self diagnosed binge eating disorder. The reaction online surprises her.*

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

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### **Like and Subscribe**

Lisa sat at her dorm desk, arms resting on her massive breasts. She was doing her best to type away on her laptop at the awkward angle it took for her fingers to reach the keys. It was easier to do this without her breasts on the desk of course, but then she'd have to crush them against the edge of the desk. Besides which, resting them on the desk gave her shoulders and lower back a much needed break.

*I met with my shaman last week, and she said I definitely have Gigantomastia. I'm up to two massage appointments a week, and don't even get me started on the cost of custom-made bras.*

Lisa arched her back, rolling her shoulders and cracking her neck.

*She says it could be genetic, but I know my readers and I are far too smart to fall for that cover-up. So now I have to find a new masseuse who hasn't sold out to Big Pharma.*

Lisa reached for the brown bag on the table nearby, and found it just out of reach.

"Gods damnit..."

Leaning way over in her chair, one of Lisa's basketball sized breasts slipped off the desk and she almost toppled over in her chair. Fortunately her fingers connected with the paper sack and slid it closer to her. She hefted her errant boob back onto the desk and pulled a paper-wrapped chicken sandwich from the bag. Unwrapping her fast food 'snack,' Lisa returned to her blog post.

*No doubt my condition is the result of whatever chemicals the FDA is letting the drug companies pump into our water. I wouldn't be surprised if the chems were specifically designed by the patriarchy to stimulate breast growth in young girls!*

*And now on top of that, I have this eating disorder I mentioned last week. I was hoping it was the cafeteria food, but I've switched to the healthiest fast food I can find and it's just as bad!*

*No matter what I eat I'm constantly hungry. It's like having pregnancy cravings but without being pregnant! Obviously the appetite stimulants factory farms (and the supposed organic farms too) are feeding their livestock are still in our beef and poultry.*

*Here's an updated photo for this week. The patriarchy can target me all they want, but I refuse to be silenced. Stay woke my friends.*

*Raven*

Lisa published her post and munched on a second sandwich. The like and share counters were going up even faster than normal. A few donations came in, a dollar or two here and there. Then one came in with a message attached. It was two hundred dollars!

*Hey Lisa, it's Britney from San Hermano High. I just want to say I love your blog so much. It's so important to have someone out there speaking truth to power.*

*I hope this isn't too forward, but I think you're even more beautiful than you were back in high school, and I'd love to take you out sometime. Maybe to a buffet?*

Lisa's already-full stomach growled hungrily and she licked her lips. She'd never been with another woman before...