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

Short Stacks

Volume III, Part A

Breast Expansion Edition

Flash fiction based on this prompt:
Tits grow in the heat, shrink in the cold.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Temperature Sensitive

A blast of cold wind blew in through the heavy wooden doors as you and your girlfriend stepped through. Bundled up snugly in ski pants and parkas, with knit woolen caps on your heads, you brush the snow off your outer garments and start the long process of shedding them.

“I love coming here, but it’s sooo cold out there!”

“I know, right?”

After you both unlaced your boots, you held Clara’s coat from behind so she could slip her arms out, then let her lean on your shoulders to step out of them. You then repeated the process yourself.

Clara shivered, and you could see her fuzzy sweater hung loosely over her torso, she was almost completely flat-chested.

“Let’s get inside and get some hot cocoa.” You suggest.

Her eyes lit up and sparkled mischievously.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

You grinned sheepishly.

“Well...”

“That’s alright, it sounds like a perfectly wonderful idea to me, let’s go!”

The large ski lodge was fairly empty, but the large fireplace was crackling cheerily and the wood stove in the center of the room had an ever-present kettle filled with water and sending up wisps of steam.

Fetching a pair of simple white mugs and scooping brown powder into them from a large glass jar, you step up to the black iron stove and see Clara hovered over it, two lumps already forming under her sweater. You guessed she was back up to B-cups already.

“Did you get the little marshmallows?”

“Oh...”

“That’s alright, I’ll get some after you pour the water.”

Clara’s outstretched palms were warmed by the stove’s heat, and she periodically rotated them to face toward her when they got *too* warm. You set the mugs on the stove and poured steaming hot water into each, the homemade mixture of cocoa, milk, and sugar all of the powdered variety dissolving into a perfect winter beverage.

Handing Clara her mug you padded across the hardwood floor strewn with thick rugs to take a seat in a big leather armchair by the massive hearth. Your girlfriend made a stop at the drink station to decorate her mug with tiny marshmallows and whipped cream before coming to join you.

Even having not touched her warming beverage, you could see her sweater was already getting a little snug from her size. She was probably just passing D-cups at this point.

Clara stepped up to your chair expectantly, so you set your mug on the end table and opened your arms invitingly. Clara's five-foot-two and ninety-five pounds soaking wet dropped into your lap. She snuggled into your arm as you retrieved your mug.

As you both basked in the heat radiating off the cheery coals in the huge fireplace, you blew steam off the top of your mugs.

Clara took a big whistling inhale as she prepared her mouth for the hot drink, then put her lips to the mug and sipped the steaming cocoa and a bit of whipped cream.

The hand that wasn't holding your mug slid up her torso to cup one breast, and you felt it swell in your hand as your girlfriend's body temperature increased.

"You're so easy..."

"Can you blame me?"

"Not really. It's almost the best part of coming here."

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

You know how astronauts have trouble readjusting to Earth's gravity after coming back from space? This but with a woman who forgets just how heavy her giant tits are and literally can't stand up after getting back from a space mission.

Contains: Implied Breast Expansion, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

The Gravity of the Situation

All around the world, people of all ages and nationalities clicked into the livestream. They were greeted by a face made for television. Blonde hair in big curls and pink highlights brushed Casey McCormick's shoulders as she held her phone on a gimbal and addressed her audience.

"Hey y'all, Space Cadet coming at you with another Live, and a historic moment in space travel!"

Casey's delivery was impeccable, her smile infectious, and her viewer count rose as her eyes sparkled with genuine enthusiasm.

"We're just about a minute away now from 'splashdown.'"

"For those of you who don't know, 'splashdown' is the term we still use from the old days in the twentieth century when astronauts landed their capsules in the ocean. The Artemis lander, codename Serenity, will of course not be landing in the water, but should guide itself with gyroscopes and chemical boosters on the pad just a few hundred kilometers behind me."

"You've all heard her name, and if you want to know more about her inspiring story you can check the videos on my channel, but world famous astronaut Renee Bert should be touching down in... about 45 seconds."

“Renee is the first woman, in fact the first human being, to stand on the surface of Mars. Despite the tragic loss of both of her crew mates on her four year mission to Mars and back, Renee has survived and hopefully we’ll be seeing her soon.”

“I know many of my viewers are anxious to see the changes to Renee’s body from the long time in zero G, you perverts.”

Casey’s eyes sparkled again as she smirked at the camera.

“We know the rumors that have been circulating on the web about the extra rations she must have had, and how she staved off boredom in the capsule by herself all this time. I for one have been curious ever since the videos she sent back started to have very tight camera angles.”

“Renee was a busty beauty when she left. I know it’s not very PC for me to say so, but I don’t think I’ll get demonetized for that.”

Casey grinned wickedly.

“But we’ll see if Renee has put on weight from her three and a half years in isolation... Oh! The capsule is landing now, let’s watch!”

The feed went dark for a moment, and was replaced by a long, shaky zoomed-in picture of the oblong capsule drifting slowly to the earth. At the back of the capsule a large square door separated from the main structure with several blasts of steam, and slowly lowered to form a ramp clearly designed for several people to walk abreast in triumph.

Instead there was a single woman, or what appeared to be a woman. She slowly staggered one step at a time down the ramp.

Casey’s voice returned.

“Y’all I’m not sure what I’m seeing here. Renee looks like she’s carrying something... Is that... It can’t be...”

The astronaut's jumpsuit was unzipped to her waist, and protruding from her front was a pair of breasts the size of medicine balls.

"Are those her, her breasts??"

Renee Bert stumbled and dropped to her knees. A group of techs were rushing toward her to lift her back to her feet and help her toward a waiting van.

Casey's face reappeared on the stream, visibly shaken.

"Well, I guess we know what happened to all those extra food supplies, huh? I guess she forgot how heavy those babies would be down here on earth..."

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Actress playing Lalia in the CC movie adaptation stops needing bra padding

Contains: Stuffing, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

“Craving Control: The Movie”

A tall, redheaded woman grinned widely at a short bespectacled brunette as she held a donut above her mouth.

“Don’t worry Jane, I saved room for dessert!”

The brunette shoved the redhead in a belly that looked large enough to be a pregnant woman at full term, if it wasn’t so squishy.

“Stop it Lalia! Just tell me if the pies I slaved over made it here??”

The redhead’s face flashed brief remorse.

“Oh... I ate them at a red light!”

The redhead shoved the whole donut into her mouth with an exaggerated
“*MMF*”

“And... cut!”

The taller woman broke character as she chewed.

“Ariel, I know you’re a method actor, but you don’t have to eat the whole donut every take.”

“I’m *-ulp-* not a ‘method actor,’ Alexis, I just like to commit to my characters. Even if they’re as dumb as this one.”

Ariel licked icing from her fingers.

“Plus these donuts are tasty...”

“Alright everyone, that’s a wrap!” The director’s voice called.

“See you tomorrow ‘Lexie, I gotta go get this damn belly off, I can’t hardly breathe...”

“Yeah, see ya.”

Alexis suspected Ariel would have an easier time breathing if she didn’t stuff her gut more than her character.

The next morning a tall and statuesque blonde strode into the soundstage carrying a brown bag and slurping the last of a sugary coffee. She tossed her trash in a can and made her way to wardrobe.

“Morning Ariel. We’ve got another belly size up for you today.”

“Again? Are we shooting out of order or something? There’s at least one more scene before the big dinner sequence...”

“Yeah, this one’s for a wardrobe malfunction. Your skirt’s supposed to rip when you eat the donut.”

“Ugh, how fast does this character gain? I need to find a new agent.”

The middle aged costume woman simply rolled her eyes and handed Ariel a set of teal bra and panties. Ariel stepped behind a curtain and changed out of her street clothes. Pulling on the panties was simple, but she couldn’t get the bra to close behind her back.

“Jan, would you help me with this?”

“Sure...” The older woman joined Ariel behind the divider and gave the C-list actress’ flawless body a once-over. The blonde could have been a model with that face. While far from fat or even plump, her body had generous curves and a trim if somewhat soft middle. Jan supposed all the eating the role involved didn’t help. Though lord knows if Jan ate half as much as Ariel did she’d be the size of a house...

“What’s wrong?”

“I can’t get this bra to close...”

Jan took the ends of the garment and tried to bring them together.

“Hmm... this is the right size, ‘Lalia’ is supposed to be a G-cup in this scene.”

“Well I’m only a D, it should fit fine!”

Jan tugged on the bra again, it wasn’t closing.

“Maybe you grew a little,” Jan said diplomatically, “we can put some smaller inserts in.”

“But...”

Ariel lifted the bra cups away from her chest.

There were no inserts in them.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Doctor confused by woman that eats like shit yet is perfectly healthy and tits bigger than her head.

Contains: Weight Gain only to Breasts, Poetry

The Doctor (Bonus Round)

Fair Anna sat in the cold waiting space
Until at last the nurse said you're next Ma'am
Shoving the last chocolate in her face
She crossed the room and went for her exam

The Doc told her she seemed to be quite well
Though maybe she should go on a diet
She'd been eating many sweets he could tell
Healthier food was good she should try it

Just one thing is strange the doctor he said
How junk food gave Anna such healthy breasts
They're soft yet firm and larger than your head
Perhaps we should consider some more tests

It's likely just one of life's mysteries
How some women's bodies store calories