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

Short Stacks

Volume III, Part B

Weight Gain Edition

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Moms arguing over who raised their now adult daughters better, one is fat and happy, the other skinny and successful. (Secret twist, the daughters are dating.)

Contains: Weight Gain, Feeding

Meeting of the Moms

Adrian sat across from a very fat young woman her age. Mia was smiling as she chewed happily on a piece of fried chicken. Adrian was still working on her salad as she could hardly take her eyes off the spectacle of her obese friend's gorging.

"Did I mention that Adrian is on track to become VP at her firm?"

"Oh, that's lovely. Mia is so happy working from home."

"I see. I'm sure she's saving lots of money on rent by living with you."

"Oh no she's got an apartment, don't you sweetie?"

"-mmhmm-"

"Oh, well that's my mistake. Adrian dear, how is your food?"

"The salad's great mom."

"Not too much dressing?"

“There’s no dressing on it at all.”

“That’s a good girl.”

Mia’s mother frowned in disapproval. What was becoming of young women these days, starving themselves when they could be eating healthy? Nothing like her sweet daughter, who always cleared her plate like a good girl.

“How is the chicken sweetie, can I get you some more?”

Mia beamed at her mother and merely nodded.

Mia’s mother loaded up Mia’s plate with half a chicken’s worth of fried pieces.

Adrian’s mother frowned in disapproval. What was wrong with young women these days? Gorging themselves on empty calories until they could barely move? Nothing like her responsible daughter, who never even *looked* at junk food.

Back in the apartment they shared, Adrian straddled her lover’s massive thighs and stroked her hands firmly but lovingly down the expanse of her bloated stomach.

“That was a lot of chicken Babe. Why didn’t you tell me your mom was a feeder?”

“Don’t be *-bwoorp-* gross Ade, she’s just very nurturing.”

“Oh is that what they call it in the South?”

Mia tried to smack her girlfriend but her plush arm moved too slowly and Adrian caught it to press it against one of her A-cups. The fat girl’s chubby fingers squeezed and went hunting for the nipple under Adrian’s sleep shirt.

She found it, and pinched. Mia felt a stirring between her legs at the cute little moan her uptight office lady girlfriend made.

Adrian leaned forward onto Mia's stuffed belly, cupping one enormous breast in each hand. Somehow despite their vastly disparate sizes, Mia's nipples were no larger than her own.

Grabbing one in each hand Adrian tugged lightly, then pressed the nubs into the fatty mass they rested on.

“-aaaaAAAHHHNN-”

“Go *ha, ha*- go get the thing Ade.”

Adrian gave Mia's belly a big hug, then hopped back off the bed to open the bottom dresser drawer. She pulled out a big pink strap on.

Before she could attach the toy to her body, however, they were interrupted by a tremendous gurgling from Mia's mountainous gut.

Adrian looked back toward the bed with a greedy twinkle in her eye.

“What was that?”

“N-nothing...”

A second gurgle rang out, and while it could have been Mia's stomach digesting a coop's worth of fried chicken, they both knew it wasn't.

Adrian stepped slowly toward the bed and ran a slow hand over her lover's belly, feeling the rumbles.

“You've got room for dessert, don't you Babe?”

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Pet fairy accidentally gets locked in the pantry over a weekend trip. Owner finds the pantry completely empty and a very pillowy fairy.

Contains: Weight Gain, Fairies, Stuffing

Fairy Food

Aria stepped back into the kitchen after carrying out her last load of bags. She collected her keys and her purse and stood in the kitchen, turning circles as if hunting for something.

“I’m sure I’m forgetting something...”

A glowing blue figure less than six inches tall hovered near Aria’s head.

“You’ve got everything, now hurry or you’re going to miss your train!”

“You’re right Trix, you’re right...” Aria still fretted and paced through the small cottage two more times.

“Alright, I’m off. Don’t have too much fun while I’m gone!”

“Ha ha, I won’t!” The fairy laughed as her human rushed out the door.

Aria swung the door closed so fast it sent a big gust of wind through the kitchen, sending Beatrix tumbling through the air. She spun ass over teakettle through the doors of the pantry, which abruptly swung closed behind her. Crashing to a shelf crowded with paper-wrapped packages and sealed glass jars, the fairy stood and dusted herself off.

“Don’t slam the door!” She called to the empty cottage.

Shaking off her disorientation, Beatrix's wings fluttered and she crossed the small open space to the human-sized pantry door. Not only was it latched closed, the wood was jammed in its opening so that the tiny fairy could not open it again. Mustering every ounce of her magic and strength, Trixie pushed against the wood, the knob, the metal catch — Never mind that the cheap iron made her hands tingle and go numb.

She was trapped. Stuck in this dark little room until Aria returned, almost four days from now. Beatrix sat on the shelf and pouted for several minutes. Then her tiny tummy rumbled.

She wasn't supposed to eat human food. But what was she supposed to do, starve to death?

Wings fluttering, Beatrix hovered to the mouth of a jar a little taller than she. With a wave of her hand and a trail of sparkling motes, the metal lid spun free. The fairy pulled a slice of a peach that took both hands to lift, and took a big bite. Her eyes lit up as the sweet juices rolled down her tiny chin, and she munched faster.

"Trixie, I'm home!"

The cottage door swung open to admit a disheveled and exhausted human redhead.

"I ate so much junk on that trip, I'm gonna have to diet for *weeks!*"

Aria looked around her empty cottage with dismay.

"Trixie...? Trix?"

She heard a tiny voice and then a not so tiny belch. It came from her closed pantry.

"Oh my gods Beatrix, did you get stuck in the pantry again?"

Aria swung the pantry door open. The bottom shelf was littered with opened paper and the shelves were lined with jars— most tipped over, all of them opened and emptied. A figure fluttered out from under the pile of paper scraps and tried to hover up to Aria’s face. Halfway to her destination the fairy slumped back to the cupboard floor.

Aria scooped up her fairy friend. She was the size of a large melon. Tiny rolls and folds flowed down and spilled over Aria’s two hands.

“Didn’t I warn you not to eat my food?”

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Shoulder devil decides to cut out the middleman and fatten up the ANGEL

Contains: Weight Gain, Angels and Demons

Cutting out the Middle “Man”

Elena walked into the buffet, still surprised she hadn't gotten a visit yet from her two annoying companions. Oddly, they hadn't appeared in weeks, maybe months. Now that Elena was sailing into the upper half of the 200 pound range she'd started to miss the little angel and devil on her shoulder fighting to influence her most self-indulgent decisions.

Elena waddled up to the rows of Americanized Chinese food and loaded her plate with fried rice. As she ladled a second scoop of sugar chicken onto the plate, she shrugged her unoccupied, Easter ham sized shoulders and moved on to the butter shrimp.

—*Meanwhile*—

“Oh, I really shouldn't...” A white-robed figure protested weakly, wings ruffling as she leaned back over a small table.

“Oh, you really should...” retorted a red-skinned woman as she scooped even more spaghetti and meatballs onto the angel's plate.

Elena's angel had grown weak over the years of fighting with the gluttonous woman's unending hunger. In spite of that, her devil still had to argue with the insufferable winged woman every time Elena wanted something as simple as upgrading her fast food combo from medium to large.

Elena succumbed to her devil's temptation nine times out of ten, but that one time in ten always irked her. Being a devil, and therefore prone to grudge-holding, she decided a change of tack was in order. What if instead of fighting

with the angel every time Elena was tempted, she just tempted the angel instead?

“There you go...” the devil purred as the angel scooped a massive meatball between her pale pink lips. Her angel’s robes were loose and flowing, and concealed her growing form for a long time. But now the pure white garment was finally starting to grow snug under the pudgy angel. The outlines of a drooping belly and bulging love handles pressed against the white fabric, and Elena’s devil could see the angel’s swelling ankles and calves peek out above her tiny sandaled feet.

The large screen above the pair showed the interior of a buffet through their host’s eyes. Elena was scooping the last of her fried rice and the shifting view gave away her movement as she returned to the buffet tables.

“–*Mpfh*– She’s going up for thirds... after two huge plates... I need to try and stop her...”

The angel struggled to her feet, both palms pressed against the table to push herself upward. She raised both arms and a cloud of golden light surrounded her as she vanished.

Elena stood at the buffet tables again, loading her plate with crab rangoon and sugar rolls. A figure appeared on her left shoulder. It looked like her angel, or maybe another angel who had *eaten* her angel...

“Wait! –*huff, huff*– Elena, you don’t want to do that. You need to *resist* temptation!”

A moment later Elena’s devil appeared beside the corpulent angel, every bit as svelte and busty with her crimson skin and charcoal bat wings.

“Don’t listen to her Elena, you work hard and you deserve to *indulge* once in awhile.”

The tiny devil held out one arm to support the angel as she struggled to stand.

“Wait *-puff-* what am I doing on *this* shoulder??”