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

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**Short Stacks**

**Volume IV**

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:  
*Convention goer trying to fit into her old cosplay.\**

Contains: Breast Expansion, Short Stacks 4

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### **Wardrobe Malfunction**

“Hey uh... Artemis?” Nancy asked. “Do you want to use the bathroom first?”

“You can just call me Mina, Nancy.”

“Oh sorry, Mina.”

The freckled ginger’s cheeks turned pink. She’d spent the whole pandemic savoring photos of ‘Artemis’ on their little cosplay discord, but it was was something else entirely seeing the busty Asian in the flesh.

So much flesh...

“Sure I’ll go first!” Mina said, grabbing up her bag and stepping into the hotel bathroom. In the privacy of the over-lit room she extracted the pieces of a grey office skirt suit. She’d completed this ensemble over two years ago in preparation for this convention. Then in 2020 it got cancelled. 2021 was mostly online and her little discord circle agreed masks would spoil their planned costumes. But it was ‘22 now and they were finally here.

Mina let her sweatpants slide to the white tile floor and stepped into the grey skirt. Apprehensively she slid the article up her short legs — thick but not chunky — and fastened the skirt closed with a sigh of relief. Of course, her hips and ass were not what worried the curvy Asian. Dropping the purple-tipped black wig over her own short black hair, Mina pulled the next piece of her cosplay from the bag.

Slipping her arms through the sleeves of the white dress shirt, Mina fastened the buttons starting at the bottom. One by one she worked her way upward and outward as she followed the curvature of her bosom. Gradually her worst fears were realized— there was no way this shirt would close over her post-lockdown breasts.

Mina spent the past six months trying to diet. She knew she'd gone up a size or two during lockdowns but kept putting off getting resized, relying on sports bras and tanks to keep herself decent. The nearly empty bag of chocolatey trail mix in her backpack was a dead giveaway that her attempts to reduce had been ineffective at best.

The bathroom door swung open to reveal a half dressed Mina, sports bra completely visible as her massive breasts bulged over the top. The other three girls in the hotel room tried not to gape.

“Does anybody have a shirt I can borrow?” Mina asked.

Nancy, Kara, and Alisha all looked from one to the other.

“Nothing of mine would fit you Artem– Mina.” Kara said apologetically.

“I think you might need a size up in bras, hon...” Alisha, the oldest by two years and the unofficial ‘mom’ of the group suggested.

Nancy was silent, her eyes wide and her mouth dropped slightly open.

“I wish my lockdown pudge had all gone to my boobs...” Kara muttered, lightly touching the cuddle fluff surrounding her midsection.

“Have you been roleplaying Elma all this time?”

Kara laughed at her own ‘joke’ while Mina glared.

“D–does anyone have a blonde wig?” Nancy squeaked.

The group turned as one to see the redhead holding up a pair of jean shorts.

“I have my Peach wig from the ‘con in ’19,” Alisha said, “I brought the outfit as a backup.”

“Can we borrow your hat, Luna?” Nancy asked Kara.

“It’s Kara, ‘Ginny’” the blonde said mockingly, “but sure!” She pulled the pink baseball cap off her head and handed it to the redhead.

“Ooooh,” Alisha said, connecting the dots, “I think I see where you’re going with this...”

The slightly older brunette bent to dig in her own bag while Nancy started handing Mina items. “Put these on then put that black tank top back on.”

“O-okay...”

Mina disappeared into the bathroom again. Nancy’s shorts fit her, and the Princess Peach wig reached halfway down her back. Her black tank was snug but the cap almost completed the ensemble. She stepped out of the bathroom again.

Three jaws dropped.

“Woah.” Kara muttered, holding up black knee socks. “That’s even better than the Elma outfit.”

Mina sat on a bed and pulled on Kara’s socks, then Nancy helped her into a pair of pink Converse from Alisha that were just a little too big.

“I don’t know you guys... isn’t this a little too much skin?” Mina said as she stood.

“No way” said Kara as she stepped up to the Asian girl, there’s sure to be a Poison Ivy or something showing off more than this.

“Found it!” Alisha cried, pulling a contact lens case from her bag. “Speaking of Poison Ivy...”

The lenses were bright green. “Just wear one. Do you need help?”

“No I wear contacts sometimes.” Mina said. “What about the left eye?”

“Your natural color will be fine.” Kara declared. “Hardly anybody will even notice your eyes when they’re looking at *these* babies...”

Kara tugged on the straps of Mina’s tank top, sending her plump breasts jiggling.

“You might even be a little bigger than the real Lucoa...”

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*A female division of sumo wrestling is announced. A camera crew follows the women during their weight gain process and fans online take special interest in the body type and development of one specific woman...\**

Contains: Weight Gain

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### **Gluttonous Ladies of Wrestling**

Todd sat on the third-hand couch in his shabby apartment, browsing on his laptop. A notification popped up in the top right corner of his screen.

“No way!”

He tapped through the notification and grabbed a nearby remote to change inputs on the TV.

“Yo, Jayden! The Irish are about to livestream!”

“You’re shitting me!” A voice called from the kitchen. “Those ginger bastards have been MIA for months!”

“Yeah I know. Get Kyle and Trey in here!”

All four mid-20s roommates were seated around the TV before the animated graphic was replaced with two men with red hair and beards in their early 30s.

“Alright are we live?”

“Yep, looks good here.”

“Hello all you drunk basterds and welcome to our live stream! I’m Mick and this is me brother—“

“I’m Mack!”

“And together we are the O’Neil Brothers.”

The brothers’ accents shifted between Dublin and Cork with the occasional Galway sprinkled in.

“First off we need to apologize to all our fans. There’s been a big change in the world of women’s wrestling and unfortunately we had to sign an NDA to get insider access.”

“That’s right Mack but that’s over like and we’re free to talk about all the exciting news!”

“Alright so here it is gals and gents. The IWWA has formed a whole new division – Women’s. Sumo.”

“You heard that one right. Women’s sumo.”

“Two dozen competitors, most of them you know like, veterans but a few newbies, have been working on gaining out of their weight classes and into the new sumo class.”

“I bet you’re all wondering what exactly the new class requirements are like. Tell the folks Mick.”

“Tanks Mack. The requirements for the sumo class are a minimum one-hundred-fifteen kilos. And for you Americans out there that’s just over two hundred fifty pounds!”

“That’s bigger than your ex wife, isn’t it Mick?”

“Look Mack. I like a woman who can hold her beer, and you don’t find many of those in the featherweight class.”

“True enough Mick. You know like I’m partial to a nice sturdy woman me self.”

“Alright Mack enough about your christian mingle profile. Let’s take a look at tease lovely ladies.”

As the livestream proceeded, the Irish brothers gave colorful commentary and quips over a series of featurettes covering several of the new female sumo wrestlers. Their diets, training, and practice matches were all covered. The roommates (and the rest of the tens of thousands of viewers on the stream) met a handful of fighters.

Rocky Rhode was a spiky haired blonde weighing 265 who lived on a diet of pasta, gained mostly in her legs. She had a strong base but lacked upper body force. Harriet Tubwoman, a dark skinned woman with a retro afro weighing 270, ate mostly fried foods and was more hourglass shaped. She was a strong contender because the muscles under her fat were already well established. An olive-skinned woman with shoulder-length hair named She-Bulk somehow got to be 278 as a vegan. She gained in her belly mostly but had substantial limbs and was also a strong contender in the new format.

On and on the stream went, presenting the viewers with progressively larger women with ridiculous stage names and even more ridiculous diets. The roommates occasionally eyed each other to see if they were the only one increasingly disinterested and perhaps even disgusted by the display. Trey hoped his feigned disgust was convincing as he held a ratty pillow over his lap.

Finally a wrestler came on screen who interested all four roommates. She was a medium-height Asian who appeared to be gaining only in her chest, appropriately named Titomi Tanaka. The awkward distribution of weight put her low in the predicted rankings for the league, but high in popularity among viewers. The mostly-ignored chat scrolling by the right of the screen lit up with eggplant and cherry emoji during an interview in which she discussed her struggle to gain weight in the rest of her body. The Asian wrestler lived on a diet of pork and noodles, and a series of photos showed her progress over the past six months— from curvy, to busty, to armfuls, and beyond. She was currently 258 pounds, and the O’Neil brothers estimated over half of that was pure breast flesh. All four roommates were hiding boners now.

“What do you guys think, are we gonna watch women’s sumo?”



Todd's inquiry was met with a chorus of affirmatives.