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

Short Stacks

Volume V

Breast Expansion

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Woman buys new house, has weird switch in a random place. It's a slider, tries to see what it does, inexplicably grows/shrinks her chest.

Contains: Rapid Breast Expansion

It Comes with the House

Penny was ecstatic. All the memes, all the judgement from out-of-touch 'Boomers' and somehow even worse Gen-Xers had not gotten her down. Penny had been working a decent job for almost ten years now. And despite her status as a dyed in the wool Millennial, Penny had bought her own home.

Granted, it was a post-war ranch. One of those 'single story, two bedroom, one and a half bath' jobs. A kitchen full of plywood cabinets, hollow core doors that didn't quite sit straight in their frames, and a plethora of disgusting shag carpet that she was going to rip out immediately.

At least she planned to rip the carpet out. The absolute second she could get even one friend to come help her instead of spending a weekend at the farmer's market or day drinking for 'brunch.'

Penny stood in what felt like a palace. A ten by fifteen 'living room' with orange-ish green carpet with several furniture outlines and more than one suspicious stain. None of that was goin to get Penny down, because this was *hers*.

Okay, sure, technically the bank owned most of it. But Penny was done paying rent like some sucker. She was living the dream that her parents had been subtly hinting at for years. Not 'wasting' her money on rent, but owning.

Owning four walls, a detached garage, and a mostly working furnace. Her own house, a house that had...

That had a set of dimmer switches in a room with no ceiling lights.

No lights at all. The room was nothing but normal power outlets.

Penny figured the previous owners had all used lamps, but then what were these dimmer switches for?

Penny crossed the room to the set of round plastic dials, and touched one of the experimentally. She twisted one dial, looking around the room for some kind of effect. The dial did not move as easily as the dimmer switches Penny was used to.

In fact, it took a fair bit of effort just to rotate the plastic dial a quarter turn.

Penny tried pushing the knob inward. She'd been to friend's houses where a dimmer switch had a 'push' toggle function.

No lights or HVAC fans reacted to the *snap* of the dial, but Penny felt a warmth spread through her upper chest. Penny guessed that was just a nervous reaction to the mystery of this dial.

Penny flexed her forearm, trying carefully not to damage the old plastic dial. No sense in breaking anything in the house she owned. Penny was suddenly keenly aware of the responsibility she held. There was no landlord to call if she broke anything. Not that her landlords had ever been all that helpful when she'd needed anything.

Twisting the dial to its halfway point, Penny noticed something at the bottom edge of her vision.

Her... breasts?

Penny's modest C-cup breasts were visible at the bottom corner of her eyes. That shouldn't be...

Penny examined herself, groping first one and then the other plump orb as they sat full and firm on her ribcage.

These were definitely more than C-cups, at least twice as much more...

Penny reached for the dial again.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Obliviousness is attached to breast size. As a woman's tits grows her ability to perceive just how stupidly huge they are lowers. Like, she's knocking shit over with them or trying to squeeze them into tiny bras.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Beauty before Brains

Sarya's bestie had never been the brightest bulb in the pack. It wasn't that Cara was *dumb* per se, it was more like a lack of common sense. Or at the very least, self-awareness.

"What's wrong with my outfit?"

Sarya tried – and failed – to suppress a grimace. Cara was wearing skinny jeans which fit her fine, damned genetics, and a tank top that *would* have been a perfectly acceptable garment choice. On a woman with B or maybe even C cups.

Cara was a B cup. In eighth grade. Now in their sophomore year of college, Cara's breasts were charging unstopably toward the latter half of the alphabet. Her 'medium' tank top was straining at both straps and every seam. There was more flesh spilling out as 'underboob' than Sarya had in her whole bra.

“Um... it’s a little risqué, Cara.”

Cara’s ginger beer curls fluttered around her shoulders as she twisted her narrow waist and tried to evaluate her ensemble without the aid of a mirror.

“Really?”

“Whatever, let’s just get to class. Chem lab is next.”

Sarya had begun to dread chemistry lab with her best friend turned roommate. In middle school she’d hoped she would catch up with her friend. In high school she gave up that hope. Now in college she just hoped Cara would *stop* growing.

But she never did. Week after week, month after month, Cara swelled larger, and larger, and larger. And somehow the redhead never seemed aware of it. Sarya sometimes wondered if all the resources Cara’s body *should* have been putting into her brain was all going into her huge tits.

“Why don’t you let me do that?” Sarya asked as she nervously watched Cara mix chemicals in glass beakers and flasks.

“That’s alright, I’ve got it!” Cara beamed cheerfully as she mixed, oblivious to the way her bloated orbs bobbed and swayed into the space occupied by their lab equipment.

Sarya was getting legitimately concerned. Cara’s head-sized bazoombas were centimeters away from knocking over their Bunsen burner every time she moved a piece of equipment.

“Can you just take notes and let me do that part?”

“What? Why?”

Sarya was so tired of having this conversation over and over. She leaned in close in the hopes that the other students in their lab wouldn’t overhear.

“You’re going to knock something over with your boobs!”

Cara only laughed. Her shoulders shook and her massive melons bobbed.

“You’re so funny Sarya! My breasts aren’t *that* big...”

As Cara turned back to the lab bench to pick up a beaker, the outermost curve of her enormous breasts collided with the flask hanging above the burner.

Lab was cancelled that day to let the fire and fumes dissipate. Cara had to throw out her tank top.

Weight Gain

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A mother worries that her adult daughter isn't eating enough, despite the fact that her so called, "little girl" weighs over 400 pounds and is still gaining.

Contains: Weight Gain, Feeding

Mommy's Little Girl

Brenda waddled up the walkway to her childhood home. Reaching the door she braced herself before turning the knob, swinging it open and squeezing her hips through the frame.

I really need to move into my own place. She thought with annoyance as she waddled her way to the kitchen.

“Hiiii sweetie, how was work?”

Brenda's mom was already cooking up a storm. She always was, these days.

"It was fine mom."

"Come on, sit down and I'll get you a little snack before dinner."

Brenda's mom came around the counter and put a steadying hand on her daughter as she led her to the dining table. Several chairs were missing from the dining set – casualties of battle to support Brenda's growing backside – and had been replaced by a wide bench, steel reinforced.

"I'm really not hungry yet mama. Could I maybe just have some coffee?"

"Nonsense." Her mother tutted. "You may be an adult now, but you're still a growing girl, and it's my job as your mother to make sure you get enough to eat."

That's the understatement of the year...

Brenda's mom got her situated at the table, then crossed to the counter to fetch an entire pan of brownies. Almost three inches thick they were covered in so much powdered sugar the tops were almost solid white.

"Here you go baby, eat up now..."

With a resigned sigh, Brenda worked a massive brownie from the pan with her fingers. Seeing her mother watching her like a hawk, she bit into the obese confection and smiled up at her mom.

"Good, aren't they? You dig in and I'll get you something to drink."

'Something to drink' was of course whole milk. *At least it's not heavy cream*

The next four hours were a nonstop gorge fest for the over four-hundred pound twenty-something. After she'd finished the tray of brownies, her mother brought her a plate of cookies. Bigger than her hand they looked liked they'd

been made with at least three times the amount of chocolate chips called for by the recipe.

After the cookies came dinner— two entire trays of lasagna. Accompanied of course by enough garlic bread for a party of twelve, stacked with a full inch and a half of cheese.

No dinner was complete without dessert, and Brenda’s mother brought out a whole–ass cheesecake. Eighteen inches across and dripping with cherries in a sugary sauce.

“Mama, I’m full, really...” Brenda protested. Her chubby digits prodded her massive gut, feeling the hard lump of food buried under countless inches of adipose.

“Hush now. No daughter of mine is going to leave the dinner table hungry. Here I’ll slice a piece for you...”

One piece led to two, and then three, until Brenda’s mom was all but hand–feeding the cheesecake down her daughter’s throat. Brenda’s arms dropped limply to her sides. Massive bingo wings jiggling and her face tinged faintly green.

“T–thanks mama –*buuuOOORP*–”

“You’re welcome baby... Are you sure you got enough to eat? I can fix you up some more if you want...?”

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

MC is a scientist who made the most calorically dense food imaginable, disguised as a simple sandwich as revenge for the roommate always eating their food and lying about it. The roommate’s steadily been slowly expanding for a week now and won’t admit to eating the sandwich.

Contains: Rapid Weight Gain

My Sandwich

Doctor Christine Dellar cleaned up her workstation and hung her lab coat on a peg. She'd made another breakthrough in her quest to design the more calorically dense food possible. The flavor was still a little off, but the obvious fat content should still make the sauce irresistible.

Christine made her way back to her apartment, where she found her lazy slug of a roommate as always planted on her fat ass in front of the television.

"Welcome home." Molly said indifferently.

Christine examined her roommate with a scientific eye. There was no doubt about it, Molly was gaining weight faster than ever.

They'd known each other for years, and Molly's fluctuating — but mostly increasing — waistline was a familiar feature in Christine's life. But ever since they'd moved in together, her greedy growing roommate was constantly stealing her food.

The worst part was, the bitch would never fess up to it!

"Hey Moll..." Christine called from the kitchen, head in the refrigerator.

"Yeah?"

"Did you see a sandwich in here?"

Unseen by Christine, Molly pulled the last quarter of her sandwich from under a nearby pillow.

“What kind of sandwich? –*hmf*–” Molly took a huge bite of the sandwich, chewing as rapidly as she could.

“It was a ham turkey bacon swiss with my special sauce on it.”

“Hmm –*gulp*– doesn’t ring any bells...”

As Molly swallowed her large bite, the buttons on her shirt drew a little tighter over her middle.

“Are you sure you didn’t see it? I left it here this morning...” Christine’s head popped out of the kitchen to glare the accusing question at her slovenly roommate.

Molly only shrugged. Christine ducked into the kitchen again, but she could hear her roommate chewing. She paused out of site just long enough for Molly to seal her own fate.

Molly chewed as quickly as she could. Another bite made the seams strain on her sweatpants and the buttons of her pajama tops pulled open in big diamond shaped windows of pale flesh. Frantically she shoved the last of the sandwich into her mouth, swigging some cola to wash it down faster.

Christine reappeared in the living room, seeing her roommate’s chipmunk cheeks.

“Molly...”

“Mhmm?”

“Are you sure you haven’t seen my sandwich?”

Molly shook her head and tried to swallow the massive glob of food in her mouth.

“What’s that you’re eating?”

Molly held up a finger, chewing rapidly and then swallowing the last of the sandwich and its genetically engineered sauce.

“Just *-uh-* some chips...”

Molly’s body rumbled audibly, artificially compressed calories expanding to their true size within her stomach. The buttons running down her torso pulled tighter and tighter until one at the very apex of Molly’s bloated belly shot off with a *-ping-* and sailed across the room, narrowly missing Christine’s face.

“Want to rethink that answer?”