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

Short Stacks

Volume VI, Part A

Breast Expansion Edition

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A woman wins a lifetime supply of her favorite chocolate drink after drinking hundreds of bottles to find the winning bottle cap. But her so-called lifetime supply is dwindling quickly..

Contains: Breast Expansion

Lifetime Supply

Jan was concerned for her roommate.

Well, Jan ‘had been’ concerned for her roommate for some time.

Lana had a ‘complicated’ relationship with chocolate. Some would call it love–hate. Jan mostly called it love–love. So when ChocoMad ran a contest where one lucky winner would receive a lifetime supply of Lana’s favorite cold beverage, Jan did her best to keep her roommate from finding out. Some things are inevitable however, and the same day Lana saw a retweet about the contest online, she drove to every grocery and convenience store in town, filling the trunk and backseat of her car with the stuff.

Jan tried to gently suggest to her roommate that she didn’t need to *drink* every bottle to find out if it had a winning cap, but Lana refused to let the stuff go to waste. So for five solid weeks Jan’s roommate was never without a clear bottle with its red label, sucking the thick brown liquid down like it was water.

Lana had been busty from the day Jan met her. A tall, vivacious redhead to Jan's five-nothing mousy bobbed brunette. But Jan was convinced there was something in ChocoMad that was making her roommate... expand.

It would be perfectly understandable if a twenty-something young woman drank chocolate milk from dawn to dusk put on a few pounds. And while Lana stayed thin and statuesque through the entire month-and-a-half adventure, Jan was certain that Lana's breasts were getting bigger. By the time Lana inevitably found the winning cap, she'd popped half a dozen shirt buttons, and all her tees had become crop-tops.

Of course, Jan foolishly assumed that *if* Lana managed to win the contest, her ChocoMad intake would adjust back to a reasonable level. But words like 'moderation' and 'enough' had never been in Lana's lexicon, and Jan watched cases of ChocoMad that were supposed to last a month being emptied almost weekly.

Showing a thorough lack of forethought, the company that sold ChocoMad didn't do something sensible like set a limit on the special card they sent Lana when she reported her winning cap. It entitled the bearer to any quantity of ChocoMad from any retailer, to be reimbursed by the company. That included delivery apps, so Lana paid only the delivery fees and driver tips, in addition to cleaning out the local stores every time she went out. Jan sometimes liked to visualize the conversations in the accounting department when they saw the bills flowing in from retailers having their entire stock emptied as soon as they were replenished.

And so Jan watched Lana drink and drink, and grow and grow. Her breasts had been the size of her head when she found the winning cap, but now she was blowing through bra sizes faster than a kid singing the alphabet song. Jan was certain her roommate was spending her whole paycheck on upgraded bras and tops, but even still she was constantly faced with acres of cleavage, and occasionally flashed when Lana outgrew a blouse or snapped another bra.

"Hey, Lana...?"

"-ulp ulp aaahhhh- what's up?"

“Do you think you should maybe... cut back on that stuff?”

Lana and Jan both looked over the immense tits that spread across the kitchen table, larger than any store-bought watermelons.

“Nah... it’s too tasty!” Lana said, twisting the cap off a fresh bottle. “Plus it’s got lots of vitamin D.”

Jan sighed and headed for the door.

“Could you pick me up another case on your way home?” Lana called.

Jan grabbed the card from the bowl of keys, wondering idly if Lana was also going to have a case delivered while she was at work.

She definitely was.



Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Stats Lv up- your partner in this new world seems to be getting stronger as she levels up... her boobs grow, a playful relationship that may seem to drift apart once the demon lord is beat, shall they continue to train to max their levels?

Contains: Breast Expansion



**Living in Another World Where My Questing Partner’s Oppai Grow
Larger Every Time She Levels Up**

Level 1

No one was more surprised than me with how easily I took to life in this strange world. Probably all my years playing RPGs and MMOs in the normal world helped me figure out this sword and board stuff. I still would have rather been summoned as a ranger or some kinda mage, but the royal court assigned me an ally who's a magic wielder, so I guess she'll cover the DPS and heals while I tank.

Level 2

I don't know how the people in this world get anything done when the roads and forests are filled with slimes and boars. At least they're easy to kill, and Lierin and I have already leveled up. I was a little concerned when she was assigned to me— despite her claims that she's nearly two centuries old, my elf companion looks barely old enough to be out of high school. Now that we've leveled up she looks a little more mature, which makes me feel better about traveling alone with her.

Level 10

Lierin and I were able to take out a pack of Minotaur today finally. I think she's stopped getting taller— she stands just above my shoulder and looks close to my own age of twenty-five. Her spells are a lot more effective, and I think we're almost ready to start working our way to the Dark Lord's stronghold.

Level 15

We cleared the first goblin outpost. The mini-boss gave us a little trouble, but with Lierin's bubbles and my higher crits we got him down. It's lucky that Lierin's clothes are magical, because my elf partner's been growing out instead of up every time we level. It's hard not to be distracted by her jiggling cleavage when we get into combat.

Level 20

The forts and outposts are getting tougher, but we're keeping up. It's taking just a few spin moves and fire AoE to clear the trash, and the bosses are giving even more XP. Lierin is still growing bigger every time we level up. Sometimes I

wonder how she can walk with those things. She's like a shorter, blonde version of the Sorceress from Dragon's Crown. (Not that I would ever admit to playing that game...)

Level 25

We're starting the first floor of the Dark Lord's castle tomorrow. Lierin outgrew our tent two levels ago and we had to start sleeping outside. I was pretty embarrassed this morning when I woke up and found myself hugging her massive breasts for warmth. At least she didn't seem to mind.

Level 30

Lierin and I are resting on the fifth floor of the castle. We're halfway now, and the orcs are getting tougher. I'm worried that if my elf partner gets much bigger we're going to have trouble with the castle's narrow doors.

Level 37

We did it. After many potions, one-time use spells, and gradual damage over time, Lierin and I collected the Dark Lord's head. When he finally died and the XP flowed into me and the elf, we leveled up three times. Lierin grew so fast her magic clothes couldn't keep up and her lace tunic ripped open, spraying buttons everywhere. The royal court said they would send me home if I completed this quest, but I think I might stay and keep adventuring with Lierin.

After all, we're so close to level 40.



Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A waitress has a lactation problem that leads to larger breasts and larger tips.

Contains: Breast Expansion

Overqualified

Molly's Milk Bar was famous across the city both for its delicious milk and dairy based menu items, and the voluptuousness of its hucow staff in their Holstein print maid outfits. Pretty much everyone who worked at Molly's 'front of house' wore comical prosthetic bra inserts to create watermelon sized cleavage to bounce and sway, dangling enticingly in the faces of customers. Molly's patrons were mostly male, but more than a few women were regulars.

It was probably inevitable that Bess got a job working at Molly's. Being particularly blessed from a young age, and continuing to slowly grow well into her early twenties, Bess was the first 'milk maid' Molly ever hired who *didn't* need prosthetics to match her coworkers' appearance. At first, the sight of the incredibly well-endowed Bess stirred feelings of jealousy in the other waitresses, but once word got out that the tall, blonde cowgirl was 100% natural, the milk bar got so crowded that the patrons and tips spilled over to the rest of the milk maids.

Unfortunately, Lucy didn't share her fellow maids' begrudging appreciation for Bess' voluptuousness. Standing barely five feet and filling out her work uniform almost entirely with foam, Lucy decided to sabotage the smug blonde.

The second thing anyone meeting Bess learned about, after her enormous teats, was the tall cowgirl's appetite. Claiming the extra calories all went to her chest, Bess regularly ate two to three times as much as any of her coworkers. So Lucy found a supplement powder designed to help nursing mothers and started mixing it into Bess' milkshakes and banana splits.

At first, Lucy cursed her stupidity. All she'd managed to accomplish was bumping Bess up her next few cup sizes even faster. Molly joked that after one more upsize she'd need to start having Bess' uniforms custom-order. After a few weeks though, Bess started having 'issues.'

The first was a button that popped right in front of a customer. The next day one of the other maids spotted the dark wet patches on Bess' uniform apron and Molly sent her home early. These mishaps continued with more frequency as Lucy continued sprinkling the lactation powder into Bess' snacks. The customers didn't seem to mind, however, and both the requests to sit in Bess' section and the milky blonde's tips were growing even faster than her ridiculous boobs.

Shift after shift Bess continued to grow and grow. She leaked, dripped milk on plates, suffered wardrobe malfunctions, and raked in more tips than the rest of Molly's maids combined. Lucy was furious, and eventually stopped dosing Bess' treats, but the damage was done— Bess kept growing, and the tips kept flowing.

One day Lucy overheard Molly talking to Bess in her office, and stood flat against the wall, eavesdropping.

"If you're willing, Bess, a position at my new store could be *very* lucrative for you..."

"What would I have to do?"

"We're marketing products there made entirely from hucow milk. Your milk."

"M-my..."

"*And*. For customer who pay a very high premium, private nursing rooms."

"N-nursing..."

There was a long pause.

"How lucrative are we talking?" Bess asked.

"The prices will be nearly tenfold what they are here."

"Ten...! And with..."

“With tips to match, yes.”

Enraged, Lucy stepped into the doorway, readying a verbal tirade against her matronly boss.

“Oh Lucy!” Molly smiled. “Just the maid I wanted to see. I have a special opportunity for you, if you don’t mind taking some of that powder you’ve been sneaking to Bess here.”

Bess and Lucy’s mouths dropped in comical unison.

“What... how...?” Lucy stammered.

“There are no secrets from me in my place.” Molly said simply. “But never mind that. While Bess here will definitely pull big numbers at my new club, a girl your size would be a *very* expensive... ‘delicacy.’”

The silence stretched.

“Or... I could always fire you for drugging a fellow employee?” Molly said sweetly.

Bess and Lucy both took the job.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Master deal finder and abuser makes restaurants cry on Black Friday.

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain

Claire's Black Friday

Channeling her best 'Karen,' Claire strode tits—first through the glass doors of the local burger joint. Some called it a chain, though *Tommy's* only had 5 locations— only one was even in a different state. The mousy blonde hostess gaped at the brunette's chest as her medicine—ball size bosom wobbled and quaked.

"H—how many?"

"Just one." Claire smiled. "And I have a coupon."

Claire twisted to one side so she could extend an arm past her torso to show the little hostess her clipped slip of glossy newsprint.

"T—this is for 5 Guys..." The hostess mumbled, still staring at over a foot of cleavage filling Claire's green tank top.

"Oh I know. But your store policy on your website says you honor other chains coupons plus ten percent."

"Oh!" The hostess squeaked. "Well, if you'll just follow please..."

The booths at Tommy's were generous, but Claire slid up to the edge of the bench seat so she could rest her overlarge chest on the tabletop.

"Y—your server will be right with you..." the hostess finally broke her gaze from Claire's cleavage and scurried away.

Three Hours Later

"Three more double bacon cheeseburgers for table eight!"

"Megan," the shift manager hissed, "how is table eight still here??"

"I don't know Dan!" Megan huffed. "She just keeps eating and eating..."

“Well, at least it’ll be quite a bill. But we’re starting to run out of stuff! First pickles, and now we’ll be lucky if the buns we have last until closing!”

“So you probably don’t want me to tell you about the coupons?” Megan said.

“Coupons?”

“She’s got all these coupons. And with the restaurant’s matching policy, we may end up *owing* her money by the time she’s done.”

“How is that possible!?” Dan nearly screeched.

“Well, this one,” Megan pulled a slip from her apron and handed it to her manager, “says one free burger. And this one,” she handed him another, “says buy one get one free.”

Dan’s face went pale, then red. “Are there no limits on these!?”

“You’re the manager, Dan, you tell me!”

Dan rushed to his office to review the company policy on coupons. Megan slid three plates with tall burgers accompanied by mounds of waffle fries onto a platter.

Claire sucked the grease off her fingers as she finished another burger. She rested her hands on her mountainous breasts as they swelled up from the tabletop. They were nearly twice the size they’d been when she arrived. Her skin was starting to turn a little pink from the pressure of all the beef and carbs she’d packed into her unnatural bosom, but Claire was still hungry. Her eyes lit up when she saw the tall thin form of her server returning with more burgers.

“Oh good. Here.” Claire handed Megan another coupon. *Buy 5 get 5*. Megan’s face went pale as she tried to count how many of Claire’s burgers had *not* been free. It was at least fifteen. Sure, they were 50% off, but that didn’t matter, apparently. Claire was already wolfing down the first of the three burgers, alternating bites with mouthfuls of fries. Megan thought she could *see* the girl’s breasts swelling with each bite.

“Just bring them out whenever they’re ready. –*homf*– It should be twenty–five more.”

“R–right away miss.”

Never mind buns and pickles. They were going to run out of *beef* at this rate.