



Disclaimer: These stories contain adult themes. They are not suitable for minors or the easily offended.

<https://spartacusda.deviantart.com>

<https://patreon.com/spartacusda>

<https://spartacusda.gumroad.com>

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

Short Stacks

Volume VI, Part B

Weight Gain Edition

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Daughter can't decide if she loves or hates being in the middle of a feud between her mom and step-mom, fighting for her attention via trying to be the better cook.

Contains: Weight Gain

Two Moms

Ainsley hated the holidays. Ainsley also loved the holidays.

Her parents had gotten divorced just after she graduated high school, and her dad married his former secretary before her freshman semester of college even started. Luckily, while she was away at college she didn't have to deal with the rivalry between her mom and her step mom.

"Try some of this meatloaf, Ainsley."

Despite the resentment that bubbled under the surface for years, Ainsley's parents had raised her right enough to never refuse food. Especially homemade food someone "put a lot of work" into making.

Ainsley's stepmom was only a few years older than she was— she'd been a senior when Ainsley was a freshman. But even though Sandra's culinary arts degree hadn't landed her a job more meaningful than being her dad's secretary and now stay-at-home wife, her cooking skills were unmatched by Ainsley's poor mother.

“The sweet potatoes are done Ainsley, do you want some?”

What she lacked in *mise en place* and kitchen fundamentals, Ainsley’s mother made up for with old–world recipes passed down from her grandma. Ainsley held out her plate.

Their first Christmas all together Ainsley had been sure she was going to be sick, or possibly explode. Her mom and stepmom seemed dead–set on proving who was the better mom through sheer quantity of food. Cookies, pies, casseroles, freaking eggs Benedict vs waffles with maple syrup Christmas morning— it was enough to make her gain an extra ‘freshman fifteen’ just in those eight days in her dad’s house.

“How about another refill on pasta, Ainsley?”

Ainsley’s stepmom loaded her plate with two scoops of perfectly cooked, steaming fettuccini. She reached under the table, sucking in her stuffed gut to undo the button on her pants.

Now in her senior year of college, Ainsley was nearly double the girl she’d been when she graduated high school. Almost everyone she knew gained wait after high school, especially the ones who’d stayed in town and gotten married or pregnant, or both. Yet even being away from her dead end hometown, Ainsley couldn’t escape the endless parade of care packages from her two moms. Boxes of muffins, cake bars, and cookies created a steady but inexorable broadening of her hips and waist over the past three–and–a–half years.

Ainsley scooped a forkful of pasta, watching the strings of cheese follow her fork as she lifted it to her lips. It was amazing, of course. Everything her stepmom made was delicious.

“Are you ready for pie, sweetie? I made two apple, I know they’re your favorite.”

Ainsley could never resist her grandma’s apple pie, and her mom made it the exact same way. Despite the pain in her middle as she drummed her fingers on its taut surface, Ainsley nodded. The slice that appeared on a small plate in front of her was a quarter of the pie.

When the sugary apples hit her tongue, Ainsley moaned in delight, drowning out the sound of the heirloom chair groaning beneath her.

Ainsley hated the holidays. Ainsley loved the holidays.

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Every year a mother cooks enough food around the holidays to ruin her own and daughters' waistlines for the coming year. Two sisters decide to make the youngest the sole expander this year and henceforth

Contains: Weight Gain

She's the Favorite Anyway

Dani and Dana sat in the bedroom they'd shared as kids. It was a rarely-if-ever-used workout room now, but they could still spot the marks in the paint where their boy band posters had once hung.

"So, what did you want to talk about?" Dana asked.

"It's about mom." Dani said.

"What'd she do this time?"

"Oh it's not that, it's just her whole 'holiday'... thing."

Dana rolled her eyes. "Which holiday thing? The midnight mass?"

“Not that, though it’d be nice if we could talk her out of that one one of these years.”

“What then?”

“Her whole... food thing.”

“Ooooh” light dawned in Dana’s eyes “you mean the way she cooks enough for a small army?”

“Yes.” Dani said flatly. “Every year I was in college I had to crash diet like crazy to even *fit* into my swimsuits by spring break.”

“Spring break is dumb.”

“Regardless, something needs to be done.”

“What are you gonna do, Dani? Turn down her food? You know how... emotional she gets about family meals.”

“Yeah... she’d probably write us out of the will if we asked her to make less food.”

“So what’s your plan?”

“Deana.”

“What about Deana?”

“Well... she’s already mom’s favorite, right?”

“Duh, she’s the baby of the family. Of course she’s the favorite.”

“What if we just sort of... steer mom’s energy toward her?”

“So you want just Deana to get fat? What’d she ever do to you?”

“Nothing, it’s not like that. But, well...”

“Spit it out, Dani.”

“She’s already kinda chubby...”

“Living with mom after we both left will do that.”

“So what’s a few more holiday pounds?”

Dana pondered that one.

“Well, when you put it that way...”

“So... you in?”

“I can’t say I love the idea... but I suppose it’s better than all three of us going into the new year in fat pants.”

“Dani sweetie, you want some more meatloaf?”

Dani patted her trim middle exaggeratedly. “I’m pretty stuffed mama, but I think Deana’s ready for thirds.”

The youngest daughter smiled and nodded, so their mother scooped another helping onto her plate.

“What about you, Dana?”

Dana knew she couldn’t repeat the tactic her older sister had used.

“Maybe just a little piece.”

The piece she got was not little.

When their mother slipped back into the kitchen, Dana sliced three-quarters off her chunk of meatloaf and slipped it onto Deana's plate. Her sister gave her a puzzled look.

"I'm stuffed, but you know how mom is. You don't mind, do you?"

Deana's cheeks were stuffed, so she simply smiled and shook her head.

After their parents had gone to bed, Dani and Dana glanced over to the recliner where their baby sister had passed out in a food coma. The waistband of her elastic lounge pants had slipped down under her belly, and it rose up from her torso, stretching her tee-shirt tight over the packed mass of holiday indulgence.

"Are we bad sisters, Dana?"

"This was your idea! Plus we'd all three be in that state if we hadn't."

"That's true. At least she doesn't seem to mind getting a little extra."

"Mom seemed okay with it too. Which makes sense I guess. She *is* the favorite after all..."

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Moms stomach is used as a competing ground for which of her adult daughters cooks the best Christmas dinner... every year

Contains: Weight Gain

Holiday Sibling Rivalry

Brenda knew she shouldn't encourage her daughters' rivalry. What kind of mother spent the holidays letting her adult children compete over her affection? And yet, a small voice in the back of her head that chattered endlessly in worst-case-scenarios told her that this was the only way she got to spend time with her little girls now that they were all grown up.

"Try some of this monkey bread mama..." Kaitlyn handed her mother a small plate piled with baked lumps of biscuit dusted with pecans and dripping with light brown sauce. Brenda forked up a piece and bit into it eagerly.

"*Mmm*, this is really good sweetie."

"Did you try the soufflé mama? It took me ages to get the technique right." Kendra hovered over the table, watching with a pained expression as her mother greedily ate her sister's cooking.

"Let me try some sweetie..." Brenda cut off a piece of the delicate egg dish, eyes rolling back in her head as the flavors hit her tongue.

"It's really great Kendra."

"Is it better than the monkey bread?" Kaitlyn asked worriedly.

"Hmm... I don't know if I can pick Katie, they're both really good." Brenda inhaled another bite of soufflé and went back to the monkey bread. "It's kind of a sweet vers savory kinda thing..."

Brenda tucked into her breakfast while her daughters rushed back to the kitchen to compete over use of the stovetop.

"Don't fight in there you two!" She called through a mouthful of food.

Breakfast went on for two more hours. Brenda had to take a nap before lunch, which started at one and went until three. Kaitlyn made spaghetti and Kendra made fettuccini. Both made garlic bread. Kendra's had cheese, so Kaitlyn made

another one with cheese of her own. Brenda just couldn't decide which was better, so she had to keep trying some of everything.

Before dinner, Brenda changed into her stretchiest leggings and largest sleep shirt. She wouldn't normally eat dinner during the holidays half-dressed, but she'd learned her lesson after she ripped her favorite red-and-green blouse the night before.

Kendra and Kaitlyn made taco fixin's. One chicken, the other pork. Both made fresh salsa. Kendra made an amazing guac, and Kaitlyn pulled off a homemade queso that was just the perfect amount of salty.

"Did you try one with my guac, mama?" Kendra was already assembling another taco for her mother.

"I'm sure it's not as good as this chicken queso." Kaitlyn protested as she dropped another taco on Brenda's plate.

Brenda had lost count of how many tacos she'd eaten. Yet as her leggings slid down off her tummy as it expanded with each mouthful of spicy meat and sweet toppings, her heart felt even more full than her stomach.

"Don't fight girls *-urp-* it's all really good."

"Mama..." Kaitlyn whined, "you have to pick! Here, try some more queso on your rice."

"Okay sweetie..." Brenda felt her packed gut squish against the table as she leaned forward to scoop some cheesy rice into her mouth.

"What about one with sour creme *and* guac?" Kendra added, already spreading a thick layer on a fresh tortilla.

Brenda found it so *fulfilling* to have her little girls with her on the holidays.