

Patreon Prompts Vol. 6

Patreon Prompt 76

Prompt: In the aftermath of a huge party, a hung over, popular college girl sees that she slept with a nerdy slob girl in her drunken stupor. However, getting a quick whiff of last night's antics makes her realize that she's surprisingly cool with this outcome.

A splitting headache, lack of clothing, and warm embrace of another person clued Laura in that the party the previous night before was everything she had hoped it to be. Smiling herself through her morning grogginess, she ran her hand through her long blonde hair that had assuredly landed her yet another beautiful woman to sleep with. This notion lasted up until Laura became cognizant enough to feel the wiry, black strands across her face and smell something akin to unwashed gym socks.

Attempting to sit up in bed, Laura was halted by the set of blubbery arms coated in grease that were tightly wrapped around her body. Pulled in closer by the pudgy limbs gave her a face full of the sweat slicked armpit hair she had spent the previous night cuddling up to. The unruly strands were just one of the many features of the overweight woman that made her stand out from the usual cheerleaders and frat girls Laura was used to. Tracing her eyes over the 400 pounds of fat making up her partner, she paused to take in the sleeping woman's unkempt, black pigtails, wide rimmed glasses, and the set of braces shown off as she loudly snored with her mouth wide open.

Bewildered as how a nerdy, slobby girl had talked her into bed with her, Laura attempted to wriggle out in preparation for the awkward conversation afterwards. Just as she managed to slip an inch out of the woman's grasp, Laura found herself being flattened by her partner as she

turned in her sleep. Pinned beneath the mass of sweat-slicked, flab, a chance to call out for help was halted by a belch right to her face. As Laura stewed in the hundreds of pounds of fat and the gnarly morning breath, something finally clicked. With a content smile, she finally recalled the variety of kinks that had awakened in her after a few too many drinks and flirtations she had made to the woman laying peacefully on top of her.

Patreon Prompt 77

Prompt: (Asami (Legend of Korra) Holstaur TF, Multi-breasts, and pregnancy, with mention of Korra with a huge...thing) <https://www.deviantart.com/elek-tronikz/art/Sketch-Comm-Meetles-10-858239057>

Peeking her head out of the makeshift shack, Asami flicked her pointed ears and let the light of the spirit world shine down on the pair of horns sticking out of her wavy black hair. Her eyes wandered across the supernatural beauty of the forest around her, directly contrasting the panic she felt when she first arrived. Letting out a small chuckle, she supposed her initial reaction was due to their run in with a vindictive spirit that was more than eager to cast what was supposed to be a curse on her and Korra.

Asami walked out into the forest air atop the four-hooved feet she called her own. Her bovine lower half helped to support the multiple sets of breasts that lined her body and led towards the engorged udder hanging between her rear legs. Whipping her tail about as she stretched, she inadvertently released droplets of milk from her various teats. She thought little of the way she stained the forest floor, well aware that it was just her body preparing for the set of offspring that would soon come from the prominent bulges in both her torso and lower half's bellies.

Hearing a familiar sound of clopping behind her, Asami turned to greet Korra. Her recently made wife had suffered less of the curse, a result of using her avatar powers to send the spirit away after a good beating. The curse had still left her with a pair of long horns on the sides of her head and hooved feet. However, they both found the other side effects quaint in comparison to the sizable bulge hidden by the makeshift loincloth around Korra's waist.

Wrapping her arms around Korra, Asami tilted her head down for a morning kiss. Hand in hand, they took a morning stroll through the forest to forage for berries or animals to hunt. They would need the extra provisions for the day they would welcome their children into their strange family.

Patreon Prompt 78

Prompt: Dating is hard when 99% of the world is morbidly obese and you're a fraction of everyone else's size. It gets easier when a thin guy and a thin girl looking for similar-sized partners get squished together on the bus.

Rush hour traffic was just as awful for Frederick as always. Running down the sidewalk, his scrawny form had to duck and weave between the obese people that made up 99% of the world's population. Barely passing between the elephantine derrieres of a pair of college football players, he managed to leap onto the bus just before the doors closed. Waving hello to the bus driver, he received a nod in return once he had properly placed his fare into the man's pudgy fingers.

Not waiting for him to sit down, the driver slammed his foot on the accelerator. The bus came to an abrupt stop moments later to send Frederick falling face first into the heaving bosom of a businesswoman. Rather than be offended by his fall, she gently pulled him up and shook her head at the fact of how small he was. Apologizing profusely, Frederic managed to get a few steps away before yet another stop had him bounce off the bulbous belly of a construction worker.

Over the course of several more stops, Frederick's ricocheting against various people's flab came to halt as he ran out of places to move. Squirming his way between the masses, he tried in vain to find someplace for him to not be crushed. Squeezing past the thick backsides of a pair of cheerleaders, he paused as he felt a set of fingers just as skinny as his brush against him.

Turning back and straining to see past the thighs of a grocery worker, he saw a twig-like woman staring back at him. The pair shared a smile for the brief moment they had before another surge of passengers sent them further towards the back of the bus. The two of them ended up

being squashed against the rear window together, giving them plenty of time to talk about their various troubles of commuting the big world while they waited for the people on top of them to reach their stop.

Patreon Prompt 79

Prompt: (Lois Lane (Superman) Male, Dumb, Slob TF)

<https://www.deviantart.com/kamackazi/art/Oh-That-Lois-359259202>

“This is it,” Lois said, flourishing her black hair as she stomped towards the ridiculous looking statue. The figure was a recreation of the powerful and playful Mr. Myxplyx adorned in a 50’s era housewife dress, a blonde wig, and an eerie smile. “No doubt this is the thing that’s turned the employees of the Daily Planet into those...things.”

“Lois wait!” Jimmy called out. “We should wait for Superman.”

“If we wait any longer, we might become one of those-“

A single brush of Lois’s hand against the figure enveloped her in a bright red aura that began to mold and misshape her body. Her torso grew thick with weight, giving her recently gained man boobs quite a bit of heft. The slim fitting dress on her body stretched and tore to accommodate her blubbery belly and chunky rear. Jostling around a new set of male genitalia, Lois’s horrified face turned into one of simplistic bliss to coincide with the stubble around her chin and upper lip, her prominent unibrow, and beehive hairdo.

“L-lois?” Jimmy asked, staring wide-eyed as he loomed over the four foot man that used to be his partner.

“Me not Lois, me Lulu,” she replied. Waddling about on his thick legs, the newly deemed Lulu let out a fart that rippled the edges of his skirt. “Duh, nyuk, I farted,” he announced, letting out several more bouts of gas much to the entertainment of both himself and Mr. Myxplyx.

Patreon Prompt 80

Prompt: Having captured Marie while she was on a mission, a slobby Medusa decides to toy with her captive by seeing how much of her gas she can cram inside her lungs. With Marie inflated with the evil witch's farts, Medusa furthers her humiliation by using her as a Halloween decoration.

Waddling through her lair, Medusa kept a wide grin upon her chubby face as she entered her makeshift dungeon to gloat over her recently obtained captive. Through the magically enforced bars she could see Marie the death scythe. The blonde haired woman's only sign of a struggle were random blots of dirt on her black dress and a scuff along her lightning bolt eyepatch. She had been found hopelessly wandering the halls with the intent to capture Medusa in her compromised state. Little did Marie expect for Medusa's condition to come with a variety of new tricks.

Grasping her pudgy fingers around the bars, Medusa yanked it open. Waving about her hands, she gestured for Marie to come towards her over 1000 pound body. When the death scythe refused to move, Medusa swiveled herself around to show off the elephantine rear she had gained through countless binging sessions and self-inflicted curses. Hearing another refusal to meet the witch's demands, Medusa used one of her magic arrows to wedge Marie face first between her ass cheeks.

Slamming her body down upon the unfortunate woman, Medusa cast a spell to enhance her body's natural gas. Upon the last of her incantation leaving her lips, a prolonged fart burst out of her rear with a loud BBBRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPP. Aside from singing Marie's nose with its smell, the bombardment of flatulence distorted her body as it swelled with each release.

For several minutes Medusa kept up Marie's torture, only seeing fit to get up once she felt something nearly as big and round as her slide out from beneath her body.

Swiveling herself around, Medusa let out a maniacal laugh as she beheld Marie inflated into a massive sphere of flesh and gas. Grasping the buoyant orb of flatulence, Medusa took out a collection of paints from between her breasts and got to work. Once she was finished, she took a step back and admired the orange background painted across Marie's belly that complimented the crudely drawn eyes and smile upon it. With a snap of her fingers, Marie was forced to float after the witch on her way to set her up as the perfect Halloween decoration.

Patreon Prompt 81

Prompt: A fitness instructor with a dark secret gets her dates muddled up and accidentally takes on a private lesson with a client she has the hots for on the night of a full moon. Mid-yoga session, she blimps up into a gassy 600 pound wereslob and ends up infecting her client with the curse.

“I-it’s a full moon tonight?” Laney asked, staring wide-eyed at the pale sphere that could be seen through the nearby window.

“Er, yeah,” Evan replied, finding it hard to answer with his back arched up and Laney’s slender hands around his chiseled torso. “Is that impor-“

A loud belch echoing from Laney’s mouth stopped any further questions. Though Laney attempted to run from Evan, she was stopped as massive amounts of blubber appeared around her body to send her tumbling to the ground. As she continued to grow, her clothes tore apart to the noise of more gassy expulsions leaving her mouth and rear. Reaching past 600 pounds in weight, her body finally stopped growing to give her a chance to stand up and turn towards Evan to show a malevolent grin on her plump face.

Before Evan could get a chance to run away, Laney charged towards him. Pinning him beneath her gut, she dragged her chins against his face until her lips met his. The kiss was something the two of them had always openly flirted with during their training sessions, but as Laney sent a burp down his throat, his only thought was trying to get away from her pudgy clutches.

As Evan inhaled the aftermath of a particularly nasty fart, his fear and worry slipped away to be replaced with a growing admiration to match his growing waistline. Ripping through

his clothes with his bundles of fat, he quickly swelled to match Laney in weight and smell with the various burps and farts that escaped his slobby form. Using his newfound weight to roll Laney over, Evan shared with her one of his own burps to kick off a night of strange desire fueled by the wereslob curse.

Patreon Prompt 82

Prompt: (Female Body Expansion and Inflatable TF)

<https://www.deviantart.com/elobeidzip/art/22-807240022>

Upon hearing her name be called over the speaker, Kerri gladly skipped her way onto the stage. She took a few moments to show to the crowd her lithe form dressed in a special, purple leotard and her blonde hair tied up in a pair of pig tails. Waving about her gloved hands, she stepped aside to allow the stage workers to bring out the real start of the show.

The device known as “The Ballooninator” admittedly didn’t have very many practical uses. At first glance, the machine was nothing more than a set of helium tanks with a long hose attached to it. When one heard of what the contraption could do, they would admittedly be skeptical. That made it all the more necessary for Kerri to show off a wide smile as one of the stagehands plugged the nozzle up her anus and turned The Ballooninator to full power.

Kerri’s slender body began to bloat as it rapidly filled with helium. The soft tones of her flesh reflected the stage lights as it turned to malleable rubber material to accommodate her growing form. Growing past the size of a wrecking ball, Kerri’s leotard did its best to stay intact even as its owner was contorted into an enormous sphere.

With a pop, Kerri was released from the nozzle to float above the crowd. Holding up her fingers in a pair of peace signs, she used her plumped up lips and bug-eyes to shoot the audience a goof grin as she passed by. Everyone there got a chance to look over her form, seeing the way her nipples and belly button strained her leotard to show off their puffy features. As Kerri was dragged back towards the stage to begin the arduous deflating process, a box was sent out

amongst the audience to collect numbers so that the daring few entranced by Kerri's display could also enjoy the wonders of The Ballooninator.

Patreon Prompt 83

Prompt: Wearable pixies are all the rage among the nobility, unfortunately for one that gets planted in the supersized cleavage of a particularly obese woman.

A night of extravagant food and dancing accompanied by world class music was mere moments away. The members of nobility lined up at the entrance, each one dressed in their best, but knowing they had yet to fully prepare for the party. Thankfully for the fabulously wealthy, a recent treaty between the fey folk had given them the perfect opportunity to indulge in the latest fashion trend.

Passing by the front door, each guest was shown a wide array of pixies waiting for them. The miniscule humanoids graciously used their insect-like wings to fly onto their hosts for the evening to simultaneously accentuate their wardrobe and negotiate between their two cultures. Among these pixies was a young woman named Fenendra who looked on with excitement at the thought of who would be her partner for the night.

Fenedra's smile faltered as a human larger than a bull waddled towards the table. So lost in awe at the large woman's features, she put up little fight as the human picked her up into the air. Just as Fenedra realized what was going on, it was already too late. The human dropped her between her engorged cleavage and squished her breasts together to ensure she was properly stuck. With her outfit complete and her partner for the evening sinking deeper between her tits, the countess raised up her head and strode out into the party to socialize and further enhance her beautiful body with the buffet table.

Patreon Prompt 84

Prompt: Attempting to summon a demon of lust for sexual purposes, an occultist woman finds that her summon was on the tinier side. Listening to the demon's words, the woman allows the demon to take some of her energy through a kiss to become bigger...maybe a bit bigger than she was anticipating.

All of Cedra's preparation and planning had built up to this night. Once the ritual was cast, the statuesque woman's smile hidden by her cloak was ruined by what appeared in the pentagram circle. Getting into a squatting position still made Cedra look like a mountain as she loomed over the six-inch high woman with red skin, pointed horns, and a spaded tail.

As Cedra clutched her head in disappointment, the miniature succubus was surprisingly caring with her words to try and calm her down. The mention of a deal leaving the demon's lips finally got Cedra to wipe the tears from her eyes and lean in close. Listening intently to the details of the size transfer ritual, Cedra eagerly nodded her head and got down to the floor to present her lips.

With a playful giggle, the demon pressed her lips against Cedra's and began to channel her demonic powers. Despite the feeling of her limbs beginning to shrink and her body being consumed by her robes, Cedra focused only on the feeling of the warm lips upon hers. Daring to open her eyes, Cedra watched the demon rapidly gain height and weight with every inch she took from her. So enamored with the sight of the succubus's bountiful fat rolls, engorged breasts, and pudgy face, Cedra could do little as she was pushed onto the ground.

Left staring up at the ceiling, Cedra finally realized how high it was compared to mere moments beforehand. Climbing out of her robes, Cedra looked around the room and at herself to

understand the diminutive, doll-like size that had been thrust upon her. The realization was swiftly followed by an enormous pair of plump lips pushing her to the ground and gently kissing her body. Meeting eyes with the obese demon that had taken her size, Cedra let a pleased hum leave her mouth as she allowed herself to be taken into the sexual fantasy she had always desired.

Patreon Prompt 85

Prompt: (Female to Male, Anthro, Clown Mouse) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/38818214/>

Yolanda didn't know what to expect when she answered the circus's call for performers. The wide eyed, blonde haired college girl was further confused by the sight and sound of a mouse dressed up as a clown climb up on a barrel to go over the terms of her employment contract. Unable to understand the legal speak and needing the cash to pay off her student loans, Yolanda signed on the dotted line. As the mouse rolled up the contract, he held out his hand and welcomed her into his troupe, The Mouseman Menagerie.

Staring bewildered at the title, Yolanda felt her body begin to morph and change shape. Her curves gave way to an abundance of blubber that was covered in a layer of light grey fur. In place of her womanly features, she was gifted with a sizable manhood between her legs. Flicking about her pink tail and wiggling her round ears, Yolanda turned her snout towards the mouse for an answer.

A snap of the mouse's fingers finally let it sink in what she had become. Adopting a goofy smile, the newly dubbed Yolus of Yucks waddled around the tent as he slipped on his clown outfit. The snug clothing showed off the sizable bulge, but it was of little concern to Yolus. Letting out a practice chuckle and squeaking his bright red nose, Yolus stepped into the center ring to make his grand debut.

Patreon Prompt 86

Prompt: Korra is convinced by a much slobbier and fatter Asami to test out her latest product. Guzzling down the delicious goo, Korra thinks little of what it does to her waistline and digestion.

Returning after a weeklong journey, Korra's fears of what Asami was up to with the strange, spirit world fruit were all brought to reality when she returned home. Despite her initial reaction to what had happened to her girlfriend, it took surprisingly little to make her agree to join her. Settling her muscle-toned body onto a plethora of pillow cushions, Korra warily accepted the tube from Asami and placed it in her mouth.

Watching Asami waddle across the room, Korra winced as a bout of flatulence spurted forth from her girlfriend's chunky rear. Pausing to pull her long, black hair out of her back flab, Asami got to work shoving a concoction of the grinded up fruits into a pump. Letting her engorged breasts rest upon the device, Asami turned back to let out a guttural belch and ask Korra if she was ready.

Holding up her thumb to approve and allow the liquid to surge down her throat gifted Korra with the perfect view of her fingers plump up to match the rest of her fattening body. Tearing through her clothes in a matter of seconds, the hundreds of pounds of fat easily enveloped her muscles. Despite the sudden growth and the gas that began to blast out of her thickening rear, Korra couldn't deny how good the liquid tasted and how comfortable it was to be covered in so much plush fat.

Upon reaching the size of an overburdened cabbage cart, Korra's expansion was stopped by Asami pulling out the feeding tube. Letting out a boisterous BWOOOOORRRP let Korra

bask in the stench of her breath and retaste her intoxicating meal. Relishing in her newfound hedonism, Korra eagerly asked Asami to put the tube back in to see just how big of a slob she could become.

Patreon Prompt 87

Prompt: When a restaurant can't find proper seating for a very, VERY large woman, she threatens to sit on her waitress. A nearby waiter with a crush on the waitress volunteers instead, earning a date in the process.

“Waitress!” Tela shouted, re-wetting her plump lips with a sip of wine.

“Yes miss?” Nina replied, looking over Tela’s enormous, 1000 pound body wrapped in a sequin, red dress.

“This chair is too uncomfortable. I want you to fix it.”

Nina shuddered as she recalled what Tela’s usual solution to her problem was. “I-if you say so miss. Let me just-“

“I’ll take care of it,” Vincent announced, coming to the rescue with a blanket over his shoulders.

Sliding himself into place, Vincent winced as he heard and watched Tela take her place above him. He managed to shoot Nina a smile moments before the obese woman sent her body crashing down on him. Weathering through Tela’s hundreds of pounds of fat as it bounced along his back, Vincent clenched his fingers and hoped his body would survive. The motivation of finally getting to ask Nina out on a date would have to do if he ever hoped to escape Tela’s behemoth backside in one piece.

Patreon Prompt 88

Prompt: A prissy sorority girl mixes beer and a new protein powder on a dare at a party, causing her to swell with a mix of muscle and fat. She quickly becomes the fratty, belching, biceps and beer-gut life of the party.

Carissa had come to college with the aspects of becoming just as popular and beloved as she was in high school. Reality came by to slap her in the face as she visited multiple frat parties only to be ignored. Her good looks and charms could do little to compete with the fraternities' obsession with seeing who could drink the most, flex their muscles the longest, and burp the loudest. A smart woman would take this as a sign to look elsewhere. Unfortunately for Carissa, her stubbornness tended to override her common sense.

On yet another failed attempt to integrate with the hard partying frat boys, she was dared to try out a can of beer mixed with what was assumed to be experimental protein powder taken from the nearby lab. Seeing it as her perfect in with the group, she thought little of attempting to chug down the brew. Holding back her gag reflex at the awful taste, she used the cheers of the frat boys as a motivator to keep her going.

The first can of tainted beer brought with it a surge in growth to the lithe Carissa. While she remained blissfully unaware of her changes as she poured herself another glass of the protein powder, the other partygoers definitely took notice of her muscles pumping up to enormous proportions. Her arms and legs did the job of ripping apart her dress, with a strange mix of muscles and fat taking care of the rest of her clothes. By the fifth beer, a drastic increase in height had her head scraping against the ceiling to loom above the stunned frat boys. Several

more beers bloated out her stomach into one lined with muscles that would have easily held a beer keg on its own.

Finishing her final beer, Carissa celebrated her victory by crushing the can against her tight pectorals. Holding onto her gluttonous gut, she showed little restraint as she let out a loud BWOOOOOOOOORRRRP to echo through the frat house. Hearing the cheers of the fellow frat members, she began shuffling her way towards the nearest keg to continue feeding her bulky, burpy, beer loving body.

Patreon Prompt 89

Prompt: Joker wishes for someone else takes over his role as the leader of the Phantom Thieves. He gets his wish as he's changed into a big booty pudgy slob boy while Makoto takes over his spot.

Slumping back in his seat at Big Bang Burger, Joker couldn't help wondering if he was cut out the lead the Phantom Thieves anymore. Their latest trip to Mementos had been successful, but it still left him weary and covered in numerous bruises. Clutching the star-shaped amulet he had taken from a defeated shadow, he momentarily wished that he could pass his job off to someone else and just relax.

Joker got to see the amulet twinkle in his fingers a moment before it became obstructed by his hands plumping up to match his thickening arms. Following the trail of encroaching fat up to his chest, he watched his shirt nearly burst part under the stress of his sagging pecs. Just as his shirt was about to tear apart, it was replaced by a much larger one in the blink of an eyes that did a serviceable job of stretching over his 500 pound gut. Scrunching up his chins to gaze upon his sudden weight gain sent a loud belch up his throat that reeked of a Big Bang Burger binging session he did not recall. Wobbling about his obese form sent out a reverberating fart from his massive ass to further stink up the booth that had the displeasure of having his body squeezed inside of it.

"There you are," Makoto said, she and the other Phantom Thieves running over to Joker as they heard several more bouts of flatulence.

The various questions Joker had about what was going on were put on hold as he watched his friends carry over trays piled high with greasy food. Graciously accepting the unhealthy

meals, he threw caution to the wind and began stuffing his face. Through his cacophony of chewing and gassy expulsions, he could hear Makoto planning out their next heist. Joker found himself more interested in the food before him. After all, Makoto was the leader of the Phantom Thieves. He was nothing more than their personal, pet slob.

Patreon Prompt 90

Prompt: (Satsuki (Kill La Kill) Uglification, Cock Growth, and Farting)

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/43075066/>

After retrieving Junketsu from the occult club, Satsuki furrowed her thick, black eyebrows at its various modifications. Looking over the massive gap between the skirt and its top made it look like whoever had worn it last had practically burst out of the uniform. Undeterred by the unsightly appearance, Satsuki slipped Junketsu back on and gave it a drop of blood to test it out.

The uniform became tight around her body, further straining the fabric by giving her a sizable, hair-riddled potbelly and a pair of sagging breasts with limp nipples that reached towards her belly button. The added weight forced into her squatting position, her feet enlarging to rip apart her shoes with jagged toenails and give her better balance. Holding her hand up to her face to watch her fingernails follow the same path, Satsuki was further disturbed by the sight of a girthy, two-foot cock sliding its way out from her undercarriage.

As her new testicles bounced against her womanhood, she felt an unruly rumbling sensation go through her distorted body. Jiggling about her body acted as the final trigger to release a pungent fart from her thickened backside. The smell wafting into her nose seemed to stretch it out into a bulbous protrusion covered in warts. Watching a snot bubble form around her enlarged nostril, she could do little to prevent another cloud of toxic flatulence from spurting out.

Lost in a haze of her own gas, Satsuki tried to call out for assistance. Her cries for help were distorted as her lips plumped up to mimic an overstuffed donut while her backside

continued to spew out gas. Left as a horrid monstrosity, Satsuki tried to contemplate what do to next, unsure if she would want the rest of the student council to see her in her disgraceful form.

Patreon Prompt 91

Prompt: Finding her regular dentist replaced with a busty, hefty woman leaves Rachel trying her best not to ogle at the rookie's massive mammaries. She finds them rather hard to ignore as her new dentist constantly shuffles around to find a position that doesn't smother Rachel's face.

Rachel breathed a sigh of relief as she heard the door open up, signaling that her teeth cleaning was about to begin. Sitting up to say hello to her dentist, she was left stunned as she stared at a pair of breasts the size of watermelons entering the room. The heaving bosom was attached to a chubby woman in purple scrubs. The woman's near 300 pounds of weight were distributed evenly, however it seemed that a good portion had been focused on emphasizing her massive chest.

"S-sorry for taking so long," the new woman said, gently pressing her hand against Rachel's forehead to get her to sit back down. "I'm new here, so I'm still getting used to things. We'll start immediately."

While the woman's intention was to clean, her first attempt to reach Rachel's mouth ended with her breasts nearly breaking out of her scrubs to press against Rachel's face. Feeling the meaty mammaries envelop her head, Rachel made the discovery that the rookie dentist had forgotten to wear a bra. Clenching her fingers, Rachel tried in vain to keep herself from getting aroused, even as the dentist's nipples grazed her lips.

Before Rachel was overwhelmed by the dentist's bosom and her own desires, the chubby woman pulled herself back up. Letting out an annoyed huff, the dentist shuffled her body around to straddle Rachel's waist. Leaning forward once again, the dentist resumed cleaning Rachel's teeth.

“There we go,” the dentist said, dutifully performing her task, unaware of the way she continuously bobbed her bosom up and down against Rachel’s chest. By the end of the session, the dentist would eventually learn about what she had done when she received an impromptu date request.

Patreon Prompt 92

Prompt: Tasked with keeping track of a fat criminal mastermind, a secret agent follows the obese man down into an underground night club. Here, she finds out he partakes in underground wrestling, and unfortunately for our agent, she's mistaken as his opponent for the night.

Jamie was impressed with the sight she saw under the light of the moonlit sky. Giganto Gary lived up to his infamous name as he squeezed his obese form down the skinny alley. Being unable to so much as turn himself around left him completely unaware that Jamie was following close behind him. She had been tailing the criminal mastermind for weeks in hopes of finding proof of his misdeeds. Considering the way he had denied any escorts during his nighttime stroll, Jamie was sure she was moments away from claiming her prize.

Following Gary down a staircase into a basement, Jamie found herself amongst the presence of a crowd riled up by excitement and booze. Somehow losing the gigantic criminal in the chaos, a misstep led to Jamie getting pushed on all sides by the mob. Barely able to breathe, her relief only came once the crowd tossed her into a wrestling ring in the center of the room. Stumbling to her feet, her vision cleared up just in time to recognize she was standing before Gary's hefty form squeezed into a red jumpsuit.

"About time you showed your face," Gary commented, his own head covered up by a rubber mask. "I heard about you agent types. Never thought I'd see the day when one would try to reveal my wrestling gig. Since the cat's out of the bag, might as well give you the full package.

Pulling Jamie into a grapple pressed her lithe form against his bulbous belly. Just as she managed to free her head from between his massive man boobs, Gary leapt forward to belly flop

onto the ring. Egged on by the crowd cheering Giganto Gary, the supposed criminal rolled his body around to have his back flab swallow up the agent. As Jamie's head was repeatedly slammed by Gary's fat ass, she couldn't help wondering if this was really worth her meager paycheck.

Patreon Prompt 93

Prompt: Leon Kennedy has successfully rescued Ashley and is in the midst of trying to escape, but it seems the Las Plagas is changing her butt in a weapon of mass destruction with how huge it's getting. With a red glare in her eyes, she decides she wants to share every part of her new swampy filthy ass with Leon.

“Hang on sweetheart!” Leon shouted, revving up the boat to make their escape from the island and the horde of encroaching ganados. Surviving by the skin of his teeth, he had managed to kill Saddler and save Ashley. All Leon had to do now was deal with the strange changes the Las Plagas had made to the president's daughter.

Bumping over a wave sent a loud crash echoing through the air as something bumped against the deck. Feeling they had made it a safe distance away from the island, Leon hazarded to leave the boat on autopilot and turn his attention to the pair of foul-smelling, massive butt cheeks attached to Ashley. Each one looked about on par with the boulders he had been dodging during his mission. Aside from the chunky rear's size, it came with a horrific odor that seeped out from between the cheeks.

Daring to take a step forward to further examine Ashley's state, Leon leapt back as she leaned towards him. Balanced atop her behemoth backside, she showed off a strange grin to go with the menacing, red sheen over her eyes. Before Leon could have a chance to even ask if she was alright, Ashley let out a shrill cry as she leapt into the air and sent her ass slamming down on top of him.

Sandwiched between her ass cheeks, Leon got a full serving of the musky odor clinging to her flesh. Wobbling her rear back and forth further sunk him into her butt crack to ensure he

would get a full helping of her swamp ass. Letting out a satisfied hum at the sensation of Leon squirming beneath her, Ashley let herself relax and enjoy the leftover urges instilled in her by the parasite.

Patreon Prompt 94

Prompt: (Female to Male TF and Weight Gain) <https://www.pixiv.net/en/artworks/67016426>

Deliberately ignoring the signs posted around the abandoned building, Gumi kept her eyes focused on her phone and walked inside. Too preoccupied with checking her various social postings, she didn't notice a sudden chill that seeped into her bones. As she locked her phone, she got a glimpse of a shadow moving close behind her. Freezing as the spirit brushed past her silky, long, brown hair, she let out a shriek to give the entity an easy way to slip into her body.

Gumi's body was overtaken with tremors, forcing her to drop her precious phone onto the ground. The crack across the screen became the least of her worries as doughy fat packed onto her once slim body. Despite her multiple layers of clothing, they proved inefficient in preventing her belly laced with unruly, black body hair from ripping right through. Any remains of her top were devastated by her breasts as they traded away their shapeliness for flab that had them drooping against her belly. Her cute skirt was the last of her outfit to be destroyed, unable to contain even a fraction of her hairy, fat ass.

While it appeared as if Gumi's panties would follow the same fate as the rest of her clothes, they instead began to reshape against the unsightly bulge between her legs. The lacy pink material was replaced with a dingy white to make up a set of underwear that only barely covered her grungy manhood. A masculine gasp left Gumi's mouth upon the realization she had been turned into a man, followed by a second shout of shock upon feeling most of her hair fall out to scatter to the ground.

Gumi's terror at her transformation was gradually replaced by another type of fear. Turning his head around, Gus looked around the dark building to see that most of his furniture

had been taken away. His fear only grew as he clasped his chubby cheeks and saw the remnants of a young woman's clothing torn asunder beneath her feet. Shaking enough to have his cock peek out between the hole in his underwear, he tried to make sense of how he and his home had degraded to such a sorry state.

Patreon Prompt 95

Prompt: Holly Kujo's stand comes back, but instead of killing her slowly it fattens her and females around her.

Freed from all symptoms of her strange illness, Holly turned her attention towards preparing a suitable welcome home feast for her son. Walking through the grocery store as if everything was normal, the regulars were more than happy to congratulate her on her improved condition and compliment her golden blonde hair. Contently making her way through her shopping list and catching up with old friends, it took her a moment to realize that her body was being surrounded by the very vines she had just been freed from.

Upon Holly seeing the spectral tendrils of her stand, she braced herself to once more be afflicted with its strange illness. The bulbs along the vines began to bloom, emitting a cloud of spores all over Holly's body. Rather than sap away her strength, breathing in the air filled Holly with the sensation of having just finished a hearty meal.

Any bliss Holly derived from her stand's spores was broken by her body swelling up with fat. Breaking free of her clothes in a matter of seconds, she found herself standing nude in the middle of the store with every roll of her fat on display. As she tried in vain to explain what was going to the bystanders, she tried to ignore the sensation of the vines slinking down her engorged breasts. Upon feeling the tendrils extend down her chunky butt cheeks, she turned her chins around just in time to see the bulbs release a cloud of spores into a crowd.

Holly's watched a nearby woman began to go through the same growth spurt. Two more women followed, finding themselves incapable of doing anything but shaky about their pudgy limbs as they were left immobilized by their encroaching fat. Realizing her spores were fattening

up every female they touched, Holly hurried her bulky legs out of the store in the hopes that Jotaro may have a way to reverse her strange stand ability.

Patreon Prompt 96

Prompt: A man's girlfriend finally convinces him to try a new Faceapp to participate in the latest social media trend. Annoyed, he uses the app which accidentally transforms his head and mind into a "Yassified" bimbo, to the girlfriend's delight.

"You're the one who invited me to this place," Rudy began, stirring around his coffee, "the least you could do is pay attention to me. What are you looking at anyway?"

"It's this new trend going around," Paula answered, striking a pose as she snapped a picture and let her phone glamour it up with some extra makeup and gloss. "You should give it a try."

"Absolutely not. I'm fine living my life not knowing how I'd look as some painted bimbo."

"Awww, come on, it'll be fun," Paula replied, a pouty look being the final push needed to get Rudy to give a begrudging nod. "Alright, just hold still for a second and...there."

Holding her phone up close to her face, Paula eagerly awaited the results. As she waited for the image to load, she peeked up at Rudy to see his reaction. What she saw instead was his short hair lengthen into wavy strands of platinum blonde that reached past his shoulders. His shirt and jeans shuffled about as his body was reshaped into a distinct hourglass figure, complete with a shapely rear and prominent set of breasts. Staring bewildered at Rudy, Paula looked back up to see Rudy's once bored expression painted over with gloss to go with his plump, pink-painted lips, and purple eyeshadow.

“Rudy, are you feeling okay?” Paula asked, glancing at the long, painted nails on Rudy’s fingers.

“Like, never better,” Rudy replied, flinging back her hair as she took a selfie. “Although not as good as you. You are absolutely slaying it, queen.”

“Thank you,” Paula said, the compliment overriding any sense of concern. “I’ve been watching a bunch of make up tutorials online. Do you want to come back to my place for some tips?”

“Like, yaaaaaaaasss,” Rudy replied, eagerly grasping Paula’s hand as the two paid the bill and hurried home for impromptu makeovers.

Patreon Prompt 97

Prompt: Feeder demoness possesses a fitness coach and instead of slimming down her clients leads a trail of bloated fitness failures in her wake.

A typical Tuesday evening at the gym usually involved Trianna doing her job as a coach to motivate others to strive for their idealized body. However, the past few months had seen her work out routine go through a drastic makeover. The exercise equipment had been put aside in favor of soft chairs and tv screens. Healthy snacks and water bottles had been swapped out for bottles of soda and enormous hordes of junk food. While it was obvious that something was wrong, Trianna's clients couldn't help returning each week in spite of their worsening conditions.

Making her rounds through the room, Trianna made sure to encourage her students to keep up their slothful behaviors. Stopping by the television screen, she took strange pleasure in picking crumbs out from between the sagging pecs of a man who could once sprint a mile without breaking a sweat. Meandering over to the snack area, she was more than happy to help a pair of women open up a soda bottle to satiate the thirst of their beer keg-like bellies. Giving a husband and wife couple meaty slaps to their chunky rears, Trianna excused herself from the hedonistic event for a trip to the bathroom.

Stepping before the mirror, Trianna momentarily dropped her disguise. Crimson red covered her skin, reaching from the base of her spaded tail to the pair of pointed horns on top of her head. Grabbing hold of her muffintop, she could feel her demonic powers swell from the overwhelming indulgence of her clients. Feeling her belly bump up with another layer of flab,

the demoness inhabiting the fitness instructor's body reveled in the fact that soon all of humanity would become an endless supply for her gluttonous powers.

Patreon Prompt 98

Prompt: A couple is offered a challenge from an eccentric obese woman, one who produces an absurd amount of lactate. Whoever can chug down the most of her milk before getting full wins \$10,000, the promise of money alone springs the man and women into competing with each other.

“Last chance to agree to split it,” Otto said, walking alongside his girlfriend down the gilded hallway.

“Not in a million years,” Syliva replied, pushing open the double doors to reveal a sort of throne room.

Sitting upon a chair wide enough to be considered a couch was a woman named Drayla draped in a sparkling, blue dress that showed off each and every fold of her obese body. Upon seeing the couple step into her chamber, she grasped the top of her dress and shimmied it down. With nothing left in the way, her breasts were left to freely rest against her belly. Considering that each boob was about the size of a medicine ball, Otto and Syliva kept having to remind themselves of the \$10,000 cash prize they would receive should they win.

“Go on, get in there!” the Drayla shouted, her smile only growing wider as the couple climbed up her belly. Helping the two get into the right position, she held up hand. “On my mark, get set, go!”

Clasping their lips tightly around Drayla’s nipples, Ottis and Sylvia began to suckle like babies. Their efforts flooded their mouths with a torrent of breast milk that caressed their tongues with their sweetness. The taste and promise of cash helped the two of them to ignore the way their bellies swelled up with each gulp. After only a few minutes of sucking, Ottis and Sylvia’s

guts broke free of their clothes to rest against their human dairy cow. Continuing to drink became difficult as their bellies bloated in size to match that of the very breasts they drank from. Wobbling upon their massive stomachs, Ottis and Sylvia drank until the last few drops of milk were sucked out of the eccentric woman.

“Impressive,” Drayla said, reaching out to run her fingers across the pair’s guts. “I’ve never had a pair drain me like that. Since I can’t really tell who won, I have a proposition.”

“Which is...?” Ottis asked.

“Become my permanent milk feeders,” she cheerily announced.

“What’s the pay?” Sylvia asked.

“\$10,000 a day, for each of you.”

“Deal!” Ottis and Sylvia answered, the idea of their expanding bank accounts overwhelming any indigestion they felt from their swollen stomachs.

Patreon Prompt 99

Prompt: Male to Female and Female to Male Transformation

(<https://www.deviantart.com/subarubacco/art/The-exchange-of-the-boy-and-the-lady-849957519>)

The pool surged with activity as Enrique made laps across the pool. His impressive speed came with the added discomfort of his speedo riding up his tight butt and clenching around his manhood. Taking a moment to rest, he hung on to the side of the pool and momentarily pulled up his swimming goggles. Upon seeing the woman lounging on the chair nearby, he had a passing thought of how much more relaxing it would be to be like her.

Watching Enrique speed off for another round of laps, Kendra lowered her designer sunglasses to stare at his lithe body. Twisting her fingers through her long, blue hair, she pondered how comfortable it must be to be so small. While her shapely curves had done the task of keeping her well paid for her modeling gig, she couldn't help pondering if it might be better to have a body like his.

Enrique's third lap through the water slowed down as he felt something weighing him down around his chest and backside. Treading water in the middle of the pool, he flung back strands of long blue hair attached to his head to stare at the pair of luscious, bare breasts hanging from his chest. The longer she stared down at them and the furry, blue strands surrounding her womanhood, the more she wondered what had happened to her bikini.

From the sidelines, Kendra's interest in Enrica's predicament was small compared to the feeling that she was shrinking. Letting her short, brown hair hold onto her glasses, he peeked down to see a pink bikini wrapped around her flat chest and her swim bottoms hugging a sizable

bulge. Ken's interest in his strange choice of attire lasted until he heard a rapid splash in the water. Looking back, he watched as the blue haired woman swam quickly out of the pool over the sound of the lifeguards loudly blowing on their whistles. Lowering his glasses back down, Ken spread himself out to continue tanning. Once things settled down, he would have to track her down to see if she would like to join him on a modeling gig.

Patreon Prompt 100

Prompt: Misato (Neon Genesis Evangelion) gets infected by an angel and becomes a fat giant slob with plans to infect others.

The blaring alarms put everyone on high alert, knowing it as the tell tale sign that an angel was nearby. Taking her head in the center of the control room, Misato flipped through screens to try and find the destructive creature. Whipping around her purple hair as she looked through the feeds, she wondered how such a beast could elude their sights. She got her answer as a puddle of strange, green goop slid up her red jacket to force itself down her throat.

Upon seeing Misato begin to swell with weight, everyone stopped what they were doing to stare at her exposed potbelly. Survival instincts only kicked in once a boisterous belch from Misato packed on another layer of fat to split her clothing and double her height in a matter of seconds. While the others were understandably freaked out, Misato put on a wide smile even as her head pushed through the ceiling and a rancid fart slapped out of her rear.

As Misato grew wider and taller, she peeked her head down to see rubble beneath her massive gut. Pushing back her truck-sized mammaries, she could see the rest of her team flailing about in her noxious cloud of flatulence. Without a hint of restraint, she let loose another bout of gas from both ends to further sink her smell into their bodies.

Reaching a size on par with a skyscraper, Misato looked back to see her crew rapidly growing in stature, weight, and gassiness to match her behemoth body. Stepping out of NERV headquarters, she began waddling her way towards the shelters. Once there, she and the angel controlling her mind would further spread her gas to turn the rest of humanity into slobby giants like herself.