

## Patreon Prompts Vol. 10

### Patreon Prompt 176

Prompt: The press of a button turns a woman's friend into a fat, filthy, man with a foot fetish.

Things go from bad to worse when an accidental finger bump repeats the process on herself.

“It’ll be fine. Trust me,” Bonnie said to justify using the strange photo app on her friend.

“If you say so,” Rhonda replied as her friend scrolled through a variety of options from cattle sized breasts to being as fast as an elephant. “Just don’t pick anything that would be to-“

Rhonda’s speech became muffled by a moan as a beam of light shot out from Bonnie’s phone. Looking away from the “Freaky Foot Fetishist” preset she had just activated, Bonnie looked up to see her friend’s former skinny body being packed on with multiple layers of fat. Bursting through her clothes and growing an obscene amount of body hair did little to affect the strange, buck tooth grin on Rhonda’s face. Sliding her fingers across her sagging pecs, she let out a series of deep breaths that pushed away what remained of her luscious locks. Focusing her eyes on Bonnie, Rhonda licked her lips as she stared at her friend’s feet and gently tugged at her newly grown manhood.

Slowly backing up from the recently transformed Rhonda, Bonnie ended up tripping over a cushion on the floor. The fall had her fingers slip against the phone once more to shoot another beam at herself. Between the shivers going through her body and Rhonda crawling towards her, Bonnie felt like she was going to pass out from sheer terror. That was until her concerns were replaced with a strange urge to go along with her even stranger changes.

Just like her friend beforehand, Bonnie’s body bloated up with hairy fat that had seemingly gone months without being washed. Losing her womanly figure in exchange for a girthy cock, Bonnie laid back to allow Rhonda to get a good whiff of the strands across her feet.

Pressing up against the hefty man's sweaty body, Bonnie got to work sniffing his friend's toes between stroking his own member. With no one else around, the two men intended to waste the day away indulging in their strange fascination of their abhorrent stench.

Patreon Prompt 177

Prompt: (Fat Resident Evil Women)

<https://mobile.twitter.com/nikutsuki/status/1524740059542433798>

Wesker relaxed in the comfort of his chair as he watched the feed over the cameras. When he had first heard of the creation of the new F-virus, he was understandably skeptical. A cure for the zombification process was easy to synthesize and the effects left quite a bit to be desired in terms of the power of the BOWs it created. However, that all paled in comparison to the sick joy he felt as he watched the camera feeds that showed various locations across Raccoon City.

Within the confines of an abandoned hotel, a horde of obese zombies waddled their way down the corridor. At the opposite end of the hall stood Jill Valentine, her hips squeezing against the walls as she tried to maneuver her hefty body into a shooting position. Each shot from her pistol sent ripples through her meaty form, threatening to tear apart the clothes that strained to keep her flab in check. Just as she managed to finish off the last of the zombies and waddle her way down the hall, Wesker pressed a button to swap over to the police station.

The scene changed to a more peaceful one in one of the break rooms. Rebecca stood by a nearby window, clutching her heaving bosom as sweat trickled down her pudgy form. Judging from her haggard breathing, Wesker had to guess that the effort of jogging with her meaty rear and lumpy belly made the already difficult task of escaping the infected all the more harrowing. Wiping the sweat off of her chins, Rebecca bounced her gut against a vending machine to get to its contents. Leaving Rebecca to scarf down candy bars in an attempt to regain her energy, Wesker once more pressed the button to check on the lab beneath the city.

Wesker couldn't stifle a laugh as he recognized the woman waddling through the halls, her body covered in what appeared to be a crimson parachute. Ada Wong pushed down the hem of her dress in a futile attempt to keep her engorged body somewhat decent. Among the various victims, she had easily outsized them at a size reaching ever closer to 2000 pounds in weight. Pushing her thickened thighs to their limits, she continued to trek through the halls in search of a proper cure for her condition, paying little mind to the tears in her clothes that revealed her heavy bosom and elephantine rear. Leaning back in his seat, Wesker made a mental note to pay a visit to the good doctor to thank him for a thoroughly entertaining evening.

## Patreon Prompt 178

Prompt: Signing up for an experiment involving a new form of helium leaves a woman as an inflated mass of testosterone and air, with more than a hint of joviality.

“You may begin when ready,” Dr. Teld said from the safety of the observation chamber.

“Are you sure this is safe?” Clarice asked, holding up the tube connected to the experimental helium tanks.

“Do you want to ask questions, or do you want to solve the helium crisis? If the latter, please put the tube in your mouth so we can begin the experiment.”

Concerned with saving the planet and earning her paycheck, Clarice did as she was told and swallowed the tube. No sooner did she wrap her lips around the nozzle did a rush of air blow into her body. The effects were immediately apparent as her lithe form bloated up at a rapid pace. Already surpassing the size of a car after a few seconds, what truly garnered both her and the researcher’s attention was what was added to her swollen form.

Hanging beneath Clarice’s taut stomach was a penis that stretched out along with her body. The addition of her massive manhood was hard for her to actually see as her lips puffed up to ridiculous proportions to obscure her face. She once more got a good look at her body as her eyes blew up to match the size of her puffed up cheeks. Just as her hands and feet began to resemble blown up gloves and her body began to reach its limits, one of the scientists mercifully cut off the air flow.

“How are you feeling, Clarice?”

Spitting out the tube, Clarice returned with wide smile with her puffy lips. “Me fine. But me no Clarice. Me Charlie. Fun balloon for fun times,” he replied, swinging his form about to waggle about his gigantic cock like a tail.

“Right,” Dr. Teld said, noting that they still needed to work out more than a few kinks with their latest batch of synthetic helium.

## Patreon Prompt 179

Prompt: An apprentice mage accidentally changes his barbarian boyfriend's past when messing with time, and ends up with a very fatty, very loving twink to dote on.

With a burning need to show the other mages at his college that he was more than capable of high level magic, Harold had asked his boyfriend, Rothar to act as his assistant. While the muscle-bound man covered in a variety of furred leather was skeptical, Harold assured him everything would be fine. Leaving the barbarian to sit in the corner to shine his axe, Harold began his incantation.

As the chant left his lips, Harold was pleased to see a portal open up before him that showed him various points in Rothar's life. Waving his hands around, he began to alter key events in the furious fighter's timeline. Rather than hunting, Harold had Rothar wasting the day away reading trashy romance novels. He increased the portion sizes of each of the barbarian's meals, easily doubling the amount of food of any of the other warriors in his tribe. As a finishing touch, he gave his boyfriend some doting parents rather than the rough general that had trained him. Leaning back in his chair, Harold couldn't help letting out a laugh looking over what his meddling had done to the muscle bound warrior.

While Rothar still wore his furred armor, it was pushed to its limits to contain the bountiful blubber hanging off of his body. His once chiseled pecs had been reduced to a pair of sagging man boobs that were larger than Harold's head. A pair of stools took on the titanic task of holding up the barbarian's gigantic butt cheeks, serving as a perfect perch as Rothar twirled his sausage-like fingers through his hair as he shoved pastries past his pudgy lips. Watching the former warrior heave himself up to waddle across the room, Harold was content that his little illusion would be more than enough to impress the other students.

“Heeeeeeyyyyy cutie,” said a husky voice.

Feeling a pudgy hand on his shoulder, Harold turned around to see a very large and very loving Rothar looming over him. “Wait, this isn’t right,” Harold said, unable to look away from his boyfriend’s plush cheeks. “I didn’t mean to really alter your past. It was just supposed to be-“

Harold was silenced as Rothar leaned in for a passionate kiss.

“I think you’re done with all that silly studying today,” Rothar said, sliding a hand against Harold’s cheek as he walked away. “I’m going to retire to your room with a box of cupcakes. What we do in there tonight...well, I’ll leave that up to you,” he added, shooting Harold a wink before taking his leave.

Rather than question the morality of his actions, Harold quickly picked up his belongings and ran towards a one of a kind evening of feeding and frolicking with his fatty boyfriend.



## Patreon Prompt 180

Prompt: A girl wishes to go on her boyfriend's guys only camp. She suddenly finds herself as his sleeping bag.

Maddie had always been a bit on the obsessive side when it came to her relationships. This was made quite apparent when her boyfriend, Mitch announced that he was going out for the weekend to spend time with his friends at a camp. Though Maddie pleaded to let her join them, he kept insisting it was just a guys' thing. Maddie relented in her direct approach, but that wasn't to say she had given up.

On the day Mitch was set to leave, Maddie managed to sneak into the back of his truck among his supplies. Though she was bad at hiding, she was quite good at procuring whatever she needed to get a job done. Pulling out a small, eye-shaped amulet from her pocket, she recited the chant on the back and implored whatever supposed power lurked inside to give her some way to join her boyfriend on the trip. Unfortunately for her, it listened.

Maddie's body began to shake with unknown power as her form became distorted. Her legs were forced together as she was flattened out. The clothes adorning her ripped apart, only to come together again to merge with her flesh and fluff it up. Through she tried to call out for help, her voice was silenced by a zipper as it slid over her mouth and continued along her side. Just as she lost her vision, she saw her arms and legs merge with her new form to give her an accurate appearance as a sleeping bag.

As Maddie's transformation completed, Mitch popped open the trunk to double check his supplies. Seeing the addition of an extra sleeping bag, he pulled it out to get a better look. He grimaced as he saw an image of Maddie printed along the side. Knowing how bad it would look

to leave something like this in the trash for his crazy girlfriend to find later, he stowed the bag back in the trunk. Maybe he could use it as a punishment for whoever lost the drinking games.

## Patreon Prompt 181

Prompt: Whilst exploring a section of Mementos dedicated to society's lustful urges, Joker is forced through a series of transformations inspired by some of his female companions.

Hazy memories about what had happened that day in the strange palace had more than warranted a second look. Things instantly went wrong when Joker got separated from the rest of the Phantom Thieves, but it became truly dire upon being locked in a room with a strange orb. Staring into the object's single, black and white eye, he only had a chance to hear someone whisper about getting in touch with his friend's desires before he was struck with a beam from the orb.

Joker's clothing burst apart, giving him a good look at his body as it gained womanly curves and long hair in exchange for his manhood. Feeling her body lean forward under the weight of his massive breasts, he was relieved of the struggle as the fabric slapped back against her skin. What little relief she felt was offset by the skimpy maid outfit that adorned her that looked all too familiar to Kawakami's work uniform. Forced to stare into the deep expanse of her cleavage, a single flick of a finger against her bosom sent a shiver up her spine and shook her brain.

Released from the orb's hold, Joker began to saunter about the chamber. Each step sent her tits jiggling like crazy and further filled her mind with lewd thoughts. This display of growing desire was cut short as the orb shot her with another blast of energy.

The maid uniform burst open to show Joker's body shrink down to a mere three feet in height. Spreading out from her massive chest, the added weight evened out between giving her a bubble butt to complete her hourglass figure. By the time her clothing rejoined with her, she had been reduced to a shortstack woman that had trouble waddling about with her enhanced curves.

As Joker pondered the presence of reporter badge on the tightly wrapped t-shirt, her fingers clasped around a newly gained microphone. Letting her urges take hold, she proceeded to slide the device between her breasts to revel in the added sensitivity. Repeating the process with her luscious backside, she didn't even notice the orb charging up to change her once more.

Another surge of energy rid Joker of her microphone and short status as she burst through her clothes with the addition of hundreds of pounds of fat. Raising back to a modest height, she let out a moan as a lab coat appeared around her form to squeeze around her love handles and bountiful flab. Sliding her fingers against her wealth of flesh, she reveled in the moment the orb released her from its hold to send her 600 pounds body plummeting to the ground.

Slowly picking herself up off the ground, Joker ran a stethoscope over her chunky flesh. Letting her ears linger on the sound of her fat rippling for a full minute after the impact, she freely groped every inch of her blubber she could reach. Rolling across the floor to fully embrace what she could of her plush body only delayed the orb from giving her one last bolt.

The final shot forced Joker to her feet. All of the weight she had gained over the course of her changes began to migrate towards her backside. Though a good amount remained on her body to keep her even, the mass was hell bent on giving her a definitively, bottom heavy figure. Despite resembling a pair in shape, Joker stood at attention as her clothes once more returned to squeeze him into a suit reminiscent of Sae's.

With her latest transformation complete, Joker tried to keep a straight face as she walked across the room under the pretense of keeping up a professional appearance. This charade was broken almost immediately by the first shake of her ass. Unable to hide the expression of pure pleasure on her face, she immediately crumpled to the floor to give herself a chance to grope her

behemoth backside. Satisfied with its work, the eyeball shut its lid just as what was once the leader of the Phantom Thieves reached out to give her lust filled body some much needed relief.

Patreon Prompt 182

Prompt: Time machine rebuilt, Vanessa goes back to the past to stop herself from dropping blueberries into the primordial soup. She and her past self both return to the present to see that society has been taken over by enormous, gassy, blueberry pig people.

Vanessa chewed into her blueberry snack cake as she gawked at the primordial soup. Enamored with the concept of the murky mire spawning the entirety of humanity, she was left unaware of a second time machine appearing near her until a much larger and bluer of herself squeezed out of the doorway. The massive doppelganger spewed out gas and warnings to try and prevent some kind of drastic alteration to the future, but all that accomplished was sending her rolling right into her past self. Though the impact was soft, the collision still sent Vanessa's blueberry pastry into the puddle along with the pork sandwich her blueberry self had taken with her as a snack. Panicking at the thought of doing horrible things to the timeline, the normal sized Vanessa left her partner to hurry back to the present.

When she arrived at her own time, Vanessa stared in gross fascination at what she had created. Through the viewport on the window, she could see that the humanity had been replaced with a race of pig people that spouted out gas from both of their obese ends between sampling one another's juices. Unable to resist the urge to see how bad the problems had become, she went against all logic and stepped out of time machine.

Vanessa instantly realized her mistake as a combination of a burp and an oink parted her lips. Thrown to the ground by her swelling mass, she wobbled about on her fattening belly as she sprayed blueberry juice from her teats. Squealing as a rippling, fruit-scented fart came billowing out of her rear to tickle her curly tail, she desperately tried to get a handle on her new body.

The newly blueberry-like and piggy Vanessa found assistance in the form of an outstretched pair of hooves reaching out to her. Grasping the stranger's pudgy wrists, she heaved herself up to see an accurate reflection of her new body before her. Realizing that it was her other self, she apologized profusely for her rash decision. Able to understand the ramifications of drastically changing history over a snack, the two Vanessas waddled their way through the park, leaving behind a trail of juice as they discussed how best to integrate themselves into this new, strange society.

## Patreon Prompt 183

Prompt: When a man gets a remote that lets him change people, he goes to the local gym to toy with the bodybuilder who had mocked him. By turning the meathead into a barely mobile fat femboy.

The sweet taste of revenge could be felt on William's tongue as he stepped into the gym. Mick was right where he always was, sitting on a weight lifting bench to maintain his rippling muscles. When not using his bulky body to pick up girls, the meat headed jock used his intimidating figure to mock William every time they crossed paths. Glad that Mick was too busy lifting weights to notice him, William pulled out a strange remote he got from an even stranger man at a random store and pointed it at Mick. Unsure what the button labeled "personality reversal" would do, he pressed the button and watched a blip of light shoot out towards the muscle bound bully.

At first Mick didn't seem to notice, merely scratching at his pecs to get rid of a strange itch. As he continued to lift the weights, his movement became more sluggish. Becoming winded after a few reps, he placed the barbells back on their holder and sat up to catch his breath. Getting into a seated position provided both him and William a perfect view of his rapidly changing body.

The tight tank top wrapped around Mick's torso was stretched to its limits as his toned chest sagged underneath the weight of his added fat. Similar lumps of flab helped to rip apart his top as they were layered on thick to his six-pack abs to give him a barrel-like belly. Between sliding his pudgy fingers across his bare gut and wobbling about his added arm fat, he barely had a chance to notice his growing backside until his meaty butt cheeks popped right through his shorts.



Unable to hide a sly grin, William approached the former bully to get a good look at his work. Arriving at the bench just as Mick's body crashed through it with over 1000 pound of fat, he got ready to return the former jock's insults tenfold. However, his long overdue vengeance was put on hold as his eyes lingered on Mick's soft cheeks and gentle look in his eyes.

Seeing tears begin to flow down Mick's cheeks, something possessed William to hang his jacket over the obese man's shoulders. Helping Mick stand up on his blubbery legs, William acted as a guide to the feminine looking man as he waddled through the hall in search of something to cover himself up. William wasn't sure why he was doing this, but he had to assume it was connected to the strange feeling in his chest as he felt Mick's man boobs brush up against his back. Turning back once more to see Mick push a hand through his silky hair, William continued on in the hopes of either changing Mick back to normal or understanding the new urges that were flooding his mind.

## Patreon Prompt 184

Prompt: After spending an uncomfortable amount of time transformed into a suitcase by her boyfriend, a woman is more than eager to be changed back. However, her plans of vengeance hit a snag when she returns to her old form, but in a much smaller size.

It was the thought of screaming her head off at her boyfriend, Trevor that got Mayra through her ordeal. Stuck as a suitcase, she had to endure being manhandled by the TSA, getting stepped on by her boyfriend, and missing out on the complimentary booze. She had plenty of time to think over what she was going to say, it all coming to the forefront of her mind as she was carried into the hotel room and thrown onto the bed. Watching Trevor pull out the very same amulet he had used to change her in the first place, she shivered with anticipation.

A few words were all it took for a beam of energy to shoot out from the amulet to zap Mayra. Her unassuming appearance gradually gave way to a humanoid form, complete with her usual hair and womanly curves. The moment she was given back a mouth, she attempted to throw out the harshest insults she could come up with. Her words were volatile, but they lacked punch due to a higher pitch in her voice. As her transformation finished and she had a chance to look at her surroundings, she finally understood why.

Looking over the edge of the bed was like looking down a 50 foot high cliff face. Stumbling backwards across the bed, Mayra tumbled back into a massive lump of cloth. Recognizing the heap as Trevor's jacket, it finally dawned her that she was no more than a few inches in height.

Though Mayra tried to adequately express her frustrations, they were deemed little more than a joke due to her squeaky voice and small demeanor. Suppressing a chuckle, Trevor carefully picked her up between two of his fingers and carried her off into the bathroom.

Hopefully a dip in the sink would be enough to simmer her down long enough for him to think of a better way to deal with their shaky relationship.

## Patreon Prompt 185

Prompt: A girl makes a poorly worded wish and ends up turning the world's female population (including herself) into obese, slobby men.

“I wish I and the rest of the women of the world could understand why a man could stand to be so fat, gassy, and disgusting in public,” Jalen said out loud, her words fueled by an unpleasant experience at work.

The genie furrowed their brow, only to shrug their shoulders in response. “It shall be done,” they replied, snapping their fingers before disappearing back into the lamp.

Jalen’s excitement gave way to worry as she felt something in the pit of her stomach. Grasping at her gut, she surprised herself with both a plethora of extra fat around her waist and a deep belch rolling up her throat. The burp gave way to a bevy of other gassy expulsions, with more than a few coming out of her expanding rear as it ripped right through her pants. Looking over the rest of her body swell with weight to match her additions, her attention became drawn to the way her engorging breasts lost most of their shape in the process.

Her sagging chest made Jalen reach below her hair-riddled belly. Pushing her finger through the bushel of pubes, she let out a mix of a gasp and a belch as she felt up cock and balls that had taken the place of her womanhood. Waddling through her home, she released a trail of flatulence on her way to her bedroom. Stopping to stare at her reflection in the mirror, she winced at the beard lining her pudgy face that completed her look as an atrocious smelling, fat man on par with the customer she had faced earlier that day.

A collection of gassy outbursts drew Jalen’s attention to a nearby window. Sticking his head out, he was shocked to see similarly fat and gassy men shuffling down the sidewalk in a panic. Judging by the horrified expressions on their faces and the bits of fabric clinging to their

fat rolls, he had to assume that his wish had affected not only him, but all of the women of the world.

Finding his way back to his living room, he turned on the TV to see the newswoman scrambling to cover up her sagging man boobs while trying to report under the duress of a barrage of burps. Glancing back over to the lamp, Jalen knew that all it would take to fix things would be another wish. However, he wasn't prepared to recklessly make another wish so fast. Not to mention, he was feeling hungry, and the couch felt pretty comfortable. Heaving his form off of the cushions with a loud fart, he planned to talk to the genie AFTER he had given himself time to think it over with a little snack and a nap.

## Patreon Prompt 186

Prompt: A slime queen decides to take a mate by corrupting a female barbarian warrior with her royal jelly and turning her into a big gassy slimy brood mother.

Tanya the Terrible heard of the villager's woes and immediately rushed into the cave. Her towering musclebound body clad in leather armor and her trusty war hammer made her certain that taking down a mere slime would be an easy matter. Running her fingers through her short black hair, she let out a deep laugh at how trivial the quest was. This moment of self-assured victory left her mouth open as a shot of something sticky and sweet slid into her mouth.

The barbarian woman's walking speed suffered greatly as her once toned stomach began to swell with weight. As her gut burst apart her armor, she noticed the flabby flesh give way to a goopy, green substance. The rest of her body followed suit, replacing her precious muscles with pudgy slime as she delved further into the lair.

As Tanya's sludgy form surpassed the size of a carriage, she watched as the surface of her body began to bubble. The churning resulted in a burst of gas from her wide backside that reeked worse than an orc's unwashed cod piece. A similar stench came in the form of a rolling belch that parted her pudgy lips and momentarily blinded her. Sliding along the floor with her amorphous body to get away from the stench, she accidentally ran into a table adorned with a variety of food and a very strange host.

Sitting at the other end of the table was a slime queen, her pink, blobby body adorned with a makeshift gold crown. Putting on a shaky smile on her face, the slime queen tried to look friendly even as a reverberating PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT burst out of her backside. With her own flatulence forcing itself out to the sound of a loud BRRRAAAAPPPPPP, Tanya could only stand there as the queen got within a few inches of her.

“Sorry about the UUUURRRPP makeover,” the queen said, rubbing the back of her thick neck. “I just didn’t know how else to get you to BWOOOOORRRRPP come in. You’re very pretty.” With a hint of red forming on her cheeks, the queen turned away quickly to hide her face and accidentally enshroud Tanya in one of her fart clouds. “I can change you back if you want. But would you mind joining me for dinner first? I think you would make for an excellent UUUURRRPP brood mother.”

Tanya thought for a moment and then shrugged her shoulder. “Eh, why BWOOOOORRRRP not?”

## Patreon Prompt 187

Prompt: In search of what happened to her leader, Makoto enters Mementos to find Joker is now a giant booty nympho prosecutor. Though she tries to help, it's not exactly in the way she expects.

The radio silence from Joker was more than enough to put Makoto on edge. Rushing towards his last known location, she was understandably anxious upon finding a strange door floating in the middle of Mementos. Steeling her nerves and preparing herself for a fight, she pushed back her short brown hair, adjusted her brass knuckles, and stepped inside.

Makoto's vicious demeanor fell apart as she beheld the strange woman before her. She was wearing an ill-fitting, grey suit that looked all too familiar to Makoto's sister. The professional attire did little to prevent the woman from sliding her fingers along her massive, bubble butt. A somewhat familiar moan hit Makoto's ears as the stranger gave her ass cheeks a hard slap. Rounding the corner to get a better look, she let out a gasp as she recognized Joker's face hidden behind a veil of long grey hair.

Thoughts of pulling her former leader out of the strange chamber were drowned out by the sound of the modified Joker rapidly shaking her hips. The vibrations from the massive ass resonated in Makoto's mind, making her gaze focus entirely on the wobbling rear. Unable to control herself, she got down on her knees and shuffled up to Joker's backside. Though there were no words between them, it was clear what she had to do next.

Tearing off her mask and ripping away the center of Joker's pants, Makoto dove head first between her butt cheeks. She tightly squeezed and groped the plush backside as her tongue slid up and down Joker's various holes. Switching back and forth between the two pleasure areas, Makoto was rewarded for her hard work with an echoing cry from her corrupted leader.



Slammed to the ground as Joker pushed her full weight down on her, Makoto laid their and enjoyed her new position as the corrupted leader's personal ass worshiper.

## Patreon Prompt 188

Prompt: A pair of adventurers fail to defeat a powerful evil mage. The mage uses her powers to make both men into her pampered, barely mobile playthings.

With the fate of the kingdom in their hands, Trevor and Davlyn pushed themselves to the limits to take down the evil mage, Venestra. Unfortunately, their best efforts still fell short of preventing her from acquiring the ancient orb of power. The pair of defeated warriors could only watch as she held the artifact aloft and let out a cackling laugh. Completely exhausted from their fight, there was little they could do as Venestra drew upon her new well of power to zap them both with bolts of arcane energy.

The battle worn armor clothing Trevor and Davlyn's bodies finally met their breaking points as their bodies began to swell with fat. Muscles they had spent years of harsh training to perfect were undone in mere seconds by hundreds of pounds of pudgy flesh encasing their bodies. Though they tried to escape the mage's grasp, they only managed to make it a few feet before they were forced back to the ground by their swelling rears. Any further attempts to stand up were hindered by their enormous bellies pooling between their thickening thighs. Left to watch their toned pecs turn to sacks of useless flesh and their faces bloat up with chubby cheeks and multiple chins, they could only wait as Venestra approached them.

Unable to contain her laughter, the evil mage sauntered her way over to the immobile blobs. Though they tried to call out insults towards her, they swiftly calmed down as her fingers poked and prodded at their fat rolls. Venestra's gentle touch across their heavy forms left them in an almost catatonic state, their bodies shivering every time she graced them with a gentle message. After thoroughly molding them into her pudgy playthings, she would begin her plans to

spread her influence throughout the kingdom to keep herself surrounded with similarly immobile piles of soft flesh to do with as she pleased.

## Patreon Prompt 189

Prompt: A totally normal, slobby man reflects on the fact of how he has always been gassy and obese like the rest of society and not a woman who made a couple of poor wishes on a magic lamp.

Spread out along the entirety of his couch, Jalen wasted the day away scarfing down snacks and releasing gas without a care in the world. Unburdened by clothing, his plump fingers were free to remedy the itches caused by his hair-riddled flesh. Hands ducking beneath his moobs to pull out crumbs further stirred up the unruly bubbles lurking within his flabby belly. Tilting over to the side, he let loose a rippling BRRRRAAAPPPPPPPP from his chunky rear to further stink up his apartment with his stench.

Settling back into his impression on the couch, Jalen momentarily glanced over at a strange lamp in the corner. It had always been there, at least as much as he could remember. Though it seemed completely normal, he couldn't help shaking the feeling that it held something special to him. Rather than dwell on it, he flipped through the channels on the television to watch something while he ate.

As he expected, most of the programs featured similarly slobby men like himself as the main focus. Whether it was advertising incredibly unhealthy snacks, showing off their sky rocketing weights in beauty pageants, or simply reporting the news as they balanced themselves upon multiple chairs. This was how it always had been, but Jalen couldn't help feeling something was off.

He got his answer as he reached below his groin to pull out a pair of tiny panties covered in pink hearts. Scrunching up his chins in thought, he tried to remember where it had come from. The word "woman" popped into his head, but that was a ridiculous idea that was quickly

dismissed. Tossing away the unusual undergarments with a bellowing belch, he settled back into his seat to continue his life as a professional couch potato.

## Patreon Prompt 190

Prompt: A girl wants to work on a farm only to get turned into a stallion.

Jumping at the chance of getting to work with horses, Rachel tried time and time again to get a job at the local ranch. Though she begged and pleaded with the owner to let her on, he kept telling her that there weren't any job openings. Grasping at straws, Rachel got down on her knees and proclaimed that she would take any position on the farm, whatever it was. Ignoring the strange glint in the farmer's eyes made her very easily accept the pill he handed to her with the promise that it would be her ticket to the horse stables. More than happy to fulfill her lifelong dream, she popped the pill without a second thought.

As Rachel stood up to ask where to start, she stumbled right back down onto her hands and knees. Her landing was accompanied by a loud clop caused the presence of the hooves that had replaced her hands. Understandably freaked out, she looked down to see her feet follow the same transformation as her limbs began to extend. The rest of her body began to stretch and distort, bursting out of her clothes to reveal a thin layer of black hair across her skin. Losing most of what made her human, her cry of terror turned into a loud neigh as her neck stretched out. She finally realized what was happening to her as her face stretched out into a muzzle and she grew a tail of stringy, grey hairs.

Flipping around her mane of silver hair, she attempted to make sense of the fact that she had changed into a horse. Not helping matters was the sensation of something large bumping up against her underside. Maneuvering her hooved feet to get a better idea, she let out a loud neigh as she got a glimpse at the girthy, long horse cock that had nestled itself beneath her undercarriage.

Wrangling up his new stallion with a rope toss, the farmer began to lead him over to the stables. Smiling at the newest addition to his stable, the farmer promised Rachel that she would love her new position. After all, it was quite an honor to be the star stud of his breeding program.

## Patreon Prompt 191

Prompt: Kallen gets felt up by a female magician that casts a spell to make her breasts, ass, and pussy expansive and sensitive.

The students of Ashford Academy crammed themselves into the observatory to watch the performance of The Bizarre Leslie. Astounding her audience with various magic tricks, she called out for a volunteer for the grand finale. Her eyes were immediately drawn to a girl with neck-length red hair doing her best to try and remain inconspicuous. Calling the young lady up to the stage, Leslie was delighted to announce that Kallen would be the star of her latest and greatest act. Though Kallen wasn't exactly happy with her participation, she had to do it to keep up her act as a regular student.

Brandishing a strange wand, Leslie twirled it about as she circled Kallen. As the magic words hit her ears, Kallen felt a strange tightness in her yellow blazer. The source was made quite apparent as her top tore at the seams to make way for her bosom surging with weight. Breaking free of her clothing, the watermelon-sized mammaries had only a few seconds to show off their plumped up nipples before Kallen grasped them between her arms. The act gave her a modicum of modesty, but at the cost of making her shiver from the added sensitivity of her enlarged bosom.

Between her heavy breathing and the gasps of the onlooking audience, Kallen took a moment to realize that Leslie was casting another spell. This time, the magic took effect in the form of swelling her backside into a proper bubble butt to lift up the hem of her skirt higher and higher. Unable to handle the excess weight, Kallen was forced down to the ground to have her gigantic rear slap against the stage. While the impact was cushioned by her elephantine rear, it still sent ripples through her butt cheeks that left her moaning from a surge of strange pleasure.



On the very edge of control, Kallen could do little as Leslie approached her with a lustful gleam in her eyes. Pointing her wand at Kallen's crotch, the magician began to chant once more. What little dignity Kallen had left fell to the wayside as she plunged her hand between her legs to pull away her panties. With nothing left in its way, Kallen's vagina was free to engorge itself to meet the lofty sizes of her breasts and butt. Left to balance on the pumped up pussy, Kallen threw caution to the wind and began to vigorously masturbate. Leslie was more than happy to aid her, squeezing on her engorged curves to give her the stimulation she needed to finish. When all was said and done, Leslie would be more than happy to add Kallen to her act as a permanent assistant.

## Patreon Prompt 192

Prompt: As part of a raunchy game show, a woman must pick up a guy at a bar while wearing a massive pair of panties, freshly peeled off of an enormous SSBBW, as a dress.

Rolling up to the club in the “Problematic Pick Up” limo, Ingrid was starting to doubt her chances of success. She had been so confident when she first signed up for the strange dating show, but her odds of winning were looking slim as her eyes darted between the grinning, male host and the enormous woman taking up two seats in the vehicle. Ingrid’s worries halted alongside the limo as they reached their destination, and her challenge was announced.

Upon hearing the ridiculous parameters of the game, she turned over to see the SSBBW model rolling across the seat. Through her constant struggling, the 800 pound woman managed to squeeze off a pair of panties and toss it over to Ingrid. Looking over the undergarments, Ingrid winced as she noticed the sweat clinging to the fabric. Hearing the host explain the challenge once more, she tried to keep her mind focused on the prize money as she got into her new outfit.

Stepping out of the limousine and walking up to the club, Ingrid let out a heavy sigh at the expected response. The massive woman’s panties had been stretched across her body, acting as a makeshift dress. Wincing as she felt the fabric dig into her nether region, Ingrid tugged at the sides to ensure her bosom was covered by the underwear as she made her way inside the club. Sitting down at the bar, Ingrid put on her best smile and tapped a gentleman on the shoulder in the hopes of getting a date and justifying humiliating herself on television.

## Patreon Prompt 193

Prompt: Slobna and Slobvaka's latest dastardly plan involves a jar of their own farts labeled as an exotic perfume. Their scheme eventually ensnares a high profile super hero to add to their legion of slobby, obese servants.

Fabulass's days off were typically spent browsing fashion blogs and stocking up on beauty products. When not busy defeating her foes with showers of glitters and kicks of her high heeled shoes, she was more than happy to attend special events to try out new and upcoming perfumes and makeup. Gathering in a warehouse with a number of other women, she was more than a little wary when there wasn't a single employee in sight.

The lack of anyone working the show didn't seem to phase most of the audience. They were more than content to help themselves to the pink bottles laid out on a table that claimed to hold the scent of the future. Not one to let a free gift go to waste, Fabulass picked up her own bottle and spritzed it on her neck. The smell was pungent, almost akin to dunking her head into a septic tank. As she pondered how this was considered desirable, she found it hard to breath as her neck thickened up with fat.

Swiveling around her new chins, she watched as the other women began to fatten up around her. Any hopes of using her powers to help the victims were dashed as Fabulass's own body became covered in thick layers of doughy fat. Ripping through her clothes in a matter of seconds, it was only once a fart was forced out of her pudgy rear did she realize the true danger of the situation.

A belch releasing from her plump lips left Fabulass wobbling back and forth in an attempt to keep her balance. Plopping down on her rear, she looked away from her engorging bosom to watch a pair of obese women clad in leather shuffled towards her. She instinctively

recognized the duo as the villainess Slobvaka and Slobna, women obsessed with turning the world into a population of hedonistic slobs. However, any malice Fabulass could muster was quickly overcome by her own degrading mind as she got a mouthful of Slobna's flatulence.

Reduced to a drooling idiot by the effects of the villainess's fumes, Fabulass obediently heaved herself up. Standing in a group with the other victims, she obediently allowed her body to be poked and prodded by her new masters. After releasing a satisfactory number of burps and farts, she was then instructed to lead the group towards a large truck at the back door for a ride to the villainess's lair to be properly initiated into their sloppy horde.

## Patreon Prompt 194

Prompt: A group of guys buy a mysterious DND adventure book from a garage sale, the book is cursed, and changes them as they play, turning them into fat stereotypes of their character class. They can only escape by finishing the game.

Always looking for new modules to simultaneously delight and torment her players with, Mel swiped up a mystery adventure book at a garage sale without a second thought. Before the day was out, she had already assembled her usual group of players to roll some dice and have some fun. While the guys had grown to be suspicious of Mel's quirky style of running games, they were extra cautious upon seeing the strange book. Calming them down with the notion that it just added to the atmosphere, she instructed them to create their characters and get ready for a night of adventure.

With the character sheets completed and everyone gathered at the table, Mel took a moment to bring the group's attention to the front page of the book. Written on the paper was a spell claiming to truly immerse the players in their characters. Too excited to really play up her role as the dungeon master, Mel spoke out the chant without a second thought. It was upon finishing the last verse did she realize her mistake.

It started with Lance, his ears becoming pointed and his hair becoming silky smooth. His softer facial features became buried beneath the layers of pudgy that spread down his neck to encase his entire body. Turning away just as a set of priestly robes wrapped themselves around Lance's pudgy form, Mel looked to see Reggie lose his height in exchange for green skin and an ass wide enough completely engulf his chair. Leaving Reggie to deal with his pointed nose, baggy leather armor, and bottom heavy figure, Mel stood up to see Will finishing off the trio with a set of crooked horns and his belly bulging out of demonic robes to show off his red skin.

As the three of them stopped their transformations, they instinctively reached out their pudgy hands towards their character sheets. Aside from the hundreds of pounds of extra weight hanging off of their bodies, they were perfect matches for the characters they had made. Looking towards Mel with irate glares, she begrudgingly read off the last line of the spell that mentioned they would have to complete the module before they would be turned back to normal. Taking her seat and offering the group of obese adventures a bowl of popcorn, she asked for them to roll initiative.

## Patreon Prompt 195

Prompt: An obese nerd accidentally alters reality, making the entire population into duplicates of himself, and they're just as horny as him.

Loneliness can do a lot to a person; this fact rang very true in the case of Carl Shen. Overweight and finding it difficult to interact with the general population had left him with little in the ways of companionship. Desperate to find someone to love him for who he was or even just a friend, he had emptied out his wallet to procure a monkey's paw from a bizarre shop. While 99% of his mind told him he was an idiot for thinking such a thing would work, the minority of his brain left him to hold the relic aloft and make his wish.

As the finger on the paw curled, wisps of strange energy spread out through the area. The tendrils of magic found their mark on nearby pedestrians, making their bodies shiver as they were transformed. Carl stared in awe as anyone affected by the magic swelled with weight to match his 345 pound size exactly. Their bulging bellies would be covered up in an instant with a variety of t-shirts bearing logos and references to shows that Carl was sure only a few people knew of. The images on the clothing were distorted as each person's chest engorged to copy Carl's sagging man pecs. Sweatpants appeared on their lower halves to contain their massive rears and the sizable bulges in their crotches that was all too familiar to Carl.

Watching the clones' hair become a tangled mess of unkempt strands; Carl couldn't help but smile. Shuffling his way over to a group of his copies adjusting their glasses with their pudgy fingers, he opened up his arms wide. Without needing to be told, the Carl copies threw themselves at the original with lustful intent. As Carl swapped spit with his various partners, his mind was already racing to think of how best to interact with his endless supply of similarly horny lovers.

## Patreon Prompt 196

Prompt: A girl gets turned into a jock's lucky underwear after she ruins his old pair.

Sneaking past university guards in the dead of night had brought Melissa to this moment. Easily popping open a locker with a bobby pin rewarded her with the ability to gander upon Brett McTavish's prized possession. The star athlete's lucky pair of undies at first seemed like nothing more than an overused undergarment. Holding up the fabric to her face, Melissa took a deep whiff and instantly confirmed the rumors that they had never been washed to keep alive their supposed power to garner an astonishing winning streak.

Melissa's moment of bliss was broken as she heard something thump against the floor. A sudden twitch of her fingers as a duffel bag fell out of the locker left her with the pair of underwear torn in half. Looking over the sorry state of the relic that had provided the university's best season yet, she wracked her brain trying to come up with a way to fix them before the big game the next day. She found her answer in the form of a strange pendant in her pocket bearing a black and white eye. Hoping that the piece of jewelry was more than just a hoax, she pointed it at the remnants of the underwear and spoke aloud the chant engraved on the back.

The words left her mouth just before her lips were sewn shut by white thread. Similar material began to take over the rest of her body, in the process taking away her size and shape. Crumpling to the floor as she was left just a few inches thick, her nose picked up the strong aroma of jock sweat as her body continued to shrink. Though her facial features disappeared, she could still feel herself become an exact replica of Brett's underwear, complete with a variety of ancient stains spread across her body.

Left to lie on the floor, Melissa took a deep breath and inhaled the heavy stench of her new body. She wasn't sure how long the transformation would last, but she would have to hope



it would be long enough for Brett to make the winning touchdown. At the very least, she took solace in the fact that she would be closer to the star athlete than anyone else in school history.

## Patreon Prompt 197

Prompt: Chihiro enters a glory hole stall and gains a ton of weight by sucking cocks.

Wandering about halls of Hope's Peak Academy, Chihiro searched for some kind of privacy from Monokuma's cameras. In an attempt to hide his true identity behind his skirt and soft features, he had hoped to find a private bathroom. What he discovered was a strange door baring Monokuma's colors but adorned with a black and white eye. Slipping into the room, he found himself standing in a bathroom stall with various holes lining the wall.

As soon as Chihiro closed the door, he let out a gasp as a girthy cock poked out of one of the openings. Letting his gaze linger on the throbbing member filled him with a strange series of urges. Unable to resist the rising desires, he got down on his knees and swallowed up the dick. Giving the manhood a few strokes was all it took to give him a mouthful of cum and a sizable potbelly to go with it.

Though he initially acknowledged the sudden bulge of fat, it was quickly overshadowed by another cock pushing through a hole to be serviced. Moving on to his newest customer rewarded him with another serving of cum and more weight to be spread across his body. No sooner did his pudge burst through his clothes did another series of cocks come forth begging for his attention.

Time disappeared as Chihiro continued to latch on to every dick that was presented to him. Each and every satisfied customer further fattened up the ultimate programmer to make his weight swell to lofty proportions. Easily ripping through his clothes, Chihiro took solace in the fact that his drooping pecs and his groin obscuring belly would be more than enough to protect his identity.

As the last cock was slurped dry of cum, Chihiro rolled away to lean his bountiful back fat against the opposite wall. Left to take in his state, he realized that most of his body had taken up the space of the tiny stall. Wondering if he could even fit back through the door, he was called to action once more as another cock popped out of a hole. Licking his plump lips in anticipation, he shuffled his massive ass cheeks along the ground to treat himself to a little dessert.

## Patreon Prompt 198

Prompt: The villain of the week finally triumph's as she turns the trio of spies into big fat horny berries, using their juices as pie filling.

Following a lead on Dr. Bittersweet led Alex, Sam, and Clover to an abandoned pie factory. Though their intentions were to put a stop to her nefarious plans, one misstep was all it took for them to be captured and strapped to tables. Laughing maniacally, the demented baker pressed a button and announced that the trio of spies would become the cornerstone of her newest pastry scheme.

Clover opened her mouth to throw insults at the villainess, only to be smothered by a blob of blueberry flavored liquid. As the sweet juice went down her throat, her suit was pushed to its limits by her swelling form. Tearing through the red jumpsuit, her body was free to show off its blue tone as she continued to expand into a massive sphere.

Alex was the next victim, her mouth forced open to take in a torrent of peach juice. For her, the growth started with her lower half, emphasizing her butt cheeks as she ripped through her outfit. Left with a peachy orange shade of flesh across her taut skin, she and Clover let out a pair of moans as juice began to leak out of their teats.

Though Sam knew it was coming, there was little she could do to prevent her mouth from being filled with strawberry juice. Her form swelled at a rapid pace into a top heavy figure that easily tore through her clothing. Left to roll across the ground on her red tinted, swollen body, she too succumbed to the feelings of pleasure as juice sprayed out of her engorged breasts and womanhood.

The fruity fatties' wild squirming was put to a stop by mechanical arms reaching out to grasp their bodies. Taking hold of their swollen forms, the machines got to work squeezing them.

Over the sound of the trio's euphoric cries could be heard the splatter of juice into buckets for later use. Helping herself to the pure sweetness of her living fruit orchard, Dr. Bittersweet got ready to take her place as the culinary queen of pies.

## Patreon Prompt 199

Prompt: Link (Twilight Princess) is pulled through a mirror in a dungeon, emerging into a world where he is the spoiled obese royal prince.

Link's return to the Twilight realm left him to explore the inner chambers of the castle's treasury. While there was no end to the assortment of ancient armor and weapons, what particularly caught his attention was a strange mirror hidden towards the back. Cautiously approaching the object, he didn't recognize the writing along the edges, nor the black and white eye adorning the top. Just as he managed to see a bit of Hylian text along the side describing the object as a portal to extravagance, a strange force sent him tumbling through the reflective surface.

Falling through a void of silver and whites, Link felt his body stir with unknown power. The hero's tunic that had aided him through his adventures proved no match for a wealth of added weight being packed onto his body. A combination of his engorging man boobs and barre-like gut ripped apart the top and sent his weapons falling into the void. Though his blubbery arms reached out to grab what he could from his pockets, the pudgy fingers proved little help in preventing the items from being tossed away as his meaty ass ripped apart his pants.

Continuing to tumble and pack on weight, the blob-like Link's pudgy form was not left bare for long. As he rolled towards a portal of bright light, he was approached by streams of purple cloth. The beams struck his body to spread fabric of luxurious feel and comfort across his flabby form. His new attire showed off every roll of his fattened form, the robes reminiscent of Zelda's own. Fiddling with the crown placed upon his head and brushing his braided, blonde hair out of his face, he managed to get a hold of himself as he entered the portal and landed his wide rear upon a couch-sized throne.

Body still jiggling from his landing, Link tilted up his five chins to see that he was in the throne room of a castle. Before him were a mass of servants, each one baring an eager smile and platters of indulgent food. Continuing to stare between his fattened form and high class surroundings, something in the back of his head took control of his thoughts. Gesturing with his thick wrist towards the first servant, he ordered them to bring him food. After all, a growing prince needed all the nutrition and pampering he could get.

## Patreon Prompt 200

Prompt: A female scientist is in a hurry to try out her new teleporter. So, she decides to eat her egg while testing and ends up merging into an egg woman.

Ivana couldn't help cursing herself for being late on a day like this. Years upon years of research had led to the creation of an actual teleportation device. She had been adamant in wanting to be the first one to test it, making it all the more humiliating that a missed alarm had her sprinting through the lab with her breakfast still clutched in her hand. Breathing heavily as she stepped into the pod she tried to regain her energy by taking a bite of her boiled egg. Before her assistant could voice their concerns, she screamed through her still chewing mouth to start the machine.

Fearful more of Ivana's scorn than of something going wrong, the assistant did as they were told. As the two pods whirred to life, Ivana quickly shoved the rest of the egg into her mouth. Bolts of energy spread between the two machines as they got ready for the first trip. Smiling as she swallowed the last of her meal, Ivana only had a moment to enjoy her creation before she popped out of thin air.

Ivana's return trip was heralded by the opposite teleporter bursting apart. Shutting off the power to avoid burning the lab down, the assistant carefully walked through the rubble towards the massive, white, oblong object that reached towards the ceiling. As the assistant drew closer, they noticed a pair of stubby legs sticking out of the bottom of the enormous object. Gradually bringing their gaze up let them see similarly stubby hands sticking out. Finally putting two and two together, the assistant focused their attention on the apex of the egg-like object to see Ivana's distorted face.



“We may have some...kinks to work out involving cross contamination,” Ivana commented, wobbling back and forth in an attempt to roll towards her desk to start work on a way to reverse her eggy condition.