

## Writing Prompt Requests Experimentation Lab Compilation

### Writing Prompt Exercise 98

Prompt: Dr. Teld experiments with a gender ray on a poor guy, but ends up turning him into a fat slob of a woman that's only two thoughts are food and sex.

Riley stared at the imposing, metal prod in-front of him, gripping his knees as his mind was overcome with regret. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Dr. Teld standing at the observation window, ready to write down the results of the experiment on his clipboard. Before Riley could have a chance to voice his concerns, the scientist next to the device hit a switch and that engulfed him in a bright, hot pink colored light.

The light engulfed Riley's body, turning his naked, pale body the same shade of pink. With his vision blinded by the ray, Riley could only feel what was happening to him, as his ass took on hundreds of pounds to engulf the seat below. His belly followed suit, plopping out between his thighs to match the sagging pair of F-cup breasts that had developed on his chest. Fat being added onto his arms, brushed up against the bushes of thick hair sprouting from his armpits. The hair growth extended to his scalp, where his follicles grew long enough to touch the floor, the bangs across his forehead feeling heavy with grease.

As Riley, continued to grow his worrisome thoughts were slowly, melting into nothing. A dimwitted smile took over his face, as a fart reverberated from his massive behind. Riley's mouth opened wide to let out a hefty laugh, not caring how high-pitched his voice had become. With his vision coming back to him, it let him poke and prod his belly, pushing it down to let out more gas. After a few moments of playing with his fat, Riley eventually, realized that his new vagina, hidden beneath her belly, was dripping with the need for release. Looking towards one of

the awestruck Riley opened her mouth to let out a burp and speak. “Pretty girl Riley want food and fuck!”

## Writing Prompt Exercise 99

Prompt: "Miss, stop turning into a penguin." "WARK! [NEVER!]"

Slamming through a lab door, Dr. Crump held the bottle of black and white liquid close to her chest as she looked for a place to hide. Right on her heels a pair of her former colleagues, came in after her, locking the door to prevent her escape.

“Dr. Crump, please calm down and give us back the serum!” one of the scientists called out.

“Never,” she said, glaring at them. “I’ve spent most of my professional career creating the Pengoo Potion and I’m not about to give it up.”

“Please, it’s over. The paperwork has already been done to transfer you to a lab in the Arctic. There’s no reason to stay at this lab.”

“We’ll see about that.”

Lifting the bottle to her lips, Dr. Crump proceeded to chug it down, just before the scientists were able to wrestle it away from her. Dr. Crump’s face of triumph began to falter, as her lips stretched out into a hard beak black down feathers covered her skin. As her arms shrunk down into nubby wings, Dr. Crump let out a mocking squawk as she slipped out of the scientist’s arms and landed on her webbed feet. Hopping up onto a low table, she puffed out her white chest and called out an insult to her fellow coworkers, so terrible that they were quite glad it was in a language they couldn’t understand.

With a deep sigh, one of the scientists pulled out a radio. “Inform Dr. Teld we have a new guest in the containment center.” The other scientist reached out to grab Dr. Crump only to have

her beak clamp down on his finger. “Better prepare for extra security. She’s going to be a feisty one.”

## Writing Prompt Exercise 100

Prompt: A 110 lbs. woman is shrunken down to the size of about a tomato. However, her fat isn't leaving her as a tiny obese blob.

When the scientist offered Penny the little red pill, she practically, snatched it off the plate and dropped it in her mouth. As a woman who had devoted herself to as being as small as possible, she had always hated the fact she couldn't go below her current 110 lbs. The pill tumbling down her throat, was supposed to be a supplement meant to shrink someone down, a miracle drug that sounded like just the thing Penny had been hoping for.

Pushing aside the scientist she stood in front of the full body mirror to see the results. Her expectant smile faltered as she watched her once flat stomach bulge out into a round sphere. With horrified eyes she saw the ballooning belly get covered up by a pair of fatty breasts with more fat getting pushed onto her arms and legs. Turning her extra chins towards the scientist for an explanation, she realized that he was looking much taller than earlier. That was when it dawned on her that she was actually, shrinking.

Penny looked like she was getting compressed by a giant machine, her body growing ever wider as she grew shorter. Disappearing into her oversized clothes, Penny was trapped in the darkness, only able to feel her chunky rear roll around on the bare floor. Two pairs of hands reached inside the clothing and picked her up, each set holding onto one of her butt cheeks. With a series of strained grunts, Penny was lifted out of her clothing and slowly, held up to the mirror. Through tear-soaked eyes, Penny looked at the obese woman in the mirror, who was about the size of a tomato.

“What the hell did you do to me?” she called out in a simultaneously, high-pitched and hefty voice. “I thought you were going to get rid of my weight.”

“Conservation of mass miss,” the scientist replied, both he and the other man straining to keep her aloft.

The horrified Penny was carried away from the mirror and plopped down onto a scale. It took a moment to calibrate considering how much of her body hung off the sides, but eventually, a small bell chime brought her back to her senses. Turning her head towards the screen she saw the number 110 come up on the screen, showing off her former and current weight.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 101

Prompt: Genetically altered bacon sandwich. A young couple eat some bad pork. Oinking ensues.

“You may begin.”

Following the announcement’s instructions, Ned and Diane picked up half of their sandwich and took a bite. Between two halves of bread, the lab had stuffed in genetically, designed bacon, ham, and pulled pork and then drizzled in in barbeque sauce. Ned and Diane found the taste pleasing if a little heavy, ready to give the thumbs up to the supposed food lab once they were finished eating.

After their first bites, their seconds were drowned out as their pants burst apart to make way for their growing rear. The couple seemed oblivious to their expanded posteriors, along with how the rest of their bodies were becoming plumper with each bite. Their head began to reshape to make way for flat, snouts and wobbly pig ears. Even with their hands morphed into finger-like hooves they continued to feast, only pausing to take a breath and let out grunts and snorts.

By the time they were finished, their ass fat was overflowing over their seats, with their curly tails bouncing against their back flab. None of their clothing had survived the experience, letting their sets of engorged breasts hang out, making it quite confusing which one was Ned at first. However, the answer became clear as Ned the pig man, held up the last chunk of his sandwich to Diane to eat. She happily, chowed down on the chunk of meat, afterwards reaching over to let her slightly, larger body encompass Ned’s. Eventually, the scientists were sure they would come to realize what had happened to them, but for now, it was best that they were content to relish in each other’s fat.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 102

Prompt: Dr Teld successfully recreates Raptors from chicken eggs, but a test subject or assistant has one for breakfast. A very pregnant raptor broodmother ensues.

“What is wrong with these people!” Dr. Teld shouted, running down the hall towards the break room. He had specifically, told his intern to put the experimental eggs in a safe location. The unpaid college student, took that to mean put it in the break room fridge and let common courtesy protect it. Slamming open the door, his fears were met with realization, as he watched a woman in a lab coat, sitting at a table, finishing off a plate of scrambled eggs, alongside the blue and green shell thrown into the trash can.

Before Dr. Teld could scold her, he was struck silent as he watched her belly begin to grow outwards. Through rips in her lab coat, he saw bright green scales start to take over her skin. With the woman’s belly pushing away the table, she rubbed the taut skin with her new scaly claws, the talons matching the fearsome set on her three toed feet. Looking up at the doctor, she flashed a smile of her pointed teeth, as her hair fell out and the last bit of skin was covered up.

Gently, sitting down on the floor, she used her new tail to push aside the remnants of her clothing and spread her legs. With a primal roar, an egg plopped out from her vagina, covered in slimy fluid. For an hour, Dr. Teld could only stare in silence, as the raptor woman in front of him, continuously, popped out eggs, her medicine ball like belly, never losing its shape. When the raptor woman took a break from her birthing to acknowledge his presence, he got a good look at her reptilian, yellow irises, mimicking those seen in science textbooks. Taking a deep



breath, Dr. Teld tried to regain his composure. Looking down at the pile of newly, created eggs he at least had more chances to experiment with his newest discovery.

### Writing Prompt Exercise 103

Prompt: Dr. Teld gives a serum to a businesswoman that turns her into a dumb, morbidly obese, pear shape country girl with freckles

“Here you are miss,” Dr. Teld said, handing the woman in a grey business suit a bottle of tangerine colored liquid.

“I fail to see how a concoction that smells of citrus fruit will lower my stress levels,” she commented, taking the bottle.

“Just drink and you will see,” he replied, pulling out a pencil and notepad as she emptied the bottle into her mouth.

Smacking her lips at the sharp taste, her thoughts about work and her social standing began to melt, just like the way her flesh was. The grey business suit stood no chance against her fattening body, as the slim woman taking on an overall pear-shape. Rip after rip, her body came flowing out of her clothing, with her pillowy butt, forcing her down to the ground. Her chest got a slight boost to their size, but they paled in comparison to the way her stomach bulged out between her legs. Rather than a face of panic, her eyes had glazed over, barely, registering that fact that freckles had started to pop up on her chubby cheeks, partially, hidden by her hair growing long and unruly. She finally, stopped growing when she reached 500 pounds, looking she had spent most of her time indulging on pure, grease laden meat for most of her life.

“Well,” Dr. Teld began, “how do you feel?”

“Whadda ya mean doc?” the woman answered, her voice taking on a noticeable, southern accent. “I’m just fine. Just sitting here on my ass.”

“And what about your business prospects?”

“Pro-wha? I don’t know what you’re talkin’ bout. I’m just a simple country girl.”

“Excellent,” Dr. Teld said, looking down at his notes. Written amongst formulas and equations was the picture of a woman that matched the subject’s current body and mind. With a triumphant smile, Dr. Teld declared the essence copying potion a success and happily, put the notebook back in his pocket.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 104

Prompt: Dr. Teld turns a big meat head chad, into a weak, and chubby, anthro bunny girl.

“Are you ready Chad?” Dr. Teld said, holding out what he called a protein shake.

The bulky, muscular, frat boy snatched the bottle out of Dr. Teld’s hand and chugged it down. “Let’s just get this over with nerd,” he said, tossing the empty bottle to the corner of the room. “Sooner this is over, the sooner I can grab some brewskis with my bros.”

“I assure, it will begin soon,” Dr. Teld said, pulling out his notepad and pencil.

A pair of floppy, white bunny ears popped out of the jock’s scalp, pushing away his obnoxious visor. As he examined the long ears, covered in white fur, he felt a pair of chubby breasts push up against his elbows. Looking past his new button nose and whiskers, he saw his toned abs turned to mush and bulge into a round belly. The white fur on his ears spread out along his body, covering everything including his paw-like hands and feet. With so much extra hair, Chad practically, ripped off his clothing showing more of his chubby bunny body. Muscles turned to fat, Chad fell back on his rear, a puffy tail cushioning the blow.

“How do you feel now Chad?” Dr. Teld asked.

Hearing Dr. Teld’s voice, Chad cowered in fear, getting into a fetal position as he hugged his fluffy body. “W-what happened?” he asked, bearing his buck teeth as he let out a falsetto voice.

Shuddering at the touch, Chad could do little to stop Dr. Teld from parting his legs. In-between the mess of fur, Dr. Teld beheld a newly made vagina, perfect for the breeding based animal woman. “My dear Chadina, you have just been selected for the Dr. Teld funded rabbit

ranch.” Bearing a malicious smile, Dr. Teld rubbed his fingers against Chadina’s large feet.

“Must be your lucky day.”

## Writing Prompt Exercise 105

Prompt: Lactose intolerant women are given a supposed cure. Gassy, cow women are the result.

“You may begin ladies,” Dr. Teld said over the microphone, towards the three women on the other side of the glass. Each to them looked at each other with unsure eyes at first, knowing what the glasses of milk in their hands usually, did to them. As much as the doctor ensured them it was a specially, bioengineered cure for their lactose intolerance, it took some time for them to finally, drink.

Immediately, the three girls knew something was wrong, as their bellies groaned and churned. As their colons and mouth opened up to release gas, their skin turned white with splotches of black. Nubby horns and cow ears sprouted from their heads, along with wet, cow muzzle to facilitate their moos of distress. Their clothing burst apart as their breasts doubled in both size and number, their size matching the udders jutting from their abdomen. Pulling at their teats with their hooved-fingers, the women let loose jets of milk, that reeked of their digestive tract.

With their transformation complete the girls found themselves pinned to the floor, driven by their instincts to continuously, play with their swollen breasts and udders to release more milk. Their tails constantly, swung back and forth as they teased one another, often raising them up with the force of their powerful farts. One by one the scientists in the room passed out, unable to take the smell for much longer.

“Damn, another failure,” Dr. Teld said, over the sound of the mooing cow women and their gas.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 106

Prompt: A supermodel undergoes a surgery that she thinks will let her eat as much as she wants and still stay thin and hot. Instead, Dr. Teld messes with her brain to make her think she's becoming more attractive when she's actually becoming more and more fat and slobby.

“And how are you feeling Ms. Alice?” Dr. Teld asked over the phone.

“Wonderful doctor, the surgery was a complete success. For the last month, I’ve been able to eat anything and everything I want and I haven’t seen a single pound of fat on me.”

“Have there been any ill effects?”

“Not at all doctor. In fact, I think there’s an added benefit to your procedure. I feel like my body is growing more and more, wonderful to smell by the day. Even my gas expulsions smell like fresh flowers. I’ve skipped bathing some days to keep the smell going.”

“How have people reacted to you?”

“Very well. Everywhere I go, I get stares looking at my improved body. People are so kind, letting me walk past them and giving me plenty of room on the subway. It’s like I’m a celebri-“

The phone cut off, as Dr. Teld heard a loud crash on the other side. “Ms. Alice? Did something happen?”

“Oh, sorry about that doctor, I just fell. Lately, all my chairs have been giving out. I think I need to file a complaint with the furniture store.”

“I see. Well, that will be all for your weekly, checkup Ms. Alice. We’ll stay in touch.”

“Thank you Dr. Teld. I’ll talk you BWOOOORRRP then.”



## Writing Prompt Exercise 107

Prompt: Dr. Teld uses an experimental new serum to turn an obese lab attendant into a living hot air balloon.

“What is this?” Teresa asked, holding the bottle of clear liquid in her meaty hand.

“We at the lab are a bit concerned Teresa,” Dr. Teld said. “Your weight problem is having an effect on your work, so we got together to develop something to make you lighter on your feet.”

“Why didn’t you just say so?” she said, immediately, downing the potion.

Handing the bottle back to Dr. Teld, she stared down at her thick belly and waited. At first, she wasn’t sure what was happening, considering how it looked like her belly and breasts were getting rounder. That is, until she felt her feet lift up off the floor. Raising two feet into the air, her body spun around as fat was replaced with air, turning her into a rounded balloon shape. Expanding past her old size, she eventually, stopped growing as her head bumped up against the ceiling, letting her stare down at the curious Dr. Teld.

“Doctor, I think something went wrong here,” Teresa shouted down, exuding a level of calmness that came only from dealing with Dr. Teld strange experiments on a daily basis.

“While it’s not the expected result, it is an excellent one,” Dr. Teld said, unafraid of the unusual situation. “Once we get a ladder to get you down, you should just be able to float around the lab like a feather. We should expect at least a 100% increase in proficiency.”

Teresa sighed, hoping to get rid of the air keeping her aloft and keep herself from going off on her boss. “I suppose that’ll do for now, but please work on a cure. I don’t think I can leave the lab in this state without flying into the atmosphere.”

“Noted,” Dr. Teld replied, taking a ladder from an assistant and beginning his ascent to bring Teresa back down.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 108

Prompt: Tired of all the unwanted male attention? Get lecher be gone. Guaranteed to keep those wannabe suitors at bay.

“What’s a pretty thing like you doing all by yourself?” the man asked, getting uncomfortably close to Abby.

“Can’t I please just enjoy my drink in peace,” the slim, attractive blonde woman replied, knowing it was unlikely, it would be enough to dissuade him.

“Oh don’t be like that baby. Just hang out with me a little and I’ll show you an unforgettable night,” he said, putting an unwanted hand on her thigh.

Pulling away, Abby decided now was the best time to field test one her associate’s serums. Reaching into her purse, she picked up a small, green pill and swallowed it. Within seconds, her slim form became heavy with fat rolls, cellulite and dimples, stretching out her red dress into skin tight fabric. Thick hair grew along her arms, legs, and armpits, with her scalp getting covered in thick, greasy strands. From the new follicles, a scent akin to a dying animal permeated, surrounding Abby in an aura of horrible musk.

“What the hell?” the unwanted suitor said, immediately, running for the door after one whiff of Abby’s new form, followed by everyone within a 10-foot radius of her.

With a triumphant smile, Abby reached into her purse again and pulled out a notepad. “The effects of lecher be-gone are better than expected,” she said to herself, as her thick fingers struggled to write the words on paper. “However, further study must be done on how to reverse the effects.” Putting aside her notepad with the intention of heading to the lab first thing in the

morning to get back to her old self. For the time though, she asked for another round of drinks, to take full advantage of her alone time with her huge body.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 109

Prompt: A lab assistant that gets turned into a fat, blonde bimbo to earn lab funds.

“And this is the only way?” Bonnie asked, holding a syringe in her fingers.

“The investors have been rather stingy since that horse incident,” Dr. Teld explained.

“Please Bonnie, I promise it will just be for a few weeks. We need the extra money to fund our research and this can be a perfect field test for our new invention.

Bonnie sighed, but relented as she stuck the needle in her arm and pushed the plunger.

“You owe me big time doctor.”

“Noted.”

Seconds after the serum coursed through Bonnie’s veins, her dull, black hair turned a blinding, platinum blonde as it grew long enough to reach her backside. The strands were pushed to the side, as her rear grew rounder and plump, it’s perfect curvature matching that of her expanding, luscious breasts. The rest of Bonnie’s body, followed a similar layer of growth, as little bit of fat turned the skinny scientist into a chubby woman, with her weight in all the right places. As she developed her third chin, her lips grew plumper as her look of distaste for Dr. Teld turned into a dull gaze that skewed towards his crotch.

“This is, like, so cool,” Bonnie said, groping her breasts. “Hey doctor guy, wanna fuck?”

“Er, no thank you,” Dr. Teld replied. “Besides, you’re running late for your appointment at the strip club.”

“Oh my gosh, I better, like, hurry. I gotta get on stage for the show at 7.”

Standing aside, Dr. Teld let Bonnie run towards another lab assistant ready to drive her down town. Even at his high position in the science world. Dr. Teld couldn't resist staring at Bonnie's ass as it wobbled past the door. As the new bimbofied Bonnie left the lab, Dr. Teld wondered how best to explain to her, why this was reasonable decision, when or if, she ever returned to her old self.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 110

Prompt: A hyper efficient super food is developed, just a tablespoon has enough nutrients to keep you well fed for days. So what happens when you have a feast of the stuff?

With a group of scientists hovering over her, Gina took her tiny spoon and brought up the thick, green liquid to her mouth. “It’s pretty good,” she said, mulling it over on her tongue as the scientists took notes.

“And do you feel full?” one of the scientists asked.

“Don’t know,” she said, swallowing her food. “Although, I doubt you’re going to get many results if I eat it with just this tiny spoon.”

“It’s important to properly, measure the effects of Dr. Telds’s super food. We have to be careful not to-“

The scientist stopped, as his jaw dropped open at the sight of Gina lifting the entire bowl to her lips and chug down all of the green liquid. “Results are results,” she said, wiping her mouth. “I just want to get this over with so I can collect my money and go.”

“Miss, do you know what you just did?” the scientist asked, as he and the others started backing away from Gina.

Like a pump was connected directly, to her belly, Gina began to expand with new fat rolls taking her once slim form. In seconds, her clothing was torn to shreds to make way for mounds of flesh and cellulite. Within seconds, her fattening body grew past the size of a small car, leaving Gina to swivel her four chins about, terrified at the sight of her breasts resembling overburdened trash bags. Further and further she grew, her own fat obscuring her view of the

floor. With her head reaching ever closer to the ceiling, she prepared herself for the coming impact.

A sharp pain, spread out from Gina's enormous buttocks, followed by her body ceasing its growth. Shaking her head back and forth, she managed to see a single scientist crawl out from underneath her mass, clenching an empty syringe.

"You were lucky I had this on me just in case," the scientist said, gasping for air.

"Lucky? I'm as big as house!" she yelled out, making ripples appear in her fat. "Just change me back to normal!"

"That is unfortunately, outside of her power," he replied. "We will do our best to come up with a cure while, you're under our care. In the meantime, you can count yourself lucky. Not many have the privilege of becoming integral to Dr. Teld's journey to scientific greatness."