

2020 Prompt Story Candidate Compilation

Writing Prompt Exercise 240 (Female Werewolf TF and WG)

Prompt: A female werewolf breaks into a supermarket in the middle of the night gorging herself to immobility satisfy her insatiable hunger.

By day, Wendy was just your typical girl that tried her best to work out and eat healthily. However, on the night of the full moon her body would become covered in thick black fur, sharp claws would grow from her hands and feet, and a fearsome muzzle covered her face. On these nights, she could be found stalking around town looking for a place to sate her animalistic instincts. The target for this evening was a supermarket that had just closed its doors, making it the perfect place to chow down. Smashing through the window with little damage, she happily wagged her tail as she set her sights on the meat department.

Running up to the first section, she tore open the plastic packages to get at the bloody meat within. Chewing an entire rib eye in a matter of seconds with her fangs, she dove into a 12-pack of chicken thighs, and the rest of the meat department. Devouring through aisle at inhuman speed, her movement became more sluggish as her belly became more loaded with food.

Halfway through her fest, her lithe body became over encumbered by her growing flab. A rapidly filling belly slid its way along the empty containers, its owner uncaring of its size. Pieces of meat that fell from her jaws bounced against her engorging breasts before collecting between her flab. All the while, her chubby cheeks were begin filled with meat faster than her pudgy hands could grab them.

Sitting her pudgy rear in front of the final section, she devoured an entire pig in several seconds. Lying on her expansive back, she sucked what little meat remained off the bones as she massaged her taut stomach. In the morning, Wendy would return to her normal svelte self.

However, she would still have the memories of the night and her werewolf's feeling of satisfaction.

Writing Prompt Exercise 241 (Female Centaur WG)

Prompt: A centaur decides to take up the lazy lifestyle and lets herself go getting big and fat eating all day.

Storming past rows of other racers, Mr. Downs set his sights on the stable of his top athlete. Lining Chestnut's room were countless number of awards, trophies, and proof of her place as the greatest centaur racer around. That made it all the more disconcerting to see the state she was in now.

Lying on her bed, Chestnut busied herself with flipping through a magazine and stuffing her mouth with sugar cubes. A once loose t-shirt bearing her face was now tightly constrained to a bosom that looked made up of two cow udders. Her clothing left exposed a bulging belly, consisting of rolls of fat and deep belly button.

Mr. Downs had to keep himself from crying as he looked over her lower, horse half. Her once powerful racing legs and slender form were now just a bloated sausage with four chubby stalks underneath. Peeking through his fingers, he bit his lips in frustration as he watched her tail slide across her overly plump ass cheeks.

Hearing Mr. Downs let out a sigh, perked up her pointed ears. Despite her state, she still turned to him, waved a pudgy hand through her long hair, and gave him a cheerful smile through her chubby cheeks.

"What the hell's gotten into you?" Mr. Downs asked.

"Oh, I'm retiring," she nonchalantly replied.

“You’re what!?”

“I’m done with racing,” she said, turning back to her magazine. “I’ve got more than enough fame and fortune to live off of for the rest of my life. I’d rather just take it easy.” Perking up her ears again, she turned back towards him. “Although, if you still need a top racer, I’m willing to enter the breeding program. Just make sure they come to see me. I don’t plan on getting up anytime soon.”

[Writing Prompt Exercise 257](#) (Mai from KOF WG, Futa, and Sexual Content)

Prompt: While training for the next King of Fighters tournament, Mai reads a scroll that turns her into a horny, futa, sumo wrestler.

Weeks of searching led the busty Mai to a secluded dojo in the mountains. She was greeted by a pair of women that welcomed her with open arms. Upon hearing about her desire to become strong for the next King of Fighters tournament, grins spread across their faces. Without hesitation, they led her towards a scroll they claimed would give her great power. Not giving a second thought to the girls’ true intentions, Mai picked up the scroll and read it out loud.

Upon reading out the last line that warned of great strength coming at a cost, it was already too late for Mai to turn back. Her once svelte form began packing on with weight, destroying her skimpy outfit. Watching rolls of fat overtake her gut, she at least took solace in the sight of her breasts growing out to match the rest of her. A sharp pain between her thickening butt cheeks brought her attention to a sumo belt that had somehow appeared on her. As her weight capped off at an impressive 500 pounds, she became aware of something pressing up against her

loincloth. Reaching below her heavy gut, she felt a sizable manhood hanging just above her vagina.

Turning towards the women for answers, Mai's eyes went wide at the sight of them standing nude before her. Gesturing for her to come to them, Mai felt her libido drastically rise. Belly obscuring part of her erect cock, she waddled towards the pair of women to begin the special training needed to control her new body.

Writing Prompt Exercise 263 (Joker from Persona 5 WG)

Prompt: Makoto worries about Joker's weight after he absolutely balloons from eating so much Big Bang burger. She changes her tune when she gets a face full of moob.

The usually studious and well-mannered Makoto had shirked her after school study session to storm into the Big Bang Burger. Assaulted by the smell of fattening food, she spotted her target sitting at a table in the corner. Pushing aside the pile of empty food wrappers, she slammed her fists on the table and stared into Joker's eyes.

Before he had committed himself to besting the various Big Bang Burger challenges, Joker was the ideal leader of the Phantom Thieves. However, his special form of training had covered his body in layer of doughy fat. While a good bit of his extra weight went towards his double-wide rear and barrel-like gut, enough of it had gone to his chest to make his moobs easily overshadow Makoto's chest.

“This has to stop,” she said, stopping him from digging into his triple-stacked, cheeseburger. “If you keep eating like this we won't be able to fit you inside Leblanc. You need to stop eating and-
“

A wayward food wrapper found its way underneath Makoto's foot, causing her to stumble. Falling onto Joker's chest, she burst apart the few buttons holding his shirt together. Face planting into his bare, sagging pecs cushioned her fall. The impact sent a strange sensation through her, a feeling of otherworldly comfort overtaking her. For a moment she just laid there, enjoying one of the most comfortable cushions she had ever laid down on.

"If this is really what you want," she began, lifting up her reddened face to look at Joker, "I won't stop you. But...maybe I could help you out." Reaching for the rest of his burger, she held it up to his mouth. "Open wide."

Writing Prompt Exercise 274 (Makoto from Persona 5 Slobification (Burping, Farting, Body Hair, NO WG) and Sexual Content)

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/quantativeeesing/art/The-Slobification-of-Makoto-Nijima-801215449>

After coming down with a strange illness in mementos, Makoto agreed with her teammates that it was best that she stay at home. With Sae away on a business trip, that left no one around to point out the extra tufts of hair on her arms or her worsening odor. Left with nothing, but free time and an abundant amount of food, the once studious Makoto begin to fall into a variety of bad habits.

The first thing to go was hygiene, having no one around to tell her she stunk worse than a dumpster made it a waste of time for her to bathe. Gradually, her unwillingness to wash herself extended to her clothing, going days on end with wearing the same set of food-stained pajamas. Even worse, her body hair went through spurts of growth, giving her greasy locks of hair reached down her back, bristly arms and legs, thick bushels of wiry strands, and a forest of untamed

pubes around her neighborhood. However, the worst thing that the illness had done to Makoto wasn't her various disgusting changes, but what it had done to her mind.

She had given up any desire to study in her off time, filling it with either eating or browsing the internet. This eventually gave way to delving into her more carnal desires, pleasuring her hairy muff at all hours of the day. She began deriving pleasure from her worsening odor, finding it easier to get off when she was surrounded in her awful stench. It was going to be quite the surprise when Sae finally got back from her trip.

[Writing Prompt Exercise 289](#) (Female Bimbofication)

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/tail-blazer/art/Bimbo-Beer-827445467>

Music pounding and people grinding up against each other, Tabitha was sure she had gone to the right place. After a long week of surviving finals, the studios student was ready to live a little. Accepting the first plastic cup of cheap beer that was handed to her, Tabitha drained it in a single gulp. Mulling over the taste it wasn't anything special, but that didn't matter. All she cared about was getting completely shit-faced.

Throughout the night, Tabitha continued to guzzle down beer and party harder than the most diehard frat boy. This let everyone get a chance to see her body change to accommodate her gradual loss of brain cells. Her modest chest grew to enormous proportions, becoming a pair of overinflated melons with her nipples peeking out the sides of her top. While her waist narrowed down, her hips and butt grew out to create a perfect hourglass figure.

Stumbling about the party with a hazy mind and standing several extra feet in height, Tabitha slurred her words and pressed her body against anyone she ran into. Her one-woman show garnered the attention of several men and women who were eager to accept her invitation

to the bedroom. Leading her harem into the room, Tabitha chugged one last beer before tossing off her clothes to really let herself relax and have fun.

Writing Prompt Exercise 290 (Female Giantess, Gentle Femdom, and Sexual Content)

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/onkinky/art/lil-kiss-on-your-back-834049468>

Trekking through the wilderness, Ono had finally found the fabled waterfall. It was the size of a skyscraper, the crashing water filling a basin large enough to fit a yacht. Without any hesitation, he threw off his clothes and dove in. Just as he expected the water was heavenly against his skin, living up to the legends. So engrossed with the enchanting waters, he failed to notice a rumbling coming from behind the falls.

A gigantic hand came out of the waterfall, sending a torrent of water over Ono's head. Too in awe to move, he could only watch as the gigantic woman walked through the water like it was a curtain. Her head came up to just a few feet away from the top of the water, her soaked, black hair reaching down her gargantuan back. Licking her red, plump lips, she would be a perfect super model had she been wearing any clothes or was a reasonable size.

The few moments it took for Ono to consider getting out of the basin, was just enough time for her to notice him. Bending down, she effortlessly picked him up and brought him up to her face. Not knowing whether she was going to crush him or eat him, Ono laid flat across her open palm, waiting for the end to come. Instead, he felt a giant pair of lips place a gentle kiss on his back.

"Aren't you cute?" the giantess asked, whispering in an attempt not to frighten him. "I could always use someone to bathe with. It's always so boring out here by myself." Carefully sitting down in the water, she placed him on her shoulder. "Do you mind keeping me company?"

“No, not at all,” Ono replied, holding onto the shoulder of his new friend.

Writing Prompt Exercise 295 (Ryuko and Satsuki from Kill La Kill WG)

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/aka-fa/art/Weekly-Waifu-More-Satsuki-updated-598206115>

Sun shining bright in the sky, Mako patiently waited for Ryuko and Satsuki to meet up with her. After dealing with the life fiber threat, Ryuko had left to live with Satsuki to try and rekindle their sisterly bond. For the entirety of her month sabbatical, neither of the two sisters had been seen or heard by anyone. Hearing a pair of footsteps coming up behind her, Mako turned to greet her friend.

Mako’s smile turned to an awestruck gasp as she beheld Ryuko waddle towards her. The streak of red in her black hair identified that the chubby face belonged to Ryuko. However, Mako couldn’t recall her friend having a pudgy belly that peeked from beneath her shirt, a pair of breasts that strained her jacket, nor a chunky rear that stretched the limits of her jeans.

Seemingly to one up Ryuko’s shocking appearance, Satsuki waddled up alongside her. Like her sister, she was sporting an obese body complete with fatty breasts and a flabby belly that could be seen through her white blouse. The bright, lime green skirt that curtained her wide rear should have been the thing that looked the most off about the once proud president of the student council. However, that honor went to her short cut hair and circular glasses.

“Sup Mako?” Ryuko said, casually waving about her pudgy arm.

“Me? How did you two get so...” she trailed inhaling air to mimic their fatty bodies.

“While she was staying at my house, my sister insisted that I let go and live a little,” Satsuki answered. “We ended up spending most of our time together sampling everything kitchen had to offer and more.”

“Still isn’t enough if you ask me,” Ryuko said, waddling off towards a collection of restaurants.

“On my way,” Satsuki called out, following in hot pursuit.

Happy just to see the two sisters getting along, Mako shrugged her shoulders and chased off after the two wobbling rears.

[Writing Prompt Exercise 305](#) (Female Blueberry Expansion)

Prompt: Group of spelunkers find a long hidden subterranean civilization of Berry women. They are assimilated into the culture by being turned into big ripe blueberries and milked for their juices.

Reaching the end of the hallway, Bernadette and Paola found a spot in the corner to gently lay down their friend, Angie. Backing away slowly, they both looked at the makeshift splint around Angie’s leg she had earned after they had fallen down the ravine. They should have been thankful to have been alive, but it came at a cost.

“Isn’t there another way we can pay?” Bernadette asked their savior.

The blue-skinned plant woman brushed aside the leaves making up her hair. “Down here, all must do their part to contribute to our society. Your companion will be left alone considering her condition, but the two of you must pay tribute.”

Grasping Bernadette’s hand, Paola stepped towards the pair of vines behind the plant woman. “Fine. Let’s get this over with.”

Placing the vines in her mouths, Bernadette and Paola stripped off their clothes just as their skin turned a deep shade of blue. The lithe physiques they had gained through numerous spelunking trips were lost as their bodies grew into enlarged spheres that sloshed about with every slight movement. Losing the use of their arms and legs, all their wriggling did was swing about the engorged breasts hanging off of each of their bloated, berry bodies.

“You will be excellent providers,” the plant woman commented as she caressed Paola’s teats. “Once you have repaid your debt, you will be more than welcome to join our society.”

Writing Prompt Exercise 313 (Slime Girl Slobification-WG, Burping, and Farting)

Prompt: Lazy, kind of slobby space trucker human finds out the cargo she’s hauling is a slime girl alien. The alien is naive and quickly picks up on the trucker’s bad habits (especially overeating) when the trucker tells her that they’re normal human practices.

Space trucking was supposed to be the perfect career for Carrie. Heavy of weight and low on manners, the gruff woman was happy to lead a solitary life where the only person who had to deal with her appetite and gas problems were herself. That made it all the more irritating that for the last five light years of her route, she had heard an awful ruckus going on in her cargo bay. Laser pistol in hand to deal with the unwanted stowaway, she opened up the doors.

Before Carrie she saw a mound of translucent, green slime gobble down the rest of her food shipment. Taking a step closer, she noticed that the mass of goop had taken on a humanoid figure, albeit a very bloated one. Hearing Carrie approach, the creature turned towards her, showing off a set of glossy black eyes, set on the soft features of a plump, female face.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Carrie asked, stowing her weapon as she looked upon the creature’s terrified face.

“I am so BWOOOOOORP sorry,” the slime girl belched, slowly sliding towards her. “I do not meet many humans. When I boarded your vessel, I saw how you were acting and thought it would be best to mimic you.” Shifting to the side, she let a fart reverberate through her gelatinous rear. “Was I incorrect?”

Carrie let out a sigh, realizing what she had inadvertently created. “Nah, you’re just fine. Why don’t you join me in the food bay and we have a little chat? I make a mean chili.”

“That sounds UURP quite excellent,” the slime girl replied, following close by her new friend.

Patreon Prompt 1 (Mina Ashido and Momo Yayorozu from MHA Slobification-WG, Burping, and Farting)

Prompt: Mina Ashido transfers to slob university and receives a personal tutoring session from Momo Yayorozu.

For someone who lived out their life with bright pink skin, a pair of horns emerged from her fluffy hair, and black sclera, it was a strange feeling for Mina Ashido not to be the oddest looking person in the room. Her short time as a transfer student at Slob University had shown her a new way of life that she was still struggling to adjust to. In need of help to avoid failing she had called upon an old friend from her UA days and one of the star students of the university.

Momo Yayorozu stood at the front of the empty classroom writing down the school’s principles. During her time at Slob University, her unique quirk had made adopting the school’s regulations and rules as easy as breathing. She weighed in at a little over 400 pounds, her belly flab left to peek between the buttons of her blouse. Her overly engorged breasts acted as a makeshift shelf for the variety of crumbs and sauce stains leftover from her second lunch. Munching on a leftover biscuit from between her boobs, she waved about the hem of her skirt

against her pudgy rear as she moved across the room. Tapping her pudgy finger against the board, she turned towards Mina, her greasy strands of black hair bouncing against her chubby cheeks.

“Well, did you finish your food?” Momo asked.

“Y-yeah,” Mina replied, rubbing her hand against her swollen belly.

“Then show me what you can do.”

Mina grimaced as she shook about her food baby. Moments later a small burp pierced her lips that received a dismissive shake from Momo. Pressing her finger into her gut, Mina tried to make up for her pathetic belch by opening up her colon. The result was a small, squeaky fart that barely lifted the hem of her skirt.

“Is that really all you can do?” Momo asked, approaching her troubled friend.

“Sorry, but I’ve only just started.”

Pressing her gut against Mina’s desk, Momo practically pressed her face into hers. “Let me try giving you an example of what the University considers the basics for their students.”

Opening her mouth wide, Momo released a gnarly burp that blew back Mina’s hair. Still reeling from the overpowering smell and ears still ringing from the sound, Mina watched as Momo turned around and lifted up her rear. Letting out a primal grunt, Momo pushed out a prolonged fart that fluttered her skirt and filled the room with a noxious odor.

“As you can see by the demonstration, you still have a ways to go.” Reaching between her breasts, Momo pulled out a leftover chunk of greasy chicken and offered it to Mina. “Better eat up. We have a lot of work to do if you want to get your grades up.”

[Patreon Prompt 2](#) (Satsuki and Other Kill La Kill Girls Cow Girl TF)

Prompt: Satsuki visits Honnouji's farming club, gets tricked into sampling their famous milk products and gets changed into an anthro cow.

The rumors swirling around the livestock club made Satsuki want to decline their invitation, but as the student council president she was obliged to pay them a visit. Upon entering the club's barn, she was greeted with friendly smiles in opposition to her stern grimace. Unfazed by her cold stare, the members were quick to offer her a bottle of their famous milk to show how their progress. Graciously accepting the bottle, Satsuki put it to her lips and drank.

As the drops poured down her throat, her fingers went numb. Watching the bottle roll out of her hand and smash against the ground, she saw her fingers harden into hoof-like digits. She witnessed the same changes as her feet burst out of her shoes as they became cloven hooves. Swinging about her bovine tail and wiggling her flattened ears she turned back to the club members to see sinister looks plastered on their faces.

Fumbling with her hooved fingers to try and draw her sword, she stared past her developing cow muzzle to see her body grow. Her uniform was burst apart by a combination of her layer of fat around her belly and her bosom receiving a noticeable jump in size. Grimacing at the feeling of her tail swinging against her fattened up rear, her worry only grew as she watched another lump emerge from below her stomach.

An orb of bright pink flesh peeked its way out beneath her stomach to show off four, plump teats hanging off of it. Giving her new udder a small tweak produced a stream of milk that sent a mix of shame and pleasure through her body. Unable to control herself, she broke out into a series of loud moos as she attempted to milk her swollen udder and breasts. Watching the student council president debase herself to satisfy her new body, the livestock club members rolled out a

milking machine. Their plan to overthrow the student council and take over the academy was close to becoming reality.

Halloween Prompt 59 (SSBBW Squashing and Femdom)

Prompt: Literal fatphobia: a very thin girl sinking between the folds of an SSBBW, she desperately attempts to escape.

Every attempt Mabel made to try and escape made the silver strands of hair around her leg pull harder. Her desperate screams echoed throughout the dark chamber as she was lifted into the air. Something bumped into her as she was hoisted higher and higher, feeling like she had bounced against a sack of meat. Twirling around her scream of terror made a malicious smile form on the woman sitting before her.

Mabel's pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears as she was slowly lowered into one of the many fat folds of the gigantic woman's belly. Sinking into the truck-sized woman's flab she heard the woman let out a husky chuckle. Try as she might to pull herself out, the gigantic woman's sentient hair was there to sink her further into the flesh prison. Surrounded by darkness and feeling the woman's weight crushing her lithe body, her muffled screams were drowned out by her tormentor's maniacal cackling.

Mabel awoke from her sleep in a cold sweat. Sitting up in her bed, she breathed a sigh of relief as she realized she was back in her room. Breathing a sigh of relief as she realized it was all just a nightmare, she brushed her hand against her forehead. She stopped as she glanced strands of silver hair clinging to her fingers.